

Love well and wisely, but *not too muchly!*

My advice. R.

P. B. RANDOLPH,

THE "LEARNED PUNDIT," AND "MAN WITH TWO SOULS."

HIS CURIOUS LIFE, WORKS, AND CAREER.

THE GREAT

FREE-LOVE TRIAL.

RANDOLPH'S GRAND DEFENCE.

HIS ADDRESS TO THE JURY, AND MANKIND.

THE VERDICT.



RANDOLPH PUBLISHING HOUSE,

~~89 COURT STREET,~~

BOSTON.

Trust no secrets to a friend, which may get you into trouble!

Be Virtuous, even if people *do* call you Very Eccentric!

Try professed "Love" and "Friendship" before you trust it! *And don't then!*

Don't get excited! Put money in thy Purse! and Stick to the Right!

## PART I.

### HOW IT CAME ABOUT—INTRODUCTORY.

ALL the world has heard of P. B. Randolph, the celebrated subject of the sub-joined brief sketch; but all the world does not really and truly *know the man*! and save as facts and thoughts gleaned from his writings posted the people, perhaps they never would have known him but for the extraordinary occurrences which culminated in his arrest, and afforded a fine opportunity for pen-drivers to ventilate their cheap and lean wit and humor. The case is quite extraordinary; for a man is arrested and jailed like a common felon, not for what he *did* say, do and write; but for what he did *not* say, do and write! It is not the grossness or enormity of a charge brought against a defendant which does the damage to his name and repute, but those that are *proven*. Remember this as you read this curious sketch of a curious man's life.

The materials of this brochure are culled from various sources: the biographical part of it was copied from Mr. Randolph's own manuscripts, and portions from published sketches of his career that have appeared from time to time in various journals of the country.

The whole tale of his life is truthful, and its moral is, that genius has a rough road to travel, as well now as in the days of poor Dick Savage, Cornelius Agrippa, Crichton, and our own Edgar A. Poe,—men to whom, in very many respects, P. B. Randolph bears a very striking mental likeness.

As, on Sunday, Feb. 25th, 1872, the accused man stood fretting behind the dungeon bars,—to which, for private ends, *not* the cause of public morals, he had been consigned; as he stood there friendless, unvisited by a single living human being,—of the thousands who knew it, and hundreds whom in better days he had benefited, and fool-like! thought they'd remember him in the dark days; proving again that this learned Theban had not yet developed common sense, else had he known that injuries are graven in steel; benefits written in running sand! for if you harm a person he is sure never to forget it; if you do him a kindness the memory thereof lasts just as long as does the hole you punch in the water with your finger—after you take your finger out!—as he stood there behind the thick round iron bars, vainly endeavoring to allay with his wet tongue, the keen anguish of his frozen lips—an “accident” that happened to him in one of the two cells he occupied during the time of his imprisonment; an imprisonment that would have been very much shortened, but for the absence from Boston of “Everybody's Friend,” one of the best men who ever breathed,—LORENZO D. GROSVENOR, the reformed Shaker,—who was, unfortunately for Randolph, absent in New Hampshire, whither he had gone to perform the last, sad, burial office of a departed friend,—had that good man have been within call,

Randolph had not been imprisoned an hour, nor compelled to part with the last dollar he owned on the earth.

Well, the people in and of the prison were curious to know why the "Learned Pundit," as he was called, was there, and one of them asked, — through the bars — what was the nature of the offence for which he was there. Being of a very nervous, sensitive make-up, suffering keenly, and to a degree not appreciable by men of coarser mould, — almost longing for death, — he concluded that to talk and tell somewhat of the story of his life would, perhaps, distract his attention from his position and relieve the dreadful pressure, and maybe keep at bay the demon of madness then fiercely tugging at his heartstrings and battering at his brain. So he answered and said: —

I have loved not wisely but too muchly; and my father did so before me! For this inherited bias I have suffered and paid extremely dear. Yet were my career to be run again I would not have it different; save in that I should follow the counsel of an Oriental friend of mine, who said at parting, "O Genius, Genius, beware of the Beats!" Now, if I had my life to live over, I should never cease to cultivate affection, but would be mighty careful what and whom I lavished it upon, — that's all!

In the early part of my life, I used to cry — for milk, mainly. After that, I wanted cream, but got only sour whey, — as a general thing. In the middle of life I learned to moan, and now in the twilight I'm trying to laugh; but it is hard to do so, just now! Fame and slander, what "they say," are, after all, of but little account to a man, if his heart is true! Mine is! Place, position, wealth, are good in their way, but will not satisfy any man alone. We have only ourselves to judge in the final issue, and if we feel that we've done the best we could, it is all well, and we need not fear the rough music of scandalous tongues. This is just as I feel as I begin to give you this rapid sketch of my curious career.

Of my mother I know little; of my father much less. I love *her* memory, but never cared a single straw for him. Her name was Flora. She had been the wife of two husbands. My recollections of her are confined to a flogging she gave me for stealing sweetmeats, — a weakness born within me, and of which I never have been cured, and never expect to be, although the *kinds* have not always been the same; for in youth I loved cakes, candies and preserves; since then the animated kind, albeit I never committed a crime for love or anything else, — and *never* degraded an innocent member of my mother's sex.

My earliest recollections are of the Bellevue almshouse, New York city, in or about the year of the great cholera, 1832, I think, to which place my mother was sent with the small-pox from her residence down town. Such was the law, — a wise one too. I went with her, — a wee little bit of a man. The disease blinded her, and one day she died, but not till my strange inner life had already begun. That life I have portrayed in several of my books, — "*DHOULA BEL*" especially; also in "*Love, The Master Passion*," "*Dealings with the Dead*," "*After Death*," or "*The Disembodiment of Man*," in "*Soul World*," "*Waa Gumah*," "*Ravalette*," "*The Rosicrucian's Story*," — above all, in "*Casca Llanna*," especially my affec-

tional life and experience, a very bitter one, — and others; wherefore it need not be repeated here. I owe my successes, — mental, — to my conglomerate blood; my troubles and poverty to the same source, for I *never* had but few true friends: never was loved for myself alone; yet have been an unwavering friend to others, and have loved to madness all my life long! It was my nature, and there was a natural reason for it, which will appear as this sketch advances. My mother was once a beautiful *sang melle* of various strains of blood. She had some Madagascan, French, Spanish, Indian and Oriental in her, all of which I have, and several others besides, as English, Celtic, Cymrian, Teutonic and Moorish, all within a period of two hundred and eighty years, — at least so says the Herald's college of England, — for several of these conspired to form the rather strange and cranky breed of men known as the Randolphs on one side of my line, — how near the truth I do not know, neither do I care, further than to regret the facts; because not a great sinner myself, yet I have suffered more than fifty malefactors' deaths; whence I conclude three things: that the sins of the fathers *are* visited upon the children; that mine must have been great rascals; and that I have fully paid their debt and my own to boot, since when, on the eighth day of October, 1825, in the house number seventy Canal street, New York City, near the Hudson River, Flora Beverly Randolph gave me to sorrow and the world.

When she went to Heaven, my half-sister Harriet took me to bring up. Out of her hands I passed into those of a *ci-devant* English actress, of Simpson's Park Theatre, New York, named Harriet Jennings, née Whitehead, and those of her husband — on the *European plan*! — George Jennings, a high-toned sporting character, gambler, and so forth. Here I learned the art of begging, for I had to take my basket and solicit cold victuals from door to door to maintain the family larder, while he drove her to the sale of her charms to supply the domestic exchequer. Thus at less than ten years old I had become proficient in knowledge of the shady side of human nature, which had better have been postponed to a riper and steadier period of life. Up to my fifteenth year I was cuffed and kicked about the world; from my fifteenth year to the present time, the pastime has been varied, — that is, I have been kicked and cuffed; and I fully understand what is meant by "grin and bear it." Sometimes I have kicked back, and then got bruised all the more for doing so.

I am behind these prison-bars on a charge of being an inciter to free love, and the whole town is agog because they think they have brought "the Learned Pandit" to bay. Were the fight on my side, wholly my own, little would I care. But it so happens that there's a pretty girl in my heart, and I must so conduct the battle that she shall not come to grief and want and dire tribulation. "Ah!" said the questioner, "then you really love that pretty little girl! I'd like to see the female capable of engaging *all* such a soul as yours." — "Well, sir, you can; here she is," — showing the photograph of a girl of fifteen. "This girl is my daughter, sir, and I'm proud of her; and she is of her father!" — "Ah! Ah!"

Well, up to my fifth year I had attended school less than a year. In my sixteenth year I was a sailor boy; then I went part of one winter to school to a Mr. Dodge, in Portland, Maine, and *that* completed all the *outside* schooling I ever had, — but then I have had a deal of *underside*, *top-side* and *inside* schooling,



until now they say I'm a very learned man—just as if all the languages on earth, all the mathematics, ologies, and pathies combined can *really* educate a *man*!

In my seventeenth year I got religion at a revival meeting *under* the hill, and lost it that same night near the gun-house, *on top* of the hill; for a pretty girl whom I went home with told me when we reached that locality that "if I was going to be a spooney I must look out for another gal, for *she* couldn't stand any sich nonsense as that!" hence when I got up the hill as far as the gun-house, my load, like Christian's, fell off,—and stayed off for a long time,—and I lifted up my voice and said, "Susie, I'll be dod durned if you aint better'n any religion I know anything about!—and I'm going to let it slide,"—and it slid. What I said to that pure, sweet girl,—now in heaven,—I *still* believe in so far as any religion I have carefully watched the workings of is concerned. But I anticipate.

Of course during my sailor life, which lasted from my fifteenth to my twentieth year, I had but little female society, for the most part of those I saw in the various parts of the world were professed ladies, light o' love. And so, too, I early learned the meaning of the term "Free Love."

In those early days, such women hid themselves by day, and called their trade by its proper name. But since *they* died, a new lot have sprung up in the land, who shine on Public Rostra, and elevate their calling into a divine art, and transcendently moral institution. So great a difference has time wrought since then, and so marked a change is there between *THIS* and *THAT*, and *NOW* and *THEN*!

As I proved a true son of Adam at the gun-house, and gave up Eden for Paradise, just as the old man did before me, if the genesisic tale be true,—so have I tried to be in my way, an honest way, ever since.

I was born in love, of a *loving* mother, and what she *felt*, that have I lived, because I am the exact living counterpart of her feelings, intense passions, volcanic, fiery, scorific; her love, higher than heaven, deeper than death; her agony, terrible as a thousand racks! her hope and trust, fervent, enduring, solid as steel, unbreakable as the lightning, which blazes in the sky! her loneliness, I have been a hermit all my days, even in the midst of men; in a word, I am the exact expression of that woman's states of body, emotion, mind, soul, longings, spirit, aspirations, when she took in charge the incarnation of the soul of him now chafing behind these prison-bars.

My peculiar characteristics have usually been attributed to a strain of blood not a drop of which flows in my veins, for I, being tawny of hue, am taken for a half-breed Indian, Lascar, East India man, mulatto, quadroon, octoroon, and I know not what else. The facts are that on one side directly, the blood of THE RANDOLPHS bounds,—a fiery torrent, along my veins; Caucasian, aboriginal, and the darker strain mingling therewith is the royal blood, fresh from the veins of the Queen of Madagascar. Not a drop of continental African, or pure negro blood runs through me. Not that it were a disgrace were it so, but truth *is* truth.

Perhaps people who know aught of ethnology will now see why I am what I am. From birth I breathed a rich, voluptuous atmosphere, because I breathed

my mother's sphere, and drank in love from *her* bosom. I was incarnate love, and my thoughts ever ran in that direction. Is it any marvel then that my entire soul was given up to studies of the master passion of human kind? or that I wrote book after book on love, which the world has long since declared to be nearly matchless, so far as the treatment of that grand theme is concerned? I think not, for I solemnly believe I was born on purpose to talk and write upon that one eternal theme; for I began to love nearly a year before I was born, and have kept it up till this very day and hour. Now do not mistake me; I never was low in my tastes; on the contrary, I have been inspired by a lofty love from the hour my mother left me for heaven!

The great trouble with me through life has been a too ready credulity. On that rock I have often struck. When a man said he was my friend, or a woman—some hundreds of both—told me she “loved” me, I believed both, and never yet failed to get bit for my “folly.” This silly trait of my character has been the cause of nearly all I ever suffered; and yet I could not help believing, cannot even *now*, in this very bitter hour, for my heart is full of love to all mankind, nor lurks there any revengefulness toward any,—even those who left my side when the storms came down, or the dark phalanx, who blindly cried havoc, and bitterly assailed me. I won't be a hypocrite either, and say I love my foes, for I do not, nor does any one else. On the contrary, I desire to see the wrong-doers punished,—to see this entire set suffer as I have suffered, until their own souls shall cry “Hold, we wronged him, and the penalty is paid!”

How curious a thing is fate or destiny! I firmly believe my lot was cast where for a time I should be entirely surrounded by cyprians, rogues, and hypocrites, as for the six months prior to April 16th, 1872,—that I might learn, and be ripened, as that the sun shines in the sky; hence I do not curse my enemies, nor turn the other cheek to be smitten. I wish them all in heaven, and the sooner they arrive there the better I shall like it; or, that while they remain on earth they may experience the delights of having three or more successive mothers-in-law; *that* would satisfy me perfectly. And yet the question comes up, Can any of these men who have wronged me, can any of those at whose hands I have unfairly suffered in this world, ever be happy, dead or alive, so long as my soul—immortal as the *ETERNAL'S*—treasures up the bitter memory, my life blasted by their love of gold and slander? *I think not*; and devote the next ten centuries of supra-mortal life to the solution of the very tremendous problem. Certain it is that, knowing somewhat of the laws of mind, soul, justice, and of my own enduring and vehement nature, I don't think they'll enjoy heaven while I am anywhere consciously within the domains of the universe. There are about a dozen on what I call my eternity list, who will *not* be happy till I withdraw the sentence, which I cannot before they sorrow for their sin. I believe this to be an eternal principle, imminent, positive, founded in mind. When the world understands it, and governs itself accordingly, the good time coming will be close at hand. Speed the day when it shall be so understood, and abided by!

The mother-mark of love within, around, upon, and all through my nature was not a bad thing to have, in view of a possible eternity ahead; but not so

comfortable so far as this world is concerned, because it often made me the dupe and victim of people whom, in some respects, I felt and knew were not my equals. Thus it happened that much money, which I had worked hard for, easily slipped out of my hands into those of knaves. For instance, a whilom "Telegraph-academy" founder, and ex-proprietor of "The Montreal Hearthstone," Thomas H. Churchill, liked me so well, that—before I knew he had ran away from Canada, for Canada's good—he borrowed all my spare cash on a very long lease. And, while that confidence operation was still fresh, I allowed an unprincipled adventuress, from Dighton, Providence, and the "queer" parts of New York, to draw me into another speculative scheme, because she *would keep saying*, "*Je t'aime, je vous aime!*" and I, poor ninny, believed her, and lost all the rest of my capital, while she, ah, but she cut a gorgeous swell in black velvet and jockey hat along the principal thoroughfare of the centre of the universe—and I dining on "one fish-ball" at Presho's—but he, good man, always gave *bread* along with it—but she took her quail on toast at Fera's or Stumpke's "Avon café."

This soft spot in my heart struck up and made an equally soft one just under the crown of my hat. It constantly prompted implicit reliance on man, woman, or child, who professed friendship, or something akin thereto; and bitterly has the folly been, not atoned for, but punished.

At this point, Mr. Interviewer, I desire you to understand once for all, that when I speak of the love within me I *never* mean the mere amative instinct of either the human or the brute,—no matter whether on four feet or but two,—but I *do* mean that loftier liking, midway between acquaintanceship and blind, infatuated adoration. [See what Fowler says below.—EDITOR.]

"Some friends of Mr. Randolph's, on the 12th of Oct., '69, prevailed upon him to be examined phrenologically by O. S. Fowler. The result is here given; but while many points are strikingly correct and true, yet the whole is infinitely short of a true and full delineation of one who unquestionably occupies a place in the front ranks of the original men of this or any other age.

Impetuosity, sir, is your predominant characteristic. You are built on the high-pressure principle, from the soles of your feet clear up to the end of the top-most hair on your head. You literally go by steam, and with all your might. Be a little careful not to carry it to extremes, for you carry too many pounds to the inch. Your energy is therefore tremendous, partly because what you want at all you want awfully, and must have it, and what you do at all you just do *all over*, so that success always has crowned your efforts. You have not any lazy bones in your body, and but that you have a good constitution this tremendous energy would soon break you down. So be careful. Your power to withstand disease is really wonderful. You can wear on, when many others would wear out; so pile on the work, for you can endure its wear and tear, and you may calculate to live to a good old age, unless you die suddenly, which is possible. A tendency to extremes is your greatest fault, and your chief virtues proceed from the same source. When angry, you are *very* angry. What you say at all, you say *very* emphatically! Your descriptive powers are certainly remarkable. Highly excitable yourself, you excite other people, and of course gather a great many around you to sympathize with, and help you; and this is increased by

your hearty friendship. You magnetize them and impress them so that they harness themselves into your team, but you rarely harness yourself into theirs. You are fond of children, and interest those younger than yourself. Are attached to home, and thoroughly patriotic. Have the elements of a soldier, but would be too reckless. Are most intensely attached to the ladies. Your love is of an ardent — extremely ardent kind; and because you carry things to an undue extreme, you will love a woman to death, or else hate her correspondingly, and may some time find your love suddenly turned. So be careful. Your lady-love must be light-complexioned, a blonde, not a brunette; negative, not positive; submissive, not "woman's rights"; not marred by any personal blemishes; not given to fault-finding or scolding; very proper in her behavior towards gentlemen; religious, clinging, doating, dependent, reserved, fond of money, close-fisted. In other respects she must consult your own tastes; but she must be of good size, and it would not do for her to be a coquette.

You are so firm as to be doggedly obstinate. You never undertook anything wherein you did not succeed, and which you did not complete. Perseverance is one of your very strongest traits; you are even blindly so. You are an out-and-out Radical in everything, *and so far in advance of public opinion as to be constantly martyred.* You make a good many friends, but you make some obstinate enemies. You believe next to nothing; *are governed by correct motives; endeavor to do what is just.* *Are a man of genuine conscientiousness.* Are hopeless, so much so, that a kind of desperation evinces itself, yet you seem to be one of the most reckless of men. **YOU ARE THE VERY SOUL OF HONOR!** you let no man trifle with your character. Your reputation is sacred. Are not conservative enough. Please remember that your radicalism carries you to an undue extreme (measured by the popular, ordinary standard) — so temper off a little; you are apt to be too denunciatory of those who don't come to your time. You are endowed with a strong, clear, vigorous, original intellect; **ARE A MAN IN MANY, MANY THOUSANDS.** Are very remarkable for memory of facts and circumstances; but poor enough in memory of names and dates. Abundant in order, — every little thing must be in its own place. Are grasping in your efforts to make money; but spend it without effort or sufficient care. Ought to have a guardian in financial matters; are not well calculated to take good care of your own money. Need a close wife, who will save up. Need more policy, for you are a great deal too blunt for your own good. **YOU ARE REALLY GREAT IN ARGUMENT** — remarkable for originality and clearness. Are sharp-witted and a natural critic; remarkable for weaving all the facts you ever learn. Are offhand in everything; as it were, inspired by the occasion and do the best in your offhand efforts. Express yourself handsomely; talk freely; say in the best manner what you say at all, and are every way calculated to make your mark. Your natural place is as a speaker, and on reform subjects; next to that, writing and publishing; but do what you will, you will make a sensation. You are utterly unfit for anything pecuniary or commercial.

The last sentence my life has proven to be true; and I often wonder how it feels to have a genuine love of lucre.

Why should there be any regrets? Why whine because my heart was full of kindly love, which some folks said was a lower passion? but I defied the proof! defy it still! True, none but libertines and Free-love Freedom-shriekers, of no sex at all, ever made that gross charge against me! and no decent person ever said or even thought it! There are no regrets in my soul, save that I was sometimes so blind as to love those who knew not the sacred meaning of the word; and these, when I have refused their wild bacchanals, and loathingly,

shudderingly turned from their proffered orgies, have, stung to the quick, sedulously sought by lying tongues to drag my name down to the horrible level of their own.

