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LOVE vs. MARRIAGE.

PART I.

By
M. Edgeworth Hughes.

"FOR IN HEAVEN THEY NEITHER MARRY NOR ARE GIVEN IN MARRIAGE, BUT ARE AS THE ANGELS OF GOD."

"THY KINGDOM COME, THY WILL BE DONE, ON EARTH AS IT IS DONE IN HEAVEN."

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TO
All True Lovers.

TO THE MODEST AND THE BRAVE OF EITHER SEX,
WHO BELIEVE THAT GOD
REVEALS TO THE INSTINCT OF EACH HEART
THE LAWS WHICH HE DESTINES IT TO OBEY,
WHO FEAR NOT TO FOLLOW THE MAGIC CLEW OF CHARM,
BUT DEFY THE INTERFERENCE
OF ALL FOREIGN POWERS,

The Author

DEDICATES THIS WORK.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

THE CONJUGAL HARMONY.

CONJUGAL HARMONIES OF THE SPHERE.*

Their foundation in nature, and applications in Art and Society by the extension of their principles in the various branches of movement.

IN the origin of the world the harmonies of creation sprang from the SUN. From our earth's relations with the Sun proceed at once day and night, summer and winter, spring and autumn, rivers and glaciers, sands and rocks; grasses serving to pasture animals, trees for the abodes of others. Their periods of life were regulated by that of the day star. Every being passed through them by turns, but there were some whose duration remained fixed to each of these harmonies. Some live only a day, others a lunar month, others a season, others a solar year, others planetary cycles.

The moon seems especially to preside over *love*, and it was not without reason that among the ancients some considered her as Venus, others prayed her to render their childbirths fortunate. Every lunar month in the Indies the bamboo produces a new stalk, and the cocoa tree a new bunch of fruits; the orange tree gives its fruits at the two equinoxes, and other plants at the two solstices; a great number once a year, and some every second year; most of them put forth their shoots at the equinoxes and at the lunar months. These laws doubtless extend to the plants of all climates, and they are everywhere manifested in the loves of animals; those of fishes are regulated

* *Vide* Bernardin de St. Pierre. Harmonies de la Nature.

for the most part on the principal phases of the moon and of the sun, which is their first moving spring. Meanwhile, though there are loves and generations during the intermediary periods, we must not conclude that they are not in relation with these stars. All terrestrial beings are co-ordinated with the Sun like the planetary bodies themselves, and although the revolutions of the latter do not meet precisely with those of the earth around this star, it is not less truly the spring of all their motions, as of that of our globe. He is in this universe like a great wheel which communicates motion to an infinitude of little bobbins, not all at once, but successively, and according to the relations which these beings have with him, and according to the latitudes and altitudes at which they have been placed.

This law may serve to acquaint us with the plants and animals indigenous to each climate—the fir and cedar flower in the month of June. The walnut tree, on the contrary, originally from the Indies, gives its flowers before its leaves in April, as well as the hazel nut. The reindeer of the north seeks its female in the September equinox, because it is at this epoch that the snows are quite melted in the boreal regions, and that having succulent pastures, it acquires a superabundance of life.

As it is made to live at the extreme limits of our habitable globe, it enters its love season at the end of our hemispherical year. The life of carnivorous animals being, as it were, grafted upon that of the granivora and frugivora, it extends farther, and fills the entire sphere of the year like that of our globe. The regions of winter and death are the cradles of these destroyers of life. They couple in the season which offers them abundant prey, and whose rigor destroys a great number of beings. Thus the fox marries in winter, and brings forth young in April, when the frugivorous species only begin to conceive in our climates. This animal, which nature has clothed in the warmest of furs, is also the quadruped which lives in the most remote countries of the north. He advances by the light of the moon and the aurora borealis in the nights of the icy zone, which frighten the white bear, and force him to come down

into countries enlightened by the Sun, which he never loses sight of.

Thus Providence, which causes the moon to rise in the absence of the sun on those desert and frozen regions where it never disappears from above the horizon while full, has willed that there should also be animals there to enjoy it habitually. Man, it is asserted, attains to puberty at the age of twelve in the torrid zone, and at sixteen in the frigid zone. Woman in certain parts of Africa and of the Indies, is reputed capable of becoming a mother at the age of ten, and to become barren after the age of thirty. If that is so, it is not then true that the developments of life are proportioned to its duration, as some naturalists, Buffon among others, pretend. For if the childhood of man is shorter in the warm than in the cold countries of the globe, it follows that his old age ought to be also more precocious, and consequently that his life should be shorter. Now this is not so. The bramins of India live often more than a hundred years, and old men are not more common in Russia than in hot countries. Moreover, I have observed at the Isle of France, that children of from ten to twelve years, of both sexes, were neither stronger nor more formed than those of Petersburg of the same age, and that it was only toward eighteen or twenty years of age that both acquired adult stature and strength.

Woman in all climates attains maturity before man, and ceases before him to reproduce. She finds her children become men, protectors, when her husband often finds them rivals. Besides, Providence, which binds the generations with each other, has perhaps willed that the cares of a mother should still extend to her grandchildren, that she should often aid her daughter by her experience and cares in the long and trying circumstances of their education, as she had been aided herself by her own mother. This could not be, did she engender like man until old age. Both, however, beget children at all seasons and in all the latitudes of the earth, in which they are alone of all animals, every species of which has determinate seasons, ages, and climates of love.

Although conjugal harmony always exists for nature as well as for man in some parts of the earth, it is chiefly in the month of May that beings enter into love in our climates.

The sun, which is its first moving spring, is toward the middle of this month at twelve degrees from the equator, and at about thirty-six degrees from us, and the moon at twelve degrees south, which puts between these two stars a distance equal to the half of the torrid zone. We then receive a part of its influence as we receive it entire, when toward the end of June, the sun in the summer solstice, and the moon in the winter solstice, embrace the whole space enclosed between the tropics. Not only does the sun in summer dilate our atmosphere, but he must exert the same power on the sea. If heated fluids rise in a thermometer, ocean must rise in its basin and increase its curve. If a rod of iron grows longer when heated, thus the crust of the terrestrial hemisphere, filled with minerals, must dilate, and the flow of the waters be strongest toward the opposite hemisphere.

Let us cast a glance at the harmonies of the powers of nature in the month of May. We shall see them conjugated like those of these two stars. The sun, first moving spring of all harmony, produces one of the principal by his presence and his absence. From these two contrasts spring light and shade, cold and heat, dawn and setting, day and night, summer and winter. His rays, conjugated with our atmosphere, dilating it in proportion as they rise on our horizon, cause it to flow from the north toward the south, where it is most rarefied. For this reason the month of May is never hot in our climate. Often this month, and a part of April, are very dry, and plants which most need water when they are in their full activity of vegetation, would perish did not nature supply the rains of heaven by abundant dews from the earth. These dews proceed in part from the transpiration of the soil, penetrated with rains during the winter, and then warmed by the sun; on the other, by the coolness of the atmosphere, which in clear nights, when the earth radiates heat most rapidly, condenses vapors on plants in the form of dew, and sometimes of frost.

This contrast of heat and cold appears more favorable to the vegetation of plants indigenous to our climates than a warm atmosphere, for they grow with more vigor in these months than in the hottest months of the year, and the violet grows on the snow-beds of the Alps livelier in colors and more fragrant than in the fields of Rousillon; so true is it that contrasts form a part of the conjugal harmony. Those of the light and of the air are perceived, especially at this season, in the clouds condensed at once by the cold of the superior atmosphere, and by the north winds. They then shine with richest colors at the rising and the setting of the Sun.

Ocean and earth are conjugated with each other like air and light, but in different proportions. Light issues only from one point of the heaven, and the air forms round the earth an entire sphere, which collects and modifies the light like a convex glass, or like the crystalline lens of the eye; but ocean and earth have each their hemisphere. The former in the south, is mingled with land, the latter in the north, mingled with water. Although the ocean is more extensive than the earth, the seas and continents of the globe are so interlocked, that when our terrestrial hemisphere is in its winter, it is warmed by the aquatic hemisphere, whose currents set from the tropics north, while in our summer it sends the polar ices to cool the waters of the torrid zone. Thus the winters of the Straits of Magellan are more temperate than the summers, as Forster has observed by the vegetation of these countries, because this strait receives directly in its summer the currents of the frigid zone, and in its winter those of the torrid zone. It is for a similar reason that the winters of the coasts of Norway, England, Normandy, and Brittany, are much less cold than in the interior of these countries, while their summers are much more so. The myrtle grows naturally upon the coasts of Normandy, and the fig tree does not freeze there in winter, but the vine cannot ripen its fruits there in summer. It is only by the influence of the ocean currents which come directly from the poles or from the equator that we can explain the great differences of temperature even in the islands of the torrid zone,

situated in the same latitudes, and having the same elevation in the atmosphere.

The Molluccas are much warmer than the Antilles, because the projection of Asia toward the east keeps off from them the cold currents which emanate directly from the north pole in summer.

Rivers are conjugated with their islands like oceans with continents. They fertilize them, and modify their temperature.

There are still other conjugations between the liquid element and the solid; water by its reflections repeats the forms of the earth, and the earth by its echoes the sounds of the water, as the dash of cataracts among mountain passes. These consonances and contrasts are the source of a multitude of harmonies, and of the pleasure that we take in traveling along the shores of water-courses, or on the water along the coasts of land. It is certain that they add to our life.

It would be interesting to know if during the month of May, the superabundance of life which is then spread over our hemisphere, and which shows itself in the colors of the firmament, in the perfumes of the atmosphere exhaled from plants, in the more limpid currents of water, in the flowering of plants, in the loves of animals, is not felt even by fossils, and if the magnet, for example, has not then a greater power. This question may seem idle to physicians who are not naturalists, but when Christopher Columbus sailed to discover the new world, he observed that the compass, northwest during the night, turned in the morning early toward the polar star. I believe Columbus was the first to make this observation. If, then, the magnet experiences regular changes at certain hours of the day, as other physicians have confirmed, why should it not experience analogous changes at certain seasons of the year? However this be, the conjugal harmony in our climates is felt by organized beings. It commences among plants especially in the month of May. When they have acquired, after a certain revolution of days, months, or years, the admirable property of reproducing themselves, they become adults, they manifest externally the organs of love enclosed in their flowers, and the male and

female sexual parts are distinguished in them. Those of the male are usually formed of little ovoid bodies, or lobes, called anthers, suspended in equilibrium on threads called stamens; they are yellow in the lily flower, and black in that of the tulip.

They are called anthers, from the Greek *ανθηρος*, formed of *ανθος*, flower, and perhaps from *εραν*, to love. This name, if it were given by the Greeks, to whom we owe our botanical names, as well as of those of nearly all our sciences, proves that they had recognized the masculine sex in plants, since this part contains a dust which fecundates the female sap.

In the centre of the anthers is generally the uterus, or female organ of the flower, called pistil, perhaps from the greek name *πιστις*—faith, confidence; it is a tube destined to receive the dust of the stamens. It is composed of three parts—of the stigma, a sort of cushion with a hole in the middle, which receives the pollen; of the style, a tube which conducts it safely to the ovary, and of the ovary, which encloses the seed or fruit. All these parts are easily seen in most flowers, such as those of the lily and the apple tree, which are only an aggregation of several males divided and ranged in a circle round the pistil, which unites several females. It is remarkable that the anthers, or male part, protect the female part, surrounding it and covering it until its development. This character of protection in the males seems common to many flowers, as to many animals. In several plants the male parts are separated from the female, and present flowers of different forms. Such are the filbert, the chestnut, the melon, etc., where the male flower is distinguished from the fruit-bearing female by its emanation of a yellow, fertilizing dust. The male flowers of the filbert, which appear before the spring, show themselves under form of caterpillars, hanging to the branches, and the female flowers, which produce nuts, are found upon the bark, in little threads of a lively purple. In other plants, the male and female flowers are separated on different individuals, such are the date-palm, the papaw, the pistachio nut, the elm. It is remarkable that the male trees of this species are higher than the females,

so that the winds may bear to the latter the fertilizing pollen. The fecundation of females is often effected at great distances, and by the intervention of insects, bees among others, which gather upon the male tree the pollen of which they make their wax, and go afterward to the female trees to gather the honey of their nectaries. The nectary is a reservoir, which contains a nectar, or liquor, more or less sugary ; it is generally located in the corolla, at the base of the petals, and covered over with a little shell.

We are ignorant of its use in relation to the plant whose seed, perhaps, it nourishes in their foetal state, but it evidently serves the needs of many insects, such as the honey-sucking flies, and the butterflies. Doubtless for this reason nature has given to plants many more flowers than they can bear fruits.

The corolla, thus called, because it often resembles a crown, is the whole of the petals, and the petals are the leaves of the corolla, forming the most brilliant part of the flower. Their use is to preserve the sexual parts which they surround from the injuries of air and rain, but they have a more extended use, of which, so far as I know, no botanist has spoken, and this is to reverberate the rays of the Sun on the sexes of the flower, and to accelerate its fecundation. Nature, after having warmed the sexual parts of plants by a corolla, protects the corolla itself by a calyx.

The calyx, thus named from the Greek *κάλυξ*, cup, although it has not always that form, is the most exterior envelop of the corolla, and sustains it when it is expanded. It is fleshy in the rose bush, and divided into five parts ; it is then called perianth, from the two Greek words, *περι*, near, around, and *ανθος*, flower. It is adherent to the ovary.

It is remarkable that isolated flowers have generally no calyx. Such is the tulip, but those which grow in bushes and on branches, where they are exposed to shocks by the action of the winds, are more or less protected by calices, which then take different names, like those of perianth, envelop, spathe, glume, ament, galea, calyptra, and burr. Plants chiefly acquire their beauty in the season of flowering ; botanists also

characterize them by their flowers; they have not, however, acquired their full perfection until their fructification. Thus Linnæus, who has classed them by their flowers, seems less near to nature than Tournefort, who classed them by their fruits.

Conjugal harmony not only connects plants of contrasted sex, but allies their genera by contrasts, as fraternal harmony combines species by consonances. How, then, shall we know the relations which exist between species and species, or genus and genus, since we hardly study those which exist between the members of the same individual? The species so varied, the genera so different, and those very powers of nature, which seem incessantly struggling, are only the members of her great body which correspond with each other. In default of books to guide us in these profound studies, let us consult our hearts, and guide ourselves in the researches of science by the sentiment of pleasure.

We have observed a very sensible enjoyment at the sight of a group of trees planted in the fraternal order in which their seeds originate; such as that of pine trees disposed in cones on the summit of a mountain, or a vineyard disposed in form of bunches around a hill. But we feel a far livelier pleasure when we see the genera of plants in their different contrasts, such as the dark hemlocks of the north, which harmonize with the fresh green of the birches, and the climbing vines of the south with the pyramidal poplars. An old oak that braves the storms and the ages is already an object of interest, but never more so than when a young honeysuckle surrounds its hollow trunk with garlands of flowers.

Conjugal harmony is the source of that ineffable pleasure which we experience when we meet, harmonized with each other by nature, along streams—reeds with water-lilies; in meadows, grasses with the trefoil, alders with willows; on the edge of forests, the primrose and violet, and in their midst the ivy with the beech. Some think that as there are sympathies between plants, there are also antipathies—mildew, mosses, mistletoes, agarics, scolopendria, and most parasite plants,

seem born for destruction; but war does not enter into nature's plans as a necessary compensation for love. The All-good Being has not done well that He might afterward have an opportunity of doing evil; He has given limits to the vegetation of plants, not by innate hatreds, but by the necessities of the animals that feed upon them. If He has armed some of them with thorns, it is only as defensive arms, while they serve man as useful implements in several branches of industry.

As to plants which seem to live at the expense of trees, and to contribute to their destruction, such as mosses and lichens, it is probable, whatever some cultivators say, that they are in the average useful, and, to a certain extent, protect them against the severity of the cold. The hemlocks and larches of the far north have the stalk and branches thus covered, as with a long fleece, and they grow with a no less vigorous vegetation; while amid the superabundant life of hot climates, the rapid nutrition of trees from the soil and air enable them to support the long gray-beard moss and other parasites without sensible drain. If sometimes, indeed, the ivy, too tightly clasping a young tree, causes it to perish in its embrace, it is less the result of an offensive struggle than of a too imprudent friendship. Far from exhausting its friend by abstracting its substance, it seems, still long after its death, to recall it to life by covering its dry body with festoons of evergreen. (1.)

Even animals are sensible to the conjugal harmonies of plants. It is not in our ploughed grounds, where our domestic plants, divided off in long rows, present only monstrous consonances of the same species, that animals love to give themselves up to the sweets of conjugal harmony: it is in places where mountains harmonize with rivers, woods with prairies, the majestic trees of the forest with the humble bushes of their clearings; it is amid the echoes of rocks and the reflection of waters that they delight to seduce, by the harmonies of sound or of form, the objects of their loves. There the heathcock at the foot of the pine, the waterhen among the rushes, meet their companions. Our botanical and zoological systems do not trouble themselves about the harmonies of

plants, but the pleasure they give shows that nature has diffused their laws through all her works, and placed the sentiment of them in all hearts.

Conjugal harmony extends much farther over animals than over plants. Animals there are which attain to puberty in one day, as ephemeral insects, others in a lunar month, in a season, or in a year, while the rotifer revives after remaining whole ages in a state of lethargy, which, in truth, is neither life nor death. The periods of existence are co-ordinated with those of the stars, and it is at the limits of the organized beings of our globe that we shall, perhaps, discover those of a new world.

Animals have, like plants, sexes, dividing each species into male and female. Some unite them in the same individual, like the snail, which is hermaphrodite. This animal cannot, however, reproduce alone; it needs a being similar to itself to find at once mates of both sexes; thus from a single coupling spring two generations. The species without shell can reproduce a new head when the last has been cut off, as Voltaire assures us he has found by repeated experiment. This animal, then, reproduces itself in spite of mutilations; moreover, it is blind, and is known to dart arrows at the object of its love.

Here we see the reason why nature has united the organs of the two sexes in most flowers, which, having no self-motion, cannot communicate with each other. When nature separates the sexes in the same plant, or on different individuals, as in palm trees, she employs volatile insects, which collect their pollen, in order to fecundate them, for this means appears to me more certain than that of the winds, to which it is ordinarily attributed. But animals being endowed with passions, and with the faculty of self-motion, a moral order results from their love, to which nature relates the whole physical order. An animal which could reproduce by itself alone, uniting in itself both sexes, would love itself alone, and would form a link detached from the chain of beings.

The aphido, however, whose numberless species are spread every where, has the strange property of reproducing alone,

although among these animals there are males which have wings to fly where they please. Bonnet has made pleasing experiments with them. He received an aphide at the moment of its birth and reared it alone. The latter, without having communication with any other being of its species, produced its little ones; one of these, sequestered in the same manner, produced a new generation, and Bonnet thus obtained five consecutively, without the assistance of any male, during the space of five weeks in the course of a summer. He concluded that these nine successive generations had been begotten in the same mother by the male which had fecundated in autumn the egg from which she issued the following spring; for it is very remarkable that the aphide, viviparous in summer, becomes oviparous in autumn.

We should conclude hence that the general laws, thus called because they belong to all genera, are however subordinated to special laws. The aphide, without defense, and of a very delicate structure, destined to serve as food for an infinity of insects and of birds who nourish their little ones on them, ought to reproduce itself in summer not only by the ordinary means of multiplication, but by others more wonderful, without which they would soon be annihilated. It brings into the world, accordingly, its little ones all formed and fecundated to the ninth generation.

As it has in itself no means of emigration, it is blown by the winds upon the nearest leaves, where it reproduces alone its whole posterity; but in autumn, when winter approaches, as it cannot then find any thing to live upon, it is fecundated by the male aphides, who get wings as well as the male ants, and then, although born viviparous, it becomes oviparous, and its little ones, enclosed in eggs, are sheltered from the cold season.

It would be curious to know whether the aphide would not cease to become oviparous in autumn were it kept in a hot-house. However this be, nature employs the most ingenious means in order to favor the multiplication of the feeblest beings.

The cochineal, which is born in Mexico, on the very thick, juicy, and permanent leaf of the cactus, finds there nutriment

for its whole life without stirring from its place ; thus, it has a trunk of structure so delicate that when once buried in the leaf it cannot be withdrawn without breaking, which would be a mortal wound ; in this situation it is fecundated by its male, which develops wings. Become a mother, it lays its eggs around, still fastened to its leaf, which would become at last insufficient to nourish its numerous and impotent progeny, if nature, foreseeing all, had not given to its scarcely hatched little ones a singular means of emigration. It is not the wind which scatters broadcast the growing cochineal insects, like the aphides, which can live upon all sorts of plants ; it is the born enemy of all volatile insects which procures a way for them through the air ; they communicate from plant to plant upon the threads which spiders weave among the nopals.

All this shows how providence varies its laws in adaptation to the necessities of sensitive creatures, relates them to each other in one general whole, and subordinates them to a moral order. The generations of insects, which offer us so many phenomena, have nothing more extraordinary than that of the commonest plants, which are the most useful, and which reproduce at once in the same year by multiplied flowerings, layers, suckers, and buds.

If the soul of nature thus cares for the wants of insects, those of the human race have a claim proportionally stronger. When the animal has attained the limit of its growth, nature then develops its physical beauty and its moral beauty. (2.) An animal has its full character only after it has attained the age of love. Then birds are feathered in their gayest plumage and warble their songs, while the bull strikes with his horn, the horse races through the pastures, and all animals manifest the instincts, distributed to them by nature. Education in vain endeavors to arrest their course, and to give them the slip by training and feeding. The infant wolf caresses the master who feeds him ; he eats and plays with the dog, whom he seems perfectly to resemble, but hardly has he lengthened his tushes, hardly is the fire of love kindled within him, when he breathes the thirst of blood, his friends become hateful to him ; he abandons an

assured subsistence, an asylum, and goes to seek amid the forests a mistress, carnage, and liberty.*

Offensive arms grow, particularly on the males, with their dress; spurs and crests on the cock, horns on the bull; for love and war enter into the conjugal harmony as friendship and enmity into the fraternal harmony; Mars conjugates with Venus. The arms of animals are perfected at the same time as their organs of generation. If these organs are amputated before their development, the body never attains its perfection; no antlers will adorn the head of the stag, no comb that of the cock, no beard darken the chin of man. Their voices become broken and shrill, destruction and decline replace the smiling scenes of love.† Castration does not render domestic animals fitter for the service of man. A true education suffices to develop their instinct of domesticity to the highest degree. The dog, companion of our childhood, has no need of being mutilated in order to attach him to us. Mutilation, which weakens his physical qualities, would alone suffice to deprive him of his moral qualities, and I have, indeed, remarked that those subjected to it were less attached to their masters. I have had a dog who at the season of his loves seemed to double his affection for me.

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If castration changes animals so much, both physically and

* TRANSLATOR'S NOTE. The wolf is assuredly one of the most savage of wild beasts, especially the wolf of the eastern hemisphere, yet it is not the less true that, with proper management, the wolf has proved domesticable, and become as strongly and permanently attached to his master as the dog—the savage wolf of France, for example—while in Missouri a gang of trained wolves may be seen at work propelling a mill. St. Pierre may be entirely correct in the principle that the age and season of love develop in each creature its distinctive character; but incorrect in supposing the wolf to be in natural antipathy with man. The wolf is the emblem of the bandit, a character at war with civilized society, yet not the less often gifted with noble and generous qualities, which have caused his revolt from arbitrary and oppressive institutions, but which do not prevent him from appreciating and returning an honorable friendship.

† TRANSLATOR'S NOTE. War is announced as a complement of love in the conjugal harmony, but this applies only to those lower types of character whose sole idea of love is that of selfish, exclusive possession or personal chattelism, holding all spiritual affinities at defiance. This holds alike of human and other animals, but it is not the less true that war and conflict cease, with jealousy, where the higher forms of spiritual communion begin.

morally, the abuse of sexual pleasure entails other and still more grave deteriorations, which are almost peculiar to man, since it is very rare that animals commit excesses, at least in their natural way of life, unsophisticated by man. Among most animals the male alone is armed. As he has a superabundance of life and of love, so he must have a superabundance of strength to protect his female and his little ones; while the latter is occupied with the cares of incubation and of nourishing her young, he defends her against his rivals, and especially against beasts of prey.

But in this law an apparent contradiction occurs, which is, that although the males of all carnivorous and frugivorous quadrupeds are stronger than the female, it is quite the contrary in birds of prey. "All birds of prey," says Buffon, "have a peculiarity which it is difficult to explain; their males are about a third smaller and weaker than the females, while in quadrupeds, as well as in other birds, the males are well known to be larger and stronger. Among insects, and even fishes, indeed, the females are a little larger than the males, and we clearly see the reason in the prodigious quantity of eggs which they contain, which swell out their bodies."

Buffon here indicates the cause rather than the reason; for why are the females of other animals that carry their young still smaller than their males? Why is the male smaller than the female in birds of prey? Because the force of the bird of prey consists in the lightness of its flight; thus it soars to its highest flights; nature has then made him smaller to render him lighter. Were he larger he would be less agile. The tiercelet is then more apt for flight than his female, and in fact he is more esteemed in falconry. It is the same among fishes, whose motion through the water is like flight, and which are nearly all animals of prey, for they devour each other. In every couple, the lighter is the stronger; as among corsairs the best sailer makes the most prizes.

Volatile insects, whose spongy bodies are in equilibrium with the air, copulate as they fly, the female bearing the male. She needs, therefore, more extended wings and greater size.

The male, as a general rule among creatures, surpasses in beauty. Among plants it is the taller; among volatile or swimming animals the lighter; among pasturing quadrupeds the stronger; among animals that fight for prey the most adorned; and the best singer among those who seem to live only to love and to please. Here, as every where, the laws of nature are very wise. The active male is endowed with a superabundant life, which draws him toward the object of his desires, but the passive female needs to be seduced by the beauty or talents of the male before she can find him agreeable. She is compensated for the inferiority of her dress by her superiority in affection, for it is still more happiness to love than to be beloved. There are, however, some species, the male and female of which are equal in qualities. Such, among others, is the ringdove. Both are of the same size, the same plumage; each wears the half of a black circle round its neck, as if they had divided between them the ring of conjugal love, of which they are the symbol.

“The thrush feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,
In the nice ear of nature which song is the best?”

But see how love animates creatures in the spring. It develops their instinct in harmonies more varied than those of their colors, their forms, and their motions. Two individuals of the same species have the same shade, but they have still a different manner of expressing their loves. Every male is conscious of his beauty, or seeks to seduce his female. The peacock displays his tail in a brilliant wheel, the nightingale utters his ravishing notes, the horse races around his companion.

While innocent beings solicit the prizes of love by their talents and efforts to please, destructive animals expect it of victory. The lion, raising his mane, defies his roaring rivals to the combat, and the audacious eagle, sailing high in air, disputes with another eagle the limits of his vast empire. The loves of the feeble redouble under the cruelty of their tyrants. They feel the need of uniting. Each couple of lovers seeks an

asylum beneath the shades prepared for it by nature. They add their conjugal harmony to that of the plants destined for them, and their vigilance, industry, and mutual affection redouble by the dangers which surround them. While the African lion prepares his nuptial bed in the side of a rock bristling with prickly pears and aloes, and the eagle on bare summits that lose themselves in the clouds, while their carnivorous loves redouble the horrors of their solitude; feeble creatures, tenderly bold, come to populate the smiling valleys. The timid rabbit there burrows an inaccessible retreat among beds of wild thyme, and the nightingale utters her harmonies amid the rose bushes. The swan does not fear the voracity of the white bear as she nestles among the reeds and rushes of the northern marshes, and the heathcock, building in the dark hemlock, escapes the wiles of the fox. Without carnivorous beasts more than half the earth would be uninhabited; these force the feeble, innocent species to seek asylums. The eel takes refuge under the vault of rocks, and fear indicates to him his dwelling. By war, the arid sands, the ices, the space of the earth and of the waters are inhabited, and the smallest plant shelters lovers. War develops their industry, and teaches the art of opposing skill to force, through which the feeblest animals become the most ingenious. In the loves of insects especially we may study the instincts, the foresight, and resources inspired by this passion, and which no fable has even imagined.

Conjugal harmony not only unites individuals of the same species, but genera the most diverse. As the climbing vine needs the support of the elm to ripen its bunches, and as the elm, which gives its seeds in the spring, needs, in turn, to decorate its foliage with the fruits of the vine, thus the bird and the quadruped are often seen to approach each other from mutual necessities. The wagtail often accompanies the sheep to deliver it from insects, and the sheep, in turn, furnishes, in a few flocks of its wool, the material for the wagtail's nest. The fauuet approaches the horse to render him the same services. The partridge and hare like to nestle in the same soli-

tude. The republican beaver and the lonely swan give themselves up to love in the lakes. Conjugal harmony relates them, as among other animals and plants, and in all the powers of nature, it has established the first chains of that harmony which unite the whole. Man and woman resume all powers and all necessities. Nature has made them naked, to show all the beauties of animals combined in their bodies, and to oblige them, in covering themselves with their spoils, to reinvest their several graces of expression. See Hercules, that model of virility: you distinguish in him all the characters of the most formidable animals. In his huge muscles, his broad shoulders, his hairy chest, his tawny skin, his imposing attitude, there is I know not what of the bull, the eagle, and the lion. A Venus, on the contrary, presents us, in the harmonies of her curves, of her color, of her motions, those of the mildest and most amiable animals, of lambs, doves, and gazelles. The taste of dress in the two sexes is conformable to their character. Man affects in his that of the proudest beasts; enormous wigs like the mane of the lion, mustaches like those of the tiger, bear-skin caps, dark striped cloths like the panther's robe, spurs on the heel like those of the cock. Nothing can be more like this warlike bird than one of our ancient cavaliers, with crested casque, short cloak, and gilded spurs. It is remarkable that in every country the military dress, so beloved of women, is borrowed from the warrior animals; uniform is the festal dress of the nobles. On the other hand, the ornaments of women, their egrets, collars, fans, the butterflies on their head-dresses, their trailing robes, are imitated from the most brilliant insects and birds. Although the proportions of man and of woman are the same for the whole earth, an African Hercules would doubtless offer a different physiognomy and costume from the Greek; and a Venus, born on the Neva, would be adorned with other charms than she who was born from the foam of the waves of the Ionian Sea.

It is the instinct of conjugal harmony and its adaptations, rather than any positive necessity, which sends men over the world, and surmounts every obstacle in collecting the furs of

Siberia, Oregon, and Canada, the muslins and cashmeres of India, and pearls from the ocean bed. It is to heighten the joy, the delight, and the grace of his festivals, that he brings sugar from the Antilles, coffee from Arabia, chocolate from Mexico, spices from the Mollucas, and wines from the Archipelago, from Italy, and France. It is to adorn his dwelling that he borrows in the ruins of antiquity models of sculpture and architecture; every where he finds his fellows occupied with the same cares. On the other side, it is to please man that woman incessantly combines new enjoyments. Thus from pleasure to pleasure, a fickle Omphale makes Hercules spin at her feet.

Unfortunate man finds in his fellows rivals more dangerous than the wild beasts, and in their society, cunning, force, superstition, jealousy, work incessantly to despoil him. Then, obliged to conceal his life, and to hide in a cavern near beasts of prey, he flies his country, he seeks an asylum in the sands of Africa or in the ices of the north; but he carries there a companion, and consoles himself still for the injustice of his fellows by the sweets of conjugal harmony; if ambition wrongs love, love, in turn, repairs the evils of ambition.

We shall avoid those of society by following the route which nature has traced for us. Let us consider man and woman in their youth, and the relations which conjugal harmony establishes between them.

The beauties of man and of woman are of two different characters. The first unites in himself contrasts, by the rude oppositions of eyebrows, mustaches, beard, and the strong expression of his organs and his muscles; the second assembles the beauties of consonance, by the roundness of her limbs and the elegance of their turning. The first has all the characters of strength fit to subdue destructive animals, and something of their physiognomy; the second has those of sweetness capable of taming gentler animals, and a sort of affinity with them.

Thus they both unite all the beauties scattered through nature. These characters weaken in society, according as each sex has more or less influence in it. Among savage nations,

which live in a frequent state of war, woman takes something of the warlike manners of man. Among civilized nations, which assemble in their midst the luxuries of peace, it is man who rather adopts feminine manners. It is in vain, however, for either to seek what belongs to the other. Woman, when subjected to the virile disciplines of certain moralists, only loses her power to charm men, as the effeminate man loses his ascendant over woman. Both lose their influence in love, as they lose their physiognomic character. I value as little the Spartan woman, wrestler in the public arena, as the Sybarite reclining on a bed of roses.

It seems evident, whatever our good Plutarch and other historians may think of the matter, that the Lacedemonian women had little power over their husbands. In assuming the manners and habits of warriors, they must lose the empire that grace and delicacy confer.

One of the first sacrifices which the women of Europe have required of men, has been to renounce the male physiognomy that nature gave them, by persuading them to shave off their beards. Some enlightened writers have regarded this excrescence as a superfluous inconvenience. They have praised Peter the First for making the Russians cut it off. That great prince well understood the laws of politics, but he sometimes departed from those of nature. The nobility and soldiers have obeyed his orders, but the peasants and even the sailors have preserved their ancient customs, and with reason; for in the rude winters of this country, where they are often exposed in long journeys, by day and night, I have seen how their beard protects their mouth and throat from the severity of the cold, better than the best fur. Besides, the beard characterizes the male beauty of man, and inspires respect and veneration for him.

The heads of our pontiffs, of our philosophers, of our magistrates, appear like heads of children beside those of the Turks; and I doubt not that their contrast with their Georgian spouses enhances their mutual beauty and reciprocal affection.

Although woman be smaller and feebler than man, she is yet stronger than he is in the performance of those functions

to which nature destines her. The shoulders of man are broader than his pelvis, and add considerably to his strength and lightness, whether in striking or in running; woman's shoulders, on the contrary, are narrower than her pelvis, whose size and weight impede the force of her motions. Woman, being destined by nature to carry her child before her, in her arms, and to suckle it upon her breast, we find the weight of the posterior pelvic region re-establishing her equilibrium. Man's centre of gravity is high and advanced, that of woman lies below. To preserve his equilibrium, man, in his natural attitude, and free from any burden, raises his head and throws it a little backward, as we see in the statues of Hercules and of Apollo; while woman, in the same circumstances, bends hers a little forward, as we see in the Venus de Medicis. Woman stands erect and equilibrated only with her child in her arms.

As nature, by consonances and contrasts has doubled the moral and physical force of man, she has quadrupled it by connecting with it that of woman.

Man reduced to the half of his organs, would still extend his enjoyments to all the objects of nature; he undoubtedly assembles a greater number at once by the arrangement of double and symmetrical organs. He doubles them in extent but not in intensity, for with our two eyes we see the same object but once, with our two ears hear not the same sound twice, nor is the former brighter or the latter louder than when one eye is shut or one ear deaf. Even in extent, we can see but the half of the horizon, the same as that of the smallest object. If we examine a flower, we shall see at one glance only the upper or the lower side. But man and woman, employing their organs at once, can not only enjoy the whole extent of their horizon, and spherically of each object, but each of them having different sensations and ideas which they mutually reflect, they double or rather quadruple their enjoyment and their force. The head of Janus, formed on one side with a male and on the other with a female face, which sees at once before and behind itself, the future and the past, seems to me a very just allegory of the united powers of the two sexes. This figure, how-

ever allegorically pleasing, would be but a monster if made real. The inconveniences of combining the two sexes would surmount the advantages. To increase their physical forces, nature has divided them, but she has united them by the sympathies of temperament, instinct, and passion. Man and woman isolated are but two halves of the man of nature; the same name designates both in all languages. There are some of the Oriental, where woman has no generic name. The Siamese distinguish her from man only by the epithet of young; they call her the young man.

The character of woman is, however, as distinct from that of man as her sex, and she preserves both through all the periods of her life in perfect harmony with man. The mutual accord and native instinct which often inflames two lovers from their first interview, suggested to Plato that souls were originally two halves descended from heaven, exiled into different bodies, and incessantly seeking to unite on earth. Our modern statistics prove that men and women are born and die in equal number. The two sexes are in relation with nature and with their own wants only when they are united. Man climbs the tree and gathers its fruits—woman remains below to pick them up. One finds food, the other prepares it—one hunts wild beasts, the other rears domestic animals—one builds the house, the other makes the clothes.* One takes care of business a broad,

* TRANSLATOR'S NOTE. The correctness of this general statement does not preclude great latitude of exception. Those who confine their view to the past and present experience of our race, may observe that woman in China, in Germany, and some other parts of Europe, finds her sphere, as well as man, in the more robust labors of the field; while among the Indians of America, she has generally done the whole of what tillage they have carried on. Without considering this position the more desirable, it is not less true that woman suffers much in health and spirits from her habits of domestic confinement and indoor drudgeries, and that whether labor is falsely organized and thus made a drudgery, or rendered attractive by a true distribution of its functions, nearly all its departments admit of both male and female labor combined in certain proportions, and we find, even in observing children, that nature has accordingly given to perhaps one third of females masculine tastes, as to one third of males, feminine tastes and aptitudes. Thus we have every where the charm of contrast, and monotony is avoided in the plans of the Creator, which we learn in the natural distribution of characters, passions, tastes, temperaments, and instincts. They have all reference to specific objects of industry, luxury, and affection, and to certain spherical conditions whose adaptations when given or conquered make our life a harmony in itself, and a centre of harmonic vibration to all who come near us.

the other of home affairs, they double their pleasures and diminish their troubles by sharing them. Each sustains his own character; one tastes joy with all the enthusiasm of sensibility, the other with a deliberate or reflective consciousness. When troubles come, man resists them by firmness and reason, woman more happily evades them by her mobility, or bends while the storm passes over. One, proud of his strength, incessantly rises toward ambition; the other, proud of her delicacy, incessantly withdraws him to love. Does age weaken their first ardor? Youth had converged their affections around themselves; old age diverges toward their remotest grandchildren in paternal providence, and in maternal care and tenderness. Both, by the sentiment of their joys and of their afflictions, tend together toward Deity, and mingle fear and hope with the pangs and pleasures of human life. Like the spark, which gleams and vanishes unless it find some aliment to fix it, man and woman would be, without each other, only fugitive meteors. Nature has shared out to each of them separately, only ignorance, weakness, wants, poverty, and death, but by the conjugal harmony she communicates to the human race, science, power, enjoyments, and immortality.

Chasteness is so necessary a condition of beauty, both for the body and the soul of both sexes, that we might almost call it the source of beauty. It is the pure adolescent that makes the wise and strong man. Innocence of manners is a spiritual mountain air, which makes beautiful people every where, in the marshes of Holland, as in the mountains of Switzerland. Here, and in neighboring Flanders, Rubens has colored his goddesses, and Flamand modeled his loves.

Corporeal exercises effect diversions from the sentimental affections of the soul, absorb that excessive sensibility which otherwise render them sources of anguish, and furnish them with a healthy expression in attractive and useful pursuits. Girls and young women have great need of these. Nature has not made them to be eternally sitting. Mingle their studies with moderate labors. A garden will present such as are proportioned to their force and their taste. It must be

ploughed, watered, weeded, and palisaded. They brighten their minds while they exercise their bodies, for they see there the traces of that Providence which has foreseen all, arranged all with infinite magnificence, and which not only calls man, like other animals, to the enjoyment of her works, but to the confidence of her plans. Make them *feel* that as to man has been allowed a multitude of means of sustaining his life by innocent pleasures, so is their abuse punished by an infinitude of evils, and that the All-Seeing Eye perceives not only the most secret acts, but even thoughts.

Jealousy sometimes mingles its black poisons even in the cup of innocence. I have seen children die of it. [This is a diseased state of love, or rather, perhaps, a parasite passion, which preys upon love, and which is rooted in the false conception of a chattelism or exclusive property in the person beloved. To a certain extent, it may be corrected by sound views upon this point, and after an intellectual recognition of liberty in the object of love]* pride may be roused to feel the shame of sighing for one who does not reciprocate, or who prefers another. Some new inclination will not be slow to form at this tender and volatile age. We easily detach a young plant from the foot of the tree where it springs, which you cannot do after it has gathered strength. But while the events of life deceive our dearest hopes, while fortune, caprice, disease, and death break fond and sacred ties, that love which is founded in virtue, the supreme reason of man [and which has been nourished by life-long sympathies in noble uses], when it sees at the end of its human career heaven and eternity before it, survives the grave, and in religious souls beloved objects have often inspired more ardent passion after death than before it.

Labor likens man to God ; it is the true tie of conjugal harmony ; it banishes idleness, quickens judgment, and fixes the wandering imagination ; directing them both upon a useful

* The passages enclosed in brackets are interpolated by the translator in St. Pierre's text.

object, it opens us through it to the radiation of celestial intelligence; it provides for our pleasures and for our wants while presenting us with new enjoyments. It prevents the passions from wandering, and when it combines with the desire of pleasing a beloved object, it fills the soul with a delicious sentiment. Love then lends its wings to genius, and causes it to perform prodigies. I am persuaded that all who have excelled in any art have known love. I know of no masterpiece where love has not been either the subject or the object.

Love swells the sails of many an India-bound ship, with hopes of a golden return to consummate happy unions. Love sends the bold heart and the strong hand to earn their laurels in the army, while its sweet praise inspires the author's pen. Love is the Mars of warriors, the Apollo of poets. See what feeling fills their heart for the subjects they treat. Homer, Virgil, Horace, La Fontaine, [Molière, Lamartine, Shakspeare, Milton, Goethe, Schiller, Byron, Scott, Tennyson, Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell,] all owe their finest works to love; they invoke all the muses, but Venus inspires them.

See the great thinkers, Plato, Montaigne, [St. Pierre himself, Fourier. Love possesses them all, and tinges with its warm rose-blush even the snow-covered summits of these mountains of science which rise above the world's horizon; for thus Emerson confesses it:

“The sense of the world is short,
Long and various the report,
To love and be beloved;
Men and Gods have not outlearned it,
And how oft soe'er they've turned it,
Tis not to be improved.”]

How is it that ambition, the cause of so much mischief, has been admitted among the children of our schools, while we banish thence love, which helps ambition to create what the world has of beautiful and good? Let us then encourage children of the two sexes to form mutual friendships. Children have soul enough to love, for they are in the age of feeling. Having removed from them the provocatives and cor-

ruptions of precocious animal passion [by true disciplines of diet and labor, aided by the refining influences of mental culture, and by the aspiration for that ideal beauty which ever soars on the wings of poetry above our actual plane], let us leave the spring of life to flow in its natural channel. If you dam it up, it will either perish by turning back upon itself, or it will become a torrent, and ravage the soil it should have fertilized. Let us leave it, then, to take the course which nature traces for it.

Codes of marriage laws and precepts superabound. The books I have seen on this subject have neither plan nor method ; they confound the characters of the two sexes, and do not consider that the virtues of one party often cause the faults of the other. There is no end either to our love dramas and romances, but they all finish where they ought to begin, at marriage. [Since marriage is the only institution in which civilized nations recognize the existence of mutual love. There are reasons sufficient why romances and pictures of life's ideal beauty should find in the altar their tomb ; for the chattel property in persons, the arbitrary, permanent, exclusive connection, the monotonous drudgeries of housekeeping, and the general ignorance of the laws of harmony, through whose darkness love's celestial instincts flashed only while untrammelled by our institutions, kill the ideal, and often make a hell of the actual. Poets and novelists feel this well enough, and notwithstanding a charming exception here and there, they feel that in writing for the public they would only make themselves ridiculous by painting life after marriage with the colors of romance. The unnatural constraint which our marriage institution imposes on the parties, engenders, by reaction, libertinism among those who keep aloof from it, and adultery among those who have accepted it without submitting to it, as it cramps and falsifies the natures of those who submit themselves to it in good faith, exception falling upon the few cases where the parties are spiritually mated to each other ; hence it is not surprising that French wit and good sense should have permitted indifference and ridicule towards this "first bond of society," that the corrup-

tion of manners should have brought adultery into comparative honor there.

Adultery, with all its evils and its shocking incompatibility with our morals, is at last only a reassertion of the imprescriptible rights of personal liberty, which marriage pretends to alienate by mortgage. It is undoubtedly a morbid, social symptom, but it is a reactive symptom, and indicates a vital tendency to escape the compression of the paralysing marriage form.

As to what is possible for the individual, irrespective of the social and political sphere in which his or her lot is cast, all may be resumed in piety and charity.] Anchoring our trust in that Providence which nature every where reveals, we find every where ports of refuge amid the storms of life, and may attach ourselves to them by daily confidence, as with a cable twisted from an infinite number of threads. In sorrow, the two sexes mutually console each other, and by the difference of their characters yield a much truer support than if they were alike.

Man is more inclined to ambition, woman more to love, so that they may approach, but not conflict with each other, as happens in societies composed exclusively of either men or of women. The most violent men often unite with mild and patient women, with whom they live on good terms. [The Socrates and Zantippe arrangement hardly works so well.]

Accord of contrasts extends to such cases. Enmities are durable only between those who have the same vices. Misers, political intriguers, libertines, hate their rivals; but the vicious naturally esteem those who have the qualities and virtues which they lack; the intolerant, the patient; the intemperate, the sober; the miserly, the generous; [the wasteful, the economists.] Virile and feminine qualities then agree well together. Nature has neglected nothing to establish confidence between those whom she has mated in soul.

We contemplate with pleasure, in a landscape, a stream uniting with another stream; a valley with another valley; two trees, or two animals of the same species, grouped together.

If you, then, place two true friends in this solitude, you add to the interest of the site. But would you double it? Substitute for these fraternal consonances conjugal contrasts. Figure to yourself the mountains of the Isle of France, at sunrise, when the shadows struggle and blend with the beams of dawn; a stream harmonizing with a mountain which it descends, the reflections of the water repeating the form of the rocks, and the echoes of rocks repeating the murmurs of the water; vines grouped with palm trees; a pair of turtle doves building their nests; two lovers in their youth, a Paul and a Virginia, dwelling in the same cottage, and blending their prayer.

Again, we find the conjugal harmony in those arts which present to us utility combined with charm.

Painting and sculpture, two rival sisters, studied their proportions by the human body; they first acquired from it ideas of symmetry (the fraternal harmony) in countries where woman was nothing, where all trembled under the despotism of priests and kings; they represented brute colossal figures, masses whose legs and arms were contracted like those of mummies; but in the sweet country of Greece, they figured man and woman in all the beauty of proportion. You might see Venus breathe and Apollo walk.

Architecture, that art whose artists are so few, has been far from making the same progress; it scarcely employs any other harmonies than the fraternal, such as symmetry, the coupling of columns, and similar consonances. Coupled columns may doubtless produce a finer effect than the isolated, making but one body of two similar bodies. Might not our peristyles admit of more elevated columns, figuring palm trees mingled with their flowers, and lower columns like the female palm trees with their date clusters attached to their capitals? This conjugal harmony would introduce, I think, great beauties into our architecture; it would first take away that monotony which is its most ordinary defect. The higher columns being placed in advance, and the lower in retreat, would extend the perspective in height and in depth. Why should not columns of different diameters be distributed on the same horizontal plane,

as different orders are placed on the same vertical plane, such as we see at the Louvre, whose court they disfigure? It is a great abuse of art, though authorized by famous architects, and by most of our monuments; these different stages of colonnades are unnatural; they would look much better side by side than end to end. In a forest we do not see trees of different species grafted upon each other, but they are placed between each other on different planes, which produces a charming harmony there.

Some architects blindly seek these laws without knowing their principles. They sometimes oppose round to square forms, and excavated to pyramidal parts, and the retreating to the salient; and fine effects usually result, especially in bodies of the same generic character. Thus we see with pleasure, for example, amid the court of the Louvre, and under the vault of its south door, the dome of the four nations.

Military architecture draws from the same harmonic laws formidable means of war. Anciently those towers which arose at the gates of cities and around their circumference, protected each other in a conjugal harmony, but their defense became perfect only when for the towers were substituted bastions, flanking each other in their whole perimeter; then they protected the courtines, and were equally protected by them. Cities appeared impregnable, but attack became in turn superior to defense when it employed the same laws in a greater development.

There is no art which does not partly owe its force or its graces to the conjugal harmony. It is felt particularly in language, that art of arts, which unites all, and enables man to communicate with his fellows. Poetry and music have a very early place in human language. [They are the voices of affection, voices of the soul, to which such expression was appropriate in the Eden-life or infancy of our race, when the abundance of a fine climate, and the absence of moral and philosophical prejudices, permitted life to expand and express itself freely and joyously. Yet it is the simple melody of vowel sounds that we should here expect to predominate, rather

than the more complex and rhythmical harmony which intellectual development and the intervention of consonants form.]

Many of the elementary sounds of our present languages are identical with those made by the animals and birds proper to each climate, and are either direct imitations of them [or witness to the evolution of the same passionnal principles in the graduated terms of embodied life]. The language of the Hot-tentots glousses like the ostrich. That of the Patagonians has the sounds of the sea that breaks upon their coasts, and which are still preserved in many of the tongues of civilized Europe. The English hisses like the cries of their island sea-birds. That of the Dutch is full of breck-eck, and croaks, like the frogs of their marshes. The names of animals have been originally taken from their respective cries. My little daughter, of twenty months, who can hardly pronounce a few words, yet imitates the different tones of speech, raising her voice and letting it fall, as in a conversation. Her language is, properly speaking, a chant, formed of sounds without articulation. This stated, I observe that in birds the male has notes fuller, stronger, more prolonged and varied, than those of the passive female, which has only a sort of refrain; she employs only the mute *e*. Woman *only* can imitate all the songs of male and female birds. The sounds of languages are formed at first of masculine and feminine sounds; *i. e.*, of a full sound to designate the male, to which has been added a weakening sound, an *e* mute, or a softer termination in vowels, to designate the female. Thus rossignol, rossignole; loup, louve; Peter, Petraea; John, Joanna.

Vowels abound in the languages of infantile nations; they are often doubled in them, and the consonants are rare as may be remarked in the vocabularies of the South Sea islanders. Their language resembles in this that of our children. When languages begin to assume a character and to articulate their words distinctly, then the consonants are multiplied, which is sensible in our European tongues, which are but dialects of the primitive languages. This may be especially remarked of the Russian tongue, derived from the Greek, which has forty-two

letters in its alphabet, several of which are only our own consonants differently pronounced.

There is then this difference between the primitive languages and the dialects derived from them: that the words of the primitive tongues abound in vowels, and those of the dialects in consonants; that the first are in a manner chanted, being only composed of sounds; while the second are spoken, being articulated by consonants.

Free savage people express their passions without reserve, while polished nations ["anarchy plus the street constable,"] dissemble theirs. The same conjugal harmony which has inspired men to chant their first expressions, has also taught them to rhyme; perhaps they have also found models of rhyme in the songs of birds and in the refrain of the female. It is certain that music and chanted poetry are of the highest antiquity; they have been the first language of eloquence.

The ancients, who made no use of rhyme, had invented verses of different measures, as the hexameter and the pentameter, which they generally employed in tender and melancholy subjects, such as elegies, epitaphs, etc., but they composed strophes of a different style, of which we number fifteen different kinds in Latin and Greek poetry.

Love and war equally made use of them, for Mars and Venus are in harmony. Tyrtæus, Pindar, Horace, used them to produce the finest effects. Artists and especially architects ought to study them. I have heard the celebrated Blondel, professor of architecture, speak of a famous architect having composed a cornice upon the violin; it appears to me very possible to compose a peristyle on the pattern of a strophe, or rather upon a harmony of nature. I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of analyzing the touching effects produced by the conjugal harmony of those unequal stanzas of the eleventh ode of the third book of the odes of Horace. Every strophe is composed of three sapphic lines of eleven syllables, and of one adonian line. Horace prays Mercury to render Lyde favorable to him, and praises him for having suspended, by the charm of his verses, the torments of hell, and especially those of the Danaïdes.

Stetit urna paulum
Sicca, dum grato Danai puellas
Carmine mulces.

Audiat Lyde scelus, atque notas
Virginum pœnas, et inane lymphæ
Dolium fundo pereuntis imo,
Seraque fata.

Quæ manent culpas etiam sub orco
Impiæ, (nam quid potuere majus ?)
Impiæ sponso potuere duro
Perdere ferro !

Una de multis, face nuptiali
Digna, perjurum fuit in parentem
Splendide mendax, et in omne virgo
Nobilis ævum :

Surge, quæ dixit juveni marito,
Surge, ne longus tibi somnus unde
Non times, detur ; socerum et scelestas
Falle Sorores.

Quæ, velut nactæ vitulos lænæ,
Singulos, eheu ! lacerant. Ego illis
Mollior, nec te feriam neque intra
Claustra tenebo.

Me Pater Sævis oneret catenis,
Quod viro clemens miser peperci ;
Me vel extremos Numidarum in agros
Classe releget.

I pedes quo te rapiunt et auræ,
Dum favet nox et Venus : i secundo
Omine, et nostri memorem sepulcro
Sculpe querelam.

Their urn stood nearly emptied when you solaced with your song the daughters of Danaus. Mây Lyde hear the crime and noted punishment of those cruel virgins, incessantly toiling to fill their bottomless vessel with the fugitive water, and the late arrest of fate pursuing the guilty even into hell.

The impious creatures, (for what greater crime could they commit ?) dared to pierce with cruel steel the breast of their

spouses! One only, worthy the nuptial torch, splendidly lied to her perjured father: a virgin noble through all time.

Arise, she said to her young husband; arise, lest a long sleep be thine *whence* thou hast no suspicion. Escape thy father-in-law and the accursed sisters who, alas! tear their husbands as lionesses, bullocks. Less barbarous than they, I would neither strike thee nor detain thee in this fatal place. Let my father load me with chains because, touched with pity, I have spared an unhappy spouse; let him place me on a vessel and banish me to the farthest shores of Africa. Go whither the winds waft thee while night and love favor thy flight. Fly under their happy auspices, and one day recalling my memory, engrave our misfortunes on my tomb.

These verses would be less touching were they Alexandrines, or of the same measure. The adonian verse of each strophe expresses love and grief; its dactyl and its spondee terminate it with a touching harmony, and it almost resumes the whole sense of the strophe: *Carmine Mulces, Sera que fata. Perdere ferro! Nobilis ævum; Falle Sorores; Clastra tenebo; Classe releget. Sculpe querelam.* The secular poem of Horace contains still greater conjugal beauties, and it seems made to celebrate this harmony. Strophes of the same structure contrast with each other, or two by two; thus they were sung alternately by two choirs, one of boys, the other of girls; and doubtless the music corresponded.

Horace united in this secular poem whatever is strongest and sweetest in conjugal harmony, valor, and love, objects of song for all people, because they make one of the fundamental harmonies of nature.

Offer to the love of both sexes at an early age, pure and innocent objects, in order that the sweet habits of affection may prevent the corruption of their passions. From these first attachments spring the desire to please, amiable courtesy, elegance of manner, the habit of constancy, and many social virtues. As the arts and sciences all borrow from conjugal harmony their highest beauties, its aspect alone is suggestive

of true moral science. He who loves a virtuous object, and is beloved again, bears happiness in his heart; he is always kind to others, because he is content with himself. A stronger sentiment than friendship animates him in his labors, shows all the passes of life to him colored with the rose of morning, and nerves him to brave its storms as the sailor wrestles with high winds, inspired by the sight of the distant coast where his long cruise shall end.

It is by the early fires of conjugal love that you shall kindle those of patriotism in the young man's heart. Will you excite them by the sounds of warlike instruments, and inspire him with the desire to slay his fellow man? Will you degrade him below the brute? The red color infuriates bulls, and hunting dogs are roused at the sound of the horn. I have seen a lion whose anger was stirred at the mere noise of a drum. After a few beats the voice of the king of animals was heard, and the sounds followed at intervals until this mechanical wrath was laid. Thus, when the winds have raised the waves, they may be seen rolling after each other in the subsidence of the storm, and break amid the calm upon the shore. Shall the young pupil be exposed to the tricks of a turbulent or insidious orator? Will you render him like a ferocious dog, ready to fly at every passenger, and even at his master when irritated?

A *man* should never place his powers at the disposal of another man: for the defense of our country virtue suffices to animate. And what virtue will you excite in the youth? Shall it be the love of his relations, who, perhaps, are persecuting him, or that of a country whose laws oppress him, and whose interests besides are unknown to him? But you will speak to his reason, to his heart, to all his social passions, when you say to him, Defend her who is to make your life happy. If you forsake her, her labors, her person, her most intimate thoughts will be no longer yours. March, combat, live and die for her. Heaven, that has made you free, beholds you; it will protect the rights that it has given you. Thus, at the call of love, the country's youth take arms. So Per-

sia, Rome, Gaul, in their free days, excited the courage of their people, and subdued those who took up arms only from the fear of their masters, or for wages. Even if born in a country given over to factions, cupidity, superstition, robbery; it would still be sweet to isolate oneself with the beloved object, to bear with *her* poverty, contempt, injury, oppression, calumny; and when life were no longer permitted, it would at least be happy to die with her.*

Place me, says Horace, under the pole with my friends, and I will live there happy. Place me with my bride in the same regions, the lover may say, and I will fertilize and people them. It is persecuted and unfortunate love that peoples so many inhospitable shores.

Fraternal harmony may ingraft itself on a flourishing society, but the conjugal alone can extend it and propagate it in the bosom of nature.

Dear children, choose in your age of innocence an ideal to guide you in that of passion. You have equally to fear corrupted society, the dictation of others, and your own rashness; follow, then, nature's path, which deceives not.

You find in a virtuous object of love all beauties scattered over earth, and all those virtues whose birthplace is in heaven. This will form you at once to labor, to courage, to constancy, to kindness, to humanity, to piety. Love early, if you would

* These passages saliently indicate the natural relation, I had almost said polarity, which exists between the institution of war and that of marriage as it is understood by us; i. e., permanent exclusive possession of the person. This is not confined to national conflicts, but to those of individual interests. Civilization is a state of permanent conflicts, an organization of civil war, and its pivotal character is marriage, which aims to abstract at least one element of life from the general shock and wreck of individual destinies. Freedom in love implies the substitution of friendly for hostile relations; in general society, the reign of universal peace and good-will, when heroism shall no longer consist in successful antagonism or resistance to evil, but in active and useful production, where genius and energy find every sphere open to them. Far be it from me to infer that the happy and robust harmonians, who employ in peaceful industry, in the restoration of fertility to the earth, and the connection of all nations in the spherical unity, those resources which we now employ in destruction, and who enjoy more in a day than we for the most part in a whole lifetime—far be it from me to insinuate that the harmonians will be unfit to resist aggression triumphantly. They will annihilate it physically and passionately, or (in the phrase of our day) *morally*. They will convert the very inclination to hurt, into the desire to learn of them the secret of their harmony.

love late. The loves which survive the tomb are those which were born in the cradle. Loves which are rational were formed with reason itself, and the innocent are those that have commenced with innocence.* (3.)

To whatever object you attach yourself, consider that it is fleeting like yourself. A day will come when you will no longer hear the voice of your love; when you shall pass before the house where she dwelleth no more; when you shall walk beneath the shades where her feet no longer wander. Fate may separate you, it may drive you beyond the seas. Vainly shall you have sworn fidelity to each other; before your return death will have broken your oaths. Who on the earth shall console you, if you have not already fixed your hopes in heaven. Politicians have found that men and women are usually born in equal numbers; they should then be reunited in the celestial country, as upon the earth. What would become of an isolated soul, even in heaven? Cicero flatters himself to find there Lelius, Cato, Scipio, and other great men. This sentiment has been common to all sages. They have sought solitude on the earth to escape the wicked, and society in Heaven, because it is the assembly of the good.

Doubtless those simple souls who have well filled the first duties of nature, will be united there, as well as those who have been busy with the fate of empires.

Happy if, in quitting this life, these men leave behind them children who may recall their virtues!

Have I not found a happy earth?
 I least should breathe a thought of pain;
 Would God renew me from my birth,
 I'd almost lead my life again.

* TRANSLATOR'S NOTE. Here, as in many a saying of noble minds, the letter may kill, but the spirit maketh alive. Let not those whose heart has found treasures late in the course of this mortal career, feel themselves precluded from the benefit of the above statement. We bring into the world with us the germs of every passion, and the aptitudes for every relation to which circumstances may afterward present the corresponding objects. When this occurs early in life it is well; when it occurs late it is not therefore evil. During the reign of social harmony, fresh-springing loves will charm all the ages of life, as flowers every season of the equatorial year.

So sweet it seems with thee to walk,
And once again to woo thee mine.

* * * * *

For even here, where I and you
Have lived and loved alone so long,
Each morn my sleep was broken through
By some wild skylark's matin song.

And oft I heard the tender dove
In firry woodlands making moan ;
But ere I saw your eyes, my love,
I had no motion of my own.

For scarce my life with fancy played,
Before I dreamed that pleasant dream ;
Still hither, thither, idly swayed,
Like those long mosses in the stream.

But Alice ! what an hour was that,
When after roving in the woods,
('Twas April then) I came and sat
Below the chestnuts, when their buds
Were glistening to the breezy blue ;
And on the slope, an absent fool,
I sat me down, nor thought of you,
But angled in the higher pool.

* * * * *

Then leapt a trout. In lazy mood
I watched the little circles die ;
They passed into the level flood,
And there a vision caught my eye ;
The reflex of a beauteous form,
A glowing arm, a gleaming neck,
As when a sunbeam wavers warm,
Within the dark and dimpled beck.

For you remember you had set
That morning on the casement's edge,
A long green box of mignonette,
And you were leaning from the ledge ;
And when I raised my eyes, above
They met with two so full and bright—
Such eyes ! I swear to you, my love,
That these have never lost their light.

* * * * *

And oft, in ramblings on the wold,
 When April nights began to blow,
 And April's crescent glimmered cold,
 I saw the village lights below ;
 I knew your taper far away,
 And, full at heart of trembling hope,
 From off the wold I came, and lay
 Upon the freshly flowered slope.

* * * * *

O that I were beside her now !
 O will she answer if I call ?
 O would she give me vow for vow,
 Sweet Alice, if I told her all ?

* * * * *

But when, at last, I dared to speak,
 The lanes, you know, were white with May ;
 Your ripe lips moved not, but your cheek
 Flushed like the coming of the day ;
 And so it was—half sly, half shy,
 You would, and would not, little one !
 Although I pleaded tenderly,
 And you and I were all alone.

Ah well ! but sing the foolish song
 I gave you, Alice, on the day
 When, arm in arm, we went along,
 A pensive pair, and you were gay
 With bridal flowers—that I may seem,
 As in the nights of old, to be
 Beside the mill-wheel in the stream,
 While those full chestnuts whisper by.

It is the miller's daughter,
 And she is grown so dear, so dear,
 That I would be the jewel
 That trembles at her ear :
 For, hid in ringlets day and night,
 I'd touch her neck so warm and white

And I would be the girdle
 About her dainty, dainty waist,
 And her heart would beat against me.
 In sorrow and in rest :
 And I should know if it beat right,
 I'd clasp it round so close and tight

And I would be the necklace,
 And all day long to fall and rise
 Upon her balmy bosom,
 With her laughter or her sighs ;
 And I would be so light, so light,
 I scarce should be unclasped at night.

Look through mine eyes with thine, true wife,
 Round my true heart thine arms entwine ;
 My other dearer life in life,
 Look through my very soul with thine !
 Untouched with any shade of years,
 May those kind eyes forever dwell !
 They have not shed a many tears,
 Dear eyes, since first I knew them well.

Yet tears they shed : they had their part
 Of sorrow ; for when time was ripe,
 The still affection of the heart
 Became an outward breathing type,
 That into stillness pass'd again,
 And left a want unknown before ;
 Although the loss that brought us pain,
 That loss but made us love the more,
 With farther lookings on. The kiss,
 The woven arms, seem but to be
 Weak symbols of the settled bliss,
 The comfort I have found in thee ;
 But that God bless thee, dear, who wrought
 Two spirits to one equal mind,
 With blessings beyond hope or thought—
 With blessings that no words can find.

From "*The Miller's Daughter*."—TENNYSON.

In concluding this preliminary statement from St. Pierre's *Harmonies of Nature*, I have only to remark, that my object has been to exhibit the principles of true conjugal harmony as they exist in nature, which is something very different from what is generally found under the name of conjugal tie, in our present society. Superficial readers may imagine contradictions between St. Pierre and his translator. There may be *essentially* none, but St. Pierre investigates the subject from the point of view of civilized possibilities and adaptations ; I, in

reference to those of a superior society, which he might have hailed with rapture, had his life been prolonged to the epoch of its discovery. I do not dispute that St. Pierre teaches the exclusiveness of the conjugal tie; I have sometimes omitted paragraphs, and elsewhere, by verbal modifications, avoided collisions of opinion, and the complication of explanatory notes. While St. Pierre admits, theoretically, the exclusiveness of the conjugal tie, in view, as I have observed, of a world organized in conflict, whose maxims are *saue qui peut, chacun pour soi*—every one for himself, and the devil take the hindmost—his personal experience sustains other truth than his doctrine, which was stereotyped from the morality of his day. He was in love again and again, and sustained love relations of different kinds with women of widely different characters. He was always constant, meanwhile, to his first love, and he married in mature age another.

