

Il convito amoroso! Or, a serio-comico-philosophical lecture, on the causes, nature, and effects of love and beauty ... / As delivered by Hebe Vestina ... To which subjoined, a description ... of the celebrated celestial bed.

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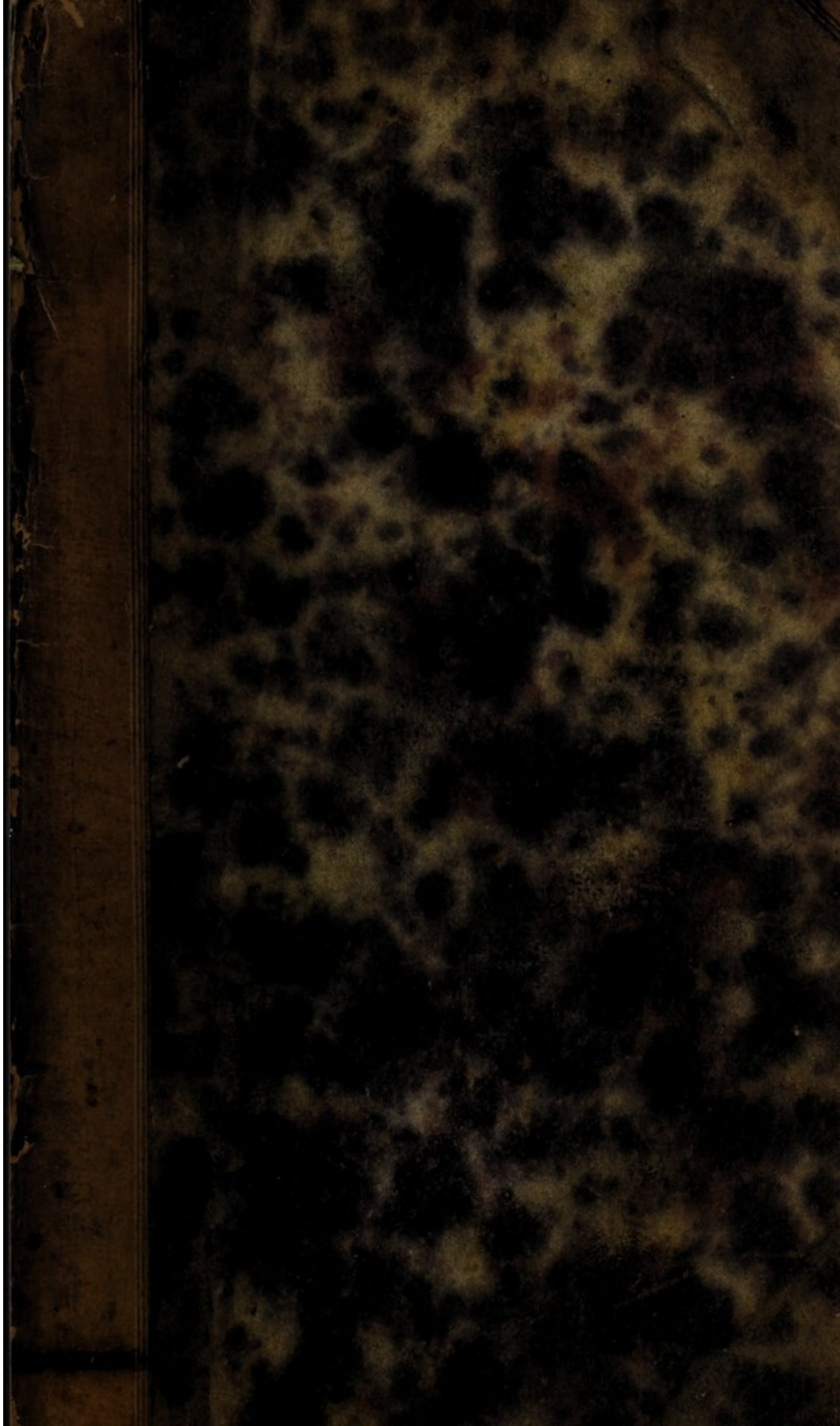
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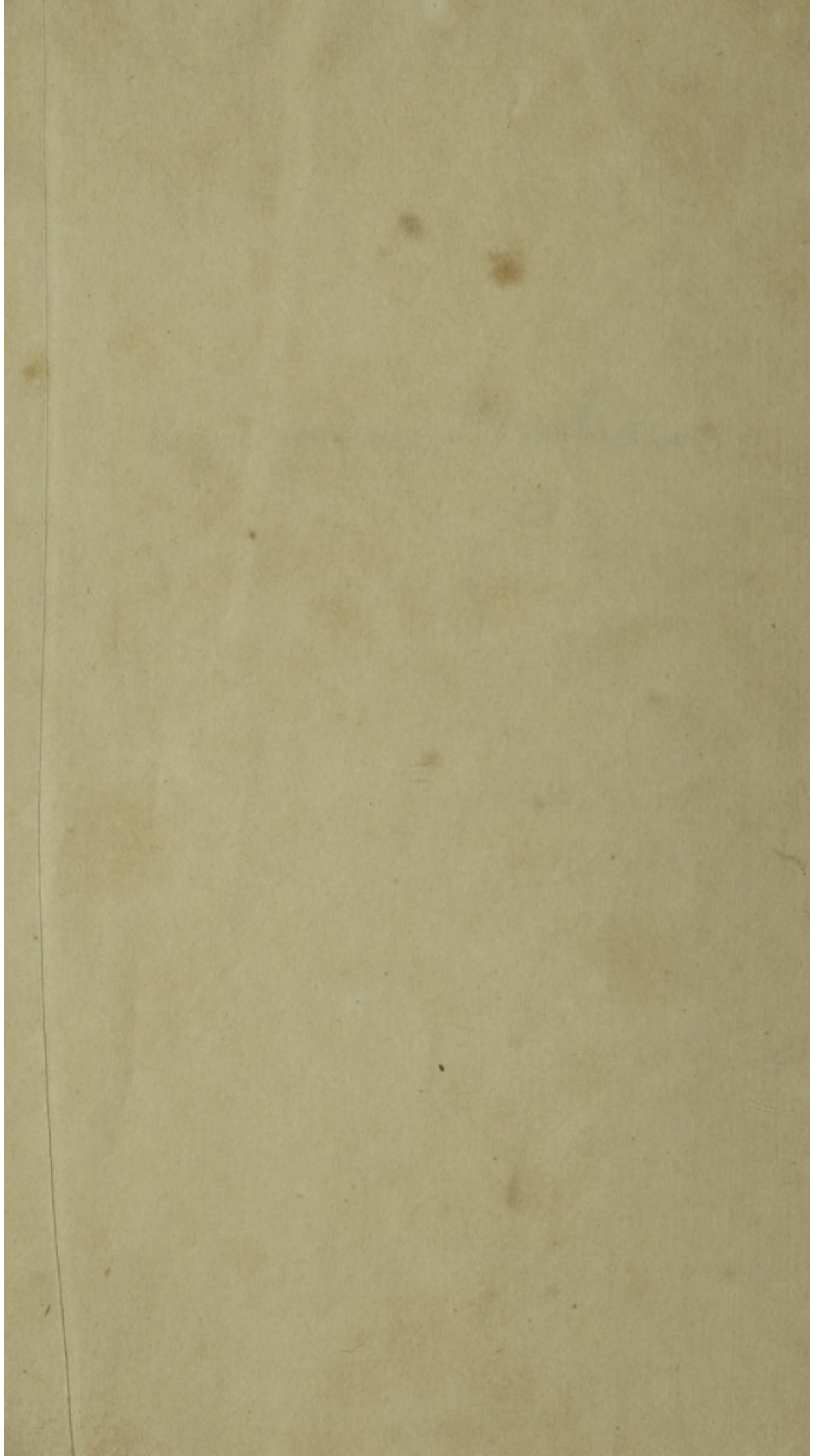
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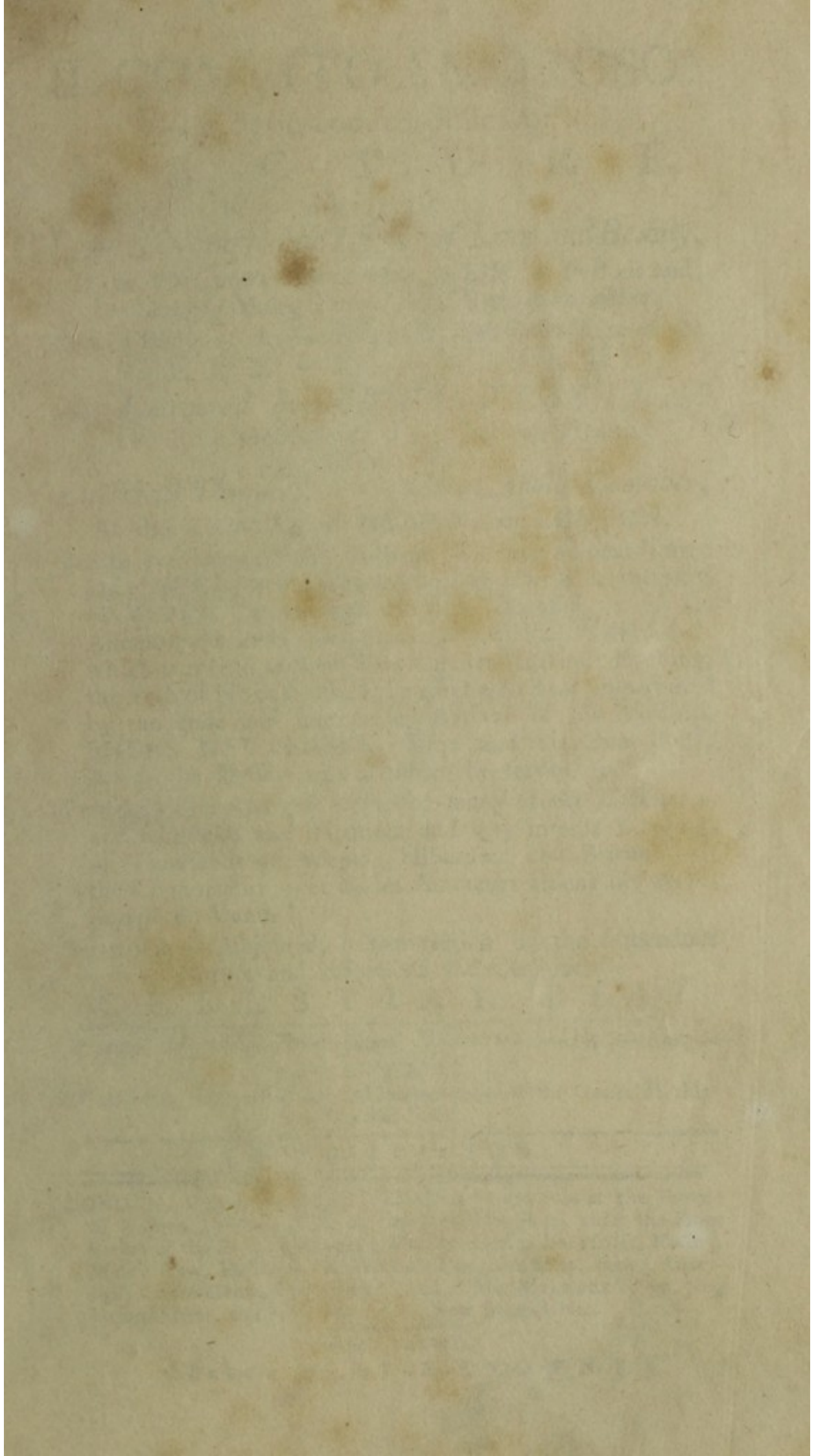
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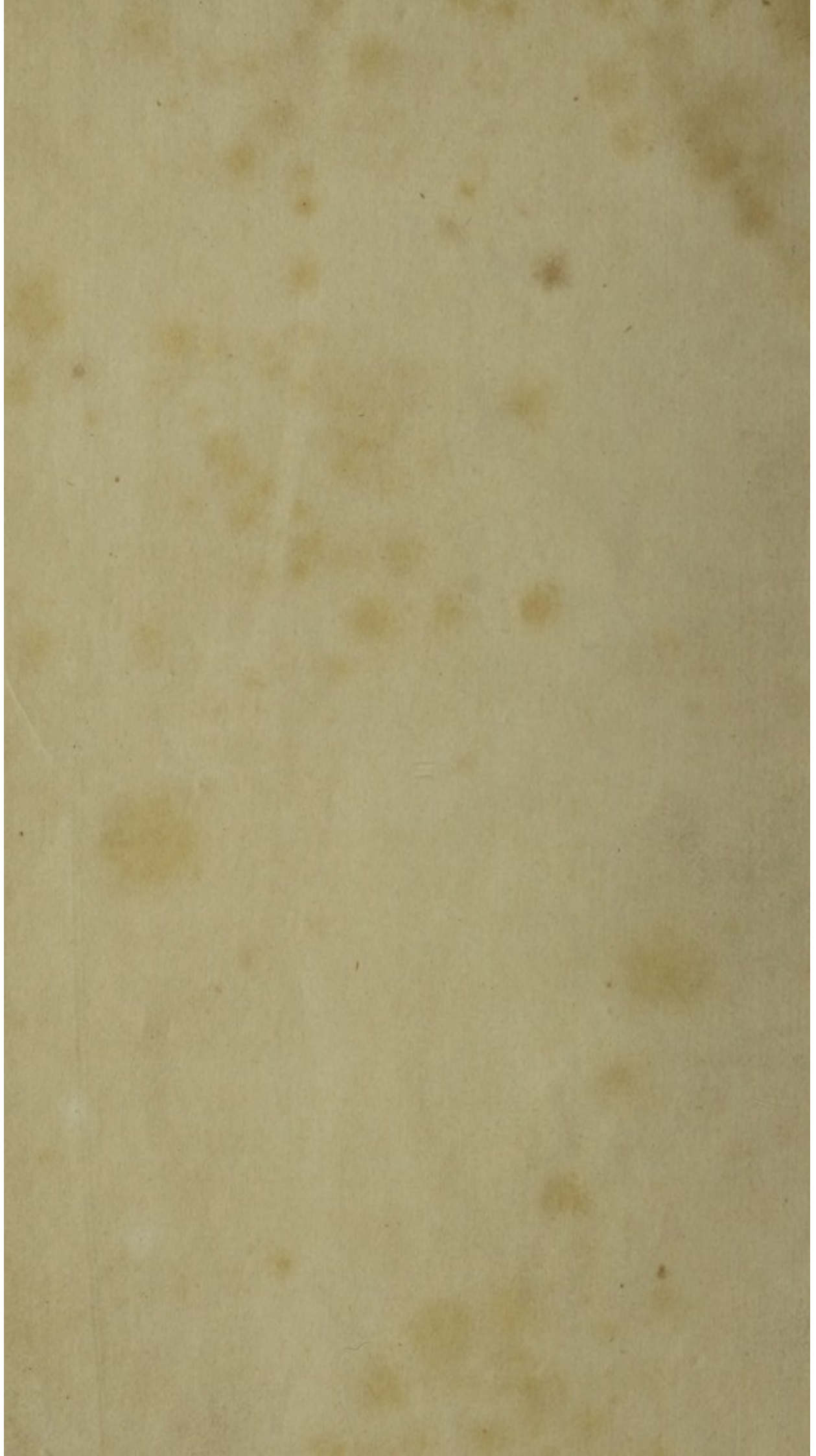