Yet, in some sense this affectional credulity, this blind trust in whoever, of whatever grade, degree, sex or calibre, from crowned kings on their thrones — and some such have said to me, "I am your friend!" — to Pompey Smash on an African lagoon, has been not altogether a curse, for it has taught me the true value of three true men, two of whom I have named in "*Casca Llanna*," — which work contains many of the strange results of my love-life. It has been actually profitable — this strange experience — to the soul within me, inasmuch as that it demonstrated the frightful difference between *Agape* and *Stoga*, — actual love and resemblant passion! — taught me what real womanhood actually is, and pictured on my spirit her real sorrows and actual worth, so as to make me champion her true cause everywhere by speech and pen, and in two instances with a different sort of weapon. The consequence of which has been that all true women have defended me, and howling dervishes only tiraded against my name, — for reasons just stated above!

There's a deal of sham love, friendship, men and women in the world, and to find it out was worth some pain and more trouble.

At this point the first interview ended. Let us now turn to other scenes of his career, the account of which is gleaned from other sources. In 1861 Mr. Randolph visited California, and for ten weeks lectured to admiring and constantly increasing crowds of people, frequently accepting challenges from his audiences to speak on any theme selected by them, and whereof he was wholly uninformed until the moment it was announced to him on the rostrum. And he did this wholly and solely by aid of his own mental power.

Ten weeks from the day of his arrival he quitted the Golden State, having resolved to visit the Orient, for the purpose of gathering information respecting human antiquity and ethnology, and treading spots sacred from associations connected with Christ, Plato, Mahomet and other great characters. This idea he carried out, and in 1861-2 successively visited England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Malta, Egypt, Arabia, Syria, Palestine, Turkey, and Greece, — the result being his celebrated book "*Pre-Adamite Man*," whereof three editions were exhausted in a little over eight months. This volume he dedicated to ABRAHAM LINCOLN, then President — at the expressed desire of that great martyr.

At the President's suggestion, Mr. Randolph, in 1864, went to New Orleans, and entered on the great work of educating the children of the freed people, with what success, let the hundreds of grateful parents and children testify.

The life motto of this man has been and is —

"Pledged to no sect; to no creed confined;  
The world my home, my brethren ALL mankind;"

and strenuously tried he to live up to it. In 1853, he was a very prominent actor in a then new Reformatory party, whose blazon was free speech, free thought, free men, and yet when he acted upon their motto, was stigmatized as



recreant and traitor, by the very people who declared themselves his well-wishers and friends. One of the leading ones especially for long years proclaimed himself his "friend," yet in every possible way, neglect included, gave the lie to his verbal protestations, even in face of the notorious fact that in the infancy of the movement, Randolph had bravely stood by and helped that very man in his then uphill work. But in the day of dollars, the great leader practically ignored and rejected Mr. Randolph, reminding the writer of that other hero of whom 'tis said:—

"It grieved him sore, when making Frenchmen die,  
To any inconvenience to put them;  
It quite distressed his people he would cry,  
That he must cut their throats,  
And then he cut them!

"And thus through many a campaign  
He cut and carved, and cut and come again;  
Still pitying and killing!  
Lamenting sorely for men's souls,  
While pretty little eyelet holes  
Clean through their bodies, he kept drilling."

Almost entirely alone stood he for weary years, for there was a tacit understanding among thousands to crush him out. How wonderfully well the "New York Herald's" words fit him:—

"The greater effort to keep him down only inspired in him the greater energy of will. Regarded by many as of the Don Quixote school of enthusiasts, and fighting windmills, he yet fought with a lustiness of purpose and honesty of determination that elicited commendation of his heroic endeavors, though often fruitlessly expended in what plainly foreshadowed itself as a hopelessly lost cause. Fighting against odds was his element. No amount of defeats daunted him. Pushed under at one point, he rose to the surface elsewhere, as fiery, impetuous, determined as ever. These remarks apply more particularly of course to the time, so to speak, when he was in the zenith of his reformatory measures. For the past two or three years he has enjoyed comparative obscurity—an obscurity, however, more his own election than the result of the strenuous opposition he had to combat. There was a good deal of the Timon of Athens in his nature. The *soubriquet* 'The Comet-man' applied to him, was the popular recognition of this strongly dominant trait. Embittered like Timon, and his confidence in human integrity shaken, if not wholly lost, he voluntarily exiled himself from the ignoble strife."

The life-record of such a strange, conglomerate being, is itself a romance exceeding any ever put on paper by ambitious novelist. That of Jean Jaques Rousseau is not comparable to it; for Alexander Dumas, *pere*, declared that Randolph's (his friend) life and adventures in a dozen directions, would afford the groundwork of a score of D'Artagnans, Monte Cristos and "Admirable" Crichtons, in everything except wealth. Born in New York of conglomerate parentage, he is all nations beneath one hat, possessing the brilliancy of many, and solidity of all; for this curious being, who taught himself to read and write, at twenty-five had absolutely mastered the spirit of both science and philosophy,

and at that age was anxiously on the lookout for more worlds to conquer. This opinion is finely confirmed and demonstrated by the writer of a letter received by Mr. Randolph, on the twenty-first of March, 1872, an extract of which is here given *verbatim*, the original being in the writer's possession:—

“OSWEGO, N. Y., March 18, 1872.

“P. B. RANDOLPH: One thing you know as well as I or any one can tell you, that you, as far as the hereafter, and the occult is concerned, are A THOUSAND YEARS too soon for most people! They cannot appreciate you or your works. ‘Spiritualists’ need not be counted out neither, as a general thing. If I could leave I would go to you at Boston, and while away the balance of my mortal life in study, and investigating the occult sciences you treat of in your works. There is one thing that must bring to you some sweet reflections on your downward journey to the grave, and that is, when you have passed to the ‘Beyond,’ you will have the satisfaction of knowing that, among the countless millions that have peopled this globe, there never was found BUT ONE P. B. RANDOLPH, and what he did no other human being *could* do, or could learn to do!—the influence of which will be felt while time and eternity shall last! *Rather sweet reflections those!*

“Yours truly,

“L. B. RICE.”

Again, about the same time, on this very point of extraordinary knowledge, alluding to one of his works, Mr. R. received the following

#### HIGH COMMENDATION FROM A COMPETENT EXPERT.

“ROOM 61, PENSION BUREAU,  
WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 19, 1871.

“P. B. Randolph, author of *Seership*:—

“MY DEAR BROTHER: I have read the first part of ‘The Mysteries of the Magnetic Universe,’ and proclaim it to be the most comprehensive, clearest and best work on clairvoyance, and how to induce it, that I have ever seen. In my judgment, it will meet great acceptance by all who are interested in this occult science. I would recommend it to their attention. You erred, I think, in publishing so small an edition, as it necessarily enhances the price; yet I would not part with my copy for five times its cost if I could not obtain another. Please send me ‘James Fisk, Jr., His Secret, &c.’ Enclosed is twenty-five cents therefor.

“Your friend and brother,

“GEORGE WHITE.”

This ability sprung from a restless determination to fathom the most intricate subtleties of every subject which his intellect could even attempt to grasp; while as a close, cogent reasoner, few surpassed this concrete man. Tens of thousands there be all over this broad land who have sat or stood for long hours, actually spellbound beneath the flood and torrent of his matchless and magnetic eloquence; and yet he failed to realize the just reward for it; and when actually reduced to a pound of crackers, and the necessity of broiling his own herring to eat with it, has been known scores of times to positively refuse to speak for fees varying

from twenty-five to one hundred and fifty dollars, "because," said he, "the time hasn't come!" Thus how very true it is that :—

"Genius, restive, refuses now to fly,  
And reap rich laurels from the bonding sky;  
But moody sits, disdainful high to soar,  
And plays with marbles, childlike, on the floor."

This trait made foes for Mr. Randolph, for he *would not* lend himself to speculators. These foes increased in number, and, unlike most men, who lose their power and foes at the same time, he added to both until his ill star culminated in a criminal arrest, and then it set, and it is believed set forever, because it gave his real friends an opportunity of doing him a service in spite of himself.

The pebbles in our pathway make us more foot-sore than the huge rocks we stoutly climb. And it was the smaller annoyances, born of petty spite and envy that mostly grieved the subject of this sketch; but believing, with Lord Brougham, that "The word 'impossible' is the mother-tongue of little souls," Mr. Randolph never uttered or even thought it. "When I wrote my works," said he, "I *meant* every word I penned, hence decreed their immortality in advance," and he spoke the truth. During the past twenty five years, at least a score of thousand of new writers have tried their wings, and most of them, books and writers, have fallen into the deep sea of forgetfulness. Not so with those sent forth by this lone toiler in a garret. Take up and read nine hundred works out of nine hundred and ten, and when you finish their perusal, that's the last of them for you. True there will be many of them which will so impress themselves upon you that their memory will never wholly fade away; but take up any one of Randolph's books, and the memory will so haunt you as to compel a re-reading again and again, and every time you do so fresh new thoughts continually flash out upon you from the magic pages. That results from the great mass of works being the labor of skilled talent, while such as Randolph's are the bold, untrained utterances of genius.

If greatness consists partly in doing and producing much with means which, in the hands of others, would have been insufficient, then Randolph possesses that constituent of greatness; if greatness means power and ingeniousness to concentrate the gifts and talents of many on one point, to inspire them with sympathy and enthusiasm for the same end, and to make them gladly contribute toward it, then he was great; if it is great to see from earliest manhood the main end of one's individual life, and steadily to pursue it to the very end with the highest gifts of nature, then he was great; if it pertains to greatness to soar high, indeed, in the one selected sphere, but to be trivial or puerile in none—on the contrary, to retain a vivid sympathy with all that is noble, beautiful, true and just, then he was great; if it is a characteristic of greatness to be original and strike out new paths,—indeed, even to prophetic anticipations,—but to refuse the good of no antecedent, then he was great; if greatness requires marked individuality, which yet takes up all the main threads that give distinctness to the times we live in; if inventive and interleaving imagination, which gathers what is scattered, and, grandly simplifying and uniting the details, rears a temple, is

a concomitant of greatness, his mind and soul possessed it. If truly great men are not jealous and are void of envy, are full of inspiring ambition, but free from a desire to keep competitors down — Randolph showed no envy, nothing that destroys true greatness.

No one has ever heard from his lips any indication from which it might be surmised that he shared in that superciliousness with which modern philosophers and thinkers not unfrequently look upon other sciences and branches of knowledge. On the contrary, he took the deepest interest in human society, and all the branches which treat of men and social beings. He never fell into the grievous error of considering matter, space, force, and time of higher importance than mind, society, right and goodness.

In 1866, Mr. Randolph was a red-hot politician,—he is not so incandescent latterly, mainly, by reason of other pursuits,—but at that time he was a delegate from Louisiana to the Southern Loyal Convention, held in Philadelphia, and as such helped perform the celebrated "Political Pilgrimage" through the Northern States to Lincoln's tomb in Illinois. At the end of the affair the Chicago Tribune published the subjoined article on the man who had done so much toward what he regarded as the best good of the land: —

The art of public speaking is one that thousands of every race, hue and clime attempt; and many are the failures, few the great successes achieved; for it is not every man who holds within himself the elements that enter into the composition of a great speaker, for it is equally true of oratory as of its sister Divine Art, Music, that

"Few can touch the magic string,  
And noisy Fame is glad to win them.  
Alas! for those that cannot sing,  
But die with all their music in them."

It is related of an ambitious aspirant for popular *eclat* that he prepared a grand oration, which he intended to pronounce at the dedication of a bridge, somewhere in New Hampshire, firmly persuaded that on the success of his efforts depended the weal or woe of present men and future generations. The worthy young lawyer had committed his speech to memory, and had it, as the play-house people say, "Dead-letter perfect," for many and oft were the times he had delivered it in the solitudes of his chamber, with all its flourishes, beauties, lights, shades, graces, intonations, gestures and genuflexions, to the intense satisfaction of himself and his shadow in the mirror, the verdict being that he had a dead sure thing, and no mistake. At length the long-looked-for and eventful day came, all bright and sunny, whereon the bridge was to be duly and solemnly dedicated to its future uses, and the magnificent speech delivered in thrilling tones to the tinkling ears of to-be entranced and captivated thousands. The hour came, and the candidate for laurelled honors stepped forward, and, bowing lowly to the expectant throng, opened his lips, and to his utter horror and consternation, found that he had utterly forgotten *every word* of his oration, save the introduction. "Follow-citizens, forty years ago this bridge was a portion of the howling wilderness," — and there he stuck, for not another sentence could he utter of the speech that was to captivate all hearts. Abashed, crest-fallen, but by no means conquered, he speedily regained his self-possession, and went on,—"Forty years ago, I repeat, this bridge was part and parcel of the roaring solitude of the howling, damp, foggy and noisome wilderness. I repeat, fellow-countrymen, that on the great and momentous occasion referred to — namely,

forty years ago—this bridge constituted a portion of an interminable waste, where no green thing—as now—reared its head and met the eye; no sounds, odorous, and soul-subduing, of gurgling brooks and limpid streams, combined with the terrific roar of rushing torrents, fell upon the startled ear of the wandering hosts of mankind, or disturbed the savage tranquillity of serene and gorgeous nature! Exactly forty years ago this bridge was part of the wilderness, and—and I wish to God it had remained so and stayed there!’ and breaking hopelessly down, that orator became totally extinguished, and went out in a blaze of funny glory.

This country, with its free institutions, newspapers, schools, colleges, popular ballot elections and general diffusion of knowledge among the people, has been very prolific of orators, not a few of whom have been indeed great, while thousands of others, just falling short of “grasping the keys of fame,” have yet reached high places in the Pantheon of great speakers; nor can there be a doubt that were it possible to put Cicero, Cato, and Demosthenes side by side with some orators who are native to our fruitful soil, in an effort to move men’s pulses, and stir the popular heart with fluent speech and eloquence, in a fair trial, the latter would easily bear away the olive crown and laurel wreath from the men of auld lang syne; they would, in such a trial, unquestionably bear off the palm of victory from their hoary rivals of the olden days of Greece and Rome, great and powerful as they confessedly were.

Upon the brightest pages of American oratory inscribed are the names of many a noble, and terrible master of speech, among which are the immortal ones of Patrick Henry, Rufus Choate, Daniel Webster, of whom it said he was “godlike,” and that of Wendell Phillips, accounted—not justly—the king of living speakers—for to-day he has a rival so great that he must look well to his laurels,—and that rival the great Octoroon of Louisiana, “He stands alone.” Then there was John Randolph, of Roanoke,—a blood relative of P. B., of New Orleans,—both eccentric sons of Old Virginia, and the speech of either alike double-edged, sharp as a razor, and which cuts its way through the listeners like a charge of needles powder-impelled. But of the two, by those who have sat spellbound beneath the eloquent speech of both, the Octoroon stands first as an orator, and yields nothing either on the score of intellectual ability, eccentricity, or absolute and unequivocal independence of character. Looming up, a giant among men, stands John C. Calhoun, the grand apostate to liberty, but none the less a great orator. Side by side with these mighty men stands Henry Clay, the “Mill Boy of the Slashes,” Preston King, and, ahead of all, A. J. Hamilton, of Texas,—the magnificent Boanerges of all modern speakers, when the thunders of his soul are up. He infinitely surpasses in force and power the redoubtable orator of Peterboro, Gerrit Smith,—himself a speaker of rare excellence, of the same gigantic physical mould, the same deep and thunderous orotund,—as far as Smith eclipses the last new stumper of Iowa, the last Rackensack roarer that politics has turned up to the surface.

Even females in this free land have won fame and wealth, as public speakers, and command full houses, at good prices, wherever they go. Nor can these facts be attributed to morbidity on the part of the public—a mere idle curiosity to hear a woman speak, that being such an every-day affair as to excite little notice in itself considered, especially since the advent of Woman’s Rights. Passing by the mass included in this last category, there are a few whose claims, being based on inborn genius, are not to be disputed. Then we have the pretty Quakeress, Anna Dickinson, and her swarthy rival, Ellen Watkins Harper; a pair so equally matched that, save on the score of youth and beauty—wherein Anna has an immense advantage—it is hard to decide which is the better of the twain. Rivalry on this prolific field is not confined to sect or race, for even the despised negro, pure and unmixed, has dared to enter the lists, and of this class Martin R. Delany, Henry H. Garnett, and towering away above all others,



physically as mentally, stands Samuel Ringgold Ward, black as night, eloquent as Cassius, and in a fair fight rather more than a match for the mixed blood, Fred Douglass — the latter of whom, at an early stage of the irrepressible conflict between Slavery and Freedom, got the inside track of all his rivals, and managed to keep it until within a very short period: Everybody has heard or read of D., a man of mixed Caucasian blood, in equal halves, and who, escaping from slavery, became famous in the land, ranked high among public speakers, and challenged a place in the front rank with the best and most finished talkers that were on the stage or rostrum. His case and career are exceptional, for he rose not alone by force of his undoubted talent, but mainly by and through the persistent and powerful aid of not easily wearied friends, wherein he differs greatly from P. B. Randolph, who never had a party, and who burst upon the world solely by force of his own resistless genius — for he *is* a genius, and that, too, of the first water, as all will concede who have ever heard him, or read his great work on human antiquity, "Pre-Adamite Man," or "Ravalette," or "Tom Clark," or "The Grand Secret," — titles of a few of his many works all written prior to his thirty-fifth year, and after he had thrice circumnavigated the globe. D. has written one book, a narrative of personal adventure. Randolph has written twelve works, dealing with a hundred sciences and the profoundest problems of philosophy. D.'s friends constituted a party, powerful enough after years of struggle, to give tone, shape and color to the entire system of American politics, and had wealth and warmth; while Randolph studied out in the cold, and actually begged his bread from door to door, and all because he steadily refused to follow any leader or be hampered by any party whatever; firmly believing in himself, he knew his power, and was from the start certain of the result he aimed at — and has reached. These two men are powers among the people, albeit the D. of twelve years ago could discount the D. of to-day; for age, and the long wear and tear of years have dimmed the fire of his eye and heart, and swift, prolific tongue. Supreme among his race for five and twenty years, he can well afford to retire before a greater power, content with laurels such as few men of any race, much less his own, have won on this or any other continent. How well do we remember when slavery existed, how D., whose great *forte* was special pleading, attacked it; with what remorseless venom he assailed the Fugitive-Slave law, and with gall-tipped lips pierced its heart with fiery shafts, making the wrong-doers writhe again beneath the torture of his sarcastic lash. But slavery is no more. That battle has been fought and won, and Douglass' occupation is gone. True there remains the war for franchise, and he strikes well and strikes home for that, yet he is the General Scott in the contest, and the battle must be fought by younger men.

D. in his day has been a very strong man, and yet while admired by people, was notoriously unloved by them. He always stood above and looked down upon his fellows with *hauteur*. On the contrary, everybody that *knows*, loves Randolph, who, although the ablest man among them on this continent, assumes no arrogance of manner, but is equally at home in the squalid cabin of the freed-man, and at the garnished tables of crowned kings; hence the former never possessed any lasting influence over them; for great as he was, he never had, even in his palmy days, anything like the mental power, activity, energy and intellectual resources of the great Octoroon, who, content to remain in comparative seclusion, patiently biding his time, sprang at a single bound, in the memorable Philadelphia Southern Loyal Convention of September, 1866, not only to the highest place among men, but to the front rank of the mighty minds at the head of that august body — embracing as it did the highest talent and amount of brain, qualitatively and in volume, of any similar body ever convened on this continent. Such a scene as transpired in that Convention was never before witnessed as when he rushed to the speaker's stand and delivered in words of living fire that immortal speech wherein he announced himself as "the voice of four millions

clamoring for justice at the bar of the world!" It was masterly, it was sublime, and as sentence after sentence rolled from his tongue, the effect was irresistible; four thousand people, with one impulse, repeatedly sprang to their feet and rent the air with plaudit after plaudit, until auditors and orator were alike hoarse with vocal exertion. The work was done. Randolph had gained his place, and beyond all question given tone and shape to the practical platforms of American politics. D. sat listening in the hall, and to his eternal credit be it said, was as vehement in his applause as any one present, feeling as he did, that Randolph's victory was his own. Indeed there exists the most brotherly feeling between these two great men, and no one praises D. half so earnestly as Randolph. What an example for true statesmen! D. had no seat in the Convention as did Randolph, because he hailed from the North, for which reason the Louisianian was deputed by the Convention to help perform the memorable pilgrimage to the tomb of the martyred Lincoln, and well did he perform it. Few who were present at the tomb on that beautiful October day will ever forget the solemn scene when a thousand people knelt, and with bare heads and uplifted hands, swore never to rest until the American flag should wave peacefully and undisturbed over every foot of Columbia's soil; nor the sublime spectacle of Randolph, with tears falling like rain upon the sod, kneeling at the door of Lincoln's grave, depositing flowers, tear-wet flowers, at the shrine of the man whose pen had stricken the shackles from nearly five millions of the people, and these flowers he had gathered on the way during a journey of several days and hundreds of miles. It was a fitting tribute of an earnest soul to a nation's hero!