Permanent *exclusive* property in the person or the soul of the being beloved, has, perhaps, in a great number of cases, no other connexion with that conjugal harmony whose principles are developed in the foregoing pages, than convention, and the temporary necessities of poverty and antagonism in the civilized order, have given to it. I say *exclusive* possession of soul as well as of body, for this is the source of confusion for those who, while they indignantly protest against that legalized chattelism in persons which constitutes the arbitrary marriage of civilization, yet admit the idea on which its marriage law is founded, under the name of spiritual mating, or the marriage of souls.

It is treated more at length in the extracts from Swedenborg; also, in the concluding chapter of this work, under the name of Pivotal Love. I appeal on this point from theories to sincere experience; to the numerous love relations my readers have actually sustained, and to those still more numerous, still higher and sweeter, which they have felt that they might sustain, whose objects have even been presented to them, but whose prosecution circumstances have prevented; and after such a fair review, they will have to declare with me that our

marriage laws of exclusive property in the person may be, not only accidentally false, *i. e.*, in regard to a false selection of the persons destined for permanent, exclusive, mutual possession, but essentially false, in regard to the rightful or natural existence of such exclusive property, permanently, in any person whatsoever, which does not prevent the recognition of an exclusive relation between parties who desire it, and which shall be commensurate with their will. I do not say with their wills, for as soon as their wills cease to form but one will on this subject, such union is at an end.

I might extend this statement to the relations of souls after death, for if in the comparatively small period of one mortal career, so much contracted still farther by poverty and "mis-creating circumstance," we have been able to form several true love relations, and realize much happiness and spiritual development from each, how many more may we not expect to form during our progressive development and numerous transitions, during the cycles of eternity, and in those aërial or spiritual bodies whose finer texture no longer subjects them to the obstructions of gross matter, in following the lead of our passional affinities.

But leaving the supramundanes to fight their own battles and make their own laws, or do without any others than God writes in their hearts, if they are wise enough, I proceed to what more immediately concerns us mortals in the present phase of life. I merely advert to this subject because the removal of legal restrictions does not virtually emancipate woman, so long as her soul is enslaved to the prejudices of a moral education, which recognizes only the permanent exclusive marriage tie; and if this be considered the law of spiritual mating, all that remains is to select the object in whom alone one's life may be completed. Formidable problem, to whose solution we may well invoke the aid of our guardian angels and sharpen our keenest wits. From among the 400,000,000 or so of the other sex who people the earth, to discover that bright particular star, and when discovered to be recognized in turn! What immense arithmetical chances against the meeting—then what obstacles

of education, language, customs, religion, after a meeting has occurred. Yet, by hypothecating a special providence for the occasion, these difficulties must be set aside, since otherwise, we must accept celibacy with passional starvation or no destiny at all in love, in order to avoid stealing somebody else's predestined mate and heaping accumulated wretchedness on all concerned.

The partisans of this idea have already reached the *reductio ad absurdum*, for in denouncing as legalized adulteries nearly all the actual marriages, which in truth are but poor samples of spiritual mating, do they not virtually denounce as ignorant, impotent, or malicious, that providence which, according to them, had from the beginning predestined for each other in special couples all the souls embodied here on earth, yet proves itself afterward inadequate to guide each to the predestined partner?

I willingly exculpate Providence, and that Divine reason which shines throughout nature, from any share in this silly business. I believe that those persons of the other sex with whom we are adapted in love, both in this life and in those beyond the grave, are many; and that in each we shall find some new presentation of Divine attributes, never incompatible with others, nor determining inconstancy toward them, or alienation from them, farther than that inherent necessity for change and new impressions which in love, as every where else, enable us to return to the first object afterward with renewed zest and pleasure. The succeeding chapters of criticism aim to remove those prejudices, formalized into customs and laws, which are incompatible with truth and of the natural order of love relations.

PERSONAL REFLECTIONS.

THE AUTHOR SALUTES HIS READERS.

IN appearing before the conservative society of my country, I cast down the gauntlet of an honorable and courteous hostility. Originally of their class, having spent among them my happiest hours, inclined by the refinements of education to prize a graceful luxury, and all that has been conquered of actual harmonies, I never confound persons or even social classes with principles, and when I contend for justice and liberty to all men and women, nothing is farther from my thoughts and wishes than merely to reverse the social positions of those reared to luxury and those reared to labor; it would combine for both the advantages of both. Again, when I attack and logically annihilate what is compressive and arbitrary in the present institutions of marriage and the family, I do not fail to recognize that in these lie most of what little harmony the civilized world has known. I see clearly, and therefore I strike boldly. I distinguish the essence from the form, and I know that nothing of passional truth and refinement will be destroyed, but on the contrary, immensely developed and perfected in that beauty and order of which we now have only the aspiration, by cutting loose the bonds which now compress the passions, at the same time that we present to them the Social Order for which they were created. For that part of my work which is critical and destructive, I am conscious that others may be better fitted. It is a task I would resign to them with great relief. None but myself can conceive of

the crucifixions I have suffered before I could have taken this position. The divine Harmonist created me a passional violin, whose heart-chords were strung responsive to all that is loveliest in nature or in social amenities, but on attempting with the instrument such music as it was fitted to produce, he grew indignant that the delicate purity of its tones should be marred and drowned by the noises of the civilized mob that composed his audience; he takes me up by the handle and wields me as a club to beat them over their heads, if perchance their bumps of music may be mechanically developed, or they be at least forced to make their escape. If the violin be broken by this rough usage, or their own heads be not so effectually belabored as though the instrument were a bludgeon, it is their own necessity, and not my choice, on which the blame must fall. I would gladly speak at once the harmonies of nature and society. It is my mother tongue, but first the mountains of moral rubbish that bury and hide every passional truth must be hewed away, the false institutions and organizations into which the stream of human progress has been turned aside and dammed up, to spin round in perpetual eddys or vicious circles, must be destroyed. Some years ago Political Liberty was the subject of a life-struggle for the American people. Now comes the question of Passional and Social Liberty, and there is another declaration of independence to be made, and another revolution to be achieved for the conquest of that happiness, the right to whose pursuit constitutes one of the prominent articles in our last declaration. That was the shadow, the sham fight, the parade, the external contest with foreign powers, but now comes the substance, the real fight, the battle of souls, the struggle without quarter between the forces of heaven and hell in our midst, and the hottest of the fight must be fought upon this central position of the love relation between the sexes. To this all human actions ultimately converge. It is the pivotal thesis of social science, and gives its pivotal and distinctive character to every social period.

I am perfectly conscious of the forlorn and Quixotic attitude in which this book, cast in the very teeth of custom and

prevailing ideas, will place me in the eyes of my excellent and ever dear and honored conservative friends. Admitting his good intentions, and the ability in kind of his performance, how hopeless, how preposterous for an unknown individual to presume to stem the current of public opinion! It is like a squirrel pretending to swim across the rapids above Niagara Falls. Ah! little they know of that tremendous and all-conquering torrent, of which I am only a foam-crested wave! It is the principle of Self-Sovereignty, or Individual Liberty, for which Protestantism and Democracy, Luther and Hampden, the people of England, Germany, America, Italy, and France, and, finally, Fourier and all true Socialists, have so effectually combated. This principle—the divinely legitimate Spontaneity of the individual, and his or her indefeasible right to act in any manner whatsoever, and to contract or annul at pleasure any relation, with this sole proviso, that he or she shall not invade or compress the same personal liberty in others—this principle of self-sovereignty, which is totally incompatible with the fixed and arbitrary forms of the civilized marriage, will bear me through triumphantly; and those truths, which may seem to many so hopelessly in advance of my age, will prove to my censors that I have understood the spirit, meaning, and tendencies of this age better than they, and another generation will find trite and tautologous those truths which I now so painfully and rawly announce. From their superior position in the practical enjoyment of that personal liberty and true social order, in whose name I speak, they will recognize me as a living billow of that social tide, and our ancient marriage custom only as a shell left on the beach by a retreating wave.

I shall not be understood to deny that constant, and, if you please, conjugal love-ties will continue to be formed, but that their consecration will repose upon their *spontaneity*, and not upon *civil authority and law*.

CHAPTER I.

PROBLEMS.

1. THE real and essential tendencies and adaptations of human nature in its expression of the passion, LOVE.

2. The relations of the male and female sexes, which combine in the highest degree individual liberty with decency, good order, and social harmony.

3. The forms of social policy, and the corporations and institutions required for the objects above stated.

4. The mechanical and architectural arrangements corresponding.

The above problems are to be resolved, first, in respect to the general law or type; secondly, the modes of variation to be established in conformity with the particular passional characters of races, nations, societies, and individuals.

These problems lead us, in the first place, to examine the historical experience and practices of our race, and of its component nations and individual characters under the varying degrees of liberty which they have enjoyed, and under the various influences, climatic, religious, political, and others, which have moulded their characters and customs.

These investigations I have made, but it does not fall within the scope of the present work to enter into those elaborate details which any fair statement of the subject requires. So far as principles are concerned, this vast mass of experience admits of being summed up in a few pages; and those who are curious in details I refer to the work of Mr. T. L. Nichols, entitled, "Woman in all Ages and Nations," published by Fowlers & Wells, 131 Nassau-street, New York.

The general tendency of love relations, so long as they are

confined to a spiritual development, is to multiplied, varied, and consecutive ties.

The most frequent fact of love relations, when the material tie of possession exists, is monogamy, or possession of one woman by one man; admitting of various degrees of latitude on the part of the male; of none on the part of the female. Exception to this custom is found in the South Pacific, in a nation in the interior of Africa, where the women are polygamous by custom and morality, without prostitution or promiscuity, and in Thibet, where one woman marries a whole family of brothers. The plurality of wives is, however, recognized as moral among most nations.

The material tie of possession is the only one which obtains universal recognition, and which is formalized by laws and institutions.

The general influences bearing on love relations and institutions, in common with others concerning the great mass or the whole of our race, in its past experience, have been those of poverty, ignorance, superstition, political oppression, and moral prejudice. Liberty has been restricted to a minimum, or reduced to nullity. Jealousy, crimes, and social disorders have abounded, and individual happiness has been rare and exceptional. Love has been generally considered and treated, politically, merely as an agency for the reproduction of the species, and its result, the family of children, has been the motive relied on for stimulating the laborer to industry.

Reactions against this burden, on the part of individuals, have led to licentiousness, seduction, swindling in love, and prostitution, for whose chronicles see "Prostitution in Paris," by Parent Du Chatlet.

The exceptions to the above statement have been found chiefly under the climatic influences of the tropical zone, and in general or social, and particular or individual cases of wealth or luxury, which have allowed greater freedom of action. Religions, moralities, laws, and marriage institutions are not the primary causes of the evils and inconveniences under which man and woman suffer; poverty and ignorance are responsible

for all, but false doctrines and laws have excessively prolonged this vassalage, and riveted its chains after the means of escaping from it had been developed in industry, art, and science. It is true that the wealthy and powerful, while they constitute but a small minority of persons, must be more or less fettered by those customs which necessity imposes, or which religions consecrate, morals require, and law renders compulsory on the people; but original and inherent tendencies will always gain some expression in proportion as luxury removes material obstructions, and will assist us in rediscovering the path of nature.

During the rule of the Roman Catholic church, and that of the Druids of old, and to the present day in Hindostan, great cruelties have been perpetrated even upon kings, nobles, and wealthy subjects, under the authority of religion, but these facts are themselves due to the complete and unquestioned dominion which these religions have obtained over the mass of the people, in whose social and industrial condition they have found their basis. Before the invention of labor-saving machinery, the incidental conquest of man over material nature, and the development of great and well-organized industry, the condition of the masses, especially in climates disinherited of the Sun, was necessarily one of poverty. Wealth, even an abundance of the necessaries and comforts of life, combined with health, the condition of enjoying them, must be confined to the strongest and best equilibrated organizations, to happy exceptional destinies, to the inhabitants of Eden climates, or to those who live by their wits, *i. e.*, by exploiting the labors of others instead of producing values themselves.

The labors of women are chiefly confined to the domestic sphere previous to the development of machinery and of combined industry, such as we already see in manufacturing districts.

The maintenance of the household establishment by money, the lever of social influence, and of every sort of use or enjoyment in civilized and barbarous societies, falls naturally upon the man. He is not able by honest production to support more than *one* dependant wife and family of children—often not one. The state and church both refuse aid, or in the ex-

ceptional cases where they adopt the children, treat them hardly, and remove them from the sphere of domestic affections, so that the parents cannot, as in ancient Sparta, look for protection elsewhere than in their individual exertions. Monogamy, then, is a necessity of poor societies, or of the poorer classes in society, organized by separate family households. Among the Turks and Arabs, where the Mahomedan religion sanctions polygamy, it is confined to the wealthy, as in China, under the laws of Confucius.

For *latitude, freedom, and variety in the relations of love, it is necessary then that woman should be independent and self-sustaining as well as man, and that the child should from an early age find an opportunity and functions open to it where it may earn as much as it consumes, either with or without the formal intervention of the state or society.*

Or 2d. That those sustaining numerous and varied love relations should be possessed of *great wealth*, in which case they are usually *parasites* upon the industry of the producing mass, as well as monopolists of its beautiful women.

Or 3d. That they should be *swindlers* in love, casting the burden of supporting their children upon the mothers they have seduced.

Or 4th. That a state of *disgraceful promiscuity* should exist, as in the abandoned hells of our great cities, where the women are either too disorderly or too much diseased to bear children, or else dispose of them by child-murder or the foundling hospital.

Or 5th. That a very *primitive state of society* should exist, as in the Sandwich Islands previous to the irruption of civilization there, where the bounty of the soil and climate prevented the necessity of calculations in regard to the support of children, at the same time that the vigorous, unbroken constitutions of the women, and their healthy life in the open air, rendered them more apt for love, while it checked that rapid pullulation common to poverty, wretchedness, feebleness, and persecution, where nature, balked of her end in the individual, concentrates her efforts on the continuance of the race. Thus it is with the

Irish, with the Indian, with the poor of all nations, whose hovels swarm with children; thus it is with the hare and the rabbit, and all the victim birds and beasts; thus it is with the reptile, the fish, and all the lowest forms of life; they make up in numbers what they lack in individual perfection. It is then in those social and industrial positions which secure to woman her independence and her highest physical and pas- sional development, that the problem of the family loses its formidable character, and that we obtain the benefits as we have hitherto suffered the evils of that natural law, that the reproduction of the species holds an inverse ratio to the per- fect development of the individual.*

We can therefore understand Fourier's wisdom in declaring that the inauguration of harmony in the minor spheres, love, and familism, must wait on the organization of friendship and ambition (the major sphere) in the serial industry.

It is only from the organization of attractive industry in the series of groups that general wealth, general health, true indi- vidual development, and the independence of woman and of the child can result. Without these conditions every form of love relation must be false. Love is a searcher and tryer of the soul and of the body. If there is any screw loose in the or- ganism, love is certain to discover it. To conduct a love rela- tion truly and happily from its deep fountains in the soul to its incarnation in sensuous harmony, whence the soul shall drink again fresh life, and power, and passion, we want the sound mind in the sound body, result of productive, attractive, and varied labor in the air and sun, where influx comes from the earth-life, and the solar ray to all who co-operate according to their instincts with nature's circuit of useful production. La- bor, true labor, to work on the objects of our choice with the persons of our choice, is the grand absorbent of morbid imag- ination, of sentimentalism, and metaphysics, of asceticism on the one hand and excess on the other. Thus becomes the in-

* See remarks on proportional population, in my "Passional Hygiene."

carnation of God in nature, a living reality to us, and thus alone are we truly prepared to incarnate ourselves in the being of those allied with us in the sweetest of all affinities.

Love is very naturally spoken of as an affair of the *heart*; how necessary then to the truthfulness, health, and vigor of love, are those functions or kinds of action in which the vigor of the heart and the circulation are sustained! When the nervous system alone acts and is acted upon, love is reduced to a dream, to a sentimentalism; it preys upon the organism, and consumes its finer forces idly and unprofitably; it cannot realize its own aims nor truly incarnate itself in this material world, which all our passions must do during their mundane career, under pain of ignominious failure. Hence the instinctive ambition of youth before and during the period of puberty, to excel in athletic games and trials of physical vigor, which elevate the circulatory and muscular system to meet the demands which a new development of life and passion is about to make on them.

Hitherto, the tendency to numerous and varied love relations, either with or without inconstancy, has developed itself among both men and women, under all forms of religion, government, and moral customs, as far as wealth or other circumstances have given some freedom of choice and action. It is represented in civilization under the hideous features of prostitution, or the more specious forms of libertinism and adultery; in barbarism by the seraglio and the bayaderes. In the savage state by the Eden societies of the South Seas, whereof Cook and others have brought us such glowing accounts.

There will be many calcined moralists ready to jump at the explanation I have given above, and to attribute all derelictions from their moral and religious law of exclusive marriage for life between one man and one woman, to unsound instincts, perverted sentiments, sensuality, uncontrolled by the wholesome check and vent of physical labor, a heating and corrupting diet, the use of coffee and aphrodisiacs, etc.

They will say that in a well-balanced life of physical and intellectual labor, the affections will be absorbed and satisfied at

the altar of marriage and the family circle, such as it now exists. Opinion is free; I await them at the test of organized labor. I wish only that they should meet me in this conclusion: that whether the true love relation be monogamy or polygamy, or polygamy confined to one sex, as among the Mahomedans, or extended to both, as among the South Sea Islanders; or whether all these relations are severally true to different characters and temperaments, as well as many others which I do not stop to describe; in any or all cases, true love relations can exist only as a sequence on true individual development of body and soul. Secondly, that this development is intimately connected with productive, varied, and attractive labor. Thirdly, that productive labor, in order to become attractive, awaits the organization of the Series of Groups. Fourthly, that woman finds in this industrial and social organization the conditions of her independence.

These subjects are more elaborately treated in forthcoming works on hygiene and industrial organization. Finally, that the test of a true love relation is the supremacy of the spiritual element over the material element, of the tie of the heart over the brute spur of lust.

It must not be hastily concluded from the tenor of this chapter that I simply advocate polygamy against monogamy. On the contrary, I respect both these forms of love relations in their respective places, and with modifications adapted to the great varieties of human organization, temperament, and character, as will be described in due season.

I am not ignorant or forgetful either of the real foundation of that distinction which theology has blundered at, between what it calls the natural man and the spiritual man, and of a logical correspondence in social customs. I know that the grafted man, on whose natural stock the spirit of Christ has been inserted, bears different and superior fruit from the original stock, but even admitting that monogamy be the exclusive form of love relation among regenerate Christians, it does not follow in the least, that monogamy or celibacy should be enforced by civil and ecclesiastical law or social custom, since theology ad-

mits that this grafting, or regeneration, is a fact of free grace, and as it penetrates man from his internal to his external, and humanity from the individual soul to the social mass, it is an absolutely spontaneous and not at all a mere moral fact, and all the conduct which flows from it, or which it spontaneously determines in the acts and relations formed by the regenerate Christian, are the natural forms of this spiritual state; the control of which from without by social laws or morals, is utterly unwarranted, absurd, and pernicious. If, then, the state and church use an unwarrantable violence in imposing any arbitrary system of love ties whatsoever on the regenerate Christian, who carries the spiritual law within him, a *fortiori*, they are doubly absurd in hypothecating a system appropriate only to the regenerate Christian, and forcibly imposing it on the unregenerate or natural man, to whom different customs are appropriate, and who reacts by his vital elasticity against this passional compression and interference with the natural order of his developments, by secret evasions, hypocrisy, and crime. This argument is perfectly unanswerable, except by assuming the position of the Catholic church, which denies the right of private judgment, and makes the salvation or regeneration of the individual soul to depend, not on the immediate inspiration or mediation from the spirit world, but on the mediate inspiration of the church, and the pope as head of the church, to which and whom it enjoins uncompromising obedience and self abnegation, both intellectual and passional.

The Protestant is confounded by his own inconsistency at the very threshold of his attempt to invalidate the spontaneity of love or to subordinate it to civil authority. The old fashioned Catholic and partisan of religious despotism can alone enter the discussion. With him I decline it, because he is not a true man, having renounced the fundamental ground of his manhood or individuality in slavish obedience, and because he is moreover merely a myth, the historic shadow of a fallen dynasty.*

* I am far from intending to say this of all who call themselves Catholics. Jesuitical and Papal authority has been so profoundly shaken within the last half century, that one scarcely knows where to find the Catholic church that is not more than half Protestant without suspecting it.

CHAPTER II.

THE SUPERFLUOUS EVILS OF OUR PRESENT MARRIAGE SYSTEM.

BEFORE one word on this subject, I caution every reader against a private and personal application of what I say. I am not writing a *moral* treatise for the conduct of individuals in the present society. The morality and policy of action is here fixed and settled. The *centripetal* law is in full force and every one is bound under pain of disgrace, hypocrisy, or villany, to obey the laws and customs of the society in which he lives; consequently, while the laws remain as they are in a representative and popular government, and the tone of public opinion what it is, and the present social institutions, separated households, individual competition, etc., are in full play, it is folly, or worse, to attempt to carry through love relations in any other form than that of marriage. Even the degree of license accorded by Swedenborg, *i. e.*, kept mistresses, seems to be incompatible with the tone of society in America, and whatever inconveniences it may subject us to, it is neither right nor expedient to try to win a woman's love or her person with any other views than those of marriage. Every individual license or transgression of morality on this point is a retrograde impulse to society; it must be corrected, and the transgressors brought back to the social standard of right, before society, collectively, through its laws and customs, can advance to the organization of a higher truth. God forbid I should confuse any mind about what is right to be done or to be let alone where we now stand, but after full and unreserved acquiescence in the established laws and customs so long as they shall continue, I claim in turn the most absolute liberty to discuss the rectitude and expediency of those laws and customs themselves, and to modify public opinion on questions of vital interest to me and

every other man, with all the force of intellect and character I can bring to bear on it.

My aim is the same with that of the established law and custom, *i. e.*, the reign of good order, decency, and general well-being, but I accuse our present methods as defective, and propose others for public adoption, either to society in mass or to such persons as choose to combine in forming a colony with a soil, a government, and social institutions all its own. A free state on the globe, whose standard of morals shall not be subject to dictation from any external power.

The individual man or woman is bound by the morals or customs of the age and society in which their lot is cast, and persecution—how relentless Shelley's case may prove—attends those who assert in their lives any new fact. One may believe devoutly all I say in this book, and yet find it necessary to marry in order to escape a worse alternative; my object is not to excite isolated individuals to rebel against the law of the land and public opinion, but to modify public opinion itself, and urge to the enactment of more liberal statutes, granting divorce freely wherever the party desiring it renounces all claim upon the property of the other party, and can satisfy the court that children born of the woman are provided for decently.

There are doubtless a few *Aspasia*s and *Ninon*s, women of wonderful fascination, plausibility, and talents for intrigue, who do nearly what they please in any society, and make the fashion and honor of the day move around them. Other women may in vain attempt to imitate such flights, nor is it desirable they should. The order of social movement pursues its course, whether barbaric, civilized, or harmonic, little modified by the eccentricities of a few individual characters who pass like comets across its orbit. Freedom in love without the necessity of underhand intrigues and duplicity of conduct, can exist only when public opinion is liberal and courteous, and demands the combination of persons prepared for nobler and more delicate relations than those which now obtain.

Let not the marriage question be obscured or complicated

by the considerations of free love, as organized or dependent on future industrial and social arrangements. The arbitrary permanence attached by the law to this exclusive civil tie generates many of the worst evils of our present society; and its non-interference would greatly conduce to friendly and Christian relations, diminish the sum of crimes and sufferings, and conduce to public order as well as to individual well-being.

Let lovers, desiring union, unite in the name of the God of love, and not in the name of a God of constraint, who fears the goodness of his own work, and calls on the civil law to give a force and permanence which he was unable to bestow by the power of attraction. God has well done all that He has done. If He wishes your union to be permanent, He has provided for it in the distribution of your passional affinities. If He means that it should be exclusive, the same inherent tendencies of your nature will secure this, without the intervention of compulsory laws. The aim of laws and of moral conventions, rightly understood, is to remove accidental obstructions to the free and spontaneous movement of our native impulsions, and to facilitate their refined and harmonious development; obviating causes of collision between individuals by their true correlation in society. How different this from our absurd attempts to compress and repress the passions on all sides by our penal codes, which, at last, only multiply offenders and offenses.

God needs no assistance from our law-makers to patch over His mistakes in the distribution of your attractions and instincts. Are your affinities such as are calculated to unite you only for a season—for a single phase of life and love, ardent but ephemeral, like the contact of electric points, vanishing into that passional ether which our souls breathe, as our lungs the atmosphere, before we have had time to analyze them? Accept joyfully this present happiness in each other, remembering that your whole life here is in its highest possible truth and beauty only a moment in the eternity, a point in the ubiquity, a beam of the intelligence, a vibration in the omnipotence, a single emotion in the boundless love of God. The experience,

passion, and action of a few weeks in the drama of our appearance here may, when circumstances have been fortunately combined, prove as rich in joy and in use, as complete in itself and as fertile in its results, as twenty lives less happily ordained. Their result to humanity may be a Washington, an Oberlin, a Jenny Lind!

Should you even foresee the short duration of a charming tie in love, aim religiously to fulfill it in whatever manner the instincts it awakens decide, whether exclusively in spiritual love or in more integral consummation. The instincts of the organism are the faculties of the passions. Forbear to mutilate them on the one hand, as on the other you shall not permit them to invert the order of nature, or drown love in hot and hasty sensuality, nurtured by indolence, and stuffed with flesh and condiments.

Be chastely grateful for your present happiness in each other, as a pledge that your Father will, at another season and in due time, reveal to you other harmonies of love; nor seek to make of this tie, by constraint, what He has not intended it to be, lest in so doing you become the authors of each other's misery.

To love and to be loved, are the sweetest and most natural things in the world, and it is most wise in us to see, smell, taste, eat, enjoy, and appropriate to our life all the fair flowers or luscious fruits that nature sets before us in her bounty and kindness.

No duty of life is more sacred than to cherish, cultivate, and develop, according to its own law or type, every passional affinity; they are not so plenty as blackberries in these starveling, swinish times.

But marriage! when it comes to putting the police badge on a passion! to handcuffing a sweet affinity of souls! to saying formally to those emotions, so delicate and sacred, whose evanescent yet ever-renewed charm, like the aroma of spiritual flowers, eludes even the grasp of self-consciousness, "Do you swear before Justice Bobtail to remain constant until death you two do part—(the very moment when true lovers

may expect a more exquisite and interior communion with each other)—to lock your hearts, and give their keys into each other's keeping—to refuse the rights of hospitality to any new affection, and to furnish henceforth to each other a given quota, as specified, of physical and passional enjoyment per day, week, or month, due payment of conjugal debts?" etc., etc. Why that—with all deference to the laws and customs of immaculate civilization be it spoken—is coming down rather too much like a thousand of brick upon the little god with his quiver-full of charming mischiefs, and the beautiful stranger is very apt to get scared, and fly off to his native heaven of freedom, leaving only behind with you his mantle of illusion.

Love is a proud bird, and bears confinement ill. When he finds his nest a cage, a jail, open the door and let him fly, so peradventure he may come back to thee when he has sung his song of liberty among the groves. What good to keep him shut up? He will only beat his breast to pieces against the bars, and then neither you nor the grove shall ever more possess him.

“Leave all for love;
 Yet, hear me yet—
 One word more thy heart behoved,
 One pulse more of firm endeavor—
 Keep thee to-day,
 To-morrow, forever,
 Free as an Arab
 Of thy beloved.

Cling with life to the maid,
 But when the surprise,
 First vague shadow of surmise,
 Flits across her bosom young,
 Of a joy apart from thee;
 Free be she, fancy-free;
 Nor thou detain her vesture's hem,
 Nor the palest rose she flung
 From her summer's diadem.

Though thou loved her as thyself—
 As a self of purer clay—
 Though her parting dims the day,

Stealing grace from all alive,
 Heartily know,
 When half-gods go,
 The gods arrive."

Lovers! is your joy so full, so solemn, that it invokes the public sympathy of all your families and friends?

Receive them then. I do not question the value of illusions—all mankind are your friends while you are happy, and have no need of them. Is your sense of complete fulfillment in each other such as to claim the consonance of the church's consecration? Receive it then. I know the value of illusions. I do not question whether there be, as yet, any true church on earth. Though the church be built over a grog cellar, and supported by the rents of brothels—though the minister be a lecherous hypocrite, and the deacons only speculators in pews, if the prejudices of your education have consecrated this church, the least the church can do in return is to consecrate your union. Swear, if you will, to love each other through eternity—that, without the law, will not keep you from separating next week, if you find yourselves disappointed in each other. Make divorce free at the option of the parties, and take out of your marriage contract the feature of exclusiveness; when you discover your mistake, it may then be rectified.

If you remain constant to each other alone by preference, it is well; if you have not such preference, it is better for yourselves and your children and all concerned that you should separate. What need, then, of legal formalities? Do you already mistrust that affection whose exclusiveness and eternity, or life-endurance, you are swearing? Or do you take marriage to be a surgical operation, that you invoke the assistance of some external force to hold and bind you in it?

But, sir, interrupts some lawyer, you are barking up the wrong tree—people wish the law to interfere in order to adjust and secure the *relations of property*. Ah, then marriage is not after all the bond of love, so much as of money. Be that as you will; cannot the law secure on either side the rights or

wrongs of parties quite as well, leaving them free to separate when they choose, or to form other love relations in the meantime? If lovers *then* promise maintenance only during the term of mutual fidelity, it will clearly have the very *moral* effect of checking infidelity, while now a woman may lavish the fortune of a husband to sustain the extravagance of a lover, or on children which the husband knows are not his own, and this injured husband has no redress but in the still greater nuisance of a public action at law for divorce, in which he is not at all sure of success at last.*

An effect of annulling legal interference with the union of the sexes, which moralists will less approve, and which I consider all important, is that of urging woman to qualify herself for social independence and equality with man in positions of honor and profit. Let woman make herself pecuniarily independent of man, and there will no longer be need of law contracts in regard to property. Each will by free donations assist the other in emergency, and contribute toward the support of children, man naturally the largest share of money as woman the largest share of time and trouble. As to children who are orphaned either by the death of their parents, or by desertion, or by poverty, they fall naturally to the providence of the state and its special institutions.

South Carolina owes to her orphan asylum some of her most solid and valuable public characters. Every thing here should display an enlightened munificence, contrasting most favorably with the poverty stricken education of the isolated family, and the estimated expenses of each child be liquidated in part by the proceeds of his own well-directed labors while connected

* I have known in Philadelphia of a respectable merchant, who, retiring from business very wealthy, married a lady considerably younger than himself, but with whom he lived in the greatest apparent harmony, until being necessarily absent in Europe for a few months, he found on his return his wife, on whom he had permanently settled a large fortune, married to another man! She had by some slight of hand process obtained a divorce without any just cause, and effected a perfect swindle. Such is the inconsistency of our legal forms. A woman who makes over her fortune to her husband is still more frequently in this predicament of being ruined to support his mistresses and encourage his licentiousness.

with the institution, in part by charitable donations or loan from the state treasury, until the *debt of honor* thus contracted by the orphan child shall be repaid by him when a man grown.

CHAPTER III.

INFLUENCE OF MARRIAGE UPON THE YOUNG UNMARRIED PERSONS OF BOTH SEXES.

LOVE.

NEAR the midnight watches,
 When the Bear now turns
 By the hand of Orion;
 When all the busy tribes
 Of articulate, speaking
 Mortals repose—
 Then Love, approaching,
 Knocked at my door.
 Who, said I, knocks there,
 Breaking my dreams?
 But Love replied,
 Open; I am a child; fear not.
 I am wet, and have wandered
 Through the moonless night.
 Hearing this I pitied him;
 And quickly striking a light,
 I opened, and behold!
 A winged child, bearing a bow,
 With quiver of arrows.
 Seating him near my hearth,
 I warmed his hands,
 And wrung the water
 From his hair.
 But he, when his blood thawed,
 Said, Come; let us try this bow,
 Whether my wet string is spoiled.
 He twanged, and struck me in mid liver,
 Like a gad fly;
 Then jumps up with a hearty laugh,
 Saying, Rejoice, my host, with me,
 For my bow is sound;
 But thou shalt labor in thy heart.

FIRST, let us consider the influence of the institution, *per se*, afterward, that of its representatives, the married classes. There is no social absurdity more pernicious and hostile to the existence of candid and generous relations between young men and young women, even between boys and girls, than the constant necessity created by marriage, to examine, criticise, and judge each others conduct in reference to this standard. It makes the two sexes afraid of each other, suspicious of each other, especially girls and young women of men, since woman is most dependent and most the victim of an ill-assorted union. Not only does this fear of being compromised destroy all candor and freedom in love, falsifying by constraint and suspicion the spiritual element, and denying the material in toto, but it renders friendship nearly impossible between persons of opposite sex. No young lady dares receive proofs of friendship from a young unmarried man, lest it should be construed as an admission of love, and place her in a false position with him. Still less are ties of friendship permissible between young married women and other men than their husbands. Suspicion of a bachelor's intentions under these circumstances arouses conjugal jealousy, and mars the peace of the household.

A young man feels devoted friendship for an unmarried woman who has for him in return the kindest feelings. Weeks and months of each others occasional society, in families reposing absolute confidence in their young people, and placing no obstructions in the way of their friendly relations abroad, have cherished this germ of friendship, and without sexual passion, or desire for the rites of love on either side, have prepared from it a divine consolation, a pure avenue for each with the spirit world; a source of devoted sympathy in the joys and sorrows of this life, of firm reliance in trouble, of hearty aid in the attainment of noble purposes, of counsel and co-operation; finally, an accord in the major sphere of friendship, the most brilliant and pure, softened and exalted by that peculiar charm which the difference of sex lends to all ties of social affection in other spheres as well as its specific one of love.

Suppose that at any period during the formation of such a

friendship as this, the parties separate. One or both are called off by business, or necessity, in different directions, and it is uncertain when, where, or if ever they may meet again. Now an accord of friendship such as I describe, is as valuable as a high accord in love, and though less intoxicating, no less earnest in its behavior. The thought of losing such a friend is insupportable, and yet each very well knows that the marriage of the other makes short work of these affairs, brands them with scandal, and engenders with them a thousand discords. Besides, they are incompatible with the prevalent ideas of exclusive absorption in love and marriage, that *cant* with which sentimental morality fills young people's heads. It will then occur that the young man before parting with his female friend makes to her a proposal of love and marriage.

Men are more rash than women, and have a less fine, discriminative instinct as to the nature of their feelings and passionate requisitions. Under these circumstances a young man easily believes himself the lover of his friend, especially if he be somewhat an idealist or imaginative; he will fling over her image, in the anguish and fear of parting, a subjective reflection from his own sphere of love. With the lady, who has practised more reserve and self-control, matters have not usually gone so fast and so far, and she may even experience a painful shock on hearing her friend's declaration of love. One of two issues: she accepts against her instinct, marries him; their relation is at once falsified, and both are doubly wretched, at least disappointed, for they feel that this housekeeping affair they have got into is something foreign to the aim of their friendship; that they do not sustain to each other that subtle organic relation of temperaments which constitutes the peculiar and ineffable charm of love, and that by this compound mistake they have effectually barred each other from real love relations and fulfillment of their destinies in this sphere, which might have been possible to either with other persons. It is a profound mortification to them to find their beautiful golden friendship thus misapplied, and though under such circumstances they will bear up proudly, and never let the world suspect

any thing is wrong, and though they may never cease to be friends, yet they are both deeply conscious of having made a mistake. I am well aware of the existence of a mixed tie between friendship and love, which sanctions the offices of love in certain circumstances, but this is widely different from the exclusive and permanent routine of marriage.

Now take the other horn of the dilemma: the lady rejects her friend; he leaves her in sadness and anguish, under the impression of the new part he has placed himself in, and during long absence broods over the hours of happiness irrevocably lost. He has not only compromised the relations of friendship, but has wounded himself in those of love. The lady, on her part, cannot but deeply regret being the innocent cause of unhappiness to a man she really liked and respected. It is very seldom, however, that such a catastrophe as this can occur, for the simple reason that the vigilant eye of suspicious parents and guardians, the prejudices of morality, and the timidity of virgins, do not permit the formation of high accords in friendship.

The last chapter will be best illustrated by some extracts from a correspondence which has fallen into my hands, and since the parties concerned are now both in the spiritual world (perhaps making each others better acquaintance), there can be no impropriety in my publishing it:

“DEAREST FRIEND: May I see you alone this morning? This last day and night has seemed an age of torture; you fill my head, you fill my heart, I can no more escape from you than from the presence of God, neither by night or day, alone or in company, or can any occupation preoccupy me. Only in your actual presence, which kindly shades the lustre of your soul within material form, can I find a moment of any thing like rest.

“O give me counsel, strength, such sympathy as you may. I cannot live, and bear indifference or estrangement from you. My absence of late, and the necessity to go abroad and make an entire change of life, have made me startle too soon the golden, dovelike peace of your sweet friendship.

“Let not those rash words come between us, let them not banish me! Why did I break that blessed silence when all went so sweetly and so peacefully? Now, like Adam, I seem to be thrust forth from Paradise, while the sword-glare of an angel guards the gate.

“The grandeur and the richness of your nature overwhelmed me, struck me speechless, I stammered some inanity, I shrank from my own act. But Flora, you have only known me yet under the most humiliating conditions of illness, dependence, depression, despair. Some causes you have known, others not. Do not judge me so falsely. How could I wish you to love, to honor an expression of my life, which has been so painful, so revolting to my inner, my truer self, that it has needed all my courage, all my patience, all my hope and faith, to refrain from suicide! But that future which these promise, which you image, I possess within me, and through what may seem to others only loss, imprudence, vacillation, I feel that I approach it. I recognize no other claim in nature, than ‘victory organized,’ nor could the dearest object on earth ever be mine till it was mine by right of my own being. The defect of character which has hitherto chiefly compromised my efficiency is the want of true self-love and self-reliance, which has caused me to waste and scatter my exertions, to seek rather than cause myself to be sought, and to fail in making myself the representative of my thought, and the pivot of my own action, which is necessary to all success in this world. Of practical powers otherwise, I am not deficient, I have not always lived in a world of ideas. The last years of my life have yielded much bitter and it may prove salutary experience.

“For the rest, when I shall have a sphere and a name worthy your acceptance, and my early, strong, rich, untiring health again, it will be time enough, if you are free, to speak of more than friendship. Meanwhile, I have a long and doubtful struggle before me; shall it be fought in hope and light, or in despair and darkness? It is now neither in your power nor in mine to prevent your spiritual presence from dwelling in me, from silently and constantly controlling my whole nature. But

it lies with you whether it shall be an angel of torture, and a consuming fire to waste me, as it is now, or a blessed hope, charming, consecrating, inspiring my life.

“Deny me not the faintest ray of promise that your heart allows, for while it binds you to nothing, it may perhaps make to me the difference between life and death, or still more, of failure or success in life’s highest aims. Better illusion than despair!

“Resting in you, what is there that I could not be, could not achieve? Life shines so grandly with its noble uses, my being, divinised through yours, sustains, energizes, equilibrates, and ultimates, in action, those unsphered powers that God has given me, which all await their harmonist, their fount of inspiration!

“O, let me feel that I am now, am still, may always be near you, dearest Flora! I know not how I could expect, could hope another answer than you gave me, yet did it give you pain that I should love you? You struck upon my heart the fear of losing what I had already gained in you. Since that moment my blood has been boiling through its channels from heart to brain, and from brain to heart, and my life is turned to anguish. I know this is morbid; these fevered, sleepless nights, they make sad work.

“Travelers tell us of the vine and garden terraces around volcanic hills, where luxuriant nature spreads her swarth of verdure, cherishing their roots at the warm lava-hearth below; then some day suddenly the long-pent fires stream down and consume all. So is it now with all that lighter play of mind and fancy that wove around your presence, and the thought of you, a bower of calm delight, an Eden in my desert. But forgive this wail, wrung from me as I hope, while kindest guardians watch your sleep, when finding all distraction or oblivion vain, I seek relief in seeming thus to speak with you.

“Take, my friend, the heart that God gives thee, and do with it as thou wilt, but bid it not crush itself.

“In truest reverence, yours,

“ARMAND.”

“PERHAPS you could not have given me a more painful task than to answer the last two letters which I have received from you. You would not reproach me for my silence, nor feel wronged and wounded by it, did you know how faithful I have been toward you—how, even in what has seemed cruelty to you, I have resisted impulse and obeyed a judgment not cramped by any timidity, but rendered more conscientious and brave by a feeling of the truest friendship for you. I am not so cautious nor so unconfiding as to be silent through a craven fear of compromising *myself*. I have had too much faith in your generosity and in my own consistency for that. But I have feared by receiving and allowing you to address me as you do, to cherish in you an illusion which, being some day rudely dispelled, may occasion you more pain than I shall do by a seeming harshness. If I felt that I am, or can be to you what your imagination depicts, I should meet you with entire frankness and unreserve. But you idealize me; my spirit is neither so beautiful nor so good as you deem it, and I feel that it is not *myself* whom you address. To receive this is to be dishonest, and to do you an injustice with which some day you may in your heart charge me, as a most bitter wrong. You believe that I have not known you? When I have known you in a sad and unfortunate phase of your existence, did I suffer “a pale phantom,” a disease, to prevent me from penetrating to yourself, from seeing you as you are within, and as you some day will realize yourself in action? If the repeated assurance of my sympathy and friendship for you will aid you, and brighten the path which will sometimes be so dark, take it as I offer it to you, freely and in sincerity. And now, my friend, will you not believe that having said this *once* I mean it, and do not let pride accuse me of forgetfulness or change, because I do not always repeat this; and do not write to me, as you have done, of myself. To an ordinary person, who should write to me thus, I should feel forced to express thanks for the devotion; to you I dare to say, without fearing the accusation of false humility, that it is not for *me*, and that you will some day thank me for this in the same conviction.

“The family send kindest remembrances. And now I wish you could see me as I *am*, not disguised by words, and know how truly I *am*”

“Your friend,

“FLORA.”

Nothing can be imagined more entirely trivial and false than the ordinary conversation of young men and young girls. What common ground is indeed left them to furnish a rational theme of intercourse, not justly to be suspected of a sinister motive—an *arrière pensie*? The separation of the functions of the sexes in civilized industry, where the field, the workshop, the counting-room, the professional office, are exclusively the sphere of man, and the details of the household or domestic labor exclusively the sphere of woman, and where all are rendered unattractive and foreign to the personality, to the essential or divine life of either party, by the conditions in which they are pursued, by constraint, isolation, and monotony; these afford no place for meetings of the sexes, in practical use, nor for entertaining intrigues and discussions. The same is true of the cast of studies pursued in our schools; any allusion to them would be odious in society after leaving them. The general ignorance of the sciences by both sexes, especially the female, closes even this neutral ground, and nature, which remains to the untutored savage, whose life is intertwined with her phenomena, so that his observing faculties are constantly directed upon it—nature is put out of doors by the civilizees, who are falsified from their infancy, and are so dependent on particular classes of laborers for all the comforts of their tiresome existence, that they are accustomed to observe scarcely any thing in nature, and to feel no interest in the beautiful phenomena of the elements, vegetable and animal life, which each year reveals. An exception here and there, the one in a hundred who uses his or her senses naturally, only serves to confirm the rule.

The most curious and beautiful facts in natural history have little interest for the civilizees, and are banished from polite

circles as well as from the conversation of the ignorant poor, no theme of the sort eliciting any response, and reflecting upon him who introduces it the character of a pedant or a bore. Scandalous gossip about third persons and their actions is all that remains except sentimentalism, and the first shade of this instantly awakens a woman's mind to that peculiar institution called marriage, and the chances of a *one-and-one arrangement for life* in the isolated household. Sentimental conversation, and any show of affectionate interest, must either mean this, or mean a trifling flirtation, or mean seduction! Give the most favorable interpretation, which is marriage, and consider what a severe and preposterous test it gives to the most innocent expressions of sympathy, to the most candid and unpremeditated manners. At once a fair girl is metamorphosed into a garrisoned citadel, armed for defense, or revolving terms of capitulation. At once the ineffable intervention of the gods and nature in favor of young people is converted into a theme of anxious, domestic, and business speculation. Nothing can be allowed to take its true instinctive course, for which unconsciousness or irreflectiveness is a *sine qua non*. Now, as the perfect congeniality of a pivotal love relation is all that justifies the idea of being won and worn for life, it happens that a young woman must deny to herself and the other sex a hundred of the pleasantest relations of sympathy, merely because they are not absorbing and exclusive, or if her weaker instinct falters, and she marries a man whom nature destined only for a transient lover or friend, the want of integral congeniality presently declares itself and ruins their happiness.

Until the glory of youth and the beauty of woman are departed, these relations are reduced almost to nullity in American society. In Europe they are more developed, but only to become germs of domestic disorder, immoral intrigues, and adulteries. Men have always larger range and liberty in these affairs than women. A married woman who permits herself any frank expansion with the other sex, almost certainly excites the jealousy of her husband, while she is almost excluded from the society of unmarried girls. In America she is rarely

admitted to their parties or festivities, and her warmest friendships with them soon decline into visits of ceremony, unless her house affords them a convenient place for the prosecution of some love affair discouraged at home. Young girls feel well enough that a new circle of interests has been formed exclusive of them, and they take a sort of instinctive revenge on her who has abandoned their sisterhood and monopolized one of their beaux

CHAPTER IV.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS TO LOVERS.

THE natural expressions of love will be as varied as individual character and temperament. In a society less bedeviled with unnatural customs than ours, or with healthy and well organized individuals, love affairs arrange themselves. The passion awakens its own instinctual faculties, and perception of its true methods is accorded to it.

With the victims of conventional civilization, with shattered nervous systems, with those who in the superficial hurry of the world, have never paused to commune with themselves, or to quicken and refine their instincts by living quietly and spiritually alone with nature, the case is widely different. When love possesses them, they are painfully at a loss how to behave. Quite underneath and apart from their habitual consciousness and relations, is now awakened a higher consciousness. They perceive that in all this past life of the world and its conventions, wherein spontaneity has been subordinated to the accidents of their environment, a sham self has been presiding as master of the ceremonies, and now the real self, whose faculties have lain dormant, and which has no adequate passional expression, wakes up in the state of an infant, uttering inarticulate cries, doing things which are inappropriate to maturity, and causing the man of large experience to behave like a child.

Hence it is so much easier to succeed where we love but little, and are self-possessed, than where we love with all our hearts.

The cruel failures which sincere and devoted lovers so often meet with, are mainly due to the fact that their spontaneity of speech and action has been crushed from an early age, so that they remain quite unable truly to express themselves. Self-communion and labor in the solitude of the country, are necessary to some, especially when the nervous system has been shattered by over-excitement, disappointment, or illness. The wet sheet pack of the hydiatic cure, and other quiet tonic water processes, will most surely restore them.

To all it is commendable to avoid their weak point. Not to struggle for expression, but on the contrary, to keep themselves, and the one they love, in the freedom of unconsciousness as long as possible—to speak by actions rather than by words.

It is on uses that love is nourished and perfected. Before any declaration more freedom is graceful on both sides, and the pleasures of love are greatly enhanced. Stars and flowers, the mist that curtains the woods at evening while the full red moon rises over the tree tops, the song of a bird, the ripple of waters, nature's facts or concrete words, make the true language of lovers, in comparison with which our verbal declarations are impertinent. Seek not to define positions, leave all in charming vagueness, whatever ought to be said will say itself soon enough. Be still more in earnest to win the soul than the person of the woman you love. Let the relation you seek be clearly one which neither absence nor death can break, and to which personal possession, however desirable and naturally implied, is a secondary consideration, implied if you will, but not expressed.

Beware of impetuosity. Woman is rarely excited like man, and a wise lover will never cause her whom he loves the necessity of withdrawing herself or keeping on her guard. He will have a presentiment of all that could alarm the most delicate modesty, and protect it even from himself. For such

conduct in her lover, a noble woman feels a sort of gratitude and confidence which become titles to her love.

Doubtless this precept is limited in its application to women of refined and elevated life. The culture of cabbages is not here in question. With the noblest, as well as with the coarsest of their sex, however, it is fatal to idealize too much. You insult a woman by pretending to love her, while you worship only a creature of your own fantasy. At least, this is felt to be ridiculous. It is chiefly the fault of very young lovers, novel readers, etc.; and ruins their chances by the excessive diffidence which it inspires, as well as by falsifying their manners and conversation. If you *will* have your lady-love a goddess, you must fancy yourself at least a God. The Grecian or Australian mythology will spare places for you without crowding. Bring about the equilibrium as you please, it has got to come at last to substantial matter-of-fact and truthful action.

Women like a man all the better for being something of a scamp, nay, the most charming will confess that this is quite essential to their love. He may be bold, gay, buoyant, witty, and, above all, a little dissipated. What does this mean? It means that a woman dares not trust herself, chaste and inexperienced, but with a man who has experience and tact in love affairs. She may besides feel by instinct more assured of the well-grounded love of a man who has already a passional minimum, and is not in a state of passional starvation—of a man who has a sensual minimum and a vent, or means of equilibrium, for his accumulated virile electricity, so that he is not liable to erotic manias, and that the seminal influence does not rise from below to the brain so powerfully as to over-excite ideality, and betray both himself and her by illusion.

It is well to be independent in manners; never mind how much you love, do not idealize a woman to her face, because she needs to look up to the man she loves. The proudest woman will tell you so. A lover's position is most difficult if his suit has proved hitherto unsuccessful, and he all the time growing more hopelessly and fatally in love. Then his only chance consists in resisting the impulse to blind self-abnegation

and adoration of the woman who seems more an angel of heaven in proportion as his hope of union with her on earth fades away. Still, if amid loss and despair he bear himself proudly but gently, like a true hero, nor seek consolation from meaner sources, either in the light love of inferior women, or in animal dissipation and coarser excitement, preferring rather to enshrine his heart in the memory of its noble love, and to sustain magnanimously that position and relation of friendship that has been dearly earned and accorded to him, his courage and fidelity will melt ever deeper and deeper in the heart of a woman worth his winning, and store up silently sweet associations until he becomes dear for their sake, and reluctantly her heart confesses him its lord. Love is an affair of siege and conquest, mine and countermine, slow intrenchment and rapid storm. Sometimes headlong courage wins the day, oftener, constancy, a demeanor not too grave, but at once earnest and playful. It is necessary to give a woman's heart time to accustom itself to your image. The affections perceive and are penetrated by emotions much more slowly than the intellect operates. Man commonly falls in love more suddenly, because his love at first partakes more of the character of an intellectual perception of beauty—the profound and integral emotion of the heart comes only at a later period, as the fruit, of which ideal love is the flower. Woman, who waits for this, will often be frightened into rejection of a suit prematurely advanced, even when otherwise an integral sympathy was in a fair way of being developed.

During the interesting period of courtship, and especially in its early weeks, before one ought to have gone too far to withdraw safely, gracefully, and honorably, it is of the highest importance to a lover to ascertain the quality of his own feelings, and he must for this purpose place himself in varied and contrasted relations with the lady, if possible, and also in varied and contrasted states of his own organism, by which he will be able to discriminate what is spiritual from what is sensual, what is essential from what is adventitious, and what is permanent from what is transient.

In these experimental disciplines, society and solitude, feasting and fasting, wild nature and polished art, men and books, plants and animals, religion and amusement, the hours of the diurnal movement, and even seasons and climatic influences, should be alternately consulted.

Do you think that you know a girl by meeting her dressed to receive your evening visits? If so, you are a man of uncommon penetration, and she more easily legible than most women. It is not hypocrisy, but a natural desire to please, that makes each sex exhibit only its fair side, and conceal things most important to be known. To sanction the idea of a conjugal relation, it is necessary that lovers should not only meet in a few points of charm, but be harmoniously related through each other to universal nature.

I will specialize only what relates to an organic discipline, as being most within the control of either party alone. If beef-steak, ale, boxing, and wood chopping are useful in filling out the sanguine temperament to equality with the nervous, in those disposed to idealize and spiritualize excessively, so, on the other hand, may the finest Java or Mocha coffee, vanilla chocolate, and other delicate aromatics be occasionally used, in view of their exaltation of our organic and spiritual life, concentrating as they do, when not abused in quantity or in frequency, the power and susceptibility of many hours in a few.

This class of agents, as well as good wine, which belongs more to the sphere of friendship, elevate us for a little while to spiritual towers, whence we gain clear and extensive views of the panorama of life, its destinies, and possible conquests. We must, however, descend to the plains and streets again before we can traverse what we have seen, or realize the ideas we have gained. These refined stimulants also effect harmonic fusion between the spirit and the flesh. If they carnalize the spirit a little, they spiritualize the senses a great deal, and give to our physical sensations their maximum of intensity, delicacy, and suggestiveness. These advantages are reserved for the habitually temperate. Any excess or abuse forfeits them, and engenders only morbid irritability and weakness.

A much more important, though less agreeable discipline, is that of entire abstinence from stimulants, including not only coffee, chocolate, tea, and wine, but even flesh, fish, fowl, and eggs. If your love be genuine, it will not be indebted for its ardor to a diet of rich food, or to an organic susceptibility, accumulated by indolent habits; it will give you spiritual food, and sustain you in hard work of mind or body. It will be a ministering angel between you and the divine source and only substance of all created life. You will know that you need this discipline, if voluptuous agitation and sensual instincts are strongly aroused by the presence of the woman you love. "There is smoke in the flame."

One must have common sense enough not to prolong excessively these ascetic disciplines, nor to carry them to such severity as to injure health. Not many will need this reservation; they will only let themselves off too cheaply, and afterward be all the more prone to excesses. But I speak to elect souls.

The Greeks seem to have had a very true appreciation of the composite gymnasium. Music and poetry for the soul, athletic games and trainings for the body, rendered sobriety indispensable, and reduced by integral activity all excessive susceptibilities to excitement. They combined vigor with refinement, and attained organic equilibrium. One also reads the Cyropeia with great respect for the youth of Persia in her palmy days.

Finally, *do not insist*. After having honestly and manfully shown yourself as you are, you will have either awakened woman's instinct in your favor, or it slumbers, still awaiting the voice of passional affinity. *Humanum est errare*—accept nature's warning. Woman's wisdom is subtler than man's in love affairs. By obstinate persistency you may often, indeed, carry your point if you are self-willed—and doubtless there are refractory vestals, comets, in the firmament of love, the long diameter of whose ellipses is outrageously protracted in their revolution round their pivotal star, and who will task courage and constancy to their utmost, and be well worth the winning

at last; but in most cases, if after establishing a friendly relation, and making yourself known and felt as well as you can, you meet with a firm but gentle refusal, do not press your love farther, nor compromise your opportunity of a solid and permanent friendship, which woman rarely fails to accord to one whom she believes loves her truly, though there may be valid natural reasons why she should not unite with him.

Among the sources of deception in love are the affinities of blood: Woman, by the superiority of her instinct, may be able to perceive contra-indications of nature here where man cannot. At all events she may accord much to the sweet, gentle affection for a cousin or other relative, without yet approaching the threshold of that sphere of love to which the union of the sexes belongs. Hence aspirations and ardors, destined never to be satisfied otherwise than in high disciplines of the heart and soul, to embalm our life with the fragrance of the crushed flower, and to fertilize the soil of our hearts for other harvests than we reap in this mortal day.

Let us ever remember that in love, as well as elsewhere in our life-experience, true wisdom consists in using and enjoying the present for what it is, and not in trying to make of it what it is not. Whatever progression belongs to the order and intent of nature, will the better mature itself in proportion as the present has been more complete and absolute in its hour. This confidence in God and nature also brings a calm and trustfulness into our feelings and manners, which will be sweetly felt and reflected back on us, while the restless striving after what yet is not, in attempting to project our own will over the feeling and action of others, agitates and alarms them prematurely, forfeiting their trust in us, since we show that we ourselves cannot rest in a superior providence; that we lack faith in our own guardian angels, and do not feel the omnipresence of God.

This question, like all others of the discipline of feeling, is in a practical point of view chiefly organic or hygienic, since no intellectual knowledge of what is right can supply the place of those instincts which place the healthy man or woman in potential harmony with other beings, and prompts those

thoughts, feelings, and actions which fit the hour. The pack, the douche, and the abreibung of water-cure, with a spade, an axe, and a fowling-piece, are worth all the homilies of spiritual discipline that can ever be preached. I do not include in such homilies that discipline of life which Christ or the Christian spirit works out in our gradual regeneration by the growth of the spiritual man in us. I know that this takes precedence of all agencies on the physical plane of our life, at the same time that it naturally implies them, and that the separation of the two leads often into deplorable fallacies.

In true love there are no reservations. Even man, prone to variety, it is said, as woman to constancy, feels his intellectual skepticism and theories that seemed most firmly based on experience, regarding the passion as *one* only in its subjective aspect, manifold in its possible objects, fall away, leaving lovers person to person. It is no longer an affair of ideas and sentiments, but of fundamental character, and the woman we love, with hope of conjugal alliance, we love religiously, not as a means of personal satisfaction or for our own pleasure, either sensually or sentimentally, but we adore her, we desire at least to consecrate our lives absolutely to her and with her, and so far from mental reservations in favor of other past or future loves, we feel that all there is of us is not any too much to give her; we humbly and heartily wish we were worthier for her sake, and we should despise ourselves if we were not perfectly whole-hearted with what is left of us.

Love is the moving spring of regeneration; first it brings the grace, the presentiment of harmony, of a life vivified by the indwelling and envioning presence of God; next it brings us personally before the court of Heaven, interrogates our past to know how far we may be capable of dwelling in this light, or how far incapacitated by our evil habits. Then it wakens the spirit of repentance and of noble aspiration at once, and throws us back on our own personal centre of life, without ruth for those ideas, sentiments, fancies, or mere works even, upon which we had before constructed plausible apologies for ourselves before the world.

When a man loves to his very centre, he comes to see himself as he is, and as his superiors feel him, without illusions, and he feels at the same time that it is necessary to "be perfect, even as our Father which is in heaven is perfect."

The expansion or peripheral surface of life, whether in thought or in deeds, is illumined from within, measured and criticised by ideal lines extended on all sides from the centre, which indicate its normal and harmonious developments. But what is most beautiful, is that the reciprocation of love supplies motive power to fulfill oneself in all nobleness, to realize these glorious consciences.

The Pivotal Love is the principal agency employed by Deity for the regeneration of man from the sensual, or, as it is called by some religionists, the natural, into the spiritual and celestial spheres of life. This is so, because woman, being primarily endowed with the love principle, which is her *proprium*, or proper self-life (*vide* Swedenborg, page 212 of this book), is the natural reservoir of celestial love, from whom man draws his inspiration. This celestial love, removed by a discrete degree from sensual love, which is inherent in man, is grafted upon the latter, which then serves as its stock.

The organic analogy of this is found in the development of the brain, where the convolutions of power and passion in the occiput and vertex are developed before the antero cerebral love of intellection, which is then superposed.

Man, the representative of intellection, is to woman, the representative of affection, as the frontal lobe of the brain is to the occipito vertical lobe. Intellect is given to be the minister of passion; the faculties of the intellect are the eyes of the passions, which explore the domain over which their conquests may extend, and guide them toward destinies proportional to their attractions; thus the intellectual man is the exponent of the passional woman, reveals her to herself, or interprets to her consciousness the loveliness and harmony of her own nature, while his scientific and physical powers serve her as the instruments by which she may secure her sovereignty as queen of our planet. I do not hesitate to declare my conviction, that

in the fulfillment of the divine social order, woman will, as the St. Simonians have taught, hold the supreme position in our hierarchy of powers, and her subordinate position during the periods of social subversion, or the upside-down world, only confirms this.

The practical application of this abstract statement indicates at once the true position and conduct of a lover. He will consider himself the exponent and practical instrument, whereby the divine love, incarnate in woman, shall obtain a fit expression in uses. The higher his intelligence, and the more extensive and complete his practical efficiency, the higher the woman, or incarnate love, by whom he can be accepted; nor can any number of incomplete and fragmentary love relations with women of a love title inferior to that of which nature destined him to be the exponent, compensate to him for the failure to approve himself true and worthy with one of his own passional rank.

LET HIM HAVE "POWER FOR TENDERNESS."

It is not merely the reflected light of her own love-nature, that woman asks of man, but the instrumental capacity to fulfill her love in the ultimates of use and beauty.

To attempt to win a woman by any other means than the proof of your own worthfulness, is mere folly; those who can be won by baser motives are not worth your winning. Do not seek love until you have first fully earned your own self-respect—until you are a conqueror in the sphere of ambition.

Nature reads us a rude, but plain enough lesson of this sort, in the habits of animals, whose males contend with each other, often to the death, the favors of the female, so that the victors, the most powerful in their kind, continue the race.

A more elevated picture of the same kind is presented in the days of chivalry, when knights won their lady-loves by prowess in the lists or on the battle-field. In modern civilization, when money is the symbol of power, it is the rich man who chooses his bride, and is preferred.

In proportion as society advances to the true order, it is more and more integral worth, physical, intellectual, and social,

which becomes the title to woman's favor. The United States hold, in this respect, as in so many others, a conspicuous position. That which is essential or spiritual gains ever, in proportion to the degree of social and political liberty, the ascendancy over what is phenomenal or material, and the form becomes more and more the expression of the fact. Woman is nowhere held in higher honor, nor, perhaps, are true love unions any where more frequent.

For the highest order of success in love, a lover may rely much more on spiritual laws and natural adaptations than on any special art of courtship.

“ For this is love's nobility—
 Not to scatter bread and gold,
 Goods and raiment, bought and sold ;
 But to hold fast his simple sense,
 And speak the speech of innocence,
 And with hand, and body, and blood,
 To make his bosom counsel good.”

His chief affair lies with himself. If a victim, as we all now are to a certain extent, of that partial and fragmentary development which incoherent societies permit, let him labor to bring his own life into harmony, by educating the intellectual faculties in proportion to the physical, or the physical in proportion to the intellectual, and above all to accomplish himself in the graceful arts, such as music, etc., which combine both, and which serve as the fittest exponents of delicious emotion.

If our civilized arrangements render this difficult, or even impossible to many, so much the worse for the victims, and so much the more should we strive to organize superior societies, whose associative interests and labors render a more integral development possible. All that the writer can do is to state the plain, stern fact. The strong and wise, who need the statement least, will be the only ones to profit by it, for, “ to him that hath it shall be given, but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.”

After all that can be said or done there will remain cases of

true and ardent love quite unreciprocated. As to why nature took care not to pair off passional affinities more equally, it is as clear as mud, that is, as muddy water when the mud has settled. Had God conferred with the philosophers when He was about that business, He would doubtless have been convinced of His error, and distributed the passions more in accordance with the civilized institution of marriage, and other perfectibilities of the same ilk, but as, unfortunately, the philosophers had not then been created, God acted under all the disadvantages of ignorance and inexperience, and though since civilization and its philosophers have existed, they have continually remonstrated with Him on the error of His ways, He is either so stupid or so wicked as to go on creating passions, and driving His human engines through the world, with a "whoop and a halloo, get out of my way or I'll smash you," without the slightest regard to the happiness of men, women, or children in the civilized order. Seeing this, some reasoners have lately observed that discretion in such a predicament might prove the better part of valor, men being of such a soft and mashable sort of consistency, and women and children still more like ripe peaches and strawberries, that in these bruising matches between Gods and humans, they are sure to get the worst of it. If God wont come to the terms of civilization, then civilization had better inquire what sort of society, and especially what sort of love relations, God would like, and what He means by thus obstinately distributing passions at cross purposes with the happiness of civilizees. The world, having hooted at the idea that God could be wiser than themselves in such matters, threatened to send the reasoners to jail for offending against the dignity of the philosophical court: these fellows had the audacity to constitute themselves a delegation of inquiry on behalf of the planet; lifted the brazen veils of doom, and knocked at the door of Heaven's senate chamber, where the Eternal Providence presides in state, thundering over suns and planets His unfathomable degrees. They were very politely received in accordance with the usages of the heavens, and, having been hospitably entertained, were sent back with their interior vision

opened, and bearing, as symbols of the Divine intentions, a dove perched upon an olive branch, and the figure of a bee-hive, over-arched by a vine leaning forward to sustain itself upon a date tree, on whose boughs flowers commingled with fruits, swarmed with bees, butterflies, and humming-birds, besides other accessories. The peacock sat above, and the zebra grazed peaceably beneath. They came down as Moses from Mount Sinai, their faces glowing with enthusiasm, but as they approached the cities of men, their enthusiasm was changed to indignation, so overwhelming was their sense of the falseness and degradation of the people, and its incapacity to receive the revelations of God. And they tore up the heavenly picture, and broke the olive branch, and let the dove fly away, and cried out in a loud voice, "Civilization is a humbug; God has permitted it for no other purpose than to spur man through the anguish of intolerable evils so long as he adheres to these rudimental forms of incoherence, exclusive couples, and isolated family interests. Finding the earth-mold too dull to respond intelligently to the impulsions of passional attraction, which suffice to conduct the harmonies of superior beings, God not only attracts you by the sentiment of harmony before you, but goads you from behind with scorpion lashes of jealousy and disappointment, sleets down on your rear with the north wind of poverty, and causes every passion to punish condignly every violation of its own inherent social relations. But if you will organize your society in accordance with the passional laws, you will exchange by this very arrangement for every evil its opposite good." And more these men were proceeding to say, but they perceived that they were alone. The crowd had not even stopped to stone them! They were then ashamed, and fell down, confessing, "Oh, father! we have betrayed thy love and thy confidence. Hast thou borne with man through the centuries, and could we not bear with him one hour longer?" But God at that time answered not, and they arose, and evil spirits entered them, but could not dim the heavenly light that burned ever within them. And they spake many times and after many fashions. They tempted kings on their thrones by pictures of

thrones more magnificent, and of wider dominions. They sought the learned, and opened the panorama of nature and the scroll of her hieroglyphics before their bewildered eyes.