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IL CONVITO AMOROSO!

Or, a Serio-comico-philosophical

L E C T U R E,

ON THE

Causes, Nature, and Effects of Love and Beauty,

At the different Periods of Human Life, in Persons and Personages, Male, Female, and Demi-Charactère;

And in Praise of the Genial and Prolific Influences of the

C E L E S T I A L B E D!

As Delivered by HEBE VESTINA!

The Rosy Goddess of Youth and of Health!

FROM THE

Electrical Throne! in the Great Apollo-Chamber,

At the TEMPLE of HYMEN, in LONDON,

Before a GLOWING and Brilliant Audience of near Three Hundred Ladies and Gentlemen, who were commanded by VENUS, CUPID, and HYMEN! to assist, in joyous Assembly, at the GRAND FEAST of very FAT THINGS, which was held at their TEMPLE, on MONDAY Evening, the 25th of NOVEMBER, 1782; but which was interrupted by the rude and unexpected Arrival of his Worship, MIDAS NEUTERSEX, Esq; and his Bum-Possè, just as the Dessert was about to be served up.

Published at the earnest Desire of many of the Company, and to gratify the impatient and very intense Longings of Thousands of Adepts, Hibernian and British;—of the Cognoscenti;—et de les Amateurs ardens des *delices exquisite* de Venus!

To which is subjoined, a Description of the stupendous Nature and Effects of the Celebrated

C E L E S T I A L B E D!

Bravo! HEBE!—Bravissimo! VESTINA!—Fat,—Fat,—

MORE FAT!!! *

* Alluding to the Plaudits and Exclamations of the Guests at this Cyprian Feast.

THIRD EDITION.

LONDON: Printed for HEBE VESTINA!—and Sold at the Temple of Hymen, in Pall-Mall; at the Pamphlet Shop, under the Front Piazza of the Royal Exchange; Mr. OGILVY's, Bookseller, No. 23, Middle Row, Holborn; Mr. Rich's Pamphlet Shop, facing Anderson's Coffee-House, Fleet-Street; and at Mr. MILFORD's, No. 303, Oxford-Street, the Fifth Door above New Bond-Street.

M DCC LXXXII.

[PRICE HALF-A-CROWN.]



VESTINA'S PREFACE,

Addressed to the *Readers* of her *Lecture*.

Ladies and Gentlemen !

WHILST I was employed during nine whole days, in the pleasing but inflammatory business of observing and registering the caperings, rencounters, and other curious effects produced by the vivid stimulations of the electrical Fire, combined with Magnetic Effluvia, Ætherial Essences, Aromatic Odours, and other balmy——invigorating Influences, (of which I have the Direction, and over which I have the honor to preside) on Pigeons, Cocks, Capons, Goats, Sparrows, and Turtle-doves, (the result of those curious experiments I may hereafter favor the world with) I took up a little old Book, from among some others, which Chance, or the Junior Priest of the Temple had thrown in my way. In this little Book the anonymous Author treated on the nature and effects of Love, but in so whimsical and unsatisfactory a way,

VESTINA'S PREFACE.

a way, that I was tempted to scribble a kind of ludicrous—philosophic—Parody upon it, to play as it were on the same harp, and to digest and commit to writing, my own Theory of Love; or, if you please, my new Philosophy of the Universal Passion! I did so: and on submitting my Manuscript to the inspection and corrections of the High Priest of the Temple, he threw the whole into the form of an Oration or Lecture, and immediately called a Council of the other Priests and Vestals, in which it was determined to dispatch Gog, Magog, Cupid, Venus, and Priapus! to invite the Votaries of Love, Lust, Beauty, Purity, and Pleasure to our Temple! and that I should publicly deliver it from the Electrical Throne! under the Auspices of Hymen! and under the full Influences of the wonder-working Celestial Fire!

VESTINA 3^{tia}.

Done at the Hymeneal Temple, in London, the 5th Day of December, in the Year of our Lord 1782,—and in the Second Year of our Promotion to the Sacred—Mysterious Function!

V E S T I N A ' S
L E C T U R E,
O N T H E
N A T U R E *and* E F F E C T S *of*
L O V E, B E A U T Y, &c.

G E N T L E M E N !

N A T U R E, ever supremely
wise,—ever anxiously attentive
to her own preservation, by the re-
production of every thing in the uni-
verse,—hath implanted,—hath intimate-
ly interwoven with every fibre, and
with every particle of matter of which
animal bodies are composed, certain
principles which stimulate them, with
an absolute—with a sweetly irresistible
force, to produce, and consequently to

B . per-

perpetuate their kind :——and so very powerfully does this principle or propensity operate in the human species, that it frequently gains the ascendancy over their boasted reason,—and sometimes overcomes even the love of life itself.——What this deeply rooted principle,—this sweet irresistibly impelling force is,—how it operates,—the effects it produces, and how it may in any degree be subjected to the controul of reason, shall this evening, be the very interesting,—the supremely delightful subjects of entertainment to our already glowing imaginations ! ——

Among the various affinities, and elective attractions of bodies ; and among the numberless and very wonderful attractions, repulsions, sympathies, and antipathies which we observe in the various bodies and principles which compose the great circle of nature,

ture, LOVE ! or that unfurmountable inclination the sexes have for each other, and which compels them to give themselves, what I may call, *temporal immortality*, may justly be looked upon as the very master-piece of that divine wisdom which is manifested in the construction and œconomy of the whole visible creation !——and it is this passion,—this impulse,—this instinct,—this charming, inexpressible somewhat, which I undertake to explain, and to assign the true, philosophical, nay, demonstrable causes of.

My theory, Gentlemen ! you will find entirely new, and, I trust, perfectly rational and satisfactory : but, as no new hypothesis can be built on any other foundation than on the ruins of some other system, I shall begin with a very slight review of the opinions of the most celebrated of those Philoso-

phers who have treated on this subject, which I shall set in such clear and true lights, as strikingly to expose their absurdity.

But, as I demolish those whimsical and Gothic structures, only with a view of building an elegant and substantial modern edifice; when I have exploded those systems, I will lay the foundation of my own, which shall be on the notion of the actual existence of an invisible magnetico-electrical fire or effluvium, constantly circulating in, and exhaling from human bodies. Now this subtile vivifying principle, I hold to subsist in a greater or smaller quantity, and in a more or less active state, in every human body, from the first moment of its existence, to the last moment of its life.

Accord-

According to my Hypothesis, I hold that before a certain age, (I mean that of puberty) this magnetico-electrical effluvium is in its negative or minus state, but tending incessantly to a certain point of maturity or perfection, which we call puberty ; at that critical time it has attained to its plus, positive, or active state ; and from that period, (tho' it continues for many years active and vigorous) yet insensibly declining, (for nothing in nature stands still, even for a moment) and continually striving or panting, more or less ardently, towards its own re-creation or renovation ; — or, in other words, violently stimulating or inciting us to co-operate with the great eternally fixt, and universal law of nature, by producing, propelling, or as it were, *pushing forward*, new generations in the great incomprehensible circle of existence.

Thus,

Thus much, Gentlemen! and at this early stage of the Lecture, I have thought necessary to hint concerning my new Theory,—of the grand animating principle,—the all-mighty agent!—which, hereafter, as I advance in my curious and very interesting enquiry, I may call, indifferently,—the magnetico-electrical fire or effluvium,—the pabulum of pleasure,—the essence of ages,—and, the liquor of life.

To attempt to analyse, so as to demonstrate to our clumsy senses,—this vital principle!—this subtile matter!—the magnetico-electrical effluvium!—which I shall have the honour of convincing you, Gentlemen, is the *real*, the EVER-LIVING cause of what we call LOVE!—or to adopt the words of the Prince of our British Poets,—of that,

Which thro' *certain strainers* well refin'd,
Is gentle Love, and charms all womankind.

I say

I say, Gentlemen, to analyse this wonderful principle, so as to render it demonstrable, would be as vain and impossible, as to give a fixt, specific, and intelligible definition of the passion itself to those who have never *felt it in full delirium*. No.—Love must be FELT ;—it cannot be by words *feelingly* defined. It is too delicate,—too exquisite,—too divine a power to be subject to grosser demonstrations. How cold and vain would it be for me to say, that Love is a certain affection of the soul and body, which impels them to unite themselves to,—nay, *to devour and assimilate to their inmost parts*, an object of the same species, which appears sweet, fit, and beautiful to them. But, how very insufficient is this cold definition, to express what passes within us, when Love ! that sweet enthusiast, that almighty power,—whom Gods ! and all mankind obey !—hath taken possession of our souls.

souls. No.—Persons of lively sensibilities of body and soul, who actually have been in love, must have perfect ideas of it ;—and to those whose experience can suggest nothing on the subject, to what purpose could I speak ?