The Louisianian—by the way he is of Virginia stock, and located in Louisiana at the express instance of his friend, President Lincoln, to labor in the great educational interests of that State—under the management of Branscomb, the Holyoke lawyer, an honorary member of the convention, who, as Chairman of the Pilgrimage Committee, determined at the start to put him to the severest possible test, with what motive himself best knew, and, therefore, invariably pitted him on the same platform with the ablest men of that immortal thirty-eight, with Stencil Paschall, Davis and Sherwood, of Texas; Maynard, Stokes, Bokaum, Patterson and Brownlow, of Tennessee; Griffin, of Alabama; Moss, of Missouri; Stewart, of Maryland; Warmouth, of Louisiana; and repeatedly with Hamilton, of Texas, conceded to be the leading orator of the continent, and second to no man now living. And yet the brave little Octoroon never once flinched or declined Branscomb's challenge to try conclusions with the best of them, either on the score of mere oratory or profound statesmanship; and with what success, the united plaudits of the entire American press unitedly testify; for at every point where he spoke, through nine different States, addressing in the aggregate, full half a million people, he never once failed to challenge the closest attention, and command the deepest and most enthusiastic applause, by not merely his wit and resistless humor, readiness at repartee, but by his profound, original, statesmanlike, and masterly discussions of the principles of government, the mighty issues at stake, and his withering rebuke of corruption in high places of the land.

As previously remarked, Randolph considers himself as no man's rival, hence an utter absence of all jealousy or envy. Indeed, there is no need of it on the score of fame, for his reputation is world-wide, and in England and France he took front rank as on his native soil; nor on the score of popularity, for thousands flock to hear him at all points, albeit he never fails to make as good a speech, when storms give him slim audiences,—which is a very rare occurrence,—as when hundreds stand for want of seats.

As compared with D—, Randolph has not the same sarcastic power, or grimace, but excels him in description, word-painting, language, apostrophe, appeal, denunciation,—terrible, swift, merciless, and crushing,—and, withal, is an actor of such rare power that the scene depicted becomes real to the audi-

ence. Nothing can excel his "Prairie on Fire;" his "Clink, Clink" scene; "The Cobra Copello" adventure; "Democrat in Heaven;" "Descent into the Maelstrom;" "Pat and the Octoroon;" and the inimitable "Bar Fite" away down south in Dixie, at the recital of which people are wont to laugh themselves sore from rib to heel, for his action is ridiculously absurd, while his talk is irresistibly funny.

When he made his famous Philadelphia speech, which, by the way, was by no means up to his usual mark, even the opposition tried hard to drown the voices of the rest by the most vociferous acclamations of applause and delight wrung from them by profound astonishment at the wonderful power displayed. The "New York Independent" at once ranked him as "one of the first of American orators;" and yet, all these praises and panegyrics fell upon his ears like the echoes from a dead wall, and he invariably treated them not as to and for himself, but as the natural and spontaneous recognition and approval of the Right: "I am not P. B. Randolph; I am the voice of God, crying, 'Hold! hold!' to the nation in its mad career! The lips of the struggling millions of the disfranchised demanding Justice in the name of Truth—a Peter the Hermit, preaching a new crusade against Wrong,—the Genius of Progress appealing for schools; a pleader for the people; a toiler for the millions yet unborn; mechanic for the redemption of the world."

Mr. Randolph was the personal friend of Mr. Lincoln, to whom, by the great President's request and permission, Randolph dedicated his famous work on human antiquity, "Pre-Adamite Man," conceded to be an able work, exhaustive of its topic, and now going through its fourth edition. It is a classic of its kind. Being a refugee from his home in the South, by reason of the prominent part he had taken in the Union cause, he made Boston the headquarters of himself and those dependent upon him until the Loyalists' oath is redeemed, and the starry flag becomes respected on every inch of American soil. During the lecture season he will lecture through the States, he having prepared several that are highly spoken of.

Those who miss hearing this extraordinary man, one of the most remarkable characters of the age, will, to quote a great authority, lose a treat not to be had in a quarter of a century.

The subject of the foregoing sketch cared but little for the fine things said, and less for the parallelisms drawn. They are here given for a purpose not at all apparent at this stage of the writing, but will be farther on. Said he, in reply to a letter concerning the material wherefrom this pamphlet is made:—"I do not like to have such things published,—it don't suit me,—and if I do allow them it most assuredly will not be for self-defence or laudation, for I have lived long enough to get cured of *that* inanity;—nor for the praise of people,—caring nothing whatever for that, as I certainly am not afraid of their censures,—for both alike are unjustly given half the time, and neither are worth losing a night's sweet sleep for.

Before me, as I write, are three or four large scrap-books, teeming with just such testimonials as the foregoing, and sprinkled here and there with curt, sharp bitter denunciations and diatribes, false accusations, mainly gotten up for political effect during the memorable political campaign of 1866; while a few are the utterances of fanatics whom I disappointed, and who, failing to be smart enough to mould and use me to their liking, fell to obscene abuse,—*always* the resort of little people every and anywhere. I think I have done some good in

the world, possibly some evil, albeit *never* intentionally,— which will be believed when I am dead, if not before."

The principles underlying Mr. Randolph's life will be found set forth in all his works, and in hundreds of his essays, poems, newspaper articles, songs, letters, lectures and fugitive pieces now floating up and down the sea of literature, translated into five languages,—like shallops of silver on lakes of ink: works too, of a character that ensures their lives long after their struggling author shall have winged his way from this valley of unrest, to the golden country on the other side of time; for they have already given him a lofty place in the pantheon of great thinkers, but not so high a position as he will have a hundred years from now.

A writer in the *UNION GAZETTE* of BUNKER HILL, ILL., in allusion to Mr. Randolph's work, "Sequel to Dealings with the Dead," uses the following language:—

If Dr. Randolph had not been born a *melée*, he would probably have stood an equal chance with other men. And but for the same ill-luck nobody would think it strange that he should be found disputing with the doctors in the temple, or even bearing that title himself. As it is, he must be utterly incapable of giving birth to a single thought, or in any way showing himself worthy of being reckoned a human being. Such is a fair deduction from the premises laid down and reasoned from by those who have long gloried in the title of *democrat*.

Of course, those who deny intelligence to the doctor, will find no difficulty in referring the brilliant scintillations and unique thoughts in which his writings abound, to a supra-mundane or ethereal origin. We prefer giving this world—bad enough at best—credit for all the good that belongs to it; and the "ethereans" can hardly expect a recognition of their services from those who are not the immediate subjects of their ministry. P. B. Randolph probably writes, like other men, with a conscious effort; and though he may sometimes lose sight of the fact that he is in this world, it is nevertheless a fact; nor is it more true in his case than in that of other men, that the gods help those who help themselves.

But we took up our pen simply to call attention to the fact that a new and startling work by Dr. R. is being published weekly in a philosophical paper of Chicago, and also in book-form by himself, in Boston, Mass. The title of the work is, "Sequel to Dealings with the Dead." Its author claims to have looked out through space further than most men, and to have penetrated further into the arcana of nature. Many of his statements seem to border on the marvellous, and yet they are no doubt intended by their author for grave and splendid truths. There is an air of romance about the work, as well as many scientific allusions; and being written in a terse style, as well as earnest spirit, cannot fail to give satisfaction to the general reader, the scholar, and to those who look for a philosophical solution of the question, "If a man die, shall he live again?"

Those who desire to read this thrilling narrative, and much other matter both curious and useful, shouldn't fail to send to the author for it.

A single quotation from the "Sequel," in regard to the fate of genius, may not prove uninteresting, nor without its value as showing the hopeful vein in which the doctor writes.

"Every genius is ticketed for misery in this life; for there's but an angular, one-sided, painful development. A few advantages are purchased at an enormous cost. A short, brilliant, erratic career, more kicks than praises; more flattering leeches than fast friends; rich and joyous to-day, houseless and suffering the pangs of hell to-morrow; understood by God alone; seldom loved till dead;



the victims of bad men, and constant dupes even of themselves! Genius is a bright bauble, but a dangerous possession. Invariably open to two worlds, they are assaulted, coaxed, flattered, led captive on all sides, and the only rest comes with death. And although measurably happy, and entirely relieved of many disabilities on the further shore, they have enormous tasks to do. They are compelled to train all their previously neglected faculties to something like consonance with those few wherewith they startled the world below. For instance: A man who was a great architect, musician, physiologist, painter, sculptor, poet, reasoner, must cultivate all his other faculties until he becomes rounded out: outgrows his special angularities, and be a different man altogether. It is a blessed thing to be able, as I am, to tell all such, and all the other tearful, unknown, sad-hearted, weary souls, the unpitied, unappreciated wives; the struggling, honest man who goes to the wall because he cannot pollute his soul by chicanery and low knavery, whereby coarser men find thrift—I repeat, it is joy to me this night to be able to pen these lines of assurance that in very truth there's rest, and peace, and sweet sleep, and comfort, and sympathy, appreciation, and warmly yearning, loving hearts for them up there. How some of us will rest, when our year of jubilee shall come, and death shall set us free!"

It has long been brought against *the* Randolph that he is angular and eccentric. When was real true-born genius otherwise? Flora, his mother, was said to have been, as is likely, a woman of extraordinary mental activity and physical beauty, nervous, "high strung," and wilful; a native of Vermont, of mingled Indian, French, English, German and Madagascan blood, — she had not a single drop of negro in her veins, nor consequently has her son, the subject of this memoir. The tawny complexion of both mother and son came from her grandmother, a born queen of the Island of Madagascar. It is not necessary to trace events minutely. Suffice it to say, that the father of *the* Randolph was William Beverly Randolph of Virginia; Flora died in 1832, leaving her son practically an orphan. The so-called "angularity," and genius with it, of her son, had its origin in the fact that in his veins run no less than seven distinct varieties, or strains of blood, true negro, or continental African *not* constituting one of them; hence, he is not a mulatto, quadroon; or octoroon, as has been stated, but is probably the most perfect specimen of the composite, or concrete man now living, for it is unquestionably this mingling of various nationalities in him that constitutes the source of his peculiar mental power and almost marvellous versatility. It also accounts for his singular cerebral conformation. Given: a mother, — herself a composite of conflicting bloods, very nervous, somewhat superstitious, poetical, vain, imaginative, aspiring, deeply religious, confiding, stormy, intuitive, spiritual, imperative, imperious, ambitious, physically and mentally active, quick as lightning, exacting, gay and gloomy by turns; now hopeful, *then* despondent; to-day hilarious, to-morrow plunged in sadness; highly sensitive, refined, passionate and passionate, tempestuous; now stubborn and headstrong; cold as ice; full of moods; then Vesuvian, volcanic, loving, yielding, soft, tender, gentle, proud, generous, warm-hearted and voluptuous. And what must the child of such a woman be — but as he is, a genius!

Thus the mother — a mother who while becoming so, *willed* her child to be all she was, all its father was — and more! — and that father wilful, egotistic, boastful, haughty, vain, proud, conceited, sensual, sensuous, ambitious, dictato-



rial, intellectual, prodigal, unstable, variable, resentful, imperative; and all these crystallized and condensed, mingled and mixed in their son; it can easily be seen that he came fairly by his angularities, eccentricities, personal appearance, talent, power and shape of mind. Add to this that while bearing him, his mother was in trouble; had been ill-treated by so-called friends; was thrown back upon herself, forced to eat her own heart, and sought that sympathy from disembodied souls denied her here, and what wonder that the Randolph was born a seer?

After his mother's death, he was cast adrift on the world. Educated himself wholly, never attending school above a year or two at the outside. Incessant study has made him probably one of the best read men in this country. From his twelfth to his twentieth year he was a sailor, and experienced even more than the usual amount of savage treatment and abuse. A severe accident that befell him while chopping wood caused him to abandon the sea, and to learn the dyer's and barber's trade, at both of which he worked, while pursuing his varied and extensive reading, especially on medicine, which profession he followed with marked success, until the breaking out of the war for slavery, during the first two years of which he visited California, Mexico, Central America, England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Turkey, Greece, Syria, Egypt and Arabia. Returning at the hour of the nation's greatest peril, he offered his services to the government, raised and sent into the field a great many colored soldiers, destined at first for the "Fremont Legion," but who joined other corps. During these labors he published his world-renowned work on human antiquity, "Pre-Adamite Man," and ran it through three rapid editions; after which, at President Lincoln's personal request, he went to Louisiana, and for nearly three years did noble duty as an educator of the freed people. When the school system established by General Banks in Louisiana went down under A. Johnson and his "Policy," Mr. Randolph resigned his place, and elaborated a scheme for the establishment of a LINCOLN MEMORIAL HIGH GRADE and NORMAL SCHOOL, for colored teachers, and came North in July, 1866, to further its interests. For one month he labored to collect funds, and succeeded in obtaining nearly five hundred dollars in cash, and promises for a great deal more. Then came the ever-memorable Philadelphia Convention of Southern Loyalists, of which body Mr. Randolph was a constituent, and by it was delegated to campaign against President Andrew Johnson, and the policy he adopted.

At the end of that campaign, the leaders of the party whose cause he espoused, and led on to a signal victory, wholly repudiated, and even openly wronged him, for the Chairman of the Pilgrimage Committee even took from him the sum of sixteen dollars, which had been given him by persons before whom he had spoken,—on the ground that "all contributions were Pilgrimage funds," and yet this self-same "Loyal" Holyoke lawyer enriched himself from the spoils of that self-same campaign. This experience of Radical politics disgusted Randolph, and he withdrew from the soiled pack, never again to be counted in.

After abandoning politics, Mr. R. took up his residence in Boston, Mass., since when all, or nearly all, his time has been mainly employed in the practice

of medicine and publication of various remarkable books now before the world; he having for a time, if not forever, entirely withdrawn from the lecturing field. During his life he had secured the copyrights of all his works, and now, almost literally robbed of all he had in the world, the man is broken, and this sketch is written for the express purpose of telling his story to the world, in the clear confidence that every one who reads it will buy another copy to give away, and also send to Mr. R. for his books. Many can help one; and if this be done,—and you, reader, are respectfully asked to be one to thus help put him on his feet again,—the cost will be little to you, but the good deed will triply pay you.

The originals of the following letters, with hundreds more of like import, are in Mr. Randolph's possession, and fully settle the character of his works, even more fully than do the Press notices, for these last *may* be interested; not so the purchasers of the works.

FLORENCE, KANSAS, August 12, 1871.

I have read your "DEALINGS WITH THE DEAD" (before the work "Soul World" was enlarged); "THE MASTER PASSION," "DISEMBOODIMENT OF MAN," and wish I could find words to fully express my opinion in regard to them. I was unutterably, profoundly, and grandly astonished. They lifted my soul to the highest ideas of the grandeur and glory of truths of which the world had never dreamed would be seen as they are to-day,—so simply grand and natural they carry an irresistible conviction along with them, which nothing can trample upon,—so entirely original and sublime. The truths loom up in such beautiful and gigantic proportions over those of all the dusty past; shedding a magnificent light over the cloudy present, and carrying with them a secret and almighty power, which will be felt, and seen, and acknowledged, as bright, burning stars of the first magnitude, when this present age shall be consigned to a past eternity, and thousands of what are called truths to-day shall be buried in oblivion. No other man can write such books; no other author ever produce their equals,—no other can,—I will except none. I do not want to read Swedenborg any more, or any other "Philosopher" on "Life and Death." To me, your wonderful clairvoyant powers have given to the world the nearest approximation to the truths of mysteries of life and death,—of the wonderful origin and destiny of men,—of any one the world has ever seen. These expressions of mine are the sincere feelings of my heart. I am no dissembler or puffer. God knows I believe what I have written. I wish a copy of your works was in every household in the civilized world. I want to get a copy of every other work you have written.

With sincere feelings of regard, I remain your friend and well-wisher,

WM. MAGOON.

14 CENTRE ST., NEWARK, N. J., Sept. 1, 1869.

DR. P. B. RANDOLPH:—

SIR,—I have just finished reading your work on "LOVE AND ITS HIDDEN HISTORY." I am *very much* pleased with it. It contains a world of truth. May the Father of Mercies support you, and pour into your bosom the rich consolations of his grace and presence, and strengthen you in all your good works. . . . I would like to know something more about your mystic knowledge.

Respectfully yours,

MRS. C. E. RANDALL.

CHICAGO, July 10, 1869.

DEAR R. — Good news at hand, — brighter days before you — the peerless Randolph! I have read your "Love and its Hidden History." It is grand, beautiful. There is music in each idea; there is a Boston Peace Jubilee tone in all your utterances therein. Some of it is transcendantly grand! Go on, I say. — From John Francis, sub-Editor *Religio-Philosophic Journal*.

SHELburnE FALLS, MASS., Oct. 3, 1870.

DR. P. B. RANDOLPH: —

Heaven bless thee, noble soul, toiling for humanity, struggling to pierce the mists that cover like a cloud, earth's purblind pilgrims! From thine own rich soul-life hast thou wrought works that shall adorn the ages yet to be; crown thy name immortal! . . . Beautiful indeed must be the soul from whence emanate such *grand* and *mighty* truths; wrought out, as I feel they must be, from the blackened fire-crypts of a disappointed soul's most fervent aspirations.

O brave and noble worker! I find no words in which to express my admiration for one who has spoken such *glad* words to my soul and to humanity. Yes, *spoken*, for while I read, you are beside me, my hand is clasped in yours, and each idea, painted in such glowing words, thrills my whole being as though I listened to the strong, magnetic tones falling in rich cadences from thy lips. Oh, how my heart went out to thee — "lone toiler in a garret" — as I read "Love's Hidden History" and "After Death." Every word seemed spoken to my soul, and I thought, oh, would that it might some day be mine to clasp thine hand within my own, and, like a pure and loving relative, look into the windows of thy unfathomable soul and say: *God bless thy grand life!* and ever keep the rich thoughts flowing from thy pure and lofty soul, O genius rare! God bless thy strong, true soul!

R. A. COMSTOCK.

DAVENPORT, IOWA, July 25, 1870.

AUTHOR OF LOVE AND ITS HIDDEN HISTORY: —

SIR, — I have carefully read this work of yours, and though I have read a great deal, I never yet found anybody that can so *truly* and *fully* describe WOMAN, — her feelings, emotions, and those finer points of her sensitive nature. Believe me, dear sir, I appreciate this book more than all others I ever read on the subject Woman. In all others there seemed to be something lacking — this fills the measure full. Would that I had read your glowing book long ago, and that every woman in the broad West had it.

Perfectly ignorant of my woman's nature and true mission I blundered into law-permitted pandemonium miscalled "marriage," for poor clothes, bad food, and worse home — in a word, I sold myself to an inhuman brute, in the shape of a man, and shape *only*. Then followed the curse of married concubinage." [The rest of this poor soul's letter is too utterly horrible for these pages, yet her life is the life of millions, a state of things that Mr. Randolph's works are especially aimed against, and which his books have done and are doing more to correct than those of any other author of the age.] She concludes as follows: — Your book has and will prove a god-send to me. Would I had found it sooner.

S. A. DOUGLAS.

BLACKSTONE, MASS., Oct. 3, 1870.