They preached of justice to the masses, of charity to the rich, of productive industry to the soldier, and the merchants they scourged with the lash of truth out of the temple of Honor. The merchants laughed at their puny whips, and found themselves more at ease in their counting-rooms. And the social prophets passed away, and were laid with their fathers. And I put on my boots and walked many miles in a strange country, preaching the gospel of the kingdom. And the dove came upon me in my lonely path, bearing in her mouth the olive branch, and in her toes the pieces of the picture that she had gathered up. And the spirit of truth spake through her, saying, I am that peace and love which beareth affliction with a constant mind; the knotty stem which I bear thee is the gift of Minerva to the first civilized nation; it is the image of repugnant toil, which by slow culture produces the fluid of light and warmth.

This they preferred to the barbaric magnificence of the horse. Then the dove arranged before me the fragments of the picture, and I beheld in the bee-hive the classified labors of the future, winged by industrial attraction, and killing off in the drones the emblems of idle pleasure, and of the intermediary functions so numerous in civilization. The vine, in passionate friendship, turned round the date tree, to mingle their seriary labors; and, as in distributive justice, each bough, and branch, and twig, and cluster, yielded leaves, or flowers, or fruit, or all together, according to their respective capacities, and were sustained by the common trunk and its life-sap, which flowed through them to work in the leaves, to expand joyously in the splendor and fragrance of the flower, and to ripen in the fruit the products of empassioned industry; the butterflies and humming-birds fluttered and made love to each other on the twigs, or dived with absorbing bills and trunks into the nectaries in the pavilion of their flower petals, paying court to many a flower before they returned to the first. Nor is labor less varied

than the manifold ties of affection; and the hues of wonderful beauty which painted their wings and bodies, and crested their heads, and the infinite joy of their movement, told how nature loves change, and decks its votaries in her festal robes. But the bird had been once a quiet little egg, and the fly a loathsome caterpillar, crawling and venomous, like civilization. And below gambled the zebra, and pranced up to the clarion's sound, and the khan of the little hordes vaulted on his back. The peacock screaming above, I turned, and I beheld Juno's bird of pride, unfurling in the sunbeams those wondrous plumes that type the magnificence and the inequalities of the passional series. She was supported by those horrid legs which image the two societies, Civilization and Barbarism, on which Harmony will be founded, and her harsh scream told the falsity of individual action, thus resuming in one body the contrasted hieroglyphics of the social movement. But what limited combination of emblems can represent that whole of harmony which the whole external universe, with all its kingdoms, barely suffices to mirror? As to the passion of love, neither variety nor constancy alone is beautiful; one character may be as charming as the other, though in widely different ways, and even the butterfly and humming-bird, for aught I know, are sometimes constant in their loves. It is exclusiveness and compulsion, whether legal or moral, that mars the beauty of love relations, and deprives them of their charm—of that charm which owes so much of its force to the necessity of pleasing in order to win. Why indeed should the inertia of possession ever dare to invade those precincts where liberty, in the most absolute and delicate shades of action, is the very soul-sphere of charm? In harmony, inequality of attractions, as in the respective degrees and qualities of passion felt by two individuals for each other, is as necessary in love as in the graduation of fortunes. What we fail of in one case we shall be reimbursed for in another, as soon as liberty is granted us to cultivate and develop all our love relations at once, or unconstrained by another law than our passional idiosyncrasy. Inequality of passion will make the annals of love, otherwise a

compound selfishness, teem with examples of heroic devotion.

We love with aspiration our spiritual superiors; yet integral union may be contra-indicated by various facts on the plane of physical adaptation, temperament, age, fortune, social position, etc. On the other hand, we may love those who are spiritually incompatible, from the attraction of their temperaments on ours. This is the love of instinct. It is no base tie, though it seem to look downward. It seems to be what Emerson refers to in one of his inspirations.

"Tis written on the iron leaf,
*Who drinks of Cupid's nectar cup,
 Loveth downward, and not up.*
 Therefore who loves, of gods or men,
 Shall not by the same be loved again.
 His sweetheart's idolatry
 Falls in turn a new degree.
 When a god is once beguiled
 By beauty of a mortal child,
 And by her radiant youth delighted,
 He is not fooled, but warily knoweth
 His love shall never be requited.
 And thus the wise immortal doeth.
 'Tis his study and delight
 To bless that creature day and night;
 From all evils to defend her,
 In her lap to pour all splendor,
 To ransack earth for riches rare,
 And fetch her stars to deck her hair.
 He mixes music with her thoughts,
 And saddens her with heavenly doubts.
 All grace, all good, his great heart knows,
 Profuse in love, the king bestows,
 Saying, "Hearken! Earth, Sea, Air!
 This monument of my despair
 Build I to the All-Good, All-Fair.
 Not for a private good,
 But I from my beatitude,
 Albeit scorned as none was scorned,
 Adorn her as none was adorned.
 I make this maiden an ensample
 To nature through her kingdoms ample,

Whereby to model newer races,
 Statelier forms and fairer faces ;
 To carry man to new degrees
 Of power and of comeliness.
 These presents be the hostages
 Which I pawn for my release.
 See to thyself, O Universe !
 Thou art better and not worse.
 And the god having given all,
 Is freed forever from his thrall."

CHAPTER V.

SPHERE OF WOMAN.

THE rise of each era in social progress is measured by the station assumed by woman, and the rights accorded to her.

The slave of savage, the concubine of barbarous, the house-keeper of civilized epochs ; her character and functions present in this transition period of her own, and of humanitarian development, so indefinite an aspect, that every year, in attempting to solve the problem, gives us new books on the sphere of woman ; while characters such as Ann Lee, George Sand,* Elizabeth Barrett, Mrs. Somerville, or Madame Chevet (the first scientific writer on music), seat themselves on the thrones which man has hitherto supposed his exclusive prerogative. †

Whatever man attains through his intellect, and embodies in the habit of his thought or life, must, by the immutable laws of progeniture, organize itself in the daughter of his mind's

* See "Consuelo," especially.

† Woman should answer to man in the passional scale of a harmonic society, as the minor mode in music to the major mode, and should receive an equal development, while each note of character preserved its individual tone and distinct mode. It is remarkable, that while the major mode is considered to be fixed and fully understood, the minor mode is yet undetermined in our music.

life,* even in the third or fourth generation, with the sensibility of a moral instinct.† Step by step, with the emancipation of labor, with the conquest of mind over matter, and the substitution of wood and iron for human machinery; with the realization of Christianity; the atonement of *humanitary love with selfish individualism*, and the prevalence of justice over brute force; does woman rise to her mutual accord with man in the domestic, the industrial, the social sphere.

The civil or political is yet an abstraction. *A sphinx, whose harlot front conceals behind its mask only the vague and vacillating features of a science in its germ*; while beneath lies a vulgar arena, where the bull-dogs and game-cooks of the country are matched to make fun for Uncle Sam's juvenile family. For the first region of cloudy abstractions, such as the balance of power among nations, whose masses lack food and clothes; as the grand interests of commerce, that despot of civilization, with its bankruptcies, stock-jobbing, monopoly, and usury, which in simply effecting exchanges, absorbs the wealth of a country into its own overgrown class, sets men scheming how to acquire money without laboring to produce value, and, like a dropsical belly that starves its limbs, scarce leaves to the tiller of the soil, or the factory operative, the bare requisites of animal existence; such as the amelioration of mankind by the gallows and penitentiary: these sublime intellectualities of politics are, without doubt, as far removed above the sphere of a being whose nature is instinctual, and whose conscience is her heart, as in the practical business of politics, the low abusive strife of factitious‡ representatives lies beneath her.

When the principles of government, as of all our sciences, are elaborated, they must embrace the social and industrial spheres, and therein concrete themselves.

* Who inherits the anterior region of his brain.

† *i. e.*, woman, thus organized, feels those relations of parts to each other in the creation, which constitutes science, as she appreciates social relations by the faculty or sentiment which we call tact.

‡ "Factitious," because they have often no personal interest in the business they attend to, and because they are elected by men, most of whom enjoy no opportunities of judging of their qualifications.

Hitherto, while mankind have seen nothing higher before them than the results of individual effort, legislation has occupied itself merely in preserving a certain etiquette in the warfare of interest between man and man, class and class, nation and nation, a phantom or *diffraction* of the sentiment of *justice*, which distinguishes the more advanced states of social purgatory from those in which might is openly recognized as the law. Our governments have transferred the power of destroying human life, or plundering property, from individuals to corporations, civil or military, and while they punish in the burglar or the highwayman the appropriation of his neighbor's goods, they allow toiling millions to starve, while unproductive capitalists speculate on the produce of their labor. These things must all, however, be done in order; according to the rules of philosophy and political economy, and to the glory of civilized perfectibility, which cannot allow any restrictions on the liberty of commerce, or the investment of capital; considerations which are apparently very consoling to the masses, who, some few grumblers excepted, submit to their struggles and privations, as to the decree of destiny.

Among the inconveniences which legislation has not yet entirely eradicated are, "Collective Poverty, Fraud, Oppression, War, Derangement of Climates and Seasons, Diseases artificially produced, Circle of Error and Prejudice, General Suspicion, Duplicity of Action." These are all merely *effects* of the incoherence and antagonism of interests; a true legislation must cease to contend with evils which are but the *effects* of incoherence, and must institute an order which shall *cause* their opposite goods, such as, "General Riches, Practical Truth in all Relations, Real Liberty, Permanent Peace, Equilibrium of Climate, General System for the prevention of Diseases, Opening offered for all Ameliorations and Improvements, General Confidence, Unity of Action."

In seeking the order whence these goods spring, legislation must retrace that universal antagonism of interest which is the parent of selfishness, sin, and all our evils, to its source in the isolated household and the competitive workshop. In substi-

tuting for these antagonisms such industrial and domestic combinations as, by interlocking all interests, shall embody Christianity and humanitarian love, it must invoke the aid of woman, for in her is the *love* principle. In providing the foundations of a true social order, by unitary arrangements in that whole sphere which woman has filled in the successive eras of social growth, from the kitchen which she entered as a savage, to the most exquisite works of art, over which she now presides as the tutelar spirit; in the manutention of flowers, in the drama, the orchestra, the regulation of etiquette, and of the relations of love; above all, in the nursery, whose exclusive management has been her own throughout, no compass will be found so true as the instinct of woman.

In the politics, which must in these most vital departments interlock the interests of a group, a series, a canton, a district, a state, the globe, woman's voice must be heard and woman's influence felt; and it will then be not only possible, but necessary to accord to her a balance and equality, though not an identity with man, in civil and political privileges. Until woman thus comes to enjoy freely and fully the rights of her being, there must, as in all cases of compression or resistance, be irregular manifestations and irruptions through the false order. False positions change virtues into vices, and errors into heroisms. There is but one true end, the greatest good of the greatest number, and the same means become alternately virtues or vices according as they tend to or depart from this end, just as the same motion of the earth on its axis, bears us alternately to light or to darkness, as the spot on which we stand is ascending or descending in relation to the sun.

Woman's guarantee of independence, of usefulness, of honor, of her social and political rights at once, lies in the fact, that in association the family ceases to be an industrial institution, and returns to its natural position as a bond of blood and a tie of sympathy.

When labors are rendered more attractive than are now our festivals, legislators will not need broods of starving children to induce the poor to work. Friendship and ambition are the

passions which energize the industrial movement, and the natural arrangement of labors in groups and series of groups, classifying functions in the order of necessity, utility, and pleasure, will bring out in high relief those pertaining to the nursery, the kitchen, the domestic service in general, where woman rules, where she represents herself in the phalansterian councils, which sit, not to make human laws, insulting God and multiplying criminals, but to regulate production and distribution for the highest general well-being. When we consider, in addition to these functions of high necessity, the numerous branches of art in which she is fitted to excel, the garden labors in which she will play a conspicuous part, to the great advantage of her health, now deplorably compromised by the privation of that sort of activity which connects man in co-operation with the sun and the earth in active production, and those of the factories—how differently managed from the present—where she will intervene; it is evident that she will fully balance man in functions, rights, and chances of integral development, while a charm will be imparted to all labors, by simply obeying the natural distribution, in which God assigns to about one third of men feminine tastes, and to about one third of women masculine tastes and aptitudes.

Society, like the individual, must be born of woman, and as she is now chiefly responsible for the isolated household of which she is the centre, so it is from her heart, and her love kindled by our male intelligence, that we must expect the millennial or harmonic societies to issue. Let her only awake from her despair, from her prejudice of a fixed, unhappy destiny. Let us speak to her instincts, to her soul, too long crushed under materialism and false morality. Let us show her how much truer, how much nobler a sphere is open to her than this civilized slavery to fashion, or to the vicious circle of duties which are duties relatively only to the continuance of a false society, and which amount only to keeping things where they are already.

For woman as for man, functions are defined by specific industrial attractions and instinctual promptings, verified by

proved capacity and practical success. There is no kind of work and no necessary social position from which we are justified, *a priori*, in excluding either sex. Every individual is, or ought to be, a new fact. Yet so far as observation enables us to generalize, the most prominent ground on which we base our reverence for woman, is that the spiritual elements of affection clearly predominate over the material in her, so as to constitute even a marked physiological distinction between woman and man.

In society at large, woman represents the sphere of the social affections. She is the queen and the heart of the social circle, to which man is only an accessory, his life lying as essentially in what is called business, as woman's in the offices of home affection. Much of this I know is arbitrary, but not all. I look upon woman as more essentially the regenerator of society, because passional harmony is in its essence the accord of the social affections or passional affinities. Industrial organization is only its framework, as the thoracic cavity incloses the heart. Hitherto, the divine sacredness of passional affinities has been profaned, they have been subordinated to the most ordinary ties of habit or interest. Yet it is only by gathering in one nucleus those kindred hearts whose life is in each other—who never truly live until the magical explosion of sympathies reveals them to themselves in wonderful richness of being, and divine capacity of joy—that the ice of social hypocrisy will be melted, and formal morality be absorbed in the religion of passion. Even as the Son of Man is lord also of the Sabbath, so is untrammelled human nature in its communions of love, friendship, and honor, and parentage, superior to any and every moral code. It is the fountain of true morality, as the classic poets and orators were the fountain of grammar, whence philosophers afterward drew their rules.

If woman act true to her life of affection, she will become the social Christ, that is, the continuator of the work of Christ, and mercenary men rebuked will leave the market-places and the stalls to honor her. But to this end she must, above all, be free! She must bind herself by no arbitrary, civil, or religious

tie; must give to no man and to no hour of confidence, the dictatorship over her future life. She must have the courage to reserve supreme control over her person and her fortune, and trust to the beauty of her life for vindication.

“ When half gods go
The gods arrive.”

My conscience reproaches me with having been too complacent toward the tyrannical authority of our established system of morals. I feel that in the absence of any *social* standard of truth, he or she is the truest benefactor to society, and the noblest person, who fearlessly and spontaneously exhibits his or her type of passional character, and creates from inward forces those relations which belong to it, leaving the fashions in morality, as in dress, to scold, and whine, and cringe, and finally follow in the wake of the victorious innovator.

Morality is to individual character what a stereotyped plate is to a form of type, or a manuscript. The one is destitute of all capacity for improvement, and must be broken up before a change can be effected, while the form of type, or the manuscript, are susceptible almost indefinitely of internal modifications and improvements; the general cast of the page and substance remaining the same. Morality is utterly godless, and merely circumstantial, while individual character is plastic to the most delicate impulsions of the divine will, a true medium for spiritual agencies, and susceptible of progressive perfections.

ON PASSIONAL CHASTITY.

I may be censured for having, through the greater part of this work, given a voice to the electric and expansive force tending to escape and liberty, rather than to the magnetic and concentrative force which accumulates by self-restraint, and which confers on virginity its omnipotent charm. To this, Fourier has done ample justice in his notice of the Vestalate, which will appear in volume second. } It is true that liberty, and the emancipation of love, has been my prominent thought

and aim, but I have never for a moment lost sight of that virginal chasteness of concentrated passion, exquisitely discriminative in its objects, and which prefers death, or absolute privation, to aught that resembles profane promiscuity. If effusion is the west of passion, chastity is its warp; both alike are contained within the spontaneity of the individual, and resumed in the opinion or influence of society, irrespective of civil and criminal codes.

Passion, in its potency and integrity, invariably becomes modest, and the "hero fairly in love is chaste and timid as the maiden." Clearly then the element of self-restraint, or chastity, is inherent and integrant to passion; so that in pleading the cause of passional liberty, I do virtually and *de facto* plead that of purity and of order.

It will be seen in the next volume that the formal constitution of public opinion, in appropriate tribunals, and in their decrees concerning love affairs, has not been neglected. I limit myself at present, to assert the principle of common law, that for any imputed offense we shall be tried by our peers. This principle condemns, abruptly and utterly, the whole procedure of our actual courts upon civil or criminal questions, connected with love affairs, separations, divorces, etc., for here the brutal and unjust intervention of strangers ignores the essential fact in question, which is one of spiritual affinities. We can hardly conceive a more shocking outrage on truth, on delicacy, and on sound public morals, than the assumption of our present courts of law, to sit in judgment upon the most sacredly private affairs of individuals, in regard to whom for the most the judge, the jury, the lawyers, and the attendant public, are not only unsympathetic, but utterly ignorant. How can they then be competent in questions where the adaptations of temperament and passion form the principal considerations? Civilization adds insult to injury, it ruthlessly tramples on every finer feeling, and mocks at our republican pretences of individual liberty, when it dares invade the sanctity of private compacts, or summon before it as culprits those whose only offense is, to have obeyed their passional instincts. I am far from the folly of

proposing any amendments to civilized usages. I only signalize here one item of its general absurdity and corruption. There is no reform possible but in the issue from civilization, and formation of a superior society, whose mechanism is elsewhere explained. The Forrest, and other cases which continually appear in our newspapers, may form practical comments on the justice of my remarks, and the impossibility of justice in civilized courts.

It is confessed that the most charming effects, that the supreme beatitude of love, occur in its "first young dream," before worldly experience has been gained, or worldly considerations prevail; so that it is in forgetting every restraint of conventional etiquette, or morality, to resign ourselves with full faith to the impulsions of passion, so exquisitely chaste in the refinement of its own fires, that we become truest lovers; the greatest fitness for love is often the least fitness for marriage, house-keeping, and money-making; and the very youthfulness and enthusiasm which open the portals of the spirit-life, and receive the most delicate admonitions and inspirations of the heart, and round whose brow the lambent fires of fancy wreath like magnetic tresses, and unfurl love's banneret; this state, all charming as it is, in which our earth-life becomes the bride of the divine, is fatal to the practical selfishness which civilization makes the *sine qua non* of success; it only decks the victim for sacrifice.

It is precisely at the age when we are all for constancy, and exclusive absorption—the dove's age, the flush of puberty—when marriage is, in a spiritual sense, the most appropriate, that civilized exigencies almost utterly preclude it.

The difficulty of meeting with one's pivotal love in civilization, proceeds from the following sources:

1. The small number of acquaintances that most persons have opportunities of forming among the other sex.
2. Falsification of character and manner by civilized education and ungenial environment.
3. Individuality masked and depraved by effect of diseases and sufferings.

4. Disparities of caste and fortune.
5. Marriage of one or both parties.
6. Absence of societary industry in series and groups, leaving no other avenue of communion between the sexes than parlor interviews and conversations.

The Pivotal Love like the Christ, is a unitary tie and celestial intervention, extending from an early to a very late period of human existence on the planets, and connecting their harmonic with their subversive epochs. Like the Christ, appearing in the subversive societies, it hurries to its crucifixion; that crucifixion for it is marriage, whose vulgarities, compressions, and drudgeries, are the crown of thorns upon its brow, and the nails driven through its hands and feet, which fasten them to the door-posts of the isolated household. Thus do the soul-killing meannesses and drudgeries inherent to the poverty of societies organized in separate family household interests, lacerate the finer harmonies of our spiritual life, and mar the sweet accord of souls in conjugal love. It is only, however, in case of the Pivotal attachment, that marriage becomes, under the most favorable circumstances, the truest love relation of which civilization permits. The Pivotal Love is analogous to that which Swedenborg mystically shadows forth in his voluminous works under the name of conjugal love. It is what the civilizees allude to when they speak of finding one's better half.

It is the underlying fact of Plato's fable about the giants of old, who, being hermaphrodite and doubled in their entire natures, grew so powerful that Jove in alarm split them, ever since which time the present featherless biped has been running around and around upon the earth, like an ant cut in two, seeking in great disturbance for the severed half of itself.

All the poets and novelists, with scarce an exception, aim to depict the Pivotal Love and its effects. They rarely succeed. It is the highest triumph of simple art. Composite art will represent the Pivotal Love, surrounded by its cortege of satellites, in the midst of its natural series of love relations, radiating on them, and receiving from them new and transcendent harmonies. They will all be there, from simple spiritual and

simple sensuous love, up to the highest potential degrees of bisexual polygamy; and the Pivotal Love will conjugate them harmoniously in their orbits, within the firmament of the soul, as the sun conjugates and relates with each other the planets, satellites, asteroids, and comets of his system.

Simplism being an inherent vice of the civilized education, we cannot expect of its falsified geniuses that they should do justice to more than one aspect of life, to one phase of being, or of sentiment. I take pleasure in acknowledging the partial successes of a few artists in portraying the Pivotal Love, which will form a chapter of my second volume.

THE POET'S SONG TO HIS WIFE.

How many summers, love,
 Have I been thine?
 How many days, thou dove,
 Hast thou been mine?
 Time, like the winged wind
 When it bends the flowers,
 Hath left no mark behind,
 To count the hours!

Some weight of thought, though loth,
 On thee he leaves;
 Some lines of care round both
 Perhaps he weaves;
 Some fears—a soft regret
 For joys scarce known;
 Sweet looks we half forget:
 All else is flown!

Ah!—with what thankless heart
 I mourn and sing!
 Look, where our children start,
 Like sudden Spring!
 With tongues all sweet and low,
 Like a pleasant rhyme,
 They tell how much I owe
 To thee and Time!—BARRY CORNWALL.

Crushed out from the wine-press of the spirit by absence and permanent privation of its sensual element, we drink its

aroma, fixed and sparkling in the letters of Bettina Brentano, "Goethe's correspondence with a child." I have no words to express my admiration of those letters, or the emotions with which they inspire me. Never before, perhaps, has a candid soul, combining from childhood with a lofty and brilliant intellect such exquisite tenderness, living in nearly unbroken communion with her guardian angels of the aroal life, responsive to every chord of nature's harmonies, thrilling with enthusiasm for liberty and the right of peoples profoundly resting in and acting from her own divine spontaneity; thus poured forth in fire words the passion that vivifies and consumes her. Like the solar ray itself, passing into the colors and the fragrance of all flowers, and the luscious flavors of all fruits, and painting shells with rose and pearl in the deep bosom of the ocean; thus was the life of this adoring and adorable girl penetrated, illumined, melted into fluency, and commuted with all natural and spiritual powers; charmed, tortured, and divinized by her Pivotal Love. Goethe himself was old when it began, silver haired, and she a child; he was also married, and not only to a wife, but to the world. He was a wonderful civilizee, but still a civilizee, wise in his own day and generation; he never committed an impropriety on account of his superfluous love for humanity, though one of its greatest intellectual benefactors by the light which his individual life and works cast upon the principle of spontaneity.

On the whole, he is the greatest ideal extant of an honorable compromise with the world, in favor of one's individual destiny, where he yet seeks with the broad, keen eye, and measured enthusiasm of the artist, to fulfill himself in beneficent doing, as in the self-poised serenity of being. He received Bettina modestly, as an unquestionable present from the gods. She was not his pivotal love, but he loved her as well as he dared, quite æsthetically, a little paternally, and with reverence. They seldom met, and his answers to her letters are short and far between. His conduct toward her was eminently proper, almost fatally proper. A very rich and strong spirit only—none other that I know—could have sustained such

a relation as she has done. It was the Pivotal love reduced by circumstances to confine itself to a simple spiritual part.

I cite some extracts from her classic volumes of the Lore of Love:

TO GOETHE

CASSEL, *May 15th*, 1807.

“Dear, dear daughter! call me for all days, for all future time, by that one name, which embraces my whole happiness. My son is thy friend, thy brother, who surely loves thee.”

Such words does Goethe's mother write to me! what right do they give me? A dam within my heart has, as it were, broken up—a child of man, alone on a rock, surrounded by rushing storms, uncertain of itself, wavering here and there, like the thorns and thistles around it—such am I—such I was before I knew my master. Now I turn like the sunflower to my God, and can prove to Him, by the countenance glowing with His beams, that He has pierced me. O God! dare I? and am I not all too bold?

And what shall I then? relate how the glorious friendliness with which you met me, now exuberates in my heart—all other life at once repressed?—how I must ever yearn toward that time, when I first felt myself *well*? All this avails nothing; the words of your mother! I am far from making claims on that which her goodness destines for me—but these words have dazzled me; and I must, at least, satisfy the longing to let you know, with what a mighty power love turns me, at every moment, toward you.

Nor dare I hesitate to resign myself to a feeling which bursts from my heart like the young seed in spring—it *was to be so*, and the seed was laid in me. It is not my purposed will, that often, from the conversation of the moment, I am borne away to your feet, then seat myself on the ground and lay my head in your lap, or press your hand to my lips, or stand by your side and throw my arms about your neck, and it is long before I find a position in which I remain. Then I chatter at my ease; but the answer which I make myself in your name,

I pronounce deliberately. "My child! my dear, good girl! sweet heart!" Yes, thus does it sound from out *that mysterious hour*, in which I believed myself conveyed by spirits to another world; and when I then think, that even so it might sound from your lips, if I really stood before you, then I tremble with joy and longing. O how many hundred times do we dream, and our dreams foretell better than will ever happen to us. Sometimes, too, I am petulant and wanton, and prize that man as happy, who is so beloved; then you smile, and assent to it with friendly generosity.

Woe me, if all this never come to pass, for then I shall miss all which is most splendid in life. Ah, is not wine the sweetest and most coveted of all heavenly gifts? that he who has once tasted it, never desires to forswear drunken inspiration. This *wine* I shall miss; and every other will be to me as tasteless, spiritless water, of which one does not desire a single drop more than is necessary.

How, then, shall I console myself? with the song, perhaps, "In arms of love we rest us well, Well, too, in lap of earth," or, "I would I lay and slept, Ten thousand fathom deep."

I wish I could finish my letter with a look into your eyes; there would I quickly draw out a pardon for my boldness, and inclose it. I should then not be anxious about my childish prattle, which yet for me is so much in earnest. There it is carried to its destination, many miles in quick haste—the postman trumpets its arrival with full enthusiasm in the air, as if he triumphantly asked, "What do I bring?"—and now Goethe breaks open his letter, and finds the infantine prattle of a silly, unimportant child. Shall I still ask forgiveness? Oh, you well know how overjoyed, how full of sweet feeling the heart often is, though childish lips cannot find the word, scarcely the tone, to give it birth.

BETTINE BRENTANO.

Yesterday evening I went alone up the Rochus mountain, and wrote to you thus far; then I dreamed a little, and, as I

came to myself, and believed the sun was about to set, lo, it was the rising moon! I was surprised, and should have been afraid, but the stars did not suffer it—these hundred thousands and I together in that night! Yes, who am I, that I should tremble? am I numbered with them? I did not dare to descend; I should have found no boat to ferry over; besides, the nights are now not at all long; then I turned on my side, said good-night to the stars, and soon fell asleep. Now and then flitting breezes waked me, and then I thought on thee; as often as I awoke, I called thee to me; I always said, in my heart, “Goethe, be with me, that I may not fear!” Then I dreamed that I was sailing along the sedgy shores of the Rhine, when there, where it was deepest, between black chasms of rock, thy ring slipped from my finger; I saw it sink deeper and deeper, till it touched the bottom! I was about to call for help, when I awoke to the morning-purple, and was thrice happy that the ring was still upon my finger. O, prophet, interpret to me this dream; step in before fate; let not danger come too near our love, after this beauteous night, when, midst fear and joy, in council of the stars, I thought of thy future. I had long yearned after this sweet adventure, now it has stolen so softly over me, and every thing is as it was before. No one knows where I was, and if they did, could they conjecture why? Yonder, thou camest, through the rustling forest, encompassed by mild twilight; and when thou wert quite near, the tired senses could not endure it; the theme was so powerful, then I fell asleep, it was so beautiful, all bloom and sweet scents. And the far, boundless host of stars, and the flickering silver of the moon, which, from distance to distance, danced upon the stream; the vast stillness of Nature, in which one hears all that stirs; ah, here I feel my soul *planted* in this night-shiver; here germ future thoughts; these cold dew-pearls, which weigh on grass and weed, from these the spirit grows; it hastens, it will blossom for *thee*, Goethe; it will expand its gay colors before thee; it is love to thee, that I think that I wrestle after things not yet expressed. Thou lookest upon me in spirit, and thy gaze draws thoughts from

me; then I must often say what I do not understand—what I only see.

The spirit has also senses: as there is much which we only hear, or only see, or only feel; so there are thoughts which the spirit also perceives with but one of these senses; I often only see what I think, often feel it: and when I hear it, lo! it makes me tremble. I know not how I come to this knowledge, which is not produced from my own reflection; I look around me for the author of these tones; and then I believe, that all is produced from the fire of love. There is warmth in the spirit, we feel it: the cheeks glow from thought, and shiverings come over us, which fan inspiration into a new glow. Yes, dear friend! this morning, as I waked, I felt as if I had attained to the experience of something great; as if the vows of my heart had wings, and soared over vale and mountain, into the pure, joyous, light-filled sky. No oath, no conditions; all nothing but appropriate motion, pure striving after the heavenly. This is my vow: freedom from all ties, and that I will only believe in the spirit which reveals the beautiful, which prophesies bliss.

The night dew had washed me; the sharp morning breeze dried me again; I felt a slight shiver, but warmed myself in descending my dear velvet Rochus. The butterflies were already flying around the flowers; I drove them all together before me, and where I saw one on the road, chased it to my flock; below I had at least thirty together. O! how I should have liked to have driven them with me across the Rhine, but there they all twirled away from one another.

Dear Goethe! Thou art content with me, and art pleased with all that I write, and wilt wear my gold breast-pin—yes! do so, and let it be a talisman for this joyous season.

THY CHILD.

Other extracts will be made at the end of this volume, exhibiting this lovely soul in its varied evolutions.

CHAPTER VI.

MARRIAGE AND THE ISOLATED HOUSEHOLD CRITICISED.

MARRIAGE is an institution rendered compulsory on both sexes by the loss of caste consequent on free unions, and the absence of provision for the nurture of children.

Marriage converts lovers into owners of personal property, and often renders the most charming love relations at last indifferent or odious by the meannesses, monotony, and exclusiveness of the isolated household, and the arbitrary connection or collision of a thousand impertinences of fortune, interest, domestic cares, and individual tastes and pursuits with the natural tie of love. How perfectly absurd, besides, to dispose irrevocably of our whole future and its opportunities in one hour or one phase of feeling, which, even when it has fed on expectation for months or years, has never completed itself—never ripened from the phase of desire into that of attainment, or triumphantly passed the supreme test of true love, the possession of its object.

As the tree is known only by its fruits, so the quality of a passion is tested only when it has passed to its natural ultimate and fulfilled itself. In ambition it is well known that honors change morals, and that power often makes tyrants of those who had conducted themselves with greatest amenity when they had an object to gain by it.

Not less does this obtain in love, and men are surprised at themselves to find how much the fascination of love before marriage was due to the love of conquest—to the ambition of triumph. Not before full possession either, can we know how far our ideal of the person beloved has been projected from ourselves, and how far it is a true result of mutual affinity which grows and ripens upon its legitimate satisfactions, and

confirms, in the incarnation of passion, those delicious presentiments which thus approve themselves true prophets.

Why force two young persons, in whose favor "the gods have intervened," as Plato expresses it, as a condition of enjoying their happiness, to bind themselves mutually to exclude all future "intervention of the gods"—to swear that they will always love and be sufficient to each other, as they now are, or fancy themselves, and at the very time when they are about to be placed in the most stupid of circumstances—those of the isolated family household. Truly it has been said that "Marriage is the tomb of love," and most have found it thus, so that the best-assorted unions generally come in the end to be but familiar friendships, alliances of domestic interests, and intrigues with parental affections and anxieties. The grace with which men and women resign their respective liberties to these compensations comes cheap, since they have really nothing to resign, society and the law permitting no development to the passion of love in any other condition than marriage. I say no development, for the horrors and disgusts of prostitution, or the dishonorable condition of kept mistresses, is not worthy to be called a development of the passion of love.

Natures the most gracious and spontaneous, in the limited freedom of relations they have enjoyed before marriage, become as sour as verjuice, and thorny termagants, by the harassing routine of domestic trifles; the voice becomes sharp and shrill, unerring indication of the sacrifice of the internal to the external life; and the finest souls suffer most, because they become most denaturalized, and find it most impossible to take an interest in the narrow routine of an isolated family, where there is nothing noble and graceful in the common details of work, no spiritualization of labor or of enjoyment. Artistic precision, importance, and interest are developed in all these details only as soon as they are managed in mass or on the large scale. Then machines intervene to save manual drudgeries, then order and regular system become indispensable, then a social charm may be added by the reunion of numbers in each function, and the tone of friendly criticism among peers

replaces the harsh voice of personal despotism. The kitchen of the combined order is a charming suite of rooms, each adapted to a special department of culinary art, and the chosen sphere where an assembly of artists eagerly meet to prosecute their favorite functions for the profit and pleasure of eighteen hundred associates. How different from the dirt, the confusion, the complication of functions on one poor ignorant drudge, who prepares the vulgar minimum of satisfactions for the stomachs of the civilized family!

The beautiful or wealthy unmarried woman is the centre of a thousand delicate attentions. She moves like a queen through the galaxy of her adorers; costly presents, flowers, tickets to balls, parties, and places of amusement, shower upon her. It is related of the ancient goddesses, that flowers sprang up beneath their footprints; but pleasures, of which flowers are only the emblems, spring before the coming of our belles; each smile can make a lover happy, each frown can wither hope. A charming girl, who can preserve her freedom, and "oft reject, yet never once offend," reigns the passional queen of the society in which she moves. God delegates to her His prescriptive right of impressing attraction. Her will becomes instantly a law, which it is a delight and a privilege to obey; and if she is a woman of large heart and mind, who can thus invest with fascination the consecutive movements of a life purpose, reserving to herself the intellectual clew which connects the acts prompted by her, and throwing over all the graceful veil of airy caprice, she can most powerfully impel and control for good the progressive destinies of a man, of many men, of a society, a town, a nation, according to her sphere. The supremacy of the spiritual and intellectual nature, and the power of a permanent volition, make a *sine qua non* for a character of this stamp. But let the queen, the belle, the goddess marry: one grand flare-up in the first week of festivities, during which "*stat nominis umbra*," and her power and glory have departed. Unless sustained by great wealth, by rare talents for intrigue, or by some peculiar combination of circumstances, she sinks at once into the house-

keeper and the nurse. But, doubtless, what is lost in extent of influence and in the homage of numbers, is gained in intensity, in a more perfect sympathy with the man she has chosen, in the charms of maternity, in the independence of her separate establishment; and, "servant to a wooden cradle, living in a baby's life," would she listen to the thought of returning to her former position? No! for the substantial reason that she has irrevocably forfeited it.

She has entered another circle of influences, to get out of which she must be torn to pieces. Separation or divorce ruin her relation with the lover she has married, and still, perhaps, would prefer as a lover, loving him, though she does not love marriage and the isolated household, with their manifold invasions of her personal liberty. Besides, man's power over woman augments with the habitual surrender of her person to him, even though the charm be flown which first won this favor.

The law and the magnetism of social custom sustain his power. If all these obstacles to a return were surmounted, she would be stigmatized, avoided, and come under the moral ban of the society over which she reigned before she renounced her liberty. But how is it with the compensations at home? Her husband, if at first an impassioned lover, has, in nine cases out of ten at least, grown careless of pleasing from the security of possession. The same fatality acts on herself, hence a mutual disenchantment and diminution of love in geometrical progression. They have now no rivals to fear, no rejections or passional diversions to prevent; they naturally relax in their ardor. They have now come, as the phrase is, into matters of fact, which is equivalent to a torpid, unimpassioned existence. Though this were otherwise, yet, with the best good-will in the world, the laws of physiology, phrenology, temperament, and passion, refuse their most celestial gifts to the monotony of fixed possession. The brilliant intellect refuses to unlock its stores of knowledge, wit, genius, and taste, to its familiar bed and table companion. Men talk to every one except their wives; they already feel as if they knew each other so well that conversation was superfluous, besides, a kiss is so much easier.

Soon these also become scarce in the satiety of possession. Thus the tendency of marriage is constantly downward, from the spiritual into the animal life. Let a woman explore and exploit well her lover's brilliant side while he is still her lover, for she will find the husband a sober friend, at best. That charm which links earth with heaven, the finite with the infinite, will evaporate. It is love alone, in his untrammelled liberty, that can inclose the spirit of nature in the form of the adored. Our stupid laws and social conventions do but represent the inertia of matter. How should they imprison the celestial? It comes unbidden with the innocence of a babe, and clasps in holiest union those who ask no other sacrament than itself.

“ Who gave thee, O beauty,
 The keys of this breast,
 Too credulous lover,
 Of blest and unblest ?
 Say when in lapsed ages,
 Thee knew I of old,
 Or what was the service
 For which I was sold ?
 When first my eyes saw thee,
 I found me thy thrall,
 By magical drawings,
 Sweet tyrant of all !

I drank at thy fountain,
 False waters of thirst ;
 Thou intimate stranger,
 Thou latest and first !
 Thy dangerous glances
 Make women of men ;
 New-born, we are melting
 Into nature again.

Lavish, lavish promiser,
 Nigh persuading gods to err !
 Guest of million painted forms,
 Which in turn thy glory warms ;
 The frailest leaf, the mossy bark,
 The acorn's cup, the raindrop's ark ;
 The swinging spider's silver line,
 The ruby of the drop of wine ;

The shining pebble of the pond,
 Thou inscribeth with a bond,
 In thy momentary play,
 Would bankrupt nature to repay.

Ah, what avails it,
 To hide or to shun,
 Whom the Infinite one
 Hath granted His throne ?

What is the fatal consequence of this loss of the liberty, attentions, and interest, which the bride enjoyed as a maiden, the consequence, of the monotone of married life on her temper and power of charming ? It is in vain that one reasons on matters like this, in vain to be convinced of what duty and expediency alike point to. In passional affairs, we come into quite a different sphere ; we are here, the wise and the foolish alike, mere creatures of affinities and antipathies, and move as we are moved by springs of action given from above, and relating us to others by a magic, whose mystery we could never spell. The same person, most pleasing and brilliant in one sphere or set of relations, is perfectly stupid and unhappy in another.

Does the most romantic and celestial passion that ever descended on this earth qualify the lovers any better for keeping house together ? Does it inspire the man with a livelier talent for lying and cheating in commerce, or the woman with the spontaneous attraction and faculties for baking and brewing, and roasting and stewing, for mending and darning, and washing and scouring ? Will it make a manager or directress of one without executive faculties ?

No, indeed. I have seen these love matches in the West, where no servants could be procured, where, if the husband had not chanced by peculiar experiences to be somewhat of a factotum, it would have been a fix in more than one sense, for the wife did not know a soup-kettle from a frying-pan, and was not only ignorant, but incapable by character for any sort of domestic duties.

The alliance of love with the civilized housekeeping, gener-

ally reminds me of Titania, queen of the fairies, enamored of a donkey, and with her arm thrown around the asinine neck of Nick Bottom the joiner, in Shakspeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Far be it from me to disparage the necessary functions of domestic economy, they may all be rendered as beautiful and attractive as they are necessary. I speak of them only as conducted in the false method of the isolated household, and I recognize that even here there are sometimes found housewives by character and education, who introduce order and beauty wherever they move. Fortunately for the higher destinies of our race, these characters are rare; they would make men too well contented with the present imperfection.

THE REINE MARGARITE—INDUSTRIOUS HOUSEWIFE.

“The Reine Margarite is not a flower of the spring. It is not in the spring, but in the autumn of life that a woman becomes a skillful manager; so the emblematic flower of this character must be in our gardens the ornament of autumn. The true ornament of a housewife is the perfection which reigns in her numerous labors. She does not shine by dress, but by industry (leafwork). Thus has the Margarite for its principal ornament a mass of leaflets in its calyx. They differ from the leaves of the stalk, they are true petals of green color, and long develop themselves with infinite grace. We see that she would excite by her leaves that charm which others excite by their petals: then comes the flower more beautiful simple, than composite. A double Margarite is an absurdity, the single is preferable, like the tulip. It only supervenes to add another row, a crown to the green petals, whose graceful development have long charmed the eye. Thus among housewives a simple and modest dress is a sufficient accessory to the charm which the excellence of their work has caused. But this neatness of the housewife is only a charm for the mind and not for the heart; it is not a resource of pleasure. Hence, nature has refused this flower perfume, symbol of illusion and fascination.”

As soon as a girl marries, she is placed under a sort of ban

in most parts of this country, neglected by her former companions, and excluded from their festivities. I have seen a young wife weep with anger and vexation at this conduct. But it is just that any one should be so treated on becoming a representative of false principles and social positions, and it happens instinctively, as an organic fact, for these young, relentless excommunicators hold marriage to be morally right, and expect to be married themselves. They feel, however, if they do not know, that marriage is a compound selfishness, an *égoïsme à deux*, and that the parties contracting it have virtually asserted their independence of society, and embezzled each other in perpetual monopoly from the passional public. They are thus in a spiritual court of justice condemned as swindlers and misers, and excommunicated from the sphere of prospective passional relations.

Independence and the charms of maternity are both illusions in more than seven-eighths of civilized marriages. To have a house of one's own to keep, or even superintend, is a systematic slavery, an immolation of one's personal predilections and pursuits on the altar of the family and domestic comfort. It may pass among the virtues of negative Christianity or crucifixion, but not to be desired for its own sake. The charms of maternity are cut down by the anxieties, bad adaptations, and accidents of the isolated household, to a bare minimum, still oftener turned into tortures, and all the force of a mother's devotion is necessary to bring the child through the painful crises, and filthy experiences of an infancy more protracted, inferior, and helpless than that of any other animal. Who dares to talk of the charms of maternity in civilization, in the face of statistics which prove that one half of all children die under the fifth year, while the rest are ailing, on an average, near half the time, and the whole family together scarcely ever well.

People have a very illogical habit, and one that hinders real progress more than any other, of audaciously optimising those real *evils* which their stupidity supposes to be inevitably ingrained in the nature of things, and dressing them up to look

like harmonies and blessings, thus substituting their notions of how things ought to be, for the plain matter-of-fact.

Nothing can be truer than that woman, and man also, ought to possess in their amatory relations each others' tenderest and most concentrated affection, their independence or spontaneity of movement secured, and the charms of paternity and maternity in their most exalted degree; but it is equally true that exclusive marriage vows and the order of the isolated household never have secured these blessings, and never can secure them, save in the smallest exception. It is equally true that these blessings are incompatible with every sort of love relation, and every mode of living *known to civilization, barbarism, patriarchalism, or savagism.*

These, like all other aspirations of the soul for harmony, belong to a higher order of society. They belong to an order of associated interests in all the branches of domestic, agricultural, and other industrial management, where the well-ordered concurrence of numbers can form those distributions of labor which first emancipate the individual from the tyranny of a too narrow and too complicated sphere, and restore his spontaneity every where.

Here the *industrial independence* of woman will emancipate her from the *necessity* of attaching her life and fortunes to any man. Both sexes will be free, from puberty, without any sordid calculations of interest, to confess and to yield themselves to the rights and charms of passional affinity, amid the consecrations of religion and of home affections, guarded by all the decencies of social refinement, and in no wise compromising their future freedom of action. Has it been but a passing illusion of the senses, surrendering the soul to the fascination of beauty and of vigor? The relation will be the more transient, as higher spiritual affinities assert themselves on either side. But it will have been true in its hour—it will have made a season's happiness, and another season will be all the richer for its experience and memory. Instinct makes no blunders. The bad effects of ill-assorted marriages are due solely to the compression and repression of instinct by the civilized sphere

and its infernal moralities, afterward to the indecencies and impertinences of the present household and bed quarters, and to the compulsory union of the parties after the natural period of their separation has arrived.

Woman will never be free, save in the large home, the varied and attractive industry of the Phalanx, where she has her choice of all the departments of domestic, mechanical, and agricultural labors and arts, and can move in thirty groups of friends and of labors in the course of the same month. There the real charms of maternity will be enjoyed, because there, in the unitary nurseries and miniature workshops, children can be safely and happily provided for, either in the presence or absence of the mother; and the children mutually amuse each other, without requiring, each of them, the continued attention of one or more adults.

As they are quickly attracted into the various groups of organized juvenile industry, and make their own expenses by or before their sixth year, and as, before that time, their expenses are very small, owing to those arrangements which are possible only for nurseries on a grand scale, children do not, as at present, entail upon their parents ruinous and depressing burdens of maintenance.

But the treatise on the love relations of harmony has already been written, and I must not here be tempted away from my criticism of civilized marriage.

Were it not the most absurd, inexpedient, and enslaving of relations to both parties, the indecency of its forms would alone be sufficient to condemn it.

The dawning of true, celestial love is ever ushered in by the rose-blush of modesty. An exquisite delicacy presides over all its acts, and veils in wreaths of cloud each sacred mystery from the very thought of every stranger.

The lovers scarcely dare to breathe each others' name, and if another utters it carelessly, can with trouble suppress their rising indignation at such profanity. Each meeting is a concerted accident, of which each would be presumed by the other to be innocent. At least this is true of woman.

Thus cabalism and secrecy make for them a world apart, within the greater world—a world all of the heart, sacred from all impertinence of circumstance, yet in which every beauty and perfection of nature is mirrored, magnified, and multiplied, and whence a girdle of rainbows proceeds, hovering round each lover and encircling creation.

“Starry space and lily bell
Filling with its roseate smell.”

This is the natural, spontaneous, divine effect of the passion love—no mere poetical figure, but an honest though feeble statement, as every true lover will confess.

“It is not,” they say, “what men call beauty
That has thus enthralled my soul :
It is the spirit’s loftier loveliness,
Unseen, ethereal, ineffable,
Which breathes from her pure lips—
Gives to her step its springing bound—
To every movement lends
Its airy grace, pervadeth her whole being,
Impregnates the sweet air that kissed her robe,
And with an atmosphere of purity
Encircles her !
It is her voice, whose clear
And guileless tones have never yet been broke
By sorrow’s accents. Her words so arch,
E’en from their very artlessness—her form
Untortured to its light fragility
By court accessories of beauty’s toilet—
Her affluent tresses, flowing unprofaned
By touch of mocking powder, that had laid
Upon their golden light, like fleecy clouds
Upon the sun !
’Tis strange, but gazing on her face, I could
Not choose but feel that some bright sphere, unknown,
Removed from this, there must be, and there is,
Where spirits such as hers, stray things on earth,
From earth recalled, shall find a kindred home,
And thus she seemed a link ’twixt me and heaven.
Then needs it a bright future
To vie in radiance with this blissful present.
Through love’s perspective we delighted look

Upon the opening world, which seems to us
 A labyrinth of ever-varying joys ;
 The light of our own spirits brightly tints
 The meanest objects with prismatic hues—
 We joy in that which is, and so defy
 What may be ! Dark hours !
 Whence should they come, or how ?
 How can the placid current of our lives
 Bear aught but flowers upon its shining tide ?
 Dark hours ! no change can bring them, for thy love
 Is fixed as yon bright orb, and mine the warm
 Reflection is of thine " etc.

From Mrs. Mowatt's play of *Armand*.

Judge, then, of the environment, social and domestic arrangements, that are suitable to this passion : and what relation have they, I ask, with the proclaimed engagement, the coarse jokes of acquaintance, the public wedding, or celebration of the deflowering of a virgin, the exposure of the bride to public gaze in state session the day after, the round of parties, nominally in honor of the married couple, but really for the sake of promoting other intrigues among bridesmaids and groomsmen ?

Was the first delicacy of love mere shyness or hypocrisy, and has it changed its nature to the frank, open tone of friendship, or the brazen impudence of prostitution, so soon ? Neither ; but it is the degradation of the celestial into the civilized form, of the spontaneous element of character before the moral custom, that you here behold.

This public exaltation before men is often a public degradation before the angels. It sweeps away the romance of love, and leaves it an affair of bed and board, in which all farther decency becomes superfluous, and public arrangements for regular coition are unblushingly—nay, with parade and vanity—prepared in the nuptial bedchamber of the bridegroom's house, to which he brings home the woman henceforth resigning her independence.

I shall be answered that public festivities are as becoming to that period at which love ripens into the conjugal tie, as modesty and secrecy were in the earlier stages of courtship, and

that these things are beautiful and decent to us, or the contrary, according to the spirit in which we observe them; that if there are coarse sensualists, who can see in marriage only the deflowering of a virgin, there are happily, also, those who regard the material facts of marriage, as the symbols of sacred spiritual facts, and find in conjugal love and its ceremonial of marriage, only the incarnation of the angelic in the human life. Admitting even this interpretation, which applies in truth to a certain number of marriages, however few in comparison with the whole number, and admitting for the rest the full value of the principle of *representation*—"Oh let me seem till I become"—it is not the less true for the first class of true conjugal loves, that the finest passions feel a holy horror of display; they hate even the expression of words, and feel as though something was thus taken from their integrity. Public marriage ceremonies tear love from the sphere of spontaneity to bind it with the shackles of morality. They make it very uncomfortably self-conscious, and subordinate its natural expression to a conventional usage, which is far from embodying our highest ideal or maturest experience of its requirements.

Were our public ceremonials, legal and civil obligations, entirely consonant with the genius of love, it would not the less remain true that the smallest number of marriages are true love unions, or conjugal relations, and that all the real and imagined consecration which these impart to their ceremonial, is, in our usages, surreptitiously diverted to the consecration of false unions before the law and the public. Who can estimate the practical mischiefs arising from this mistake of the exception for the rule, which is one of the habitual perversions of civilized logic?

Nature is not slow in punishing these outrages with compound retribution. After marriage, the less said about rose-blushing dawns and the sweet romance of love, the better; comfort is now the countersign. But the bride often finds to her cost that she has sown the wind, and will reap the whirlwind. Lust now rages in the same degree as ideal love had once halloed that union. Even sated appetite, spurred on by con-

stant opportunity, makes all seasons its own, and point by point, woman resigns to the *moral duty* of satisfying her husband's desires, the promptings of that unerring instinct in which lies the compass of health and disease for her, the organic harmony or disorder of her uterine system, which in her is pivotal, and makes life heaven or hell.

Here let me close this chapter, or refer the reader to the annals of medicine and surgery, for I have witnessed in my practice the sufferings peculiar to woman; my heart sickens at the thought and I cannot enumerate them. Enough, that every passion is subject to a regular phase of movement and counter-movement, in which all the organs and apparatus connected with it are involved, and that the pangs and horrors of passion-al counter-movement, and its corresponding diseases, are in precise ratio to the delights and harmonies, spiritual and organic, which the passion gives in its true or celestial order of development.

CHAPTER VII.

MARRIAGE AND THE ISOLATED HOUSEHOLD COMPRESS THE DEVELOPMENT OF FEMALE CHARACTER AND GENIUS.

MARRIAGE involves individual destinies in an inextricable complication. It is sufficiently difficult, after the absurdities of a civilized, scholastic, and moral education have overruled with an iron hand every natural instinct, and crushed or perverted one's impulses for many years, to recover one's individuality, and to conquer for one's character its appropriate sphere. It is difficult, but not impossible, to the well-born, the bold, and the true. But what treachery lies in wait for the soul at its first expansion in love. It unsuspectingly endues those chains with which the poet tells us, "it is best freedom to be bound;" and that which was to *love*, indeed the truest liberty—to lose oneself and find oneself again in another's heart—becomes by

marriage a moral conventionalism, a patchwork of impertinent drudgeries, requiring the forfeit and unsparing renunciation of one's favorite tastes, pursuits, and means of true development, exception bearing always in the case of the natural house-keeper, who, in a very limited degree, in proportion to fortune and social position, has her appropriate sphere. Is it then possible ever to penetrate the stupidity of a civilized and moral education with this primordial truth, that all persons being substantially or essentially divine, are good just in proportion as they are true to themselves and in themselves, which implies the supremacy of their spontaneous, interior promptings over the moral influences around them; that all persons are lovely or amiable, just in proportion as their individualities are compatible with other people's individualities, or in other words, as their characters find an industrial and social sphere, adapted to call forth their capacities of use and sympathies of affection, and finally, that society approaches perfection in proportion as its arrangements conciliate the individualities of its members, and make all the persons composing it feel truly at home, which implies every condition of their harmonious development. What is most unfortunate in this affair is, that the noblest and most valuable characters are by far the greatest sufferers.

Hence the instinctive aversion of genius to marriage, and especially of women of genius, who are almost fatally compromised by it, because the cares of the household devolve peculiarly upon them. This is so evident that philosophers and moralists, cowards and cretins in the discovery of the true laws of social movement, of which attraction is the compass, have, with their usual audacity of blundering ignorance, denounced as vicious the divine wills revealed in natural types of female character, such as the painter, mechanic, explorer of sciences, etc.

It is not enough that individual women at all times have confuted by brilliant successes in the arts and sciences, the philosophical and moral twaddle about woman's sphere. It is not enough that a Somerville, an Emilie Chevet, a Bettine Arnim, a "Cora Montgomery" a Maria Edgeworth, a Dorothea

Dix, an Elizabeth Barrett, a George Sand, a Malibran, should compel men to adore the combined force and delicacy of their genius and character in the departments they have chosen. Not enough that success in the industry of intellect is as frequent among the crowd of aspirants for fame and fortune, as it is transcendent in the higher grades. Marriage and the isolated household institutionize this wretched falsehood of the inferiority of woman and necessitate its repetition, and since it has been admitted that women have souls, their immolation in this life is taught as the condition of their salvation in the next.

Domestic labors and arts (for all true labor is art) are not essentially incompatible with the development of genius. On the contrary, it is precisely here that mechanics, chemistry, physiology, and psychology, are perfected in their most refined and practical adaptations to use in the management, preparation, and conservation of all that comes in the most immediate relations with our life. It is precisely in the domestic sphere that science, art, and taste exhibit their most brilliant conquests, but, however true this is in principle or theory, it seems a jest, a cruel mockery, when asserted of the common family household, formed by the marriage of one man and one woman, whose housekeeping is a mere makeshift and irrational routine, where not one in a thousand is acquainted with the principles of science involved in domestic uses, and where this knowledge if possessed, would give more disgust than profit from poverty of means, want of time, and the numerous reasons which require a larger sphere and scale of operations than the isolated household, for the expedient and economical application of principles and labor-saving inventions.

Many housekeepers now give proof of zeal and high capacity in this line of practical genius, but it is confined under every disadvantage to make the comfort of a single family, whereas, in the large home sphere of the phalanx, woman, the family, and the social body would all be gainers. Woman would then possess those resources of science and machinery which constitute the wings of genius, and enable it to take its noblest

flights. Her talents, soon appreciated in the serial mechanism, would elevate her to the rank of chief, where, choosing her own specific sphere of operations, such as the dairy for instance, she would find herself environed by a group, mutually attracted to each other and to their functions, and fulfilling her directions with the zeal of empassioned subordination. The social body, on the other hand, which furnishes to her this sphere of the dairy, with its appropriate powers and implements, which no isolated family can command, is repaid by the superiority of the dairy products, and so on every where, mutual advantages by the adaptation of the highest talents to the largest sphere of uses.

It is by no means only for woman, however, that marriage and the family household are the crucifixion of genius. Either party may, it is true, by the exceptional destiny of wealth, delegate to servants all functions wherein they do not find themselves divinely at home. But what is this but shifting the burden from one set of shoulders to another? Poverty or repression of the spontaneous or divine life, and its artistic tendencies, is no less deplorable in the class called servants than in that of masters and mistresses: no plea for institutions essentially vicious, wasteful, compressive, and causative of poverty, can be drawn from the exceptional privileges of a few, based on the oppression of the many.

Wealth besides has its burdens, its impertinences of false etiquette, its fashionable morality, which enslaves the time and action of both sexes to a merely conventional routine, nearly as much as the morality of stern necessity enslaves the time and action of the poor, and compels them to resign their spontaneous individual promptings and tastes.

It is in vain to say that heroes and powerful geniuses burst every obstacle to manifest themselves, and do their own work before the world.

In the first place, these geniuses have usually a decided instinct against marriage and the family, and do not entangle themselves in its toils.

In the second place, geniuses produce only a small fraction

of the uses that lay in them, in consequence of the immense waste of their force in overcoming the obstructions which the narrowness, ignorance, prejudice, poverty, and selfish meanness of a society organized in isolated families oppose to them.

In the third place, heroes and great geniuses, with mighty wills, constitute a very small fraction of all men and women. Faculties equally admirable and useful are met with in persons who have very moderate powers of will, and whose *amiability*, as it is called, is easily brought to consider it a duty to yield their own wills to others. "Be amiable, be obliging; come, put up your work, now, and take a walk with us." Or, "Do so and so for me to-day, won't you?" A refusal in these cases is deemed an unamiable misdemeanor in the children of a family, whose whole education aims at the immolation, crucifixion, annihilation of the divine or spontaneous element of character. Even among equals and adults nothing is more common than this outrageous imposition of one individual's will upon another, and nothing is more rare than a consistent, gentle, but firm resistance to it for oneself, and the refusal to exert it over others. Christian charity, itself a divine function of mediation and atonement where the Superior Being bends to relieve the sufferings of the inferior, is the only principle on which one being can ask, or another grant, a concession or deviation from the course of his predetermined and spontaneous action. Between equals reason must always mediate. The knowledge of new facts or principles gives a true basis for spontaneous revolution in our actions. Love gives wings to genius, but marriage clips them. Love is the supreme individualizer which penetrates to the divine interior nature of its object, which finds it most excellent as it already is, which would ever preserve the exhilarating charm of sympathetic contrast, and with greater delicacy than belongs to friendship, forbears to presume on sympathy of pursuit from affinity of character. Marriage knows nothing of all this, and rudely scrawls over it undivine and abominable lines of figures of household expenses, rents, butchers' bills, furniture, cooking, washing, mending, scrubbing, and a volume of daily,

weekly, monthly, and yearly duties and responsibilities, moral and pecuniary, which enslave the husband to his routine of lying and cheating behind a counter, or monotonous toil at the plough or mechanic's bench, in order to keep the wife equally enslaved in her domestic functions.

Gladly would the persons in question spare each other this slavery, but they cannot. It is organic in the marriage and household institution. It has no cure save in the free choice and varied movement of the passional series in the home of humanity, the phalanx.

∩ It is not true, however, that the wedded parties do often frankly desire each other's liberty. The candor and celestial disinterestedness of their love soon becomes polluted by the false relation in which they are placed. In proportion as they feel themselves excluded from other social and passional interests and diversions by the prejudice of morality, by the fear of giving pain to each other, or by the cool reception which persons, especially women no longer disposable, are apt to meet with in the circles of the young, each is driven back to claim a more and more exclusive possession of the other, until the pretext of fondness has thoroughly organized a masked tyranny, and divides with indispensable business every hour of its victim. If yet this held any ratio with the charms of the tyrant; but on the contrary, it is precisely those women who have least in themselves that require most of their husbands. A woman or a man, with a life purpose, earnestness, spirituality, intelligence, and a decided vocation, suffices much to himself or herself, but the poor creatures who are weak and empty, sick and miserable, always want somebody to lean on and complain to; always need the catalytic excitement of another's presence to keep them from sinking. It is these who make the heaviest drains on the life of their friends. I have known some who, despite the spiritual prostration of a civilized boarding-school education and protracted family tyranny, were bravely recovering themselves, had opened veins of divinity in their character, and had commenced a career of noble uses, when the fatality of marriage has ruined all, torn them from

the sphere where they were taking root, undermined their self-reliance, and plunged them in uncongenial relations, where, always feeble and unhappy, they cling spasmodically to the maturer being to whom they have given themselves. In such unions, which are not rare, there was love, there was true adaptation in the character of the parties, but the essential falsehood of marriage causes the stronger nature to crush the weaker instead of assisting it to develop its powers. Lesion of spontaneity, or individuality for one person, necessarily compromises the interest, whether material or spiritual, of all within their circle of relations. It is like the crumbling of a stone in an arch.

A society of weak, amiable, accommodating people, whose idea of practical truth lies in conventional morality, civilized saints, who have ceased to do evil without having learned to do well, is nauseating to both gods and men. Yet what other logical and legitimate result than this can spring from marriage and the isolated family, mutual, compound, and bicomposite slavery, in whose little hen-coop of relations no one can take a step without treading on another's toes.

Let me not here, however, seem to say that woman alone is found in this position of spiritual degradation. It is true that she is more thoroughly and systematically victimized by education and custom from her childhood, and has fewer chances than man for health, vigor, and independence, either physical or mental; but I have observed the loveliest beings, of a nature remarkably self-poised, and superior in its spiritual powers, become the victims of puppies, whose sense of their wife's superiority only intensified the tyranny of a narrow and jealous exclusiveness.

Living in a realm of poetry, and ministered to by sweet, bright spirits, they become aware how different the gentle stream of their existence from the world's foul torrent. Yet, finding themselves placed in this world by the distributions of an inscrutable power, and desiring, above all things, to do their duty, their spiritual discretion, and the instinct which says, "*Odi profanum vulgus et arceo*," are liable to be overruled by

the boisterous pretensions of communism, when obstinately sustained; they rarely suspect what is vile in the men who place themselves as the representatives of the matter-of-fact world. They are betrayed by the appeal to that sentiment of devotion which sacrifices oneself to another's happiness.

The phenomena of subjective reflection, by which we invest other beings with our own qualities, and conceal, by our own shadow, their bristling and unlovely forms, is common to all who bear a charmed world within them.

They marry, and the civilizees who grab them, as a pig might run off with a coronet of diamonds, well conscious of the lack of any spiritual title valid in the court of love to the treasure they have stolen, enforce on the body what they cannot possess of the soul.

It is in vain that the poor girls retreat into their dream-world—into the sanctuaries of their inner life. They are slaves; the soil is upon them, and the law has irrevocably fastened them in the clutch of a yahoo, of a civilizee, whose character now reveals itself.

I shall not forget how sadly a lovely woman once said to me—

“I wish there were no marriage.”

CHAPTER VIII.

ON THE SERIES OF VICTIMS.

HAST thou marked the embroidery of the stars, the crossing of their aromas, and the mystic words that they write on the earth and in the seas?—concrete words, shell, flower, animal, and character!

Has thy eye followed the star-beam as it entered our firmament, wreathing itself in a wisp of blue ether, then softly descending into the soil, to reappear in some modest violet or moss rose destined to exhale its sweets in the vase of a boudoir?

Hast thou climbed the Alpine peaks, to visit the young of

the chamois, last victim of the adventurous hunter, in the narrow dells of verdure, beneath eternal snows ?