To such Beings ! if any such exist ! logical definitions, and even demonstration itself, would be as unintelligible as passion ;—they must be as incapable of reasoning, as insensible of Love. All our knowledge in that elegant,—in that noble,—in that charming passion ! must be the result of experience, and of an organization of our whole frame, happy,—free,—open,—vivid,—and vibratory ! —Those tender interesting impressions,—those soft melting ebullitions of the heart,—those sweet inquietudes,—those restless—eager—transporting fascinations of the soul !——can never—never be expressed. No.—Nature ! ever young,

young,—smiling liberty, and ardent-trembling sensibility ! are the chosen handmaids of Love !—the great Teachers of true pleasure !—who in the ears of her favorite votaries are continually exclaiming with the great POPE :

O ! happy state ! where souls each other draw,
Where Love is liberty, and Nature law ;
All then is full, possessing and possess'd,
No craving void left aching in the—*Breast* :
Ev'n thought meets thought, e'er from the lips it
part,
And each *warm* with springs mutual from the—
Heart.

But, Gentlemen ! it was not my design to give a description of Love : No.—I mean only to enquire into its origin. —Nature has taken care that the passion itself should be pretty well known, and pretty universally felt ;—tho' the causes that produce it, have hitherto been wrapt in obscurity. But, thanks to God ! that the sun of science now
C rises

rises high in our intellectual hemisphere!—it mounts fast towards its meridian altitude!—the buds of science are opened!—the flowers expand!—the fruits appear!—new WORLDS are discovered!—and it was reserved for the Genius of the British Hymeneal Temple to explain, elucidate, and to render perfectly demonstrable the latent causes of this admirable passion!—this band of the universe!—this sweetly absolute mistress!—this despotic sovereign of the human race!——

If the true cause of that which we call lust, love, inclination, sympathetic affection, or whatever other name we may express it by, has not sooner been discovered, or more satisfactorily explained, it ought by no means to be attributed to neglect. Many have attempted this important discovery,——this curious and most interesting demonstration

monstration, but with how small a degree of success, I will leave this learned and polite audience to determine.

There has always been, and there always will be, a considerable number of maddening romantic lovers, transported with the fury of enthusiasm, and agitated with boiling blood, who, when once possessed of the affections and of the person of a fine woman, give themselves up to the enjoyment of the *delicious feast*, as they call it, without taking any sort of trouble to enquire into the causes which have produced this passion of love in their own, or in their beloved's breast. On the other hand, there are, 'tis said, men of a quite *contrary cast*, men, I mean, who, from a natural frigidity of constitution, (or from certain early unnatural practices) never think at all about the mat-

ter,—nay, who are incapable of *pene-
trating, or of diving deep into any thing* ;
—and who consider the ladies as only
beautiful figures placed in the world by
way of ornament,—or as delightful
flowers, formed merely to variegate
and enrich the colouring of the uni-
verse !——Of those pitiable wretches,
who in the genial season, let pleasure
slip thro' their fingers, I will not de-
scend to speak :——nor dwell even for
a moment on those airy frivolous vo-
luptuaries, who esteem women as agree-
able nonsensical toys, *pour passer le temps*,
——nor yet on those dull men,——
those four fellows, who harbour the
degrading idea, of women being only
intended for the procreation, and ne-
cessary continuation of the human spe-
cies :——No. But we will go on to
remark, that there have been lovers of
a flow,—speculating,—preaching cast,
in all ages, and in every country, *un-
less*

less I except your Hibernian heroes, who do not, it seems, prate over their work, when they have business before them ; there are, I say, men of that flow, speculative, preaching turn, who, no sooner feel their heart agitated, and their breast inflamed by this genial fire, than they set about making an analysis of it, examining its nature and causes, and vainly attempting to discover its source, and to controul its force.

The subject of love, therefore, has employed the attention, and furnished ample matter of disquisition to the philosophical and learned world in all ages, and in most countries ; but, as it hath been a maxim among philosophers, that two should never think alike, they have all broached new hypotheses, and invented different systems, new fables have been built on old fables, and, in a word, all have been
 noto-

notoriously, and laughably mistaken in their own way.

Before, I proceed, Gentlemen ! to a full and brilliant explanation of my new system of love, founded, as I have already hinted, on the actual existence of a magnetico-electrical fire or effluvium, emaning continually from human bodies,—it will be equally curious and necessary for me to take a short review of those systems or opinions, which have hitherto obtained ; —confining myself however, to the consideration of those that have been most universally received, and as have made most noise in the world.

According to the great Plato, then, Gentlemen ! a deep and lively representation of the BEAUTIFUL, occupies a principal place among all the ideas which are innate, or originally implanted,

implanted, or impressed on the human soul. The image, for example, of a handsome, desirable man, is, by the God of nature impressed on a woman's soul; and the image of a beautiful, lovely woman, is impressed, in a more or less lively manner, on the soul of every man.

According to Plato, therefore, and his disciples, the passion of love is produced in the following manner; A person is presented to our sight, the image of this person having passed thro' the organs of vision, offers itself to the soul; the soul having saluted it, (for the human soul was originally very sociable and polite) contemplates it, examines it, and in a moment, yes, with inconceivable facility, compares it with those ideas of beauty, which it received from the Deity, at its original infusion into the body. If this external

nal image proves courteous, and resembles the internal infused image, the soul of the beholder is immediately seized with the love of it, and this resemblance is the secret or occult cause of the passion of Love. But, if the image of the external object, should differ from our internal impressions or perceptions of beauty,—this want of relation,—this dissonance, offends the soul more or less, and produces aversion, hatred, or indifference.

But to illustrate this system of Plato's more familiarly. Suppose that a Lady very highly celebrated for beauty and elegance, but wise enough not to shew herself too often, too openly, nor too many of her charms, was expected every moment in an assembly-room, or, if you please, in this room. Her arrival at length is announced. The attention of every person present is excited.

cited. The hearts of the Gentlemen beat. Their imaginations throb. Their blood boils!—and every one in an instant recalls to his imagination, in a more or less lively manner, according to his age, constitution, or complexion, that model or impression of the beautiful which he received at his creation.——The doors are now thrown open. The Lady glides into the room. Smiling with ineffable grace and sweetness, she salutes the company, and handed by the politest Gentleman in the room, she bounds sweetly and lightly on that electrical Throne. See! her SOUL in serene majesty sits on her lovely countenance, with a complexion painted by the masterly, by the animating hand of nature!——alternately her soul smiles in her eyes, in gentle salutations to the company,—or sports on her lips, breathing that melifluous
 —that milky——that CELESTIAL
 D SWEET-

SWEETNESS, with which a certain favorite dove-like Actress, charms and bewitches an admiring world.

The whole company eagerly and attentively consider her, and each compares her to this innate model of the beautiful within them. The Lecture being concluded, (for she is too polite, too angelical, to leave us sooner) she rises : she smiles : and every feature of her lovely countenance, bursting as it were, and overflowing with milky goodness, and with celestial gratulations, she retires. Well !—What impression has she made on the Audience ?—Why, she has, as it were, bewitched and transported some ; charmed and delighted others ; pleased a third class ; displeased a fourth ; and made no impression at all on many. What can be the reason of all this ?—Why, according to Plato, the Ladies' image appeared to some

some persons in the room, perfectly conformable to the portrait of Beauty, harmony, and loveliness, delineated on their souls at their creation, by the finger of Omnipotence itself!—the Lady therefore pleased, delighted, charmed them. Her image appeared otherwise, or quite different to others of the company,—they, consequently, disliked her: and the reason why she appeared indifferent to the rest of the company is, because the resemblance of the images is not considerable enough to produce love or inclination; and the difference is too inconsiderable to produce aversion; indifference therefore in them, was the consequence.

When any object therefore in nature appears beautiful to us, 'tis because its image, which is communicated to our soul by the channel of the senses, proves sweetly conformable to that

which is painted, or impressed on our imagination ; and this conformity or fitness, produces Love.

But, Gentlemen, it is obvious at first sight, that this system of the Platonists is liable to many objections. Every body will allow, that it is possible, at different periods of our life, to love several different persons, and even persons of the most opposite figures and dispositions. If this be granted, I would ask, how so many different persons, so very unlike each other, can all bear a cordial, exact, and striking likeness, to the innate or infused image of the beautiful in him who loves them?——

The amours of Plato himself, if we may believe some historians, furnish us with proofs of the possibility of loving, not only very different persons at different periods of our life,—but even of
loving]

loving several different persons at the same time. And here, Gentlemen! by the way we may observe, how astonishing the caprices of love are!—for it is well known that the divine Plato, in the midst of the charming and brilliant society which surrounded him, and among the beauties he loved, and was beloved by, became desperately enamoured, it seems of a toothless old woman.—Now it cannot be denied, but that it is as natural for a philosopher to be in love, and to be as exquisitely susceptible of that passion as any other man:—But how so great a man, and so good a judge of beauty as Plato, could place his affections, and make choice of so superannuated a mistress is, what I can no way account for.—Could he possibly say that the loves, the smiles, and the graces, sported in her wrinkles?—or that it was honey or ambrosial balm that bedewed her lips!—Was it, in the
name

name of wonder! upon her dry and faded, and we may presume, clammy and cadaverous lips, that he found those pure, balmy and sweetly inflaming kisses, of which that amorous old fellow has given us so lively a description!—of which he said, that his soul flew, and hovered, and fluttered on his lips, the more eagerly to devour,—and the longer and more intensely to relish and enjoy the pleasure of them!—These, and many other objections that might be adduced, set the absurdity of the great Plato's system, in the clearest light.

No one has ever denied but that Aristotle was at once the greatest philosopher, and the greatest wrangler of the age in which he lived. That sly old fellow attempted to treat on every subject; but when he talked of what he did not understand, he took the precaution of speaking in terms of philosophical

phical jargon, so very obscure, that he made himself quite unintelligible. His reputation however was established,—and the world adored his very obscurity. —He knew nothing at all about the origin of Love; but he was very desirous of being thought to know it,—and therefore he spoke of it: but he did not there speak obscurely enough. Unluckily for him, his readers have guessed his meaning.—He tells us, that a love of the beautiful, is an instinct implanted in us by Nature; and to obviate all objections, he has created two kinds of Nature,—namely, the specific, which inspires mankind in general; and the individual Nature, which inspires each man or woman in particular.—By the instinct which we receive from our specific nature, we love the beautiful in general,—and by the impulses we receive from our particular Nature, we love this or that beauty in particular.

Were

Were I to ask Aristotle the reason why I love that Gentleman more than any other of the charming fellows in the room,—he would answer me, that it is my particular—my individual Nature, that determines me. Were I to ask the Royal College of Physicians, why I sleep with one of my eyes almost open,—musing on the heads of their canes, and hemming, they would tell me, it is because I don't shut it. The answer of the ancient philosopher, and that of our modern College, are, no doubt, very satisfactory.

But in order, Gentlemen! to establish my system, I must first overthrow and demolish every other. I must even dethrone Love, and no longer consider him with the numerous and nonsensical tribe of poets and fabulists, as a Deity.

I will

I will not attempt so far to impose on the enlightened understandings of this numerous, polite, and truly respectable company, as to represent Love as an arch little God, with his eyes covered,—and his posteriors bare,—clapping a pair of wings upon his shoulders, a quiver on his back, and a bow and arrow in his hands,—and in this trim, turn him loose to pierce your innocent and unsuspecting hearts, and to set the world, as it were on fire!—nor will I call him the greatest or the least of the Gods,—the kindest, or the cruellest of the Deities,—according to the favours or injuries I may be supposed to have received from him, I will not be so absurd as to adopt any of the extravagancies of the heathen Mythology; nor affect to be thought learned or shrewd, by finding out useful and important mysteries in those venerable reveries:—nor will I presume to take up your time, Gentlemen! in telling

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you that Love is represented blind, because he often pierces a worthy heart, with a shaft from an unworthy object; or naked, only because it could never be agreed what sort of dress suited him best, considering the surprizing conquests he makes among persons of every rank.—Love (like the rich) finding admittance every where,—under the robes of royalty,—the Nun's veil,—the Monk's cowl,—the Citizen's wig, and the Quaker's cloak :—or, I might assert, that Love is represented naked, only, because his ardent votaries, who sacrifice at every altar ! impoverish themselves, regardless of the precious all-blessing benison of the beggar,—and sooner or later, environ'd with sorrows, bend down like a bow, and become blind and naked like blundering Cupid, their mischievous Chief. ———

Bnt,

But, turning our eyes, Gentlemen ! from the darkness of antiquity, let us review for a moment the most eminent of the modern philosophers, I mean the celebrated Descartes,—than whom, no man had ever a warmer,—a livelier, or a more luxuriant imagination ; nor was any man perhaps ever less successful in finding out truth.—Among a variety of other subjects, Descartes has treated on the passion of Love. His hypothesis of Love, as well as upon most other subjects, has scarce any merit but that of being an ingenious, or a brilliant fiction. He has done however considerable service to Philosophy, as he certainly was the first who dared to shake off the yoke of the ancients, and break thro' the superstitious reverence for their authority. Aided by a lively imagination, and an enterprising genius, he was not a man to be imposed on ;—accordingly he has declared his sentiments of them pretty

openly. "There is nothing, says he, in which the deficiency and nonsensicalness of the sciences left us by the ancients appears more manifestly absurd, than by what they have said of the passions. What they have told us concerning them, is so vague and trivial, and in many respects so unworthy of credit, that I have no hopes of coming at the truth, except by shunning altogether the paths which they have taken,"—As I love, for my own part, to be excentric in almost every thing, I must own I was delighted with the sprightly Frenchman, when I saw him considering things after a quite different manner from the rest of mankind; I was pleased with his boldness, and could not help forming an exalted idea of the discoveries that might have been expected from so sublime a genius. But how much, Gentlemen!—how very much, was I disappointed when I found that renowned

Philosopher

Philosopher explaining most chimerically, that ardent—that eagerly restless desire, which attracts and impels us so forcibly, so irresistably—so *furiously* I might have said, to *unite* ourselves to a beloved object.—He tells us very gravely, that nature hath made certain impressions on the brain, which, at a particular age, make men and women consider themselves as defective, and as it were, only one half of a whole, which is to be completed by a conjunction with a person of the other sex :—inasmuch, that the acquisition of the other half, is confusedly represented by nature, to our imagination and senses, as the greatest possible blessing we can enjoy.

