

**REVERIES OF A
BACHELOR: OR, A BOOK
OF THE HEART.
[PHILADELPHIA-1893]**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649692927

Reveries of a Bachelor: Or, A Book of the Heart. [Philadelphia-1893] by Ik. Marvel

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IK. MARVEL

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REVERIES
OR
A BACHELOR:
OR
A BOOK OF THE HEART.

By I. K. MARVEL,
Author of Fresh Gleanings.

—It is worth the labor—saith Plotinus—to consider well of Love, whether it be a God, or a divell, or passion of the minde, or partly God, partly divell, partly passion.—*Burton's Anatomy.*

PHILADELPHIA:
HENRY ALTEMUS
1893

PREFACE.

THIS book is neither more, nor less than it pretends to be ; it is a collection of those floating Reveries which have, from time to time, drifted across my brain. I never yet met with a bachelor who had not his share of just such floating visions ; and the only difference between us lies in the fact, that I have tossed them from me in the shape of a Book.

If they had been worked over with more unity of design, I dare say I might have made a respectable novel ; as it is, I have chosen the honest way of setting them down as they came seething from my thought, with all their crudities and contrasts, uncovered.

As for the truth that is in them, the world may believe what it likes ; for having

written to humor the world, it would be hard, if I should curtail any of its privileges of judgment. I should think there was as much truth in them, as in most Reveries.

The first story of the book has already had some publicity; and the criticisms upon it have amused, and pleased me. One honest journalist avows that it could never have been written by a bachelor. I thank him for thinking so well of me; and heartily wish that his thought were as true, as it is kind.

Yet I am inclined to think that bachelors are the only safe, and secure observers of all the phases of married life. The rest of the world have their hobbies; and by law, as well as by immemorial custom, are reckoned unfair witnesses in everything relating to their matrimonial affairs.

Perhaps I ought however to make an exception in favor of spinsters, who like us, are independent spectators, and possess just that kind of indifference to the marital state, which makes them intrepid in

their observations, and very desirable for—authorities.

As for the style of the book, I have nothing to say for it, except to refer to my title. These are not sermons, nor essays, nor criticisms;—they are only Reveries. And if the reader should stumble upon occasional magniloquence, or be worried with a little too much of sentiment, pray, let him remember,—that I am dreaming.

But while I say this, in the hope of nicking off the wiry edge of my reader's judgment, I shall yet stand up boldly for the general tone, and character of the book. If there is bad feeling in it, or insincerity, or shallow sentiment, or any foolish depth of affection betrayed,—I am responsible; and the critics may expose it to their heart's content.

I have moreover a kindly feeling for these Reveries, from their very private character; they consist mainly of just such whimses, and reflections, as a great many brother bachelors are apt to indulge in, but which they are too cautious, or too prudent

to lay before the world. As I have in this matter, shown a frankness, and *naiveté* which are unusual, I shall ask a corresponding frankness in my reader; and I can assure him safely that this is eminently one of those books which were 'never intended for publication.'

In the hope that this plain avowal may quicken the reader's charity, and screen me from cruel judgment,

I remain, with sincere good wishes,

IK. MARVEL.

NEW YORK, NOV. 1850.

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