Knowest thou the seraph child whose innocence disarmeth malice, and causeth a gentle behavior in all who approach it ? Knowest thou the tender, devoted woman whose strength lies in her self-renunciation ? Knowest thou the Christ ?

The executioner is never far from the victim. The unresisting gentleness that yields all, serves only as food to the fierce rapacity that grasps all, possesses, sullies, and destroys. The wolf answers the bleating of the lamb; the eagle and the lammergyer wheel round their folds on the wild mountain side, and leisurely select their prey. The catamount and the glutton perch in dark thickets of foliage by the deer path, to drop and fasten their death clutch on the neck of the fawn. The series of blood-drinkers and slaughterers forms one extreme of that subversive creation whose contrasted types are furnished by the dove, the partridge, the hare, the rabbit, the deer—characters afterward developed and repeated in human society.

Continuators of the Christ's mission are from time to time dismissed from the heavens, like the dove from the ark, to visit our earth, and try whether it is yet prepared to sustain the higher life. These soon fall a prey to the rude, fierce creatures among whom they alight, or wither under the inclemency of our crude aromas. Many perish in early childhood, like the noble boy whom Emerson so eloquently bewails.

Pérchance not he but nature ailed,
 The world and not the infant failed.
 It was not ripe yet to sustain
 A genius of so fine a strain,
 Who gazed upon the sun and moon
 As if he came unto his own ;
 And pregnant with his grander thought,
 Brought the old order into doubt.
 His beauty once their beauty tried ;
 They could not feed him, and he died,
 And wandered backward, as in scorn,
 To wait an æon to be born.

Threnody.

Fortunately, in its extreme of evil, civilization digs its own grave. The Pariahs of labor rise at last with firebrand and pike, and scatter to the winds the oppression of European despotism. The victims of superstition react, and demolish the fabrics of papal priestcraft; the men of ideas, the discoverers, the inventors, prophets, poets, and mathematicians, whom God sends with blessings and good tidings to the unbelieving generations who crucify them—these may say, like Christ in His dying hour, I have conquered the world; for they likewise represent the supremacy of the spiritual principle, which the thick-crowding conquests of the mechanic arts over natural forces inaugurate. And they whose passions have been outraged and betrayed, the fountains of whose best life have been turned to gall, shall they not put this society to a terrible analysis, and bring it to judgment before the formula of Attractions proportional to destinies? Shall we not try it by the attributes of God, and see whether it be of Him or of Satan?

Does it mirror the universality of His providence, or His distributive justice, or His economy of means, or His unity of system? Is it safe for man in this society to love his neighbor as himself, or to do unto him as he would be done by, or to take no heed what he shall eat, or what he shall drink, or wherewithal he shall be clothed; doing whatsoever his hand findeth to do, filling the uses assigned to him by love and the bent of his genius and attraction, in confidence that society, the representative of divine providence, will do for him what he is doing for others? In what one point does it conciliate self-love and self-preservation with the love of the neighbor? Wherein has it ceased to deserve the reproach of Christ, "O generation of vipers!" Is not Christianity now, as then, a war declared against this world and the flesh? and are not its most beautiful precepts as much as ever incompatible with the business relations of civilization? It is a upas tree. It is known by its fruits, and the victim natures, they who claim no longer any boon of individual destiny, these now gather to destroy it, though they perish in their pain. Here is an extract from a correspondence of young married ladies, which I have the per-

mission to copy, only giving fictitious names. I know the parties well; they are superior passional characters, married all for love, still love their husbands devotedly, and are beloved by them; live in what are called easy circumstances, keep servants, etc., and have made what the world considers well-assorted and happy marriages.

“DEAREST A.: Your sweet letter reached me the afternoon that sister Lucy arrived, about a fortnight ago. I was glad to hear from you once more, dear sister, though it all seemed foreign and *too sad!* Ah, my little tender one, I feared it would be so. Would that you might have been spared! You were to me so sacred and inviolable that I could ill bear to give you up. How unspeakably reproachful have I felt that young girls could not have *knowledge*; that they should be *held in ignorance, deceived* by the race of married people, who must all have experience, which they make it a virtue, and it seems to me a diabolism of concealing from the *uninitiated*—who, once entered upon their role, find that not one is alone in disappointment—but all ready to confess and sympathize that their beautiful and spiritual ideal could not survive the dawn of the actual. It is a demoniacal laugh, they laugh at what is really *most beautiful and true*, the dreams, the fantasies, the “romance” of their youth, because experience *contrasts* with it, contrasts with the *only* beautiful and true spark of *life* that has glorified them since their unsophisticated infancy, which we are wont to call *angelic*. Yes, babies and *lovers* are “angels,” that is, they are the *true human*—the former in outward exuberant life, the latter in the spirits’ revelry, *ignoring* restraint and the procrustean rule of institutions. No wonder it contrasts with the *housekeeper* and the *dutiful wife*. Duty with us now implies compulsion—unnatural action, whether self-imposed or otherwise, in the absence of attraction.

“I am not so much in love with *duty* as my education aimed to make me. However *necessary*, where every condition is *false*, I love rather true spontaneous action that is good, because dictated by the good within us and sanctioned by good,

not checked and perverted by evil and false circumstances about us. But deeply as I felt incensed and injured because marriage had not exposed its error on discovering that it was *not identical* with the preconceived *love relation*, and earnestly as my soul heaved with desire to reveal the truth to the world of young expectant girls, most especially to you, my sister, I have felt entirely powerless to utter myself, to reach them or you, so that you would at all comprehend or realize what, alas, experience is sure to teach. You would, I feared, only have thought, "Ah, here is unfortunately an ill-assorted marriage, not a true union—all are not so." While in sincerity I believe, relative to my husband and me, it is *quite otherwise*.

"The trouble and the fault lie in the *circumstances* of the *institution*, not in the individuals who have accepted or come under it.

"If we could only escape from the necessity of housekeeping and its incidental dragging cares and annoyances, to something not more contracted and disgusting, such as boarding-house life, but far better and more expansive and exhilarating, all would go well enough, even better, in proportion to the development afforded to our tastes and perceptions, and the opportunity for the full *out-life* gratification and realization of every *natural*, God-created desire and instinct. Life would then be so *exuberant*! No longer smothered up in the little selfish *family*, where, for want of wider scope, comparatively almost every act must involve sacrifice on the one hand or disappointment on the other, and though I know very well that moral philosophy teaches that it is good and *pleasant* to make *sacrifices*, I only admit that it is for the most part better, and at least ultimately pleasanter, to *make* them than to cause others to do so, but it is sweeter and wholesomer far that no sacrifices should be necessary to be made, but life flow on in active, harmonious spontaneity."

Extract from a letter to L., on occasion of the sudden decease of the sister to whom the last letter was addressed.

“FOR A. herself, what more blessed or timely change could have been asked? A month or two later, and there might have been lasting cause for regret. Change or respite for her on earth there was none! Her die was cast. Like all young girls, with her happiness *incomplete*, and the mystery of marriage before her, she entered upon that, hoping therein to find the fulfillment of her destiny.

“Very soon, experience of a position which once taken in respectable civilization, instantly becomes *riveted*, not to be withdrawn from (and she fully accepted civilization), experience taught her that “marriage,” and her ideal, the love relation, were *not identical*. Her glowing anticipations ultimated in disappointment and martyrdom, and as she wrote relative to her marriage, ‘that sweet little quiet moment fixed the destiny of her whole future life upon the earth,’ the only escape for her was *from* the earth to another sphere of life. Oh, I cannot tell you what peace and joy it is to me that she has gone! Not that her marriage was a peculiarly unfortunate one, by any means. Her relation with her husband was the *part* of her marriage that I know least about—as far as I do know, it was perfectly happy.”

Some months after this correspondence, — was visited, investigation of the deceased sister’s married life was made, and it appeared from her own confessions made to her nearest female friend, and from other concurrent evidence, that this life, completely hidden from the world, and from those friends and near relatives especially whose arms would have been prompt in her redress, had been painful, wretched, and crushed. Slavish, superstitious reverence for the marriage institution, and for those inviolable duties which all victim natures assume, as not less binding on them because they are broken by others, had caused this concealment. The man of whom, both before and after marriage she had written in terms of tender affection and devotion, even to the last week of her life, was all along ‘keeping a brazen piece in the same house under color of relationship.

He was prevented by the marriage settlement from selling

A.'s real estate, but he used up her income and personal property, and kept his girl in fashionable splendor, while he stinted his wife. He held her in fear of him. While devoting herself to keep his house and teach his children, she was hardly permitted to visit her own relatives. His manner to her, even before her friends, was rough and brutal.

Accustomed heretofore to a delicate and refined luxury, she now must sweeten her tea with cheap, dirty brown sugar, nor would he procure for her the simplest food which she craved and asked him for during her pregnancy, while he spent, himself, all her income, and even her pocket money. She even trembled at receiving little presents of what she most needed from her friends, and while she was thus suffering for comforts, her patrimony went to paying such bills as fifty dollars for gaiter boots, and hundreds more for fine dresses, for the other lady, the fashionable mistress. Then, when bills were sent in, came fierce altercations and mutual criminations, and A. was kept awake all night by the noise of cursing and swearing. Often the fine lady would come to the bed-room door to ask aloud if M. were asleep yet, and C. says she always told her no, for she dreaded to hear such horrible talking as then commenced. She said to her aunt, "I am afraid it will do some harm to this one," alluding to her unborn babe, "for all night long there is cursing and swearing in the house."

There was, indeed, a providence needed to remove that angel victim from the cruelties of her coarse husband. She died suddenly, during her pregnancy. No chance for human intervention had been left open, for so abject a conviction of duty and sacrifice had been impressed by the education of the age on herself and her aunt, that they never would have divulged one word to any one who had the power to help to remove her from her husband. They thought that religion required of her to suffer and drink her own tears through the longest life, rather than to scandalize the morality and respectability of the marriage institution.

She had in every sense invoked her own sacrifice. It had been at her own special request that the relative, of whose

hostility to her she had been duly informed, continued to reside in the house; she, in her perfect innocence, suspecting nothing, and desiring to win her affection by kindness. Her amiability would have, perhaps, been as well exerted upon a hyena.

Far from feeling resentment, or vindicating her own position and rights when trampled on, she considered it all as a discipline provided by God to make her better. Better so, indeed, than any pitiful, half-way retaliation of wrong, such as an inferior woman would have descended to; but there are cases where passive resignation only invites to new forms of brutality and oppression.

As to the truth in detail of the above statement, I know nothing of it personally; it may be true, it may be false. *
* * * * * All that is of any consequence in *this* connection is to know that it might have been true, and that such things may be and are every day going on under the veil of the civilized marriage institution in the isolated household.

CHAPTER IX.

THE RELIGIOUS VIEW OF MARRIAGE.

[Translated from Chateaubriand's "Genie du Christianisme."]

EUROPE still owes to the church the small number of good laws that it possesses. There is, perhaps, no circumstance of civil affairs which has not been foreseen by the canonical law, fruit of the experience of fifteen centuries, and of the genius of the Innocents and the Gregories. The wisest emperors and kings, such as Charlemagne and Alfred the Great, have thought they could do no better than to receive into the civil code a part of that ecclesiastical code in which are blended the Levitical law, the Gospel, and the Roman right. What a vessel is this church! how vast, how miraculous!

In raising marriage to the dignity of a sacrament, Jesus Christ has first shown us the great figure of His union with the church.*

When we consider that marriage is the pivot on which the social economy turns, can we think that it ever can be made sacred enough? We cannot too much admire His wisdom who has marked it with the seal of religion.

The church has multiplied her cares for so great an act of life. She has determined the degrees of blood relationship within which the spousal union should be permitted. The canonical law has forbidden marriage within the fourth degree of relationship, estimating the generations from the same ancestor. * * * The church, with its accustomed wisdom, has followed in this regulation the progressive change of morals or manners. In the first ages of Christianity, the prohibition of marriage was extended to the seventh degree. Some councils, even such as that of Toledo in the sixth century, forbid, without any limitation, all union between members of the same family. The spirit which has dictated these laws is worthy the purity of our religion. The pagans have remained far below this Christian chastity. At Rome, marriage between cousins-german was permitted; and Claude, in order to marry Agrippina, had a law passed, which permitted the uncle to unite with the niece. Solon had left to the brother the liberty of marrying his uterine sister.

The church has not limited its precautions to this point. After having followed for a time the Levitical law touching blood relatives, it has ended by declaring as barriers to marriage all the degrees of affinity corresponding to the degrees of relationship in which marriage is forbidden. Finally, it has foreseen a case which had escaped all juriconsults: this case is that in which a man should have sustained illicit commercè

* On what basis does this assertion rest, that Jesus Christ raised marriage to the dignity of a sacrament? He recognized the existing fact of marriage, and enforced its moralities, as He did all others which belong to the existing society; His object being not to destroy, but to fulfill; not to crumble old institutions about Him in ruins, but to plant the seed of new ones. Marriage had already existed as a sacrament from remote antiquity.

with a woman. The church declares that he shall not choose a wife in the family of this woman within the second degree of relationship. This law, known very long ago in the church, but fixed by the Council of Trent, has been found so beautiful, that the French code, while rejecting the ecclesiastical decree in its totality, has yet received this canon.

The prevention of marriages between relations, so multiplied by the church, besides its moral and spiritual reasons, tends politically to divide properties, and, in the long run, to prevent all the property of the state from accumulating in a few heads.*

The church has preserved betrothals, which remount to high antiquity. Aulus Gellius teaches us that they were known to the people of Latium; the Romans adopted them; the Greeks followed them; they were in honor under the ancient covenant, and under the new one Joseph was betrothed to Mary. The intention of this custom is to leave to the two spouses time to know each other before uniting.

In our own rural life (the French) the betrothed were wont to show themselves with the graces of ancient times. Some fine morning in August a young peasant came to seek his affianced bride at the farm of his future father-in-law. Two musicians, like the minstrels of old, opened the pomp, playing upon their violins romances of the times of chivalry, or canti-

* Rather a lame apology this, for such monstrous extension of authority over the liberties of the individual beyond all those physiological limits which have been otherwise recognized. Distant relatives of the same family are nearly as apt as strangers to differ in fortune, and among strangers an equality of fortune, or something near it, is usually insisted on by parents, guardians, and even by the young people themselves. The object of the church in this legislation is clear enough. "The pope," remarks Chateaubriand, "has the right of dispensing with the canonical law according to circumstances. As a law can never be general enough to embrace all cases, this resource of dispensations, or exceptions, has been very prudently conceived." Most assuredly; and the church has not failed to draw ample revenue from these dispensations and absolutions of its own arbitrary laws. In a case of blood relationship, or otherwise, where unions are physiologically contraindicated, how can the church grant security against the deterioration of the offspring? and what other absolution is worth a fig in any case? Oh, yes, it is very prudent in the church to cripple the consciences of its members, in order to sell them its spiritual crutches at high prices.

cles of pilgrims. The ages, issuing from their Gothic tombs, seemed to accompany this youth with their classic customs and moss-grown memories. The future bride received from the curate the benediction of betrothal, and placed upon the altar a distaff entwined with ribbons. Then they returned to the farm. The lady and lord of the manor, the curate, and the village magistrate, seated themselves with the future spouses, the laborers, and the matrons, round a table, where they served the boar of Eumea and the fat calf of the patriarchs. The feast ended by a dance in a neighboring barn; the lady of the chateau danced a ballet with the affianced groom to the sound of the musette, while the spectators were seated on the fresh cut sheaves, where memory connects them with the daughters of Jethro, with the reapers of Boaz, and the betrothal of Jacob with Rachael.

The publication of the bans follows the betrothal. This excellent custom, ignored by antiquity, is entirely due to the church. It must be referred farther back than the fourteenth century, since mention is made of it in a decree of Pope Innocent Third. The spirit of this law is to prevent clandestine unions, and to take cognizance of those hindrances to marriage which may be found among the contracting parties.

The Christian marriage advances. It comes with quite a different air from the festivities of the betrothal. Its conduct is grave and solemn, its pomp silent and august. Man is warned that he begins a new career. The words of the nuptial benediction (words which God himself pronounced over the first couple) strike the husband with awe. They tell him that he is fulfilling the most important act of his life; that like Adam, he will become the head of a family, and that he charges himself with the whole burden of the human condition.*

Woman is not less instructed. The image of pleasure disappears from her eyes before that of duties. A voice seems

* The harmonic order which converts this burden into charm does not await the period of the union of the sexes to invest both man and woman fully with their industrial and political responsibilities, functions, honors, and rewards.

to speak to her from the altar: O Eve, knowest thou well what thou doest? Knowest thou that there is henceforth no other liberty for thee than that of the grave? Knowest thou what it is to bear in thy mortal bowels the immortal man made in the image of God?

Among the ancients weddings were only merry and scandalous ceremonies, teaching none of those grave reflections which marriage inspires. Christianity alone has re-established its dignity.

It is still the church which, first recognizing the proportion in which the sexes are born, has first seen that man can have but one wife, and that he must keep her until death. Divorce is unknown in the Catholic church, unless in some small peoples of Illyria, formerly subjected to the state of Venice, and following the Greek ritual.

If the passions of men have revolted against this law, if they have not perceived the disorder which divorce carries into the bosom of families by disturbing successions, denaturalizing paternal affections, corrupting the heart, and making of marriage a civil prostitution, our words on this subject will doubtless be slighted.

Without entering deeply into this matter, we shall observe, that if by divorce it is supposed that spouses will be made happier (that is now the great argument), a strange mistake is committed. He who has not made a first wife happy, who has not become attached to his wife, either by her virginal cincture or her first maternity, who has not been able to bend his passions under the yoke of the family, he who has not been able to confine his heart within his nuptial bed, that man will never make the happiness of a second wife; in vain will you reckon on it.* He himself will gain nothing by these ex-

* Does the lady count for nothing? Suppose the above were true of the husband, does it follow that the wife, here imagined to be the wronged party, could not find a mate better fitted to make her happy? In all this Chateaubriand openly considers man and woman as mere circumstances relative to the marriage institution. This is the essential fact; and if they do not happen to fit, so much the worse for them. They must be stretched or cut down to this Procrustean bedstead by the state and the church.

changes. What he takes for differences in humor between himself and his companion are only his own inconstant tendencies and restless desires.*

* To speak thus is brutally to ignore the fact of specific affinity or accord between certain characters and temperaments, which is absent between others. It is requiring of the individual to abdicate his personality, and all that distinguishes him from other individuals, before the mandate of the church, and its past consecration of a marriage often compulsory, often illusory in regard to the qualities expected and necessary to one's happiness. It is, in fact, to relinquish the whole spiritual basis on which a permanent exclusive union can ever be justified; and in the contact of despotism with anarchy, there is but a step from this extreme position of Chateaubriand and the most abandoned promiscuity, since, after the constitutional authority of the church has ignored the natural ties of passional affinity, to substitute others entirely conventional, and applicable to any one man with any one of womankind, or to any one woman with any one of mankind, it only remains to shake the conventional authority of the church, as the vices, crimes, and disorders of the clergy have already done, in order to tumble over from the very foundation all social order, and to leave society in the corruption of promiscuous lust.

Exclusive permanent unions are suitable only for a limited number of persons, and one not within this category, either by nature or discipline, is not likely to be happy in a second marriage or in a third, the condition of free choice and personal preference being equally supposed for each. But divorce does not imply a second marriage at all, and if this were in question, is nothing to be counted in favor of a riper self-knowledge and experience, of a more practical discrimination of character, of the removal of those obstructions and interferences which so often baffle, mislead, and falsify the first marriage of young people? You insult Love grievously if you think him so feeble and fragile as to need the protection and support of your civil and legal hedges. What if we should see repeated here and there in civilization the graceless fact of the ancient Roman lady who, in the dissolute times of the emperors, married successively three hundred husbands? Who is silly enough to suppose that the liberty of divorce can compensate for those vices of organization and education which breed characters devoid of natural instinct, or accustomed to neglect it—men and women without self-knowledge, self-reverence, or any religion in their lives to teach them what is true in action, or to protect them from the most absurd and deplorable aberrations? Do not these abominable things already occur on the largest scale, and with circumstances of aggravation so shocking that the pen refuses to trace or the mouth to utter them, in the midst of civilized society and its moral compression? When you have outlawed and disgraced the prostitute, have you abolished the fact of prostitution? Laws and social institutions are but the external expressions of prominent individual characters, and their habitual action. What we call natural laws are only expressions of the invariable succession of phenomena; that of gravitation, for instance, of the fact that all bodies hitherto observed tend to approach in ratio direct as their masses, and inverse as the square of their distances. The law does not make the facts, but the uniform succession of the facts composes the law from the point of view that we observe, and if we would conceive of the law in an active sense, instead of as a neuter form, we must remount to the impulsive volitions of God, constituting the attractions of His creatures, and of the matter which they enter, and exerted individually, as well as collectively, upon each atom and each mass of atoms. Spiritual and moral laws are precisely analogous to physical laws; they are simply and absolutely the expression of individual will, or of the aggregate of individual wills. Thus, were every civil law and moral institu-

Habit and the wear of time are more necessary to happiness, and even to love, than is supposed.* We are happy in the object of our attachment only after we have lived together many days, and especially many evil days. To the bottom of the soul we must know each other. The mysterious veil with which the two spouses were covered in the primitive church, must be raised by them in all its folds, while it remains impenetrable to the eyes of the world. †

tion among us swept away to-morrow, and obliterated from the very memory of man, public opinion would issue, like another Jove-born Minerva, full armed from the aggregate tendencies of the strongest individual characters, and morality would be constituted from the observance of their actions in the sphere of relations where they found themselves. That constant, devoted love which forms the ideal basis of marriage, wherever it exists in the relations of character, will spontaneously reproduce its own social arrangements, and all the more beautiful and true because spontaneous. Other types of character, not qualified for this relation, or who have not met with those who might render it possible to them, would, without compromising themselves either in their own respect or in that of society, constitute their own organic law, their appropriate sphere of relations, and the tone of morality corresponding. What we most earnestly desire of our readers is not to mistake in this question the clothes for the person, external form, law, and morality for the internal and spiritual substance, essence, and fact.

* Nothing can be more natural than this observation in French society, where marriages are usually made for young people by their parents or guardians without consulting other indications than those of property. Habit and opportunity may here certainly favor friendship and confidence between those whose fortunes permit them to see as much or as little of each other as they please in pursuing the bent of their respective tastes; but what a contempt for the inspirations of nature is expressed in this dependence on the wearing yoke of time! One would think a pair of oxen or a span of draught horses were in question, rather than two souls and their passionnal affinity.

† It often happens, however, in the actual world, that the husband and wife, meeting exclusively for sexual commerce and household accommodations, pass their whole lives even very decently and peaceably before the world, and tolerably well content with each other, yet without the slightest mutual appreciation of each other's spiritual life, of those arcana, celestial or terrestrial, on which M. De C. thus poetizes: Even in much nobler ties it occurs that by habitual consociation men lose their aptitude for the expression of the love which remains. The greatest pity is to see in married life two amiable and attractive persons, on whom nature and fortune seem to have lavished their gifts, and who once made each other's happiness, dragging along in forced decency and self-control, but sullen and discontented, and growing every day colder to each other, by sheer monotony and the indolence of a too easy position, in the absence of social and industrial stimuli suited to each, which the large social homo of the phalanx guarantees to all its members. A few months of attractive labor in its groups, and a few charming infidelities, not very serious, on either side, would restore them all fresh and ardent to each other as at first. There are many love unions, excellent in themselves, but which become false by the arbitrary attribute of permanence, viz., a young man of twenty loves a woman of thirty, and is beloved by her ardently. Their union may be productive of much

What! on the least caprice, shall I fear to see myself bereft of my wife and my children? must I renounce the hope of passing my old age with them? Let it not be said that this fear will oblige me to become a better husband. No; we grow attached only to the good of which we are sure; we do not love a property which we may lose.* Let us not give to hymen the wings of love; let us not make a fitting phantom out of a sacred reality. One thing will ever destroy your happiness in your ephemeral connections. You will be pursued by your remorse—you will always be comparing one wife with another, she whom you have lost with her whom you have found; and deceive yourself not, the balance will be all in favor of the past, for thus God has made the heart of man. This distraction of one sentiment by another will poison all your joys. In caressing your new babe you will think on that which you have forsaken. If you press your wife to your heart, your heart will tell you that she is not the first. In man, all tends to unity; he is not happy if he divide himself, and like God, who created him in His own image, his soul incessantly seeks to concentrate in one point, the past, the present, and the future. †

happiness for some years, after which the disparity of years declares itself, and renders the husband wretched if he is confined to this woman as his wife, though he would continue on the most friendly relations with her if passional satisfactions be elsewhere provided for him.

* Allowing to this argument all due weight, who would think of exempting a man's property from seizure for payment of just debts for fear of disturbing that security which is one of its titles to value in his eyes. We consider it, on the contrary, a good check upon his extravagance and heedless contraction of debts, that he knows such a course will expose him to lose the property which he now owns; and just so if a man values his relations with a woman, his right and possession in her, he will be the more careful to behave himself, so as to retain her love, if he knows that this is the tenure on which he holds such possession. The same of woman in respect to man.

† The simple answer to all this sentiment is, that characters vary. There are men and women formed or habituated to the views and feelings here expressed. Such will spontaneously adopt the regime desired by Chateaubriand. If forced on others, it becomes false and painful, and engenders hypocrisy, as we see in civilization. One man has as good a right to sentimentalize about the delights of modulation and variety in love, as another has to sentimentalize about constancy, but neither have the right to arbitrate upon the other's conduct, or reduce him to his own standard of morals. The two opposite extremes of concentrated absorption in one object, and of the incessantly renewed stimulus of novelty and change, are equally favorable to high developments of the human soul and its faculties, while the intermediate degrees are comparatively poor. The prisoner of Fenestrella,

The wife of the Christian is not a mere mortal, she is an extraordinary, mysterious, angelic being ; she is the flesh of her

wrapped in the contemplation of his Piccola, and the wealthy florist whose landscape gardens contain mountains, and broad streams, and ocean shore, with all the varied vegetation and picturesque views characteristic of each, have each the supreme pleasure which the satisfaction of their tastes can supply, one in expansion, the other in concentration. As every dew-drop on every flower-cup reflects the whole disk of the sun, and refracts its light in all the colors of the rainbow, and as all the stars of the firmament sleep in the bosom of each still woodland lake, so the Deity bends to enshrine Himself in each individual soul, so that the poorest in earthly wealth need not be disinherited of heaven's joys. When love has completed the magnetic circuit with one cherished object, the whole soul finds its image there, and the beauty of the world which "God hid in our hearts" is here revealed to us. This is the basis and reward of constancy in love. But as there are quiet lakes, so there are rushing streams and cataracts, and ocean waves whose foaming crests shatter the splendors of heaven, and adorn themselves in that changeful radiance whose unitary essence sports in the multiplicity of form. Loving a thousand charming persons, I am at last as constant to the central source of love and beauty as he whose heart has been ever fixed on one of its incarnations.

"Ever fresh the broad creation,
A divine improvisation,
From the heart of God proceeds,
A single will, a million deeds.
Onward and on the eternal Pan,
Who layeth the world's incessant plan,
Halteth never in one shape,
But forever doth escape,
Like wave or flame, into new forms.

* * * *

Pouring of his power the wine,
To every age, to every race.

* * * *

Unto each and unto all,
Maker and original,
The world is the ring of his spells
And the play of his miracles.
As he giveth to all to drink,
Thus or thus they are and think.
Pleaseth him, the Eternal Child,
To play his sweet will glad and wild.
As the bee through the garden ranges,
From world to world the godhead changes;
This vault which glows immense with light,
Is the inn where he lodges for a night.
What reck's such traveler if the bowers,
Which bloom and fade like meadow flowers,
A bunch of fragrant lilies be,
Or the stars of eternity?
He is the axis of the star,
He is the sparkle of the spar;

husband's flesh, the blood of his blood. Man in uniting himself with her only regains a part of his own substance, his soul as well as his body are incomplete without woman; he has strength, she beauty; he combats the enemy and plows the field of his country, but understands nothing of domestic details; he needs woman to cook his victuals and make his bed. He has sorrows, and the companion of his nights is there to mitigate them; his days are heavy and troubled, but he finds chaste arms in his bed, and he forgets all his evils.*

Without woman he would be rough, coarse, solitary. Woman hangs around him the flowers of life, like the forest vines which adorn the trunk of oaks with their perfumed garlands. Finally, the Christian husband and his wife live, are born again, and die together; together they rear the fruits of their union; they return together to the dust, and find themselves together again beyond the limits of the grave.

CHAPTER X.

CONSECRATED AUTHORITIES.

MOSES and his continuators in the Jewish theocracy permitted polygamy. David, Solomon, and the "divinely ordained" line of kings practised it on an immense scale. Solomon's harem contained seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines; and polygamy, confined to the male sex, is still the religious and moral institution of sexual unions throughout Mahomedan countries, as well as in the interior of Africa. Christ eschews marriage himself. He is lenient even toward

He is the heart of every creature,
 He is the meaning of each feature.
 Thou askest in fountains and in fires,
 He is the essence that inquires."

* Now you come to it, M. De C.; here is the ultimatum of your poetical and religious flights—just the household drudge, to cook and scour, sew and wash.

the adulteress, while here, as in regard to all established civil institutions, He refuses to interfere, restricting Himself entirely to spiritual influence on the individual soul. He recognizes marriage as a feature of civilization, and as binding on the individual who lives in that society; hence, here as elsewhere, He sanctions the civil and social law, merely because it is the law, and because a civil revolution was foreign to the purpose of His special mission. He had the conscience of His peculiar powers, and of the sphere to which they were adapted. In assuming our human nature He consistently limits Himself to the influence of one personal character or idiosyncrasy in the same manner as the contrasted characters of Napoleon or of Fulton to theirs.

“Render therefore unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar’s, and unto God the things which are God’s.” No one here understands Christ as giving any special consecration to Cæsar’s rule as essentially the representative of God’s. The event proves at best only an inverse Providence of it, since it abandoned Christ to be crucified by a mob of bigoted Pharisees, and soon after destroyed Jerusalem and the nationality of the Jews, amid the most ineffable horrors and cruelties. Christ is properly understood here merely as declining intervention in secular affairs. Marriage was and is still entirely of that class. It is an infamous and insolent lie in the face of the most numerous facts of our observation and experience, to confound the civil and legal marriage with the true and celestial union of souls or of characters, of which it pretends to be the representative.

The civil marriage makes personal property of woman, and in a less degree of man also; a kind of property differing widely from the definition of property as an extension of one’s own personality by love and truth ultimating themselves in uses, which is Swedenborg’s formula of the heavenly marriage.

Christ emphasizes this fact, that our civil marriages are not representative of the heavenly love relations, saying, “At the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage.” Every one who understands the distributions of the Combined

Order, as described by Fourier, knows well that this is the practical consummation of the resurrection and the millennium. On the ignorant, words would here be wasted.

Christ forbore to meddle with property in man, and with every species of chattel slavery, according to the gospels, and the apostles taught servants to obey their masters, and not to resist oppression and evil. It would have been incompatible with this line of conduct to have meddled with marriage. The only direct inference to be drawn in regard to His sentiments on this subject is then from His personal life. He is not recorded to have ever married, nor yet to have avoided women, by whom he was cherished with the most cordial affection. It will be answered that these relations were exclusively spiritual. About this the record is silent. It would detract nothing from His character to consider otherwise. The Son of Man, who is Lord also of the Sabbath, carries into every natural act His own dignity and purity. Appearing in a personal, human form, and accepting in general the conditions of our life with a defined and limited sphere of action, why should He not have formed personal ties in love, and if He had approved our civil marriage, why not have chosen a wife? Questions these, which dogmatists will find it easier to rant about than to answer.

Paul opposed all love relations. He seems to have been saturated with Pharisaical asceticism, and with the mania of discrediting nature. He is recorded in one of the gospel histories, still extant somewhere, to have been married himself, so he could speak against marriage from experience. He doubtless also perceived the incompatibility of that compound selfishness which marriage generates in the isolated household, with a life of devotion to superior principles, to the apostolic life of self-abnegation in the cause of truth and of human unity. But if we examine the interior sense and logical bearings of Christ's precepts and principles, their testimony against marriage and in favor of liberty in love (which differs *toto cælo* from licentiousness or promiscuity) is clear and powerful.

Spontaneity, based in the *divine substantiality of man*, is the essence of his life and teaching.

"I and my Father are one."

"Consider the lilies how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like these."

The lily works; so do all plants which elaborate by their roots, in their leaves, the juices of the soil, and solidify air and water for the uses and delights of animals and men. But their work and their nutrition are one, so their *doing* is never the martyrdom of their *being*, unless forced by man's artificial culture to excessive florification and fructification.

The development of *being* in *doing* constitutes spontaneity. Actions, proceeding from the surplus of our vital energy, seem to fulfill themselves, without wear and tear, with unconscious gracefulness. I may be answered that the spontaneity of the lily and that of Christ, or of the man regenerated by grace, may be very beautiful, but what is to be said of the spontaneity of the poison ivy, the scorpion, or the hyena, and their human correspondents. I answer that these will act according to their nature, until, with the transformation of the natural and social sphere, such characters disappear. As the sphere, so is the life that comes to fill it. To the incoherent sites of the swamp, and desert, and forest, not yet harmonized by human labor and art, belong the hostile plants and animals, and to the incoherent societies of men, civilized, barbarous, patriarchal, savage, etc., belong the generation of monstrous characters and evil forms of selfishness. This does not at all invalidate the principle of spontaneity as the basis of all truthfulness of action.

Marriage, as I show in other chapters, and as the experienced well know, is the grave of spontaneity, whence springs the tree of moral duties, the tree of the knowledge of good and evil—especially of evil. Hence Christ virtually condemns marriage with the whole force of His doctrine as well as of His life.

If thine eye offend thee, says He, in a remarkable burst of

enthusiasm—if thine eye offend thee, pluck it out; if thy hand offend thee, cut it off; for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell.

How can marriage, then, the civilized marriage—that perpetual offense against spontaneity, against decency, and against humanitarian devotion—how can the civilized marriage, with its spawn, the isolated family household and separate interest, stand against this doctrine? Marriage, the compound selfishness! So long as this planet is disgraced by the civilized marriage, with its corollary, the separation of household interests, so long will it be true that “the foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the *Son of Man* hath not where to lay his head.” (The fox marries, and plunders to support his family.)

The Son of Man, the Christ-like man, with his far-reaching, penetrating sympathies, asks only to give and to bless, out of the beneficence of his nature. He spares not his labor, his thought, or his love, and it is a crucifixion to him when self-preservation compels him to make himself the end of his own action and providence. But in civilization, he finds himself surrounded by little family circles of separate interests, each drawing in toward itself, and vying with each other to exploit and despoil the unwary. Thus natures the most refractory to the household selfishness are, in self-defense, gradually forced into the line, and civilization triumphs over the prostrate Christ.

Marriage—mark it well—is the pivotal character of civilization, the foundation of the isolated household and competitive interest, the corner-stone of that arch of oppression under which the laborer lies crushed, the fatal seal of the separation of interests, which renders property the tyrant of labor, which legitimates frauds, and converts the friendly, social mass into a set of sharpers and swindlers, miners and counterminers, each trying to feather his nest out of his neighbor’s store. Christ tells us that in the kingdom of heaven they neither marry nor

are given in marriage. The kingdom of heaven is no other than the practical incarnation of love in uses. It is said to be within us, because we carry in our souls its ideal, which God inspires, and because the harmonies of society flow out from those of individual character. The kingdom of heaven is also to come on earth, since Christ prays the Father, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is done in the heavens."

The kingdom of heaven is essentially a state of social and natural relations, in which God's will is done, not in the punishments and evils mathematically consequent on the violation of His statutes, as at present, but in the universal harmony and happiness consequent on their fulfillment. It is a society which organizes and reproduces the attributes of God, namely,

"Distribution of Movement by Attraction,
 Universal Providence,
 Distributive Justice,
 Economy of Means,
 Unity of System."

In the kingdom of heaven on earth, God's proposed ends in regard to the destinies of this planet and of the human race, His vicegerent here, will be attained to His own honor and our supreme liberty and happiness.

The kingdom of heaven is not a state merely of preparation, such as the barbarous and civilized periods, which are but a scaffolding of the social structure, and whose permitted existence, like the painful period of infantile dentition, ceases as soon as their function is accomplished, to wit, the development of industry, the arts and sciences, up to that point which launches humanity upon the career of its passional destiny, hitherto as effectually precluded as the movement of a ship until it leaves the stocks, or as that of a wagon at which the horses should be pulling in different directions.

That the kingdom of God may come, and His will be done on earth as in heaven, it is necessary that the will of God should be identified with the will of man, vicegerent of God on this

earth. The wills of God are made one with those of man, only on condition of the unity or harmony of the wills of man within himself, and of those of each man with those of all other men with whom he is related; since, otherwise, the will of God, like the present incoherent wills of man and men, would neutralize itself by internal conflict and inconsistency of purpose. But unity or harmony in the wills of man and men is possible only through the intervention of the divine order of social relations, the passional series or combined order, in adaptation to which all characters, passions, instincts, sentiments, and faculties have been calculated.

This order restores man to his spontaneity of action—man, and woman, and child; and this is the order and state in which Christ tells us that “they neither marry nor are given in marriage,” which perfectly accords with what we have observed, that marriage, with its corresponding institution, the isolated family household, is the grave of spontaneity and of individual liberty.

Hath it not been said, “The Son of Man is Lord also of the Sabbath,” and is He not Lord also of the marriage institution? And if the Sabbath is made for man, and not man for the Sabbath, shall not marriage also, which has had its adaptation to a long period of misery and ignorance, now change and be modified in adaptation to ages of light and intelligence, and to the advent of liberty and happiness, to long-oppressed and mystified humanity?

If concubinage and seraglios have been permitted by the Divine wisdom in adaptation to patriarchal and barbarous nations, where great wealth and absolute power belongs to the heads of families and tribes, exclusive monogamy, the civilized marriage, has been permitted in adaptation to periods of general poverty and social treachery, when no man dares trust another, and when the isolated household becomes a little fortress, in which he may intrench himself against the world. Shall we not conclude that other customs and ties in love relations are approved by God in adaptation to the brighter destiny which now opens for us, to a period when the practical

application of science to industry and the arts, brings forth each day some glorious conquest over matter, some new proof of the unison of human with divine intelligence, and when, to crown those brilliant successes in mechanics and chemistry which make man virtually king of nature, and increase so immensely his means of production and wealth, the social discovery has also been made ; when we know how to organize labor attractively, to make of the passions industrial levers, and to consummate the liberty and happiness of the people by the true order of social relations. Is it not now full time to abandon the slavish, cramping, love-poisoning marriage forms of civilization, and to accept from the distributor of passionial affinities, those rich soul-satisfying joys which He reserves in the delicious harmony of characters, in free love, for those who shall keep His covenants and His commandments to do them !

Civilization is a state in which being is every where sacrificed to doing ; in which man exists merely in reference to the industrial dentition of the race, aptly represented by the factory operative, who supplies the place of a wheel or a pulley until the greater perfection of the machinery dispenses with him. Civilization is a state in which the people are regarded merely as hands, as industrial machines, without respect to their spiritual nature.

In the routine of civilized employments the soul is ignored, and the spiritual element uniformly sacrificed to the material ; compression of the passions is carried to the extreme degree ; the very name of passion is dishonored and confounded with its ignoble civilized perversions, such as hatred, anger, envy, jealousy, etc. The great mass of the people, ninety-nine in the hundred, are compelled to remain in gross ignorance for want of time and opportunity to study the sciences. They are muzzled with prejudices from their earliest childhood, and the meanest, most dishonoring opinions concerning human rights and divine providence instilled into them to still those instincts of liberty and happiness which might prove fatal to the pretensions of priests, capitalists, and landed proprietors. They are compelled to violate systematically nearly all the laws of

nature or wills of God, first, by their ignorance: 2d, by the monotonous and repugnant labor by which they earn their poor food, and which sins methodically against all the cardinal passions or social affections, and against the distributive passions or principles of Divine harmony in all spheres of movement. In this general wreck of the passions, it was not to be expected that love should escape; it has been duly civilized in monogamy or exclusive marriage, which leaves the least possible development to either man or woman in the sphere of love, compatible with the reproduction of the species, with those swarms of starving children on which civilized governments rely to stimulate the exertions of the laboring poor.

I have quoted from the New Testament several texts. It is not generally understood that the sayings ascribed to Christ naturally admit of a contrasted classification. One class of texts applying practically to the conduct of men in civilization, the existing order, until the time should come for its dissolution and the advent of a higher social state—the other class of texts, inapplicable to civilization, conducting to absurdity and ruin all who should literally practice their precepts in that society, but eminently practicable in the organization of labor by passion series, which is the order of the kingdom of heaven, recommended to our research in that text which serves as a transition between the body of moral precepts, constituting a temporary, civilized, and negative Christianity, and the assertions of a Divine existence and its attributes, which constitute essential, passionless, and positive Christianity.

I subjoin an illustration of this principle in contrasted columns, after which I give a column of mixed texts.

PASSIONAL OR HARMONIC.

Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God.

Ye are the light of the world.

A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid.

CIVILIZED OR MORAL.

Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Agree with thine adversary quickly, while thou art in the way with him, lest at any time the ad-

Give to him that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn thou not away.

Do unto all men as ye would that they should do unto you.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself: on these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

The children of this world marry and are given in marriage; but they which shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world and the resurrection from the dead, neither marry nor are given in marriage.

But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor dust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal.

Therefore I say unto you, take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink, nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on.

Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?

Behold the fowls of the air! for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns, yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them.

Are ye not much better than they?

versary deliver thee to the judge and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison. Verily I say unto thee, thou shalt by no means come out thence till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing.

Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, "Thou shalt not commit adultery:"

But I say unto you, that whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart.

But I say unto you, that whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery; and whosoever shall marry her that is divorced, committeth adultery.

No man can serve two masters, for either he will hate the one and love the other, or else he will hold to the one and despise the other: Ye cannot serve God and mammon.

Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal.

Give us this day our daily bread.

Which of you, by taking thought, can add one cubit unto his stature?

And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field how they grow, they toil not, neither do they spin!

And yet I say unto you, that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these.

Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you? Oh ye of little faith!

Therefore take no thought, saying what shall we eat, or what shall we drink, or wherewithal shall we be clothed!

(For after all these things do the Gentiles seek), for your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.

But seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.

For every one that asketh, receiveth; and he that seeketh, findeth; and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened.

Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them, for this is the law and the prophets.

Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill, shall be in danger of the judgment.

But I say unto you, that whosoever is angry with his brother, without a cause, shall be in danger of the judgment, and whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council; but whosoever shall say, thou fool, shall be in danger of hell-fire.

For I say unto you, that unless your righteousness shall exceed that of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of Heaven.

But I say unto you that ye resist not evil, but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.

And if any man will sue thee at the law and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also.

Enter ye in at the straight gate; for wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat.

Because straight is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

Give us this day our daily bread,

And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors;

Be ye perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your Heavenly Father will also forgive you.

But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.

For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye?

Do not even the publicans the same?

MIXED AND TRANSITIONAL TEXTS

These mediate between those exclusively adapted to the civilizees of Judea and those absolute and essential truths which Christ uttered from His deepest inspirations, as the representative of the possible and future man, and for societies whose at-*one*-ment being accomplished, assume in the hierarchy of movement that place which awaits the divine man.

Think not that I am come to destroy the law and the prophets. I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill.

For verily I say unto you, that till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law till all be fulfilled.

Whosoever therefore shall break the least of these commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven; but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven.

Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy.

But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you,

That ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven; for He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.

Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven.

JOHN, CHAP. XVI., VERSES 12-14.

I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now.

Howbeit, when He, the spirit of truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth, for He shall not speak of Himself, but whatsoever He shall hear, that shall He speak, and He shall show you things to come.

He shall glorify me, for He shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you.

These verses, and the whole context of this chapter, explain to us the mysterious and otherwise melancholy fact, that Christ has come to this world, taught His doctrines, and died for them, and doctrinal Christianity been spreading over nearly a third of the inhabited globe during the last eighteen hundred and fifty years, and that there are as yet only a few isolated individual lives penetrated by the spirit of Christ, and no really Christian state, city, town, society—possibly not a single family—entirely Christian in its conduct throughout all Christendom, not one which will bear to be thoroughly tested by the simplest of Christ's precepts, such as "Do unto all men as ye would that they should do unto you." "Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself." On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets. "Give to him that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn thou not away." Amid the general poverty and distress of the civilized masses, especially in old settled countries, and the swindling habits of our people, who live on their wits rather than by labor, he who should fulfill this text practically would soon be conducted to his ruin. The career of simple individual generosity is a short one. This course of conduct will, on the contrary, amid the general superabundance of riches in harmony, become a simple fact of courtesy in material relations, and will possess a more interior meaning in those of our passional life, where "to divide is not to take away," and in our intellectual life, where we fix and refine our truth and knowledge by the very act of teaching. The attempt to adapt this precept of charity to civilization has founded all those abortive efforts for the relief of the poorer

classes, which are now to give way before a true organization of labor and just distribution of its profits.

“Take no thought for your life what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink, nor yet for your body what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, or the body than raiment?” Who now dares thus abandon to a higher Providence the material details of life, and listen only to the voice of the spirit within him? What a world-wide difference between precepts such as these and the practical maxims of Franklin’s Poor Richard, so well illustrated in the prudent economies of our conservative citizens! Is it not obviously Poor Richard, and not the New Testament, that is the gospel of the Yankee nation?

These precepts of Christ, then, if they are practically just, must apply to an entirely different social order from that of civilization and its separated families or individual interests. They apply to an order of associated families and harmonized interests, where a Social Providence represents the Divine Providence, and where every one, in full freedom to follow out the intuitions of his soul, will in so doing fulfill his highest social uses, and be esteemed accordingly.

Why cite more texts? What one precept of Christ has become an organic fact of civilization, and which has been generally and practically fulfilled by the people of so-called Christendom? This one, perhaps. “To him that hath it shall be given, but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.” This is only the recognition of the same law in spiritual dynamics which is expressed in material dynamics by the formula: Attraction of gravitation is direct as the masses, and inverse as the squares of the distances. That it holds good in money matters, every poor man may bear witness as he struggles through the waste and complication of business and domestic affairs, conducted on the smallest scale, and where, on comparing his lot with that of a rich neighbor, who lives on the interest of his money, he sees well how dollars attract dollars, “silver to silver creeps and winds,” while his poverty keeps him poor, exposing him to the spoliations of retail commerce, and compelling him to accept the terms of

labor and wages accorded by capital, which always levies tribute on the laboring producer in favor of the non-producing classes who live on their incomes of interest of money.

There is no spiritual law that has not its fulfillment in the working matter-of-fact world we now live in; but as to the precepts of Christ, not His remarks on the world as He found it, but the principles of the better world He came to announce—have these any practical foothold yet, except in the life of a few scattered good men, such as all times and peoples in Christendom or out of Christendom alike produce? Are they organized in our customs and institutions? Is our religion good for week-day use, or only to be preached on Sundays?

Is it only a broad farce, then, that churches are built and priests paid to repeat precepts and doctrines which you are well determined beforehand not to practice one word of, and which you firmly believe would conduct to his ruin whosoever should attempt to carry them out in good earnest? Are we, perhaps, like the Corinthians, who built an altar to the unknown God? To whom and to what did Christ refer when He spoke of the spirit of truth to come after He was gone? What could it be, if not the discovery of the methods by which the at-one-ment of men with each other and with God could be realized, and *Christ-unity* pass from an aspiration into the normal fact of our mundane existence?

Charles Fourier has shown, since 1808, to every clear and strong mind, how the human race may within a very few years be raised to a state of universal abundance, refined comfort, health, vigor, and happiness, in which all the Christian virtues will be as common in practice as they have hitherto been rare and exceptional.

By a social organization, in which self-love is fully conciliated with the love of the neighbor, and every one's passions placed in harmony with themselves, with reason, and with the public welfare, property will be respected without the interference of law; all criminal proceedings will be done away with, from the absence of any criminals; the poorer will de-

sire, equally from good-will to others and on account of their own interests, the prosperity of the richer; ties and alliances will be firmly cemented between all the classes and interests of society; *integral education, practical and industrial* in its methods, and *developing body and soul together*, will fill this earth with the knowledge of the Lord, so that God's will shall be done, and His kingdom established in harmony, on earth as in the heavens. I speak literally, as Jesus did, for every spiritual meaning is bound to have its material fulfillment. Every spirit implies a form, and every state a corresponding place.

I wish you first to observe that Jesus was imperfectly understood by His disciples in His own day as well as since. They loved, and revered, and believed in the *man*, in the *person*, and His authority, and supposed they should be saved after their *death*, as they were healed of diseases during their *life*, by some mystical and personal intervention of Jesus in their favor. This notion of imputed virtues, individual graces, and salvations, confirmed by the inequality of lots witnessed in our every-day life, has always falsified and vitiated Christianity, considered as a means of social progress, and still lends its consecration to the vicious principle of separate family households and conflicting interests, which lie at the basis of all our evils.

Christ sought to be recognized only as the representative of the principles for which He lived and died, and to which His sublime devotion witnessed of Him as the Son of God. As John the Baptist and the prophets had prepared, in some degree, the way for Him, so He proclaims that His mission also is limited and partial, and that He must go away before the "Spirit of Truth, which should show the things to come," could realize or prepare the *realization and embodiment* of those principles to which He directed and awakened the hearts of His followers. Then they should be consoled for their mourning, and "their sorrow should be turned into joy." As "A woman, when she is in travail, hath sorrow because her hour is come; but as soon as she is delivered of the child, she remembereth no more the anguish, for joy that a man is born

into the world." It is the new society, or social order, which is here prefigured as a male child—the new *social order*, whose institutions will embody the spirit and principles formerly represented in the individual person of Christ, who should thus be re-born into the world, not as a *perishing individual*, but as a *permanent institution*, whose joy could no longer be taken away. The *individual dies*, but *societies* continue to live in successive generations, if pervaded by the same principles in their social relations. Hitherto, says Christ, ye have asked nothing in my name—that is, by acting on the principles which I represent; and He reproves their idea of His personal and mystical intervention in their favor. "I say *not* that I will pray the Father for you," since God, who has no respect to persons, but only to principles, pledges Himself by the laws or fates of the eternal mathematics to bless men according as they conform their lives and social relations to these principles of harmony, or to curse them in proportion as they violate these principles. To those who bear within them the ideal of harmony, Christ says, "For the Father himself loveth you, because ye have loved me, and have believed that I came out from God;" still speaking of Himself as the representative of divine, eternal truths, which His disciples not comprehending, but still believing the assertion to be made of His finite personality, He again reproves them, saying, "Do ye now believe? Behold, the hour cometh, yea is now come, when ye shall be scattered every man to his own, and shall leave me alone; and yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me." He concludes, "I have overcome the world"—that is to say, I have been true in my life as a representative of those principles which belong to the society of the future—to the true and divinely-intended social order, which will overcome and absorb the vices and miseries inherent in this world of civilization, whose vicious circle continually reproduces poverty, fraud, oppression, carnage and war, pestilence and diseases, errors and prejudices, deterioration of climates and seasons, general selfishness and duplicity of action. As I have been pure, upright, unselfish, and a dispenser of health and benefits

to my fellow-creatures, overcoming these evils in my individual life, so will the new society, whose principles I represent, and whose coming upon earth I prepare, substitute for each of these evils its opposite goods: for poverty, abundance; for fraud, honesty; for oppression, providence and mutual guarantees; for armies of destruction, armies of productive industry; for derangement of climates and seasons, their order and adjustment to the well-being of man; for diseases, health and vigor; for errors and prejudice, knowledge and light; for selfishness, generous affections; for duplicity, truthfulness; for the *vicious circle*, a spiral progression in goodness and happiness.

In the kingdom of heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage, consequently, the separate family household ceases to exist. Changing, then, the *fundamental* principle from separate, *antagonistic interests and isolated families*, to the *co-operative* association, you have, when this society is conformed in its methods of distribution and of action to the eternal principles of harmony which the Spirit of Truth discovers, all social effects precisely the *opposite*—a good for every evil—of those which occur in the present upside-down world, where spirit is enslaved to matter, and things are in the saddle, and ride mankind.

I have cited Christ's saying, "I and my Father are one," in illustration of the principle of spontaneity. I am aware that this text, and the class to which it belongs, is not much in favor with our orthodox puritans—certainly not in the practical sense in which I apply them. They may be very well in the abstract, as quoted of Jesus Christ *de propria persona*, and confined to His individual being eighteen hundred years ago; but we can hardly expect of priests, who live by mystifying and frightening their fellow-creatures, the permission to make a concrete or practical application of such texts to ourselves, to humanity in general, or even to the members of the present Christian churches.

So long as Christ remains in the heavens—one with the Father, a spiritual lawgiver more rigorous than Moses, and infinitely removed from all comparison and similitude with us

mortals—all is safe; and they, the constituted vicegerents of Christ in the church, interpreters of His precepts and of the aim of His mission, to which it would be blasphemous to assign any temporal object more important than to secure their fat tithings and rectories, *they* will take care to keep it safe. But if the people should believe themselves beloved of God, and unitary with Him and with Jesus Christ in their spirit, and if this faith should be daily confirmed by the interior happiness and the exterior harmony which all will enjoy through the mechanism of the passional series and its organization of attractive labor, in whose spontaneity of action we shall all feel in our very bowels that we are one with the Father, and distributor of attraction—then what would become of the occupation of preaching total depravity, misery, and sin, the earth a vale of tears, the virtue of overcoming temptations, the futility of works without faith, and the extreme difficulty of getting saved any how? Why, we shall all be already saved by the organization of attractive labor; and, being saved on earth, or in the present life, we shall no longer entertain dishonoring doubts of God's providence for our future welfare. A priest who should then use the common language of our pulpits, would merely become an object of ridicule or of pity, and very soon be brought to his senses by finding no one to listen to him, every body being busy in some attractive employment. A moment's candid reflection will convince us that I have honestly quoted the text in the same spirit as Christ first gave it.

Christ's mission, as all will acknowledge, was that of a mediator. He came to elevate the human race, and to graft upon their crabbed selfishness and groveling sensuality the germ of collective friendship or humanitarian devotion—"Love thy neighbor as thyself. Do unto all men as ye would that they should do unto you," etc., and of the highest spiritual self-respect—"I and my Father are one." "Take no heed what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, or wherewithal ye shall be clothed, for your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of these things."

Had Jesus Christ made the assertion, "I and my Father are one," in allusion simply to His own divine nature, He would have left humanity disinherited of its divine parentage, unconnected with the Father through Him. It would be merely imputing to Deity the freak of visiting, in a human disguise or masquerade, this corner of the universe, as the Caliph Haroun al Raschid was wont to promenade the streets of Bagdad, or as Queen Victoria makes a tour among her Irish subjects, not thereby conferring on them any of the powers or enjoyments which she possesses, but leaving them in their wretchedness, as she found them.

So have the human race remained, just as perverse and miserable, since this visit of God in the form of Jesus as before. It has done little more, externally, than give new names to old facts of clerical imposture and exploitation.

But if the assertion is considered as expressing an essential truth with regard to Christ's human nature, the aspect of things changes marvelously, and we are led to understand that what one being could truly assert of himself by force of individual character, the rest of us may also be enabled to assert by favor of circumstances, when we bring them to bear upon our true development. Christ is one with the Father, not by any mystification of sexual commerce, or material paternity, but as being one in spirit and in will with the thought and will of God; and of this He was assured by His conscious spontaneity, by the upwelling inspirations which spoke by His mouth, and by His perception that He acted habitually from internal promptings, whereas other men obeyed merely some physical necessity, or the impulsion of a foreign will. Integral education in the passional series raises all men above these motives, restores them to spontaneity, and enables them to exclaim with Christ, "I and my Father are one."

CHAPTER XI.

PARENTAGE AND ITS INDICATIONS.

THE adaptations of parentage constitute the decisive point in question, when a love relation is about to pass from spiritual conquest, and sympathies of taste and feeling, to an integral union, of which children may be born. When we know the laws of breeding for man as for beast, the qualities which may be expected in the offspring, from the combinations which pre-exist in the parents, and can judge *a priori*, whether the race is likely to progress in the developments of the new generation, or rather to retrograde from those virtues which the parents severally possessed, then we have a fixed criterion to which all sentiments of personal preference should be subordinated.

The most general ignorance and carelessness prevails on this subject among the people at large, and they do not hesitate to entail on their children all sorts of chronic diseases, as well as poverty, vices, and depraving environments. Those more favorably organized and circumstanced, on the contrary, feel often a timid reserve from the consideration of those trials which await children born in the present state of society.

A fruitful copulation and gestation, is an act of intra-mundane hospitality, by which we throw open the doors of this material world, or sphere of ultimate facts, to those spirits who may be seeking to enter or re-enter it.

They cannot choose any parentage without reservation, but only from certain categories of temperament and organization, as appears from the hereditary transmission of organic and spiritual qualities, a law which admits a considerable latitude and diversity in the different children of the same parentage, but which as clearly imposes limits, though our imperfect sciences be unable to define them.

Hence the popular axioms of qualities running in the blood,

and the confidence with which we predicate certain attributes of a given stock in man, no less than among horses, cattle, dogs, and fruit trees.

The question of races is the first of all social questions.

Among the parents whose category of character permits their adoption by certain spirits, whose time to incarnate themselves is arrived, the greater number will probably be found, of course, in the more thickly peopled old world, still victims of despotism, and in poverty, since there are yet only a few rich in the world, and these far from being integrally rich, in luxury, in health, in affections, and in intellect, in capacities of enjoyment on the one side, and means of satisfying them on the other.

Most parents will be found subject to some diseases, since full health is so rare; ignorant and prejudiced in regard to those things most important to individual and to collective destinies, since knowledge is given only to a few in the vanguard of the age.

Most parents will be found in inferior climates, since the Eden tracts are rare and exceptional; in towns or cities and insalubrious sites, rather than in agricultural pursuits, or in healthy localities.

In proportion as we have escaped, or can escape from these evils, and attained their opposite goods, can we offer a true and acceptable hospitality to the spirits of our own category, desiring to incarnate themselves.

The young, vigorous, and beautiful, the free, the healthy, self-sustaining, and well located, owe it to their race, and to the destinies of our planet, to become parents. To these God says, increase, multiply, and replenish the earth. These must indemnify us for the deteriorating influence of that provision by which nature, in her anxiety for the preservation of species, throws her force so much the more into the womb of the female, and multiplies progeny faster, in proportion as the existence of the individual is compromised and rendered precarious.

It is the peinar, the starved carp of the ponds of misery, that is kept to breed. The high-blooded and full-fed mare is

turned out and worked down to make her conceive. It is the hovel of the poor that swarms with brats! While the luxurious double rose will not perfect its seed, and the rich, refined, and vigorous woman, has seldom many children.

This law, that the reproduction of the species bears an inverse ratio to the development and perfection, in kind, of the individual, is a permanent scourge and condemnation of our incoherent societies in separate family households, while it guarantees the permanence of the harmonic order, which, in removing all present causes of deterioration, and advancing individual types toward their maximum of perfection, will obtain an equilibrium between births and deaths, and avoid an excess of population, at the same time, that by universal peace and prosperity it makes life most worth living for to those who actually compose our globe's complement of population, a number immensely greater than its present.

"The four columns," says Fourier, "on which the harmonic order rests, are Industrial Attraction, the Integral Minimum, Unitary Education, and Proportional Population."

It is not within the compass of this work to specialize on the science of breeding. I refer on this subject to the works of Alexander Walker (on intermarriage), for some interesting facts and further references. See also Bakewell and Fowler.

It may here be well to advise those who contemplate becoming parents, to seek in their mates for the qualities in which they are most deficient, and the alliance of contrasted temperaments.

If two frail, nervous individuals, without nutritive stamina, unite, their offspring is almost sure to prove a wretched creature, born to pain, disease, and sorrow; but if the intellectual sensitive faculties, often found highly refined in that morbid development of the nervous system in which our age superabounds, should find themselves a soft warm nest in a mate of the sanguine and lymphatic temperaments, without deviating too far from the exigences of congeniality, this gives the happiest augury for the future, alike of parents and offspring. Those who have any hereditary taint, such as consumption, ep-

ilepsy, insanity, or other chronic disease whatsoever, even sick or nervous headache, are culpable in a high degree if they unite with mates predisposed to the same diseases.

Few persons who have already formed attachments have conscience enough to take advice which is distasteful to them, though they may acknowledge the force of its truth.

It is not the less important that agitation of thought on these subjects should be continued, since all of us, by habitually reflecting upon the standard of right action, come to avoid the temptations to deviate from it.

How many men might unite with their own sisters if the parties, ignorant of this blood relationship, and having been educated at distant places, should meet accidentally as strangers, and in circumstances otherwise favorable to the development of love! But no brothers and sisters, knowing each other as such, seek to unite; because they have always been accustomed to consider such a thing entirely out of the question, impossible, monstrous, horrible. Their wills and loves then seek other channels. Just so it would be of all those sexual unions which on account of the relation of temperaments and characters, or of the predispositions to disease, or other causes whatsoever, are often as decidedly contraindicated as the incestuous union between brother and sister. Only let the causes of objection be as well understood and as thoroughly impressed on the public conscience, and other false unions will be as rare as incests now are. On the degrees of blood relationship, which contraindicate unions, there is little to be added to what is generally known and formulized in our civil and ecclesiastical codes.

It is observed by Mr. Walker, however, and I believe truly, that no uniform contraindication exists as a consequence of blood relationship, but only a frequent coincidence of this with the fact of similarity in organization, and liability to the same defects, which equally contraindicate sexual unions when the parties are not related by blood.

CHAPTER XII.

MARRIAGE IS THE CAUSE OF PROSTITUTION.

I do not here merely repeat the trite but true accusation of special and legalized prostitution against marriages contracted from other motives than that of mutual love—although the marriages into which mutual love enters constitute only a small fraction of the whole, in the various countries in which this institution exists, and of those which *are* contracted in order to confirm true love relations, the greater part become mere prostitutions in a few months or years from the disappointment and satiety of the parties, whose love, soon extinguished in the inimical sphere of the isolated family household, leaves them united merely by the civil law, social custom, and bond of habit. I do not here purpose, however, to criticise marriage under the name of prostitution, or prostitution under the name of marriage, but to show that the marriage of one class of men and women necessitates the libertinism and prostitution of another class—to show what has long been in Europe an officially recognized fact, that marriage and promiscuous prostitution are two contrasted terms in the same series, either of which existing in a given form of society, the other follows as a matter of course, just as when you draw off an ivory ball from the end of a row and allow it to impinge on the next, you are sure of seeing the last ball at the other end, which is the contrasted term in this series, fly off in the opposite direction with the same degree of force. The equality of action and reaction is a law not confined to ivory balls and other elastic inorganic bodies merely ; it is one of the general laws of movement, common to the material and to the spiritual world.

The compression and exclusion from general love relations, by which marriage impinges directly upon the liberties of one

large class of the social body, is a blow immediately propagated through it, and whose next effect is manifested at the other extreme of the social scale, where among the same elements, the adult marriageable males and females, it produces a divergence into false promiscuous libertinism and prostitution, as powerful as the compression of the first into the false order and constraint of marriage. This operates by compound robbery, materially and spiritually, from the married class upon the celibates.

Marriage operates materially in spoliating the social body, by making it necessary for every couple to draw toward themselves with might and main, stimulating their acquisitiveness and self-appropriative powers to get money and build up the power and luxury of their private household from all sources and by all means, the principal of which are commercial frauds, and other legal and moral methods of transferring from others to ourselves those values which we have not honestly produced by our own labor and skill. Being the essential principle and basis of the separation of interests, marriage with its development in the isolated household, places the social forces at once into incoherent struggle, and operates also upon unmarried individuals, who react and appropriate to themselves in self-defense. Hence general poverty, since the same forces and values which distributed in a unitary manner will cause each individual to partake in a splendid luxury, if separated and exclusively self-appropriated by each must plunge all into poverty, and give some luxuries to a few only by reducing the many to absolute destitution.

A railroad or a bridge serves as the interests at once of thousands or millions, saving each of them considerable expense in their goings and comings, as well as loss of time in journeying by foot, or horse, or crossing by boat. Now suppose each family, reduced by some necessity, should tear away its share of the bridge or road, to use the wood and iron for private purposes, would they not all evidently be great losers in the end. Every civilizee can understand this, because roads and bridges are things in which the advantages of unitary com-

bination are already established, and by which the principle of separation, as practiced by the first settlers, each of whom makes his own path or paddles his canoe across the stream, is condemned by these superior advantages. Yet these are less conclusive in the unitary bridge or road, than they are in the thousand details of domestic labors, from the building and fencing off of houses and lots for the occupation of the separate couples, to all the details of their cooking, scouring, washing, mending, and miscalled domestic economy.