P. B. R., SIR, — Some two years since I met with something from your pen which attracted my attention. While reading it, "Love" and "After Death," I seemed to look upon a soul made beautiful by association with the spirit of

truth, love and forgiveness. As by sympathy, I came in closer contact with you, I blessed you for what I thus received. Hope, light and joy folded their glad wings about my sad spirit, in that hour, and whispered to me of a brighter future; as I finished reading my eyes filled with tears. I was glad that you doubted not but that the "good was just ahead!" . . . I do hope that the sun of happiness is shining clearly upon your pathway to-day . . . At times I nerve myself to scale the glorious heights to which you have attained, yet I often falter in my human weakness, and sometimes fear I shall never gain your summit, whose atmosphere is heavenly peace; yet your words have not lost their power to cheer me on to the endeavor to reach the fruit which crowns the tree of suffering. I studied your work, "Love and its Hidden Mystery," with the greatest interest. "Silence is power," yet I cannot refrain from tendering to you my heartfelt thanks for thus blessing others with the noble truths which a life's experience have bestowed upon you. I have many times wished to clasp hands with the author of those rare and splendid works — works which will prove the salvation of every wife, and the making and ennobling of every husband who reads them.

N. A. PALMER.

Now, when it is remembered that the identical works — hundreds more encumbrances upon which can be produced — were made the handle of a bitter, vindictive and unmanly attack upon the author, for the deliberate and *expressed* purpose of *depriving him* of his copyrights of the same, the full object of this brochure and the following narration will be fully seen, and the author, who was deprived of *every copy of his works*, thrown into a dungeon, kept there in horror till his lips froze, and until a righteous judge ordered his instant liberation, *without* so much as an examination. But before the doors opened his capital was reduced to the sum of *twenty cents*. Hence he appeals to the public to buy his works, new editions of which he has been enabled to print, and thereby help him to once more establish his publishing house and gain a merited victory over the two bad men, — one of whom is over seventy years of age, worth a hundred thousand dollars, yet ordered this attack upon a poor and defenceless man and his child, — and with the second of whom the author freely shared his last dollar and last crust of bread.

Said an able writer, in the columns of a powerful eastern journal, speaking of one of the works: —

I write this article not as a criticism nor as a review of the above entitled work, but as a tribute to one who asks no tribute, if I may so judge by the *nom de plume* behind which the author hides. The subject matter of the volume is that which the great Author of Nature has written in letters of blood in every human heart. Why such false modesty — on this subject so fraught with human weal or woe — which characterizes almost all writers and teachers of the age? The author of this book is an exception to the rule; and yet, not a word or an insinuation, in this work, can be found to shock the sensibilities of the most fastidious. He has dipped his pen deep into the cankering, festering heart of society, and with its corruption written words in which an angel might take pride, were it not for the picture which stands out before you as you read, in all its ghastliness, over which the good can only weep. Oh! for millions, that I might place this gem — fresh from out the thickening clouds of humanity's frailties, all pure as the snow-flake from wintry storms — in the hands of the heart-reft on every hand.

The heart alone can write of and for the heart. The great heart—which prompted the glowing sentences therein written, whose life-history one glimpses faint and shadowy beyond the surface of its prolific pages—has throbbled to the music of its own and other's anguish—has sickened at the greed and ingratitude the unfeeling rush and scramble, and trampling down of torn and bleeding hearts—until he has turned away from the world, all forgetful of its greatest benefactors, and in solitude showers upon his enemies thoughts such as only the great and good can think.

This greatest thought—that which the world will yet build monuments to—is not so much the corruption and abuses of society, as it is to the *remedies* of the gigantic evils which stare civilization and heaven out of countenance.

Religion has yet to learn the fact, which science is slowly demonstrating, and which the author claims in reference to love—that salvation must be *physical* and *mental* as well as spiritual. There can be no half-way work about it. We are as much physical as spiritual, and so long as we remain so, we must have a body, mind and spirit, the same as now, only perhaps in a different condition.

Love will have its physical moods and modes as well as spiritual. The basis of love is health, and health depends upon harmony, or a well-balanced union of body, mind and spirit. From palpable facts we reach the hidden. Through the body we reach the mind, and through its crystal walls the spirit. Spirit is *God*. It rules the world, and in us, our own minds, and through these our bodies. Power of spirit depends upon purity. How can a pure spirit control and use a body loaded down with the filth and rubbish of false conditions? False conditions are results of our own follies and crimes. So with diseases of the body. I am well aware there is a great hue-and-cry about "ante-natal conditions," etc.; but I have yet to learn that the child in embryo is *not the cause* of the peculiarities of the mother while bearing it; but in either case, we who love and loathe cannot shirk the responsibilities and penalties of our acts, no matter how caused. The measure of *humanity* is love—not the bastard thing society *calls* love—founded upon physical health and purity. How many are truly human? The measure of *Godhood* in man is his power of self-control. How many are there who are not blown here and there, like dry leaves in autumn, by trifles beneath the notice of a great mind? Tormented to distraction about a new dress, or for the want of something your more fortunate neighbor has! and making a hell of your home, where heaven, all smiles and joy, should sit all the year round. How devoid of manhood to go home nervous and sour because, forsooth, some one has overreached or thwarted you in your business!

All there is of us worth immortality, worth preserving and presenting to the Infinite, is our *will power*; which must begin at home, if at all. By virtue of will we control ourselves; and when we are perfect masters of ourselves—our passions, thoughts, desires, etc., we are masters of God's universe of lesser Nature. How many are presentable? How many can truly say, in the face of adverse storms, and *feel what they say*, "Let the winds blow high or low, and let the muttering thunders of evil roll, and the lightnings glare, I am superior to all this! Do your worst—I am here first!"

Reader, do you know how to culture will? what to eat and drink to become superior physically? how to *think* to become so mentally? what to *do* to become pure spiritually? If not, read "Love and its Hidden History," and if you are sensible, you will be a wiser and a better man.

Disease and Purity are antagonists,—they are strangers. Do not think that Death is going to do for you what you neglect to do for yourself. He that dies of disease awakens on the other side similarly situated. Summer-land! Stop, reader, and for your own sake, think! Is pleasure derived from external objects? If so, then you are rotten within. We make our summer and winter ourselves, and you and I are to-day as much in the Summer-land as we ever will be. Spirit-world! Here is the spirit-world. Eternity! To-day is eternity.



Disease and the kingdom of rest are as far apart in condition as the frozen north from the sunny south. A healthy mind in an impure or diseased body is an impossibility. A diseased Christian is as far from heaven as the devil and hell can be. Christ's religion was that of manhood and health, not of weakness and disease.

To the wives and mothers of the age this work comes,—so full of plain home talk which all can understand; so full of counsel, and tears, which only experience can give, and hearts wrung by agony can know—like angels' footfalls in the shadows of evil. In reading it, I see the sunken rocks and the deceitful sands whereon hearts, like ships, have stranded.

The sunken, cadaverous cheek speaks volumes of heartaches, and reminds one of a stagnant pool of water, within which lies the skeleton of dear love, long since dead and sunken there, sending up to the surface the scum and slime indicative of decay and corruption, redolent of mental and moral disease. It is contagious. We breathe it in as we do the atmosphere. Dear little children, all innocent and pure (if there is any purity in mankind), are most in this disease-inducing malaria. Is it surprising, then, that society is so corrupt, so full of crime and folly? She or he who only open their eyes and mouths to look at what has been, and lament and moan for lost opportunities, or to blame some one beside themselves for their present evil; who always see a skeleton in the closet at home; *forget* that the skeleton walks out when they do, which looks strangely like themselves. To all such I say, read the book. It is "the voice of one crying in the wilderness."

I quote still another article:—

## THE THINKER AND HIS THOUGHT.

BY F. B. DOWD.

There is but little thought among the world of men. The great stream rushes on, in murmuring rivulets here, in roaring torrents there, or like the ocean billows breaking upon the barren shore in deafening thunders, devoid of thought. The thunders, the roaring, the murmuring of men, is not of thought, but of money. In every age of the world the genuine thinker has stood alone, like a solitary tree in the vast desert. His thought has seemed to shroud him from other men, as with the pall of ages. There is another class, however, who are *called* thinkers, and are lauded to the skies as geniuses, who stand in a different relationship to the mass of men. These are poets and philosophers, who fashion and mould thought for their own time. Such cull the flowers of existence, and, having arrayed them in garbs angelically lovely, in their view, present them for the acceptance and adoration of the non-thinkers. But the real thinker exhumes the primitive rocks of man's existence and basic nature, and lays bare the native granite of his nature, wonderful and kaleidoscopic, which he exposes to the softening influences of storm and sunshine. It matters not to him, if the excavation be deep, or the rocks be rough and ill-shapen; it is his mission to bring them to the surface. He is not unlike the insect which, in the bottom of old ocean, rears its domes of rocks, whose only music is the roar of the rushing waves and the dashing of spray against its edifice; for he hath builded a temple of unhewn rocks, of INFINITE THOUGHT, wherein he dwells alone; and which, like the cities of pearl in the depths of the sea, shall yet be the foundations of a new continent of thought; shall yet be engrafted in the temples wherein the teeming myriads of remote ages shall worship. His thought has not been of his own seeking. It comes upon him as comes the hurricane upon the landscape, or over the calm breast of the slumber-

ing sea. It sometimes lays him low and desolate, in the filth and debris of isolation, misapprehension, misery, and decay; and at other times it carries him upon the lightning's wing, beyond the topmost clouds of the thinker's world.

"Foremost among the *real* and *genuine* thinkers of the age, stands one, P. B. Randolph, the author of this astounding and magnificent volume. *Among* them, but not *of* them. A mystic in the true sense of the word, and a mystic of the very loftiest order. Alfred Tennyson, Britain's laurelled poet, in his beautiful description of the *Wakeful Dreamer*, had, most undoubtedly, this man before his mental vision when the musical lines flowed out from his soul. He says, — and, applied to the subject of this sketch, how truly: —

"Angels have talked with him, and showed him thrones;  
 Ye knew him not; he was not one of ye; —  
 Ye scorned him with an undiscerning scorn;  
 Ye could not read the marvel in his eye,  
 The still, serene abstraction: he hath felt  
 The vanities of after and before;  
 Albeit, his spirit and his secret heart  
 The stern experiences of converse lives,  
 The linked woes of many a fiery charge  
 Hath purified, and chastened and made free:  
 Always there stood before him night and day,  
 Of wayward, vari-colored circumstance,  
 The imperishable presences serene,  
 Colossal, without form, or sense, or sound,  
 Dim shadows, but unwaning presences,  
 Four faced to four corners of the sky;  
 And yet again, three shadows, fronting one,  
 One forward, one respectant, three but one;  
 And yet again, again and overmore,  
 For the two first were not, but only seemed  
 One shadow in the midst of a great light,  
 One reflex from eternity or time,  
 One mighty countenance of perfect calm,  
 Awful with most invariable eyes.  
 For him the silent congregated hours,  
 Daughters of time, divinely tall, beneath  
 Severe and youthful brows, with shining eyes  
 Smiling a godlike smile (the innocent light  
 Of earliest youth, pierced through and through with all  
 Keen knowledges of low-embowed eld),  
 Upheld, and ever bold aloft the cloud  
 Which droops, low-hung, on either gate of life,  
 Both birth and death: he in the centre fixed,  
 Saw far on each side through the grated gates  
 Most pale and clear and lovely distances.  
 He often lying broad awake, and yet  
 Remaining from the body, and apart  
 In intellect, and power, and will, hath heard  
 Time flowing in the middle of the night,  
 And all things creeping to a day of doom.  
 How could ye know him? Ye were yet within  
 The narrower circle; he had well-nigh reached  
 The last, which, with a region of white flame,  
 Pure without heat, into a larger air  
 Upburning, and an ether of black blue,  
 Investeth and ingirds all other lives."

"To him, the great surging waves of this civilization hath brought only woe. But they have not destroyed him, nor his work. From the depths of his great heart, from the garrets of poverty, hath he sent his riches of thought, — which the world in its barrenness could not understand, or appreciate, — broadcast upon the ice-locked wastes. To him, the specious sophistries of the day have

been only the pulings of infancy. Forgetful of the little present; in view of the dead past, with its myriad eyes all faded and lustreless, gazing out of the thickening night of decay at him; forgetful of the shining orbs of the o'erarching skies of to-day; in view of the darkened stars and dead worlds of the foretime, which once blazed with pristine splendor,—he hath walked alone among the catacombs of Egypt, and questioned her ruins, her pyramids, her temples, and her drifting sands, and brought back her answer, which he has given to the world, a priceless legacy, under the title of 'Preadamite Man,'—beyond all question, the most exhaustive, profound, convincing and satisfactory work upon human antiquity the world ever saw, or will again for many and many a long decade. Rested he then, after completing his great work on the Human Origenes? Nay; but casting it at the feet of the world,—dedicating it, by direct request, to his personal friend, and the friend of mankind, the lamented ABRAHAM LINCOLN,—he, discouraged on all hands by ungenerous rivalry and envy, forthwith applied the whole power of his exhaustless mind to the solution of a still mightier problem; and with fearless tread, lighted only by the lamp of God, he entered the gloomiest crypts of being, and dragged from the portals of the tomb its reluctant answer to the great question, which hath burst the hearts of men from earliest time: "If a man die, shall he live again?" In doing which he died to the present, as much so as they whom he questioned. This man hath not sought in college halls for the thoughts of the mighty dead, but with his unaided hand hath he held aside the curtain that hides the past,—walked through the shadow, and talked face to face with the glorious founders of earth's religions,—stood dazed and appalled before the effulgent glories of ROSICRUCIA's blazing temples in the hierarchies of the skies; and bowed low in the shining presences of those whose spectra we sometimes vaguely glimpse.

"Freighted with gems from the golden shores of eternity, and jewels from the crowns of the upper hosts in the farther heavens—returning—he hath cast them also at our feet in his two works: 'DEALINGS WITH THE DEAD,' and 'DISEMBODED MAN,' either of which works are sufficient to rest the fame of any man upon,—no matter how profound a thinker, or expert a fashioner of Thought,—and I here assert without fear of contradiction, that these two works of rare and impassioned genius, in their scope and profound simplicity, yet majestic and surpassing range and sweep of thought, are not equalled by any other similar works in existence!—and they have made, and are still making, their mark, and influencing the thought and literature of the age, in spite of prolonged and envious efforts to hurl them down to death. They still live, thank God! to bless the world and instruct mankind.

"Not satisfied with this, and hearing much talk of a hell, he sought and found its adamant walls, all charred and blackened with the smoke of eternal torment, and, bursting through, stood undismayed amid the howling of demons and the shrieks and groans of the lost,—walked unscathed amid its fiercest flames, and dragged from its darkened caverns the IDEA itself, and showed it to the gaping herd,—the uncharitable, ungrateful, unthinking, forgetful world—which starved him for his pains—to be only in the miseducated human heart. This he has demonstrated in answer to the groans of the civilized world under the curse of 'the social evil' in his two last master-pieces, called 'LOVE AND ITS HIDDEN HISTORY,' and 'THE MASTER PASSION; OR, THE CURTAIN RAISED.' Here he has lifted the sacred veil before which the civilized world bows down and worships, and calls the hand profane and unclean which dares disturb. Here he has told us the hidden meaning of 'the sin against the Holy Ghost,' which, according to one of the earth's greatest thinkers is unpardonable.

"By a mistaken policy Mr. Randolph was induced to issue his second volume on Human Affection (his first was 'The Grand Secret,' now out of print)—under a *nom de plume*,—'Count de St. Leon.' He subsequently saw his error in that respect, made several alterations, and enlarged it somewhat, and was

preparing to issue another edition when a seeming accident, but in reality a providence, gave birth to another masterly volume on the same theme: 'The Master Passion; or, the Curtain Raised,' and also determined him to publish both works, thereafter, under his own name, and with his own imprint thereon.

"The circumstance here alluded to, it is not necessary to mention further than to say that the *Preface* of 'Love and its Hidden History,' was taken from the volume after it was printed; but, as was said before, that rejected stone—that unfortunate preface—grew into the most perfect and comprehensive volume on human love that ever saw the light on this green earth of ours. Now both volumes are published within one cover, and no work of the century is creating a greater interest, being more widely circulated or doing half the good that it is, and it should be in the hands of every man, woman, and child in the land; for if it were, 'twere well for the world.

"These volumes comprise but a few of those written by Mr. Randolph; but, owing to their trenchant power and reformatory character, I regard them as the most important of those now in print.

"Says John B. Pilkington, of San Francisco, California, in a communication to a Boston paper, under date of Nov. 21, 1861:—

"One after another has visited our shores, of the army of Humanity's teachers, and last, but far from least, came P. B. Randolph, and of him—as an acknowledgment of his services, gratifying to his many friends, but more because knowledge of the noble self-sacrifice of any person should be the world's property, as an example—I wish here to speak. We may praise, for he has gone again, sailing this morning via New York,—where he will make but a very short stay, for Egypt, Persia, and the Orient.

"Arriving here on the 5th of Sept., this strange (to those who have not studied him) and gifted man has compressed into ten weeks a work which many a man would be proud to achieve in a lifetime. He has written two small, but important works, delivered something like twenty lectures, or orations rather, and the universal testimony of friends and foes of Liberalism is, that no speeches ever given on this coast have equalled them for scope, power, and eloquence.

"Pouring forth the tale of his own trials, temptations, falls, and efforts to rise again, he has carried conviction to many an obdurate heart that there cometh much good out of every Nazareth, but especially out of Imperial Rosierucia! Many a narrow-minded bigot who listened to him, at first under protest, has had his soul expanded, and openly declares, "Where I was blind before, now I see!" He was some little time in gaining a foot-hold; but did it. Large-hearted, condemning none, speaking well of all, and speaking just the needed words to all, his rooms and places of resort became daily a crowded levee, where, as he felt their needs, he dispensed intellectual, moral, and material healing to those who asked for it. Pecuniary success rained in upon him. Friendships clustered warm around him, yet, strange to say, when everything that makes life pleasant was being lavishly offered him, he electrified us by telling us that he had received commands to depart! Refusing money (the writer is cognizant of sums having been offered him varying from twenty to two hundred dollars, and in one case thousands of dollars) with the words, "I am a Rosierucian, and cannot accept money; keep it. All I want will come as I need it;" untwining the daily deepening associations forming to keep him here; putting back fraternal love strong as that of woman's heart—with tears in his eyes, sorrow in his heart, he has gone on a journey of over thirty thousand miles; for two years in strange lands among inhospitable solitudes. And all for an idea. He went to seek more light, who was already universal in knowledge, and beyond all rivalry the first, best, and most clear-viewing seer and clairvoyant on the globe.

"Let no one hereafter condemn P. B. Randolph. He is a self-sacrificing, grand, moral hero! God bless you, Paschal! And hundreds now, and thou-

sands hereafter, will echo the benediction. You have commenced a work here that is already assured of immortality, and let it comfort you in all your wanderings that through you, "Try," the motto of every Rosicrucian, will have a power, a moral and mental influence never before possessed by word of angel or mortal utterance.

"He has not yet finished his literary labors, but is already engaged upon a massive work called 'THE BOOK OF ROSICRUCIA,' written at the instance of the Supreme Grand Lodges of the Order in America, Europe, and Asia.

"When ready, the world will be informed of the fact.

"Toil on, O genius rare! Toil on, brave thinker! Bow low thy head before the mighty thoughts which crowd upon thee—great rocks, though they be—from out the Temple of Infinite Thought. Toil on! thou knowest not why! Yet thou rearest here, and now, the Dome of thought of the great hereafter of the world! What matter the mad ravings of the multitude to thee? They yet—those others who come after—shall build monuments on thy footprints, and use as text-books thy works in ROSICRUCIA's glorious temples of the YET TO BE!

"DAVENPORT, IOWA, Jan., 1870."

Says a very prominent and able Pennsylvania government officer:—

"MESSRS. EDITORS:—I have just perused a work published by Randolph & Co., of Boston, and advertised in your columns, entitled 'Love and its Hidden History; a book for man, woman, wives and husbands.' The gratification and benefit derived from its perusal prompted me to express my satisfaction and testify to the value of so worthy a book, whose object seems devoted to the repression of vice, to give light on a much misunderstood subject and unmask the growing churlishness of the present day. The author is especially severe on abortionists, the slayers of the innocents. He handles his subject with a masterly hand; his thoughts are skilfully and graphically portrayed, and his expressions are given in a lucid, concise manner which cannot fail to carry conviction of the facts unfolded to the mind of the reader and thinker, at the same time giving the subject treated of an intense interest; hence no doubt of the wide popularity of his book among the people, and especially is it commendable to all persons about entering the married state. It is certainly a treasure in the hands of everybody having an ounce of common sense. The second part is better than the first—if that is possible,—and the work ought to be in the hands of every intelligent human being."