Hence springs the longing,—the ardent desire of procuring this blessing, and securing the sole and exclusive possession of it ; and this desire or passion we call Love. And here, by the way,
we

we may observe, that from this notion of the French Philosopher, perhaps arose the custom of calling a man's wife—his other half.

It is very probable that nature might have suggested to Monsieur Descartes that he was an unfinished Being, and that he was not so complete a man *by half* as he should have been; I hope, however, that no Gentleman in this company has the least scruple on that head; but that every Gentleman here, finds himself a compleat whole; and that nature has forgot to impress those traces of defectiveness on his brain which Descartes speaks of; and moreover, that, every Gentleman in this great and brilliant assembly finds himself as capable of loving, as these beautiful ladies are susceptible of that sweet, gentle, generous passion, and as they
are

are worthy of being beloved, and made supremely happy !

But this great Philosopher, so much fam'd for perspicuity, and who declared that he would never admit any thing but what could be clearly demonstrated, or at least distinctly conceived, has in this instance at least, departed from himself, and betrayed the grossest inconsistency ; and being unable to extricate himself from the labyrinth in which he was entangled, he was compelled thus to mangle the human species, and to reduce men and women to so many halves.

In treating of Love, Descartes not only fails of that precision and evidence which convince us of the reality of things, but he even falls into the opinion of those very men whom he has taken such pains to deride, and
whom

whom he represents as so vague and superficial in their reasoning;—in a word, he has fallen into the opinion of the ancients. For, in Plato, we find the opinion of Descartes amplified and insisted upon in the most circumstantial manner.

All of you, Gentlemen! must recollect, that according to Plato, man and woman were not formerly two distinct and separate Beings as they are at present. No. Originally they were joined together and made but one; and the creature under that form was called Androgine. The earth was a long time inhabited it seems by those Androgines; but in process of time, the race degenerating, and being at last arrived to the highest pitch of corruption, inso-much, that they carried their insolence and presumption so far as to revolt against the Deity,—to declare a sort of independancy,

independency,—and even to attempt to scale heaven. The Creator incensed at the perverse and presumptuous machinations of those depraved Beings, resolved to punish them in the most signal, and most exemplary manner; but still preserving some remains of compassion for the unhappy race, he did not chuse utterly to exterminate them; but resolved to humble them, by reducing them to a state of weakness and imbecility. A spirit of destruction, or the destroying Angel, here-upon descended from heaven, and laying hold of the Androgines, cut each of them into two portions, one of which he called man, and the other woman. At re-uniting the extremities of the flesh and skin, he turned *inwards* into the body of what we call the female, *certain parts*, which he left *pendulous* in the other half, which we call the male;—and fastening up the

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incised skin about the middle of the body, very curiously formed that little circle which is called the navel. The Deity thought proper it seems, that they should both receive this mark ; and that they should have it continually before their eyes, as a sign of his vengeance ; to the end that the remembrance of it might keep them within the bounds of their duty, and prevent them from exposing themselves a second time to the terrible effects of his wrath, which would certainly have proved fatal to them. God preserve us therefore, from ever taking it into our heads to scale heaven again ;—for the God of Plato would not fail to send forth his destroying Angel against us, who would certainly cleave us in two the second time ; so that each of these halves, would then be reduced to one eye, one ear, one arm, one leg, and so on ; and in this manner

manner we would all become cripples, for the rest of our days.

Men, being then, according to the old fable, only the halves of what they had before been, were sensibly affected at their imperfection, and have always since, as is very natural, entertained an ardent desire *to sheathe with their natural covering, parts of exquisite sensibility*, of which sheathing the avenging spirit had cruelly deprived them; or, in other words, they entertained an ardent desire to re-unite themselves to their corresponding halves which they found again in the women.

As for the ladies, they, on their part, as is likewise very natural, long, 'tis thought, still more earnestly for this re-union; and, as the weaker half, to embrace, what is certainly the VERY MAIN STAFF, and the principal com-

fort of their life. This sensibility, and these desires, descending to their children, have at last reached us, and will without doubt, be transmitted by us to the most distant posterity.

Is not this, Gentlemen ! precisely the system of Descartes ?——For my part, all the difference I can find between them, is, that what Plato said in jest, the Frenchman maintained in good earnest. From the same source, the one has derived a fable, the other a system : but the fable and the system are of equal worth ; and the one has as much reality as the other.

But, let us make some allowance for the brilliant vivacity of a Frenchman's imagination, and strive for a moment to enter more deeply into his system. Let us suppose with him, that Nature suggests to us all that we are
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but halves, and that she points out to us, where we may find our corresponding halves. Thus the earth is covered with solitary portions, and these portions are always uneasy, always in motion, and tending perpetually and violently to their re-union. To chance it would seem, belongs the work of re-joining these severed pieces ; for the halves it is very well known, do not always perfectly suit each other ; and greatly to be pitied is that man, who not knowing that which was the best adapted to him, unites himself to another that was not made for him, composing a disharmonious system, badly put together, which nature disavows and abhors, but which the unnatural, impolitic rigor of our laws, detains in a forced, jarring, *unproducing* union, —destitute of all pleasure,——the poor man exclaiming with the Poet, “ Non bene junctarum discordia semina rerum !”

Alas !

Alas !—that all halves do not harmonize, and conspire happily together, our poor hearts daily experience. We are buffeted about, between our passions and our destiny. A natural tendency strongly impels us on one side,—and an invincible aversion as strongly repels us on the other. O ! that I was possessed of this woman, cries a Lover, in the warmth of his passion : but death would be more supportable to me than to be united to that.

Thus, Gentlemen ! we may observe in nature, two sorts of desire ; one indeterminate, by which it disposes each of us to rejoin our half ; the other determinate, by which it prepossesses us in favour of one particular half, and makes us give it, with eager-exulting fondness, the preference to all others. For example, I have a strong persuasion that I am only the half of
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a whole. This persuasion agitates me, and makes me ardently desire a union with the portion that is wanting to me;—so that with an imagination inflamed, and a heart agitated, I frequent the Opera, the Play, the Mall, and the Temple of Hymen, in quest of that other portion.

Now altho' every man I meet may be considered as a portion of that whole, whereof I make but a part;—yet, I look about me; I examine on all sides; at last I make a choice, and my heart fondly attaches itself to him, who of all those portions seems to be the best adapted to mine.——But, why did it not attach itself to the first that presented himself to my sight? what biases me to chuse one rather than another? What are those causes of agreement which I fancy to myself? The opinion of Descartes is as follows;

lows ; “ Tho’ a man, says he, sees many persons of the other sex, he does not therefore wish for many at the same time ; since Nature never suggested to us that we want more than one half. But how vague, how unsatisfactory is this explanation !——the following, I presume, Gentlemen ! you will find a better ;——namely, that I have observed something in that Gentleman, to whom my heart has attached itself, which pleases me more than what I have seen in any, or in all of the others. This makes my soul feel for him alone, the whole force of that inclination which it received from Nature, and which influences it to seek, to thirst, to pant after that blessing which nature represents to it, as the most exquisite it can enjoy,—as the greatest it can possibly possess.

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But to go farther, and to explain this still more familiarly. Is my rival preferred?—It is because the Gentleman I love, has found or remarked something in her which pleases him more than any thing he has seen in me. This is only saying she pleases, because she pleases. But what is it, that strikes in her!—What are the attractions which captivate him?—The chief attraction, says Descartes, consists in the perfections we imagine exist in a person of the other sex.—But who can conceive but of two sorts of perfection, the one corporeal, which we call Beauty, and which communicates itself to the soul thro' the organs of sense; and the other spiritual, which regards the qualities of the mind,—the disposition of the heart,—and every thing that is conveyed to the soul by reason, and its internal operations.

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But, Gentlemen ! altho' the influence of personal beauty is obviously very great, yet, a certain ingenious Author, (Akenfide, in his first Book of the Pleasures of the Imagination) seems to be of opinion, that all beauty may be reduced to that of the mind.

Mind ! Mind alone ! bear witness earth and heav'n,
The living fountain in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime ! — here hand in hand
Sit paramount the Graces ! here enthron'd.
Celestial Venus ! with divinest airs,
Invites the soul to never-fading joys !

There are many, I am sensible, whose sentiments concur with those of this Author ; but, for my own part, tho' I am abundantly sensible how very highly personal charms are exalted and animated by those of the mind, yet I apprehend that the division I have above given, is founded in nature.

None

None of you, Gentlemen ! will deny, but that personal beauty has something in it so very striking, and so desirable, that it can never fail to gain upon the eye in a certain degree ; but unless it is animated or combined with mental beauty or excellence, it will seldom find its way, or make any lasting impression on the heart.

But, strange as it may sound, the curious system which I will now have the honour of laying before you, Gentlemen, will not admit of even beauty itself being the cause of Love ; and it is well known that first-rate beauties are not always most beloved, nor the first married. No. Those of inferior charms oftentimes have a much greater number of admirers, and often go off first. The cause of all this is what Descartes never thoroughly understood. That great man may be considered as a

Columbus in philosophy. He paved the way for the immortal Sir Isaac Newton; and tho' his systems were erroneous and romantic, they prepared mankind for the reception of truth. He boldly decried the ancients, as I have already shewn; a superstitious veneration for whom, had so long kept the world in as gross ignorance in regard to philosophy, as bigotry and blind attachment to the authority and infallibility to the Church of Rome did with respect to religion. And as the present youthful **EMPEROR OF EMPERORS ! THE MODEL FOR KINGS !** seems to have been sent into the world to widen the pale, and to expand, to meliorate, and to illumine the bosom of that ancient church; so the renowned Descartes was ordained to open mens' eyes, and to make them acknowledge the truth as soon as it was presented to their understandings.

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Advancing, gradually, towards the discovery of the truth, I next introduce to you, Gentlemen, those philosophers who maintain the doctrine of Sympathy,—and who come nearer to my hypothesis, than any who have attempted to develope the true causes of this powerful passion.

They give us to understand, that an invifible matter which they call Sympathetic, iffues from, and is diffused more or lefs abundantly, round the bodies of men and women ;——that this transporting matter acts upon our fenfes, and that this action produces inclination or averfion ; or, when faint and vapid, indifference ;——fo that when the Sympathetic Matter diffused round a woman, makes an agreeable impreffion upon the fenfes of a man, he is immediately infpired with a paffion for that woman ; and his love of
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her is more or less ardent, according to his age, complexion, or the degree of susceptibility of his nature.