Unitary arrangements on the grand scale save most of all this labor by mechanical contrivances, and intrusts the rest of it, as well as the general supervision of each part, to those best qualified by their natural and acquired aptitudes to conduct it for the general well-being.

It would be easy and unanswerable to go into detailed calculations, which would fill volumes with a profit and loss accounts of this sort. By connection of the various functions of production, preparation, and conservation on the same associative farm, all the people, for instance, enjoy the luxury of a sumptuous table, and choice of a great number of dishes, at less expense than each family is now at for its often meager and unwholesome fare.

Once make separate property in wives and husbands, and all the other features of separated interests and labors inevitably follow. Then those who, according to the old adage, are born with a silver spoon in their mouth, or, phrenologically speaking, with large organs of acquisitiveness and caution, directing a fair intellectual development, quickly possess themselves of the existing stock of wealth, and of the means of adding thereto.

Woman's labors are collectively depreciated ; she is debarred by the civil law from many positions, and by established custom from most others, of honor and profit, so that out of the domestic household, where she is dependent on man, she has scarce any other resources than school-teaching, which is limited to a few, servitude, starving by the needle, or prostitution ; and it is too well known for me here to enter into statistics on

the subject, that the greater number of prostitutes in our towns and cities are brought to it by poverty. The day they can afford it they cease to sell themselves promiscuously, and it is remarkable that most prostitutes are low, passionate characters, and inclined to the simplest forms of love relations. Defrauded by the married classes and civil system based on marriage, of the means of an honorable living, they are reduced to sell the abuse of their bodies for bread, and once having been thrust down into this pit of hell, the hatches are closed upon them by the fashion, morality, and hypocritical religion of the more fortunate classes, who not only refuse to associate with them, but to give them employment, to suffer them to work even in menial capacities, or for the most inconsiderable wages.

The pharisaical spirit of individual justification and condemnation is never at a loss for arguments in such or such an individual case, showing how this person has brought her evils on her own head, how she was imprudent, or extravagant, or light in love, that the tree is known by its fruits, etc., etc., never reflecting, it would seem, that the social tree is also known by its fruits, and that this rotten fruit of prostitution is always found on the tree of civilization; that prostitution or traffic in lust is an organic feature of this society, which, in the passion of love, sacrifices the spiritual, and degrades the sensual element, as in the family relations it subordinates the ties of the heart to the bonds of the household, as in friendship it sacrifices sympathy of character to mere companionship in labor, and as in ambition it immolates honor on the altar of interest. Do they reflect that a fact like this of prostitution could not be organic and uniform in a certain social order, such as the civilized, unless a strong pressure of circumstances in that direction were constantly deteriorating the organisms with which children are born in it, the education they receive in it, and their chances for an honest livelihood? That the weaker must always be the victims of circumstances, and that if such or such an individual were not among the weaker, some other individual must be?

Poverty, though the most frequent and powerful, is not the

only cause that leads to prostitution, though it is the only cause which establishes and organizes it ; every woman having naturally a horror of promiscuity, and giving herself only where she loves, unless forced to sell herself by the pressure of poverty.

Seduction is one of the proximate causes of prostitution. Seduction is, however, in itself, nothing more than fascination. It is the exercise of a beautiful power, essentially innocent, and even beneficent, as it quickens and charms the life of its object. The mischief of seduction is altogether the effect of marriage, and of false moral doctrines. Nothing can be more natural, nor less dishonorable, than for woman and man to yield themselves, soul and body, where they are charmed and love. The dishonor, loss of social caste, and subsequent chances in love, with the whole train of fatalities attending seduction, are purely, wholly, and absolutely the effects of false morality, and that false morality derives its standard from the institution of marriage.

Did no moral stigma attach to a woman who freely gives herself where she loves, the whole matter in question would be to provide for the children born of such unions. In every true social order, the state and society, in view at once of public interest and private happiness, secure to all children born in them the best advantages of nurture and education, that they may grow up useful citizens, and contribute to the general welfare ; but even did the whole responsibility of supporting children fall on their parents, as it must until the immense increase of wealth generated by the passional series extinguishes selfish caution in regard to such expenditures, every father would cheerfully acknowledge his own *love children*, and assist their mother in providing for them, just as he now does those born in wedlock, for did no moral prejudice exist on the subject, the point of honor would naturally fall upon the fulfillment of such a duty, even were paternal affection insufficient. Now, on the contrary, a man fears to own his *love children*, even when both they and their mother are dear to him, on account of the stigma which false morality attaches to their birth, which would com-

promise his own respectability and future chances of marriage among his equals or superiors in rank and fortune. It is only by thus discrediting, slandering, and stigmatizing all other love ties, that the institution of marriage preserves its power and ascendancy.

It is a social vampire; its crimes are worse than any that the civil law punishes with death, for it poisons the souls of whole societies, and feeds upon the corrupted life-blood of their passions. A yoke upon the neck, a pebble in the shoe, a thorn in the side, a dishclout on the breech, of those who submit to it, and become its representatives; it spurts its venom over all that refuse it, and renders impossible every true, honorable, and expedient love relation, from kings and queens down to the humblest day laborer in civilization.

Marriage is personal robbery and embezzlement under false pretences, inasmuch as it sequesters from the passional resources of society two individuals, interdicting to them henceforth, and to all others with respect to them, the recognition and cultivation of ties of affection, both spiritual and sensual. It perpetrates this high-handed act of arbitrary authority under the false pretence that love for two or more persons at the same or at successive periods in life, is incompatible with truth to either, and to individual virtue and social safety. It pretends, by an act of the civil law, to control the manifestation of love, and denies the inherent rights and ties of passional affinity implanted in our souls and organizations, and by which the Author of our being signifies His desire that society should be strengthened in unity by the warmest and nearest of mutual ties.

Every marriage, if virtually fulfilled, robs the two individuals who submit to it of their chances of passional affinity in love relations with a great number of others; thus rendering the equilibrium and full harmony of their lives in this line of development impossible. It robs by the same act all the other individuals of society who may happen to be or at any future time to come into passional affinity with either of these two persons, of the natural and legitimate satisfaction of their love.

Thus marriage engenders spiritual poverty in the societies which it spoliates, and deprives of their passional resources, as it engenders material poverty by the separation of households and sequestration of property in the hands of a few. As by engendering material poverty and oppression, it drives women to prostitution, so by engendering spiritual poverty it drives men to libertinism and gross sensuality. What man would ever go to a brothel, were he not obstructed on every side in the development of his affections? What man could not find a home for his heart, were not half the women of his acquaintance already monopolized and sequestered under false pretences by the civil marriage, and the other half afraid of marriage and equally afraid of love relations without marriage, on account of the stigma attached to them.

This vampire of society says to the young man—As the condition of satisfying your natural and irrepressible desires, of changing your torture into pleasure, you shall either choose, woo, and win one woman, coming under bond to love and live with her only during her life, or you shall seduce and destroy the reputation of an honorable woman, or you shall immolate all that you feel is pure, true, and celestial in love, to the relief of brutal lusts by promiscuous relations with strumpets. Now, take your choice, provided you have money; if you have not, you may still choose between the tortures of prolonged repression and the maladies thereon consequent, and the equally fatal vice of self-pollution. Now as it is in the smallest number of chances that the young man knows any woman among his acquaintance for whom he feels, and in whom he can inspire that degree and character of love which can reconcile him and her to the idea of a permanent exclusive relation, shutting themselves out from all future chances in love, and as in the few cases where such an acquaintance exists, difference in fortune, social position, and a hundred other obstacles prevent marriage, the young man is, in the vast majority of instances, driven into one of the other alternatives, and chooses between libertinism and passional starvation, with their coincident forms of diseases. Hence, at a later period of life, when he may

have an opportunity to marry, he is polluted in soul and deteriorated in body, and cannot ever be what God and nature destined him, even to the woman who commands his love. If the curse only stopped here! but it descends upon his children. "We defraud the unborn."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE AUTHOR TURNS CRITIC, AND TREATS HIMSELF LIKE A
BLACKGUARD.

A MAN of aspirations far disproportioned to his attainments, who having, from ill health or other defects, possessed too little integral force of character and personal fascination to win and marry the woman he has loved, has repeated the same superficial relation again and again with every one who attracted his susceptible fancy, until at last, in the bitterness of disappointment, he views the world and its institutions through his own diseased consciousness; he mistakes those numerous abortive half-loves, which he never would have experienced had he had the force to win the heart and hand of the first woman he loved, for intentions of nature in favor of variety. His impatience, aspiration, and susceptibility would then have been absorbed in legitimate satisfactions; but having more intellect than character, more wit than common sense, the stream, forced out of its natural channel, expends its force in these idle protests against institutions which are good enough for good people. They have supposed that God intended things to be just as they were, and that wisdom and virtue for them consisted in adapting their conduct to the already constituted social order, so as to realize for themselves and confer on others the greatest sum of good in their day and generation. How could this better be effected than by choosing one faithful partner for life—congenial in views and feelings—and founding the family household, whence, according to their virtue and wisdom, they

might become the dispensers of good to children, servants, friends, the poor, and the stranger. This institution does not require the agreement of minds and purposes among many hundred persons, nor the intervention of an immense capital.

It does not require for its beginning a general intelligence, a harmony of opinions and feelings, which has never yet existed among men, nor sublime philanthropy from the class of great capitalists, whose whole practical education for the most part has taught them only how to strangle and supersede their competitors in business, and rendered them suspicious to the last degree of those who come with pretence of disinterestedness to propose large investments to them. Every one, whatever form of society exist, must act according to the quality of his life, and good people are good already in their families.

I write these words under the roof of loved and revered relatives, who revive in me the memory of honored parents long deceased, and who have passed hand in hand into the vale of years, true helpmates, one in the most active duties of an extensive medical practice, the other in the wise conduct of her household, amid healthy and happy children, slaves, who, under her providence and discipline, have never known aught but comfort, security, the mild yoke of well-assorted labors, and that elevating influence which the Caucasian race, superior in intellect and culture, invariably extends over the negro when this superiority is accompanied with the Christian character. Amid the amenities of this Southern home, of this dear family, should I not feel it sacrilegious thus to tear the veil from family sanctities? Is it not presumptuous, nay, impious for me, building my hopes on an ideal I have no means myself to realize, to desecrate in young and enthusiastic minds, who trust me as a seer of the future, that marriage where love seeks protection from the license of brutal lusts?

If I urge that loyal marriages, true adaptation of characters, and co-operation in noble uses, is the exception rather than the rule, that the sum of evil is so great that it preponderates over the good, I may be answered: tremble then, lest you be found

among those whose lives or whose words and published thoughts increase the sum of evil. If you can find any where a true marriage, an organized blessing to those who have entered this relation, and to the world around them, it ought to be your aim to analyze, explain, and reproduce this, rather than to set a fact aside in favor of a mere ideal.

Marriage is the consummation of long experience for our race. You acknowledge its superiority to promiscuity, to concubinage, to the seraglio, to any other existing organization of the love relation, yet the greater part of the race are not yet sufficiently advanced to adopt the institution of marriage, and in the countries where it is adopted in law and custom, the great mass of the people, ignorant, coarse, and licentious, are still far below the spirit of the marriage tie, and if they abuse and degrade it they would be still worse with inferior institutions, such as those of the savage and barbarous states. Hence the true view is that men and women are not yet good enough for marriage, rather than that marriage is not yet good enough for men and women. Public and private education, the teachings of the gospel, and the amenities of refined society, must be extended over them before they can enter into that organic fact of true marriage which a few more advanced have already conquered from the spiritual world. Association, without violating any moral or Christian law that we now recognize, is doubtless an admirable method for the elevation of the people, for bringing to bear on them whatever of truth and beauty in life has yet been attained by advanced minds and characters for emancipating them from drudgery, by rendering the powers of machinery available in the highest degree in almost every branch of labor.

The vast economies, the excellent order and discipline, the immense abundance of all material goods which true association secures, is doubtless in the highest degree favorable to human progress, and may in a few years elevate the mass of the people to that point at which those true and beautiful ties in marriage, which you now see as exceptional, will become almost universal. Pause, think more sanely, feel more reli-

giously, be more humble, and purer, and freer from the disturbing recollections of your own unfortunate past, before, like Fourier and Owen, you compromise, so far as is permitted to an individual, the bright future of your race, by making association and the phalanx synonymous with the dissolution of marriage. Even if societies are ever to pass to more advanced and perfect forms of the love relation, must they not first rise to that of marriage, and live through this?

To these considerations I reply, that civilized societies have already had a full experience of marriage institutions; that the individual characters best adapted to it, best assorted in it, and otherwise most excellent, have imparted some of their own lustre to this as to other institutions with which they have found themselves connected by established usage. So far as marriage is a spiritual fact, I make no issue with it, but accord to it unfeigned reverence.

Persons attracted together by conjugal love will without any suggestion, compulsion, or assistance from laws and arbitrary codes of morals, continue to manifest this relationship, and to cause others to respect it as an essential fact in nature, the more beautiful as it is more free and untrammelled.

The virtue of such marriages consists in their spiritual tie, in the quality of their love. If the law and custom could imitate this by its imposition of marriage formulas and separate household arrangements for every so-called married couple, there would be some ground of defense for them; but so far from imitating this, they only destroy or deprave such love as may have really existed between the parties on whom they impose the civilized marriage form. They imitate only what is external and factitious in the arrangements adopted for want of better ones by those whose *union* is a spiritual fact, and thus they effectually forestall and prevent a great many other such facts from producing themselves, by restricting the liberty of individual movement.

It is not desirable that an exclusive and arbitrary consecration should be given to the fact of one man's cohabiting with one woman only and reciprocally. Unless there be a union

of souls, this is neither a desirable nor a respectable position, but only a sham and a shame, which rather casts discredit on the name of marriage than receives any lustre from it. As a temporary expedient concubinage may answer a good purpose, but to call this marriage, and never to pass higher, is a poor account of life.

Mutual affection toward their children, and the ties of habit, will already give to unions a greater permanence than would otherwise be desirable from the fitness of the parties, without the intervention of law and public opinion in these most private affairs.

CHAPTER XIV.

CONSIDERATIONS ON INDIVIDUAL CHARACTER.

I MAY be mistaken, but it has seemed to me that I knew intimately persons remarkably well-poised in their life, sensible, affectionate, perfectly amiable, healthy, wealthy, with considerable experience of persons and things, and one of apparently uniform success, whose life seemed to co-ordinate to an orbit of harmony all who approached them, who have, after numerous rejections, made a decided choice, and who contented themselves in the routine of married life in the isolated household, and made it a beautiful and spiritual fact, to whatever extent it is capable of being so. In other words, I have known cases of organic harmony and contentment, which caused it to appear plainly enough that the main fact in this world of ours is the quality of individual character. I ask myself, why do I not, then, restrict my studies or efforts to the development of such true and beautiful individuals, beginning with myself, or, at least, devote myself to the study of those laws of breeding, and of the generation of characters and organic qualities whence such persons result? I answer, that such characters already exist in sufficient number for pivots of the social struc-

ture, for passional chiefs and foci of charm, and that the hierarchical mediation by which such spirits as these can have an opportunity of impressing themselves most effectually on society, or on the largest number of other individuals, is best provided for in the passional series and in the freedom of love relations. Did no such characters as these exist, association would be limited to very vulgar developments, for the pivot is the supreme term in the passional series.

After every consideration of passional affinities, industrial unities, and mediation of nature in our behalf, whether through concordant sympathies in her birds and flowers, stars and animals, or still more charming social arts where genius wears the livery of love, there remains the plain stern fact, that for true love relations we must have true lovers, and for this, true men and women, and for this, well-born and wisely-nurtured children—considerations these, which for humanity, with some few exceptions, adjourn to other generations the triumphs of love. They are not to be cabalized away by any extemporaneous ingenuity, and while they all the more imperiously demand the inauguration of new and superior influences for the formation of character, they put the subject more in the light of a duty we owe to posterity than of a present satisfaction of our own passional demands. A phalansterian order of devoted teachers is the first legitimate step. Love, with such lovers as the *personnel* or *dramatis persona* of civilization can now furnish, might certainly gain, and gain immensely, by the adoption of the phalansterian organization, but it would lend itself only sparingly and with suspicion to the high accords of the series, and bastard societies will flounder along full of vices, chasms in attraction, and indirect discords in the major movement, proceeding from the rudimental and falsified state of the minor movement.

To meet one who, in the distribution of characters, contains for us some high accord in love, is doubtless an elevating and spiritualizing fact, which deepens us wonderfully in sane self-knowledge, quickens aspiration, and gives to our life, pro tem, an azure tint of religion; but there is no other permanent ali-

ment for a religious love, either in its more playful and tender or in its profounder phases, than true self-respect, founded in the facts of heroic experience and life victories. The self-knowledge with which love's torch illumines the soul, reveals impartially how little as well as how much ground there is for self-respect, and as love is ever true to the geometrical formula of the ellipse, whose double foci mutually absorb each other's rays, so the truthfulness of the love relation must bear a constant ratio to the integrity of each ark and focus of the human ellipse, *i. e.*, of the personal characters of each two lovers.

Our present race of civilizees is in a frightful proportion diseased, either organically or functionally, and of those who seem to be physically soundest there are more than half too much corrupted by the habitual ascendant granted to their carnal appetites over their spiritual affections, too much the slaves of material interest, of false moralities, or of frivolous etiquettes, to conduct a high love relation with the permanent decency, calm ardor, poetic grandeur and beauty, inherent to this passion, for the panorama of whose experience nature unlocks all her arcana, raising us into conscious sympathy with that interior life which is no other than the dynamics of love, the ancient elder Eros, who has never broken with our frailer human Aprodite, though her altars have long mouldered away in her own sunny Greece, and of her temples no stone lies on the other among us utilitarian monsters, who worship only Mercury and Juno of all the Olympian synod.

Still, to the worshiping lover all is renewed as at the beginning. He is the only real pantheist, and until we have such lovers we shall have only the shell, the sham, and the shame of love, wherever we may place them.

Among the specialities which most powerfully concur to this end are the culture of music, poetry, and the chase. Music refines and harmonizes the emotional sphere, and true poetry the intellectual and imaginative sphere. They impart to these a horror of promiscuity and a fine discrimination; while the noble arts of hunting develop strength and grace, self-reliance, executive force and fertility of expedients, patience and

observation ; relating us intimately with the organic facts of our planetary life in their most pleasing, exhilarating, and instructive forms, and subordinating the too prurient ideality of the irreverent though nimble-witted reformer to the superior imagination of nature, too many of whose facts and data he might find it convenient to leave out of his system.

The true hunter or the true farmer, or true co-worker or playmate of the planet in any sense, earns in his labor or his sport that physical integrity, those strong, calm nerves which can alone contain and carry rightly the streams of electric fire which love liberates when it takes the reins of life's chariot, and which melt and oxydate too feeble conductors, scorching the organism through which it passes, and leaving it sometimes but a cinder floating on the waves.

Love of woman reciprocated seems so absolute, so much the realization of all hope and destiny, and the occasional confirmation of this in a well-assorted union so stamps our cherished ideal with the seal of nature's truth, that the mind is overpowered from the heart, our power of analysis is lost, and we confound the harmonic fact of the union with the accessories of the civilized, legal, and moral marriage form ; thus these get a false consecration, like the audacious impositions of priests and priestcraft, from the natural sentiment of religion in the soul of the people, and their necessity to give it expression. They blindly adopt the forms, encumbrances, and limitations held out like a lasso by the priest, and henceforth confound these with religion itself. Thus we find the poets, whose ideal is more a necessity of existence, most easily seduced to honor marriage, because it sometimes coincides with reciprocal love.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SAINT SIMONIAN VIEW.

“Man and woman [conjoined] form the social individual,” said M. Enfantin. “The new moral order calls woman to a new life. Woman must reveal to us all that she feels, all that she desires, all that she wishes for the future.

“No man who pretends to impose a law on woman is a Saint Simonian, and the only position of the St. Simonian, in regard to woman, is to declare his incompetence to judge her.

“The mission of the priest is to feel both natures equally, to regulate the development of the spiritual affections and the carnal appetites. His mission, moreover, is to facilitate the union of beings with deep affections, protecting them from the violence of beings with lively affections, and equally to facilitate the union and the life of beings of ardent affections, by protecting them from the contempt of beings with deep affections. He should know all the charm of decency and modesty, but also all the grace of abandonment and voluptuousness.”

The Saint Simonians invoked the queen woman, without whom their society could not pass from idea into organic fact. The queen woman appeared not, and the St. Simonian school disbanded, to continue their preparatory labors of private propagandism, to gain power and reputation in the world, and to accumulate capital. In these ends its members have met with a fair share of individual success. Whether they will ever again attempt a collective demonstration of their doctrines remains to be seen. For further details of these doctrines, see works of Enfantin, Michael Chevalier, and others.

LOVE.

Love, and do whatever you will, one of the fathers of the church has said.

In this word is resumed the entire gospel of the Holy Ghost.

When we love truly we are free, for love is above all powers, and prevails over all constraint.

Humanity is not yet free, because until now it has not understood what it is, to love.

Until now has been understood under the name of love, only the inclination of one sex toward the other.

An instinct often brutal, always selfish, inconstant as animal life in its phases, and more pitiless than hell in its insensate jealousy.

Strange love, which incessantly seeks victims, which seduces them without remorse, seizes them without pity, devours them without horror, and abandons their living remains with disgust.

Strange love, from which innocence should preserve itself as from death.

True love is inseparable from intelligence, and dominates the instincts of animal life.

True love is the impulse of the will toward good, and the attraction of intellect toward truth.

For the good is only in the true, and the true is inseparable from the good.

To love a human creature is not to lust after her as a prey, it is not to desire her for your exclusive pleasure; there is for the person who is the object of such love something preferable to it; this is hatred.

To love, is to wish the good of the person we love, and to devote oneself entirely to the happiness of another.

To love, is to place in another's heart all one's hopes, and all one's life, so that we suffer only in its pain, and are happy only in its joy.

To love God, is to love truth and justice more than all the honors and all the pleasures of the world.

But we cannot love God without loving men, for God mani-

festes Himself to us only in humanity, and it is in humanity that He wishes to be loved by us.

He who has loved men best has been a man-God; for in carrying self-abnegation so far as to give up his human life, he has entered through love into divine life.

He who loves humanity entire more than himself, is a child of Christ, and a continuator of His work; he is a child of the man-God.

He who loves a people more than himself, deserves to reign over that people, and it is by this sign only that the future will recognize its legitimate kings.

He who loves his friend more than himself, raises himself for this friend above humanity; he is his guardian angel and his visible providence.

He who loves a woman more than himself, deserves to be loved by her, and to possess her beauty, for he will never torment her with his selfish exigencies, and will never abandon her.

It has been said in former time, you shall love your neighbor as yourself.

Now if you would be saved by love, love your neighbor more than yourself.

Well-ordered charity begins at home, say the selfists, in order to belie the gospel of Christ.

And I say to you, that if you would know how to love yourselves, you must begin by loving others.

For we must learn to give that we may receive with grace; and has not the Christ said that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Well-ordered selfishness begins with others. This is the maxim to be opposed to that of men without love.

It is only by a great and intelligent love that we shall know how to conquer our own passions and resist those of others.

True love is strong as God, wherefore it fears not man.

And as it denominates selfish lusts, with their unjust desires and their servile fears, it alone is truly free.

Wherefore, up to this day, for the multitude, liberty has been only a word.

Men must be emancipated interiorly before breaking their external chains, otherwise you only let loose ferocious beasts, and deliver the small number of the wise up to the fury of the insensate crowd.

Work then at your moral emancipation, brothers, who would be free, and before opposing force to force, ask yourselves whether you are men or brutes; whether you obey desire or reason; whether you covet, or really love?

Love, it is life; love, it is force; love, it is power; love, it is liberty! It is love that creates, love that preserves, love that saves, love that regenerates.

Wherefore the future belongs to woman, for love has three phases of development.

It is first filial, then conjugal, then maternal.

This last term is the most complete, and through it humanity communes with God.

Woman then rises higher than man in the scale of love, and when love shall prevail over force, woman will be queen of the world.

I said to you of old, that he who looked upon a woman to lust after her, committed adultery; and now I say to you, that the look of a young maiden, bought with the price of gold, is a prostitution, and that he who marries a maiden against the wish of her heart, makes at once a prostitute and an adulteress. For woman prostitutes her heart when she gives herself to one she loves not, and as she desires another, she conceals adultery in her heart.

I have said to you that to abandon one's wife was to prostitute her. And now I tell you that if you prostitute a woman you outrage your mother, and that if you insult a woman you outrage nature.

I have told you to seek the kingdom of God and His justice, and that the rest should be added unto you; yet you are hungry, you are thirsty, you are naked; the kingdom of God is not yet found.

But you know where it is, and you know the door, only the

avaricious rich, and masters of bad faith, hinder you from entering.

Close your ranks and advance; oppose your persevering movement to their obstinate inertia; they must withdraw and let you pass.

Unless touched with repentance, they turn to enter with you, and you will receive them with great joy.

For you will say, we had lost our brothers, and we have found them; they were dead, and are restored to life.

Then will the mother rejoice to see her children united.

Then will the charming form of the woman-guide move radiant, chaste and pure in her white robe, at the head of humanitarian progress. Smiling, with a myrtle branch in her hand, she will conduct her flock to the pastures of God.

The symbolic dove will shadow her with its wings, and all hearts, united in the peaceful love of her harmonious beauty, will feel themselves made young again, and full of lively hopes. For it is the Mother who unites the family, if it is the Father who feeds it.

Woman is the queen of harmony, wherefore she should be at the head of the regenerative movement of the future. For if you would live like brothers, your mother must teach you to love one another.*

CHAPTER XVI.

THE GOSPEL OF LOVE.

GOSPEL means *good news* brought to woman by an angel. The news that the angel brought to the woman was of her emancipation by intelligence and love.

Thus the evangelical mystery commences by a gracious image :

* From Mme. Flora Tristan's "L'Emancipation de la Femme."

A young man, beautiful and modest, wearing long wings, such as fable gives to Love, but clad in the white robe of purity, bends before a young maiden in prayer, and says to her :

“Hail, *thou that art highly favored* ; the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou among women. Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found favor with God.

“And behold thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a son, and shalt call his name Jesus.”

And the maiden with downcast eyes replies : “Behold the handmaid of the Lord ; be it unto me according to thy word.”

The maiden shall no longer remain barren and despised, and woman shall be no longer the slave of man.

For every child obeys its mother, and the woman is mother of God ; thus I tell you in truth that woman is queen of the world.

Have you not seen among the Christian symbols the mother of Solomon, glorious and crowned, seated on a throne beside her son ?

And is not Jesus also represented placing a crown upon His mother’s brow ?

Do you not understand the meaning of the beautiful worship of Mary, which alone still attaches the people to sacerdotal Catholicism, which intelligence and love abandon on all sides ?

During the first ages of the world Eve suffered and wept, because she had conceived in sin a fruit which was to be the healing of the nations.

When the Christ was born, woman was freed ; but still slave of a sacrificed love, she must still weep bitterly in seeing her son die on the cross.

Now that Christ is risen, she also must rise to heaven in a glorious transfiguration, and when the Spirit descends, it is on Mary’s head that the first tongue of fire will play.

Mary, under whose sweet name the Christian myths present woman, Mary is become the bride of the Holy Spirit in bringing forth a God-made man.

And when again uniting herself with intelligence and love,

woman shall have brought forth a people-made God,* she will be no longer the slave of man; she will become his bride.

Then only, O weak but all-powerful queens of our hearts, beautiful and formidable beings, then only we shall truly love you.

For hitherto we have loved you with impure desire, wherefore ye are slaves.

But when a flame detached from your heart, and a ray dropped from your eyes, shall have touched your tyrant, he will cast himself at your feet, and you will leave upon his brow your kiss, your pardon, and your tears, and this will be a new baptism for humanity, the sweet baptism of love.

And the new Eve will extend her arms to her regenerated child, and man will learn life's lessons, and taste its joys on the breast whence he first drew his infant sustenance.

OH, WOMAN! ALL GOOD HEARTS MUST LOVE THEE.

The society in which we live is not the society of the just, for it loves not woman. Woman is reared for servitude, and practiced from an early day in deception and self-concealment.

They sell her in marriage without consulting her heart, and a man, often brutal, nearly always detested, retains her in its chain, loves her not, and forbids her to love any one else.

It is well. You are the stronger, and you have the right. But oh, men without pity! if you would have nothing to fear from your slave, you should have begun by tearing out her heart! Have you always ears that you may hear not, and eyes that you may see not?

Does woman belong to you more than you to her, and is she not born free like yourselves? When you oppress a woman you insult her mother's tomb.

You have but one means of possessing a woman; it is to love her, that you may be loved by her.

For as the bee takes to the honey of the flower, so woman tends to love.

* *i. e.*, Unitary in its life and action with the Divine Spirit, filled with love and faith.

What is marriage according to God—that is to say, according to supreme equity ?

The engagement which two persons who love each other freely make, to unite their life and their love beside the cradle of their child.

What is marriage according to the world in which we live ?

The forced engagement that two persons who do not know each other, and who often dislike each other, assume ; to be bound together for the sake of money, and to be unhappy together. Now this cannot last long thus, else it must be confessed that justice is dead and love extinct in the heart of humanity.

Wherefore I say to you, all you who desire a better future, extend to woman a helpful hand and love her.

Do not constrain her in the sweet inclinations of her youth ; do not torment her because she loves ; do no violence to her affections ; reproach her not with her weakness, and tread her not under thy foot if she is fallen.

But be kind to her, that she may be kind toward you ; for I tell you in truth that a woman's kindness is like that of an angel.

The Christian mysteries tell us that humanity has fallen by woman, and that by woman it is yet to be saved. Children of the first of sinners, pardon Eve for the sake of Mary !

For Eve and Mary are but one and the same symbol, and it is this which antiquity represented under the figure of Pandora.

Pandora opens from curiosity the fatal box of knowledge, where all evils are inclosed ; it is Eve who gathers and enjoys the forbidden fruit.

But at the bottom of the box Pandora retains and brings to the human race Hope ; it is Mary, who descends from heaven pregnant with the incarnate Word.

Thus all has begun with woman, and all through her must be completed.

And this mother of the human race, whom her children have punished too hardly, is to hear all the generations proclaim her happy.

Console thyself, then, poor oppressed Eve, my mother ; dry thy tears, for thou hast crushed the head of the serpent, and those who feed upon the serpent's venom still oppress thee and despise thee, but good hearts must love thee, because thou hast always loved, despite the most cruel trials.

Console thyself, Mary, thy son will resuscitate, and thou wilt reign seated beside him on a throne of glory.

ON MY HUMBLE BED, IN THE HOURS OF THE NIGHT, I HAVE
SOUGHT HIM WHOM MY HEART LOVES.

When God had created man in the garden of delight, according to the sacred symbols, man became very weary ; a deep sleep fell upon him.

And God, considering him with pity, said : " It is not good for man to be alone ;" and from man's own side He drew the sweet companion which He gave him to help him bear his happiness.

Thus woman feels that she is born near the heart of man, and she always seeks to nestle in her cradle.

The soul of the young maiden awakes in a soft and delicious body, as in a bower of roses, and full of vague disquietude, she asks all that surrounds her to reveal her spouse

And when she does not find him, sadness possesses her heart, but sleep flies her eyelids, for the well-beloved will not issue from her virgin breast.

And she feels herself widowed before having tasted love, and gently reproaches God in her moan of the turtle-dove, with the exile of her innocent heart.

Oh ! why has Adam closed his breast, and hardened it with a plating of gold and silver, that his Eve may not re-enter where she was born ?

Why are the chaste desires of nature rendered criminal by hateful interests and distinctions, at once absurd and criminal ?

As the Christ, nailed upon the cross, weeps and bleeds without a spouse to console Him, woman, in our evil age, is a cruci-

fied victim, who writhes, nailed by her four limbs, and cries: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"*

And none answer her in heaven, and on earth they mock at her anguish, and when she cries, "I thirst," they give her vinegar and gall.

The young maiden of a rich family is sold and exploited like an estate, and when her candid lips ask the first kisses of a chaste tenderness, they cast to her a man of dirt, all broidered with gold and silver, and say to her, "Be happy."

And if her breaking heart hopes, and still seeks what nature owes it, she is treated as a criminal.

The daughter of the people is sometimes more free to give herself to him she loves, but often she cannot find him, because woman's nature is more advanced and delicate than man's, and a coarse and brutal man rarely makes himself beloved.

At other times the daughter of the people is sold like the daughter of the rich, with this difference, that she is sold at a lower price, and she surrenders her person to him who will feed and clothe her. Marriage in a society thus constituted, is a great prison, where are chained the widows who have never known love, with virgins violated and withered.

And beside the man whom she loves not, woman, in her sleepless, solitary nights, seeks with despair him whom her heart loves; she seeks and does not find him.

Shall we not pity these poor angels, chained in the hell of our selfish institutions? Shall we not ameliorate the condition of woman?

Long enough has she remained the slave of cold calculation or brutal desire; let us restore to her the freedom of her heart.

Long enough we have coveted her with impure concupiscence, now let us love her.

* *Passional* crucifixion, though the common lot of mankind during the periods of social subversion, applies more peculiarly to woman, because she lives so much more in her social passions, and so much less in business affairs and intellctions than man.

Let us give ourselves to her that she may be ours, and no longer seek to possess her like an inanimate object, for she is free as we are.

If we deserve for her to give us her love, let us enjoy it with rapture, and see what treasures God has hidden for man in woman's heart.

But so long as we shall not know how to love each other so well as to give our life for our brother's, we shall not know how to love woman, for true love is an impulse of self-forgetfulness and of sacrifice.

And so long as we shall not love woman as she ought to be loved, we shall not fix her heart. But she will believe for a little while that she has found him she loves, then feel that she has been deceived, and sink into languor and loneliness, and she will seek in despair for him whom she thought she had found.

I WILL ARISE NOW AND GO ABOUT THE CITY; IN THE STREETS
AND IN THE COURTS I WILL SEEK HIM, WHOM MY HEART
LOVETH: I SOUGHT HIM BUT I FOUND HIM NOT!

The soul cannot rest idle in the languor of its widowhood, and as our lungs need air, so the heart of woman needs love. Nevertheless, when they are not beloved, many women despair, and perish in the torments of a slow death, unpitied.

Others, more ardent and stronger, rise in desperation and say: I will seek! And they go, passing through the streets and courts, where their white mantle, falling from their shoulders, drags and soils itself in the dirt.

Poor wandering doves, whose wings fail in seeking their mates!

They fall from weariness, and the passengers walk over them.

No one pities you, O poor girls, mad from love; O my abandoned sisters!

Poor children of pain, who are called *girls of pleasure!* unfortunates pursued by the scorn of the world, and who might be angels of love!

Never have I seen these poor night-birds, with their ruffled plumes, wander by lamplight, these poor damned souls, with whom the cruelty of the world sports, without remembering the bride of the canticle, who rises in the night and runs with desire to seek her spouse.

And I ask myself, what do these women seek ?

They seek the future across the death of their hearts ;

They seek in the dust a pearl that has fallen from their coronet ;

They failed to find their husband in any man, and they have opened their arms to all mankind.

Shame and eternal disgrace to those who outrage these women !

For they are the martyrs of the present age, the living pangs, the bleeding crucifixions, which protest and which prophesy.

Now I dare to assert, that never did woman, free to love and beloved in return, prostitute herself for pleasure

As the instinct of man shuns death, so does woman's instinct shrink from prostitution, and her modesty never dies.

Prostitution is less a crime than a punishment.

We should weep over the lost woman, and not laugh her to scorn.

But shall I tell you a terrible thing, something that will repel you, and yet which is true !

In your deplorable society, prostitution is for many women a necessity ;

For woman prostitutes herself whenever she unwillingly submits to the kisses of a man she loves not.

The woman of our day is a prostitute, because she is a slave.

Now, a being born to be free cannot love her tyrant, and if woman, brutally subjected, still loves the man who confines her, it is because she dreams of the man of her heart.

But often she wakes with a start, in her nights bereaved of love.

And beside this man who does not understand her, she still seeks him whom her soul was formed to love, she seeks him and finds him not.

THE WATCHMEN THAT GO ABOUT THE CITY FOUND ME, TO WHOM I SAID: SAW YE HIM WHOM MY SOUL LOVETH? IT WAS BUT A LITTLE WHILE THAT I PASSED FROM THEM, BUT I FOUND HIM WHOM MY SOUL LOVETH!

Pass, in this society, which understands thee not, like the bride across the night and the deserted city, poor woman, bereaved and desolate! pass, like a martyr to thy tortures here, and to a happier life beyond!

Pass, like an exile, and march without delay toward thy native land!

For the executioners follow their victim, and will enter with thee into the temple of the future.

It is woman who guides humanity toward new regions.

The Christ, laden with the weight of His cross, and wounding His knees in the rough ascent of Calvary, saw Mary, who climbed and sighed with Him;

And when He sank under the tortures of His last agony, Mary stood at the foot of the cross;

Then the expiring Christ said to His best loved, young disciple, "Behold your mother!"

As if He had said: my mission is fulfilled, it is woman who will do the rest.

Now, thou art a child, O man of intelligence and of love, wherefore I call her thy mother. But wait, for woman is immortal and cannot grow old, and when thou shalt have reached the age of manhood, I will give thee her for thy bride.

The gospel myth thus magnificently reveals to us the sweet mystery of the future:

After the death of Christ, Mary became the mother of John, the apostle of love and of liberty, the poet of the revolutionary apocalypse.

And all the churches grew under the guardianship of Mary, until the day when the bridegroom came to meet the bride.

Then Mary was borne to heaven in divine glory, leaving in her grave, in place of a cold corpse, her white shroud filled with roses.

Old men, who freeze to death in your worm-eaten chairs, are ye doctors in Israel and understand not these things! And see ye not that of all the pomps of your worship, dead and buried with Christ, there remains to you only the grave and mild beauty of Mary, with her crown of stars, and the sword that pierces her heart!

The worship of the Virgin Mother alone still draws the people to your temples, those tombs, which she still fills with roses.

But before the altars of Mary, how will you dare to speak of hell? You would make her shudder and tremble, and she will extend her azure mantle over her children, whom you would tear from her to cast them into eternal fire.

O woman! our society worships thee as the priests worship Mary; they honor thee without understanding thee, they pray to thee without loving.

But wait yet a little, and, like Mary, thou wilt have thy glorious apotheosis, and the well-beloved, the man of intellect and of love, will come to meet thee.

Then thou wilt forget all the vexations and all the wrongs thou hast suffered, and thou wilt draw a full breath in the delight of clasping him to thy heart.

Then thou shalt leave him no more; for man, attained to his manhood, will no longer have the weaknesses and the caprices of his childhood.

And thou wilt conduct him to thy mother's house, to the home of humanity.

There his hand shall sustain thy head drooping with love, and will draw it toward his chaste kisses, while his other arm presses thee to his heart.

Then will love no longer bring thee bitterness by day nor sleepless nights; sure of thy spouse, and enveloped in his love as in a tissue of pure joy, thou wilt sleep beside thy life.

O waken not the sleeping bride, she has wept and suffered so long! See! her tears, that were drying, still glisten on her cheek, and from her lips, which had begun to smile, a sigh of painful memories escapes. Oh, sleep near my heart and console

thee, my well-beloved! Rest, guide of humanity, from thy long journey! Martyr of love, let sweet repose heal the wounds of thy bosom!

BEHOLD, THOU ART FAIR, MY LOVE; BEHOLD, THOU ART FAIR;
THOU HAST DOVE'S EYES WITHIN THY LOCKS.

The theological tradition has not been deceived when it has seen in the Song of Songs, of Solomon, the epithalamium of the nuptials of God with humanity, the poetry of divine love!

God is man and woman, male and female, and in eternal ecstasy He fills with His being the fertile bosom of his well-beloved.

When God had created woman, says the mythology of Moses, He thus crowned all His labor, and admired Himself in His work. "God saw all that He had made, and behold it was very good;" and He was, as it were, jealous of man, to whom He had given her for a companion, and He forbade them to gather the sweet fruit of the knowledge of love.

But man, in loving woman, even through death and hell, showed himself God, or, rather, he drew in a certain sense, and manifested divinity in himself. Since this day God in the heart of man aspires to see Himself glorified by the beauty of woman, and it is like a cry of triumph, when He says to her, "How beautiful thou art!"

Woman, indeed, *is* the whole grace of God, and the whole beauty of the world.

Her eyes, sweet as heaven in the bright days of its smiles, promise happiness to the world which doubts; all the future writes its promise in them, and their beams reach us across the shadow of our troubles, like the dove that returned to the ark, bearing the green olive branch.

I have never been able to look at a child sleeping in its mother's bosom, without believing in Providence.

Woman, when she is a mother, seems to be all-powerful as God, and even before being a mother, when she is only beloved, confiding, and believing in the divinity that fills her heart, she seems like a child resting on the bosom of love.

Why do the myths of Catholicism represent to us the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of intelligence and of love, under the form of a dove?

And why does the same spirit of love, in the Song of Songs, so often call the bride *my dove*?

It is because the pure and faithful dove is an emblem of woman.

Woman's eyes are mild as the dove's; but how the mysteries hidden in her all-loving heart half reveal themselves in their simple look!

Let us respect the secrets of woman. * * * One of them has said, "All that is mysterious is beautiful, and speech has its modesty to guard the sweet mysteries of the soul!" Let us not brutally tear the veil from the sanctuary of love, but let us fall on our knees at the threshold of the temple, and pray.

Let us pray that woman may love us, and that we also, animated by her breath, electrified by her eye, softened by her smile, divinized by her love, may be worthy to love her!

"Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister; spouse, thou hast ravished my heart with one of thy looks, with one of the locks that fall on thy neck."

I will question the soul of youth, I will ask of lovers who love for the first time:

When a woman's eye has illumined their life with a splendor yet unknown; when a secret and all-powerful charm dilates their heart, and makes it palpitate; when God has revealed Himself to them entire in a smile; when they have seen heaven in the ecstasy of a first kiss of love;

When the well-beloved rests in their memory, like an always radiant vision, and when they ask themselves, trembling, if so much beauty is not an illusion that will vanish;

When the tears spring to their eyes in musing on their love, and when they think with a sigh, O I would die for her! I will ask them, What is woman? Do you think her the plaything of an hour, to be broken and cast away?

Do you think her a form without thought and without love, made for our amusement ?

And the lovers will answer me, and youth who love for the first time will tell me—

“Woman is God himself, revealed in all His grace, smiling in all His beauty, speaking to our hearts in all His love.

“Woman, the word of consolation and of the future, rendered visible, so that we may have courage to live.

“Woman is something mysterious, placed between heaven and earth, so that earth may not curse heaven, and her sweet form alone has given to unhappy men visions of good genii and consoling angels.

“One moment of woman's love is the inspiration of a long life ; it is through the lips of woman that the breath of God passes.”

Thus the lover will speak. Now, he who loves deceives himself not in the intuitions of his heart.

For love raises the soul of man above itself, and places it in communication with a superior world.

Listen now, you who despise and oppress woman : You do not love her ! Now, as God has given you only her to love, you are without love, you are without life, you vegetate in hatred, like poisonous plants !

Love alone can give to human thought its sanction ; the heart is the touchstone of ideas. Speak not then, men without heart, since you love not !

But we who love, we who live, let us bless God and thank woman, who has given us life ; for woman is twice our mother, and when she gives us love, she gives us life a second time, but a life more divine.

She saves us in wounding us, and cures us of mortal languor in causing us to suffer the sweet tortures of love.

Thou hast wounded my heart, O my sister, my betrothed ; and since then I aspire toward thee as the hart with an arrow in his side panteth after the water brooks. I suffer, and I bless thee for my pain ; I weep, and I see heaven through my tears.

O how could one not love thee! How could one live without thinking of thee? How could any one torture thy heart, and render thee unhappy?

I SLEEP, BUT MY HEART WAKETH; IT IS THE VOICE OF MY BELOVED THAT KNOCKETH, SAYING, OPEN TO ME, MY SISTER, MY LOVE, MY DOVE, MY UNDEFILED, FOR MY HEAD IS FILLED WITH DEW, AND MY LOCKS WITH THE DROPS OF THE NIGHT.

I arise from dreams of thee,
 In the first sweet sleep of night,
 When the winds are breathing low,
 And the stars are shining bright;
 I arise from dreams of thee,
 And a spirit in my feet
 Has led me—who knows how?
 To thy chamber window sweet!

The wandering airs, they faint
 On the dark, the silent stream,
 The champak odors fail
 Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
 The nightingale's complaint,
 It dies upon her heart,
 As I must die on thine,
 O beloved as thou art!*

As the young bride, whom the bridegroom leaves a little while alone in her nuptial bed; humanity, betrothed to the future, awaits the well-beloved of its heart.

Love is filled with torments and anguish inexpressible.

When we are seized with this fearful joy, with this celestial charm, blended with keenest anxiety, it seems that, like Prometheus, we have stolen fire from heaven, and this fire burns us, and we can neither hide, nor cast away, nor extinguish it!

Our happiness seems a dream, which will escape us in waking, and we hardly dare breathe for fear of losing it.

It was once said in Israel: I will die, for I have seen the Lord, and we can live no more on earth after having seen God.

* Shelley.

Thus die in our cold and selfish society those who have once seen love.

O I pity you, lovers! for I know the tortures of your hearts.

Burning desires never satisfied, a thirst that caresses increase, an insatiable necessity to be loved.

And then a force that might raise the world, compressed in a soul which finds itself every where restricted; a boiling, superabounding life in a heart which death is soon to chill.

We would fly to the bosom of our beloved, and there forever be absorbed alive in immortality and happiness; we would create worlds to lay them at her feet; we would ravish the sun to crown her with glory.

And we see her enslaved, without the power to break her fetters; we see her depart, and may not follow her; we see her given up to her enemies, and are forbidden to defend her.

Absent, we desire her so anxiously, that our heart seems to tear itself in shreds from our breast to run to meet her.

Present, we often see her sad and cannot console her, until we tremble to think that perhaps she no longer loves us.

Ah, poor children that we are! we aspire to love, but we cannot yet love, because we are not yet freed. Slaves have desires, but they cannot possess love, because they cannot possess themselves.

Now, true love hides itself, like an adulterer, and comes by night to seek its well-beloved.

And woman, pure but captive, thrills with pleasure at its voice, but dares not yet open to it her heart.

Deceived by a corrupting education, she turns her thoughts to dress, and fears to soil her delicate feet by going to meet her spouse.

Then the true lover turns away sad and discouraged. O woman! it is now for thee to rise and seek the spouse who has fled!

Pursue him in the darkness; let thy sweet voice call him in the shade; fear not outrages; expose thyself for his sake to blows and wounds, for thy well-beloved is fair!

Christ has come to seek the lost sheep, and He rested in the desert when He had found the woman of Samaria; He has led Magdalen in triumph to the Calvary, and she remained present at His punishment, like a living trophy at the foot of the cross.

Woman! regenerated by the blood of Christ, it is now for thee to follow wandering man, and to baptize him with thy blood and thy tears.

Where is thy well-beloved gone, O fairest of women! for all the daughters of Jerusalem would seek him with thee.

MY BELOVED IS MINE, AND I AM HIS.

When the bridegroom and the bride truly give themselves to each other, society between man and woman will be perfect, and the humanitarian marriage will be consummated.

Now it is only woman who gives herself, and she is often taken by violence, but man does not give himself to her.

Marriage imposes the yoke chiefly on the wife; she alone bears the blame and the contempt if the nuptial tie is broken, because man holds in his hands this chain, at the other end of which woman walks attached, like an animal that has been purchased.

The man unfaithful to his wife is interesting in the world; the woman unfaithful to her husband is condemned without pity.

Because we are accustomed to consider woman less as a person than as a property, and we accuse her of dishonesty if she seek to escape the caprices of her possessor!

The education given to woman trains her in advance to this ignoble servitude. Woman learns to dissemble her love, and places her honor in a false modesty, which makes her always refuse what she most ardently desires.

She would at least save her pride by feigning not to give herself, but to let herself be surprised, because she feels that in giving herself, she forever alienates her liberty without exchange and without guarantee.

Let us blush for our brutality, we who make chastity the

exclusive virtue of women, that we may violate it in them, and no longer believe in it.

Let us no more call ourselves enlightened or advanced, we who resemble those children, that in their lascivious ignorance enervate in themselves the power of true enjoyments. Greedy as we are of the enjoyments of the senses, we spoil them, and then drink them full of sand and mire.

The pleasure of union between a man and a woman who love each other, and who have freely given themselves to each other, the ecstasy of their endearments, the exhilaration of their delight, are a sort of divine felicity; and those who have tasted it feel that they have been gods, and believe in an eternal remembrance.

But the brutal connection of two creatures without love, resembles the disgusting grimaces of the monkey, which parodies the actions of man.

Of what good are your intrigues, and your gold, which is their end?

To what purpose those desires which incessantly tantalize you with promises of happiness, if you know not how to love?

You resemble a leper, who touches a flower, and poisons it by his impure contact.

You wither every thing, then you are disgusted with life. Unhappy men, I can well believe it, for you have no more lived than you have loved. Your life has been an organized profanity, as your pleasures have been stains on the image of God, who is Love.

Poor unfortunates who have not loved, how shall I condemn you because you are wicked?

But you, O women—my sisters! preserve love in your hearts like precious oil in a golden lamp, so that at the coming of the bridegroom your hearts may illumine the world.

And you who foresee the future, women more advanced than your companions, be the apostles of love; convert the world by causing yourselves to be loved of men.

Give yourself only to him who will give himself to you.

Go through the world like the spouse of the song, seeking

the betrothed of your heart, and when you shall meet an adorer of woman, when you shall find the man who calls his betrothed *my sister*, and who loves with a virgin love, capable of purifying the senses, and of spiritualizing their pleasures, take him by the hand and lead him to the garden of delight, to the bed of sweet aromas; and say to him as you press him to your bosom, "My beloved is mine and I am by beloved's, who feeds among the lilies."

MY DOVE, MY UNDEFILED, IS BUT ONE; SHE IS THE ONLY ONE
OF HER MOTHER.

I will ask of the Spirit of the Lord a question, to which for a long time I have known not what to answer. I will expose before my God a problem which the human mind has failed to solve.

Is man in all his life to love only one woman, and ought woman to limit to the love of one man the desires of her heart?

We see love always lighted up and extinguished, then replaced by a new love.

The object we adored gradually loses its luster, and the worship that our hearts had vowed, cools and disenchants itself as its aureole vanishes.

Then another object presents itself to us, and our heart is moved and sweetly disquieted, as if it were for the first time touched by love. Can love, then, be like a sensual and brutal emotion, which by turns excites and leaves us?

And the Spirit of the Lord, the Spirit of intelligence and of love, answers from the bottom of my heart: "When all men shall be as one man, and all women as one woman, spouse and inseparable half of man, marriage will be indissoluble, and love will no longer mistake itself.*"

* These are not precisely the views I have set forth in other parts of this work. Constant dreams like Emerson, of the perfect or integral individual man or woman, capable of satisfying in every sense the expectations, aspirations, and requirements of love, capricious and immense as they so often appear. I have only to say, Give freedom, give spontaneity, remove those obstructions which the isolated household,

For I tell you truly that love is not extinguished, but it is discouraged from burning where it finds no more aliment. It perceives that it has mistaken its object, and it withdraws in spite or disgust, to seek if it cannot find elsewhere a new and happier life.

From our childhood to our death we dream only of one well-beloved, and often we think we have found her on the earth, while we still love the dream of our own heart.

When we cannot find him or her who was formed for us, in our isolation and bereavement, we are fascinated with our own ideal, and love without an object, for the happiness of loving ;

For this ideal which torments us, and to which alone we remain faithful, is never realized for us, because the perfect man and the faultless woman are not yet born.*

Such is our great misfortune in the social infancy where we stand : of all goods we have only the idea, and of all evils the reality.

Did we not believe in progress and expect the future, we must weep inconsolably, like Heraclitus, or laugh bitterly like the other fool who opposed him.

poverty, the necessity of providing for the children at home without suitable facilities of industrial education, false morality, and so many others which now falsify marriages; give a fair field and no favor, and we shall see these things arrange themselves most happily. I shall not quarrel with one because his sentiment of the infinite and of Deity is satisfied in mutual absorption with but one of the other sex during the longest life, nor with a contrasted character, who needs hundreds of successive or simultaneous love relations to meet the demand of *her* or *his* nature (we always let the ladies go first in the minor movement). The more our starveling civilized morality intervenes to give *a priori* decision on love questions, and according to its wont, to stretch or screw all characters to fit one uniform standard, the more fatally shall we continue to be involved in doubt and difficulty, and the longer in acquiring sane experimental knowledge. I like and respect Constant, and am pleased to hear him speak so well for the category of characters to which he belongs—at the same time, without impugning the truth of any thing he says, I think him Sectarian rather than Catholic in his views. and too much imposed on by necessities of civilized customs, which will not complicate this question in true association.

* For those who are by nature or habit dreamers and idealists, we fear this is dangerous sentiment. The habit of introverted thought and sentiment has very morbid tendencies, and incapacitates us from appreciating the real values and beauties that surround us. The practical and industrial education of the sexes, mingled in association, will dissipate these mystifying vapors of the heart, and restore us to more healthy sympathies, at the same time that it supplies worthier objects.

For me, I had rather hang my head and die.

If I did not believe in the future I would not speak of love, for in thinking of what now passes under that name, the blush of shame mounts to my brow.

But O my well-beloved, I pass this age with thine image in my heart, and I believe in a chaste and faithful love.

I go seeking thee through the world, and when I address the women I meet, asking for my beloved among them, and describing her beauty and her love, I am answered with pique, continue your search, your well-beloved is not among us.

Yes, I will seek always, my spotless dove, I will seek thee and will find thee!

But it will be when the breath of the future shall have dried up the waters of the deluge, that thou wilt come to perch beside me with thy olive branch.

And thou wilt thus announce to me that heaven has at length given peace to my heart.

Love alone can consecrate the union of man with woman, and marriage will be truly indissoluble, when man and woman shall truly love each other.

For true love can neither change nor die.

Now, for us who cannot amuse ourselves with impotent essays of frivolous love, for us who know what it is to love, and who pine in the desolation of our hopeless bereavement,

Since we cannot meet a woman who loves us, let us love the woman who suffers and who is not loved: her we shall always meet!

I cannot look on a woman weeping, without being moved to my very inmost.

I would take her in my arms and console her like a child.

Woman, in our unhappy age, has only yet learned to suffer, she is beautiful and sublime only in her grief.

Men of the future, love the woman who suffers, and seek to relieve her, but guard pure and spotless the sweet dream of your heart.

Know that your well-beloved is not yet of this world; humanity is in its pangs of labor.

Consecrate your cares to the mother, that she may be the sooner delivered, and that she may one day give you her daughter in marriage ;

But distrust the rashness of the spirit and the weakness of the flesh.

Let not your heart descend, it would be broken ; diffuse not your love, it would be lost.

The form of this world is to pass ; heaven and earth may change, but love neither passes nor changes ; it is eternal because it is God !

O THAT THOU WERT AS MY BROTHER, THAT SUCKED THE BREAST OF MY MOTHER ! WHEN I SHOULD FIND THEE, I WOULD KISS THEE, YEA I SHOULD NOT BE DESPISED.

The original sin is the great mystery of which Christianity has made the basis of its doctrine, without explaining or even softening it.

Now what is this original sin ?

The original sin is the profanation of the birth of man, it is prostitution in marriage, it is the corruption of love.

Why does an invincible modesty turn away the eyes from the sacred act of generation ? Because this act is a monstrous and obscene disorder when it is accomplished without love, and because love is very rare in this world !

Man has even come to blush at loving ; he prides himself on brutally prostituting woman, whom he deceives, and sees not that in acting thus he prostitutes himself, and that were he not covered with mire to his head, his kisses would not pollute the lips of her who gives herself to him.

Oh ! what barbarians we are still, and how little we understand, all intelligent as we are !

Know ye not, said St. Paul, that in the union of the sexes, the man and the woman make but one body ?

Shall I then take the members of Christ to unite them with the body of the prostitute ? Far from me be such a sacrilege
Now what are the members of Christ ?

They are those who belong to the great body of humanity.

they are the men of love and of devotion, they are those who love with benevolence and not with covetousness.

And these, be they men or women, should unite only with those who can understand them ; otherwise they prostitute themselves.

For believe not that the works of God can be with impunity turned from their end, or that we can make a transient amusement of the most sublime mystery, and trifle with the most living manifestation of God in us !

The union of man with woman is the term of development for the two beings who unite : if the union is holy, they will rise together toward superior regions ; if the copulation is carnal, they will sink together into hell.

Why has the Christ preached virginity to His disciples ? Virginity is sterile, and sterility engenders only death. Was Christ then the prophet of death ?

Yes, He was the prophet of the death of the flesh, to the end of the resurrection of the spirit, so that the flesh sanctified by the spirit, might one day revive with Him in an immortal life.

And He said to those who followed Him : cast not your pearls before swine.

Do not profane the love that I have revealed to you, angels whom I have awakened on this earth of exile ! let the animals who fatten on it pass, and wait in your tears for the brothers who shall come to deliver you.

For man to be worthy of woman's love, he should first love her with a brother's love, with a pure and disinterested love.

And he ought not to wish her to give herself to him, until he can sincerely give himself to her ;

And it is to this sweet union that woman aspires in the dreams of her heart.

"Oh that thou wert as my brother," nourished with the milk of humanity, my mother, so that in meeting thee I may, under the eyes of all, show my love without reproach !

Yes, I will be thy brother, O my well-beloved sister ! for I know that like me, and perhaps more than I, thou art the child of God !

My sweet, adored companion, I will be thine before thou art mine, for the love I bear thee is generous and overflowing as the love wherewith God has loved me.

Thou shalt not be my slave, nor will I be thine, but thou shalt be my sister, and I will be thy brother ;

Brother and sister by chaste friendship, spouses by a tender and faithful love.

Then the laceration of man's heart will be forever healed, because the two halves of the human race will be forever united.

This chapter I have translated from *L'Assomption de La Femme ou Le Livre De L'Amour*, by Alphonse Constant, the author of "The Last Incarnation," which Mr. Shaw had published a few years since. Constant is a pious Catholic Associationist, who seems to interpret Fourier through Christ, and Christ through Fourier, drawing from one the spirit, from the other the conception of form, so far as his enthusiastic soul permits him to realize the requirement of form, or the necessity of method, to that fraternal love which fills it, and which causes him to see friends and children of God in all the human race. I propose translating and giving to our public his "Book of Love," or, as he prefers to call it, "The Gospel of Love," and perhaps also his "Testament of Liberty," "Feast of God," or "Triumph of Religious Peace," and his "Religious and Social Doctrines," as well as Mademoiselle Flora Tristan's "Emancipation of Woman;" Fowlers and Wells may probably be the publishers.

I give here a few words from his personal confessions :

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I am the son of a poor artisan ; my childhood was feeble and dreamy ; I took no part in the plays of other children ; I pondered alone or tried to draw ; was impassioned for a toy or an engraving, which I afterward broke or tore ; the need of loving already tormented me immensely, and I knew not how to account to myself for my disquiet.

The epoch of my first communion was decisive and fatal to me.

Through the mysteries of Catholicism, I had perceived the Infinite; my heart glowed toward a God who sacrifices himself for His children, and who makes Himself bread to feed them; the sweet image of the lamb sacrificed made me shed tears, and already the tender name of Mary had caused my heart to throb.

The priest who had instructed me was the confidant of my enthusiasm. * * * He did me much good by breaking through the hedges of technical Catholicism, to open before me the vast career of progress, and of the future. This man was inconsistent; he taught an attractive doctrine, all of movement, yet professed a blind obedience toward the men and things of the past. I did not at first perceive his deception, and on his faith I long walked in a false path.

We were separated; I entered the seminary of St. Sulpice; there a new revelation awaited me. The Sulpicians are cold and monotonous men, for whom the rules of M. Ollier and the theological writings of M. Carrière hold the place of spirit and of heart. Custom is every thing with them: progress is there a profane and ridiculous word; art and poetry are regarded as puerile and dangerous; ignorance is learned with patient toil. Memory, to retain the old arguments of the school; a little subtlety in twisting and adapting them to the Gallican style; volubility of language to repeat them and to entangle reason in their web; this is what is called talent at St. Sulpice. Add a stiff deportment, a greasy skin, matted hair, a disgusting gown, dirty hands, and sunken eyes, and you will have a complete idea of what is called there a good subject and a perfect seminarist.

I can only compare the Sulpicians to the dry bones of the Catholic church. The heart, the brain, and the flesh have fallen in dust and corruption, but the skeleton remains, and the bones which compose it may still last a long time, because they are completely dried.

* * * * *

The first lessons I received on entering St. Sulpice were

these, from one of its students : "Never say here what you think, even when you believe you think well ; speak as little as possible, walls have ears here and echoes too." To which one of the directors added : "Live here as if you were alone ; busy yourself no more about others than if they did not exist ; distrust your personal piety and your own heart ; prefer the dryness of the regular exercises to the consolations of spontaneous prayer ; in fine, live only for rule and by rule, otherwise you cannot live here."

During the first months I passed at the seminary I lived on my enthusiasm, and in an almost febrile exaltation, my soul given up to itself, aspired by the sole force of its love to divine unity, to that great religion of the future which will unite all beings in one being, all sciences in a single idea, all hearts in one love ; to that pantheism, which men of bad faith would have us shun as a monstrous error, and which is, nevertheless, the last word of the sublime doctrine of Christ and His apostles.

Near the period of my ordination, I was intrusted with catechising for their first communion the young girls of the parish. This sweet and poetic ministry was a true delight to me : I seemed to be an angel of God sent to instruct these children in wisdom and virtue. Words abounded for them on my lips, for my heart was full, and needed expansion. These young and tender souls understood me and loved me. Among them I felt myself surrounded by my family, and I was not deceived. I was listened to, loved, and venerated as a father. One day some one asked to speak to me at the sacristy. I saw a poor woman in rags, of honest countenance, who said, as she presented her daughter, a pale and suffering creature :

"Sir, I bring you my daughter, for you to prepare her for her first communion. Other priests have rejected her, because I am poor, and she is ailing, timid, and ill-dressed ; but I have heard of you, and I bring her to you, asking you not only to admit her, but to give her your especial protection, and to instruct her by herself, as if she were the daughter of a prince.

I think I know to whom I speak, and I think you understand me." And she fixed on me her beaming and expressive eyes.

I was moved, and replied to her :

"I thank you, and I understand you. Your daughter shall be protected, not as if she were the daughter of a prince, for I care little about titles, but as if she were my own."

The child then raised her eyes to me, and stammered her thanks. I only then remarked the pure and touching expression of her features, and her beautiful eyes, so candid and loving. I re-entered the seminary full of sweet emotion, and life hung not heavily that day.

The child, after that, always called me *her little father*, and I called her *my little daughter*. I instructed her, I prepared her for her first communion, and on that day I wept much before God in praying for her.

Still I continued every day, and almost in spite of myself, to see the young Adèle, and I only began to fear that I was loving her too much, when I found that already I could not live without her.

The poor child, on her side, loved me with warm affection. Our relation was too innocent and too candid to notice rules of prudence, and it already began to be gossiped about in the parish, when my director announced to me that I was called to take holy orders within a week.

Then my ideas became confused. I felt, for the first time, how far I had wandered from the path of Catholicism, such as it is understood in our day. The chaste love that troubled me and made me happy seemed to me an insurmountable obstacle to my sacrifice.

I did not, however, love Adèle as man loves woman; she was still hardly more than a child, but through her I had felt the imperious necessity of love awakened within me. I understood that this was the whole basis of my soul's religion, and I could not, before the altar of a cold and selfish worship, abjure myself, without hypocrisy and without remorse.

I then confessed to my director the infantine but already all-powerful affection which had filled and forever changed my

life. He declared to me that I could not receive the imposition of the bishop's hands before my heart was cured. All passed between us under the seal of the confessional. I then voluntarily broke my future from delicacy of conscience, and left the seminary on the very day when I had arrived at the goal toward which I had so laboriously journeyed during fifteen years of study and of sacrifice. It was reported that I was expelled for secret faults, and my superiors, who well knew how false and calumnious this was, did not give themselves the trouble to contradict it.

After a year of pain and humiliation, passed as assistant in a boarding-school near Paris, where the masters hated me as much as the children loved me, I took furnished lodgings in a hotel frequented by students and grisettes.

This race of men and women inspired me with pity and disgust.