Said the Banner of Light, Boston:—

"LOVE AND ITS HIDDEN HISTORY. BOSTON: RANDOLPH & Co.

"We have referred to this truly remarkable book in a previous issue. The first thing that will strike the reader on its perusal is the bold clearness with which its author gives forth and impresses his profoundly important truths; which is to be explained by understanding that they are originally impressed themselves upon a mind of wonderful capacity and susceptibility. In the tumult and torrent of his belief with respect to perhaps the most engrossing problem that has man for its object, the author naturally pours out a superfluity of statements and inferences, which, though by no means diluting and weakening his meaning, nevertheless go to show the fulness of his thoughts and the force of his convictions. It is certainly a good symptom in a writer on any but a strictly scientific subject, that requires to be treated after scientific methods; but on such a grand and engrossing theme as Love and its Hidden History, it were well-nigh impossible to be satisfied with less than a luxuriant discussion, provided the force and weight of the argument be not weakened thereby.

"There is no person, of either sex, let his or her age, condition, acquirements, experience, temperament, wisdom and desires be what they may, who, on plunging into the deep, suggestive growths which these prolific pages are sure



to beget, will not find the precise tree, bearing the precise fruit of which he or she is in secret quest. Would one understand the scope and true meaning of love and marriage, considered in its exalted sense, and clothed upon with its highest significations? On these pages he will discover what will lead to his illumination. Would one know more, and more truly, of the nice yet exacting physical laws, which are to be religiously consulted and obeyed in the engagements that yoke bodies and souls in a double life for the term of their natural existence? Here is the treasury of information which he or she cannot afford to be without, presented with the plainness of simple truth, preaching the most powerful sermon by its practical, every-day suggestiveness, and demonstrating that what we commonly regard as the lower are as much the highest as any that we call such.

"They who pine from heart-sickness, from soreness of thought, from a continual inability to find the secret cause of incompatibilities, who feel life waste slowly yet without their ability to save it from the loss, who are unhappy in present relations but know not precisely why, or, if they know, cannot employ and apply the remedies which such disease requires, who, needing love as we all need food and drink, nevertheless go about starving and dying, who would comprehend the secret—yet no such secret either—of building up a robust condition of the spirit by means of the all-pervading power of affection and attraction—all these will resort to the pages of this volume with the certainty of finding upon them what will excite the grateful emotions of their nature.

"We have no space for the quotations which we should like to make from this timely publication, and which we had expected to make; but this general notice of its meritorious qualities must stand for all. Let no reader, however, infer that it is a dreamy, rhapsodical, sentimental and merely effervescent book, to excite or even exalt, and afterwards to be forgotten. On the contrary, it treats the great question involved with a scientific precision as a whole; abounds with the most pertinent and pointed reflections; is full of practical advice and directions; addresses itself personally to the reader; shrinks from the discussion of no phase or portion of the subject, and worthily handles, as it exhaustively treats, a general problem in which every individual of the human race is personally and profoundly interested, in immediate connection with his health and happiness."

Also the same paper:—

"SEERSHIP; THE MAGNETIC MIRROR, is the title of a curious but impressive book by P. B. Randolph, which well deserves perusal for the variety of views it presents with such energetic eloquence on the subject of clairvoyance and psychometry. It no doubt contains very many important truths in regard to clairvoyance, with which it is essential that the world should become familiar. The method of developing and establishing the clairvoyant faculty, of *knowing*, as well as feeling and seeing, is enlarged upon in the gifted author's peculiar manner. He defines clairvoyance as the ability to drop beneath the floors of the outer world and come up on the other side. He says that the sparks or flashes of light that come before us in the night are not what they seem, but instantaneous penetrations of the veil that hangs like a pall between the outer world of dark and cold, and the inner realm of light and fire—true clairvoyance being the uplifting of that veil. Clairvoyance is neither a lure nor a trap for virtue, nor calculated to undermine the religious principles of any one, nor to sap one's morals, or exhaust one's strength; but it is a very rich and valuable power, and its development depends on the observance of the normal laws that underlie it. Dr. Randolph has devoted his life to the discovery of these laws and their modes of operation, and he proposes in his work to show men and women how they may become strong, clear-seeing and powerful. Clairvoyance, in his view, is simply the light that the seer reaches through years of agony; the interior unfoldment of native powers, and the comprehension and application of the principles that

underlie and overflow human nature and the physical universe, together with a knowledge of the principia of the vast spirit-seas whereon the world of space are cushioned.

"There are long and profoundly interesting extracts from Madame George Sand in this book, which illustrate very forcibly the views of the author. On the subject of the Platonic philosophy of vision, he holds it to be the view of objects really existing in interior light, which assume form—not according to arbitrary laws, but according to the state of the mind. This light unites with exterior light in the eye, and is thus drawn into a sensuous, or imaginative activity; but when the outward light is separated it reposes in its own serene atmosphere. And it is in this state of interior repose that all really inspired and correct visions occur. In the author's language this light is the 'foundation fire upon which all things are buikled, ambushed everywhere, bursting out when least expected, slumbering for ages, yet suddenly illuminating an inebriate's brain so that he shall see the moral snakes and larvae of his perversion assume physical proportion and magnitude to fright him back to temperance, virtue, and his forsaken God.' He declares the world we live in to be 'full of the pattering of ghostly feet and the music of spiritual singers.' The author discourses pithily on the universal passion of Love, and shows how the white woman, in his opinion, knows less of the foundation laws of love than the inhabitants of the Eastern countries and Southern Europe. There are certainly glimpses of great truths to be met with on these pages, which cannot but take powerful hold on the reader."

Said the Chicago R. P. "Journal":—

"This book, on account of its intrinsic merit, should be in the hands of every one whose soul-chords vibrate with emotions of love. It is not the result of a flash from some fevered brain, but the ultimatum of careful study and reflection, and, therefore, its contents are entitled to that respect which truth always commands. Love, which invades every human heart, is sometimes very eccentric in its manifestations of preference, mainly on account of the true nature of the same being but little understood. The author, fully appreciating this fact, gives full directions for its control, in chaste and beautiful language, which cannot fail to be well received by the reader.

"You who have a daughter just blooming into womanhood, or a son just venturing on the active stage of life, should purchase this book at once, for it might be the means of saving either a great deal of misery.

"Speaking of the 'street walker,' the author beautifully says:—

"Of all God's creation the most pitiful object.

"Of all God's creation, the most sorry and most sacred object.

"Of all beings made in the divine likeness, given a sense of immortality, an eye for the stars of midnight and the sun at noon, an ear for the murmur of the spring, and the deep cry of the mighty sea, rocked babe of the Great Mother, given a voice for the utterance of the things of the heart,—the one only whose eyes are never turned to heaven, whose ears are sealed to the spherul sounds, whose voice untuned, rattles over a dry bed.

"Of all a little lower than the angels, the only one that wants the death of any brute. 'The only one—our Father help her!—that would have no flowers pointing with fragrance to her grave, no stone to stay the stranger's heel from trampling down her dust. Only to lie quietly, never to wake when this is over.

"The street walker haunts all the places of men. The city with its walls so high that they veil the face of the sun, with stones that never cry out, and mingled sounds that drown the still small voice, is her only home. She has a memory of another scene, now and then. While it is light, and she lurks in her covert, shrinking from the searching eye of day, it sometimes crosses her mind,—a still

and peaceful land, — cape, fields, a brook, a white church, a cottage with the vines about it, and there, under the tall trees before the door, with the sunset touching his thin face with glory, and the pleasant air blowing through his white hair, an old man fondling a child upon his knee, a child whose large eyes are turned trustful and truthful into his, and whose golden tresses embrace his neck. But she curses this vision and drowns it with fire!

"There is a vein of beauty running through the deep philosophy of this book, that points to a soul as its author, whose chords vibrate lovingly for all humanity, and who would aid them by directing them in the true pathway of life.

"In the conclusion of the first part of the book the author says:—

"In conclusion, let me say, that while contending for the materiality of love, I do not deny the existence of a moral force somewhat analogous. They call this force religion, and its domain is the human soul, just as love is in the human body. We shall outlive all earthly loves and all earthly unions; for the only mission of love is to stock the world. To that country where we go at death, we shall carry our religion, our hopes, affections, memories, faith, justice, pity, benevolence, generosity, and goodness; but purely earthly phases of love are left behind. We shall no longer fall before it, no longer struggle in its toils — no longer be led astray by its falsehoods, or be pierced by its arrows. When I get there, I expect to grow new loves, fitted and adapted to the new conditions. When there, it will be time enough to exercise my "divine loves and nature," for there, perhaps they will be needed; but while here our time is best employed in purifying the every-day human lives, and cultivating and cleansing the human loves. Philosophers may call us all by the title "angel;" perhaps *they* are such, but as for me, I am only a poor, weak, fallible, erring MAN."

"*Love and its Hidden History.*" is the title of a book just published, of which the reader will find an advertisement in another column. It proposes great results, yet after perfectly natural methods. The writer is master of his subject, which is as important as any known to the human race. His advice, running through the different chapters of his discourse, is worth careful perusal and consideration. We reserve what we would say more at length respecting this remarkable book for another time."

"*Love and its Hidden History.*" — Jason Steele, of Green Garden, Illinois, writes as follows: — "I have just finished reading the book entitled '*Love and its Hidden History*,' and I believe it contains more real truth and common sense, than any other work of its size in the universe. Everybody should read it as it reveals the cause and prescribes the remedy for the most fruitful source of human misery, viz.: family jargon and unhappiness and quarrels. None can read it without being benefited."

Simon Emery of West Pittsfield, Mass., says: — "I have just been reading the book '*Love and its Hidden History*,' also the work entitled '*After Death*.' I think if one hundred thousand of these volumes could be distributed through the United States, it would be a far greater benefit to the people than the thirty thousand preachers."

The following tells the story of this man in another line of action, and the millions who have heard him will say the pictures are not overdrawn: —

DR. RANDOLPH delivered an oration to a vast and attentive audience. . . . This magnificent effort at once places him, not only in the front rank of American speakers, but gives him a prominent position among the world's best

thinkers. Such splendid eloquence was never before heard within the walls of that grand old hall. — *New York Tribune*.

He combines the excellences of Gough and Harry Vincent, but is a far greater orator than either; more pathetic, vigorous and powerful; he is a complete and absolute master of his art, and decidedly the equal, if not the superior of his great relative, John Randolph, of Roanoke. — *Alta Californian*.

He is a thrilling speaker, — sublimely eloquent, — entertaining an audience at will: man of rare power. — *Whiteside Sentinel*.

Dr. RANDOLPH, at the Loyal Philadelphia Convention, made by far the most able address delivered before that body. — *Chicago Times*.

In its report of the Philadelphia Convention, the "Cincinnati Commercial" says: —

"The delegate from North Carolina was followed by Mr. Randolph of New Orleans, who, not content to speak from his place on the floor, rushed to the president's desk, and delivered from there one of the most effective speeches of the session, — the most effective, judging from the thunders of applause which greeted every sentence. As he appealed in behalf of the oppressed for the right of suffrage as a reward for what they had done in the war, and said they demand suffrage in return for their sacrifices, the audience rose *en masse* to cheer him. *Fred Douglass was so excited that he seized Anna Dickinson's Derby hat and flung it into the air, and Anna in her turn grabbed Fred's beaver and whirled it triumphantly aloft.*"

Every true man and woman will hail with joy the beginning of the *Grand Reaction* against extreme Radicalism of all sorts, and especially when that reaction is led by such a power as this man wields — a trenchant pen and words of living flame.

Dr. RANDOLPH is one of the first orators in this or any other country. — *Chicago Republican*.

In his address there were passages of strength and beauty. His picture of an execution, and delineation of a suicide were terribly vivid and appalling. After listening to Randolph, it is easy to conceive why Felix trembled before the Hebrew Paul, and how the noble Greek stirred the sluggish souls of his people, or Patrick Henry wrested the brightest jewel from the British Crown, or how the mighty Indian, Logan, — from whom Mr. Randolph is descended, — roused his people to resistance. — *London Weekly Times*.

THIS RANDOLPH is a most extraordinary man, in appearance and everything else. He reminds one of Gavazzi, the Ex-Priest, and in many points Gaspar Williams, the Controversialist. He is self-taught and brimful of the genuine spirit of philanthropy; such power as he evinces is absolutely astounding; a thin, spare man, unhealthy, apparently, and physically weak. But wait awhile till he warms up, rouses, — precisely as he did last night; then it was, that we found out the mistake, for the energy he displayed was wonderful, as, steeped to the lips in magic thought, he poured forth a stream of eloquence in one mighty, resistless torrent that swept all before it, and took all who heard it willing captives. It was awful to see him writhe in an agony as he seemed to feel what he was describing, — a poor *misguided* man! As thought after thought, climax after climax, gushed from his lips like a rapid rolling river, we felt indeed that a Titan stood before us. — *London Times*.

Dr. RANDOLPH delivered his lecture, "The Rum Fiend," in Mechanic's Hall last evening to a large audience. The address was a stirring delineation of the physical, mental, and moral evils of intemperance, in which the speaker's vivid imagination and ready command of language found ample scope. — *Worcester (Mass.) Spy*.

DOUGLAS JERROLD, in the "London Lloyd's News" said, Mr. RANDOLPH spoke on that occasion and drew down the plaudits of the large audience by his wonderful eloquence.

"When by the mighty speaker brought  
Truth's sacred triumphs come,  
Verse ceases to be airy thought,  
And sculpture to be dumb."

This gentleman may well be called the American Timon, for the entertainment last evening was a perfectly rich, a glorious and long to be remembered feast of fat things! His theme was "Man as he is and is to be." The description of the "Good time coming" was splendid, and as he pictured forth immortal man in burning, fiery, passionate words, the audience were electrified. Such magnificence of imagery, such sublimity of thought is almost incredible; nothing ever was seen or heard like it before, or ever will be again. It was marvellous, beautiful and grand. The speaker occupied an hour, and when, completely exhausted, he sat down, the hall resounded for full five minutes with the most heartfelt and grateful applause.

THE WONDERFUL STORY OF RAVALETTE. ALSO, TOM CLARK AND HIS WIFE, AND THE CURIOUS THINGS THAT BEFELL THEM; BEING THE ROSICRUCIAN'S STORY. By P. B. Randolph, Boston; Randolph Publishing Company.

This is a 12mo, 396 pp., one of the most wonderful books we ever read, written in plain, vigorous English, and cannot fail to interest any reader who has a love for the marvellous. It is more exciting in its incidents than Bulwer's "Strange Story;" throws into the shade the writings of the German mystics; and yet the thread of the story from beginning to end is never broken or stretched beyond the range of probability. Admit the author's premises, and he will carry the reader along with him through all his strange reasonings and descriptions. As a mere story, independent of its peculiar views, it transcends in interest all of the mystical literature of the present day. De Foe's inimitable "Life of Duncan Campbell" is not more fascinating. — *Boston Traveller*.

Said the Boston "Traveller":—

HERMES MERCURIUS TRISMEGISTUS. HIS DIVINE PYMANDER. ALSO, THE ASIATIC MYSTERY. THE SMARAGDINE TABLE AND THE SONG OF BRAHM. Edited by Paschal Beverly Randolph. Published at Boston, by the Rosicrucian Publishing Company. This is a finely printed volume, large 12mo, of 148 pages; tinted paper. In a prefatory note it is stated that the authorship of the Divine Poemander is attributed to Hermes Trismegistus, who flourished in Egypt long before the age of Moses. The work is not only valuable for its antiquity, but for the view it affords of the mind in the absence of direct revelation, searching after the "unknown God," spoken of by Paul, whom the Greeks ignorantly worshipped. This, as well as other mystical works, shows the necessity of a revelation of God in humanity. The mind in its attempt to define the Infinite and the unconditioned, has befogged itself with words of learned length, which have not even satisfied those who have used them. Learned and devout Christians contend that we cannot conceive of any higher being than a man, and of any higher man than Christ Jesus, in "whom dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." In other words that God clothed himself with humanity to bring himself down to the apprehension of mankind. By way of contrast to this simple statement of Christian belief, the Pymander, or Poemander, is very instructive and suggestive. As a literary curiosity, if nothing more, it is worthy a place in every library, and must be very interesting to those who love the mysterious.



Said another critic, concerning an oration in Boston, of his : —

His manner of speech, like that of his pen, is unique, strange, wholly inartistic and perfectly indescribable. But he not only makes you see, hear and feel him, but remember him, also, to the last day and hour of your life, even if you stretch it out the length of Methusaleh's, or the "crack of doom." His manner and style, all his own, differs from that of any speaker I ever heard; and as his soul throbs with, and responds to the thought, he flushes up red as fire one minute, to turn pale and livid as a "sheeted ghost," — used to be, the next.

At all times eloquent, yet when the fire is on and he throws down his glasses on the stand, he is vastly, infinitely more than that — he is absolutely grand, terrible, sublime, and he thrills you in a measure and intensity never approached by the best actors in their finest frenzies, when delivering their best "points."

He said that if women were as careful in getting clean-souled and virtuous, uncontaminated and true husbands, as men are in selecting a virtuous wife, a moral reformation would soon begin, which would be something more than froth and foam. He laughed at the "Reformers," who gained their ends by misquoting and torturing Scripture, and said he was sick of their new exegesis and readings, and to show them up proposed, for them, the following reading for the fifteenth and sixteenth verses of the one hundred and thirtieth Psalm: "My protoplasm was not hidden from thee when, far back in the Silurian epoch, I floated on the sea a frilled and flounced Medusa. Yea, in ages still more remote, before differentiation had begun, thine eyes did see my sarcode, and in thy thought my limbs took form before they were evolved." How strange that one who wields such potent weapons should prefer to sleep in the shade, instead of rushing out upon the glare of the world where so many, less richly endowed, win wealth and fame, for it is but seldom he can, for love or money, be tempted away from his desk to pace the platforms even for an hour. This orator is one who overlooks his coteremporaries like some huge mountain rising from a barren plain, a solitary, desolate, snow-clad mountain, but whose brow piercing the heavens catches the glory of the sunrises and the roseate flushing of the sunsets; above all, who gave to the world the new, chivalric conception of love as existing between man and woman, and a new ideal of womanhood, all these passed in review before us, at his summons; sentences were almost rhythmic, and they glowed with the impassioned fervor of his conception of the great poet-orator yet to come, who is to chant the now unguessed glories of a purer and more perfect civilization, a holier religion, a human brotherhood such as the past has never known — this Thinker who shall "fill the ideal world with forms of eternal beauty, strew its firmament with spiritual constellations, with glorious suns and stars, of which the splendors of the material universe are but a passing symbol."

Mr. Randolph is continually receiving commendatory letters like the following, which speak a language right straight from the heart, and not to be mistaken : —

AMESBURY, MASS., Jan. 18th.

Oh! It is a heavenly work, and I feel as if it should be in the hands of every man and woman. Please accept a thousand thanks. It has taught me many a noble lesson, and caused me to pass many a happy hour.

MRS. M. H. PLUNKETT.