This is their system, explained I hope, tho' in a few words, with perspicuity and precision. We will now recapitulate in one moment, and exhibit at one view, the various hypotheses we have already examined, in order that they may be clearly recollected, and duly impressed on every mind. Were I to ask the Platonists, the Peripatetics, the Cartesians, and the Sympathists, why that Gentleman, or this rose affect me with livelier and more agreeable sensations, than is in the power of any other Gentleman or flower to produce?—and why I find the company of the one, and the odour of the other, so delightful as never to be fatiated, or even fully satisfied with the happiness I enjoy?—The partizans
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of Plato wou'd tell me that the reason of this is, because that Gentleman, and a rose, have a sweetly striking conformity to the representation of a handsome man, and charming flower, which have been infused into my soul by the Deity at my creation. The Disciple of Aristotle wou'd tell me, that my liking this particular Gentleman or flower, better than any other, is the effect of my individual nature, or particular constitution.—From Descartes's followers I should receive a more extravagant—a more visionary answer, than from any of the others : they would tell me, that nature suggests to me, that I am but one half of a whole, and that my smell is but the half of a whole, and that the Gentleman I love, and the scent of the rose which pleases me so much, are the other halves ;—and that, since mankind have a constant tendency to make a complete system, it follows, that I must
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wish, nay earnestly desire to be joined to the Gentleman, and to have the fragrant odour of the rose constantly present to my senses, that being united to them, I may be supplied with what I before wanted.

The Sympathetic Philosophers in their turn came next; they inform me that the Sympathetic Matter which is in abundance exhaled from the body of that charming fellow, salutes, and affects all my senses in the sweetest, most cordial, and most agreeable manner. They tell me too, that small odoriferous particles are diffused round all flowers, and that these particles act on the olfactory or nasal nerves: that the particles exhaled from the rose affect my organs of smelling in a more agreeable manner, than those of any other flower;—and that these are the reasons
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I prefer that Gentleman to all mankind,
——and a rose to all other flowers.

Since the time of Descartes, the world has waited with impatience, but in vain, for the important discoveries in question, namely, for the discovery of the true nature and origin of Love; or, in other words, of that ardent, and unfurmountable inclination the sexes have for each other,——and, at the same time, of those unconquerable or insuperable averfions or antipathies which difunite, and even violently repel persons of the opposite, as well as of the same sex.

But, notwithstanding the late boasted discoveries in almost every branch of science, the little knowledge we have attained, (and that chiefly by the system of the Sympathetic transpiring matter, and by the new discoveries and

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improvements in electricity and magnetism) I say the little knowledge we have acquired, is like a glimmering light in the midst of a thick darkness. —What transcendant Genius therefore! what gentle benevolent Spirit! —what eccentric penetrating Luminary will dispel the mists of ignorance and of error. To whom was it reserved to throw a full, bright, and permanent light on these obscure, yet important matters.

Assist ME, ye aerial, æthereal, musical, magnetical, and electrical powers and influences! while I attempt to unfold the great mystery. Assist me, Æsculapius, Alexander, Alfred, Britannia! * —But why do I descend, is Britannia, the great Britannia herself, at present in the descending scale

* Alluding to the Figures on the top, and in the front of the Temple of Hymen.

among the empires of the world !—Is this once great, once formidable, once happy monarchy in the anti-climax of her glory ?—Yes, her lustre is tarnished,——her horizon is wilfully or wantonly contracted to half of its former extent,——the sources and streams of her wealth are dried or drying up, ——and our Alexander looks down with pity, and sees her sun setting among the Atlantic isles, and the dawn of her rising already beaming with peaceful and glorious rays on the infant Queen of Empires, which time and nature, in their unerring and irresistible course, have just brought forth in the Western world.

Thee ! too, do I supplicate, THOU GUARDIAN GENIUS OF THE HYMENEAL TEMPLE, AND OF THE CELESTIAL BED ! for Thou art at once the cause and the effect, the beginning and the end, the motive

and the consummation, of this wonderful and almighty passion!——But to return——

Physicians assure us, (and indeed we are possessed of numberless facts and experiments to convince us of the truth of their assertion) that there is a subtle invisible vapour, called the insensible perspiration, which is continually diffused round every human body, and even round every other animal body in the creation. It is a kind of atmosphere peculiar indeed to every organized body in nature, and most sensibly affecting all the bodily senses, especially the organs of smelling. But, tho' the particles of this matter are so minute as to escape the sight, except when we lay our hands on a looking-glass, or on any other cold polished surface, (the grosser parts then condensing, and becoming visible) yet it is necessary that our bodies should be full of small pores fit
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to give passage to these particles ; and the celebrated Lewenhoeck having examined his skin with a microscope with wonderful attention and exactness, he discovered one hundred and twenty-five thousand of these pores or transpiring vessels, in a space small enough to be covered by a grain of sand. Those particles of odorous or luminous matter therefore, that continually emanate, with such astonishing rapidity and ease from the human body, must be as subtile as globules or particles of electrical fire, or of the solar light ; and I shall have but little difficulty, Gentlemen, in convincing you, that they are, what may very properly be called **ANIMAL ELECTRICITY !** or a species of Magnetico-electrical effluvium ;——and that this luminous fluid or principle, especially when combined with the insensible perspiration, and with intellectual emanations, is the cause of all
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our sympathies and antipathies,—of our love, lust, aversion, or indifference, according to the various situations and circumstances we are in: and I may illustrate this doctrine, by reminding you that when the sun, when a candle, or when any other luminous body, gives us light, there proceed from it, an infinity of globules or rays, which diffuse themselves round the circumference of objects, and are either absorbed by them, or reflected back to us, and it is by means of these reflected globules or rays, that we perceive those objects. Thus, then, Gentlemen! the odoriferous particles, or insensible transpirations which naturally flow from every person, and such parts or parcels of the magnetico-electrical fire or effluvium, as have the strongest affinity with them, are borne thro' the air, and strike more or less forcibly on all the bodily organs, especially on those

those of the sight and smell. It is pretty well known how they act upon the taste ;—that *suction* most powerfully attracts them ;—that *kisses* dissolve them, —that pleasure spirits them from the papillæ of the tongue ;—that they gush from the rich pulp of the lips ;—and that by the touch or collision of *certain parts*, they undulate and thrill from the *magical centre* ! with electrical swiftness——with harmonious vibrations ! ——with extatic soul-dissolving delight !——thro' every, even the most distant nerve ! ——

The truth of all this, is clearly evinced, by the reiterated squeezes or pressures of the hands, &c. of happy lovers, which are dictated by nature herself, in order to cause a more plentiful evaporation, and a greater flow of this active fiery principle to inflame the heart, and for other delicious purposes ;
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for thereby the whole frame, and especially the compressed parts exhale it in greater abundance; in a manner somewhat similar to a wet sponge letting the liquor it contains, pass thro' the hands of those who press it.

But, Gentlemen! it yet remains that I explain to you more particularly, the modus or manner in which the magnetico-electrical effluvium acts in producing love, inclination, aversion, hatred, or indifference.

Every one will allow, that many persons become violently enamoured at first sight, or by repeated views of a person, without having touched, or even spoken to that person. What can be the cause of this?—Why, it must either be the light which is agreeably reflected from the captivating object, or the magnetico-electrical effluvium which strikes upon
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the soul of the beholder, thro' the organs of sight, and of the other senses; for nothing else but either the one or the other can possibly affect them. It cannot possibly be the light which comes equally from all bodies whatever; and it cannot be supposed that among an infinity of objects, light should issue or be reflected from one in particular, in such a manner as to produce that violent passion we call love: besides, according to many philosophers, light is always the same, whatsoever object it be reflected from. If that be really so, how can it possibly produce so many different effects, as love, aversion, indifference, and so on;—this has not in my opinion the smallest probability. Neither can it be, because the light is reflected from a beautiful object;—if that were the case, it must follow that a person could not appear beautiful to us without gaining our affection, which is absurd and contradicted by

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every day's experience. As love, therefore cannot proceed from beauty alone, nor from the light which is reflected from a beautiful person, it must necessarily proceed from our subtile magneto-electrical fire or effluvium;—and it acts or produces the various effects we have attributed to it, I conceive, in the following manner.—When this subtile electrical fluid which is excited by the action of the soul or animal spirits on the bodily organs, or simply, by the reciprocal action of the solids and fluids of the body on one another;---when it strikes on the organs of sense of another person, it either causes a pleasing vibratory titillation in the fibres, or it tears or lacerates them,---or else it strikes upon them so feebly as not to produce any effect at all. If it excites a titillation, this titillation causes a reflux or sweet vibratory delirium in the brain, which soothes and gives pleasure to the soul;---
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hereupon the soul soothed or bewitched with this pleasure, wishes for a continuance of it, and conceives a more or less ardent affection for the source, namely, for the person from whom this magneto-electrical effluvium proceeds; and this, doubtless, is the origin of what we call love or inclination.—But, if it should repel, tear, or lacerate those tender fibres, there follows a violent reflux in the brain, which is attended with a painful sensation. The soul strongly sensible of this pain, wishes earnestly to be freed from it, by being separated from its source, or from the person from whom it proceeds, and this is what we call dislike or aversion :---in a word, if it strikes or acts upon the fibres of the beholder without producing either of the above effects,---the spirits so feebly agitated, cause neither pain nor pleasure in the soul, and consequently neither inclina-

tion or aversion, love nor hatred, but apathy or perfect indifference.

But to illustrate this matter more particularly; figure to your glowing imagination Gentlemen! an ardent lover in the company of his beautiful mistress; behold then, in idea, the magnetico-electrical effluvium---the celestial invisible fire! proceeding in all directions from the fair one, and sweetly striking on the eyes, and on the heart of her lover. The complacency and sparkling of his countenance shews visibly the pleasure he enjoys; and nothing can be easier than to perceive the tender impressions that are made on his soul.

In this situation, and in some instances, he may be compared to the butterfly, who, in the night, suddenly perceives the fair light of a perfumed lamp, or of a sweet wax-candle. The sudden
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brightness rouses and cheers the little insect. He expands his wings, and flies to the source from whence the flame proceeds. The nearer he approaches it, the more powerfully the light and the warmth act upon him, and his pleasure increases in proportion. At last, by too great an eagerness for the enjoyment of this pleasure, he meets his destruction. He comes too near the fair candle, he flutters about the flame; and throwing himself, or plunging giddily into the midst of it, *dies*, consumed as much perhaps by the pleasure he tastes, as by the fire which reduces him to ashes.

Thus it is, but with greater security, that a lover, struck and penetrated by the rays of this magnetico-electrical fire, conceives those vehement desires which hurry him with such violence towards the object that gives rise to them.

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If the enamoured man can but be permitted to join the pleasures of touch, or of dalliance, with that of seeing, it throws him into still higher transports, and yet it is acknowledged by every person of delicate taste; and refined mental sensibility, that the pleasure which arises from the conversation, or simply from viewing a beautiful and beloved object, far, far surpasses all the grosser gratification of sense.

But methinks I hear a modern voluptuary exclaim, if the sight alone of a young, beautiful, and beloved object, is capable of affording so high a pleasure, how much greater, how much more exquisite effects, must be produced by those inflamed mellifluous kisses, that give such poignant delight to the taste? or by that balmy breathing---that silky paradisiacal sweetness!---that affects the nostrils so agreeably!---I hear him dwelling

ling with peculiar pleasure, on that natural language of the soul ! on those broken phrases, those gentle murmurs which flutter and expire on the lips !---and on those sighs and spasmodic aspirations that escape from the heart which swims in an ocean of delight,---which is dissolved and overwhelmed by the gushing torrents of pleasure, that are poured forth, at the critical and copious discharges of this celestial fire.