They made me the confidant of what they called their loves; I was present at their orgies; I saw them return from the masked ball, drunken, pale, disordered, sick, bloodied. My heart sickened; I fell into a complete discouragement and sullen apathy; my Catholic faith returned to me, like the remembrance of a beautiful dream, and I repented having forsaken it. * * * Finally, two years after leaving the seminary, I set out for the Abbey of Solesme, well resolved to become a Benedictine, and to pass there the rest of my days in the practices of that tender devotion which, during some years of my early youth, had made me believe myself so happy.

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It was at Solesme that the "Spiridion" of George Sand fell by chance into my hands. I had leisure to study there the doctrine of the ancient gnostics, that of the fathers of the primitive church, the books of Cassien and other ascetics; finally, the pious writings of the mystics, and especially the admirable and still unknown works of the saintly Madame Guyon.

The life and writings of this sublime woman opened to me the door of many mysteries that I had not yet been able to

penetrate. The doctrine of pure love and of passive obedience to God completely disgusted me with hell and with free will. I saw God as the only being in whom all human personality could be absorbed; I saw the phantom of evil vanish, and I exclaimed, A crime cannot be eternal, and punished; were evil infinite, it would be God!

Out of Thee nothing lives, in Thee naught blasphemes, Thy eternity burns because it loves! For two infinities I seek a place in vain; a hell out of Thee supposes another God; I fear not the victory of God over God. Either Thou art not Lord or I am in Thy glory, and I await in peace the day of Thy judgments; if hell is in Thee, it is a hell of love!

I was astonished to find in the predictions of Madame Guyon, that future reign of the Holy Spirit, that consummation in unity through love, which all true Christians have expected in all ages; I understood how the worship of Mary served as a transition between the reign of Christ crucified and that of the celestial dove, or Holy Spirit [the reign of attraction and spontaneity in Serial Harmony, when the Christ reappears in power and glory].

* * * * *

I then breathed like a man who, after a toilsome ascent, arrives at the summit of a steep mountain, and discovers vast and smiling landscapes; I triumphed at having crushed under my feet this ugly image of Satan, I felt my heart dilate in the thought that all men would be saved, and I could no longer conceive how for one moment, I had been able to believe in an all good and powerful God, and yet in an eternal damnation.

* * * * *

I left Solesme without knowing what was to become of me, without money, clothes, or even shirts, but furnished with honorable certificates, which the reverend father abbe could not refuse me. My heart was full of sweetness and peace; I sincerely pardoned all who had injured me; I condemned my former bitter zeal, and no longer understood hateful fanaticism, for I had ceased to believe in hell.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CIVIL MARRIAGE CRITICISED FROM THE SWEDENBORGIAN POINT OF VIEW.

WHOEVER dictates to me, or in any manner, social or political, compresses my self-action, intercepts my spiritual sunshine, cuts off, *pro tem.*, my influx from the Lord of life, which has place only in relation with the spontaneity of my expression, or as I am a free conductor, through which the divine love and wisdom may pass into ultimate uses. Hence despotisms are an atheistic form of government, and incompatible with the consecutive progress of a people, and hence the necessity why the tutelage of guardians should cease when children have arrived at a completeness of organic structure, and of formation of character, which fits them to be conductors. There is also mediation or indirect conduction, but for this the wills and understanding of the inferior and the superior must be conjoined, so that no arbitrary dictation or compression is perceived.

Thus, in love relations, it is false and abominable for the law or moral bans, instituted by men, to dictate to the individual soul how it shall love, or whom, or to what relations it shall be confined, yet it is true for woman to legislate on this subject, and most of all for the individual woman in whom the will of love and the fountain life of passion resides, to influence the mind of the individual man, and by a compulsion so exquisitely exerted that it is not perceived to be other than his own free volition, to force him to act as seemeth truest to her instinct.

Our civil and legal conventions effectually prevent that choice and that order of developments which the true conjugal relation requires.

Let us carefully recognize the correspondence of love, with

its geometrical figure, the ellipse, all whose radii are mutually absorbed in the conjugal foci. For a larger definition of the conjugal relation, see chapter on "Pivotal Love," and extracts from Swedenborg.

Admitting the capacity of all beings for conjugal love, it makes the pity and the wrong practically all the greater, that law and custom should perpetuate rash and false marriages, and engender the discords of hell from the illusory realization of our dearest hopes.

Whether Swedenborg be right or not, it follows as a practical deduction, that arbitrary external powers should keep aloof, lest their consecration fall on a false union, and prevent the formation of a true one in the natural progression of amatory experience.

The obstruction of circumstances, the immaturity of the soul, and its impotence of discrimination, alike require a development through various stages and experiences of love, in order to conceive and attain the truest and most permanent. Swedenborg himself thus excuses fornications, pellicacies, etc., provided the ideal of the true conjugal love be not lost sight of.

Whatever passional truth is, it must be inherent in the soul, and require above all things unembarrassed spontaneity.

From my inmost soul I may welcome the teachings of Swedenborg on the conjugal love. I may regard this relation as the true and absolute ideal of being and of action which awakens whatever tendencies I possess toward a divine life, and yet I may regard it as a Eutopian vision, as an ideal whose very absoluteness renders it incompatible with the low and fragmentary development of character which now exists. If made for angels, its organization must await a more angelic state of society than the present. To impose it absolutely on the mass of people, as our civil codes and our social conventions dictate, is only to organize on the one side ill-assorted marriages; on the other, libertinism and prostitution in various degrees, and to retard the period of social regeneration and individual purity.

Fourier offers the necessary transition from the present state

to that of real, conjugal love, reigning on the earth as in the heavens.

In the passional series, chastity and constancy constitute the choirs of honor in love, while the love of variety, far from being falsified as among us, by indiscriminate condemnation, has every courtesy of individual liberty extended to it, and is permitted to invest itself with the most attractive forms, and to compete with the corporations of chastity and conjugal love; "*Vestalute and demoisellate*;" in the career of social virtues, decency, and truth. Thus continually purifying itself, aspiring, ascending, it may develop at last into conjugal love, if this be truly the last word of God on the relations of the sexes.

So long as classes or individuals are arbitrarily degraded, these chances of elevation cannot occur, and the ideal truth of the marriage relation remains for more than half the world a mere abstraction.

May there not come a time when, after industry and art have achieved their triumphs, when the harmonized climates of the globe shall entice man more and more to leave his splendid phalansteries for the more splendid magnificence of earth and heaven, when with integral vigor and exquisite sensibilities, man will return from the extreme of luxury to the extreme of simplicity, finding in the firmament a more gorgeous roof, in the trees more stately colonnades, and in fresh-culled fruits more delicious savors than any the gastronomic artist has yet learned to imitate? In love, also, the time may return when,

"Only two in the garden walked
And with snake and seraph talked."

After a gradual regeneration of the spiritual life in man, through the spheres and influences of the combined serial order, those corporations of love which correspond to all the complex shades of constancy and of variety, may have fulfilled their mission by developing the laws of true choice in love, and rendering the pivotal love and conjugal relation possible to all; and then we may witness the simplest and at the same time the completest of love relations universally prevail. This specu-

lation may seem to imply a cowardice, a dereliction from the standard of liberty I have unfurled in other parts of this work. I care not, but I insist on the necessity of such arrangements as Fourier indicates, in order to make the truest and divinest relation between the sexes ever possible. Swedenborg aims to develop the interior or spiritual sense of what is already believed, and has passed into our laws and morals.

The marriage institution with all its civil and moral accompaniments are for him fixed facts, representative only, it is true, so far as they have yet been expressed in the life of our societies, but having in view the absolute principles of truth which he interprets, and which may be generalized whenever the individuals of the race are as perfect as the institution they adopt.

The main fact is not so much of uniformity versus variety, but of spirituality versus materialism or sensualism; and provided the spiritual element reign supreme, varied, and constant exclusive manifestations are equally legitimate. Swedenborg has no pity for false marriages, for the merely legal and conventional facts, which with such effrontery substitute themselves for divine and passional facts, in that galvanized corpse of a society y'clept civilization. I extract from his "Conjugal Love," the following relations, equally severe on false legal ties, as on those false procedures in love affairs which law and opinion already condemn—such as adultery, promiscuity, etc.

First, see the picture he draws of our moral civilization of modern times, and hear how he makes the civilizees express those ideas and wills which underlie their sanctimonious customs. We shall see how little he is disposed to confound our representative forms with the essential realities of the conjugal love.

79. "THE FIFTH MEMORABLE RELATION.—The above angel, who had been my guide and companion to the ancients, who lived in the four ages, the golden, the silver, the copper, and the iron, again presented himself to me, and said, Art thou desirous to see the age which succeeded those ancient ones, and to know what its quality was formerly, and still is? Follow me, and thou shalt see; they are they concerning whom the prophet

Daniel prophesied in these words: '*A kingdom shall rise up after those four, in which iron shall be mixed with clay of mud: they shall mix themselves together by the seed of man, but they shall not cohere one with the other, as iron is not mixed with clay.*' Dan. ii., 41, 42, 43. And he said, By the seed of man, whereby iron shall be mixed together with clay, and still they shall not cohere, is meant the truth of the word falsified. Having said these words, I followed him, and in the way he related to me the following particulars: They dwell in the confines between the south and the west, but at a great distance beyond those who lived in the four former ages, and also at a greater depth. And we proceeded through the south to the region bordering on the west; and we passed through a formidable forest, for there were in it lakes, out of which crocodiles lifted up their heads, and opened at us their wide jaws beset with teeth; and between the lakes were terrible dogs, some of which were three-headed, like Cerberus, some two-headed, all looking at us as we passed by with an horrible hungry snarl, and fierce eyes. We entered the western tract of this region, and saw dragons and leopards, such as are described in the Revelation, chap. xii. 3; xiii. 2. And the angel said to me, All these wild beasts which thou hast seen are not wild beasts, but correspondences, and thereby representative forms of lusts, in which the inhabitants are principled, whom we shall visit; the lusts themselves are represented by those horrible dogs, the deceit and cunning thereof by crocodiles, their falsities, and depraved inclinations to those things which relate to worship, by dragons and leopards; nevertheless the inhabitants represented do not live close behind the forest, but behind a great wilderness which lies intermediate, and that they may be fully withheld and separated from the inhabitants of the foregoing ages, being altogether of a different genius and quality from them: they have, indeed, heads above their breasts, and breasts above their loins, and loins above their feet, like the primeval men, but in their heads there is not any thing of gold, nor in their breasts any thing of silver, nor in their loins any thing of brass, no, nor in their feet any thing of pure iron; but in

their heads is iron mixed with clay, in their breasts is each mixed with brass, and in their loins is also each mixed with silver, and in their feet is each mixed with gold: by this inversion they are changed from men (*homines*) into graven images of men, in which inwardly nothing coheres; for what was highest is made lowest, thus what was the head is become the heel, and *vice versa*; they appear to us from heaven like stage-players, who lie upon their elbows with the body inverted, and put themselves in a walking motion; or like beasts, which lie on their backs, and lift the feet upward, and from the head, which they plunge in the earth, look toward heaven. We passed through the forest, and entered the wilderness, which was not less terrible; it consisted of heaps of stones, and ditches between them, out of which crept forth hydras and vipers, and there flew forth venomous flying serpents. This whole wilderness was on a continual declivity, and we descended by a long, steep descent, and at length came into the valley inhabited by the people of that region and age. There were here and there cottages, which appeared at length to meet, and to be joined together in the form of a city; this we entered, and lo! the houses were built of the branches of trees burnt all about, and fastened together with mud instead of glue; they were covered with black slates; the streets were irregular, all of them at the entrance straight, but wider as they extended farther, and at the end spacious, where were places of public resort; hence there were as many places of public resort as there were streets. As we entered the city, it became dark, because heaven did not appear; wherefore we looked up, and light was given us, and we saw; and then I asked those we met, Are ye able to see, because heaven doth not appear above you? And they replied, What a question is this! we see clearly, we walk in full light. On hearing this, the angel said unto me, Darkness is light to them, and light is darkness, as is the case with birds of night, for they look downward and not upward. We entered into the cottages here and there, and saw in each a man with his woman, and we asked, Do all live here in their respective houses with one

wife only? And they replied with an hissing, What mean you by one wife only? Why do not you ask, whether we live with one harlot? What is a wife but an harlot? By our laws it is not allowable to commit fornication with more than one woman, but still we do not hold it dishonorable or unbecoming to do it with more, yet out of our own houses we glory in this one among another; thus we rejoice in the license we take, and the pleasure attending it, more than polygamists. Why is a plurality of wives denied us, when yet it hath been granted, and at this day is granted in the universal orb of earths round about us? What is life, with one woman only, but captivity and imprisonment? We, however, in this place have broken the bolt of this prison, and have rescued ourselves from slavery, and made ourselves free; and who is angry with a prisoner for asserting his freedom when it is in his power? To this we replied, You speak, friend, as if without any sense of religion. What rational person does not know that adulterers are profane and infernal, and that marriages are holy and heavenly? Have not adulteries place with devils in hell, and marriages with angels in heaven? Did you never read the sixth commandment* of the decalogue? and in Paul, that adulterers can in no wise come into heaven? Hereupon our host laughed heartily, and regarded me as a simple one, and almost as out of my senses. But instantly there came running a messenger from the chief of the city, and said, Bring the two strangers into the town-hall, and if they are unwilling to come, drag them thither; we have seen them in a shade of light; they have entered in privately, they are spies. And the angel said to me, The reason why we were seen in a shade is because the light of heaven, in which we have been, is to them a shade, and the shade of hell is to them light; and the cause of this is, because they regard nothing as sin, not even adultery, and hence they see what is false altogether as what is true, and

* It may here be proper to remark, that the division of the ten commandments, as adopted by our author, differs from that which is commonly received in the Church of England, and that agreeable to the author's division, the commandment which prohibits adultery stands the *sixth* in order, whereas, according to the division in the Church of England, it is the *seventh*.

what is false is lucid in hell before satans, and what is true darkens their eyes like the shade of night. And we said to the messenger, We will not be pressed, still less will we be dragged, into the town-hall, but we will go with thee of our own accord; and we went: and lo! there was a great crowd assembled there, out of which came some lawyers, and whispered us, saying, Take heed to yourselves how ye speak any thing against religion, the form of our government, and good manners; and we replied, We will not speak against them, but for them and from them. And we asked, What is your religion respecting marriages? At this the crowd murmured, and said, What have you to do here with marriages? marriages are marriages. And we again asked, What is your religion respecting whoredoms? At this also the crowd murmured, saying, What have you to do here with whoredoms? whoredoms are whoredoms; he that is guiltless let him cast the first stone. And we asked thirdly, Doth your religion teach concerning marriages, that they are holy and heavenly; and concerning adulteries, that they are profane and infernal? Hereupon several of the crowd laughed aloud, jested, and bantered, saying, Inquire of our priests, and not of us, as to what concerns religion; we acquiesce entirely in what they declare, because no point of religion is an object of decision in the understanding; have ye never heard that the understanding is without any sense or discernment in mysteries, which constitute the whole of religion? And what have actions to do with religion? Is not the soul made blessed by the muttering of words from a devout heart concerning expiation, satisfaction, and imputation, and not by works? But at this instant there came some of the wise ones of the city, so called, and said, Retire hence, the crowd grows angry, a storm is gathering, let us discourse in private on this subject; there is a retired walk behind the town-hall, come with us thither; and we followed: they then asked us, whence we were, and what was our business there? And we said, To be instructed concerning marriages, whether they are holiness with you, as they are with the ancients who lived in the golden, silver, and copper ages,

or whether they are not holiness? And they replied, What mean you by holiness? Are not marriages works of the flesh and of the night? And we answered, Are they not also works of the spirit; and what the flesh acts from the spirit, is not that spiritual? and all that the spirit acts, it acts from the marriage of good and truth; is not this marriage spiritual, which enters the natural marriage of husband and wife? To this the wise ones, so called, made answer, There is too much of subtlety and sublimity in what you say on this subject; ye ascend high above rational principles to spiritual, and who can begin at such an elevation, descend thence, and thus form any decision? To this they added, with a smile of ridicule, Perhaps ye have the wings of an eagle, and can fly in the highest region of heaven, and make these discoveries; this we are not able to do. We then asked them to declare to us, from the altitude, or region, in which the winged ideas of their minds fly, whether they knew, or whether they were able to know, that there is given conjugal love of one man with one wife, into which are collated all the blessednesses, satisfactions, delights, pleasantnesses, and pleasures of heaven; and that this love is from the Lord according to the reception of good and truth from Him, thus according to the state of the church? On hearing these words, they turned away, and said, These men are out of their senses, they enter the ether with their judgment, and scatter about vain conjectures like nuts and almonds. After this they turned themselves to us, and said, We will give a direct answer to your windy conjectures and dreams; and they said, What hath conjugal love in common with religion, and with inspiration from God? Is not this love with every one according to the state of his potency? Is it not alike with those who are out of the church, as with those who are in it, with Gentiles as with Christians, yea, with the impious as with the pious? Hath not every one the strength of this love either from an hereditary principle, or from bodily health, or from temperance of life, or from warmth of climate? By medicines also it may be corroborated and stimulated. Is not the case similar with the brute creation, especially with

birds which unite together in pairs? Moreover is not this love carnal? and what hath a carnal principle in common with the spiritual state of the church? Doth this love, as to its ultimate effect with a wife, differ at all from love as to its effect with an harlot? Is not the lust similar, and the delight similar? Wherefore it is injurious to deduce the origin of conjugal love from the holy things of the church. On hearing this, we said to them, Ye reason from the stimulus of lasciviousness, and not from conjugal love; ye are altogether ignorant what conjugal love is, because it is cold with you; from what you have said we are convinced that ye are of the age which has its name from and consists of iron and clay, which do not cohere, according to the prophecy in Daniel, chap ii. 43: for ye make conjugal love and scortatory love one; and do these two cohere any more than iron and clay? Ye are believed and called wise, nevertheless ye have not the smallest pretensions to that character. On hearing this, they were inflamed with rage, and made a loud cry, and called the crowd together to cast us out; but at that instant, by virtue of power given us of the Lord, we stretched out our hands, and lo! the flying serpents, vipers, and hydras, and also the dragons from the wilderness, presented themselves, and invaded and filled the city, at which the inhabitants, being terrified, fled away. And the angel said to me, Into this region new comers from the earth daily enter, and the former inhabitants are by turns separated and cast down into the gulfs of the west, which appear at a distance like lakes of fire and sulphur; all in those gulfs are spiritual and natural adulterers."

Next we quote the relation concerning a young modern rake.

"477. MEMORABLE RELATION.—I heard a certain spirit, a youth, recently deceased, boasting of his scortations, and eager to establish his reputation as a man of superior masculine powers; and in the insolence of boasting he thus expressed himself: What is more dismal than for a man to imprison his love, and to confine himself to one woman? And what more delightful than to set the love at liberty? Who doth not grow

tired of one, and who is not revived by several? What is sweeter than promiscuous liberty, variety, deflorations, schemes to elude husbands, and plans of scortatory hypocrisy? Do not those things which are obtained by cunning, by deceit, and by theft, delight the inmost principles of the mind? On hearing these things the bystanders said, Speak not in such terms; thou knowest not where thou art, and with whom thou art; thou art but lately come hither; hell is beneath thy feet, and heaven is over thy head; thou art now in the world which is the middle between those two, and is called the world of spirits; hither arrive, and hither are collected, all who depart out of the world, and are explored as to their quality, and are prepared, the wicked for hell, and the good for heaven; possibly thou still retainest what thou hast heard from priests in the world, that whoremongers and adulterers are cast down in hell, and that chaste conjugal partners are elevated into heaven. At this the novitiate laughed, saying, What is heaven, and what is hell? Is it not heaven where any one is free, and is not he free who is allowed to love as many as he pleases? And is not it hell where any one is a servant, and is not he a servant who is obliged to adhere to one? But a certain angel, looking down from heaven, heard what was said, and broke off the discourse, lest it should proceed further to profane mariages; and he said to him, Come up hither, and I will show thee to the life what heaven is, and what hell, and what the quality of this latter is to confirmed scortators. And he showed the way, and he ascended; and after reception he was led first into a paradisiacal garden, where were fruit trees and flowers, which, from their beauty, pleasantness, and fragrance, filled the mind (*animos*) with the delights of life; when he saw these things, he admired them with great admiration, but he was then in external vision, such as he had enjoyed in the world when he saw like objects, and in this vision he was rational; but in the internal vision, in which scortation was the principal agent, and occupied every point of thought, he was not rational; wherefore the external vision was closed, and the internal was opened; and when this latter was opened, he

said, What do I see now? Is it not straw and dry wood? And what do I smell now? Is it not a stench? What has become of those paradisiacal objects? And the angel said, They are near at hand and are present, but they do not appear before thy internal sight, which is scortatory, for it turns celestial things into infernal, and sees only opposites. Every man (*homo*) hath an internal mind and an external mind, thus an internal sight and an external sight; with the wicked the internal mind is insane, and the external is wise; but with the good the internal mind is wise, and from this also the external; and as the mind is, so man in the spiritual world sees objects. After this the angel, by virtue of the power which was given him, closed his internal sight, and opened the external, and led him away through gates toward the middle point of the habitations, and he saw magnificent palaces of alabaster, of marble, and of various precious stone, and near them porticos, and round about pillars overlaid and encompassed with stupendous insignia and decorations. When he saw these things, he was amazed, and said, What do I see? I see magnificent objects in their own real magnificence, and architectonic objects in their own real art; but at that instant the angel again closed his external sight, and opened the internal, which was evil because filthily scortatory; hereupon he exclaimed, saying, What do I now see? Where am I? What is become of those palaces and magnificent objects? I see confused heaps, rubbish, and places full of caverns. But presently he was brought back again to his external sight, and introduced into one of the palaces, and he saw the decorations of the gates, of the windows, of the walls, and of the ceilings, and especially of the utensils, over which, and round about which, were celestial forms of gold and precious stones, which cannot be described by any language, nor be delineated by any art; for they were above the ideas of language, and above the notions of art. On seeing these things he again exclaimed, These are the very essence of whatever is wonderful, which the eye had in no case seen. But instantly, as before, his internal sight was opened, the external being closed, and he was asked what he then saw. And he

replied, Nothing but decayed piles of bulrushes in this place, of straw in that, and of fire-brands in a third. But yet again he was brought into an external state of mind, and some virgins were presented, who were distinguished beauties, because images of celestial affection, and they, with the sweet voice of their affection accosted him, and instantly, on seeing and hearing them, his countenance changed, and he returned of himself into his internals, which were scortatory, and whereas such internals cannot endure any thing of celestial love, and neither on the other hand are endured by celestial love, therefore both parties vanished away, the virgins out of sight of the man, and the man out of sight of the virgins. After this, the angel instructed him concerning the ground and origin of the inversions of the state of his sights, saying, I perceive that in the world from which thou art come, thou hast been two-fold, in internals having been altogether another man than what thou hast been in externals; in externals thou hast been a civil, moral, and rational man; whereas in internals, thou hast been not civil, not moral, neither rational, because a scortator and adulterer; and such men, while it is allowed them to ascend into heaven, and they are there kept in their externals, can see the heavenly things contained therein, but when their internals are opened, instead of heavenly things they see infernal. Know, however, that with every one in this world, externals are successively closed, and internals are opened, and thereby they are prepared for heaven or for hell; and whereas the evil of scortation defiles the internals of the mind above every other evil, thou must needs be conveyed down to the defiled principles of thy love, and these are in the hells, where the caverns are full of stench arising from dunghills. Who cannot know from reason, that an unchaste and lascivious principle in the world of spirits is impure and unclean, and thus that nothing more pollutes and defiles man, and induces in him an infernal principle? Wherefore take heed how thou boastest any longer of thy whoredoms, as possessing masculine powers therein above other men; I advertise thee beforehand, that thou wilt become feeble, insomuch that thou wilt scarce know where thy mascu-

line (power or principle) is ; such is the lot which awaits those who boast of their scortatory ability. On hearing these words he descended, and returned into the world of spirits, and to his former companions, and discoursed with them modestly and chastely, but not for any considerable length of time."

From these noble criticisms of civilized perversions, let us now turn to his positive statements of the conjugal love. First, its religious or divine foundation in the love of use, which Emerson has again declared in his poem on "The Celestial Love, quoted in vol 2d.

" 207. MEMORABLE RELATION.—After some time I was looking toward the city Athenæum, of which mention was made in a former memorable relation, and I heard thence an unusual clamor ; there was in it something of laughter, and in the laughter something of indignation, and in the indignation something of sadness ; still however the clamor was not thereby dissonant, but consonant, because one tone was not together with the other, but one was within another ; in the spiritual world a variety and commixture of affections is distinctly perceived in sound. I inquired from afar, what was the matter ? They said, A messenger is arrived from the place where the new comers from the Christian world first appear, bringing information of what he hath heard there from three persons, that in the world whence they came they had believed with the generality, that the blessed and happy after death enjoy absolute rest from labors ; and whereas administrations, offices, and employments are labors, that they enjoy rest from these : and inasmuch as those three persons are now conducted hither by our emissary, and stand at the gate, waiting for admission, a clamor was made, and it was deliberately resolved that they should not be introduced into the palladium in Parnassium, as the former were, but into the great auditory, to communicate the news they brought from the Christian world ; accordingly some deputies were sent to introduce them in form. Being at that time myself in the spirit, and distances with spirits being according to the states of their affections, and having in myself at that time an affection to see and hear them, I seemed to

myself to be present there, and saw them introduced, and heard what they said. The seniors or wiser part of the audience sat at the sides of the auditory, and the rest in the midst, and before these latter was an elevated piece of ground; hither the three strangers were conducted, with the messenger, and a train of inferior attendants, through the middle of the auditory; and when silence was made, they were addressed by a kind of president of the assembly, and asked, **WHAT NEWS FROM EARTH?** And they replied, There is a variety of news; but pray tell us what kind of news do you want, or in regard to what subject? The president answered, **WHAT NEWS FROM EARTH CONCERNING OUR WORLD, AND CONCERNING HEAVEN?** And they replied, When we came first into this world, we were informed, that here and in heaven there are administrations, offices, employments, trades, studies relating to all sciences and professions, together with wonderful mechanical arts; and yet we believed that after our removal or translation from the natural world into the spiritual, we should enter upon an eternal rest from labors; and what are employments but labors? To this the president replied, By eternal rest from labors did ye understand eternal inactivity, in which ye should be continually sitting and lying down, with your bosoms and mouths open, attracting and sucking in delights and joys? We conceived something of this sort, said the three strangers, smiling courteously. Then answer was made to them, What connection have joys and delights, and the happiness thence resulting, with a state of inactivity? By inactivity the mind is enfeebled and contracted, instead of being strengthened and expanded; or in other words, the man is reduced to a state of death, instead of being quickened to life. Suppose a person to sit still in the most complete inactivity, with his hands hanging down, his eyes fixed on the ground, and withdrawn from all other objects, and suppose him at the same time to be encompassed with an atmosphere of gladness, must it not needs happen that a lethargy would seize both his head and body, while the vital expansion of the countenance would be contracted, and at length with relaxed fibres he would nod and totter, till he fell

to the earth? What keeps the whole bodily system in its due expansion and tension, but the tension of the mind? and whence comes the tension of the mind, but from administrations and employments, while the discharge of them is attended with delight? Wherefore I will tell you news from heaven, that administrations, offices, judiciary proceedings both in greater and lesser cases, also mechanical arts and employments, are therein. The strangers on hearing of judiciary proceedings in heaven, said, To what purpose are such proceedings? are not all in heaven inspired and led of God, and in consequence thereof taught what is just and right? what need then of judges? The president replied, In this world we are instructed and learn what is good and true, also what is just and equitable, in like manner as the natural world, and these things we learn, not immediately from God, but mediately by others; and every angel, as every man, thinks what is true, and doeth what is good, as from himself, and this, according to the state of the angel, is mixed and not pure; and moreover, there are among the angels some of a simple, and some of a wise character, and it is the part of the wise to judge, while the simple, by reason of their simplicity and ignorance, are doubtful about what is just, or through mistake wander from it. But whereas ye are as yet strangers in this world, if it be agreeable to you to attend me into our city, ye shall see all that is contained therein. Then they quitted the auditory, and some of the elders also accompanied them; and first they were introduced into a large library, which was divided into classes arranged according to the sciences. The three strangers, on seeing so many books, were astonished, and said, There are books also in this world! whence have ye parchment and paper? whence pens and ink? The elders replied, We perceive that ye believed in the former world, that this world is empty and void, because it is spiritual; and the reason why ye believed so is, because ye have conceived an idea of what is spiritual abstracted from what is material; and that which is abstracted from what is material appeared to you as nothingness, thus as empty and void, when nevertheless in this world

there is a fullness of all things ; here all things are SUBSTANTIAL, and not material, and material things derive their origin from things substantial ; we who live here are spiritual men, because we are substantial and not material ; hence it is that all things contained in the natural world are given in this world in their perfection, even books and writings, and many things besides which are not in the natural world. The three strangers, when they heard mention made of things SUBSTANTIAL, conceived that it must be so, as well because they saw written books, as because they heard it asserted that material things originate in substantial. For their further confirmation in these particulars, they were conducted to the houses of the scribes, who transcribed the writings written by the wise ones of the city, and they inspected the writings, and wondered to see them so neat and elegant. After this they were conducted to the museums, schools, and colleges, and to the places where they had their literary sports, some of which they called sports of the Heliconides, some, sports of the Parnassides, some, sports of the Athenæides, and some, sports of the virgins of the fountain ; they said that the latter were so called, because virgins signify affections of the sciences, and every one hath intelligence according to his affection of the sciences ; the sports so called were spiritual exercises and trials of skill. Afterward they were led about the city to see the rulers, administrators, and their officers, by whom they were conducted to see several wonderful works executed in a spiritual manner by the artificers. When they had taken a view of all these things, the president again discoursed with them concerning the eternal rest from labors, into which the blessed and happy enter after death, and said, Eternal rest is not inactivity, inasmuch as inactivity occasions an universal languor, dullness, stupor, and drowsiness of the mind and thence of the body, and these things are death and not life, still less eternal life which the angels of heaven enjoy ; wherefore eternal rest is a rest which dispels such mischiefs, and causes man to live ; and this is nothing else but what elevates the mind, consequently it is some employment and work whereby the mind is stirred up, is vivified and delighted ; and

these effects are wrought according to the use, from which, in which, and to which the mind operates; hence it is that the universal heaven is regarded by the Lord as containing uses; and every angel is an angel according to use; the delight of use carries him along, as a prosperous gale doth a ship, and causeth him to be in eternal peace, and the rest of peace; this is the meaning of eternal rest from labors. That an angel is alive according to the application of his mind from a principle of use, is evident from this consideration, that every one hath conjugal love with its virtue, ability, and delights, according to his application to the genuine use in which he is. When the three strangers were confirmed that eternal rest is not inactivity, but the delight of some employment which is of use, there came some virgins with pieces of needle-work and network, wrought with their own hands, which they presented to them; and the virgins, when the novitiate spirits were gone, sang an ode, wherein they expressed with angelic melody the affection of works of use with the pleasantnesses attending it."

In order to give a concise *resumé* of Swedenborg on "conjugal love," it is only necessary to quote from his index, which is often more luminous than his elaborate explanations, though the whole book is well worth studying. It is an admirable statement, not indeed of all the truth concerning love relations, but of some very important elements which Fourier has left in the background, well knowing that old accepted doctrines would be cared for by others. He is supremely the creative, as Swedenborg is supremely the conservative genius of reform. Without being imposed on by Swedenborg's air of authority and universality, I honor him heartily, and perceive that he has a passional gospel adapted to at least one category of souls, and that of a high-order; not merely the plebeians in love, as Fourier rather hints. Another man, intromitted, like Swedenborg, to converse with spirits of the other life, would doubtless give other aspects of truth, which, to superficial minds, might seem contradictory to those of Swedenborg. I give him credit none the less for a *bona fide* experience, and recognize it as a

law of the soul, that all revelations, however made, must be somewhat colored by the idiosyncrasy of the revealer.

In Swedenborg's place I should have found, perhaps, subjects of more practical usefulness than theological metaphysics, to discuss with the angels, but that is no reason I should quarrel with his favorite tastes, or undervalue the truth he really has brought us, without, at the same time, conceding to it any other authority than that of its internal evidence, when judged by my own reason, which is all he claims. The "Conjugal Love" is one of his most readable works, even for those who have no specific sympathy of mind with him.

It is remarkable that Swedenborg has wholly omitted to treat of the varieties of spiritual love, which experience proves to be greatly more numerous than the forms of sensual love, external to the conjugal tie.

Does he mean by this silence implicitly to confound them with the scortations, pellicacies, adulteries, fornications, lust of varieties, and of violations, which he treats elaborately? It is clear that the distinctive character he attaches to all these, is the subordination of love to lust, of soul to matter, in the condemnation of which he is fully in accord with the principles of Fourier, and with my own.

But then instead of having written an integral treatise on love, he has completely omitted many of the most important facts of experience, which could not enter conveniently into his exclusive conception of the conjugal love. What is to be said, for instance, of that most delicate and spiritual of all loves, which children form at the dawn of puberty, and which is dissipated like the morning dew with a riper and more extended life experience? What is to be said of those devoted, life-long, amatory friendships which exist between married women and other men than their husbands, without leading to any derelictions from our sternest code of morals? What is to be said of the fact that such absolute devotion as Swedenborg alludes to (page 274 of his *Conjugal Love*), is felt by the same man many times for different women, and even for those whose characters and persons differ greatly from one another, when it

is clear that the devotion was inherent in the man's own character, as shown in all his conduct, while others are selfish and grasping in their love confined to one woman!

Swedenborg, in recognizing the supremacy of the spiritual over the material accord in love, has told the truth, as far as he goes, but he has left it to be completed by the more advanced intelligence of Fourier and St. Simon, who are representative prophets of social periods, far in advance of that civilization whose laws and customs constituted the foundation of Swedenborg's spiritual world.

The foundation being renewed, room is now given for grander superstructures than were possible a century ago.

We should surely consider the conjugal love the most perfect of all, did not so many successive recognitions of this harmony with different individuals, all of the purest and most elevated character, experimentally disprove the notion of exclusiveness, as well as that of any essential conflict between the loves which different varieties of beauty and goodness excite. It is indeed an inevitable deduction from the principle that the conjugal love is based in the divine marriage of love and truth, that all the forms of divine love and of divine truth should be recognized, received, appreciated, and cherished by us, in whatever human incarnations they are met.

Swedenborg will tell me that is actually the practice of the angelic heavens, but that man sees these varied multiples of divine incarnation through the eyes only of his consort, thus without the desire of possession.

What the truth or truths about this may be, can be decided only by personal experience, in a perfectly untrammelled sphere of social relations.

The combined serial order will, in due season, pass from an idea into a social and industrial fact, and then we shall probably witness at once in parallel development, associations admitting the freedom of love, and others which admit only the conjugal tie, composed, perhaps, exclusively of those who have already contracted this, and of persons who recognize it fully as their ideal. Agreed in other respects, and adopting

the same organization of labor, the difference of customs in love, will be a point of rivalry between them, and furnish a check to arbitrary oppression among those who recognize only the conjugal tie, as on the other side, a check to disorder and indelicacy among those who accord a wider range in amatory relations.

Between different phalanxes we may have the same emulation reproduced, which in a softened degree exists between the Vestalate, and the Demoisellate; or choirs of chastity and of constancy, and between these, together, and the choirs of greater latitude, Bayadere, Angelicate, Faquirate, and others in the same phalanx, where love adopts without moral restriction the serial order in its developments.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MARRIAGE AND THE FAMILY IN CIVILIZATION.*

THE family is a partial association, whose aim is the procreation and education of children.

It has for its social ties marriage and paternity, and for its affectional ties filial, parental, conjugal, and fraternal love, with the sentiments which belong to them respectively.

Marriage is the promise which a man and woman make never to leave each other, and to rear together the children who shall be the fruit of their love.

This promise ought to be essentially free; thus, when motives of fear or of interest compel it from either or both of the parties, it is null in natural right.

A true love ought to be the reason and basis of this promise, and the tie which it contracts is only dissoluble through the permanence of that love.

* Extracted from "Doctrines Religieuses et Sociales," by Alphonse Constant.

Love is God, therefore what God unites let not man put asunder. I believe, according to the word of Christ, my master, in the sanctity, the unity, and the inviolability of marriage, but only of that marriage over which God, which is to say, true love, presides.

Thus marriage is in theory, indissoluble, and it will become so in practice and in reality when all society shall be constituted according to the laws of truth, the laws of intelligence, and of love.

There now exist few marriages true before God and nature, wherefore the conjugal yoke is so burdensome in our ill-made society. Constraint is often found in place of liberty, and aversion in place of love. The results must necessarily differ. The vices of our actual marriages arise from the vices of the social order, based on selfishness and injustice in the methods of self-appropriation, and divorce ought to be permitted as a progress.

An ill-assorted marriage is no more indissoluble than any other ill-organized association. Can intelligent beings voluntarily and rationally engage to torment each other and render each other irremediably wretched?

Thus man and woman owe each other both love and liberty. Wherever, on the contrary, dislike and constraint are met with between the two sexes, it is the opposite of true marriage; it is a violent and abnormal state, which nothing can justify, and which ought not to continue. There may, however, intervene between these unhappy spouses, who are so only in name, a new tie which pledges them to each other, a love of a different nature than the conjugal, but which can force their separated affections to unite on the head of a third person. I speak of the maternal and paternal tie, of the birth of a child. Now here is what I answered some time ago, when consulted by a woman unfortunate in her marriage, as to what she should do:

"Since you trust the spirit that is in me, poor wounded heart, I shall answer in presence of my God the question you have asked me.

"Believe not that love for the man you complain of is for-

ever extinct in you, for as hope remains in the bottom of Pandora's box, so pardon remains in the bottom of woman's heart, and through pardon, repentance recovers the love that was lost.

"Your husband must have wronged you deeply, since you have ceased to love him, but should his return find you pitiless, he would have the right to accuse you of never having loved him.

"Then I shall have to pronounce between you the judgment of Solomon.

"I shall tell you to cut your child in two, and let each take half of it; thus only can you forever separate.

"For so long as he does not repulse the child from his arms it is his.* See, poor mother, if you can leave and deny your child.

"Be woman and pardon. Be mother and suffer.

"If your two hearts, wounded and violently irritated, cannot approach without bleeding and farther contention, then separate for a season; absence will restore your peace, and solitude perhaps cause you to experience regrets which will bring back love.

"Meanwhile, be friends, since you are unhappy.

"Make no more reproaches; do not aggravate each other; God is between you; do not force Him away by your discord; you need His strength and His love. Wounds are not cured by rubbing the edges together; let yours cicatrize quietly.

"As to you, woman, beware during your days of affliction of the anxiety of your heart, and hope not to find peace in other affections which would distract you from your duties as a mother.

"Up to the present time you have been virtuous and strong; continue to be so; you need it more now than ever, for it is not in the hour of trial that we can give way to weakness or torpor.

* This is to be understood only from the point of view of Christian charity. If it comes to the actual question of who has the best right to the child, its mother or its father, when about to separate, natural justice gives it without hesitation to the mother who has borne it and raised it, whatever French law may say.

“ Know that love is that kingdom of heaven with the narrow gate, and which is taken by violence. Those who will not struggle to conquer themselves, will have to struggle with God, and will be crushed.

“ Courage and patience ; lull your soul in sweet thoughts of affection and mercy, and believe that the Comforter will not leave you in bereavement of heart ; He will come to you.”

These words, which I addressed to one woman, I address to all women who suffer in the chains of a forced union [which children forbid them to sever]. Courage, patience, and hope in the future ; let not the head fall on the breast, or the arms on the knees with discouragement. Hope and protest with energy ; your cries will at last be heard ; if the men of our epoch are deaf, the future will hear them.

Now what is the real and sacred tie which unites the parents with their children, and the children with their parents ?

The parents are for the child the living image of God ; they owe to the fruit of their love the life of intelligence and of love ; they ought, like God, to give every thing, and expect nothing in return but grateful affection and the glorification of God by the happiness and the virtues which they have fostered.

If the parents, instead of diffusing light and life for their children, seek to absorb them by making use of them like a property of which they can dispose according to their caprice, they cease to be fathers and mothers ; they resemble the Saturn of the fable, who devours his children, and they would deserve that nature one day, to deceive their insatiable greed, should give them a stone instead of a child.

CHAPTER XIX.

MARRIAGE AND THE FAMILY—THEIR RELATION TO PHALANSTERIAN ASSOCIATION.

THE chief objection with which the proposal of association has been met by the conservative world is, that it breaks up marriage and the family—institutions which lie at the basis of all the decencies and harmonies of our present social existence, whatever be the abuses and difficulties connected with them. Yes, marriage and the isolated family household are the essential or radical social features of civilization, so that in a broad generalization they are mainly responsible for the goods and the evils, the harmonies and the discords, of its social relations. Which preponderate, let every one answer from his own experience.

But does association break up marriage and the family? The associationists have replied, yes and no. In the phalanx the substantial and spiritual element of these institutions is discriminated from their arbitrary and material element.

That species of love, whose constancy and mutual absorption render the conduct of the man and woman who feel it for each other analogous to what the marriage institution presupposes of those who contract it, is recognized by the phalanx as a divine relation, and fully respected; but the parties form no binding civil contract before others, subject themselves to no criminal law, and are as free at any time to dissolve their relation and to form others, or to form others which modify this in regard to its exclusiveness, as they were at first to form this one.

All children born of such union are accepted by the phalanx, and entitled to precisely the same advantages of nurseries, industrial playshops, tuition, pleasures, honors, and general development, which it furnishes to all children indiscriminately who are born in its sphere, and to whom the public or social

instinct of its own preservation and advantage, as well as the sentiment of honor and of humanity, guarantee the best education possible.

Thus the phalanx emancipates love from the two principal arbitrary causes of exclusiveness in marriage; to wit, the civil law, and the personal obligation to the support of their children in the isolated household. If exclusive constancy obtain in the love relations of man and woman, it is then no longer an arbitrary fact, nor based on the necessities of poverty, as at present, but an entirely free and spontaneous passional fact, and as such entitled to the respect which it obtains.

It would not be entirely a spontaneous fact, notwithstanding the non-intervention of the civil law, and the social adoption of all children born in the phalanx, were woman there, as in civilization, ill paid for her labors, subjected to drudgery, badly educated, feeble, and excluded by social custom from the greater number of honorable and lucrative occupations; because then woman would still, as now, be dependent on man for every thing, and the individual who supported her might exact of her, in return, what conditions he pleased. This is all otherwise in the phalanx.

Woman is there as self-poised, independent, and perfectly free an individual as man.

She has the same advantages of education, at once practical and theoretical. She chooses, without restriction, from infancy upward, whatever pursuits please the bent of her character, whether in simple industry, fine arts, or sciences, domestic, mechanical, agricultural, or other functions, as few or as many as she can attend to, after passing the necessary probations of aptness and proficiency before the group which she wishes to join. Every where she is honored and rewarded in ratio of her industry and skill, and stands precisely on the same footing as man does in affairs of glory and interest.

The functions peculiarly feminine are justly and liberally retributed, and not considered inferior to those peculiarly masculine. They do not require the same degree of physical strength, but often superior delicacy, tenderness, and skill, which makes

them really equal. Women vote and legislate wherever they are industrially concerned, and become chiefs of departments, when their energy and superior skill, recognized by the groups with whom they work, raises them to that position. There is, then, no reason left in the phalanx why a woman should yield her person to a man, except the impulse of her own heart, and no control over the person of the other possible to either party, except through the fascination of sympathy.

This is not all, however. Two persons thus related to each other in the ties of exclusive love are respected in the phalanx, but not, therefore, accounted better than those whose love relations are very different.

Love is free: it is prowess in industry and the arts which confers honor, and personal fascination that wins favor.

Love is free: that is to say, there are many other relations, equally legitimate, recognized and respected as much, and some of them more so, than exclusive monogamy, because they are more useful in their social effects of promoting harmony.

The exclusive absorption of one man in one woman, and of one woman in one man, is a sort of social sleep; and all the respect it can receive from society is, not to be disturbed. In a social sphere, whose organization of labor fully conciliates interests, and whose integral refinement of education promotes the most charming and friendly relations among its members, there are very few persons who will not naturally form numerous and varied love relations, some purely spiritual, and others composite in their character, and which may even coexist with a permanent relation with one favored lover, whose charm is enhanced by these inconstancies or modulations in other varieties of love.

Jealousy, the inversion of love, will be deprived of its stronghold, where no arbitrary and exclusive rights are sanctioned by law or custom—where all is an open question of magnetism, fascination, or passional conquest, preserved by ever-renewed fascination, and where bonds of friendly interest connect all the associates. Luxury, refinement of intellect and

character, a high industrial tone, and the stimulus of ambition, create alternations and diversions in the sphere of love itself, and in those of other passions, soon enabling a disappointed lover to regain his equilibrium.

Love is a source of varied and exquisite happiness in the phalanx, but not an affair of life and death, not a source of duels, suicides, chronic diseases, and broken hearts, as in civilization. The subject of passional equilibria, and the extinction of jealousy, will be treated more elaborately in a future chapter.

The conservative civilizees, then, are more than half right in suspecting that the phalanx will break up marriage. Marriage as they understand it, and as it is now generally understood in the world, is totally incompatible with social harmony, and must be excluded from any successful phalansterian institution.

I see no use in temporizing with blockheads and bigots, who believe in the essential depravity of man and his passions, and who have no conception of order as the harmony of perfect freedom, resulting from the spontaneous expression of individual wills and characters in a social and industrial sphere, adapted to the play of these wills and characters.

Order, for the civilizee, means nothing more nor less than the compression and repression of the individual, by the authority of the mass in democratic countries, and compression of the mass by the authority of the individual in despotic countries. Leaving the generation of vipers to sting themselves to death, we proceed.

The phalanx treats the family just as it treats marriage. It does not break it up, but it supercedes what is arbitrary in the arrangements of the isolated household, and liberates its members, who separate or remain together in their occupations, meals, and pleasures, just as inclination prompts them. They can work together if they please, but as it is very rare to find the father, mother, brothers, and sisters of the same family, with the same industrial tastes, aptitudes, and capacities, it is nearly certain that they will scatter, and severally join the groups engaged in what they prefer; the babes to play in the

nursery, the little boys and girls to the miniature workshops and garden labors, where they will meet children of their own age, using small tools, weeding plants, bringing home vegetables and fruits in their dog-carts, etc.; the older members of the family to other places, according to their choice. They can eat together privately in their family parlor if they prefer doing so, but it is nearly certain that before the dinner hour they will have formed acquaintances, intrigues, and attachments elsewhere, among those they have been working with. Besides, the tastes of men, of women, and of children are usually very different, they will not be attracted by the same bill of fare; they will assort themselves at tables furnished to their respective tastes.

They may wish to dine at different hours; in short, there are fifty good reasons why the members of the same family will not usually eat together when they are no longer obliged to, and not one that I know of, why they should eat at the same table.

So at night, the children's dormitory is in a different part of the phalanstery from the sleeping rooms of the adults; the nursery occupies another section. It is true that nothing hinders the parents from spreading beds for their children in their own apartments, but will they do it? The children will prefer to be off with their companions, and the adults to be unembarrassed by their presence, and undisturbed by their noise, provided they are well cared for elsewhere.

The family, as it now exists, is destined to be absorbed by the phalanx, to pass into a state of myth, to be considered a monstrosity, to be regarded by the children of harmony, who read of it in the ancient histories as an amusing horror, like our story of Bluebeard, or Little Red Riding-hood.

The affections of consanguinity, which are specific passionial types, and often very strong, will be developed the more freely and nobly, because no personal collisions of interests and tastes, petty tyrannies or incompatibilities of temperament, will mar the spontaneity of the family meetings, as in the narrow and arbitrary sphere of the civilized household. No other motive

than passional preference or industrial sympathy bringing people together, they are not very apt to quarrel, and before they grow tired of each other fresh ties and duties will call them elsewhere.

It is true that the systematic accomplishment of its chosen work by each group, brings its members together at regular hours and for stated periods, but even within the group there is choice of details and of company, and besides every one forms his own arrangements with deliberate premeditation, at the industrial exchange.

The jealous exclusiveness of the marriage relation is incompatible with that friendly and honorable tone which reposes on the liberty of the passions. Fourier temporized with the prevalent customs, and in the "New Industrial World," part of which was translated into the second and third volumes of the Harbinger, he quiets as much as possible the prejudices of civilization, in the hope, doubtless, of a speedy practical realization of the phalanx under his own supervision. There, for instance, he says, nearly in these words :

"As for any changes in the relations of love, they cannot take place in the commencement of the new order ; not until the equilibria of friendship and ambition have been prepared by the organization of attractive labor ; not until they are called for by the fathers, the husbands, the government, and the ministers of religion. When these four classes with one accord demand a change, we may be sure that it will be useful, and not dangerous."

He at the same time censures Owen for suppressing marriage and public worship. Fourier forbears any developments on the subject of love in that volume, the "New Industrial World." Again, in the "Unité Universelle," vol. iii., p. 80, after the criticism on marriage, concluding that—

"Truth cannot be established in the major relations (ambition and friendship), if it is not introduced into the minor relations (love and familism), whose falsehood gangrenes from link to link the whole social system.

"Some scrupulous persons," continues Fourier, "will cen-

sure my application of the principles above stated, though admitting the principles themselves. They will censure the customs which the societary estate substitutes for ours—customs referred to the third generation of harmony, but whose exposition is necessary in a theory of passional equilibrium, where we must speculate on the future as upon the present.

More than one father will reluctantly think of his posterity of the third, fourth, and fifth generations adopting morals contrary to the present religious laws upon chastity, marriage, conjugal fidelity, etc. It is here in place to reassure pious persons upon this subject. A short dissertation will remove their scruples, and reconcile even timorous consciences with the morals of harmony.

It is objected that, exclusive and permanent marriage being the state willed by God, ordered by His commands, we ought not to speculate on other ties in love and in the domestic estate.

Such an opinion would suppose limits to the power of God. We know His wills *as to civilized unions*, and ought to observe them in civilization [and even after the issue from it]. But we know not what new laws He will give us when we shall have issued from the paths of falsehood and of industrial separation, and entered into the divine paths, upon the road of association, of truth, and of industrial unity.

More than once God has modified the customs relative to love and to social relations.

He permitted to the patriarchs concubinage and consecutive divorces equivalent to polygamy. Afterward He gave upon Mount Sinai a new law, which, applied to the Jewish people, became the path of virtue during a long space of time. Still later, He sent the Messiah to modify the Jewish customs—circumcision and others—which were no longer in accord with His views.

We may infer that when societies shall have undergone a metamorphosis from vice to virtue, a passage from social chaos to harmony, God, proportioning His decrees to conjunctures, will manifest Himself anew, and give, as on Mount Sinai, by

the organ of some prophet, a new law either upon the sexual unions of the societary estate or upon the enjoyment of the different sensual pleasures connected with industrial attraction. Without prejudging any thing on this subject, we may hope such a favor from what has already taken place.

In fact, *the power of God is not limited*, and His laws on the sexual union having differed according to the adaptations of the patriarchal, civilized, and primitive periods, they may still differ according to the adaptations of the superior periods, Garantism, simple and composite association, to which no people is yet risen.

If, for example, God has thought proper to forbid in civilization inconstancy and the plurality of loves, it is nevertheless certain that these customs are not essentially odious to Him, since He authorized them in Jacob and other patriarchs living in a social order different from ours. It is, then, possible that when we shall have issued from civilization, God may dispense with the statutes imposed on this society, and re-establish the customs which He considered admissible in the primitive ages [or still others entirely new].

In our ignorance of His designs in this respect, we ought to avoid every opinion which would limit His power and His providence. Now, it would be falling into this vice to pretend that, after the foundation of harmony, He would fail to give for this society special laws for public and private morals, as He has given them for the preceding societies, and for the different ages of the human race. One consideration which sustains this augury is, that it will not be suitable to the commencement of harmony, in its first two generations, to depart from the customs of civilization relative to sexual unions, and that we shall first organize the mixed estate or reduced harmony, which preserves in its minor relations most of the civilized customs, except those which are expensive, such as the isolated education of children.

There is then, in the system of liberty in love, whose first development I have explained, nothing opposed to the religious mind, seeing the delays which the introduction of these new

customs will require, and the probability of an early communication on the part of God, with respect to the ulterior morals to be adopted in harmony, when it shall be fully established over all the earth.

The scruples to which I reply, are, if they be well examined, only a double error in piety ; they proceed :

1st. From a movement of pride or pretension of the human mind to limit the power of God and His faculty of modifying His laws according to times, places, and social periods.

2d. From a want of faith and of hope in the universality of Providence ; from an inclination to doubt (like Moses striking the rock twice) that God will come in time to relieve our necessities.

Thus the objections which I refute, though plausible at their first aspect, become a double insult to the Deity if they are persisted in after this explanation.

Besides, how should it be presumed that God would deprive us of the enormous profit of a difference between only three-fold and that of seven-fold the present product ? This will take place as soon as we shall be able to ally the minor, with the major accords of friendship and ambition, which will be provisorily the only ones admitted in the transition from the civilized estate to harmony.

But whatever be the restrictions which authority and public opinion shall judge necessary in this transition, and in the whole course of the first and second generations of harmony, we must theoretically investigate the whole of the equilibria possible, in love as in every other passion, we must even, for the glory of God, who has created love, determine its employments in combined industry, in a future society more perfect than the present, and among generations in regard to whom we know not the designs of the Creator.

How many indications denote that He considers precepts relative to pleasure as an affair of temporary form, and not fundamental. At the commencement of the human race, He created only one couple, whose reproduction required three incests on the part of Cain, Abel, and Seth, with their three

sisters. God considered incest as admissible at this period, since He might have avoided it in creating a second couple, whose children could have married those of Adam and Eve.

God preferred for this time only the path of incest; it is not for us to scrutinize His motives; let us limit ourselves to infer from the fact, that in the mind of God *customs in love (and other pleasures) are but temporary and variable forms, and not an immutable basis.*

In support of this principle I have cited the morals of the patriarchs—we might add those which have reigned through all time, and still prevail among the immense majority of the human race; as among the barbarians, where polygamy is dominant, without these nations at all inclining to identify themselves either in love or administration with the manners of the civilizees, whom they despise, oppress, and massacre, and whose children, born Christians, they convert by compulsion.

On the other side, children of simple nature, Otaheitans, [Aleutians] who never had any communication with the social world, have been polygamous by natural impulse. How many proofs that customs of love are in the plans of God only accessory and variable forms, according to the transitions from one social period to another.

TABLE OF THE FIRST PHASE OF THE SOCIAL MOVEMENT.

1. CONFUSED SERIISM, CALLED EDEN, TERRESTRIAL PARADISE.

Association by instinct and circumstance.

1½. OTAHEITANS. (See Part II. of this work.)

2. SAVAGE STATE. LYMBO SUB-AMBIGUOUS.

2½. TARTARS AND NOMADS ON HORSE AND FOOT.

3. PATRIARCHATE.

3½. CIRCASSIANS, CORSICANS, ARABS.

4. BARBARISM.

4½. CHINESE. 4¾. RUSSIANS.

5. CIVILIZATION.

5½. OWENISTS. (COMMUNISTS.)

6. GARANTISM; OR, HALF-ASSOCIATION. LYMBO SUPER-AMBIGUOUS.

6½. SERIGERM.

7. SIMPLE SERIISM. REDUCED ASSOCIATION.

7½. MIXED SERIISM.

8. COMPOUND DIVERGENT SERIISM. }

9. COMPOUND CONVERGENT SERIISM. } Full Association.

We do not the less owe full obedience to the laws which God has given us for the civilized period; but their general violation [very obvious] is a motive to conclude that if such civilized dispositions are abusive, and eluded on all sides, as are the laws of fidelity in marriage, and of continence out of marriage, we ought not for that reason to meditate a change of customs which might upset civilization, but to seek an issue from this civilization, which creates abuses even from divine institutions, and places the human race in a state of permanent and general rebellion to the wills of God.

We shall, however, after reading the interlogue (in Part II. of this work), judge sanely of the motives which have determined Him to give the preference to marriage as a legal method in civilized unions.

We turn now to vol. iv. *Unité, "Passional Equilibria."* The passional equilibria of which we treat are comparable to a car, which, in order to roll, needs its four wheels (corresponding to the four cardinal passions). Its progress is arrested from the moment when one of the four is broken or taken away. This is what takes place in regard to the ties of passional equilibria. Prejudice carries away one of the four wheels of the car by excluding the social ties in love, which ought to give to this passion its most vast development in accords of all degrees.

It is only by this means that those sublime accords are created which are capable of absorbing selfishness and individual discords in the relations of masses, a property whose special employments in the societary order I have often explained. Objectors will reply, "Give, then, your theory of social equilibria, omitting what relates to love; it will be a little less extensive, but we shall equally judge of these useful applications." To believe them, it would appear that the theory truncated of one of its four branches should preserve three fourths of its value. It is reasoning as though a car, minus one wheel, would travel over three fourths of the route that it would have done with four wheels. It will be prevented from advancing four steps.

Such is the state to which the beautiful theory of passional

equilibria is reduced, if to please prejudice the tie of love be retrenched, of love which is among the four the most powerful absorbent of interest, the most potent source of union among unequals.

I have described very sublime social concerts among the other three cardinal passions, and especially in ambition; but they are not of a nature to replace those which spring from love. This is, among the four cardinal passions, that which furnishes most ties. The fine accords described in the chapters of ambition regulate the march of interest; those of love

By the Fairydom	}	ascending,
And the Angelicate		
By the Faquirate	}	descending :
And Pivotate		

have another employment, which is to absorb interest, and under this relation no other of the three cardinal passions can supply the chasms in the ties of love.

It is easy to recognize that love is the most powerful passion in the mechanism of ties or leagues. Already among us it can create sudden ties between a king and a shepherdess, between a princess and a simple soldier; the other three affections can, indeed, often conciliate unequals, but not give ties so strong, so sudden. It is then love that possesses pre-eminently the property of harmonizing opposites by the formation of ties, and from which the most powerful levers will be drawn, whether for affectionate relations between unequals or for conciliating natural or accidental antipathies.

" He takes a sovran privilege
 Not allowed to any liege;
 For he does go behind all law,
 And right into himself doth draw,
 For he is sovereignly allied—
 Heaven's oldest blood flows in his side
 And interchangeably at one
 With every king, on every throne,

That no God dare say him nay,
 Or see the fault, or seen, betray ;
 He has the muses by the heart,
 And the Parcæ are of his part."

Prejudice, so complaisant toward obscene pictures of a Turkish seraglio, toward the filthy or atrocious manners of Barbarians, will not admit the picture of the loves of a free and decent people—of an order satisfying all ages, where old age would find the art of emancipating itself from vile means of pecuniary seduction, and where youth would find in the calculus of opportune sympathies, thousands of charms unknown to civilization. These honorable manners offend against umbrageous philosophy, which in the loves of civilization, sanctions selfish ties, followed by complete neglect.

A certain couple, for instance, were adoring each other, not long ago, with great display of passion, and now the two individuals, engaged in other ties either of marriage or of love, are as indifferent as complete strangers, as though they had never known each other. This ungrateful indecency is the fruit of morality, which declares as champions of virtue those who forget every anterior tie when they marry. The same depravity in the opinions of the gallant world. It approves those, who forgetting all their past mistresses, refuse them all assistance, and only consider the most recent in date. This selfishness, sanctioned by the conjugal philosophy, is opposed to the aim of nature, which seeks to create numerous and stable ties in the four branches of affection. Let love be all for the last flame, if such be the character of the passional plebeian, it matters little, but social equilibrium will require the maintenance of ties between lovers who have quit each other. It will be the custom to title one another in legacies when loves have had some lustre either by their intensity or their permanence, and the legacies of love will enter largely into the third portion of one quarter or one third given to other affections than those of consanguinity or adoption.

The title of legacy, once conceded in harmony is never re-

voked. Such an act would be infamous. The reigning love would feel offended by it, for might she not in turn experience a similar affront. The court of love would at the same time notify the selfish revoker that he is no longer admissible to its sessions. Forty industrial series which he frequents, apprise him that his name is black-lined on their tablets, and that attainted by a civilized procedure, he will not be admitted to the serial sessions without a yellow crape upon his arm.

Men being also named in legacies by women, love becomes for both sexes a fine chance of bequest. These ties in the loves of harmony are of different degrees, of which the principal is the pivotate or league of composite constancy—love in all the degrees, which amalgamates with all others.

An affection is called pivotal when it allies with all others, and is sustained in concurrence with other loves more recent and more ardent. The names of congeniality and of conjugal love have been applied to it in civilization. (See Chap. xvii.)

Every well-balanced character of high title must have in harmony pivotal lovers male or female, besides the current loves of successive passions, and the flirtations or transient loves, which are very brilliant in the passage of the industrial armies, wherein both sexes are enrolled. [We shall need all our wits about us in these days; men and women are thrown by potent, imperious, and rapid passional affinities back at once upon their deeper life of instinct and spontaneity—our moralism will then appear as the scum that floats on the stagnant waters of society during passional calms.]

On these passages of the legions, lovers may take the opportunity to conclude truces for a few days, which truces are not accounted infidelities, provided they be honorably solicited, mutually consented, and registered on the day after the variation in the chancery of the court of love. These customs are those of the planet *Herschel*, which not being honored by the lights of philosophy, nor with syphilitic diseases, follows in love usages quite the opposite of ours; such is the *Pivotate* cited above, which creates very beautiful ties, and which is the basis of simple constancy, the only kind known among us.

Civilization has never risen to any study upon the simple and the composite in love, on the beautiful social combinations of which composite love is capable when it modulates in all the degrees of its scale. (*Vide* Fourier on "Passions of the Human Soul.") From this omission results the farcical absurdity, in keeping with other features of our upside-down world, of having ennobled the passional populace, the solitones and plebeian titles, and of debasing the passional officers, the polytones or polygynes, who are alone fit for the regencies in amorous series. In consequence of this hierarchical subversion, the system of loves in civilization is *mere erotic Jacobinism*.

It is the sovereignty of the passional populace, of all the low titles of character, and the debasement of all the high titles or souls susceptible of splendid ties and of aptitude for general direction. It is a mechanism whose dissection is exceedingly curious.

One index of this subversion is the prevalent opinion about the two elements or principles of love, the sensual and the spiritual.

Civilized morality pretends to degrade the first, the sensual, which, however, controls all the arrangements of the isolated household, and dominates exclusively. It pretends to esteem the spiritual, which it renders virtually absurd by refusing all its adaptations, and which is really unknown to it, and confounded with sentimental deceptions and solitary dreams. For want of studying the spiritual element, they have neither perceived the unsocial and depraved state of civilized loves, where the vilest selfishness and legal provocation to ingratitude reigns, nor discovered the beautiful combinations of which love is capable, such as the

Fairydom, Composite Hospitality,
 Angelicate, Composite Citizenship,
 Faquirate, Composite Charity,
 Pivotate, Composite Constancy.

These four ties of love conduct to the aim which moralists, and even romancers, propose; to cause the spiritual principle called sentimental affection, charm of the mind and heart, to

predominate in love, to prevent the exclusive influence of the material principle or lust, which, when it dominates by itself in love, degrades the human species, and debases it to the level of the brutes—below many of them. This vice is very frequent in civilized loves, especially in those of marriage, most of which, at the end of a few months, and perhaps even from the second day, sink into pure brutality, chances of copulation, excited by the domestic bond, without any illusion either of mind or heart—a state very common among the mass of the people, where the married couple, cloyed, peevish, and quarreling through the day, are obliged to make it up in bed, because they are too poor and cramped to make separate arrangements, and because the brute spur of the senses triumphs a moment over conjugal satiety.

Such is, however, the snare upon which philosophy speculates, in order to transform the most gracious of passions into a source of political deceptions, to excite the pullulation of the populace, and to drive poor men to labor by the sight of their ragged, hungry children.

What a noble part is here accorded to love in exchange for the liberty of which they deprive it!

Among the civilizees it is made a provider of cannon fodder, and among the barbarians, a persecutor of the weaker half of the human race; behold, under the names of seraglio and of marriage, the honorable functions assigned to love by our pretended lovers of liberty.

Confounded by the vices of their amorous policy, they repel all idea of calculation upon the properties of free love. Ignorant and deluded about the proper employment of liberty, they wish it unlimited in commerce, whose crimes and frauds (elsewhere exposed) call on all sides for the curb of laws, and they deprive of all liberty, love, whose vast development in passional series would conduct to all virtues and marvels in social policy. What an unfortunate science are these theories of civilized liberties! what an instinct of opposition to every aim of nature and of truth!

CHAPTER XX.

EXTINCTION OF JEALOUSY BY THE CONDITIONS OF PHALANSTERIAN ASSOCIATION, IN CONNECTION WITH THE FREEDOM OF LOVE.