Said the "Democratic Guard," Sunbury, Pa:—

CASCA LLANNA. Recently our attention was called to the above-named work, which we have since read, and we confess that the high expectations of it awakened in our mind were *more* than realized. It is truly a wonderful book, and also what its name implies, "good news." We feel safe in saying that a careful and impartial reading of it will help to make better all who read it understandingly, and it certainly will teach all teachable ones what and where are many, very many, of the breakers on which so many marital barques have been wrecked, and how to avoid them; for on its pages are given truths which nearly, if not all wedded persons have long felt the force of, though unable or unwilling to put them in words. At this time, when domestic happiness is so far away from so many firesides, and divorce courts are so frequently appealed to, it becomes the duty of all who have the best interests of society in view, to inquire for the cause, and try to find and apply the remedy. These two objects seem pre-eminently to be what the author of "Casca Llan-na" has aimed at, with what degree of success can be ascertained only by a careful perusal of the book. Its style is good, very attractive and readable. No novel can be more attractive, and herein lies one of the fine features of the book, viz., its attractiveness coupled with its truthfulness. No one can take up the book and read one page of it without desiring to possess the whole of its contents. Its tone is such that none need take offence, while its language is so well selected that the moral fabric of the purest-minded woman on earth will not be soiled by reading it, much less that of any man. We predict for the work an immense sale. Some idea of the esteem in which it is held may be formed when we state that the author *was* to be paid nearly forty thousand dollars for the monopoly. Another feature of the work is its cheapness, being only two dollars and a half for a twelve mo book of over four hundred pages. Those desiring the book can obtain it by calling on or addressing Jno. F. Kapp, Sunbury, Pa., or by sending to the above address you can obtain a synopsis of the contents of the book, enclosing stamp to pay postage.

At once a startling *exposé*, an eloquent plea, and most impressive warning.

Society's sins and shortcomings are stripped of their mask, that all may see them *as they are*.

It is characterized by the critics as a "Bold, Brave Book." It is something more: it is a *grand, good book!*

The author's pen is a very Damascus blade; and, well informed of what he writes, his book is a Revelation to all, and a Promise to those who will heed.

To Men and Women alike it has a vital interest.

LOVE AND THE MASTER PASSION. By Paschal B. Randolph. Published by P. B. Randolph, Boston, Mass.

In this curious and rarely original book the author offers to the public a powerful argument in favor of Love, the great passion that rules the world; and he sets forth its manifold charms and necessities in a perfectly irresistible manner, though with keen wisdom and wonderful tact. No one can even ramble over its fascinating pages without being convinced that for once truth prevails without a cloud to dim its brightness. It may be startling and unusual, but for all that is more valuable. No ambiguous terms hide the author's real meaning, and no attempt is made to call things by other than their strong, reliable English names, and this is one of the many charms the book possesses. The great question that always has and must agitate a thinking community is here discussed with philosophic and scientific freedom, and the old, though ever new query, "What is love?" is answered to a nicety. No one need doubt any more, for Dr. Randolph has settled the point to suit every searcher for truth.

The Dr. is a Rosierucian, and thoroughly lives up to his faith, as can plainly be seen in every line of this wonderful work. "Love lieth at the foundation of all things," is the motto of his order, and *how to love* and *what to love* are the lessons he would teach humanity. He says: "Woman makes the man, who, in his turn, does mighty things," and then proves that the mother element is the stronger in every human being. His suggestion, or positive assertion rather, that a *heart woman* will produce a finer and happier piece of mortality than a mere brain woman, is worthy contemplation, and goes far to uphold the old saying, that "If the heart is right all is right." This book possesses too many attractions to single out any for a brief review like this, but by applying to the author, a copy can be procured, and the pleasant and happy hours a perusal of it must insure, will amply repay the small outlay necessary. — *Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly*, Dec. 3, 1870.

[From the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*.]

#### RANDOLPH AND HIS FRIENDS.

"Jordan is a hard road to travel," especially if the traveler happens, as in my case, to be of mixed blood. When I took my seat in the great Southern Convention, my troubles began, for there were hundreds there who couldn't face the music of any sort of equality, between themselves, the tweedledums, and myself, the tweedle-dee. But, for the first time in my life, I found I had a "party" at my back so strong, that on a clear vote I could have been sustained by a handsome majority; but seeing that fact, the weak-kneed didn't choose to try it on with me. And so, with the rest, I started on the tour to Lincoln's grave, winning my share of abuse and praise, in alternate slices — a streak of fat and a streak of lean — all along the route from Philadelphia, making speeches all the way through New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Ohio. But from the hour that we reached Ohio, our chairman and about two others, out of thirty delegates, began to doubt the expediency of my continuance with the crowd, because I had several drops of foreign blood in my veins, and so curious shifts were resorted to by the chairman to get rid of me, but as I couldn't see it in that light, I went to Akron, Mansfield, and Cincinnati, at which place I was treated not only meanly, but inhumanly; but it was no go; then, fifteen dollars that had been given me to pay my way on the railroad, was taken from me by the chairman, compelling me to either use a little money given me, or break in upon the fund I had months before collected for my school. I chose the former, and after speaking in Cincinnati, where the chairman had wholly ignored my existence, and being serenaded by a splendid band of the first musicians in the place, I reached Chicago, in the same train with the chairman, who repeated his former treatment, and not only ignored my existence, but asserted that I was not a member of the delegation, which allegation the said delegation caused him to retract, by gently jogging his memory. It was the same old story of the wolf, lamb, and muddy water. But he was still more surprised when the people of Illinois insisted that not only should I be acknowledged, but assigned to a seat in the first carriage, and a place on the first speaker's stand. Even my religion has been brought up as an argument against me, as well as my hue, and to effect his object, my poor school was with me made to suffer, and yet God's justice bloomed through it all, for everywhere the people received me as a man, and as the herald of the good time coming. A power behind us all has worked the thing up in a most miraculous manner, in spite of a thousand obstacles.

To the eternal honor of the entire delegation, let me say that no man but the chairman treated me unmanfully to my face, while many of them, Messrs. Sherwood, Stokes, Tucker, Maynard, Fennerty, Hunnicutt, Brownlow, Moss, Hamil-

ton, Griffin, Newman, Warmouth and many others, stood by me like men, as much for the man as for the mighty principle at issue. I do not believe that the chairman's hostility arose from personal motives, but from fear of the precedent and inexpediency. Poor man! He's behind the age, for the great heart of the people beats for the right, and the masses keep step to the march of truth; as was proved here in Chicago, where I spoke to assembled thousands on two occasions — the last proving a triumph such as few men have in a lifetime.

I am now sick and weary from overwork, but I thank God that devotion to truth has been recognized by the nation; nor is this triumph mine, it belongs to the people, who now claim me for their own, albeit I have been out in the cold for many a long year. It is a triumph of the long-enunciated principles of the faith I profess, and it is the opening of a new era in the history of the nation; for it is decreed that "The hundred dead shall not have died in vain; that liberty shall have a new birth; and that government for the people, of the people, by the people, shall not perish from the earth." Immortal Lincoln! there's a good time coming; wait a little longer.

P. B. RANDOLPH.

Of course the adverse party rejoiced on account of the rain and the absence of the other delegates, but their laughs were turned to lugubrious grins of shame and mortification before the splendid display of intellect, manhood, statesmanship and oratory of the speaker of the evening, who, for two hours and a half, held the audience — largely composed of our best men, with a good sprinkling of opposition, here and there — spell-bound by his wonderful eloquence. It was no mad appeal to passion, but a clear and logical presentation of the mighty issues of the hour; and was garnished with electric bursts of impassioned eloquence, and fully justified the "Independent's" recent assertion that Mr. Randolph ranks among the first orators of America, and can test brains successfully with the best political orators extant, and give large odds. — *Syracuse Standard*.

Randolph closed in one of his most moving strains of eloquence, peculiar to himself, baffling all report — a portion of the audience unbounded in enthusiasm. — *Boston Banner of Light*.

Dr. Randolph took the stand in behalf of mankind and spoke with an earnest emphasis, and in a style that put many to the blush. — *N. Y. Herald*.

Wood's Hall was filled to overflowing, last evening, with the loyal men and true of Rockford, to listen to the loyal speeches of Dr. RANDOLPH and A. J. GORDON. Mr. GORDON is sound for the Union, and his speech was received with demonstrations of applause. Dr. RANDOLPH followed, surpassing anything ever witnessed in Rockford. The unbounded enthusiasm with which the people received the sterling patriotic utterances of this champion of right, was indicative of a speedy downfall of "my policy" in these regions, and stamps the Doctor among the greatest of America's great orators. He will continue to "swing around the circle" until the final death and burial of "my policy." After the speech the citizens thronged the platform, and eagerly sought the hand of the Doctor, showing not only that the words reached their ears but their hearts. God speed the good cause. The Doctor believes in three things: God, Abraham Lincoln, and Ben Butler. — *Chicago Tribune*.

An immense audience gathered in Brady's Hall last night, to hear the political issues of the day discussed from a loyal Southern point of view, and sat for over two hours, spell-bound beneath the magnificent eloquence of P. B. RANDOLPH, unquestionably the ablest thinker and most finished orator of almost any race on

this continent, and with very few equals on any other. He created the grandest enthusiasm, and effectually drove home the last nail in the Copperjohnson coffin in this locality. He was followed by A. J. Gordon, also of New Orleans, who briefly finished what RANDOLPH began.

"How are you, Andy Johnson? Good morning, 'my policy.'" — *Chicago Republican*.

DR. RANDOLPH, at the Loyal Philadelphia Convention, made by far the most able address delivered before that body. — *Chicago Times*.

In Plymouth Church (H. W. Beecher's), RANDOLPH followed Moss, of Mo., and his wit and pathos elicited the most rapturous applause from probably the most critical audience on this continent. — *Brooklyn Star*.

When MR. RANDOLPH closed, the Convention (Philadelphia), four thousand people, rose *en masse*, and greeted him with round after round of enthusiastic applause, many gathering around him, congratulating him and shaking him heartily by the hand. — *N. Y. World*.

At Cooper Institute last night, able speeches were made by several citizens of Louisiana, among whom DR. RANDOLPH figured conspicuously, his speech being applauded to the echo at nearly every sentence. — *N. Y. News*.

In its report of the Philadelphia Convention, the "Cincinnati Commercial" says:—

"The delegate from North Carolina was followed by MR. RANDOLPH, an octoroon, from New Orleans, who, not content to speak from his place on the floor, rushed to the president's desk, and delivered from there one of the most effective speeches of the session—the most effective, judging from the thunders of applause which greeted every sentence. As he appealed in behalf of an oppressed race for the right of suffrage as a reward for what they had done in the war, and said, 'We demand suffrage for them in return for their sacrifices,' the audience rose *en masse* to cheer him. *Fred Douglass was so excited that he seized Anna Dickinson's Derby hat and flung it into the air, and Anna in her turn grabbed Fred's beaver and whirled it triumphantly aloft.* "As the only representative of my race in this Convention," said the mighty orator, "I demand justice. Give it to me now. We will soon get it with your aid. We will remember our friends." This called forth another roll of thunderous applause, amid which MR. RANDOLPH retired.

MR. RANDOLPH was very eloquent, and created the greatest enthusiasm in the audience. It was the speech of the Convention. — *Philadelphia Press*.

The speech of DR. RANDOLPH was a masterly effort, and a most crushing exposé of the duplicity, treachery and infamy of wrong done in high places. He is a pleasant speaker, is at times sublimely eloquent, and possesses that rare power of oratory that enables him to entrance an audience at will. In keen invective, in vividness of descriptive power, in withering sarcasm, wit, humor, and in correct, logical, and philosophical reasoning, he has but few equals living, and no superior. — *Whiteside Sentinel*, III.

DR. RANDOLPH is one of the first orators in this or any other country. — *Chicago Republican*.



The Southern Delegates had a *confrere* — DR. P. B. RANDOLPH of La. — who took his place among them without a word or hint of remonstrance. It was reserved for a few cowardly northerners to seek covertly the exclusion of ONE OF THE FIRST OF AMERICAN ORATORS from a convention whose chief theme was to be the fate of an entire race. . . .

Just at the opportune moment, DR. RANDOLPH leaped to the platform, and made an electric speech picturing the wrongs of a race, demanding redress, claiming the ballot, and, suddenly turning to a colossal portrait of Mr. Lincoln behind the platform, exclaimed "We are coming, Father Abraham, five hundred thousand more!" The effect was irresistible, the house sprang to its feet and gave cheer after cheer, making the panes in the windows rattle. — *N. Y. Independent*.

DR. RANDOLPH, the celebrated "Octoroon" of Louisiana, took the stand and made the most eloquent and stirring appeal in behalf of his people, the Union and humanity, that we have ever listened to, interspersing it with a number of the most telling hits, and mirth-provoking sallies of wit, which were rapturously applauded throughout by the delighted audience. — *Summit Beacon, Akron, Ohio*.

SAYANNA, ILLINOIS.

F. M. JENKS, Esq.

DEAR SIR: — Get your folks out *en masse*; they will lose the richest treat of a quarter of a century, if they fail to hear this man — this singular and wonderful orator from Louisiana. Our people concede that we have never had so eloquent an orator as Dr. P. B. Randolph in our court house, previous to last evening. If he were to remain here to-night, we haven't a hall or building that would hold the people.

Yours truly,

C. B. SMITH,  
Mount Carroll, Ill.

Alluding to an incident that happened to Dr. Randolph at Oneida, N. Y., while travelling on the pilgrimage to the martyred Lincoln's tomb, the "Syracuse Standard" said: —

"When the party of Southern Unionists reached Oneida yesterday, and were passing from the cars, one of the number was approached by an individual who offered him twenty-five dollars not to speak in that village. 'Not enough,' replied the delegate, 'bid higher.' So the man bid higher, until he reached the sum of three hundred dollars. Even this magnificent offer failed to make an impression on the impoverished but faithful Southerner, who spurned the proposition indignantly, saying there was not enough money in the whole Johnson party to turn him from his course. This story we have on most excellent authority. It shows to what desperate expedients the copperheads are driven in their attempts to make head against the tide of popular indignation setting in against them."

Said the "Chicago Journal": —

"Gordon is a speaker of fair effect, but Dr. Randolph is one of wonderful and rare power. Combining, as he claims, in himself the blood of seven races — white, brown, and red, — he has the energy, humor and persistence of all. Entering at one time into close argumentation of some vital principle, at another introducing something to amuse his audience and relieve their attention, he

showed a descriptive power and a capability for moving others that reminded one of John B. Gough. He far exceeds any other orator I have ever heard, and few speakers can excel him in some points, though he has some defects of style that other cultivation and other associations would have remedied.

DR. P. B. RANDOLPH. — We received a flying visit from the famous Rosierucian last Monday, and, considering the vast amount of intellectual work he does, found him looking remarkably well, albeit he comes West to seek relief from too much confined toil, realizing that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

On Sunday afternoon the audience in Music Hall, learning who was in the house, insisted upon hearing the Dr. speak, and he complied, as he did also again in the evening, and we need not say that the people were not only thrilled, but perfectly astonished and spell-bound by his strange, weird, and wonderful eloquence.

There are but few living men who can sweep the strings of the human heart with as much ease and power as can this remarkable man.

Our friends in the West, who want to hear our glorious faith upbuilt by a master orator, should at once secure the opportunity of engaging P. B. Randolph.

We predict for Dr. R. the most flattering success in the great West, both as speaker and physician, and congratulate all those who may be so fortunate as to secure his services, and a treat and feast of good things, not to be had every day of the year. — *R. P. Journal*.

AUTHORS. — An author has been compared to asparagus, on the supposition that all that it is good about him is — his head. We venture to protest against such a definition, on the plea that much of his value is also to be ascribed to his heart. It is indeed the latter quality which gives to the realm of authorship its highest dignity and value.

Authors, again, have been styled lamps, exhausting themselves to give light to others; to bees industriously collecting honey from the flowers, which they treasure up in the hive of books to sweeten and solace life. Authorcraft is an imitative as well as a creative art; an original thinker is one who portrays the works of the great author of the universe — the compiler, one who ingeniously adapts or re-arranges the thoughts and illustrations of others: both in their degree may be said to possess creative power. Pseudo-authors are counterfeits, and belong not to the true and honorable craft, and should be dealt with according to the laws of felony.

Everybody remembers Goldsmith's bloom-colored coat; George Fox's "leathern hull," Milton's garb of coarse gray, Magliabecchi's great brown vest down to his knees, his broad-brimmed hat and patched black mantle, and his cravat full of snuff-droppings; Pope's velvet cap, the wig and sword; and Buffon, with his hair in curl-papers while sitting at his desk; Scott's limp; Byron's club-foot; Pope's little crooked figure, like a note of interrogation; Johnson's rotundity and rheum; Charles Lamb's spindle-shanks in gaiters; and all manner of personal peculiarities of distinguished men.

Who would not willingly make a pilgrimage to catch a glimpse of an author in his literary laboratory — his workshop? For example, of Richardson, in his back shop, writing "Pamela;" of Cowper and his tame hares; of Byron and Newstead Abbey; of Burns, in his humble cottage home; of Voltaire, in his re-

treat of Ferney by the shores of Lake Lemane; of Sir Walter Scott, in his studio at Abbotsford; of Dr. Johnson, in his retreat in Bolt Court; of Shakespeare, and the woods of Charlecote; of Pope, and his house at Twickenham; of Swift, and his living at Lascor, — and — why not? — of the Rosierucian, Paschal Beverly Randolph — the author of "Pre-Adamite Man," "Casca Llanna," "Love, and its Hidden History," and a score or so of equally good and powerfully-written volumes! — the fact is, we are never tired of reading of such things, identified as they are with genius, and consecrated by their association with the names of great men.

Voltaire was fond of magnificent attire, and usually dressed in an absurd manner. Diderot once travelled from St. Petersburg to Paris in a morning-gown and night-cap, and in this guise promenaded the streets and public places of the towns on his route. He was often taken for a madman. While composing his works he used to walk about at a rapid pace, making huge strides, and sometimes throwing up his wig into the air when he struck out a happy idea. One day a friend found him in tears. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "what is the matter?" "I am weeping," answered Diderot, "at a story I have just composed!"

Wordsworth was deemed a madman by some of the villagers, by others a criminal in the disguise of an idler. They affirmed that he had been often seen to wander about at night, and look "rather strangely at the moon," and that sometimes "he would roam over the hills like a partridge."

Grey was a polite monk, the most learned man of his day. His elegy is the most melodious poem in the language. He was a man of extreme taciturnity. It is said he was sometimes known to pass a whole day without uttering a word.

LECTURE AT THE BOSTON THEATRE. — A lecture will be delivered by P. B. Randolph, the eloquent Octoroon of Louisiana, to-morrow evening, in the Boston Theatre, upon Southern matters. Mr. Randolph, is styled the great orator of Louisiana, and has electrified thousands upon thousands. The "Chicago Tribune" speaks very highly of his efforts.

DR. RANDOLPH'S LECTURE LAST NIGHT. — We confess to disappointment in so few persons at the hall last night, but as we anticipated, the lecture was a rich treat. How the doctor can talk for two hours to so small an audience, with such earnest, burning, eloquent words, such pathos, wit and invective, can only be accounted for on the ground of his thorough conviction of duty and an irresistible impulse to serve a good cause. Dr. Randolph is in earnest, is capable of doing great good, and we trust his labors may be better appreciated.

DR. RANDOLPH THE DELEGATE. — Doubtless our readers have seen the slander against this gentleman, uttered by one Norton, of Texas, — himself the great kicked-out from the loyal Southern delegation.

Norton was angry that Randolph was the honored guest of the nation, which refused to be Nortonized, and so he revenged himself by charging Dr. R. with collecting large sums of money, whereas he has not even thought of so doing, since he joined the delegation. What he has collected — some four or five hundred dollars — is for his school. The Dr. and his plans are endorsed by every one of the delegations present at New York, and the following effectually disposes of Norton and his falsehood:—

BURNET HOUSE, Cin., Sept 25.

*To the Public.*—Dr. P. B. Randolph is engaged in the laudable and noble effort to establish a Normal School for the education of teachers, for schools in the South. He is an earnest, able, and patriotic man, deserving the encouragement and aid of the public, and I heartily commend him to the friends of humanity everywhere.

A. J. HAMILTON, Texas.

I cheerfully concur with Governor Hamilton.

JOS. S. FOWLER, U. S. Senator, Tennessee.

I heartily endorse the foregoing statement of Gov. H. and unite in his recommendations.

ALBERT GRIFFIN, Ala.

The signatures of the best men of the nation could be had to this splendid endorsement of an earnest, honest worker for the right.

The press are respectfully requested to publish this statement, and thus help unmask a disappointed numbscull, who tried to get into good company, but failed. Let the good work go on.