From hence, from hence ; Gentlemen ! spring those impetuous transports of lovers ! those ebullitions of tenderness !---those delightful effusions of the heart !---those brilliant fallies of the imagination ! and in a word, those joys which totally dissolve and absorb all the faculties of the soul--and penetrate lovers with an ardent longing—with an intense desire to transform themselves into what they love !——Yes, to absorb
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and assimilate the soul and body of their beloved--- and to mix and intimately blend their substance with that of the object of their passion.——

But in order, Gentlemen ! to give you clearer and more striking ideas of our new Theory, I beg leave to remind you of the strongly attracting and repelling qualities of the loadstone, and of the electrical fire.—Every one knows, that one pole of the magnet strongly attracts, and that the other as violently repels. We know too, that the electrical fire in its different states does the same ; and that the rubbing common iron with a magnet, in certain directions, will communicate magnetism to it. Thus, love on one side has been known to produce love ; and as in the course of excitation in making electrical experiments, the jars will now and then discharge themselves accidentally, or involuntarily,

involuntarily, as well as by the safer and more natural application of the smooth round knob, or blunt head of the discharging rod; so in courtship, or in amorous dalliance, between the sexes, *involuntary colliquations* will now and then happen: and at best, courtship and dalliance is no other than charging the battery on the *one* side, and heating or preparing the genial oven of nature on the *other*, for the concoction and maturation of the genial juice.—The analogy holds good even to the *end of the business*; for the natural consummation, or the *final* discharge or delivery of this electrical fluid—of this *balmy benevolence*! is in all respects, a true electrical operation. Here we have, first, the necessary friction or excitation of the electrical tube or cylinder, for mustering up and accumulating the prolific fiery fluid in the Prime Conductor. Here, likewise, we have the positive and the negative fire;

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the active and passive principles ; the plus and the minus state ;—in a word, there is the strictest and most cordial harmony, —the clearest and most perfect analogy in all respects ; and I defy the whole world, medical and philosophical, male, female, and of the *doubtful gender*, to disprove or subvert my doctrine.——Still more !—the electrical effects and phenomena that are produced by the vivid flashings of the eyes,—the attritions and balmy frictions of the lips,—the touch or squeeze of the hand,—and finally, *by the soft, firm pressure of a tight-new virgin elastic cushion, well amalgamated*,——all, all demonstrate that my theory is founded on nature and on facts ; and established by that simplicity, uniformity, and analogy which pervade universal Nature !

What, I pray you, Gentlemen, are the uses of that astonishing variety of fluids, juices, springs, and circulations
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of which the human body are composed?—are they not to secrete, form, and elaborate a mild, generous, balsamic juice!—a subtile vivifying fire, by which all its parts are nursed, nourished, sustained, and animated. Undoubtedly they are.—In young full-grown persons, therefore, who enjoy perfect health, and full, succulent living;—who are plentifully supplied with juices and humours of the most benign composition;—and furnished for the various circulations, with organs and springs tuned and disposed in the most advantageous manner;—and replete with the vital animal fire for the most genial concoctions and sublimations!—In all such persons, a greater quantity of those stimulating juices, and of this magnetico-electrical fire or effluviu'm is formed, than nature has occasion for.—How is the overplus disposed of? Why nature employs part of this balmy

vivifying luminous essence for the very important purposes she intended them for ;—namely, for nourishing, strengthening, and animating the whole system, and for the procreation of the species :—and the superfluity or redundancy, she dissipates or throws off by the eyes, by the breath, and thro' every pore of the body ;——and these are the subtile, wonder-working rays or emanations, which I term the magnetico-electrical effluvium !—the genuine stimulus of love !—the essence of ages !—the liquor of life !—and the true pabulum of all pleasure ! ! ! ———

All this will appear abundantly obvious, Gentlemen, by attending for a moment to what happens in *old* men and women, in whom the springs of life are relaxed and worn out ;—in whom, the vivifying juices, and animal fire, are no longer endowed with an
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energy strong enough, nor furnished in sufficient abundance to answer all the above genial purposes ; and, in a word, in whom the balmy prolific luminous fountain is dried up, and well nigh extinguished. In them, (especially if they have long been among the number of Pleasure's ardent devotees) the powers of nature, always active and restless, still provoked by habit, and teased by the remembrance of past pleasures, now scourge, vex, and exert themselves in vain. Alas ! these lame or broken-down lovers, are not now in a condition to prepare any considerable quantity of the generous juice ; and so far from there being any left to evaporate, to stimulate, or excite love or desire in others, scarce enough remains to supply warmth and nourishment at home, in their own shrinking frame.

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Physicians observing the redundant superfluity of this balmy vivifying fire or effluvium in healthy young people, and the want of it in the old and debilitated, have endeavoured to make up for the deficiency of the latter, by the overplus of the former. With this view, they cause a lovely girl, of a florid state of health, and in the bloom of youth and beauty, to be laid in the bed of a decrepid old man, in order that the fire of youth may dissolve the ice of age. The sweet, active, balmy electrical fire of the young woman is imbibed into the withered frame, and conveys an enlivening warmth into the exhausted vessels of the poor emaciated old man, and animates his nerves chilled by age, paralytic, oppressed or stung to callosity by gluttony and drunkenness, or debilitated by excessive venereal indulgencies.—It was thus, that the Israelites of old, prolonged the life of their languishing

guishing King David,—of amorous, of infamous, and of pious memory.

What a prodigious difference must there then be, between this animal fire!—this genial, milky, generous effluvium of a person in the bloom of youth, and in the blush of innocence,——and that of one who is languishing and sinking under the infirmities inseparable from vice and old age?—That of the one is invigorated and perfumed, by all that is rich, sweet, and luminous in nature!—it is the soft fulness of youth and health——the delicious fragrance of love——the gushing quintessence of life and rapture!——while that of the other, is a mass of fetid exhalations, reeking from weaknesses and corruption, which nature shrinks from and abhors.

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In regard to the different nature and effects of the magnetico-electrical effluvia, of different men and women, under different circumstances, and at different periods of life,—they are as different as the various odours and qualities of shrubs, flowers, and fruits. The analogy here too, will be found to hold good in every respect : for every herb, and every flower, and fruit, has each an odour and qualities peculiar to itself. The scent of a pink, and that of a rose, for example, are very different ; so, likewise, are the taste and qualities of a plump peach, a juicy nectarine, a puckering sloe, and a harsh crab-apple. Nay more, the rose, has some parts more odoriferous than others ; and the very same flower, shall at one time diffuse a sweet and fragrant odour, at another time, and under different circumstances, it languishes, and no longer gratifies any of
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the senses.——It is easy, Gentlemen, to make the application and to preserve the simile.——The countenance and air of a virtuous, healthy, well-bred girl, is like the enchanting beauty——the delicious fragrance of an opening mossy rose-bud ;——a woman that begins to grow old, is like a rose that withers and dries up ;——a superannuated beauty who paints, is like the picture of a rose in Crayons ;——and a Lady who once was handsome, but whose worn out charms bear the sad marks of intrigues and dissipation, may be compared to a rose pluckt in its full beauty, but which now, foul and faded, has lost all its fragrance and desirableness, by *rude touching*, and by passing thro' *many a hand*.

From what has been said, Gentlemen, is it not perfectly reasonable and philosophical to conclude, that the ele-

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gant—the generous—the universal passion which is the subject of this Lecture, depends entirely on the action of this animal fire, or magnetico-electrical effluvium, which we have proved to emanate, more or less copiously, from every animal body. Where this matter does not act, there can be no inclination : and where it does, love or hatred, inclination or aversion, are lively and affecting, in proportion to the force with which it acts, and to the degree of sensibility in the person *acted upon*.

But, Gentlemen ! my definition of Love, and my descriptions of the nature and effects of that passion will not be complete, unless you permit me to point out the very wide difference there is between the gentle-generous, sentimental passion of love when it is heightened and rendered permanent by esteem ; and that
 gross

gross momentary sensual passion, which we may properly enough term, the Fury of Lust. In the former, delicate, unremitting attentions, endear each to the other ; while an amiable partiality overlooks and compassionates each little foible, and softens into amiableness each little fault. Here imagination creates new beauties, and esteem lends new charms to love. But when the accomplishments of the beloved object, both personal and acquired, are exaggerated in the lover's eyes ;—when a glowing imagination represents his mistress as the sweet soul of amiableness ! the perfection of every excellence ! and holds forth to his eager eyes, his whole and only possible felicity as centered in the possession of her ! then, and then only, it is that the lover, pervaded with the sweet delirium, becomes an enthusiast, and feels a flame lighted up within him, which will continue unextinguished

for many years: for even when the happy man has enjoyed the dear—the angelical object of his desires, and of his adoration, the tender emotions of his heart, and the respectful, the endearing delicacy of his attentions continue after enjoyment, and the divine charm which at first captivated him, remains when the delirium of the senses is no more. Refined——Celestial Charm!——-Delightful——-Delicious Sentiment!—— Begotten by admiration and esteem, and fostered by fondness and respect, they form a filken band, an adamantine chain, which even time itself cannot dissolve!——-for my bosom tells me, Gentlemen! that were cruel destiny to deprive me of the man I love, my wounded heart would, as it were, demand him from Heaven;——-in the excess of my grief, I should attach myself to his shade, I should moisten and warm if possible, his cold ashes with
my

my tears,——and I should press to my sad bosom, the urn in which they are inclosed.

Not thus, Gentlemen! but far—far different are the nature and effects of the gross, momentary, degrading fury of lust, or mere carnal sensuality : Here, at best, Love is no more than voluptuous emotions excited by the stimulations of the animal electricity, and prolific juices, which incline one sex to the other, which are periodical, and which are felt only when the human machine is overcharged with the prolific luminous fluid. Those who are actuated by this principle alone, wait its natural periodical impulses, which when they have gratified, they have no longer any desire, and their love is extinguished. The *artificial* passions alone, of the human soul, are lasting ; those of the senses, are of a quite contrary

trary nature, *they* can last but for a moment; for the *duration of pleasure* can only subsist in the imagination, not in the senses, however ardent and susceptible those of lovers may be. 'Tis true, that during their short delirium, their glistening and greedy eyes, and their roving and impatient hands, know not what charm to select, nor upon what to dwell;—in the voluptuous prelude, their embraces are furious, and their enjoyments intense; in the extatic moment of enjoyment, in universal tremor, they leagerly and mutually clasp the quivering object of their desires, they impress the most passionate and most inflamed kisses, their souls meet and flutter on their eager lips, they devour soul and body;—till at the approach of that DELICIOUS SENSATION which is the summit of pleasure!—the *ne plus ultra* of transport!—they are melted, overpowered and overwhelmed with

with excessive extasy ! and every faculty of the body, and every sensation of the heart is launched forth, and swims away in an ocean of delight !

But, Gentlemen ! how fleeting their blifs ! how short—how very short is the duration of that pleasure in which delicacy, and sentiment, and esteem enter not ! for the moment the generous prolific fluid is ejected, the maddening desires which agitated them, and the animal fire which consumed them, are extinguished ; until, by fresh accumulations, new desires are kindled, and the genial flame again lighted up ; again they are recalled to pleasure ; again love overwhelms the soul : till at last, after a few more paroxysms of this Paradisiacal delirium, and a few hours enjoyed in ranging from charm to charm, in fluttering from flower to flower, apathy and frigid langour succeed, and the lately
happy

happy pair now without passion, and without desires, sigh for repose,—for a renovation of strength, firmness, and spirits,—and are very happy to leave each other as soon as the laws of gallantry and politeness will permit.

Behold, Gentlemen ! a glowing, yet true picture of merely sensual, degrading and enervating love ; and of that generous passion, which is founded upon, and mingled with sentiment, respect, esteem, on the noble qualities of the soul, and on the amiable dispositions of the heart.

Nothing can better evince the truth of this new and important Hypothesis, which I have had the honor of laying before you Gentlemen, than the differences observable between the inclinations annexed to different ages, or periods of human life, which proceed wholly from the various degrees of strength or activity of the subtile,
trans-

transpiring, luminous effluvium-----
 the animal magnetico-electrical fire!---
 nor can I perhaps close the Lecture
 more usefully, or more agreeably, than
 by examining the various effects which
 it produces in the human body, from
 early infancy, to extreme old-age.

But in order to view these matters in
 every light, it will be necessary for us,
 Gentlemen, to proceed upon a process
 somewhat odd, yet curious.—We
 must roll up as it were, and compress a
 full grown man, till we have reduced
 him to his original ens, or embryo;
 we will then observe nature from the
 very moment she begins to form the
 child; and follow her, step by step,
 remarking by what gradual unfoldings,
 she makes this child, become a com-
 plete man,—a man capable of inspiring
 or exciting love, and of being himself
 loved.

M

Anato-

Anatomists tell us, and no one can doubt the fact, that the human body is an hydraulic machine, or a mere heap of vessels, tubes, and reservoirs, containing fluids or liquors peculiar to themselves. We will take this principle for the ground work of our investigations, and proceed to demonstrate the truth of our Theory by regular deductions.

Let us take then, a man of six feet high, or higher, if you please, even the Irish Giant himself, whose stature it seems, is full eight feet two inches, and press him strongly, equally, and on every side. Let us then squeeze out all his fluids, and he will then be diminished by two thirds. By this means we shall reduce the tremendous Irish Giant to the size of the Polish Dwarf: for he will then be nothing but a heap of empty canals, whose
sides

sides will become contiguous, and at last stick close to each other.