"But jealousy has fled ; his bars, his bolts,
His withered sentinel, duenna sage !
And all whereat the generous soul revolts,
Which the stern dotard deemed he could engage,
Have passed to darkness with the vanished age."

HEREUPON some ferocious moralist, some New York editor, for instance, of a pious or political daily, living in scortatory amours with all the pretty women he can obtain, exclaims, *Monstrous!* Jealousy is the safeguard of faithful love ; its torments are the just and inevitable punishment of the violated sanctity of the marriage bed. A love that is not subject to jealousy can be no other than mere lust, than the relation which the libertine sustains with the prostitute.

No doubt, in those dens of public prostitution, in those Phalanxes where you wish to revive the orgies of Otaheite, jealousy will be extinguished for want of any virtue to be jealous of. Where all the women are unchaste, and the men glory in their lewdness, society will be polluted below the point where jealousy is possible. You need not construct your Phalanxes to see that. You may witness it already at the Five Points.

That will do I think. I have never spoken with the gentlemen in question, but I dare say that either of them, or any other civilized moralist, will endorse the above, the name "Phalanx," perhaps omitted in this connection, for there are some who would have a moral and Puritan Phalanx.

It is doubtless possible to create this as well as other moralities, whose beautiful operation civilization exhibits.

The line of demarkation must be drawn between the Phalansterian, and the civilized Moralist, who has not comprehended the first principle of social science, to wit, Spontaneity versus Compression. I do not wish to brand men with hypocrisy because they happen to be unfortunately educated, gangrened with prejudices, stupid, or sick; I have no personal enmities among associationists, but I wish to clear away that confusion of opinions and of action which has hitherto compromised the efficiency of our propagandism and of our practical efforts: to reveal men to themselves and to each other, and to lead those who comprehend the essential divinity of the passions, and the supreme order and harmony resulting from their full development through all the degrees of their scale in the passional series; to find each other out, and to take whatever steps are now possible toward the realization of the Phalanx. I take pleasure in acknowledging the substantial integrity of the writings of Henry James, of John S. Dwight, of Albert Brisbane, and Dr. C. J. Hempel among our American friends, although considerations entirely personal may prevent them from taking openly the same ground as myself.

Let us answer the defense of jealousy ascribed to some champions of civilized morality. Jealousy, so far from being the safeguard of pure love, reveals the impure, selfish, and tyrannical character of that love.

It implies, 1. a distrust of the person beloved. 2. Fear or hatred of the party suspected of sharing his or her love. 3. The ignoble feeling of holding the person beloved as a chattel or subject of material property. 4. The selfishness of desiring to retain this property exclusively, at the expense of the freedom of its subject, by the sacrifice of his or her passional affinities and the restriction of his or her development and happiness thereby, to the single point of affinity which the person jealous can supply. 5. Want of self-respect, or of the conscious spiritual power to retain the affection of the other person, which alone confers the right to use his or her body. *One who is jealous is prepared for real swindling, or open theft, and kidnapping of the worst sort, since it invades not*

merely the property, but the personality, or spontaneity of another.

6. Fundamental ignorance of the spiritual or natural law of reaction, which teaches that any control or compression of the elastic spontaneity of passion, determines in that passion an opposite tendency or impulse. Hence, many lovers have, through the tyranny and constraint which jealousy prompts, lost that affection which they might otherwise have retained.

7. Ignorance of the spiritual or natural fact, that individual beings, by that very difference which constitutes their individuality, cannot come into conflict with each others' spiritual rights.

“ True love in this differs from gold and clay,
That to divide is not to take away.”

The loves with which two persons are beloved by a third are different as the characters and temperaments of these two persons. The love and understanding of one may reflect a light upon the nature of the other, but if this other be also a subject of passional affinity, that affinity will be strengthened rather than weakened by the relations of analogy or of contrast which it may bear to the other. Love, like the other faculties of the soul, requires for its vigor and permanence in action, the charm of variety, the alternation of its objects; the eye is fatigued with resting constantly, even on green, and the most fascinating volume becomes a stupid bore, if we must keep reading it always, instead of frequently distracting our thoughts by other books and objects of interest. Hence, monotony, monogamy, or exclusive constancy, are for love a true suicide, and could be endured by no one, were it not for the long absences and passional calms in which love sleeps, and the beloved person becomes nearly indifferent or irksome in the ordinary civilized marriage and isolated household.

Variety is indeed less essential to the heart than to the mind and the senses. It is true that the blue of the firmament, and the green of vegetation never weary the eye, nor the murmurs of the forest and of the waters our ear; and that nature is so admirably adapted to us that some are well content to remain for life in the valley that saw their birth, while others lose all

perception of what has once been lovely to them unless their passion dominant of variety be gratified, when the same creation under new aspects reveals its pristine splendor.

The filial, the parental, the conjugal, and even the friendly affection of the heart, may, even in the most restless organizations, remain ever warm for the same persons. I see each evening, with the same pleasure as at first, my sweet little cousin Caroline nestle in her mother's lap by the fireside, while the most gorgeous papering, or splendid service of plate, soon meets my eye unregarded and indifferent, and the wittiest pleasantry or most profound truth, would become insufferably tedious if thus repeated.

Wherever affection rules, magnetic circuits are formed between beings, from each of whose personalities the infinite life is mirrored under a new aspect. It is God that we love in them, therefore, they do not weary us, but the more we love them the more we are enriched by love.

While we thus gratefully confess the basis of constant attachments, let us not forget that even the heart, though less indebted than the mind and the senses to opportune changes, is no less grateful for them and returns with fresh ardor to its pivotal objects after temporary absence and diversion. The constancy of love is after all really a periodicity.

Were it not for the tacit admission of many transient spiritual infidelities, monogamy would be so universally intolerable as to find no partisans. So far from fearing that the place I have earned and hold by right of spiritual affinity in another's heart, can be taken away from me by the occupation of another, I spontaneously welcome with friendliest sympathy, with the prophetic instinct of some noble and divine qualities—another man, toward whom I see the affection of the woman I love and who loves me, extend itself. So feels the unsophisticated Indian: far from vile jealousy of merit, he invites to share the bed of his favorite spouse, the man whose noble acts and bearing win his admiration. It is not nature that makes us afraid to lose the love we possess by the development of new affinities in the person beloved; it is not nature, it is the false

position which we occupy in civilization ; it is the arbitrary connection of the love relation with legal possession and the isolated household ; it is the civil and moral law that makes chattel slaves of us to that point that we dare no longer to call our souls our own. So long as the law and society refuse to recognize any other than the exclusive relation of one man with one woman in marriage, bed, and board, and persecute with utmost malice any other, they clearly render the claims of two persons to the love of a third practically incompatible, and thus supply to jealousy its only rational foundation. Leave love free and all its spontaneous acts honorable, and this foundation is removed, because there is no virtual exclusiveness in the two claims.

But did not the civil and moral law and jealousy itself spring originally from the same ground in human nature ? Admitted : they all sprang together from poverty and ignorance of human nature ; but under the conditions of the dark ages of the past, at the close of the paradisaical era. On this a future chapter.

Jealousy is sometimes a protective sentiment in favor of the person beloved, and against one considered false and unworthy his or her affections. This often obtains in civilization. The extinction of its causes will result from harmonian education, and composite hygiene.

The combined order will render real marriage, or the spiritual fact of marriage, more sacred from invasion than it can ever be in civilization, between the duel on the one side, and the criminal law on the other. It will then be certain that the parties recognizing each other in this relation are what they profess to be, no foreign motive of morality or interest compelling them to it, and the sphere of conjugal love which emanates from them and environs them, is a security more entire than any words can express against attempts of seduction. The occasions of that jealousy which is proper to conjugal love, will be diminished in ratio as this is recognized as a natural and spiritual, not a conventional and arbitrary fact. So far as it contains in itself the element of exclusive constancy, it will be safe from every foreign disturbance. It is only required of loves which

do not possess this that they should cease to throw discredit on the conjugal love, by falsely pretending to its attributes, as at present.

Jealousy is occasioned from poverty in every sense, both spiritually and materially; it is a subversive or infernal expression of the instinct of self-preservation, in the sphere of love, where it is more out of place than in any other, because there, devotion, absolute devotion to the object beloved, normally reigns; and there is no true love worthy the name, where there are any selfish reservations.

Civilization, in compelling these, in narrowing, depraving, and degrading the soul down to these, poisons love. Where there are so few chances of love, and half one's life has been turned to anguish by the privation of it, it is a matter of course, that the starved soul should greedily grapple and strive to absorb entirely, and appropriate all to itself, the single being in whom it has found affection. Yes, poverty explains all, excuses all, but itself. It is the mother serpent, into whose maw retreat all the infernal little snakes that envenom the social relations of incoherent societies (civilized, barbarous, patriarchal, savage).

Material poverty brings with it, inevitably, spiritual poverty also. The individual may resist, and strong natures fold themselves in the bear skin of stoicism against discomforts and privations, but they tell, as constant dropping wears the stone; and whatever comparative exceptions some individual characters may present, it is a law and necessity for the social mass, that material privations, hard labor, and small product, reduce passional chances and capacities to an infinitesimal minimum, far below the nobler, freer, and more spiritual animal types, such as the elephant, the dove, thrush, mocking-bird, pheasant, wood-cock, and many others. Many civilizees pass through their sad career without one single experience of love; many, nay, I fear the greater number of them, are too much degraded to know any thing more than lust, and if by mere accident (for the civilizees are completely ignorant of the laws of passional affinity, and do not even suspect their existence), if by mere

accident of favorable circumstance a sympathy of even low degree is recognized, their imaginations are presently all in a blaze, and they envelop the object of their love in a fog of subjective illusions; rainbow-hued, it may be, but wet and uncomfortable, obscuring the real features of their subject, and frequently compromising all reciprocal acknowledgment, for it is natural to us to shrink with impatience from those who idealize us to excess; we suspect either their sincerity or their sanity.

After all, when reciprocal love exists, either in marriage or out of it, the jealousy with which each party regards the other's friends of opposite sex, is only half prompted by the fear of losing their property in each other, the other half goes to the account of moral prestige, or the opinion of the world, fear of scandal, etc.

When poverty has driven men to monogamy, then jealousy appears with marriage, or exclusive property in persons and other chattels. In barbarous countries, where the chattelism of woman is still more strongly organized than with us, jealousy goes to the greatest extremes, and any infraction of the right of exclusive property in wives or daughters, is punished by the death of both parties. The Seraglio, the Sultan, the Sac, and the Sea.

Abolish property or chattelism in woman, restore her independence, and you abolish jealousy; but this kind of property, like other capital, is an institution of poverty, a reaction of individuals against the poverty of the mass. Hence, to escape from this compound oppression of capital in the major sphere, and marriage in the minor, one of two things is necessary, either to found the phalanstery, whose organized labor extinguishes poverty and universalizes the use of capital, or to withdraw to the Eden climes, still existing in some parts of Texas, on tropical mountain sides, and in the isles of the South Seas, where nature still yields abundantly and delicately for all our wants, and asks the smallest expenditure of toil, and where the harmonies of elemental life conspire to wrap the sensuous nature in elysium.

Why not go there, and there found the Phalanx, as our numbers and means increase ?

I return to the hypothecated charges. You tell us, says the champion of morality, that there will be no jealousies in your phalanx. There are already none at Five Points (rather a bold assumption, but let it pass), *ergo*, your phalanx will be on the same footing as a disreputable brothel—will be a sty of lewdness and debauchery. There is a fair specimen of civilized logic for you. The civilizee, or yahoo—as Dean Swift calls it, and the name is a good one (see Gulliver's Voyage to the Houyhnhms)—is an animal not devoid of astuteness. I have often admired its perspicacity in the art of filling its belly out of its neighbor's pockets, of acquiring wealth without producing values, and winning honor and respectability by methodical injustice and truckling to expedencies. In all these things I have much to learn of the civilizees. But of the general laws of movement—of that, for example, called the contact of extremes—the civilizee professes the most profound ignorance, and here, for once, I do not doubt his sincerity. It is in accordance with the law of the contact of extremes that analogies exist between those aspects of nature, those characters of society, those phases of life, those beings in the scale or series of creation which are farthest removed from each other.

Thus, in the diurnal movement, we find a contact of extremes between the sunset and the dawn; the first, the departure of light and heat, and fall into cold and darkness; the second, the entrance into light and heat, and the fuller life of the day.

In the polar zones farthest removed from solar influence, are witnessed Parhelia, or double suns, an effect of reflection and refraction which increases their light and heat.

The contrasted intensity of magnetism at the poles, and that of heat, another form of the same aromal power at the equator, is another illustration of this law. In the distribution of planets the proportion of moons assigned is inversely as their distance from the sun.

In the series of creation, remark the contact between such

opposite types as the elephant and the flea. The proboscis, after disappearing with the elephant, the tapir, and other huge animals, reappears in insects.

In the phases of life, remark the contact of extremes between the first childhood of infancy and the second childhood of old age—really nearer to infancy than any other period, as nearer to the reappearance of the soul on the plane of mundane life.

Remark the contact of extremes between joy and despair. In their fullness they are both quiet. The hopeless criminal accumulates fat in his dungeon. Oxygen, the great destroyer, transformer, aspirer, *pauses* here, in the paralysis of attraction, by total negation of destinies, as in the celestial rest of high attainment and passional satisfaction.

Sudden intense joy and grief alike occasion death, by arresting the heart's action. The simplicity of genius is a subject of common remark. This not only obtains as an effect of perfect power and mastery in art, but also even in a grotesque sense. Thus Sir Isaac Newton, transcendent genius in celestial and spherical mechanics, had a big hole cut under his door for his cat, and a smaller one for his kitten, not perceiving that the kitten could easily pass through a hole large enough for the cat.

In the social movement, remark the contact of extremes in the respect and preservation of the forests during the savage state, and afterward in the return of the incoherent phase upon itself, in the ultimate of civilization, in moneyed feudalism. The English aristocracy now replant the forests destroyed during the phase intermediate from the times of the Conquest, and revive assiduously the primitive savage habits of hunting and fishing, etc., with the improvements of modern art. The highest refinement of wealth and luxury only enables their possessors to tend back to nature again.

Carelessness, the attribute of the savage, is found in the two extreme classes of those who have the fewest wants—the stoics of nature and society, or those whose very numerous and refined wants are satisfied in the luxury of unbounded

wealth. Among the classes of society it is the rulers, kings, presidents, generals, etc., and the common soldiers, between whom a natural alliance obtains. Thus through the feudal ages the power of the nobles was broken down by the tie between the kings and the plebeians against their privileges. The great general, the Napoleon, is idolized by the common soldiers.

Christ, the spiritual chief of the most advanced nations of humanity, is reputed to have been born in a stable, and reared as an ordinary carpenter, and to have always associated most humbly with the children of the people. He was also crucified between two malefactors.

It would have been answer conclusive to have simply replied to the comparison of the Phalanx with the Five Points, from the presumed absence of jealousy in both places, that jealousy, being founded on a real or imagined right of chattel property in woman, could not be expected where no such property existed; whether this state was one of civilized prostitution, *the social reaction from the exclusive marriage which necessitates it*, and where woman is no longer a subject of property, because no one wants the trouble of keeping her; or whether this state was that of the Phalanx, where there is no chattel property in woman, because she is there fully independent, both industrially and by recognition of society—the interference of the civil law being also abrogated.

The abolition of chattelism in woman or man, and their mutual freedom of action, is truly an effect observed in accordance with the law of the contact of extremes, both in the lowest and in the highest position that woman can occupy, in the extreme of misery and pollution, or in that of luxury and refinement; where she is *too mean to find an owner*, and where she is *too great to be owned*. Allusion has been made to the orgies of Otaheite. These orgies, be it well understood, as I shall prove by citation of conclusive testimony, owe their existence to the corruption of the civilizees, and especially to the oppression of the missionaries who govern the island, and levy tariffs upon prostitution, which has been encouraged by the

importation of cargoes of women in the government vessels to supply the sailor market at Honolulu. Previous to their contamination by the civilizees, who carried to the Eden of the South Seas their orthodox version of the Bible, syphilitic diseases and other contagions, hypocritical morality, rats and mosquitoes, besides political tyranny, marriage, bed-bugs, missionaries, and other vermin, great and small, too numerous to be mentioned; Otaheite was a Paradise of free love, whose feasts or orgies, call them what you will, God and nature approved; and gave the most conclusive proofs of their delight in them, by making the Tahitians the happiest people known under the Sun; perfectly healthy, the most beautiful of the dark-skinned races, large, robust, perfect models of grace in their forms. The plagues of constituted human authority in government and religion were scarcely dreamed of by them.

Let us now sum up the resources by which phalansterial association absorbs and extinguishes jealousy.

1st. By the multiplication of chances in love: a single society occupying one phalanstery or unitary palace, with suits of apartments of different degrees of costliness and rental to suit the various degrees of fortune, comprises 1800 persons—men, women, and children; and in its workshops and cultures, employs them all, divided and affiliated into series of groups, in its unitary industry, from whose profits the dividend of each group and of each individual is declared to it, him, or her, according to the three terms, of time employed in labor, rank conceded in skill, and capital invested. All the members of this society are then related with each other in the general or unitary profit; material well-being; and in the special affiliation of groups, where each joins those whose characters please him and whose labors suit him, and as many of them as he is competent to work with. He participates with them in unitary advantages and pleasures, public worship, musical festivals, dramatic entertainments, etc., and all unite in a common life purpose—the return of humanity to spontaneity and happiness, through its entrance into the true social order, and the incarnation of God in the beauty and order of life. All these circumstances will very

surely and genially develop inherent affinities or passional sympathies in love as well as in other affections among the 1800 members of the Phalanx ; added to which will be occasional relations of the most pleasing character, with three or four times that number of visitors in the course of each year, whom the novel charms of attractive labor and spiritual expansion will most favorably dispose to forget the restraints of civilized estrangement, and open their hearts to those to whom God has given the key.

This multiplication of chances in love has a double source, first, in the increased number of persons with whom we come into friendly social relations.

Secondly, in the abrogation of false morality and constraint in the relations of the sexes, such as civilization sustains by the dependent position of woman, by disparities of social rank or caste, by the coarse manners of its poorer classes, by the hypocrisy and hollow affectation of its wealthy classes, and by the general incoherence which reigns in its opinions, tastes, prejudices, and habits.

Every one on leaving this social hell and coming within the precincts of the Phalanx, will feel himself to have entered a new world, as though Pluto, in a freak, had let some damned soul out of Tartarus into Elysium. Even civilization cannot destroy man's essential divinity ; and all the angel will be called forth in him by a harmonic environment, charming soul and sense at once.

Hence multiplication of love relations and chances of passional affinity to a degree hitherto unknown, and consequent absorption of jealousy in any particular case.

2d. Social influence of the free or gallant characters in love, who are not prone to exclusive relations, and who form among their corporations that of the Faqirate, practising composite charity, coming to the rescue of disappointed lovers, and intervening for the support of the unity wherever it might be compromised by individual discords. Also that of the Angelicate or compound citizenship. Such an influence may be better understood by a practical example. I take one from the life

of Bernardin de St. Pierre,* who had more insight into the harmonies of nature than perhaps any writer before Fourier.

It was in his early life, when after more than a year of happiness, such as rarely falls to the lot of a mortal during the subversive periods, the Polish princess Marie M., with whom he had lived in the most intimate relations for more than a year, but with whom obstacles of family, rank, and fortune, prevented a permanent union, suddenly broke with him, and he left Poland in a state of indescribable anguish. War was at this time declared between Poland and Saxony, which suggested to him the idea of joining the Saxon army, and returning to meet his former mistress in the character of a master and conqueror. Soon after his arrival at Dresden on the 15th of April, 1765, he used to walk every evening along the banks of the Elbe, in the gardens of the Count de Bruhl, where every thing spoke to his sorrow, because all bore the impress of destruction. Those magnificent gardens, where the favorite of Augustus III., had collected with royal profusion the rarest plants of the two hemispheres and the finest monuments of the arts, were now only a mass of ruins. On all sides appeared the marks of balls and bomb-shells, mutilated statues, columns overthrown, pavilions half consumed by fire; while amid these wrecks, attesting the madness of civilizees, arose on all sides groups of flowering plants and trees, attesting the goodness of nature. The rays of the setting sun gave a new charm to the landscape. Descending the azure in its majesty, the horizon flamed up to meet it, and it appeared suspended upon the tremulous waves of a sea of fire. Meanwhile, the parting day,

“Died like the dolphin, which each pang imbues
With a new color, as it passed away;
The last still loveliest, till 'tis gone, and all is gray.”

And this glowing scenery of light was gradually effaced like the illusions of life.

This celestial picture gallery had a secret charm for M. de St.

* By L. Aimé Martin.

Pierre: perhaps Marie was looking into the same sky at these moments as himself. So distant, yet their eyes might rest on the same object, their souls might meet in the same thought, the same desire; they were not then entirely separated: doubtless she was thinking of him as he of her. Thus solitude fed his hopes, and nature recalled him to the happiness of being loved.

His solitary walks had been observed. Every evening he met a young beauty, who seemed like himself to dream and to shun the human race. There was always, however, something mysterious in her appearance, picturesque in her attire, which might awake a doubt that like Virgil's Galathea, she concealed herself on purpose to be seen. Sometimes folding her lithe form in a long white mantle, she glided among the ruins like a fugitive shade. Sometimes robed in mourning, the moonbeams revealed her still and dreaming as she leaned upon some ruined column. Again, splendidly dressed in purple and gold, she appeared with a coronet of diamonds on her brow, like one of those superior beings, who, in the times of the fairies, deigned to console poor mortals.

St. Pierre soon perceived that he was the object of her attention; his eyes involuntarily followed her, but he did not speak to her, and remained indifferent and absorbed. One evening as he rested on a bank of turf, a little page, gallantly dressed, came and sat beside him, and said, with a malicious glance, "You surely, sir, cannot be a Frenchman, for my mistress is the prettiest woman in Dresden. You see her every day, and you have not told her so. Here is a note, however, that she has sent you by me." And he presented him a paper, on which a light hand had traced these words:

"Leave grave meditations; the morning of life is made for love. I would crown you with roses, and recall you to pleasure. Beautiful and changeful as Ninon, I know secrets for all troubles. Hasten! time flies, and love passes like a bird!"

Astonished at so singular an adventure, M. de St. Pierre remained mute; the rogue of a page laughed at his embarrassment, takes his arm, and leads him off. At the garden gate a

carriage receives them, crosses the city swiftly, and stops at the door of a palace adorned with a double colonnade. During this rapid course the little page kept bantering M. de St. Pierre about his sadness and love of solitude; complimented him on the happiness of being carried off by a pretty woman, and in allusion to the great Amadis of Gaul, on the Bare Rock, gave him the title of Knight of the Clouds. As for M. de St. Pierre, he sought to disguise his embarrassment under a pretence of boldness, but he was surprised at having allowed himself to be carried so far, and would have run away at once, had not shame and curiosity withheld him. Arrived at the gates of the palace, he descended under a peristyle of white marble. The page still held him by the hand, and guided him with mysterious air through a suite of magnificent apartments; but suddenly he disappears, a door opens, and at the end of the drawing room where art had lavished its marvels, through a mist of perfumes burning in golden censers, he sees the fair unknown, bending over vases of flowers whose shades she seemed to assort.

Her long hair floated carelessly, her eyes were heaven blue, and pleasure danced in her smile. As soon as she saw M. de St. Pierre, she flew to meet him, and placing on his head, with charming grace, the crown she had just finished, said, "I keep my promise: I crown this brow with roses to banish care from it." Then she added, dropping her eyes with a slight embarrassment, that seeing him in the garden, she was touched by his sadness, and that she wanted to know why it was. This opened a charming conversation that M. de St. Pierre never could forget. The stranger added to French vivacity a shade of impassioned carelessness, as though the soul prized its gay plumage lightly, and ever and anon would poise itself o'er the unfathomed ocean of its being, on whose surface merely, float the good and evil, joy or wo, of our phenomenal experience.

Her language was of changeful love. She would pass in life like the bird that sings, like the flower that blooms. Evils are our work, she said, but joys come from the gods. We must haste to receive them as they fall from heaven. The

great maxim of happiness is to rely on nothing, to glide amid objects without ever pausing ("to skate well on surfaces.") Those who attach importance to the events of life are always unhappy. Experience tells us, "Hover over, and do not plunge deep, for you are created to enjoy, not to comprehend." Then she added, with a sunny smile: "They warn me that my beauty will pass. I know it, but *I am beautiful to-day*. I will be so to-morrow, and I know too well how quick life passes, to be anxious about a more distant future."

Uttering these words, she twined her loving arms round St. Pierre, and kindled rapture in his soul. The wreath of flowers with which she had crowned him, like that which Ogier the Dane received from the fairy Morgana, seemed to have the spell to make him forget all grief and sadness, and while it was on his head, he had no thought whatever of his former lady-love, nor of his country, nor of his relations, for all was then cast into oblivion to lead a joyous life.

Amid this pleasant converse, the page entered to announce that supper was served; then the two lovers passed into a room hung with blue satin draped with silver gauze. A troop of lightly dressed young girls covered the table with the most exquisite viands; rarest trees and flowers were grouped in a circular alcove, at the end of the hall. A globe of light, half hid behind the leaves, shone softly on this scene, like moon-beams shimmered through the tree-tops of a quiet grove.

Then stole upon the ear the distant sound of several harps, but with so mild a melody as scarce to wake the silence, like the confused murmur of happy spirits on the shores of the elysian fields. There was in all this sphere a fairy-like enchantment that no mortal could have resisted. M. de St. Pierre did not resist. Exquisite wines, perfumes, music, the aspect of those young sylph-like beauties, that dazzling luxury, and more than all, those languishing eyes, those seductive words of the fair unknown, thrilled through his senses with voluptuous charm. The hero of an extraordinary adventure; having neither time nor will to reflect, he ceded to the fascination of so novel a position. Gallant speeches, piquant repartees followed each

other rapidly ; his surprise, his curiosity, the mystery surrounding all, still added to this pleasure. Yet faithful to the memory of his distant love, these raptures which restored him to its sphere, were dashed with a regret and bitterness at her rejection of him. Eight days flowed on in continued bewilderment. Surrounded by a troop of nymphs who only sought to please him, he had tried every means to know their mistress's name, but his curiosity was always excited, never satisfied. On the evening of the ninth day, the unknown, quitting her gorgeous attire, dressed herself in a simple white tunic. Never had she appeared so full of life, so voluptuous, so adorable. She overwhelmed her lover with the tenderest caresses, and, recalling to him the last lines of her note, she repeated every moment, “Hasten, time flies, and love passes like a bird.” After the supper, which was delicious, she draped herself with a long veil, and entered into games which France long after learned of the beauties of the North ; she revealed herself in the most graceful attitudes and contrasted expressions. She was Venus, issuing from the bath, and hiding herself under a light gauze : Helen, escaping from the palace of Menelaus with the beautiful Paris : Calypso, wandering in her island, terrible, disordered, and followed by her nymphs, uttering furious cries.

But suddenly the scene changes, the unknown regains her serenity, shakes a magic ring, and advancing in a majestic attitude : “Chevalier,” she said, “a power stronger than my will obliges me to restore your liberty. I break the charm that retained you : no more cares ; run to new pleasures ; hasten, time flies, and love passes like a bird.” Then she continued her march, and, followed by her whole cortege, left the saloon, whose doors closed after them. M. de St. Pierre expected every moment to see her reappear ; but after waiting a little while he rose to go out, when he perceived the little page coming to him with an air of sadness. He wished to question him, but the page, putting his finger on his lips, made signs to him to follow and keep silence. Arrived beneath the marble peristyle, he enters a carriage, it departs, returns to the city, stops at the gate of his own lodging, and disappears. All these

events passed so rapidly, that finding himself in the chamber which he had left nine days ago, he feared for a moment that he had been the dupe of the illusions of a dream.

The next morning he called on his friend, the Count de Bellegarde, and confided to him his adventure. During the relation M. de B. changed color several times. At last he said: "I have long desired the favor which has been granted to you. I know the beauty whose conquest you have made, for there is in all Saxony but one woman that can display such magnificence. This celebrated woman was reared by the cares of the Count de Bruhl. He developed those tastes and that charming philosophy in which life appears as a festival. He designed to give her to the king, to secure a favor which had already raised him so high, but her charms proved irresistible, and his pupil became his mistress. At his death he left her treasures which she has dissipated.

"Skillful in following her master's lessons, she lives like Nimon, like Aspasia, well knowing that to deserve their glory she needs only to be as changeful. At this moment she lavishes the fortune of a Jew, young, handsome, and a millionaire, whom she has preferred before the greatest lords of the court. He has been absent a month, and his sudden return is doubtless the superior power which obliged the enchantress to restore you the liberty which has put an end to your pleasures."

The moralist is now half angry with himself for the pleasure he has experienced in reading this rare little history. In truth there are a hundred faults in it, but I doubt whether the moralist can indicate one of them, while he will quarrel as often with what is essentially true and beautiful in it. Let me assist his critical acumen. On the interruption of St. Pierre's relation with the princess Marie, there was a passional chasm to be filled, diversion and consolation required to prevent his love from turning inward upon itself, and consuming him in torture. The princess Marie was with St. Pierre a *pivotal* love, and it appears also his first love, and at that time his only love, ambition having hitherto absorbed him. It was in pursuing his ambitious projects of founding a republic, that he had come

to Poland, adopted her cause against Russia, by his cabalistic affiliation with the party of Prince Radziwil, formed the acquaintance of the princess Marie, and by his zeal and daring won her esteem, followed by her heart and her personal charms. Having been taken prisoner and liberated on parole, his occupation in the Russian war was gone, and he was, at the time of his separation from Marie, a mere solicitor, poor, and without any sphere for his ambition in his professional capacities as an engineer, nor in any other branch. Full of energy and genius, desiring to be useful, his generous impulses and manly principles had revolted at the tyranny and perfidy of Russian government and society. He had left there positions and opportunities of honor and profit, and he was now, like so many others in civilization, a loafer and an idler, because he would not be a slave and a tool of oppression.

Now, no man can be self-poised, and in a condition truly to fulfill or to appreciate and be rendered happy by passional opportunities and relations in love and friendship, until his self-respect is satisfied by the possession of a sphere, an industrial position and use, in which and through which he may express himself, and impress the value of his individual life upon the world. Love relations lie in the minor sphere of life; their tendency in ultimate use is the continuation of the species; the relations of Ambition in the major sphere, which tend to individual development and social prosperity, must take precedence of love relations, more especially with man, and provide a sphere of harmonies for them.

In the combined order, every one will be thus industrially sphered according to the bent of his or her genius and taste, from early childhood. On passing from phalanx to phalanx, they will be enrolled in the functions of an industrial cohort, and enter at once in its movement, taking by characterial and industrial title the positions they are qualified to fill.

We cannot too strongly impress the necessity of first securing to ambition at least its just minimum, before expecting equilibrium in the sphere of love. Here, just at the period when St. Pierre needed extraordinary chances and excitements in

ambition, to divert him from his mishap in love (a mishap which but for this absence of a sphere of power and use might probably not have occurred), he finds himself more than ever unsphered, an unknown stranger in Dresden. Not even another pivotal love could, under such circumstances, have removed every sting of that bitterness which would mingle with his hours of rapture in the enchantments of the Saxon Aspasia.

In the sphere of love itself, how poor at best are the chances of a civilizee! Thus the loss of a pivotal love, after a union of some months or years, disinherits life of all its joy, and we haste to our graves as "to a feasting presence full of light," where the beloved ones lie.

I would not breathe a word against the superiority of the aormal life to which we pass after death, for I question whether many of the best of us would have the sad courage to remain and fill our duties here, were a clear perception of the other permitted to us; but is it not clearly a shocking absurdity, that the most valuable characters should thus be lost to society and to happiness, by the rupture of a single relation exposed to so many dangers? This can never happen in harmony. Every character is not only too well intrigued and equilibrated in numerous relations of love, ambition, friendship, and the family, to sink on account of the loss of any one these, though far exceeding in happiness such ties as are possible in the civilized household; for in addition to the actual relations he or she sustains in love, a still greater number of chances will be kept in reserve, having been recognized and registered on occasional meetings with the parties, or known as existing potentially, by means of the registry of its characters and passional titles, which each phalanx keeps.

By the science of *passional accords* in practical application to this register, a man or woman of given temperament, character, and habits, will thus, at the expense of a very pleasing and beautiful calculation in passional mathematics, which devolves especially upon the fairyhood; discover, *a priori*, and perhaps among persons never seen before, those who will be related to him in such or such degrees and spheres of passional affinity.

No one will ever then need to feel himself alone in the world, for society and science will have realized the intention of God, who has richly provided for all our passionate wants in the distribution of characters.

The whole task of healing broken hearts, and restoring to love and happiness those whose hope has been crushed by death or infidelity, will not then in harmony devolve upon the Faquirate, that noble corporation of composite charity, or on the Angelicate, of compound citizenship, to which the Saxon charmer spiritually belonged, and whose functions she here fulfilled in favor of the unfortunate St. Pierre.

Diversion and consolation belong, indeed, to the Faquirate, to the Bayaderes, and Bacchantes, but absorbent substitution belongs to the passionate province of another pivotal love. St. Pierre is a Hexagyne, having the four cardinal passions, Ambition, Love, Friendship, and Family affection, fully dominant; and among the Distributives, the Papillon and Composite. The Papillon, in modulating his affinities through the spheres of the other passions, guarantees to such a character pivotal loves in each of them, which will be easily discovered in an association of eighteen hundred members, or in those communicating with it, and in the campaigns of the industrial armies, to which characters of high title numerous resort.

The position of our fair Saxon was equally faulty in itself as that of St. Pierre. In order that she, a single individual, should enjoy that splendid luxury, it was necessary, in civilization, that thousands should suffer privation of comforts and necessaries. It was inseparably connected with a complex system of frauds and oppression, not the less that she individually did not exercise them. The Count de Bruhl and his ancestors derived their fortunes probably from the embezzlement of the soil, feudal landlordry, and tribute thus raised on their tenant peasantry, for the use of what nature gave freely to all according to their needs, like the air, the water, and the light.

The rich young Jew, whose money supplied her present splendor, had not gained it by honest production of corresponding values. He or his fathers had gained it doubtless by

commerce, by traffic, by the art of buying cheap and selling dear the values produced by others, by speculations in stocks and real estate; by monopolizing provisions in seasons of scarcity, producing artificial famines, and thus raising to exorbitant prices the goods they sequestered in their warehouses from public consumption. Such is the stamp of those commercial operations reputed honest and honorable. I do not speak of others, such as usury and fraudulent bankruptey, equally in vogue. Such are the means by which merchants, under pretext of effecting exchanges, manage to control the time, labor, skill, and destinies of thousands, and will continue to do so, so long as specie, bank-notes, or any other real or arbitrary representatives of the value of labor than the exchange of labor itself, can buy labor. In the Phalanx it will not be necessary for woman or man to own exclusively palaces, gardens, and all the resources of a millionaire, in order to exercise splendidly the functions of composite charity. All the splendors of a private establishment are but trifling compared to those of the unitary palace of the Phalanx, adapted to industrial pursuits, varied to every taste which give a sphere and justification to spiritual sympathies, an opportunity for graceful expression which they never can find in idleness.

Two young persons soon perceive the hollowness and inadequacy of mere conversation in the progress of a love affair. Sky, stream, and mountain; star, bird, and flower, are the only words fitting to express what they mean to say. Since, then, love despises abstractions, and desires concrete words, love is clearly a friend of artistic labors; and what can be simpler and more natural, or give a better excuse and more modest veil to the meeting of lovers, than their co-operation in some beautiful art. Do they want living concrete words of communion? What then can cabalism ask for love better than a session in culture of the rose or carnation, than a harmonic hunt, in which by skillful charms wild animals are captured; than the training of horses, dogs, and larger animals for the stronger characters, or that of carrier doves and song birds for the gentler?

Money can buy fine banquets, but not always charming

guests, such as one may vary a table with in harmony. Money can never purchase those numerous and delicate ties of affection which exist between the servants and the served in the impassioned domesticity of the Phalanx.

Surprise, novelty, the contrast with absolute passional destitution, might well assist a lovely woman's passionate fancy in spiritualizing for a few days the luxuries of a palace. Yet, how imperfectly! since what can counterfeit the charm of spontaneity? What arrangements of mystery conceal the fact that all is bought and paid for, that the various actors, all but one, the ruling power, are not acting out themselves, not frankly realizing their passional destiny, but compromising for the sake of gain or protection, in every act, in every thought, some ulterior purpose disconnected with this phantasmagoria, which has no solid healthy basis in nature. Thus civilization may exhibit in the exceptional destinies of a few, some hints and glimmerings of harmony, but never effects which are truly and consistently harmonic. The sacrifice of the mass to the individual, or else of the individual to the mass, always vitiates them, either by violating the love of the neighbor, or by compromising what is due to self-preservation. Equilibrium between these principles in the development of love, as of every other passion, is exclusively the attribute of the passional series.

Finally, our Saxon Aspasia here committed an act of bravery in love, which, bold and beautiful as it was, would be likely to compromise her with her more permanent lover, the young Jew. He may have been noble enough to appreciate and sympathize with a daring fancy like this, but most civilizees would be jealous, and quarrel. The act would have possessed far more luster had the lady been fully independent.

Woman's dependence vitiates every love relation, whether in or out of marriage.

The Faquirate is a corporation chiefly drawn from ladies of wealth, and entirely from the NOBILITY OF LOVE.

It will be objected that this is not an example of the cure or absorption of jealousy. What matters it that there may have been no rival, as the cause of St. Pierre's sufferings?

They were none the less acute, and any consolation for disappointed love must virtually neutralize a jealousy occasioning such disappointment. The example is given as an anticipation of the functions of the Faquirate and sub-corps of Bayaderes, who intervene in favor of the gallant unfortunate, without restriction as to causes.

“THE TUBEROSE”

“Represents the emancipated woman, the courtesan of high degree. Its flower seems to dart forth and escape from between its spine-shaped leaves, as love impels the young girl to desert the paternal roof. Thus also the emblematic flower leaves the house; its intense perfume makes it necessary to take it into the free air. It is the Ninon, the Aspasia, celebrated in the world, captivating hosts of adorers.

“By analogy, the tuberose diffuses her aroma afar; it surprises, it arrests many passengers, and charms the whole atmosphere. Thus the courtesan of high degree is a seductive character, who charms the multitude: she is prodigal of money at the expense of the lovers whom she impoverishes; and by analogy, the tuberose, prodigal of its perfume, leaves round its stalk traces of ravage—corollas detached, and of unpleasant aspect if they are removed. It only flowers late and in warm places.

“Thus the celebrated courtezans, a Lais or a Phryne, only rise in advanced and opulent societies. Its lanceolate leaf, with sharp end, indicates a coercitive education, a yoke from which the young girl endeavors to escape; thus the stalk also seems to escape with effort from among the leaves which environ it, and which break around it, as the dogmas of education vanish before the ardent passions of a young girl disposed to free love.

“The tuberose, as it blooms out, flushes with the tenderest incarnate—emblem of the sincerity of the first love in free women, who have always been carried away by their excess of sensibility.”*

* *Vide* Fourier's "Comparative Psychology."

EXTINCTION OF JEALOUSY

*By Dominance of Friendship and Ambition
in the Industrial Movement.*

Let us examine the influences under which that rivalry in love, which in civilization is the source of bitter personal hatred and deadly feuds, becomes in the Phalanx a source of industrial prowess, and ultimately of warm friendships. When I consider the unfortunate position of civilized rivals, I am not surprised that they hate each other because they love the same woman or the same man. I am only surprised to find so much forbearance.

For the question is of the exclusive self-appropriation of what is to both, perhaps, the dearest thing on earth, and this question arises between men or women who, perhaps, meet here for the first time, who have no unity of interest, and no cause to esteem or befriend each other. Marriage and the consequent notion of exclusive property in love, being a fixed point of mutual prejudice between them, it follows logically that there is one too many of them in this part of the world; that if their love is on both sides strong enough to identify itself with life, then one must die; that if it is a less affair, then the weaker must abdicate in favor of the stronger so much of his passional destiny.

It is marriage that creates this false issue, from a sympathy of taste and feeling in what our nature holds deepest and most sacred, and makes enemies of those whom God designed to ally in the most generous friendship through the medium of their love for the same person. In fact, the person beloved must either love both the rivals, or only one of them, or neither.

Putting marriage and its thousand entanglements out of the question, the only ground for jealousy is in the previous assurance of love; if no love has been gained, then there is nothing to be displaced or disturbed by rivalry, and the missing party is prepared to regard the intervention of a more favored suitor as adventitious and irrelevant to his failure.

It very often happens, however, that a woman will love two or more suitors at once, in different titles and degrees, only wishing she could marry them all, and is desolated by the necessity of making a choice of one to the exclusion of the rest.

Now then, if woman is independent in her social position, and not hampered by moral prejudices, she will not choose to marry any of them, but she will love them all, accord favors to them all in turn, match them with each other, perhaps, so as to develop their most brilliant qualities, and keep them in her suite by the compound tie of love and cabalism; whence in the Phalanx warm friendships naturally spring, because in vying with each other to dazzle and win the ascendancy by superior merit, each is performing prowess in the industrial career of the groups in which he moves, and especially in those where he meets his rival. Thus connected in general and special unitary interests by the mechanism of the passional series, they learn to respect and honor that prowess in a rival which in other senses is highly useful to them, which concurs toward the general harmony and prosperity, and enhances the dividends and honors of the groups where they work together.

Every thing pivots on industry. Friendship and ambition, which develop themselves in industry, constitute the major passional sphere, and where this is well equilibrated and prosperous, it is not easy to disturb the relations of good-will existing among its members. Circumstances which otherwise might breed hostilities, become occasions only of cementing these friendships, for "to him that hath it shall be given, as from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath."

EXTINCTION OF JEALOUSY BY INTEGRAL DEVELOPMENT OF CHARACTER IN THE PASSIONAL SERIES.

Men and women find in the Phalanx, from infancy upward, all spheres of attractive labors, fine arts, sciences, etc., open to them, and meet, wherever their taste and aptitude attaches them, careful and able teachers, who await their pupils in this

arena of practical affairs, and initiate them into theoretical notions as fast as they are needed or the mind of the pupil prepared to receive them. Hence every chance for integral development of physical and mental powers, while the passions or affections themselves come into continual action in the relations of the series both industrial and social. Hence no dumb giants, no puny intellectualists, no morbid intensity of sentiment, that ought, for the health and happiness of the individual, to have come out through the sweat of the brow in productive muscular action. Hence no secret fretting and chafing at misunderstandings, as among civilizees, whose inconsistencies with themselves and monstrosities of false development, render it impossible for others to understand and do justice to them. Every one being decently incarnated, and attaining by a rapid and extensive experience to a just appreciation of himself, will be able to claim and take materially and spiritually what belongs to him or her. Civilized education neglects the body, perverts the mind, and by the intervention of morality sets the passions at war with themselves; opposes duty to attraction, and baffles man of his destiny.

When men and women truly represent themselves, dare to be themselves, and act out the acts prompted by their specific or idiosyncratic varieties of passion and character; then and not before can they expect to be understood and duly appreciated by others. Spontaneity is strong in children, and all the impious paraphernalia of a compressive and repressive moral education are needed to break it; as great care will be taken in the Phalanx to foster and develop it.

It becomes easy to classify characters, no longer falsified, and one of the consequences of this integral development gives man or woman the power to satisfy several lovers at once, or in quick alternation, each being related with a different side or aspect of his or her character, and enjoying only what is by specific affinity their own, and which cannot be taken from them by another's enjoying equally another right in the same person.

This natural chance of equilibrium among rival lovers is de-

stroyed by marriage, which by kidnaping and sequestering the person beloved, awakens justly the sting of jealousy in those whose rights in him or her are thus violated and excluded.

Kidnaping and hiding away the person? Yes—for what matters it whether open force or moral prejudice be employed, when a wife dares not receive gentleman visitors, or a husband spend his evening out with young ladies for fear of scandal and quarrels?

JEALOUSY EXTINGUISHED BY THE GENERALIZATION OF BEAUTY AND THE UNIVERSALITY OF AGREEABLE FORMS AND FACES AMONG MEN AND WOMEN REARED IN THE COMBINED ORDER.

Beauty is the natural form of love, the dress and livery of her court; beauty in forms, colors, motions, sounds, odors, flavors, touch. Wherever spirit meets with matter, there watch love's sentinels with that inexorable countersign, beauty. Nor dare these senses, by their sworn allegiance to love, allow aught to pass that does not bear this countersign, stamped by nature's own seal with the magic of success.

It is true that we may love and even be loved again, and not be beautiful externally, that the aversion inspired at the first aspect may be absorbed by acquaintance with an internal beauty of high worth. This does not invalidate the first instinct of the senses, which is true to the ideal of the harmonic man, and which proclaims as a monstrosity in the sphere of love all derelictions from absolute gracefulness.

Every passion has its etiquette, not to be lightly set aside. The countersigns of friendship and of ambition differ widely from those of love, and from each other; while maternity, or the family affection, cherish the helpless infant, who has not yet entered any of the other spheres, and is totally ignored by the guardians of their threshold.

It is a painful confession to make for the civilizee, yet fatally true, that his form and aspect are so marred, his stature so dwarfed below the fair proportions of humanity, his whole exterior so darkened, pitted, and scarred by the conflict, the

compression, the perversion and introversion of passions ; which, balked of their true development, in the absence of any true order of social relations, either die away, leaving great chasms or voids of expression, or turn to venom, that they may inflict on others and ourselves as much anguish as they were destined to give happiness.

A man's very look, as he passes you in the street, is a blessing or a curse, and the countenances of the civilizees are so generally hideous that I have found it necessary to form the habit of averting my eyes, and not looking at the people I pass in the streets of towns and cities, because the blessings were so rare and the curses so many, and I would not uselessly expose myself to the painful humiliation of reading over and over always this physiognomical language so deeply stamped of sin, disease, wretchedness, and malignity. The successive aspects of the first twenty people met with, would suffice to an inhabitant of Saturn or of Jupiter, or of any other planet that has reached its social destiny, to tell the whole story of our fall and subversion, as it is plainly told to me and to every one who has cherished his inherent ideal of a true life and love. The study of Fourier's writings has the property of wonderfully developing this ideal.

“ It renews the faded tints,
 Recuts the ancient prints,
 And writes our old adventures with the pen
 That on the first day drew
 Upon the tablets blue
 The dancing Pleiades and eternal men.”

This deplorable and so general fact of the ugliness of the civilizee, common to the subversive periods—Civilized, Barbarous, Patriarchal, Savage—is, of itself, sufficient explanation and excuse for the monstrous passion of jealousy. Should we not be sunk still deeper and more irretrievably in passional falsehood, if we could bear indifferently the contact of what is undivine, of aught over which the trail of the serpent appears, with the being whom we love.

The winds of heaven even may not visit her face too roughly, but I will not quarrel with the zephyrs' wooing breath.

Gladly as I twine my loved one's hair with the rose and the jessamine, so would I tear away indignantly the desecration of some rank and flaunting weed; I like to see a gorgeous butterfly on her hand; I would pick a caterpillar carefully from her dress; with rapture I would greet the dove that should nestle in her bosom, or the humming-bird that should mistake her lips for the nectary of a flower; so would I fiercely repel the polluting approach of the buzzard even from her corpse, its natural prey, or watch by her sleep long hours, to fan away the impertinent house-fly.

The spaniel or Newfoundland dog that licks her hand will share my caresses, but who could bear to see his love bestow them on a hog?

Just as it is of books, pictures, true and false works of art, scenes of nature, stones, plants, insects, birds, and beasts, is it also with human and social relations.

Abuse and necessity have taught most of us not to be too nice on our own account, but when the person we love is in question, the imperious instincts of harmony revive. How often, imprudent as it may be in civilization, does a lover introduce to his beloved the most fascinating man of his acquaintance! no *instinct* warns him against the ruin of his hopes in regard to an exclusive marriage system, which is all conventional, but how promptly would it spurn the thought of her acquaintance with base or repulsive persons, from whose charms he could have nothing to fear. This seems to me conclusive.

The Indian, as we know, frankly acknowledges in the relations of love, as well as in those of friendship and ambition, superior attributes of character and person.

When General Jackson was on his celebrated Louisiana campaign, he received an offer of composite hospitality from an Indian chief, who desired to rear a scion of the Jackson blood in his family. It appears then that lovers naturally entertain no fear or aversion to the contact and relation of their friends of the same sex, who are beautiful in person and character,

and whom they themselves admire and reverence, with the objects of their love in the other sex. That the sentiment of fear, aversion, and hatred is natural, on the other hand, toward her relations with those who are in themselves objects of our disgust, contempt, and antipathy. The only ground of difficulty, or foundation for jealousy, then, in relation to a person whom we like and admire in himself, is the factitious conventional practice of the civilized exclusive marriage, which in recognizing the rights of passional affinity in another, deprives us of our own. Abolish marriage and the moral prejudices of exclusiveness founded on it, and a mutual affection in two of our friends of opposite sexes becomes a natural and powerful tie of affinity between ourselves and them, and heightens the charm of any relation we may have sustained with either of them severally.

It remains to be shown that the phalanx, or industrial and social organization of the passional series, has the inherent property of developing in all its members beauty of person and beauty of character, and thus rendering them generally and mutually lovely and lovable. This results from its effectual guarantee of three conditions,

HEALTH, SPONTANEITY, INTEGRAL EDUCATION,

and from the sphere of industrial and social wealth, liberty, and luxury in which these are attained and exist.

HEALTH.

This essential requisite of beauty, is generalized in the phalanx by a composite hygiene, negative and positive, physical and passional. Its negative hygiene consists in removing and excluding the well-known general causes of disease. This, though often impossible, even to persons aware of them in our incoherent arrangement, is rendered easy by the unitary action of the combined order on this point.

QUARANTINES exclude contagions and many infections from abroad, such as small-pox, yellow fever, hooping-cough, etc., etc.

These will, by the unitary action of all members of the phalanx, and especially of the board of examiners, extend to all relations with the civilized environment, always to be suspected of harboring contagions and infections so long as any shall exist.

AVOIDANCE of occupations and exposures known to be unhealthy, or removal of the conditions which cause them to be so.

A phalanx will not, for example, select among the objects of its industry, manufactures of lead, mercury, and arsenic, so fatal to the operatives employed in them, and who in civilization, where "bread is so dear and life so cheap," are used up like other material, without any compunction. About an Irishman a month is, I think, the rate of destruction in some of the white-lead factories near Boston, and there are some fifty trades, at least, which has each its peculiar form of disease more or less rapidly fatal to the operatives.

This fatality is, however, much oftener dependent on the methods and sphere of operation than on the matter operated upon. There is, for instance, nothing very venomous about cotton or linen shirting, and yet shirt-making is one of the most destructive to those engaged in it of all the branches of civilized labor.

This is purely a result of monotonous confinement and absence of social excitement. Sewing, in the Phalanx, will form charming groups, working always in short sessions, in alternation and rest from more vigorous employments, either in or out of doors, enlightened by the converse of friends, or by music, and occupying a beautiful seristery or tasteful suite of rooms, furnished with all the conveniences which the different branches of tailoring, millinery, and other needle-work require. Even in operations with dangerous materials, with mercury or arsenic, health may be secured by first selecting persons whose idiosyncrasies of constitution render them least sensitive to the emanations from these substances, and secondly, by the method of labor in short sessions, which may in such cases be reduced to one hour in the twenty-four for each individual, the work of the group being sustained by relays of fresh operatives.

If we recollect that a few mines and factories of arsenic and mercury supply the whole world, it becomes obvious that no impossible number of workmen would be required to do all that is necessary by the system of relays.

The proper ventilation of the buildings, and the improvements in methods of operating, introduced as in Mr. Owen's factories at New Lanark, as soon as health becomes a consideration, will also go far to neutralize the destructive character which these works now sustain.

SHORT SESSIONS in labor constitute an element of the first importance in the preservation of health and development of vigor and grace, all inevitably compromised by exclusive monotony in any action, even those most intrinsically agreeable, such as garden work, dancing, etc. Monotony diseases soul and body; it wears out the organs employed by its unintermitting drain on their powers; it creates debility and morbid susceptibilities in those organs which are not employed, and even functions such as gardening, which possess a sufficient variety in their details to prevent exhaustion, and which are considered healthy, do not give that combined vigor, grace, and intellectual development, which belong to the standard of true or integral health.

The papillon, or passion for change, is truly the physician among the passions—modulating from sphere to sphere, it secures equilibrium and internal organic harmony, at the same time that it interlocks groups, interchanging their members by short and numerous sessions, combining intimately the interests and pleasures of all, and securing social equilibrium.

Short sessions, which prevent monotony and exhaustion, equally prevent the excesses consequent, such as gluttony and intoxication, to which the worn-out operative of civilization resorts to gain an hour's stupefaction and oblivion of his troubles. (See Sue's "Martin, the Foundling," for the story of Limousin.) The varied, lively, social industry of the combined order, where every one passes from function to function, from group to group, among those which please him best, will have too much of really spiritual pleasure to crave the excitement of strong liquors.

Unitary ventilation of public halls and private rooms, and of a covered gallery connecting all the parts of the Phalanstery, and extending from the sleeping rooms to the workshops and outbuildings, all warmed by pipes in which hot water circulates from, and back to, a furnace in the cellar, the most perfect method now in use, will avoid exposure to the inclemencies of the weather, and the innumerable catarrhs, influenzas, and rheumatisms thereon consequent. No one will be passing and re-passing, in sudden changes, from a hot dry air in stove rooms, through wind and rain, or through draughts of chilling air. Those who go out to work in the gardens and fields, will equip themselves accordingly. Most of the inconveniences we suffer from exposure, are from our being unprepared to meet it. I may also here enumerate the conditions of free choice and emulative excitement in labor, and that of the sustaining magnetism of numbers engaged in a common function, which will recur under the heads of POSITIVE HYGIENE and of SPONTANEITY. (See the section of my "Solar Ray," entitled "The Trinity," and my work on "Passional Hygiene.")

The Positive Hygiene of the Phalanx reposes on its *Table and Kitchen*, or composite gastronomy; on its organization of labor, or composite gymnasta; and on its social festivities, or composite amusements.

TABLE AND KITCHEN.

In the preparation of food for a society of six hundred to eighteen hundred persons of both sexes and all ages, engaged chiefly in agriculture, and consuming their own productions, it becomes cheap and convenient to provide a numerous choice of dishes, assorted to age, sex, temperament, and peculiar tastes. Every one being thus served to his or her liking, there will be no more gluttony from people trying to make up by quantity for what does not satisfy them by its quality; and having once found out what diet best agrees with us, and is best adapted to the different sorts of work we engage in, muscular or intellectual, speculative or executive, we shall make our arrangements accordingly, and form, if we please, a table

group of those who share the same tastes or gastronomic exigencies. Now, as more than half the acute and chronic diseases of civilization are abdominal, and result either from excess or starvation, or from taking whatever is set before one indiscriminately, instead of that which is specifically appropriate, the choice of well prepared dishes constitutes an immense item in health conditions. Here the gastrosophic art of the series of cooks will be aided by the criticism of the medical board, for the physicians of the Phalanx are paid in proportion to the general health, and aim in every way at the prevention of disease by scientific supervision of all departments connected with health.

Simple gastronomy relates to the perfection of the culinary processes—composite gastronomy, to the hygienic adaptation of food thus prepared to the different ages, sexes, and temperaments. The first relates merely to the gratification of the palate; the second to the integral nourishment of the organism, and support of its sensuous and its spiritual functions, to which the refined palate is a guide.

For the continuation of this branch of our subject we must refer to a separate treatise on *Passional Hygiene*, soon to appear, and also to the fourth volume of the “*Universal Unity*,” Section on Education, which is being translated.

Finally, make us healthy and happy, vigorous and free; cause material and spiritual resources so to superabound that destiny shall exceed attraction, so that the Social Providence shall become a true image of Divine Providence, in its attributes of Unitary distribution of movement by Attraction,

Universal Providence,
Distributive Justice,
Economy of Means.

Organize the *Passional Series*, which fulfills this, and we have thenceforth all the viscera and all the parts of the brain acting symmetrically on the features, giving beauty of texture and charm of expression, and on the limbs and muscles of the trunk, giving grace of movement. Homely faces, like that of Jenny Lind, become divinely beautiful when lit up with the

soul of their art—of their passional industry, or beaming with the love-light of social affections; and if, despite the ill health, the trials of constitution and of temper that now wear and disfigure us with the scars of conflict, even when comparative triumph has been attained, so many lovely faces remain, asserting an invincible tendency to beauty in the organic movement of nature, what may we not expect when this tendency shall be seconded by every refinement of science and art, physiology and psychology, industry and society, instead of being left, as now, to struggle singly against a host of adverse influences. Jealousy then, we repeat, in conclusion, is only a necessary effect of poverty in love, as avarice is of poverty in material interests. Cause real values of every description to superabound, and you drown both these passional perversions at once. Multiply enormously the proportion of lovely and loveable persons, multiply chances in love, and emancipate from all anxiety in regard to material subsistence, and you have the full solution.—Q. E. D.

A P P E N D I X.

A POPULAR MEDICAL VIEW. LADIES, BEWARE!

EVERY **passional** and **social** law must have its basis and correspondence in the individual organisms, wherein souls and their passions incarnate and materially express themselves. Hence a candid observation of organic impulsions and adaptations must furnish a clue to the true order of **passional** and **social** impulsion and adaptation.

I have shown elsewhere the general correspondence of spiritual with organic functions. "Human Trinity or three aspects of Man."

I now make this application especially to the sphere of love.

The testes in man constitute the pivotal organ of virility.

The force of his **passional** manifestations, not only in love, but in ambition, friendship, and family relations; the integral force of his activity in the harmonies of affection, stands in direct relation with the general development and vigor of the genesic function, and to the turgescence of the seminal receptacles with perfectly elaborated and active zoosperms. The zoosperm somewhat resembles a tadpole in shape, varying in different animals. The microscope discovers it moving in the seminal fluid, and the vigor with which this secretion from the blood is formed, may be inferred from the number and activity of the zoosperms, which are the essential parts of the seminal fluid, the rest being only mucus and serum.

During periods of intense **passional** diversion in other spheres than that of love, the zoosperms are either reabsorbed into the blood—where they have not, however, been discovered—or they radiate through the nerves distributed on the mucous membrane of the seminal vessels, their subtile energy to all parts of the organism.

The energy of our varied organic and passional acts is not, however, in direct ratio of the quantity of seminal fluid or number of zoosperms actually secreted from the blood. This can only be predicated of the amative and genesic spheres proper; and even here there is no constant proportion between desire and power.

With the energy of other passions and functions there is only a *correlation*. Seminal losses diminish and suspend their activity as effectually as they depress the genesic function itself.

When there are no seminal losses, intense muscular or intellectual action use up in the brain and nerves the same elements of which the zoosperms are formed. Hence, while such activity continues, the genesic functions are quiet. After it has ceased, the organic activity oscillates over into the genesic sphere, in order to restore its equilibrium; zoosperms are then formed rapidly and in great numbers, or, having already been formed, become more active. Then the demand for the sexual accord declares itself; if it be satisfied in a true-love relation, the organic vigor of the genesic sphere is sustained, and the impulse of the minor accord reflected back again upon the major sphere, enabling its muscular and intellectual labors to be executed with ease and perfection, and imparting a warmer tone of cordiality to all expressions of passional affinity in ambition, friendship, or family ties. This is the true harmonic equilibrium, in which one kind of action and enjoyment prepares the soul and body for another kind of action and enjoyment. When the labors of the major sphere are excessive and protracted, and do not allow sufficient intervals for this equilibrium to develop itself, there is exhaustion and injury; and when the life runs entirely into zoosperms, and coition is excessively frequent, it results equally in exhaustion and injury to the whole organism and spiritual life.

The formation of zoosperms, and the vital energy of every passion and function, is favored by occasional coition, and in a great many, but not in all constitutions and habits of life, requires it as an organic necessity of health, even when the sexual accord is reduced, as in civilized, barbarous, and savage societies, to a simple material tie. This physiological fact is recognized in the legislation of France, where prostitution is organized and placed under police regulations for the better protection of the health of citizens. The frequency of the sexual act normally varies according

To ardor of temperament.

To the constitutional development of the sexual passion.

To the ages of life—from puberty to advanced senility.

To the states of health, vigor of circulation, and nutrition.

To the quantity of nourishment assimilated.

To the aphrodisiac, or anaphrodisiac qualities of aliments.

To climates, and states of the atmosphere.

To the energy of the lunar influence.

To the season of the year, increasing in the spring.

To leisure and luxury, alternated with fascinating and absorbing occupations.

To the degree and quality of sympathy in temperament and spiritual love, in which the parties of opposite sex are related to each other.

The affinity of contrast is here the principal tie, though not to the entire exclusion of the sympathy of identity, which, intervening in minimum proportion, softens by its sisterly influence the violence of passion, and refines its expression.

The normal frequency of coition will not then be indicated for any individual case by a fixed and permanent rule, but by a sliding scale of instinct, which adapts itself to meet the conditions above stated, and which will be equally true of every social period and state of organic development.

Excess always injures by draining the blood of its most highly vitalized elements to form zoosperms, which are no sooner formed than ejected from the organism. Privation or continence, enforced by whatsoever cause, either moral or physical, exposes to evils equally grave, either by direct nervous irritation, or by indirect irritation and prostration, resulting from involuntary seminal losses, nocturnal or diurnal.

Involuntary seminal losses in sleep, either with or without erotic dreams, are larger than those of normal coition, and having escaped from the control of volition, and from that exerted by the tension of other spheres of the voluntary nervous system (intellectual and locomotive), during the waking state, tend to repeat themselves more and more frequently, and with less regard to the exigencies of other organs, and of the general health, on which they become a chronic drain.

This is, besides, uncompensated by magnetic or vital influence from the opposite sex, and by that normal excitement of the secretory action of the testes and of all the organic functions, which enables them promptly to repair their loss after a true or harmonic coition, from the food assimilated, from the magnetism

of the atmosphere, earth, waters, plants, animals, and other human beings, in our relations with them.

A greater number of persons than is at all suspected, especially of citizens engaged in intellectual, rather than in the most vigorous muscular exertions, suffer gravely from involuntary seminal losses. It is a frequent cause of the most obstinate and depressing forms of chronic disease, involving the brain, the digestive system, the urinary apparatus, and even the lungs. Those in whom the losses are nocturnal usually observe them. Those who have diurnal losses, voided with the urine, rarely know what is destroying them.

Others in whom the retentive power is greater, and who have neither sexual intercourse nor seminal losses, experience nervous irritation, with sleeplessness, emaciation, permanent erotic excitement; or without this, many forms of hypochondria, fixed ideas which besiege and torture, monomanias of various types, and general disorder of the spiritual life, with great sufferings. The most terrible experiences may be found among the chronicles of the Anchorites, given by Origen and others.

A third class of constitutions, oftener met with in advanced life, do not suffer thus directly from protracted continence, but only from a diminished activity of the seminal secretion, languor of the vital and passional forces generally, and chronic diseases hence preying upon the weaker organs of the system, whatever they may be.

A fourth class, the most unfortunate of all, living in forced privation of natural coition, either by want of opportunities, or by moral and religious prejudices, fall victims to the abominable practice of self-pollution, which is suicide of the most degrading and horrible kind, destroying soul and body by inches.

This gives an extreme of anguish and deterioration proportioned in evil to the degree of happiness, vigor, and spiritual development possible to the same individual through the love relations to which he was destined by nature. It is the lowest pit of that sphere of hell which belongs to the counter movement and introversion of the passion love.

Nearly all civilized boys, at least in the United States (and we are not likely to be worse than the Mexicans or the Europeans), take pains to initiate their companions, as they approach puberty, in this abominable practice. I have seen crowds of boys gathered round three or four older ones, who were publicly exhibiting for a wager their prowess in this accomplishment.

“The poppy is a hieroglyphic of self-abuse. Its leaves are blu-

ish, like those of the carnation, significant of an amorous temperament. The leaf is crisped, indicating the obstruction of this practice to useful labors. The calyx of the flower in rising, droops over in symbol of confusion and languor; the perfume is bitter and repulsive, like the society of those addicted to this sort of vice.

Its solitary pleasure is depicted by the single flower on each stalk: the juice of its seed capsule, opium, excites reveries and produces lethargy, like the passion represented."

The whole internal disease of introversion is thus produced, with all its pleasures and evils, in an intense and acute form, involving the sentimental and erotic reveries of spiritual self-abuse, as well as the material expression, or physical act.