He is "coming up." Says the "Brooklyn Star," in the report of a speech by him:—

Mr. Randolph, by invitation of Mr. Beecher and others, will deliver one more speech on Temperance before he leaves us for his western home. He speaks at the Brooklyn Institute to-morrow (Tuesday) evening, at 7½ o'clock. When this man first appeared among us as a Temperance speaker, his power and eloquence surprised everybody who heard him. The effects produced by him upon his audiences was such that an almost universal doubt prevailed as to whether he could maintain the same power thereafter; but this opinion has given way to the conviction "that," to quote Mr. Beecher, "the Lord has raised up a powerful instrument for his service in the Temperance cause in this man." He is evidently a man of unusual ability and great mental resources. Time after time has he been called upon to speak at a moment's warning, and without the slightest preparation, and yet every speech is a decided improvement on the last, even when the first was universally acknowledged to be excellent. Mr. Randolph takes rank with our best speakers, but is not an imitator of any. His style is unique and entirely original, somewhat resembling J. B. Gough's, inasmuch as his speeches abound in bold figures and magnificent imagery, brilliant flights,

rich anecdote, large philanthropy, and uncompromising hostility to wrong in any shape. It can but infuse new life into the noble movement to have such standard-bearers as Gough in Europe, and Randolph in this country. Mr. R. is a Son of Temperance, and belongs to Washington Division, No. 4, which also claims as members several of the first men of this section of the State. Go to the Institute early, for otherwise it may be difficult to obtain seats.

**NEW PUBLICATIONS.**—After Death; or, Disembodied Man. The World of Spirits; its location, extent, appearance; the route thither; inhabitants; customs; societies; also sex and its uses there, etc., etc., with much matter pertinent to the question of human immortality. By the author of "Pre-Adamite Man." Boston; printed for the author.

The most thrilling work this celebrated author ever wrote. It discusses questions concerning man after death that have hitherto been wholly untouched, and would have remained so, had not this bold thinker grappled with them. Do we eat, drink, sleep, love, marry, become parents after death? and other thrillingly interesting topics are thoroughly treated in this very remarkable volume.

The most extraordinary and singular work of the age.

The immortal 10th CHAPTER, concerning SEX after death, is alone worth a hundred ordinary books.

The literary and philosophical triumph of the century, written by one of that century's most remarkable men.

No modern work ever created such astonishment and surprise—especially among ministers and theologians.

Woman especially will hail this glorious book! Who of the sex could read the splendid last chapter, or the thrilling episode of the seducer and his victim both at the eternal bar, and not shed grateful tears that such a book exists written by such a peerless pen!

In this extraordinary work Dr. P. B. Randolph discusses a great variety of topics in that graphic and fluent style for which he is well known. No one can read a page without confessing the author's powers, although many may question his infallibility. The book is eminently a suggestive one. Dr. Randolph has seen a good deal of life and human nature, and has passed through most of the extraordinary phases of it. We may not always agree with his views, but we must admit the ability with which they are presented, and the glimpses of high seership which he gives us. We commend the book to all investigators; as it contains matter well worthy the attention of the philosopher, the psychologist, and the inquiring mind. Here is a good specimen of the author's style.

"You cannot see air, gas, or clear glass, yet all these are gross and heavy. *You cannot even see a man.* We are just as intangible before, as after death. You see his coat, his skin, blood, bones, nerves, brain; his qualities and properties all the time, but not himself. Spirit forever eludes physical sight, save under extraordinary conditions, quite exceptional to the rule. We universally speak of *my body*, because we instinctively know that the body is not us. No man ever saw another, for the reason that man himself resides in sealed chambers in the brain. The body is his general organ, his nerves the feelers, and his eyes the windows through which he knows the outer world. It is no argument against immortality that souls are unseeable; for we cannot see the essence of anything whatever; and at best can become only partially acquainted with anything."

The whole argument on immortality is carried out with much originality, freshness, and force of illustration.—*Banner of Light.*



Mr. Randolph often wonders whether the public *will* really come up to his relief; he sometimes doubts, but it is beyond the line of chance, and the editor of this brochure has no more doubt of the large-hearted American people to whom this little work goes, coming to his relief, than that the sun rises and sets in the heavens. All that is essential, is to let them know that the man who has done so much for them, really and mournfully needs their practical aid, and they will give it freely, promptly, liberally, by the honorable method suggested elsewhere. — THE EDITOR.

AFTER DEATH. — No living man but Dr. Randolph could have penned such a work as this. The immortal tenth chapter, concerning sex after death, is alone worth a hundred ordinary books. — *Vandaver Courier*.

Let the good work go on.

Said the "Chicago R. P. Journal":—

*P. B. Randolph.* — Our readers will no doubt be glad to learn that this celebrated thinker and orator has once more been impelled to enter the lecturing field. His subjects are entirely new and original, embracing the famous Re-incarnation subject (on which probably no living person is better posted); another on the Woman Question, embracing love, marriage and divorce; one on his journey through Arabia, Egypt, Turkey and Palestine; and another on Love and its Hidden History, and the seven Magnetic Laws; embracing also the rationale, philosophy and attainment of clairvoyance — a matter upon which he can speak with the authority and power derived from one of the most marvellous experiences ever known. Parties must apply soon, or address him at Boston, Mass.

It has been repeatedly said, and by the highest authorities, that there are two ways of reaching truth, — by reasoning out and by feeling out. All the profoundest truths are felt out. This is most undoubtedly true. Mr. Randolph, when asked how he gets his uncommon knowledge, almost invariably replies, "I feel it out!" "But how do you get the scientific *demonstrations* of the truths you so frequently discover and announce to the world, — for instance, the forecasting, and results of the last French Revolution, announced in "Ravalette" *ten years* before it took place, as well as hundreds of others that might be mentioned?" "I feel them out also! To see is sometimes to be deceived, but to feel is to absolutely *know*!"

DR. RANDOLPH AT STRAWN'S HALL. — Our citizens are possessed of a peculiar virtue. Whenever anything novel demands their attention, they either send out a reconnoitring party, or wait the reports of a few radical and reckless persons who always act as skirmishers when anything new or startling is to be investigated, and thus they are enabled to preserve the most exact propriety. A lecture is announced from some one not already world-wide in fame, or at least not familiarly known in Jacksonville, and a small, but always select, audience greets the occasion. If it prove a failure, it is pocketed by the heroes and heroines as a small matter, only an adventure from which some good may be derived. If it prove a success the favored few, being few, relish it all the more, and the cautious multitude content themselves with, "Oh, how sorry I am!" But if the thing is to be repeated, then look out for a crowded house. Our people know how to

appreciate a good thing when they are sure they have got it, or are certain to get it. Last night a small, but certainly a select audience listened to the octo-noon orator, Dr. Randolph, and as he is to lecture again on Thursday night, we know he will be greeted by a full house. To say that he delighted his audience would be tame; he took it by storm, and perfectly enraptured every man and woman who heard him. Dr. Randolph is a descendant of John Randolph of Virginia, and thus combines the Indian and the African in his blood. He is an orator and a scholar, and his lecture was replete with beauty, pathos, wit, imagery, and eloquence. We cannot attempt a synopsis of it. Let no one fail to hear him on Thursday night on the subject of temperance—a grand theme.

**MISREPRESENTATION.**—Every man who advocates ideas that the masses have not yet grown up to is denounced as a visionary; his sentiments misrepresented, his motives called in question, his character traduced. He who designs to labor for the enlightenment and elevation of mankind must make up his mind to be denounced and derided, and must forgive his opposers, for they “know not what they do.” The ignorance of the multitude is yet dense, and the majority of mankind are not prepared to understand or appreciate the most simple and evident verities. He who cannot bear patiently all abuse, scorn and indifference, need not enter the field of Reform. But the man who is prepared to be poor and unpopular in his own day, to labor on whether his cotemporaries hear or refuse to hear, he shall do a work whose issues shall be everlasting, and whose memory shall never perish.

This is why Randolph's fame is safe.

**DEALINGS WITH THE DEAD.**—To any eye that can read and every heart that can understand, I would say that if they have any desire to know the real truths of spirit instruction and spirit knowledge, let them read with close attention and unbiassed mind, the book called “Dealings with the Dead,” by P. B. Randolph. If they cannot take time to read the whole book, let them begin at the sixty-eighth page. The soul-stirring truths therein explained are too true to be thrown idly aside. Many are now reading and appreciating, and the time is not far distant when thousands more will do the same, and a cry will go forth for more of the same kind.

ONE WHO KNOWS.

Dr. Dewey of Boston once took a letter or Photograph of Randolph, to a celebrated lady reader of the human character through such instrumentalities. She reported thus:—

“Opulent with spirit gifts, himself is the cause. His soul is full of imagery, yet lacks he system; method is no part of his inheritance. Argumentative, concise, clear, he feels his way with care, yet fails to bring to surface what he feels is true. Bigoted at times, he moves among men as Lord of state, as though he was made to govern all within his reach. His speech is rapid, utterance is clear, yet beggars none; 'tis not borrowed, 'tis his own, unique and singular; at times controlled by jets of fun, he laughs himself at what he's done, relates at length his own experience, and calls up mirth and jollity from them, who, hearing, wish to hear again. Beware; all men, beware how you trample on him! Take care, take care, he will not bear nor forbear again. Men he honors, so be he deems them men, but never feels himself beneath their notice.

Mrs. E. M. SHIRLEY, Worcester, Mass.”

Even so late as March 21st, 1872, came the following :—

EAST BRAINTREE, VT., March 20, 1872.

P. B. RANDOLPH :—Your book "Seership" is a Godsend to me. If I could never become a seer, the ideas conveyed therein are worth *fifty times the cost of the book* to me, and more, if I could not procure another copy. Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain yours truly,

HENRY J. HYZER.

GRAMMERCY PARK HOTEL, N. Y., Sept. 11, 1866.

We, the Southern Loyal Committee, appointed by the late Southern Loyal Convention, held in Philadelphia, to perform a political pilgrimage to the grave of our martyred president, Abraham Lincoln, do hereby express our approval of the educational plans and ideas, calculated and intended to extend the benefits of sound learning, where they are greatly needed, to the entire South, as advanced and entertained by one of our own number, the delegate from Louisiana, P. B. Randolph, M.D. We cordially endorse both the ideas and the man, and especially in the light of the well-known fact that he has proved himself one of the most earnest, enthusiastic, and successful teachers of the ignorant, that ever attempted to teach. This he has done in New Orleans, and elsewhere in Louisiana, and the man is entirely and wholly worthy of public confidence and trust.

R. O. SIDNEY, *Mississippi.*

CHARLES E. MOSS, *Missouri.*

R. H. BRANSCOMB, *Missouri.*

E. V. WRIGHT, *Washington, D. C.*

WESTON FLINT, *Missouri.*

J. R. S. VAN VLEET, *Texas.*

HENRY S. LASAR, *Missouri.*

JOSEPH S. FOWLER, *Tennessee.*

H. H. THOMAS, *Tennessee.*

W. B. STOKES, *Tennessee.*

N. H. MILLER, *District of Columbia.*

D. H. BINGHAM, *Alabama.*

Z. K. PANGBORN, *New Jersey.*

WM. S. POPE, *St. Louis, Mo.*

CHARLES P. SMITH, *Trenton, N. J.*

D. COOPER ALLINSON, *Trenton, N. J.*

C. B. SABIN, *Houston, Texas.*

E. HIESTAND, *Louisiana.*

LORENZO SHERWOOD, *Texas.*

O. B. HART, *Florida.*

A. J. HAMILTON, *Texas.*

N. S. MORSE, *Georgia.*

H. C. WARMOTH, *of Louisiana.*

W. G. BROWNLOW, *Governor of Tennessee.*

HERMANN BOKAUM, *Tennessee.*

T. I. STEWART, *Maryland.*

HOPE BAIN, *North Carolina.*

STATE OF ILLINOIS, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,  
 SPRINGFIELD, Oct. 12, 1866.

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF ILLINOIS : —

I recommend to your favorable notice Dr. P. B. Randolph, of Louisiana, who was a member of the Loyal Southern Convention recently held in Philadelphia.

Dr. Randolph is highly recommended as a gentleman and a scholar. He is an earnest, faithful friend of the oppressed race and to mankind. He seeks by honorable effort to elevate the condition of the poor people in the United States, and in devoting his life to this humane and praiseworthy object he deserves your encouragement, and I hope he will receive it heartily.

R. J. OGLESBY.

Said the Vandalia, Ill., "Courier," speaking of the two mixed blood campaigners of 1866 : —

The second speaker was Dr. Randolph of Louisiana, a nephew of John Randolph of Roanoke. He made a feeling speech — narrated the sufferings of the Union people of the South — gave a brief history of the New Orleans massacre, and in withering and burning words placed the blame of the present distracted condition of the Southern States where it belongs — upon the President and northern copperheads. Dr. Randolph's speech was characterized by eloquent utterances, humorous comparisons and withering rebukes, and although about one sixteenth foreign, he is a more able speaker, according to the evidence of the Chicago "Times," than any of the Demi-Johnson orators now perambulating the State of Illinois.

HEADQUARTERS GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT OF EDUCATION, LA.

Dr. P. B. Randolph has been in the employ of this office, in the capacity of principal teacher in one of the largest and most flourishing schools for freedmen in the State. It affords me great pleasure to be able to say from an official acquaintance with him for several months past, that I have found him to be a gentleman of very rare attainments and qualifications as a teacher, and excelled by none in sincere, earnest zeal in the great cause of education and moral elevation of the unfortunate freedmen. I have no hesitancy in recommending him to the friends of the cause of liberty, justice, humanity, and education of the freedmen.

H. R. PEASE,

Captain and General Superintendent of Education B. R. F. and A. L., La.

The following testimonials of character, and endorsement of the proposed school work, are from some of the most illustrious men of the great Republic and the world : —

Dr. P. B. Randolph stands highly recommended as a man ; an educator of the people, a true philanthropist ; and a gentleman of very rare and unusual attainments as a scholar and orator ; he is making a very laudable effort to establish a graded school in Louisiana, wherein, in addition to juveniles, men and women may be instructed, and prepared to become teachers throughout the South.

The undersigned most heartily approve thereof, and trust that he may be heard in behalf of his cause, and assisted by all who desire the advancement of civilization and refinement among the colored people of these United States.

He is EARNEST, eloquent, and true.

ANDREW JOHNSON, President of U. S.

B. F. WADE, U. S. Senator.

J. P. SULLIVAN, New Orleans, La.

T. B. THORPE, New Orleans, La.

E. H. DURELL, Judge, New Orleans, La.

EDWARD C. BILLINGS, New Orleans, La.

I have known Mr. Randolph thirteen years, and can testify to his character and qualifications, and believe him a specially qualified instrument for his work.

HORACE H. DAY, New York.

JAMES W. NYE, U. S. Senator, Nevada.

WASHINGTON, July 21, 1866.

Mr. Nye has known Mr. Randolph since 1848.

I cordially recommend Mr. Randolph and the cause he represents to the favor of the friends of the human race, and of the country. He has energy, capacity, courage, and integrity necessary to perform the work in which he is engaged.

N. P. BANKS, M. C., Massachusetts.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 21, 1866.

I concur in the foregoing, and commend Mr. Randolph and his cause to the consideration of the public.

WM. D. KELLEY, M. C., Pennsylvania.

I cordially sympathize with all movements similar to that of Dr. Randolph's, and believe, with proper encouragement, he will carry it forward to most desirable success.

J. B. FERGUSON,

Cor. Sec. National Union Club, Washington, D. C.

I am fully satisfied of the fitness of Mr. Randolph for the enterprise in which he is engaged, and earnestly commend him and that enterprise to public favor.

A. W. RANDALL,

U. S. Postmaster General.

I fully endorse the enterprise contemplated by Mr. Randolph.

HUGH McCULLOCH,

Secretary Treasury, U. S.

July 23, 1866.

I concur in recommending the enterprise of Mr. Randolph.

U. S. GRANT,

General Armies of the United States.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 24, 1866.

I heartily endorse the object proposed by Dr. Randolph, and whatever can be done, in accordance with law, I will do to aid the enterprise.

O. O. HOWARD,

Major General, and Commissioner Bureau Refugee Freedmen, etc.

Dr. Randolph's character is unimpeachable; as a THINKER and author, he stands entirely alone among self-educated people in this country, and it is doubtful if any man of mixed blood now living is his intellectual peer. He should be encouraged in the noble work he has begun.

We heartily endorse Mr. Randolph and his enterprise. He deserves success.

THADDEUS STEVENS, M. C., Pennsylvania.

SCHUYLER COLFAX, Speaker U. S. House of Representatives.

E. D. McPIERSON, Clerk House of Representatives.

JOHN W. FORNEY, Clerk U. S. Senate.

HENRY J. RAYMOND.



## CHICAGO ACADEMY OF UNIVERSAL SCIENCE.

P. B. RANDOLPH, Esq. :—

DEAR SIR, — At a regular meeting of the above Society, you were nominated and unanimously elected an honorary member of the same. And in view of your acquaintance with so many subjects of interest to humanity, you are kindly invited to contribute an article on Buddhistic, Chaldean, and other Oriental Magic, to be read before the Society.

Very respectfully, yours,

W. T. COLES, *Secretary*.

BRUNSWICK, ME., March 25.

DEAR BROTHER : — I have been reading your "Dealings with the Dead" (the enlarged and improved edition of which is called "SOUL WORLD; THE WORLD OF SOULS: THE HOMES OF THE DEAD"), after carefully reading ALL OF A. B. CHILDS' writings, A. J. DAVIS' and many others; but yours *come home to me*, and I am so glad to find the sequel (the disembodiment of man) is at hand. I am impatient for its contents, if it borders on the "Dealings." I love that book, because it seems to look clearly through real dreams, — "not those of sleep, when nature's tired, — but far more deep, and genius fired; it brings a light so bright and clear, o'er dark-set night and darkest sphere, that I o'en now can see to read an angel's brow." Send the book to, etc.,

THOMAS MASON, Esq., Brunswick, Me.

MIDDLETOWN, ORANGE CO., March 21, 1872.

PASCHAL B. RANDOLPH :—

DEAR SIR, — Your writings have done us INCALCULABLE GOOD! After twenty-five years of marriage, a *perpetual* honeymoon has again dawned upon us — self and wife — as the result. Our best thanks, and wishes for your welfare.

M. S. W. K.

It is truly said, and most of mankind agree, that the worst of teaching is better than none; one who is self-taught can take no advantage of the experience in methods of learning acquired by his race in hundreds of years; he begins a new history of education for himself. It is equally true that all that we think, nay, even our very manner of thinking, comes from Asia. It is the cradle of thought — the nursery of ideas. Well, Mr. Randolph is wholly and emphatically a self-taught man, and as such long ago mastered the principles, not only of current philosophies, but of the best and profoundest of all past ages; beside which his mind is essentially and markedly Asiatic, and for this reason his writings possess a peculiar essence, so to speak, found in but few writers of the age. Those who have ever seen, heard, read or talked with this man, will *never* forget him. Wholly himself, he follows no leader; is in a mental whirlwind half the time, and will change in style, appearance, manner, a dozen times within the hour, so that you scarce can believe the same human being stands or sits before you.

In physique as in mind, he differs greatly from all other men; now sympathetic to tears, anon colder than a Nova Zembla iceberg, yet hiding a volcano all the while. Wonderfully, almost preternaturally magnetic, it is but little marvel that he has, to use his own expression (now incorporated in a score of stage-plays), "Loved not wisely, but too much and often." Had it not been so he never could have written "CASCA LLANNA" and "LOVE AND ITS HIDDEN HISTORY," both of which were drawn from his own love life experiences and

"WALKS AMONG THE WOMEN," the proposed title of a book of gems on the subject of the tender passion. Mr. Randolph is *not* a handsome man, but there's a something about him which attracts attention wherever he may be; for even in the theatre lorgnettes by scores are pointed at him, until the thing becomes offensive, while on the street few men draw more passing eyes towards them. In complexion he is sallow-olive, black eyes, black hair, black mustache, imperial and beard, but otherwise beardless. For twenty years he has worn spectacles.

Formerly he used to frequently speak in public, but for ten years has rarely done so, save in the memorable political campaign of 1866; but when he *does* ascend the rostrum he reigns lord paramount and alone; for his orations in earnestness of purpose and delivery, clearness of outline and vehemence of expression, gorgeousness of figure and trope, and magic, marvellous eloquence, have rarely been equalled and *never* surpassed.