We will go still further. We will take the thickest parts from all these canals, and leave them only a skin, the very thinnest that can possibly be imagined. Monsieur le Compte Borowluski thus dwindles comparatively to nothing ; and we are now so far from being able to distinguish his little dwarfish limbs, that his whole body is hardly perceptible to our view.— Nevertheless, this little mass, unformed as it appears, distinctly contains all the parts of a *complete man*. For Monsieur le Compte Borowluski tho' in stature, not about thirty-three inches, or not more than three times the length of a *good Irish Shilala*, is married, and has children.

Precisely, Gentlemen ! in like manner, each little ovum, (which subsists in the female previous to the commerce between the sexes) contains in miniature, all the parts of the child that is afterwards born ; and this almost invisible ovum or embryo, being imbued and animated (*in consequence of a certain electrical operation*) with the energetic stimulus of the BALMY BENEVOLENCE, the nutritious liquors or juices insinuate themselves into it,—the invisible canals are insensibly filled,—and the parts begin gradually to unfold themselves.—The legs and arms disengage themselves from the trunk ;—the head erects itself upon the shoulders ; and the whole assemblage represents the future child. In nine months time he is born. His limbs and faculties enlarge and strengthen : his senses are unfolded and refine : the air strikes upon his ears, and he hears ; his eyes are opened and he sees ;
and

and new canals overspread his whole body, offering themselves from day to day, to the nourishing juices of the aliments which fill them, strengthen them, and increase their bulk, and consequently that of the child, who must grow in proportion as the canals are dilated by the nutritious fluids that distend them.

That this child has, even in its present state, magnetico-electrical effluvia issuing from it, there is no doubt; and it is reasonable to suppose, that these effluvia must produce some effect; they certainly do so:—but they will not produce Love. No. This wonderful principle is not yet active enough to excite any emotion worth mentioning. It is as yet, like the magnetico-effluvium, or the electrical fire, which last, is invisibly present, or as it were dormant in every thing we are acquainted with in nature, and
which

which in order to produce any of those powerful and tremendous effects we are already acquainted with, must be excited, accumulated, and discharged by nature, or by art.

It is true, that when I see two boys of five or six years of age, I may feel a complacency or inclination for one of them, and not for the other;—but this inclination does not amount to what is properly called Love; nor can it have the strength it is capable of acquiring when the boy attains to his sixteenth, eighteenth, or twentieth year—and the reason of this is, because his animal fire is not thoroughly enlivened.—

What is it, Gentlemen! that is yet wanted to enliven, or to give energy to the magnetico-electrical matter of children, both male and female, for they are as yet equally vapid and inactive?—Why, to the age of twelve, or fourteen,

or

on sixteen years, this subtile fire is in its minus or negative state, but at that critical and very dangerous age, the florid blood begins to insinuate itself into certain internal strainers and reservoirs, which have just separated themselves from the others;—there it is churned, prepared, purified, refined, and at last changed by the perfect chemistry of nature into a vivifying essence, and exalted into a genial prolific fire!—certain vessels pump it up again from the secret and central laboratories where it was prepared and concocted, and pour it into the mass of blood, which distributes it in the grand circulation, to all the different parts of the body.

By the influences, Gentlemen! of this invigorating essence, the fibres stretch,—the limbs grow *full and firm*; the constitution alters and acquires strength; the voice becomes louder; and
more

more robust; and after animating and ILLUMINATING the whole system, and when it has circulated long enough for every purpose, it is exhaled or dissipated with the other transpiring fluids, constituting what I call the MAGNETICO-ELECTRICAL FIRE or EFFLUVIUM, and is precisely that, which was before wanting, to enable the body to exercise freely and effectually all its functions: or, in other words, it is, as I have before termed it, the stimulus and the pabulum of pleasure, the irresistible magnet of our affections, the essence of ages, the liquor of life, and a feast which our senses can never be satiated with the enjoyment of!——To conclude, Gentlemen, while all the organs of sense continue in perfection;—whilst this vivifying essence filtrates in abundance; and the sweet lamp of life burns with a steady lustre; or in one word, so long as we are young we are capable of loving

ing, and of being loved; but, as we decline into the vale of years, the organs of sense, and *the Cyprian apparatus of pleasure*, harden and shrivel; **THE MANLY STANDARD OF LOVE** almost disappears; the generous vivifying liquor diminishes; transpiration no longer furnishes the magnetico-electrical fire in sufficient quantity, and the little that is exhaled, has no longer its juvenile luminous qualities and effects; we cease to be susceptible of Love, and we become altogether incapable of inspiring it;—till at last, peevish, silly, tottering old-age depriving us of the functions of sense, obstructing the preparation of the genial fire, and totally suppressing its transpiration, we no longer have any love for others,—others have no longer any love for us;—the elegant, the charming, the delicious passion of love is at end; the vital oil is burnt out, the lamp of life burns dimly and tremulously,—

N

enjoy-

enjoyments are drained to the very dregs, and those men and women who once charmed and captivated all who approached them, are now little better than old, crazy, neglected machines, whose exhausted reservoirs, and worn out springs, are ready to fall into dust, on the least rude motion.—Alas ! Alas ! poor Human Nature !

RE-ADV

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE nature, design, and usefulness of the CELESTIAL BED being misunderstood, they require explanation, lest many respectable persons and personages, influenced by the ignorance or prejudices of the foolish multitude, should be disappointed of the benefit of so ingenious and so useful a discovery.

The want of children so much lamented in many noble families, and indeed by all married people, arises from corporeal, mental, or accidental defects.

The corporeal defects are a laxity or debility of the nervous system, and a consequent acrimony of the juices which actuate that system—a relaxed indisposition of the parts, or (which most frequently happens) obstructions. The mental defects are want of courage and resolution on the male side, or of imagination and prudence on the female. The accidental causes, besides occult and unaccountable antipathies or incongruities, are, when a lively, vivacious woman is married to a stupid, inert, inactive man, or, *vice versa*. Electricity, even independent of the other invigorating influences combined with it, is the most powerful engine or influence in nature to remedy these several defects: it gives a tone and retentive firmness to the relaxed fibres;—it corrects the acrimony of the juices; by increasing the perspiration; strengthens and rejuvenates the generative powers; and effectually removes

moves obstructions. It expels all fear, expanding the imagination with the liveliest and most sublime ideas; and lastly, it assimilates the most inactive to the most alert; and from all these causes cannot fail of producing the wished for effects. The CELESTIAL BED being very highly electrified, the persons reposing therein bask in a genial, invigorating tide of the celestial fire, combined with the powerful influences of music, magnets, and the balmy odours of aromatic ætherial essences—which, as they powerfully vivify, and at the same time remove all impediments—they cannot fail in the nature of things of conducing to the production of a strong, healthful, and most beautiful offspring.

Sons springing from this Bed, like Mars shall prove,
And Daughters beauteous as the Queen of Love!

It is designed for the use of married people only, and every precaution is
taken

taken to exclude the licentious and impure ; and to deserve the cordial patronage of the great, the learned, and the good, and the approbation of the public at large ; as the chief of our ambition is to promote the true and lasting happiness of the youth of both sexes, and of private families, and to prevent chagrin, adultery, and divorces, which frequently arise from the want of children in illustrious and noble families.

✂ In order to deter the wantonly lascivious—the mere votaries of pleasure, from polluting the Temple of Hymen, the following lines are written in golden capitals over the grand entrance :

ΟΤΔΕΙΣ ΑΚΑΘΑΡΤΟΣ ΕΙΣΙΤΩ.

Procul ! O Procul este Profani ! VIRG.

Many

Many of the Nobility and Gentry having expressed a great desire to have a copy of the grand Inscription in the Anti-chamber of the Temple, VESTINA has therefore ordered it to be annexed to this advertisement.

(Description of the Rich and very Curious Carving of the Frame of the Inscription.)

HUMANITY ! the beloved Daughter of GOD ! having descended from the heavenly mansions to visit the Temple of Hymen ! and having bound up with peaceful bands the infernal implements of war, sits down on a noble lion, (*now, alas ! couchant, with his tail and his ears cut off*) and weeps at the wickedness, folly, or infatuation of the kings and people of the earth, and at the dreadful havock which luxury, and wanton unnecessary wars have made among the more innocent part of the human species.

Attend

Attend O ye Kings of the
 Earth! hearken O ye People!
 commissioned by the Eternal So-
 vereign of the Universe!!! the
 Guardian Angel of the Hymeneal
 Temple maketh the following De-
 claration:

THAT men and women, when beau-
 tiful and virtuous—when peaceful and
 active, they are the chief ornaments
 of nature! the noblest work of God!!
 Such, therefore, by multiplying their
 species, aggrandize, if possible, the
 Creator! because they increase the
 number of the most precious of his
 Works.—But when woman departs
 from herself—when she puts off the
 divine delicacy of her sex—when she
 emulates not the character which
 Solo-

Solomon gives of a virtuous woman,* she ceases to be the first and the fairest of God's Works :—she descends from her rank in the creation ;—man's soul and body no longer pant, with eager-trembling delight, to assimilate her to his inmost bosom—nor does he any longer look up to her as he would to a Being of the sweetest, loveliest, and most celestial order.

When man too, whose real happiness is derived from those pursuits which cannot be attended to but in PEACE, namely, the enlargement and elevation of the mind—the extension of commerce—the encouragement of agriculture and mechanics—and the cultivation of the useful, polite, and liberal arts !——when he is mad enough

* Proverbs, chap. xxxi. verse 10.

to relinquish those *truly noble* pursuits, and indeed every real good, by taking up arms to FIGHT,† at the command of a weak, avaricious, blood-thirsty, or ambitious *Man*, or set of men ;—when, incited by insatiable avarice, or by delusive ambition, which is still more insatiable, he renounces *Christianity*, and all the fine feelings of humanity,—turning all his strength against himself, his desires centring in the destruction of his own species, which he will accomplish at the expence of his own life, and even perhaps of the eternal salvation of his own soul, THEN man departs from the dignity of his rational nature ;—he loses his natural empire of the earth ;—*every thing of value perishing*—and should he by chance survive THESE days of blood

† See Buffon's Natural History.

and carnage—of poverty, famine, horrors, and apprehension, when the delusive expectation of riches has subsided—when the intoxicating fumes of what he fancied *his*, or his nation's glory are dispelled—he surveys with a melancholy eye, ruin and desolation on every hand—the arts buried—the fountains of commerce dried up—nations dispersed—an enfeebled people—the ruin of his own happiness—the extinction of true glory—and the annihilation of his real power !