Grave as are the evils resulting from excessive seminal losses, this is not the only, nor even the essential fact to be affirmed of self-abuse. The main fact is that of *spiritual and organic introversion*, the turning inward of the being to act upon himself and enjoy by himself. This is so contrary to the design of nature, and she has such a total horror of it, that she inexorably and invariably punishes with her most horrid torments of soul and body every such act of treason, and this even in children before puberty as well as youths, and females equally with males.

It has been no uncommon practice of nurses to quiet infants by tickling the genital organs, and the instinct is thus prematurely awakened at a very early age.

Notwithstanding the commonness of self-abuse in schools, and its well-known destruction of health; civilized parents, elder brothers, and teachers carefully abstain, for the most part, from giving children any information or caution respecting it; they neither exert a supervision over their habits, nor do they even indirectly attempt its prevention or cure, either by procuring for youth opportunities of safe and normal coition, nor to distract from it by a well-regulated system of diet, physical labors, or gymnastic exercises.

I have seen arrest of development and paralysis of the arms, caused by this vice in a boy under twelve, and Lallemand, whose work on seminal losses is one of the noblest records of medical genius, relates many analogous cases.

Dr. Hollick speaks of a child who destroyed his health by the habit of pulling out his navel, which produced nervous irritation or debility—one is at a loss to explain why, except that it falls under the same general category of introverted action and passion.

Health is equally destroyed, though the phenomena of disease

differ and are far less disgusting, when there is no organic or physical act, but the introversion is confined to the soul by the indulgence of simple morbid sentimentalism, the constant occupation of the thoughts and feelings with some image of the mind—introversion of the organs of love and ideality.

Hectic fever and diseases of the heart and lungs, have terminated the lives of those who are abandoned to this form of introversion.

Its dangers are greatest to the higher order of characters, to those who would shrink with horror from the pollution of the physical act. In the glow of youth, and the purity of inexperienced affections, solitude and poetry betray many a delicate spirit.

It is sometimes intensified into a real mania, and is treated of as such by the French physicians, who have written so extensively on these forms of disease. Esquirol remarks, that in erotomania the eyes are bright, the manner and expressions tender and passionate, and the actions free, without passing the limits of decency.

Self and selfish interests are all forgotten in the devotion paid, often in secret, to the object of the mind's adoration.

A state of ecstasy often occurs in the contemplation of the perfections which the imagination attaches to the subject of its admiration. The bodily functions languish during this state of moral disorder; the countenance becomes pale and depressed, the features shrunk, the body emaciated, the temper unquiet and irritable, and the mind agitated and despairing. The ideas continually revert to the loved and desired object, and opposition, or endeavors to turn them in a different direction, only render them more concentrated and determined in their devotion. At last, parents and fortune are abandoned, social ties broken asunder, and the most painful difficulties are encountered in order to obtain the object of admiration.

In some cases the attempts made by the patient to conceal and overcome this affection, occasion a state of irritative fever, with sadness, depression, loss of appetite, emaciation, sleeplessness, etc., which, after continuing an indeterminate period, may even terminate fatally. Shelley is the poetical exponent of this phase of passion.

“There was a being whom my spirit oft
Met on its visioned wanderings, far aloft,
In the clear golden prime of my youth's dawn
Upon the fairy isles of sunny lawn;
Amid the enchanted mountains, and the caves
Of divine sleep, and on the air-like waves

Of wonder level dream, whose tremulous floor
Paved her light steps : on an imagined shore,
Under the gray peak of some promontory
She met me, robed in such exceeding glory
That I beheld her not. In solitudes
Her voice came to me through the whispering woods,
And from the fountains and the odors deep
Of flowers, which, like lips murmuring in their sleep
Of the sweet kisses which had lulled them there,
Breathed but of her to the enamored air ;
And from the breezes whether low or loud,
And from the rain of every passing cloud,
And from the singing of the summer birds,
And from all sounds, all silence : in the words
Of antique verse and high romance, in form,
Sound, color, and in that best philosophy whose taste
Makes this cold common hell, our life, a doom
As glorious as a fiery martyrdom ;
Her spirit was the Harmony of Truth.
Then from the caverns of my dreamy youth
I sprang, as one sandaled with plumes of fire,
And toward the load-star of my one desire
I flitted like a dizzy moth, whose flight
Is as a dead leaf's in the owlet light,
When it would seek in Hesper's setting sphere
A radiant death, a fiery sepulchre,
As if it were a lamp of earthly flame.
But she whom prayers or tears then could not tame,
Passed like a god throned on a winged planet,
Whose burning plumes to tenfold swiftness fan it
Into the dreary cone of our life's shade ;
And as a man with mighty loss dismayed,
I would have followed, though the grave between
Yawned like a gulf whose specters are unseen ;
When a voice said, " O thou of hearts the weakest,
The Phantom is beside thee whom thou seekest !"
Then I : " Where ?" The world's echo answered, " Where ?"
And in that silence and in my despair
I questioned every tongueless wind that flew
Over my tower of mourning, if it knew
Whither 'twas fled, this soul out my soul ;
And murmured names and spells which have control
Over the sightless tyrants of our fate,
But neither prayer nor verse could dissipate

The night which closed on her, nor uncreate
 That world within this chaos—mine and me,
 Of which she was the veiled divinity ;
 The world, I say, of thoughts that worshiped her ;
 And therefore I went forth, with hope and fear,
 And every gentle passion, sick to death,
 Feeding my course with expectation's breath,
 Into the wintery forest of our life ;
 And struggling through its error with vain strife,
 And stumbling in my weakness and my haste,
 And half bewildered with new forms, I past,
 Seeking among those untaught foresters
 If I could find one form resembling hers,
 In which she might have masked herself from me."

This is beautiful, if you please, like the pearl in an oyster, but it is a product of spiritual disease. Byron thus recognizes it :

Of its own beauty is the mind diseased,
 And fevers into false creation.

CHILDE HAROLD, CANTO IV. ; CXXII.

Continuing in a sublime but despairing protest against the wretched substitutions of civilized life—ashes for bread.

It is much better for us, because in nature's course of mutual objective relationship, that we should love the homeliest people and things, than merely our own ideals, however beautiful. If young persons of both sexes were brought together in the honest practical relations of organized labor, we should see no more of these fond nympholepsies, but all passion would be turned to social uses and individual happiness. They are, however, honorable though fatal protests of the individual soul against the ugliness of our societies, and the absence of all adaptations to those celestial desires which we bring with us into this life.

Let us now return to the lower forms of introversion. It is considered by civilized parents and teachers to be immoral and indecent to speak with their children on such subjects. Boys are therefore left in the dark for several years, during which the only agents which intervene to save them are those of female prostitution, and the culture of a taste for rowdyism, or gross and disgusting licentiousness. Most of them take this direction, which, of the two evils, is perhaps the least destructive. They then separate into two classes, of which the coarser become the habitual frequenters

of brothels, and the more refined accomplish themselves as seducers of girls in the middle and poorer classes of society.

These habits are continued by most men throughout life, whenever opportunities present—by nearly all until marriage.

There remain a few boys whom some idiosyncrasy prevents from acquiring the practice of self-pollution, or who get timely warning of its effects, and have force of will to quit at once.

I have treated and closely observed a youth of this class, who, feeling a strong disgust against the coarse licentiousness he saw the boys of his age resort to, while without opportunity for a higher order of composite relations with women, took the course of absolute continence; and though only a student, and without those distractions of physical labor which are the most effectual, he obtained and preserved the mastery even over his thoughts and imagination.

Were there any truth in the civilized doctrines of virtue and moral compression, even for the few exceptional cases where they can be complied with, he ought to have been a signal example of that truth and of their approval by God and nature; he ought, as the reward of his continence and self-control, to have attained remarkable vigor, and to have been most successful afterward in his love relations. What is the fact? The fact is that prolonged continence engendered an excessive sensitiveness or susceptibility of excitement in this sphere, both physically and spiritually. It rendered him a victim of involuntary seminal losses, compromising his health and passional destiny in the gravest degree, and turning a life otherwise rarely gifted to enjoy and to confer happiness, into a long anguish. It refined to an excessive degree his conceptions of woman, and of all things in the sphere of love, and placed him, while yet in the full enjoyment of health, in an ideal world, prepared to meet, to understand, and be understood, only by such beings as we meet in Shelley's or Tennyson's poems, or the works of Walter Scott, D'Israeli, Irving, Longfellow, and other great idealists, whose works he read at this time. Had he been properly equilibrated in his real life by composite feminine relations, these would have innocently contributed to refine his taste, and by their expression of his own feelings, added a higher zest to his enjoyments; they served, as it was, to develop and confirm that too susceptible ideality which interposed between his soul and the practical world an impassable, though invisible barrier.

Women like to be treated as women, and not as angels merely;

and if in our dealings with them we seem to ignore the sensuous element, we shall soon have the mortification to see them, insensible to the most elevated devotion from us, go and give themselves to some brute who will put his foot upon their necks. The women of Harmony will know their place better, but—that is not yet.

Thus, in practical result, a course of action in perfect accordance with the dictates of religion, morality, virtue, and good taste (four terms which do not always belong in the same company) leads, in civilization, to composite misfortunes, organic and spiritual; proving what Fourier says, that the civilizee is a vile slave, exalted by his happy crimes, befooled by his unfortunate virtues. It was said by some illiberal Greek, that he knew of no virtue that could be proper for a slave. Tell me one that is proper for a civilizee!

This society is a cul de sac, or blind alley of absurdity, for whether one obeys the impulse of his passions in it, or whether he controls them by effect of prejudice or of virtue, he tends equally to his ruin. It looks as though God had here at last fairly penned man up and let loose all the furies on him, to force him to the research of the true social order for which he was created, and in which virtue will, for the first time, produce its legitimate results, and be distinguished from vice by its fruits.

There is a small exceptional class of persons, whose life flows so entirely in other channels that absolute continence is compatible with their health, and high vigor of body and mind. Charles XII. seems to have been a man of this stamp, yet what evils has not his insane ambition caused his fascinated country, that might have been prevented by an equilibrium of love with ambition.

Before puberty and after castration, the most highly vitalized parts of the blood, which the testicles secrete, remain in its mass; and though they do not thus possess or communicate the same intensity to the passional manifestations, as after they have been elaborated by the testicles, yet the result is widely different from the case in which the seminal secretion is made from the blood, and afterward wasted or lost. In the latter case emaciation, debility, and rapid deterioration ensue; in the former, the nutritive functions predominate, and fat is accumulated.

It is very curious to observe how far castration may be performed spiritually, without exsection of the testes, as in the case of the Shakers, whose religion and morals forbid all development to the sexual passion, and whose mechanical and architectural arrangement correspond with this negation. They are laborious and live

very comfortably in other respects, the social economy providing for the wants of all its members, who feel individually no care or responsibility for their daily subsistence.

Removed from most of those physical and moral causes of disease which desolate the civilized world, and banishing love with all its mixed effects of good and evil, those who really adopt this life, not merely accepting it incidentally as a *pis aller*, or escape from pressing misery—your real Shaker, I say, is usually a healthy, calm, well-nourished individual, whose force is expended through his muscles, perhaps in a sort of religious excitement occasionally, and in the nutrition of his body.

He is a mixed species between the eunuch and the normal or passionate man of the true society.

He is a passionate chrysalid, an inoffensive being, and in this so much better than the civilizee, whose passions are viciously developed in torture to himself and to others.

The Shaker is usually a being who has passed through all sorts of crucifixions in the civilized world, who has come to renounce the hope of achieving an individual destiny, and to need *rest*, with a minimum of comfort, sympathy, and an indirect satisfaction of his ambition by connection with some established social order. He may find all this, perhaps more, among the Shaker community—

“ A port of calms, a state of ease
From the rough rage of swelling seas.”

The principle of spiritual castration is consistently extended by them from the passion of love to all that tends to develop or satisfy the sense of beauty. Their instinct teaches them that beauty is the incarnation of love; hence no flowers, no fine arts, no music—nothing of the divine life, only the ghostly shade of that collective friendship and religious unity which animates the harmonic life, stalks among them. It is a *negation*, which in its superiority to civilized life, is the most damning verdict that the soul of man can pass upon the forms of society.

While we do justice to the order of nature, we must not fail to recognize on the other side the wonderful plasticity of the human organism, which by appropriate discipline can be made to adapt its functions to almost any situation, from that of Saint Simeon the stylite, to that of a Parisian sybarite. The body is disposed to conform to every strong determination of the soul, whether toward

ascetic chastity, or toward great luxury in love; and though the Shakers are not true samples of men and women in the mass, yet it is doubtless true, that a laborious and frugal life, supposing that such could be made the universal discipline, might dispense with luxury in love, and, with very few exceptions, really organize monogamy as the only love relation, as civilization pretends to do, but does not attain. Let us always discriminate fairly between the integral development and harmonious equilibrium of life, and the peculiar channels into which it may be forced, and by habit come to accept as its destiny, during as many generations as the pressure of circumstances continues stronger than its impulsion of spontaneity.

The sexual instinct is not always quite extinguished by castration. Eunuchs in the East sometimes keep seraglios of their own.

There can, of course, be no complete coitus, but there may be priapism and sexual excitement, so long as the cerebellar organ of amateness is not atrophied.

THE MALE GENITAL APPARATUS

Consists of, 1. Surfaces liable to irritation, whose sensory nerves effect an excitement in their centers, thence reflected either directly or indirectly on the ejaculatory ducts and muscles attached to them.

The male urethra is subject, as is well known, to severe inflammations, syphilitic and gonorrhœal, in consequence of impure or envenomed coitus.

These diseases have been falsely asserted to result from mere excess; they are specific poisons, like small-pox or other contagions. Excessive coitus may cause only orchitis and balanitis, frank irritations of the urethra and testes, which subside under the use of emollient lotions and the application of cold water.

Envenomed coitus is a scourge peculiar to the civilizees, who have carried it over the globe with them, and within the last fifty years have nearly exterminated by it the most robust and beautiful people of the South Seas.

It is an organic refraction of the spiritual poisoning in the venal coitions of the civilized brothel, and, indeed, of a large number of its marriage beds; for these are often as venal and as foul, and constitute only the contrasted element of the same social lie; with the practical difference, that the victim woman becomes in venal or loveless marriage the slave of one master and absorbent of his lust; in the brothel the slave of necessity, and the promis

cnous convenience of many men ; thus increasing the chances of contagion, which are again brought back to the marriage bed by husbands frequenting the brothels for variety.

Besides these diseases, the civilized urethra is subject to a circumscribed local irritation resembling the granular blepharitis of scrofulous ophthalmia, which attacks the membranous portion, and especially the orifice of the ejaculatory ducts, just below the neck of the bladder.

This irritation here keeps up involuntary seminal losses. It may be a consequence of repeated and protracted gonorrhœas, of self-pollution, of a psoric disease taking this direction, or of the abnormally accumulated irritability induced by long continence.

It is curable by sweeping over the part of the urethra above mentioned with nitrate of silver, inclosed in a silver canula. Lallemand's well-known porte caustic is a clumsy instrument. Dr. Edward Dixon, of New York, has invented a much better. After this operation, which should rarely be repeated oftener than once a month, two cold half-baths of ten to twenty minutes each in the course of the day, including, of course, friction by an attendant over the parts immersed.

If there be a psoric complication, hydro-sulphurous baths are required.

Abstinence from all stimulants, among which are to be reckoned eggs, cheese, oysters, and shell fish ; the skins of animals, especially of fish ; mushrooms, asparagus, and celery ; and afterward physical labor and regular coition, *if a suitable relation of temperaments can be secured*, complete the cure, and restore the passion of love to its normal intensity, in equilibrium with the other organic functions.

Seminal losses may be connected with syphilitic disease ; this is to be regarded only as a coincidence of two diseases, between which there is no other essential relation than that of the idiosyncrasy of the patient in whom they co-exist. In this case, homeopathic doses of mercury, nitric acid, gold, and other specifics, for which consult the *Materia Medica*, or *Symptomem Codex*, will need to be employed, or in their place an elaborate course of water-cure.

On the subject of syphilis I shall only remark, that the precaution of cauterizing thoroughly the surface of any abrasion observed on the glans or prepuce, or even within the urethra after coition, should never be omitted, whatever homeopathic drugs are taken

I believe it to be placed beyond a doubt, that the nitrate of silver effectually destroys the poison at the point where it is concentrated during a certain number of days after impure coition. It is sometimes of great utility even at a much later period, though not then sufficient by itself. For elaborate descriptions of syphilis see Ricord, etc.

On the subject of seminal losses I have truths to utter that ought to sink deep into the minds of my readers, and render some of them angels of mercy to the most unfortunate of their fellow-creatures. It is no longer ink that stains this paper, it is the blood-tear of agony wrung from the collapsed heart of the victim of seminal losses! This is one of those derangements, which in the most complete manner provides for its own permanence by *vicious circles* of constitutional action.

It does not kill outright, and it removes the organism from the chances of those frank inflammatory affections, and other acute diseases connected with sudden changes in a large mass of blood, which make short pause between health and death.

Seminal losses keep the blood too much impoverished to admit of these, they keep the patient for many years in a state of the most wretched depression conceivable.

Here are examples of the vicious circles by which it perpetuates itself:

By its enormous drain on the nutrition of the body, wasting nocturnally its most highly vitalized elements, as occurs whenever a sleep, somewhat deep, and but for this fatality, somewhat recuperative, plunges him into unconsciousness. The appetite of a famished animal, or canine hunger, is produced, while the stomach and digestive viscera continue in healthy function. Thus relative plethora supervenes, the seminal fluid is secreted again more rapidly than the other organs regain their lost tone, and re-form their wasted structures, and the seminal reservoirs, which are always left in a state of atonic irritability after an involuntary seminal loss, are still less able than before to retain the recently accumulated semen. Another emission in sleep then occurs, and another and another in rapid succession, until the patient is reduced to the extreme of feebleness and emaciation compatible with life—a state peculiar in this, that while muscular power is nearly destroyed, along with the capacity of feeling passion or affection, not only that of love, but also that of friendship and the gentler family affections; when the body is but skin and bone, the complexion a

pale-greenish sallow, the eye muddy, the pulse scarcely sensible, the extremities cold, and the whole frame in collapse; instead of being apathetic or half unconscious of suffering, as occurs in prostration from other causes and forms of disease, the self-consciousness is intensified, and the intellect sometimes preternaturally active, and entirely preoccupied with the phenomena of disease, and seeking some avenue of escape.

It is rare that patients possess in this malady enough of fixed purpose and sustained energy to carry through any of the plans they devise at these periods; but it is proper that the physician should be cognizant of this psychological phenomenon, which is analogous to what occurs at a certain point of starvation, because he may then obtain through the patient's insight, as through that of a true clairvoyant, a more perfect knowledge of the case before him.

When things have reached the worst, nature often reacts, and a longer interval is gained, sometimes extending to a month or six weeks, during which time, under moderately favorable circumstances, the patient approaches his former state of health, both physically and passively, but without an equal capacity to sustain fatigue, and with a certain loss of self-trust, vacillation of conduct, and agitation from slight causes, which result partly from weakness and partly from the consciousness of an impending fate. The sudden changes from comparative energy to languor; the loss of all that was warm, spontaneous, playful, and seductive in his manner; and the fact, that instead of radiating vital electricity he now must absorb it, entirely vitiate and falsify a man's position relatively to women, and ruin the success of any love affair he may engage in. Thus the surest and most rational method of cure is precluded by the nature of the malady itself, and yet it is not a *disease* properly speaking, but simply a disordered function, the introversion of a passion which has been compromised in its development and debarred its natural sphere of expression, and were it possible in a society which generates scourges such as this, for men and women to be honest and candid with each other, and for them to understand a little of physiology; the most chronic and distressing cases of seminal losses, and of the corresponding forms of disease in woman, might easily and promptly be cured by the aid of properly adjusted sexual relations, in connection with physical labors, the cold half-bath with frictions, cauterization in certain cases, a diet strictly guarded in quantity, nutritious *without stimulants*, and the medicines homeopathic to the totality of the symptoms in each

case, alternated with each other, and repeated at intervals of from two to six days.

But what civilized man has the magnanimity to make due allowance for another man thus stricken under, or enough of personal affection and patient faith in nature to help him out of it? Physicians, family, and friends almost invariably prove false and recreant to a sufferer with this malady; they blame his irregularities, call him a hypochondriac, and sometimes clear their consciences by asserting there is nothing really the matter with him—arguing from his occasional reactions toward health. They cannot, it appears, understand that there are diseases which especially compromise the volition of the patient, and that his only hope is then in being treated like a babe, or a cripple with a fractured limb, and in being managed and aided by the volition of others, until his own is restored by a natural cure.

Would it not be better in all cases like this, to confess frankly that they do not understand the case before them, to look for some one who does, and to place the patient under his treatment.

If we find so much stupidity among physicians, family, and friends, we cannot be surprised that women should show themselves incapable of making due allowances for accidental depressions and deficits of the life they expect in a lover, that they should trample on the weak and submit only to conquest.

Nevertheless, when the false position in which the marriage institution now places young people toward each other shall no longer exist, we shall find more intelligence and more magnanimity in these matters, and both parties will be greatly the gainers by it.

All that has been said in relation to seminal losses, applies with still greater force to self-pollution, which is an odious vice as well as a great misfortune, and which, when once fixed as a habit, comes almost exclusively under a medical supervision, such as is sometimes extended to the patients at idiot asylums. It is useless to meddle with a chronic case of this sort, unless you have full control of the patient, and can find him suitable occupations. He must *never be left alone*. The vice is common also among young females, especially those who are secluded from male society, as at boarding-schools.

To recapitulate: I have cited two vicious circles—one, in the relation of the sexes, necessary to a permanent cure, and prevented by this organic introversion, which saps the force necessary to form such relations; another, in the connection of the generative organs

with the nutritive viscera, which seminal losses stimulate to abnormally increased action, thus increasing the frequency of the losses, at first by relative plethora, afterward by the enfeebled and broken-down state of the entire organism, which leaves no counterpoise to the chronic irritation of the spermatic apparatus, whither the organic forces flow and are wasted.

A third vicious circle, really a corollary upon the disorder of the nutritive function, exists in regard to sleep. The victim of seminal losses is subject to loss of natural sleep for weeks and even months together—partly from apprehension, partly from derangement of the nervous system. If, however, he procure normal sleep either by the aid of medicines, or by his exertions during the day, or its spontaneous occurrence, he is only so much the more exposed to emissions, so that he lies between Scylla and Charybdis, sleeplessness or seminal losses being equally destructive to the vital force.

A partial preventive may be found in lying on a sacking bottom, with the lumbar spine cooled all night by the air, with or without a wet towel. The cover should be divided—half over the chest, half over the legs—leaving the pelvis cool.

One word more upon magnanimity.

The manner in which charity displays itself, differs widely in the different spheres of life. The cow and the deer gore a sick companion to death, and so rid it of its pain. Some savages act in the same manner toward the decrepit, and the Spartans destroyed their weakly children. By this exclusive and simple recognition of actual force—of victory organized—and destructive animosity against all that is below par, nature doubtless gains her ends of breeding only from the strongest stocks, and preserving the integrity of races. The same principle actuates the female of many animals in awaiting the embraces of the conquering male, and the season of love is also that of destructive combats. This phase of character prevailed especially in the society of the middle ages.

There is a higher truth than this. It is, that God is the *substance* of all beings (say, for the present, of every human soul). Hence it follows, that the actual characters of conquest or defeat, of health and disease, of happiness or misery, which we witness, are not essential but merely phenomenal of the circumstance and sphere in which the same divine life obtains an expression.

As soon as this is realized, we cease to despise and destroy the feebler or more vitiated being, but with reliance on its internal

tendencies and capacities for harmony, flowing from its *substance* in God, we seek to modify more favorably the conditions of circumstance and the sphere for its manifestation, and regeneration into its essential type.

The Pivotal organ of the passion love is in woman the ovary. Extirpation of this destroys the sex. Her period of orgasm is connected with the monthly detachment of an ovum which takes place at each catamenial epoch, and which may be impregnated by the male zoosperm, either inside or outside the ovarium.

Coition, except during the week preceding and the week following menstruation, rarely occasions pregnancy.

Observations on this subject are, however, still insufficient. Small glands, with ejaculatory ducts, have been discovered in the parieties of the vagina, the use of whose secretion is not fully known. Ejaculation has been distinctly perceived in woman as in man, and some women even speak of involuntary seminal losses. I have never met with such a case. Prolapsus and leucorrhœa act on the female organism as seminal losses on the male.

The specific integrity and intensity of woman's life, her health, happiness, and power of charming, or magnetic fascination, pivot upon the ovarian function, of which the uterine menstruation is an appendage and consequence, occurring periodically at each maturation and separation of an ovum.

The os uteri presents in woman a point analogous to the prostatic urethra of man, as the secretions which escape through it are in analogy with the seminal discharge from the ejaculatory ducts, which open on the prostatic portion of the urethra.

This point is subject to chronic irritation and leucorrhœal secretions, compromising the health of woman and her charms in a manner analogous to the effect of seminal losses upon man, originating in the same causes, *and curable by the same agencies.*

I have in one case arrested (perhaps cured, though the lapse of time is yet insufficient for certainty) a very obstinate and fetid leucorrhœa, intensely chronic, by the exhibition of the sixth dilution of the nitrate of silver by the mouth. It will be better in every case where it seems to be indicated, to premise with its internal exhibition in the homeopathic triturations and dilutions ranging from the first upward. In the case mentioned, two doses sufficed during a period of several weeks, since which I have lost sight of the patient.

RELATIVE SEASONS OF LOVE IN THE TWO SEXES.

Health premised, man is apt for the functions of love from the epoch of his puberty to a very advanced age. Though there be not precisely any organic obstruction to its exercise continuously during this long period, there are diversions or absorptions into the spheres of other passions.

Ambition is in man collectively the strongest passion, as maternity is in woman, and there are few men not liable to be so absorbed in the physical or intellectual conquest of some end of ambition, as to be quite removed for weeks and even months together from the influence of love, especially of seminal love. Simple spiritual love not unfrequently allies itself with ambition during the period of courtship. These periods of absorbent diversion, during which man does not experience the need of coition, vary with the individual, and have no appreciable law of duration or of recurrence.

In woman, on the contrary, in whom the minor sphere of love and maternity is collectively dominant, we find it subject to a greater regularity of periods in its essential and purely subjective manifestation through the organism, irrelative of the external influence of passional affinities.

During about five days at each menstrual epoch, woman is unfit for coition, and if at this time she submit to the desires of man, he is liable to urethral irritation in consequence.

It is a sort of impure coition, which Moses in his physiological dispensation took care to avoid, by the custom of women's passing that epoch in seclusion.

The menstrual epoch recurs at periods of from three to five weeks, most normally of four, according to temperament and constitution. It is hurried, and also liable to be suppressed, by strong emotions and excessive physical exertions. Coffee and other stimulants dispose to too great frequency and excessive quantity with abnormal pains. Other emotions, such as fright, are liable merely to arrest it—for this the appropriate remedy is aconite, especially if the system be plethoric,* *in other cases* pulsatilla and sœpia.

The menstrual secretion ushers in puberty about the fourteenth

* See medical tables in a special work on these subjects to be published soon by Radde, Broadway, New York.

year, though girls enter this period earlier in the tropics and later in cold countries, when their habits are laborious and when they do not drink coffee.

It continues, except when interrupted by pregnancy, lactation, or diseases, until the turn of life, or natural sterility, when the ovarian function subsides, and at last ceases, so far as reproduction is concerned, though the ovaries may continue to radiate through the organism an influence characteristic of the sex. This age varies according to climate and temperament. Some women of the tropics who are apt for coition as early as the ninth year, cease to bear children after thirty; while robust women of northern climates, accustomed to labor, whose menstruation is normally retarded even until the eighteenth year, continue apt for bearing children until forty-five, or still later in individual cases.

Conception is an act of the vegetative life. It may occur without any sexual act, by the mechanical introduction of zoosperms through a syringe, during the period that an ovum is prepared for impregnation.

Dr. Barry has observed in rabbits the zoosperm in every part of the female organs, from the vagina to the ovary itself, and has found it entering the ovum there before the expulsion of the latter.

If this takes place in woman, it diminishes the security of any calculations on the days during which she is apt for conception, and the fact of occasional ovarian and of fallopian pregnancies, where the impregnated ovum has never descended, seems to show this.

It is not the less true, however, that menstruation indicates the ripeness of the ovum and its expulsion from the ovary, and as the ova can hardly be supposed to be always ripe, there must be an interval, however varying in its length, between each two menstrual periods, when woman is not apt for coition, and this interval, commencing about the — day after the last menstruation, may terminate some days before the next crisis, the ovum being ripe for impregnation before the act of its expulsion from the ovary and the concomitant menstrual flux.

Woman continues apt for coition during the period of pregnancy, and whatever individual or special exceptions may be adduced, do not authorize the assertions or denunciations of those puritanic writers, who, under the pretence of explaining physiological laws, stigmatize as a crime against nature, every act of sexual love not absolutely necessary for the procreation of the species.

Such parsimony nature abominates, and where a true relation

of temperaments between the parties sustaining a love relation exists, the magnetic virtue of the act does not count for nothing to the development of the ovum and fœtus, although the male semen may not penetrate the anhistous membrane, which is produced from the mucous lining of the uterus, and which incloses the ovum like a shut sac, preventing all immediate contact with it.

Instinct is the only compass of organic law, whose indications vary to suit circumstances. This, then, ought alone to be respected in the question of coition during pregnancy.

During lactation, woman, absorbed in the sphere of maternity, will seldom desire coition, especially in the first months; she, however, permits it, which is not always right.

Excessive venery, excitement, or irritation of the genital organs at this time may act very unfavorably on the milk secretion, so susceptible of changes from organic or passional emotions.

It is always undesirable that pregnancies should follow each other rapidly, because they determine too great a drain from the individual life of the mother, and because young children are so troublesome.

Pregnancy may be avoided by attending to the facts mentioned in this chapter, and by any means which prevents ejaculation within the vagina, (also by the active opposition of the female will.)

Violent exercises, dancing, running, and jumping, after a coition which would otherwise occasion pregnancy, will often break up the incipient organic processes connected with the development of the impregnated ovum, and cause it to be expelled from the uterus. Among drugs, mercury eminently predisposes to pregnancy.

Sabina has induced expulsion of the impregnated ovum during early periods. Abortions induced by drugs, as well as those determined by the perforation of the sac containing the ovum through the neck of the womb, cause a heavy shock to the constitution, which varies, however, with individual cases. It also creates a tendency to the recurrence of abortion spontaneously when children are desired.

Women differ from each other very widely in their aptitude for coition, irrespective of the above-mentioned restrictions.

A great deal of domestic unhappiness arises from men's hoggish notion of the privileges of the marriage bed, to which women generally submit as a conjugal duty irrespective of their inclinations, the element of lust being recognized as holding full supremacy in civilized unions, and coition is resorted to as a sort of universal panacea for domestic quarrels. It is an adage in some of the states

that a certain agent "well managed in a family saves several hundred weight of bacon in the course of the year."

The desire for integral relations does not so soon follow the kindling of spiritual love in woman as in man, though this also depends in a great measure on temperament and state of health.

We can then state no well-defined general law of adaptation in respect to the periods of aptitude for coition. Long chasms are liable to occur in the life of either sex, though more especially in woman's, during which desire will find no reciprocity.

It is then a natural and organic impossibility for the great mass of either sex to find harmony and equilibrium in exclusive relations with a single member of the other sex. Nearly every man needs relations with several women at different times, which no one alone can meet, and nearly every woman needs that diversity of temperaments and individualities which she finds only in several men successively, though woman is reputed more prone to constancy, and not to crave the same number or variety as man, *ceteris paribus*.

This can only be correctly decided by the women of the future, nurtured in a sphere of industry and of social affections, which shall guarantee to their souls and bodies an integral and harmonious development.

In the periodicity of passional developments for the different temperaments of man, as well as for the inferior animals, a physiological and passional correspondence obtains, with the phases of the solar year and the solar day. It is a pleasing field of observations, where man appears as a passional electroscope, reflecting and reproducing the moods of our planetary life.

In the spring movement of effusion or expansion, as seeds burst and germs swell, the solar activity is more intense toward the related surface of the earth. The male, or solar principle, projects its vigor exuberantly into the passive womb of the earth-mould—female or receptive planetary principle—which straight conceives and gives birth to all manner of living beings, plants, and animals, after their kind, whether in original and spontaneous, or in secondary and generative creation.

Thus animals and man, in whom the life of sun and earth are individualized, do, by their passional activity, coincident with the movement of the seasons, only manifest in details and particulars those general or collective passional tendencies, which are to be ascribed to the Spheres.

Man feels in the Spring, the expansive necessity of loving and of imparting himself to the object of his love, the same as bird or beast feel, only modified by the higher developments of his human type, and a more complex mentality, which does not, however, make him any wiser in these affairs of instinct.

In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast;
In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest;

In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove;
In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should be for one so young,
And her eyes on all my motions with a mute observance hung.

And I said, "My cousin Amy, speak, and speak the truth to me
Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets to thee."

On her pallid cheek and forehead came a color and a light,
As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the northern night.

And she turned—her bosom shaken with a sudden storm of sighs—
All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of hazel eyes—

Saying, "I have hid my feelings, fearing they should do me wrong;"
Saying, "Dost thou love me, cousin?" weeping, "I have loved thee
[long.]"

Love took up the glass of Time, and turned it in his glowing hands;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight.

Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the copses ring,
And her whisper thronged my pulses with the fullness of the Spring.

Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately ships,
And our spirits rushed together at the touching of the lips.

This magnificent poet, an exotic in England, is, himself, an illustration of the tropical luxuriance of passion, combined with the powerful intellect of the north. His instincts sigh for their passionate sphere, like spice-laden air from some Indian isle, that steep us in the delicious languor of his "Lotus Eaters," or in the fervor of the solar day.

Ah, for some retreat
Deep in yonder shining Orient, where my life began to beat;
Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell my father evil-starred;
I was left a trampled orphan, and a selfish uncle's ward.

Or to burst all links of habit—there to wander far away,
On from island unto island at the gateways of the day.

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies,
Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots of Paradise.

Never comes the trader, never floats an European flag.
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, droops the trailer from the crag ;

Droops the heavy-blossomed bower, hangs the heavy-fruited tree—
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea.

There methinks would be enjoyment more than in this march of mind,
In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake mankind.

There the passions, cramped no longer, shall have scope and breathing
I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race. [space ;

Iron-jointed, supple-sinewed, they shall dive, and they shall run,
Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their lances in the Sun ;

Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rainbows of the brooks,
Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books.

In the diurnal movement, industrial creation and the major functions of man, as artist, harmonist, and practical chief of the planet fully prevail. Only the major passions—friendship and ambition—are then legitimate, and the sentimental expressions of love and family endearments are inappropriate. We must work and make ourselves useful in the full daylight, in order to repose on our laurels, and sweetly decline into those softer affections which, like the night-blooming Ceres, perfume moon and starlight : we are then no longer called upon to vindicate our personality or our principles, to earn the right of self-respect or the prizes of public esteem, but surrender ourselves wholly to the fluent communion of soul with soul, sustained by the nervous or animal spirits which the lungs and stomach, with their connected viscera, corresponding to the self-appropriative and conquering faculties, have generated throughout the day. The elements of power are, indeed, accumulated in *sleep*, but not liberated from their concrete and dormant state in the organism, until the exigences of the morning and noon have established strong, practical currents. It is in broad day that physical labor flings thunder into the arm of the blacksmith and swells the chest of the plowman with the lungs of the ox ; and that each in his appointed function, in his specific use, becomes recipient of divine fire in title of co-operator with the Sun

in developing the germs of creation. Now Nature, from her million censers of the three kingdoms, sends up her incense, and calls each one to his holy office: but the matin and the noon are past, and vesper chimes steal on the soothed ear; the red orb plunges into his western bath, the artisan cools his face and cleans his arms, and the dew hangs again on the flowers.

Then wakens the life of the heart and the fancy, unless repugnant, monotonous, exhausting toil have left room for no other considerations than supper and bed, when night gives rest to the sledge-hammer, and hangs up the shovel and the hoe.

In that free, spontaneous, and varied activity which characterizes the attractive labors of the passional series, it happens in the evening, that the atoms liberated from every organ that has been called into play, assemble like boys in high humor for a spree, and the Max Maretzek of them, the leader of the orchestra, is named Passional Affinity, who is quite a different sort of genius from Industrial Affinity, or the Instinct of Vocations. But listen to Barry Cornwall:

A NIGHT SONG.

'Tis Night! 'tis Night, the Hour of hours,
 When Love lies down with folded wings,
 By Psyche in her starless bowers,
 And down his fatal arrows flings;
 Those bowers whence not a sound is heard,
 Save only from the bridal bird,
 Who 'midst that utter darkness sings:
 This her burthen soft and clear,
Love is here! Love is here!

'Tis Night! The moon is on the stream;
 Bright spells are on the soothed sea;
 And Hope, the child, has gone to dream
 Of pleasures which may never be!
 And now is haggard Care asleep; †
 Now doth the widow Sorrow smile;
 And slaves are hushed in slumber deep,
 Forgetting grief and toil awhile!

What sight can fiery morning show
 To shame the stars or pale moonlight?
 What bounty can the day bestow,
 Like that which falls from gentle Night?
 Sweet Lady, sing I not aright?

O, turn and tell me ! for the day
 Is faint and fading fast away ;
 And now comes back the Hour of hours,
 When Love his lovelier mistress seeks,
 And sighs, like winds 'mong evening flowers,
 Until the maiden Silence speaks !

Fair girl, methinks—nay, hither turn
 Those eyes, which 'mid their blushes burn—
 Methinks, at such a time one's heart
 Can better bear both sweet and smart—
 Love's look—the first—which never dieth,
 Or Death—who comes when Beauty fieth,
 When strength is slain, when youth is past,
 And all, save TRUTH, is lost at last !

A SERENADE.

AWAKE ! The starry midnight Hour
 Hangs charmed, and pauseth in its flight ;
 In its own sweetness sleeps the flower,
 And the doves lie hushed in deep delight !
Awake ! Awake !
Look forth, my love, for Love's sweet sake !

Awake ! Soft dews will soon arise
 From daisied mead, and thorny brake ;
 Then, Sweet, uncloud those Eastern eyes,
 And like the tender morning break !
Awake ! Awake !
Dawn forth, my love, for Love's sweet sake !

Awake ! Within the musk-rose bower
 I watch, pale flower of love, for thee :
 Ah, come, and show the starry Hour
 What wealth of love thou hid'st from me !
Awake ! Awake !
Show all thy love for Love's sweet sake !

Awake ! Ne'er heed, though listening Night
 Steal music from thy silver voice :
 Uncloud thy beauty, rare and bright,
 And bid the world and me rejoice !
Awake ! Awake !
She comes, at last, for Love's sweet sake !

Alas ! how natural this is ; sweet treachery of instinct ! that like
 the child playing at tea party with a crust of bread and a cup of

water, ignoring any other destiny than that of harmony for man; eternally wreathes around individual lives, in our poetry and romance, those colors of paradise, which if they are anything more than the soul's prophecies, at least have no more permanent relation to our social facts than the illusive shades which summer rainbows fling upon our landscapes.

Deliciously as love-inspired serenades float on the evening air—among all the millions of hearts formed to love and to be loved—from whose aspirations the nightingale and mocking-bird have borrowed their night songs, and whose love-laden souls should exhale their fire, and night after night so melt into repose; of the millions of tender maidens in whose phantasm these notes should mingle with seraph voices, as if their lovers had caught from the lips of the dream angel his half whispered promise of delight; how many in the huge, whirling city, or the vast extended country, enrich the night with melody, or listen to its charm?

Can the whole city of New York produce an average of twelve serenades a night, or even for the nights of fine weather, or the whole state five hundred? Far from it, and of the few that may be heard, how much fewer are genuine love notes? What should we think of a bird who should pay another bird in grubs or berries to do his singing and song courtship for him? Would he not be a disgrace to the feathered choir? How much more a disgrace then is it to man—the lord of the earth—not to possess or not to cultivate the musical voice and ear—the very language and faculty of love—and to buy and sell what ought to be the most interior and exquisitely personal confessions of the heart!

In place of the serenade, civilization gives us the coarse, loud laugh and obscene song of the drunkard issuing at midnight from the grog-shop or bar-room, on his way to the brothel, or the miauling of some beau cat and his mistresses, fit hieroglyphic of the poetical Don Juan of the nineteenth century, and his seraglio of strumpets.

Let others probe the social ulcer of prostitution, whose exhalations suffice to disenchant and envenom the whole atmosphere of our cities. Parent Du Chatelet and others have given the analysis of Paris, and that with some addition of vulgarity, obscenity, and rankness, will answer for the less refined populations of England or America. But it has never yet been proclaimed and brought home to the public conscience, that the total horror of promiscuous abuse in the sexual relations bears no greater ratio to the more enormous

destructive and general evils of civilized chastity and virginity, passional starvation, compression, and suspicion, than the evils of excessive luxury bear to those of poverty and destitution, where there is but one rich man to a hundred poor.

The whole relation of the sexes is falsified. We dare not trust our nearest friends in the sphere of love; and every young man becomes an object of suspicious reserve and deception for all the young women of his acquaintance, precisely in proportion as he makes himself interesting to them; their instinct teaching them that under existing civilized customs his instinct will make him play the knave with them if he can. The superior modesty and delicacy of woman, closes to her all those physiological evasions of morality to which young men, with very few exceptions, have recourse, and the consequence of this *virtue*, which in civilization is nearly always a synonym for *misfortune*, is the general disorder of the ovarian and uterine function—pivot of the life of woman. Physiologically, it results in deficiency or excess of the catamenial secretion, often attended with agonizing pains and abnormal secretions, which convert the uterus into an ulcer. Connected with these, chlorosis or vitiation of the blood—feebleness, languor, inaptitude equally for industry or for love, and loss of fascination, which is a property of magnetism concentrated in superabundance after the normal demands of the major sphere—industry and friendship—have been supplied by the nervous system. Pallor, fragility, dyspepsia, nervous headaches, hysteria, these are annually more and more the diagnostics of an American young lady; and these are the organic symbols of privation of their natural pursuits or industrial starvation, and privation of the exercise of love or passional starvation.

O, triumph of hell in civilized morality! It is these poor bleeding victims in whose behalf I invoke upon my head the utmost rancor of society; it is these who will be the first to scorn my pleading, and to stone me with the feigned contempt of outraged modesty—No: they are but lambs led to the slaughter, who extend their necks to the knife of their executioner, as ignorant and reckless of those who would save them, as of those who would destroy.

Virginity, like its hieroglyphic the peach, is not a fruit that will keep; when it is ripe it must be plucked and eaten, or it quickly rots.

But I reserve this subject for the second volume, where, in contrast with the Vestalate of harmony, Fourier exhibits the disgraces of civilized virginity. The evils I have mentioned are common to the mass of civilized virgins, and the laboring class is by no means

exempt from them, though not victims to the same extent as those in what civilization calls, in its moral mockery, *easy circumstances*. My pen forbears to profane before the common eye the high sorrows of the noble maiden who feeds with her life-blood the pure desires of an ideal love, and consecrates to heaven those charms which none of Nature's nobles have known how to value at their worth; to win and wear.

I have now in such poor fragmentary fashion as I might, done my duty by an unpopular truth. I calculate to lose money by it. I may lose what is dearer than money, or labor, or time. What is done is done. May the superiors whom I have obeyed, use my work, and absolve my individual destiny from farther sacrifices to the transcendent destinies of our collective future. Had I found the exclusive constancy of the conjugal love oppressed and vilified by organized variety in love, as I have found all other love relations oppressed, falsified, and degraded by our arbitrary marriage system, it would have been still in the service of the weak and oppressed side—in defense of simple fidelity—that I would have written and spoken.

This happening to have the upper hand in the theories of our present society, needed no other defense than to be delivered from its treacherous friends and cowardly adherents, who profess simple fidelity, and practice every thing else secretly, and in fear of moral condemnation. Fidelity and exclusive constancy will become honorable only when they are sincerely practiced by the class of characters adapted to them, while those differently constituted as freely adopt other customs.

I am aware that in the heat of discussion I have sometimes adopted a partisan tone in favor of variety in love. It is necessary to state every aspect of truth with heart and soul, absorbing yourself in it for the time, as though there were no other.

It may be seen, however, that I do equal justice to the conjugal love, and I believe each of these widely different passional developments equally true for its own class of characters.

Each is right in asserting itself. Each is wrong in denying or oppressing the other. Even Swedenborg allows this, though he seems to confound variety in love with mere sensualism, and condemns it to the delights of the hells. To those who think thus, I have only to say with Emerson, if I am the devil's child, I will do the devil's work. Why should we disown ourselves? Let us rather separate the hells from the heavens here at once on earth,

even though we must compose and inhabit the hells ourselves, if this is the condition under which order is to be restored ; for thus it will be more comfortable for all of us, and no one henceforth need sail under false colors.

A last word of caution to those who accept the principles and welcome the sentiments of this book ; and of protest before those who condemn them : add this to the notice of *Passional Chastity*. The liberty of action claimed for men and women individually, and in whose behalf I protest against the laws, the morality, the tyranny, and cowardice of present societies, is only the stepping-stone to true self-discipline, and to a true standard of public opinion, based upon the *passional exigences* of human nature, on its varied nationalities and idiosyncracies, and on the harmony of social relations. I do not pretend that the removal of present restraints would be free from inconveniences, from *passional* and social errors, but only that these would be less grave than the effects of false order, which commits *passional assassination* on those who submit to it, and determines hypocritical evasion and the worst forms of licentiousness in the rest ; the rare exception bearing on true and happy unions.

I know that the child is liable to fall oftener after it walks and runs alone, than while it only creeps ; but is that a reason to prevent children from learning to walk ? Now, under moral and legal compressions here, man and woman can only crawl. Remove it, and let them rise and acquire by practice the true use and conscience of their faculties in love. If we have seen higher general order, intelligence, and efficiency follow in ratio to the extension of political or national liberties, with the self-government thus necessitated—if a democratic republic is better than despotisms, monarchies, and intricate police regulations—if, in fine, true social progress and organization begins with the liberty of the individual, it is high time we should permit it to begin in the very pivotal relation of life, whose falsity compromises every social development.

But do not encourage the illusion, O youthful libertine or hoary sinner, that liberty in love will cause delicious girls to fall like ripe peaches or fat rice-birds into your expectant mouths. Far from it ! Never has woman been so coy of her favors, so sublime in her caprices as she will become from the day when the mercenary traffic in marriage and prostitution is abolished, and, secure in her own resources of labor and art, shall be the only mistress, by *inalienable title*, of her own soul and her own person.

A D D E N D A.

MORE EXTRACTS FROM BETTINE.

YESTERDAY evening, dear Goethe, it happened thus to me; the draught tore open the door, and extinguished the light by which I had been writing to you. My windows were open and the blinds let down; the storm-breeze was playing with them; a violent thunder-shower fell, and my little canary bird was waked up; he flew out into the storm, he cried for me, and I employed the whole night in alluring him back. Not before the storm ceased, did I lie down to sleep: I was tired and very sad, too, about my dear bird. While I was studying Grecian history, with G nderode, I drew maps, and when I drew the seas, he helped me to shade them: so that I was quite astonished, how assiduously he always scratched here and there with his little beak.

Now he is gone; the storm certainly cost him his life. Then I thought, had I but flown forth to seek thee, and came through storm and tempest to thy door, which thou wouldst not open to me; no! thou hadst not been there; thou hadst not waited for me, as I did the whole night for my little bird; thou hast others to commune with; thou movest in other spheres. Now it is the stars which hold counsel with thee, then the deep, precipitous rock-caverns; now thy glance moves, prophet-like, through fields of mist and air, and then thou takest the colors of the flowers, and espoucest them with light; thou findest thy lyre ever strung, and if it came glancing to thee, decked with fresh garlands, thou wouldst ask: "Who has twined for me this beautiful wreath?" Thy song would soon scorch these flowers; they would hang their heads, they would lose their color, and fall, unnoticed, to the ground.

All the thoughts which love prompts within me, every ardent longing and wish, I can compare only to such field-flowers: they unconsciously open their golden eyes over the green meadows, they laugh awhile to the blue heaven, then a thousand stars burn above them, and dance around the moon, and cover the trembling, tear-laden flowers with night and deep slumber. Even thus, poet! art thou a moon, surrounded by the starry host of thy inspirations; but my thoughts lie in a valley, like the field-flowers, and sink in night before thee; and my inspiration fails before thee, and all my thoughts slumber beneath thy firmament.

FROM A LETTER TO GOETHE'S MOTHER.

I TOLD you already that we passed through the armies in male dresses. Just before the gate my brother-in-law made us get out: he wanted to see how our clothes set. Lullu looked very well, for she is splendidly formed, and the clothes were admirably made; as for me, all was too loose and too long, as if I had bought them at Rag-Fair. My brother-in-law laughed at me, and said I looked like a Savoyard. The postillion had driven us off the road through a wood, and coming to a cross-way, was quite at a loss. Although only the commencement of our four weeks' journey, I was anxious lest we should miss our way, and thus come too late to Weimar. I clambered up the highest fir, and soon saw where the main road lay. I made the whole journey upon the box; I had a fox-skin cap, the brush hanging down behind. When we arrived at a stage, I unharnessed the horses, and helped to put the fresh ones to. I spoke broken German with the postillions, as if I had been a Frenchman. At first it was beautiful weather, as if spring were commencing, but soon became complete winter. We passed through a wood of gigantic pines and firs; all was hoary spotless—not a soul had been before us—it was perfectly white. Besides, the moon shone on this desolate paradise of silver—a deathlike stillness! only the wheels creaking from the frost. I sat on the box, but was not at all cold: winter's frost strikes sparks out of me! As midnight approached, we heard a whistling in the wood; my brother-in-law reached me a pistol out of the carriage, and asked whether I had courage to fire, if robbers came? I said, "Yes." "Only," said he, "don't fire too soon." Lullu was in great trouble inside the carriage, but I, in the open air, with "pistol cocked, and sabre girt," numberless sparkling stars above, and glittering trees around, which threw their giant shadows across the moonlit way—all this made me bold, on my exalted seat. Then I thought on *him*—whether, if *he* had met me thus in his young days, it would not have made a poetical impression upon him, so that he would have written sonnets upon me, and never have forgotten me? He may now think otherwise—he will be elevated above a magical impression: higher qualities—how shall I attain them—will maintain a right over him—if constancy—eternal, fixed on his threshold, do not at last make him mine. Thus was I disposed in that clear, cold, winter night, during which I found no opportunity of firing off my piece—when the day broke I first re-

ceived permission. The carriage stopped—I ran into the wood, and enthusiastically fired into the dense wilderness, in honor of your Son. In the mean time the axletree was broken. We felled a tree with the hatchet which we had with us, and bound it fast with ropes; my brother then found that I was very handy, and praised me. Thus we proceeded to Magdeburg. At seven o'clock precisely the fortress is shut; we came a minute or two later, and were obliged to wait till seven the next morning! It was not very cold, and the two in the carriage fell asleep. In the night it began to snow. I threw my cloak over my head, and remained quietly sitting on my exposed seat. In the morning they peeped out of the chaise, and there I was, changed into a snow-hermit! but before they had time to be thoroughly frightened, I threw off my cloak, under cover of which I had sat quite warm. In Berlin I was as one blind among many men; I was also absent in mind; I could take part in nothing; I longed always for darkness, that undisturbed, I might think on the future, which now approached so near. Ah! how often did the alarm beat! Suddenly, unawares, in the midst of tranquil stillness—how, I know not—a sweet terror seized me. Oh Mother! mother! think on your Son! If you knew that in a short time you should behold him, you would be as a conductor, on which every thunder-cloud strikes. As we came within a few miles of Weimar, my brother remarked he did not wish to go so far out of the way as through Weimar, and would take another road. I was silent, but Lullu wouldn't hear of it; she said, "it had been once promised me, and he must keep his word." Ah, mother! the sword hung over my head, suspended by a single hair, but fortune favored me.

We arrived in Weimar at twelve o'clock, and sat down to dinner, but I could not eat. The two laid themselves on the sofa and slept; we had been up three nights. "I advise you," said my brother, "to take some rest also. Goethe won't much care whether you come or not, and, besides, there is nothing so extraordinary to see in him." Can you believe this robbed me of all courage? Alas! I didn't know what to do: I was quite alone in a strange town. I had changed my dress and stood at the window, looking at the tower-clock! just then it struck half past two. I felt as if Goethe would not indeed care to see me—I remembered that people called him proud. I pressed my heart hard to prevent its longings: all at once it struck three, and it was exactly as if he had called me. I ran down stairs to the servants; there was no car-

riage to be had; would I take a sedan-chair? "No," said I, "it is an equipage for a lazar-house." I went on foot. The streets were a perfect chocolate-pool; I was obliged to be carried over the deepest morasses, and in this manner I came to—Wieland's, not to your son's. I had never seen Wieland, but I pretended to be an old acquaintance. He tried every way to recall me to his mind, and then said, "Yes, you are certainly a dear and well-known angel, but I cannot remember when and where I have seen you." I laughed at him, and said, "Now I know that you dream about me, for elsewhere you cannot possibly have seen me." He gave me a note to your son—I took it afterward with me, and have preserved it as a memorial. I send you a copy: "Bettine Brentano, Sophia's sister, Maximilian's daughter, Sophia La Roche's grand-daughter, wishes, dear brother, to see you: says she fears you, and that this little note will be a talisman of courage to her. Although I am tolerably certain she makes game of me, yet I must do what she asks, and shall wonder much if you are not compelled to do the same.

W.

"April 23d, 1807."

With this billet I went forth. The house lies opposite the fountain: how deafening did the water sound to me! I ascended the simple staircase: in the wall stand statues which command silence: at least, I could not be loud in this sacred hall. All is friendly, but solemn. In the rooms, simplicity is at home. Ah, how inviting! "Fear not," said the modest walls, "*he* will come and will be—and more, he will not wish to be, as thou art;" and then the door opened, and there *he* stood, solemnly grave, and looked with fixed eyes upon me. I stretched my hands toward him, I believe. I soon lost all consciousness. Goethe caught me quickly to his heart. "Poor child, have I frightened you?" These were the first words with which his voice penetrated to my heart; he led me into his room, and placed me on the sofa opposite to him. There we were, both mute; at last he broke the silence: "You have doubtless read in the papers that we suffered, a few days ago, a great loss, by the death of the Duchess Amalia?" "Ah," said I, "I don't read the papers." "Indeed! I had believed that every thing which happens in Weimar would have interested you." "No, nothing interests me but you alone, and I am far too impatient to pore over newspapers." "You are a kind child." A long pause; I, fixed to that tiresome sofa in such anx-

ity. You know how impossible it is for me to sit still in such a well-bred manner. Ah, mother, is it possible so far to forget one's self? I suddenly said, "Can't stay here upon the sofa," and sprang up. "Well," said he, "make yourself at home." Then I flew to his neck—he drew me on his knee, and locked me to his heart. Still, quite still it was—every thing vanished. I had not slept for so long—years had passed in sighing after him. I fell asleep on his breast; and when I awoke, I began a new life. More I shall not write to you this time.

BETTINE.

THE author fears on the last revision of his work, now in plates, that he has not given prominence enough to the subject of hygiene and physical culture as essential to true love relations. The Greeks, whose theology and philosophy were voluptuous, yet appear to have refined themselves more than those nations who adopt codes of moral austerity, which can only be due to the force of natural instincts, sustained by their gymnasia, which produced robust bodies and high standards of physical excellence.

The centripetal self-control of power, or passional chastity, the very nerve and soul of attraction and enjoyment, which prevents all waste and promiscuity; enables us to bide our time, and to move with concentrated vigor when it comes, like the lion roused from the repose of strength: this cannot be gained by any simple spiritual gymnastics. Without that firm health which only honest labor and manly exercises give, one class of temperaments becomes cold, sluggish, and inapt for Love; the other excessively and dangerously susceptible, without powers proportioned to its aspirations or desires. It is rarely that even true love is not compromised in our societies by the ill health of one of the parties, or both—more frequently of the female, because she is excluded by the tyranny of fashion from participating in nearly all health-giving labors in the open air and Sunshine. Weak nerves tremble; they cannot hold a rifle true to its mark; how then can it be expected that they should hold the will true to its higher mark in love? The thing is impossible. Physical muscularity is not only the type but the basis of spiritual or passional muscularity, so far as the soul acts integrally with the body, for we speak not here of those transitional powers manifested in the trance of the clairvoyant, where the soul already passes the gates of the grave, reserving only a countersign for readmission into the world it has left. These powers, trans-

ending the material organism, are common alike to health and disease, and constitute perhaps a just title of distinction between the terms spiritual and passional; *passional* comprising the dynamics of that life in which spirit is associated with matter, as in our present mundane career; and *spiritual*, although in its general and essential significance it embraces every force, yet for practical convenience may be applied discriminately to those which transcend our ordinary relations with matter, and the obstructions and complications here incident to our passional movement. Thus love is called spiritual *par excellence* in proportion as it becomes a pure tie of souls, transcending the physical necessities of our present phase of life, and permanent after the changeful radiance of youth and beauty have departed. It was not less spiritual when it was also passional and physical, and wore the insignia of youth, vigor, and beauty, and swayed the world by its daring and its charm; but when, like the maiden and matron year, its verdure, its bloom, and its fruits are gone, and their aromal types are gathered in again by nature's treasury, to reclothe the next creations that spring from the embrace of Sun and Earth; then spiritual love remains for a season, like a tree in its bare and somber winter dress, concentrating its powers for a spring that may open to it in other worlds.

Thus having avoided the charge of simplism in our discussion of passional integrity, we return to the *physiology* of Love, and signalize its fatal and deplorable blunders when attempting to express itself through feeble or impure organisms.

This is not a case where the councils of Ovid or wiser men than he can avail. Passion delights to upset and expose all the shallow intellections of philosophy, as it gushes from the deeper organic fountains of the viscera—thoracic, abdominal, and pelvic—pouring its rivers of blood into the heart, and thence ascends, rosy with oxygen, to fire the languid brain with fresh nerve-spirit, and recreate its theoretical dogmas with the diviner breath of Attraction. Thus through our food of grains, and flesh, and fruits, which the Sun God has nourished with savors, and odors, and colors, until they have become the forms, the media, the words of His will, Man, in turn nourished, is ever sustained in relation with Nature, and his centrifugal idiosyncrasy, so prone to barren abstractions, ever curbed and drawn back into the orbit of solar and planetary affections and uses.

Now the activity of life must correspond to its passion as *doing* to *being*, and nourished by the Sun and Earth at once in his soul

and body, man must loyally return them a *quid pro quo* in those artistic labors which harmonize at once his own life and that of the planet.

It is my reverence for this duty which closes to me the fascinating gymnasia of Greece. The fatal error of that ancient simplisin degraded and enslaved necessary labor, vitiated thus their whole social and national policy, and consigned to defeat and ignominy that favorite race whose genius, shining through the centuries, still preserves it from oblivion.

The true gymnasia of love are found in the productive labors of Association in the Passional Series, in all whose functions Woman freely engages with Man.

Wherefore, refusing to my pen its coveted digression upon winter gardens, riding-schools, boating-clubs, and other hygienic luxuries, which would be confined to the rich class of civilization, I leave the vicious circles of that society to whirl its drunken victims down the vortex of ruin, and call on those whose wakened senses spurn its circean cup, to arouse, face the future of humanity, and unite to realize its harmonic destinies, where reigns the immortal marriage of Use with Beauty and of Labor with Love.

END OF VOLUME I.

APPENDIX.

ALLEGORICAL STAMP EXPLAINED.

The vine-wreathed cross inclosed in the triangle and radiating circle.

THIS figure, which I have devised to stamp the covers of all my works, presents a radiant circular periphery, in general allusion to the solar disk, and the life-giving rays of its universal Providence, which permeate the circumambient spheres of phenomenal nature in the mineral, vegetable, animal, and spiritual forms and degrees of its incarnation.

There are twelve unequal groups of rays symbolic of the twelve radical passions of the human soul, common in different degrees to the whole animal world, and reflected and refracted by the vegetable and mineral, as I have shown in "Comparative Psychology," and "Human Trinity."

The twelve human or animal rays of the Sun, corresponding to these passions, are necessarily concrete in the physical or sensible rays, if we admit that an effect presupposes a cause, since the Sun could not impart to the animate beings whose germs his rays evolve and quicken in the surface soil of planets, any passional properties not pre-existing in the Sun and his rays, at least in their masculine potency, the evolution of the female elements of passion being reserved to the planet mothers.

The twelve passional rays are distinguished into seven greater groups, for the seven spiritual passions, and five smaller groups for the five sensual passions.

The engraving does not follow the distribution of the seven ray groups into four cardinal, corresponding to the social affections—Ambition, Friendship, Love, and Familism, and three intellectual or distributive, corresponding to the Centrifugal or Cabalist, the Centripetal or Composite, and the Oscillating or Papillon.

ALLEGORICAL STAMP.

The broad radiant circle, while it images the disk of the Sun, symbolizes his universal providence, ubiquity, and eternity, relative to our planetary system of which He is the pivot or central and generative principle. The circle is also the geometrical type of friendship, all the parts of its periphery being equidistant from the centre, as in the group of friends or persons acting exclusively in the tone of friendship,—there are no distinctions of grade, but equality reigns in all their distributions of use and of enjoyment, the ultimates of life, which coincide with the periphery of the circle.

Within the circle is placed the triangle, symbol of the second attribute of Deity, *Distributive Justice*. It is formed by doubling the square, mechanical measure of justice and truth, and figures the Trinity, or three distributive passionial principles of nature and humanity, whence the harmonies of the universe and of societies proceed. This Triangle incloses the Cross, wreathed with a fruit-bearing grape vine. The Cross, inscribed with the initials of Jesus, symbolizes the crucifixion of private interests in devotion to the principles of collective charity and unity, and the fate that individual truth and goodness invokes upon its head, when it appears in the midst of false and evil societies; which continues the same since the time of Christ till now.

The crucifixion of the passions is the general lot of the human race, and especially of its laboring masses, and its honest reformers, during the incoherent periods or duration of the upside-down world, based on egotism and selfishness, on the isolated household, and smallest possible social combination.

But, as in consequence of the coming of Christ to society, as he came once to the Jews of old; as the result of the scientific embodiment of those principles of action of which his life afforded so luminous an example; the passion of Friendship and the fruits of friendly communion, of which the grape and its wine are the chief types, will take the place of egotism and rule in the harmonized world; so by wreathing the cross with the grape vine, I express the fruit or ultimate and harmonic purpose and result of the crucifixion, the justification of human nature, and the triumph of happiness.

NOTE TO PAGE 304.

In treating of the epoch of conception, I have not pretended to determine the exact number of days following menstruation, to which conception, or the impregnation of the ovum, is restricted; the real or supposed personal experiences confided to me, not having sustained the exclusive and positive statement which I am now about to quote. Dr. F. A. Pouchet, Professor of Zoology at Rouen, in a "theory of spontaneous ovulation and of fecundation," which has obtained the prize of *experimental physiology* from the Royal Academy of Sciences in 1845, pretends to have incontrovertibly ascertained that the period in which woman is apt for conception is limited to the 12 days after each menstruation. He asserts that the ovule is never impregnated until it has broken its envelope the graafian vesicle, and escaped from the ovary, and he disputes the fact of ovarian pregnancies. The sanguineous flux absent in other animals and not invariable in women, is no essential part of the periodical maturation and expulsion of ova, but merely indicates the orgasm attending their maturation and *preceding* their escape.

Essential menstruation or the escape of the ovule from the ovary is recognized by periodical orgasm, and the expulsion of the decidua about the 10th and within the 12th day after it.

The ovule, though liable to escape from its vesicle immediately after *apparent* menstruation, may not escape until the 4th day afterwards; it then occupies from 2 to 6 days in descending the fallopian tubes, and may be retained in utero from 2 to 6 days longer by the *decidua*, or mucous exudation from the internal surface of the womb, before its final expulsion per vaginam, in connection with the decidua, when it has not been fecundated by the zoosperm. This expulsion, though ordinarily occurring between the 10th and 12th day from the cessation of *apparent* menstruation, may, it appears from the addition of the longest terms precited, be possibly delayed until the 16th. All the movements of the ovule are subject to be hastened by the general excitement of the organs in coitu.

Let it not be hastily concluded from the above statement, supposing it absolutely correct, that women desiring to escape pregnancy, may with perfect impunity, postpone sexual commerce to the fortnight preceding menstruation, thereby inverting the natural period and substituting excitement for spontaneous orgasm. Other considerations than that of pregnancy here occur, and it will require very full and conscientious experience to decide that nature should thus permit to be disjoined, functions so obviously related in her plan, or that the whole ovarian and uterine system will not lapse into grave disorders in consequence of a persistent inversion of their normal periods of sexual relation. This is a suggestion, and not an assertion.

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