

**REVERIES OF A  
BACHELOR, OR, A  
BOOK OF THE HEART**

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Reveries of a bachelor, or, A book of the heart by Ik. Marvel

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**IK. MARVEL**

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REVIEWS  
OF  
A BACHELOR:

OR  
*A BOOK OF THE HEART.*

By Jk. Marvel.

— It is worth the labor—saith Plotinus—in consider well of Love, whether it be a  
God, or a Diabol, or passion of the minds, or partly God, partly diabol, partly passion.  
BUNTON'S ANATOMY.

A NEW EDITION.

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the Southern District of New York.

TO  
*ONE AT HOME,*  
IN WHOM ARE MET SO MANY OF THE  
GRACES AND THE VIRTUES, OF WHICH AS BACHELOR  
*I DEARED,*  
THIS NEW EDITION OF MY BOOK  
IS DEDICATED.

### *A NEW PREFACE.*

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**M**Y publisher has written me that the old type of this book of the Reveries are so far worn and battered, that they will bear no farther usage; and in view of a new edition, he asks for such revision of the text as I may deem judicious, and for a few lines in way of preface.

I began the revision: I scored out word after word; presently I came to the scoring out of paragraphs; and before I had done, I was making my scores by the page.

It would never do: it might be the better, but it would not be the same. I cannot lop away those twelve, swift, changeful years that are gone.

Middle-age does not look on life, like youth; we cannot make it. And why mix



the years and the thoughts? Let the young carry their own burdens, and banner; and we—ours.

I have determined not to touch the book. A race has grown up which may welcome its youngness, and find a spirit or a sentiment in it, that cleaves to them, and cheers them, and is true. I hope they will.

For me those young years are gone. I cannot go back to that tide. I hear the rush of it in quiet hours, like the murmur of lost music. The companions who discussed with me these little fantasies, as they came reeking from the press,—and suggested how I might have mended matters, by throwing in a new light here, or deepening the shadows there,—are no longer within ear-shot. If living, they are widely scattered;—heads of young families, may be, who will bring now to the re-reading of passages they thought too sombre, the light of such bitter experience, as,—ten years since—neither they, nor I, had fathomed. Others are dapper elderly bachelors,—coquetting with the world in the

world's great cities,—brisk in their step,—coaxing all the features of youth to stay by them,—brushing their hair with needless, and nervous frequency over the growing spot of baldness,—perversely reckoning themselves still, proper mates for girlhood,—dreaming yet (as we once dreamed together) of an Elysium in store, and of a fairy future, where only roses shall bloom.

The houses where I was accustomed to linger, show other faces at the windows; bright and cheery faces, it is true; but they are looking over at a young fellow, upon the other side of the way.

The children who sat for my pictures, are grown: the boys I watched at their game of *taw*, and who clapped their hands gleefully, at a good shot,—are buttoned into natty blue frocks, and wear little lace-bordered bands upon their shoulders: and over and over, as I read my morning paper, I am brought to sudden pause, and a strange electric current thrills me, as I come upon their boy-names, printed in the dead-roll of the war.

The girls who wore the charming white pinafores, and a wild tangle of flaxen curls, have now netted up all those clustering tresses into a stately Pompadour head-dress; and they rustle past me in silks, and do not know me.

The elderly friends who cheered me with kindly expressions of look and tongue—I am compelled to say—now trip in their speech; and I observe a little morocco case at their elbows—for eye-glasses.

And as they put them on, to read what I may be saying now, let them keep their old charity, and think as well of me as they can.

EDGEWOOD, 1863.