O Thou Omnipotent and Eternal Fountain of Harmony, Peace, Goodness, and Glory ! restore tranquility to the world—scatter or cut off the bloody minded—let the presumptuous—the infernal tumults of war be dispelled if possible for ever from the earth. Diffuse universally, the divine sentiments of humanity, PEACE, forbearance, and uni-

versal religious toleration. Let hostile
 spirits be united and bound together with
 the silken bands of love and friendship ;
 hasten the happy time, when Kings,—
 their Ministers,—and their Parliaments
solemnly declare, that they delight in
 Peace, and in the prosperity and hap-
 piness of the People,—when at the
 same time, influenced by the Demons
 of ambition, avarice, perverseness, and
 desolation, they continue to thin the
 ranks of mankind, and send forth the
 sheepishly passive, the thoughtlessly
 zealous, and the bloody-minded, to de-
 vour the bread of the children of peace
 and industry ; and with fire and sword,
 to disseminate murders and devastations,
 horrors and anguish, famine, beggary,
 and bankruptcies throughout the world,
 —neglecting to cultivate and encourage
 commerce, manufactures, agriculture,
 —the useful, the liberal, and the heal-
 ing arts, and the more important and
 sub-

sublime sciences; and above all, neglecting wisely to enact, and mildly yet effectually to enforce those necessary laws, and that internal police, from which spring virtue, order, peace, confidence, wealth and happiness, both public and private. O! hasten these thrice happy times, when man will no longer dread the aspect of man;—when his hand shall drop for ever the murdering steel;—when the devouring flames of war (always unnecessary) shall no more dry up the sources of generations;—when nature drooping and convulsed with the wickedness and folly of kings, and of their ministers and people—and groaning as it were under the pressure of ever-growing taxes and calamities, now sterile and abandoned, shall resume, with accumulated vigor and delight, her former peaceful fecundity;—and especially, when the human species now degenerated, weakened,

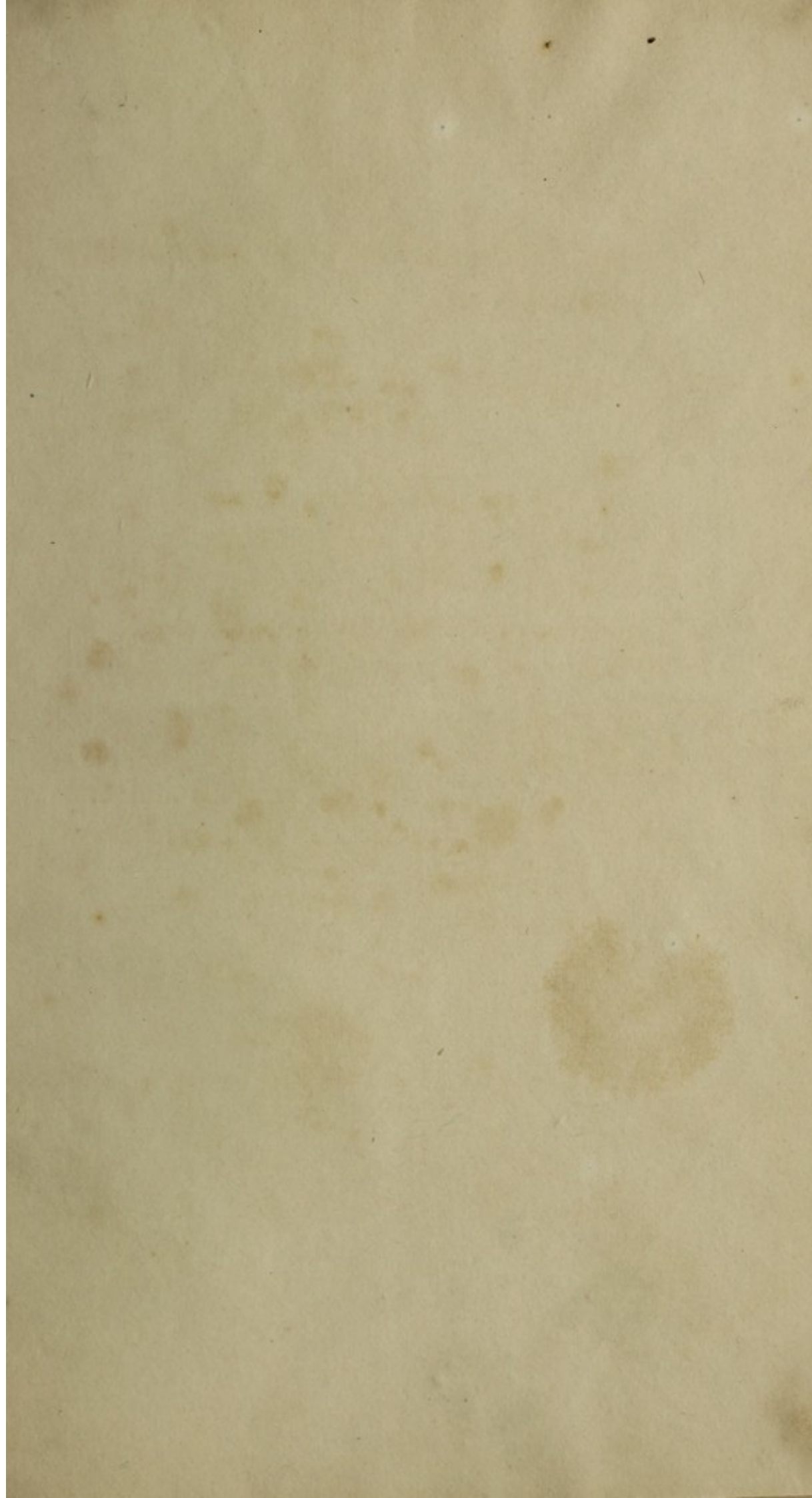
muti-

mutilated, disgraced, and prematurely
mowed down,

TAUGHT IN THIS GENIAL
TEMPLE !

shall germinate afresh, improve beyond
comprehension, and multiply without
number !——Then, O God, thou Per-
fection of every Excellence!!!——then,
shall men and women resume the dignity
of their nature !——the vice-gerency of
the world—and enjoy in full measure,
every happiness that Thou hast annexed
to their intellectual, as well as to their
corporeal Nature.

F I N I S.

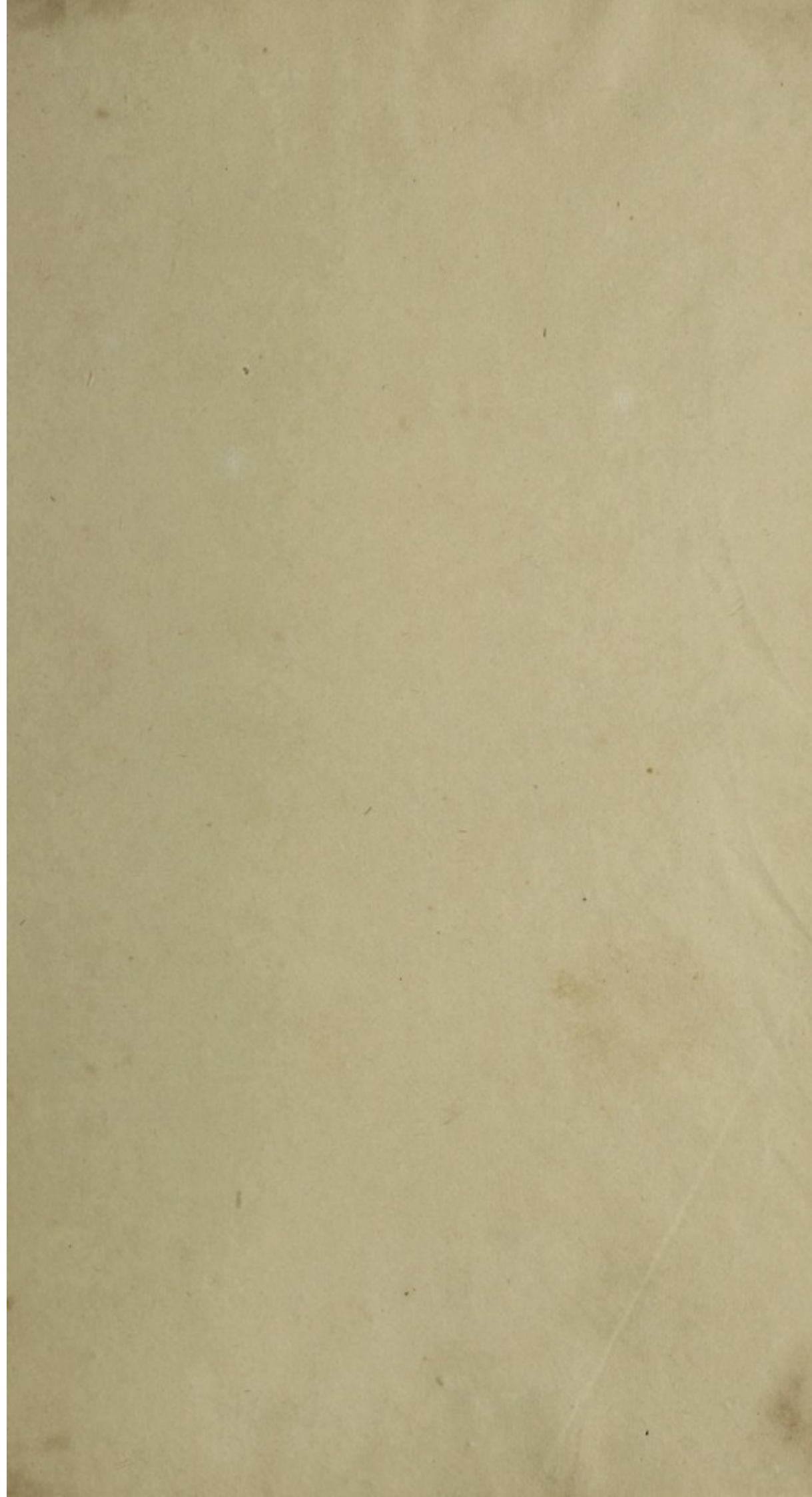


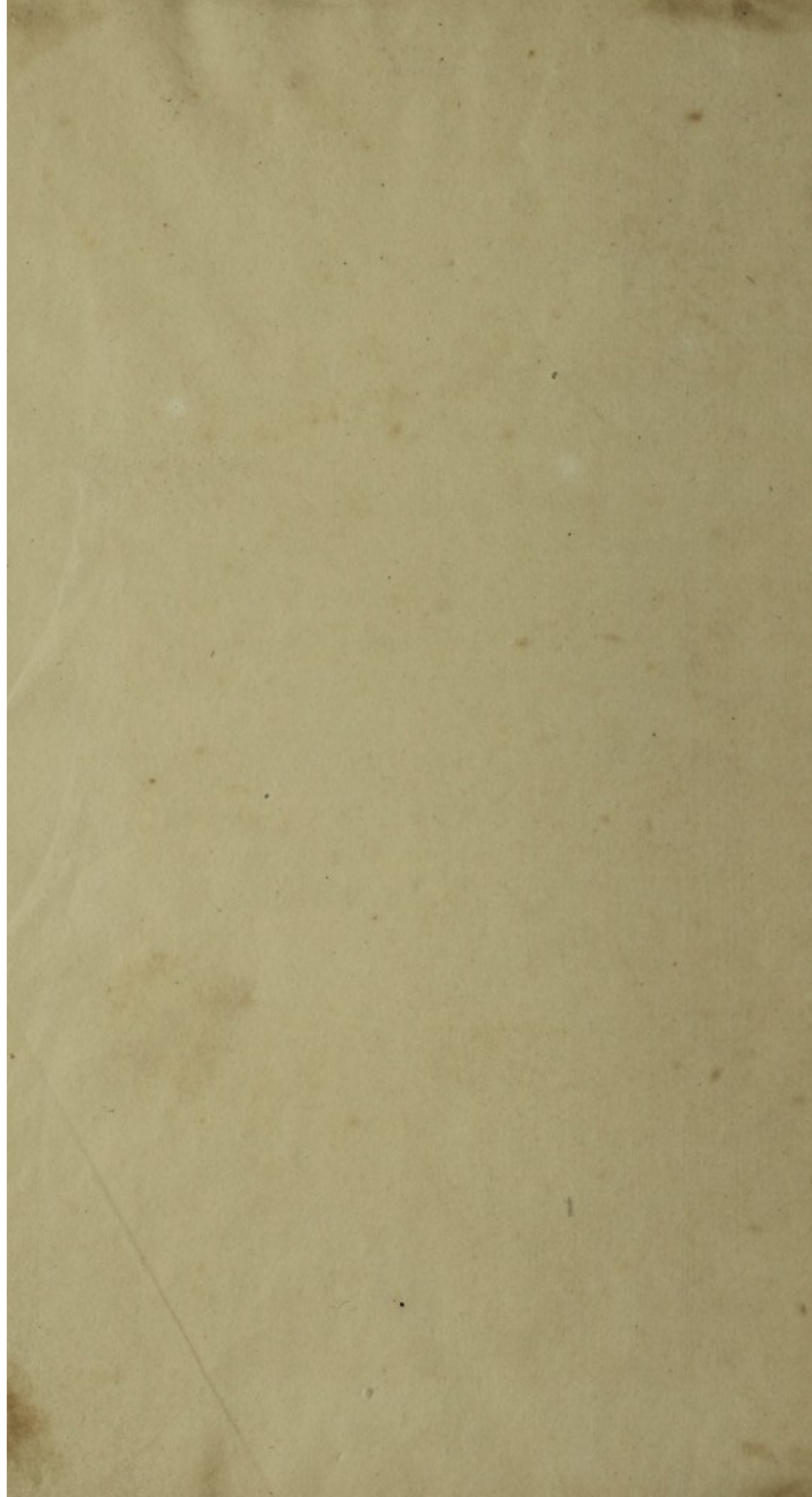
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TRUTH IN THE TEMPLE

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26 May 19