With lofty soul and beaming brow he treads the stage every inch a king; dissects his subject — mainly the passions — with master-hand, delineates each perfectly, and utterly despising punctiliousness of any sort lays bare the human soul, so that even the blind can see.

A set oration on a theme he delights in is a treat to listen to, for when thoroughly going, engaged, wound up, it is one of the most extraordinary exhibitions of word-painting, idea-advancing, resources, endurance and overwhelming impetuosity ever heard anywhere, at any time, from the lips and brains of any man. It is unique, alone, complete, finished, and without a flaw from exordium to peroration. At least this is the opinion of one of the leading journals of America, from whose columns it is quoted word for word.

In his dramatic power, whether of tongue or pen, this man is almost alone, especially when the topic is either mysticism or the inner life of love — hopeful, non-lurid love; and no master of our day can stand on more solid or more lofty ground; and the interest felt in him is intense to a degree, for by turns he is wild, weird, pathetic, grand, even sublime; sometimes grotesque, and not unfrequently, a harrowing sensation — as for instance, his Cobra Scene, is ended in a genuine bathos, itself a flash of rare genius. Never afraid of outraging public sentiment, the man dares and *does*, writes and says things which would immediately kill the reputation of almost any other public character. "But they expect such things of Randolph," and would be surprised if he pursued any other course. His speeches have never been repeated, in fact he can neither read a speech, repeat one a second time, or deliver one twice from the same notes. His mind is well-nigh inexhaustible of good things, and new thoughts; and he keeps his originality and freshness, as perfect as if he had just begun to exercise his quick, observant, fertile, sharp, incisive, penetrative mind; and his fancy, satire, invective, humor, wit and common sense, win the reader or hearer in spite of her or himself; and especially so, in view of the daring boldness with which he sails squarely in the teeth of all authorities whatever, and unhesitatingly attacks popular prejudices, sentiments and opinions, so that one can't help feeling, "This man may be right! At all events he is honest, and I guess I'll read, or hear him again."

There are few more brilliant conversationists, when in the humor, — and he will not be unless you speak, as well as being spoken to, — than that same "queer-looking man." When he is, then his talk is like the upper part of New York, — a broad sheet of silver in the moonlight, with vague, misty shores, looming just beyond old Erie's wave. Then comes a rapier-like flashing in the night, the throat-tones are exchanged for chest-voice, and you know you are in the rapids, and are being rushed, as by an armed battalion, by the weird eloquence of the speaker, whose face pales, lips turn white, and eyes flash liquid fire, as he whirls you along toward Niagara's dreadful leap; and he rushes you over the parapet of logic to an inevitable conclusion, just as surely as that Erie's floods roll down to the sea. This is why Henry Wilson, senator, and the now Boston postmaster, secured his services for the Republican campaign of 1866, and when they had used this man to their hearts' content, he who penned the Civil-Rights bill, and who so stiffened the Republican back-bone that they put a "Black Suffrage" plank into their platform, not only turned the cold shoulder to him, but worse. Without this man they might have carried the elections that year, but it is doubtful. The only grateful Republican of them all was the head of the party, Ulysses S. Grant, who gave Mr. Randolph two hundred dollars for his school, which school O. O. Howard saw fit to strangle in its birth.

Great souls shine all the brighter when contrasted with the littleness around them; judged by this standard, Mr. Randolph has nothing to fear, either now, or when his life's fitful fever is ended, and his weariness finds rest.

Perfectly aware that intolerance and spiteful calumny have ruined many a good and righteous cause, and driven many a good man to the banks of the bitter waters; that in what is called "society" manners pass for a great deal too much, morals for too little, money for real worth, and genuine character for nothing at all, unless backed by a clique or ring, Randolph concluded to take Saxe's advice, and "go it alone," convinced that the affection in his soul would yet set him right before the world. "Love will shine through all!" said he, and so it will.

The persecutions to which he has been recently subjected, a history of which immediately follows, instead of working the ill intended, bids fair to result in enabling him to reach a far larger public than he had hoped for on this earth, and will unquestionably go far toward setting this gifted man rightly and fairly before the world.

The writer hereof cannot better close the first part of this pamphlet, than by asking every man, woman and child, into whose hands it may fall, to purchase another copy, and procure Mr. Randolph's books directly from himself, for the reason that thereby the public *directly* benefits him, instead of the agents who buy at wholesale; for when the persecution fell through, by reason of its wrong, Mr. Randolph had but twenty cents in the world; for the persecutors, representing a capital of a hundred thousand dollars, swept every book from his shelves, leaving him heavily in debt, unwell, with frozen lips and heavy heart, to begin the world again. His books were bought in for him by a friend, but the sales thereof must be devoted to the liquidation of that debt, before their author can call a dollar his own. For this reason, *you*, the reader, are earnestly asked to

interest yourself *personally*, in behalf of the author of this incomparable series of books.

TISKILWA, ILL., May 14th, 1868.

DOCT. RANDOLPH:—

DEAR SIR, — Your book, "Love," etc., is received. It is a splendid work! just such as humanity *will* cherish — if not yet — as a great work, and your name will be handed to posterity as one of the great lights of this age.

You have my earnest and best wishes for your prosperity and success in all laudable undertakings.

Yours respectfully,

RHODA BENSON.

PEORIA, Ill., May 17th, 1868.

DR. P. B. RANDOLPH:—

DEAR SIR, — I have finished reading your *very remarkable* work, entitled "Disembodied Man," and have been deeply interested in the astounding revelations contained therein. Not long since I read Davis' "Stellar Key to the Summer Land," [published about two years after Randolph's wonderful book!], but you seem to have penetrated the mysteries and glories of the upper spheres to a greater extent.

J. OSCAR BELL.

DEAR BROTHER:—Ever since I read your book I have believed that you possess a true and noble soul, and I believe so yet. Your "Disembodied Man" is *my* Bible! You have therein asked and solved a great many questions that I never saw any one try to solve before! . . . The insight you have given me in your strange *soul* history, has awakened *my soul's deepest sympathy*. I do sympathize with you from my soul's most inmost being, and your *sorrows* are to me as sacred as the dead. You speak of a personal story in "Seership." While reading it, the thought flashed that that story was your own,—it, and what I read in "Disembodied Man," that you have been a *victim*. I can readily perceive the exquisite torture, the almost unendurable agony a soul of your fine sensibilities must have suffered! Surely, my brother, you have been forced to travel over rough and thorny roads; been forced to drain the cup of bitterness to its very dregs. But out of your sorrow and bitter agony you have arisen almost a god, for you are as far above the masses as the heavens above the earth. The more I read your works, the more I worship your great and noble soul, so Godlike in its attitude, so full of love and compassion and charity for poor, weak sinful humanity, why, I feel as though I am but the smallest atom — so weak and helpless. I wish I could leave my body in a sleep, while my soul would enter one of the Sanitoria you describe (in "After Death") and be nursed into health.

Heaven bless you, my BROTHER, is my prayer.

E. T.

WATERFORD, ERIE CO., PA., May 27th.

KIND SIR:—Your very pleasant and cordial letter, and *valuable* book came duly to hand; and I gratefully assure you of the pleasurable and agreeable emotions elicited.

The letter, so grandly cordial in its manly and deeply scholastic tone, awakened emotions of reverence, and *almost* evoked the "nameless" of Bulwer's unrivalled fancy. I read, nay, studied, your book. Is it essential for you to *know* the impression made on my mind? I see you were raised a Christian, with the Bible, not Koran, as your type and model and point of holy reverence. This has become your second nature — a part of your being that, dress it as you will, it is there still; a part of your mother's creation. I am astonished by the glory, and much of the wisdom and pristine beauty in your — Revelation! Is this Rosierucian? My mind is full of the new ideas of your book. Mejnour, teach thy Neophyte.

MRS. A. A. M. GILL.

Hundreds more to the same purport can be produced, but as this sketch of an "earnest" man's life is limited, one more only shall here be reproduced.

Another correspondent, B. W. Keith, E. Bridgewater, Mass., says of "Disembodied Man," "I admire it, for if it, the hereafter, is as you say, it is the highest conception of finite mind — worthy of a God!"

Of "Casca Llanna," the "Banner of Light" said, under the heading of "The Woman's Book! A life's issues of Love in all its phases:" — We all know what love means, yet fail to realize it. This splendid work tells how. This great work treats of *Love, woman, marriage. The grand secret. A book for those who have hearts!* And it is the ablest and the grandest book on Love, Man, Woman, the Laws of Affection and Marriage, that ever fell from human pen! No description, critique, or synopsis can begin to do justice to the mighty work, which ought to be bound in gold and be on the table of every man, woman, and youth in the land and in the world! It includes matchless articles upon *Love, Woman, Courtship, Marriage, The Laws of Happiness, The Family, Vampirism, Love-Starvation, Affectional Health, The Grand Secret, Magnetic Leechings, Good and Evil Effects of Varied Magnetisms, The Infernalisms of Modern so-called "Philosophies."* A book for every man, but especially every woman in the land — a book superior not only to any work of the kind in America or Europe, but this work is superior to any that probably was ever written!

Better present this book to a loved one than give money or jewels.

Now let us pass to the next phase of Randolph's career. For the publication of the very identical books, so graphically commended by the people and the press, was made the ostensible motive for thrusting him into a felon's cell, — but the real motive was to blackmail him out of the valuable copyrights of those very works — a scheme which, though it failed of its real end, nevertheless stripped poor Randolph of every dollar he had in the world.



## PART II.

### THE ORDEAL.

IN May, 1871, two men, a man named PETERS, (but who in Montreal was known as "Prontiss," proprietor of a weekly paper then called the "Hearthstone" and still known as such under its new, honorable and able proprietor, Mr. Desbaret,) and another named THOMAS H. CHURCHILL, (ostensible publishers of a humbug pamphlet called the "Harvest of Gold,") who did business at No. 12 Old State House, Boston, under the style of "Amos Mason & Co.," said Amos being a man of straw altogether, called on P. B. Randolph at his rooms, and proposed to deal in his books. In a little while an intimacy grew up between Randolph and the two parties, which continued till "Mason & Co." left Boston. Churchill remained and lived principally on money earned by Randolph, but which that individual will never see again. At this time, Mr. Randolph had just begun to write his book "*Casca Llanna*," a table of contents of which will be found at the end of this brochure; and in that work, as it advanced, Churchill, as a literary expert, expressed a great interest, and declared his ability to circulate three hundred thousand copies of the work when done; nor did he overrate either his ability or the salability of that book; only one thing was necessary, that the copyright of the book pass either into his hands, or those of a "ring" under his engineering and control.

Early in June, 1871, JAMES FISK, JR., visited Boston, and Mr. Randolph wrote the celebrated article about him, which the united testimony of some thousands declared, after Fisk's murder, to be the best and truest estimate of the man, his nature, character and genius, ever written, and the world remains of that opinion still.

This article Mr. Randolph incorporated in "*Casca Llanna*," where it commences at page 220 and ends at 240.

After Fisk's death, Mr. Randolph changed the conclusion of the article in the book, but had it published in a separate pamphlet, as the subjoined copy of its advertisement will show:

"JAMES FISK, JR. — His Secret! The secret of his success and wonderful power. What the Clairvoyant lady said about him! Also the laws of love as applied to Fisk's case, with a paper on the *Tobacco Habit*. — How to break it. The natural antidote. Also, about matters pertinent to the happiness of all wives and their husbands; also, all males and females of the human species on the earth. Post free, twenty-five cents. P. B. Randolph, Boston, Mass."

So true, so just, did people believe that article to be, that no less than four persons undertook to call Fisk's personal attention to it, the author furnishing copies of the work for that purpose. Two days before Fisk's death, he told the gentleman, [Paul H. Nelson, Esq.,] that he considered the estimate of himself in that book to be the fairest ever made of himself and his springs of action. Said Fisk, "I don't know this Mr. Randolph, never saw him, — but about woman, he's better posted than any man I know of; in fact, he's got a corner on the subject, and a big one too! As for me, I think his head's level, and that he knows me better than almost any one else outside of my strict family circle!" — "Then, Mr. Fisk, can't you use your influence to get a good publisher for Randolph's book?" — "Well, I don't deal in that kind o' stock, but I

tell you what I can, and will do. I'll buy a lot o' the books to give away, for I rather like that joke at the end of the piece about me."—"Well, Mr. Fisk, what shall I say to Randolph,—how many copies will you take at wholesale prices?"—"Me? why as many as you like."—"Will you take two thousand copies?"—"Yes, *ten* of 'em—but come see me to-morrow." And they parted. Next day they met again, and it was arranged that they should meet at the Grand Opera House on Monday, and fix the business finally. And so they parted again. On that same day another man called on Fisk, upon the self-same errand, and he too was put off till the Monday. This was at eleven A. M. That self-same afternoon, Edward S. Stokes foully murdered James Fisk, Jr., and P. B. Randolph lost the best chance in the world he ever had up to that time, and probably also one of the very best practical friends,—friends willing and able to assist him financially, he ever had; always excepting the two or three whose names he has given, with scarcely an exception. Talk about slips betwixt cup and lip,—what a slip was there! TEN THOUSAND copies of Randolph's book lost to him and the world by the assassin's bullet!

In the August preceding this tragedy, Mr. Randolph had become acquainted by letter, with the *second* man who talked with Fisk about the book. His name was convertibly W. French, W. T. French, W. Bay French, W. French Bay, of Spalding, Ohio, but writing from a place called Leatherwood, in the same State.

Now began a scheme so subtle, so unmanly and little, as to almost make one doubt all human integrity whatever.

All the world knows that P. B. Randolph is, and for twenty years has been, at the head of a secret order of thinkers. This order is divided into three parts, corresponding to the universal and multiform Trinity. The first division is called VOLANTIA, because its main object is the culture of the human will. The division is thousands of years old, and in Oriental lands is known as "Merek el Gebel" or the GATE OF LIGHT, a neophyte of which Mr. Randolph became, in Egypt, many years ago. The second division is known as ROSICRUCIA (Rosicrucians), and in the East is known as the DOOR OF THE DAWN, and is of Ansairitic origin. The distinctive degree of this division is DECRETISM, or the culture of the triple will; it is mystic, profound, and has for its object the development of inherent, and but little-dreamed-of human energies and powers, not with reference to things of fleeting moment, but of stable and eternal principles, having their rise on earth, their culmination in the heavens.

The third division of the order is known as THE DOME, is Chaldaic in origin; is Pythagoric in essence; and in the Orient is known among its members as THE MOUNTAINS. Its distinctive degree is POSISM, the practical use of Knowledge, Will and Agape (celestial love, non-physical, hypersensuous, and therefore transcendental).

Well, Mr. W. T. French-Bay knew that the gate of the temple always opened for manhood, goodness and honor; and he felt a strong desire to be instructed, and made a man of; but the sequel proved that there *are* materials out of which silk purses *cannot* be manufactured! He also was ambitious of medical honors, and expressed a strong desire to be taught Mr. Randolph's system of treating disease; and application was accordingly made, a price fixed upon for the latter service; and in due time, eyes filled with tears—crocodile, perhaps,—French-Bay made his appearance, was taken on probation in the Order, and partially instructed in the art Medical.

French-Bay and Churchill met in Randolph's room, instantly affinized, laid their plans and things went smoothly on until the negotiation of some false paper by Churchill caused that worthy to quit Boston, for Boston's good, between two days. Before this came to pass, however, French-Bay and himself laid a long-headed trap, and this was how the thing was done. French-Bay took his lessons in Medical science, all except a bit of rare knowledge Mr. Randolph learned among the Arabs, Turks, Syrians, Armenians and Egyptians. This knowledge was called the "GOLDEN

SECRET," not the "GOLDEN LETTER," — the latter has been printed on a sheet for physicians and a few medical friends, but the former has *never been in type*, and exists only in MSS. [It exists only so at this writing, and perhaps would have always remained thus, had not circumstances almost forced Mr. Randolph to consent to print, and furnish it to those people whom it is intended for — the victims of disease, originating in disobedience of the primary vital laws of their mental, emotional and affectional natures. For the first time in the world, Dr. Randolph has made plain the grand secret of Longevity, and still others, calculated to complete what his other works on Love so well begun. He has also resolved to place this great brochure within the reach of every person, for it will be sent *only to subscribers*, by himself, for one dollar; and in no case will be sent or sold by others.]

Now both Churchill and French-Bay knew the value of the "Golden Secret." They had seen letters containing sums of five to forty dollars in exchange for writing it out and sending it, and other letters containing additional sums as presents to Mr. Randolph, for benefits derived from the very valuable and singular knowledge it contains, and to be balked in getting hold of what a princely revenue might be derived from, was very hard to be endured.

During French-Bay's stay in Boston, finding himself unable to get the "Golden Secret," albeit he had seen the only remaining copy of the "Golden Letter," the other five copies having been given to the persons they were printed for, — physicians mainly, — he desired to be "led to the gate of the Temple," to be taken on trial. [And it is a singular fact that three of the only four men who were ever thus taken in Boston, proved wholly unfit; the fourth one — a true man — not a resident, proved worth his weight in solid pearls.] He was so taken, as was Churchill, both of whom, with bare heads and uplifted hands, took the ROSICRUCIAN'S Oath, which is word for word as follows. The same oath was administered to and taken by French-Bay's friend in Ohio.

The oath: Appealing to God as witness of my integrity of purpose, I ask to be admitted to the preparatory or trial degree of the honorable and ancient Order of Rosicrucians. I solemnly swear to try to be a true and honest man: that I will never purposely injure the fair fame of any human being; that I will forever keep inviolate all secrets that may be trusted unto me: that I will never babble, lie, steal, bear false witness, expose faults, create scandal, or cause any human heart to grieve or mourn; that I will dry all tears and cheer all hearts, and never cease trying to be a good and worthy citizen of the world: that I will never seduce any virgin, wife, widow or matron; but will protect all such, if need be, with my life; that I will henceforth bear without abuse, the grand old name of GENTLEMAN; and if I fail in aught herein, it will be proof that I am wholly unworthy to be called a MAN. I solemnly swear to be prompt, just and true in all my dealings with man or woman, and that never will I sully my soul with a mean action of any sort or kind whatever, — So help me God! I further solemnly swear, in the awful presence of Almighty and Eternal God, that I will ever and always champion the just cause of woman; that I will never encourage harlotry, practise libertinage, defame another, wrong any man, and especially any true woman, and in all things will strenuously endeavor to be a MAN! So help me God!"

Result: One of these men boasted of seducing his partner's wife, and his *own wife's daughter* by a former husband; wronged several persons in Boston out of hard-earned money; conducted an illegal intentionally swindling lottery right under the noses of the law officers, and swindled the best friend he ever had; the other deliberately resorted to perjury to gain a few dollars, and caused the arrest of a man whom he knew was as innocent of the foul charge he swore to as that his own soul is warped and guilty. It is not hard to conceive how a man can be rushed into crime for revenge but not so easy to discern how one can deliberately seek to destroy one who, so far

from ever having done him a harm, had done all a man could for him, and actually went hungry that he might dine.

The primary lessons taken, French-Bay, whose real name is W. T. French, expressed a desire to remain with Mr. Randolph, and proposed a business arrangement; he professing his ability to raise the capital necessary, from a friend of his, one Andrew Bay, of Leatherwood, Ohio, — a man reputed to be worth over one hundred thousand dollars! Randolph, desirous to enter the lecturing field, and not suspecting any villany, readily agreed to French's proposition, and signed papers whereby he placed all, and singular, his works in the hands of Bay, French & Co., the "Co." being the immaculate Churchill.

Several of the works being in manuscript, and others needing re-stereotyping, it was agreed that Bay should furnish six thousand six hundred dollars for that purpose, after which Randolph was to receive a royalty on all sales; Bay & Co. to have the exclusive monopoly of his works for ten years. This very liberal concession, however, did not satisfy the parties from Canada and Ohio. Nothing less than absolute ownership of the copyrights would satisfy them, and as they could not get them by fair and open means, the vilest and foulest were resorted to. Finally, in September, French, having arranged with Churchill, took his departure for Ohio, to consult with Bay, his principal — an old man, standing on the borders of the grave, whose love of money will not help his entrance into heaven, if ever his soul drifts on the eddies of space in that direction — and yet it is a matter of doubt whether that old man himself was not the blinded victim of a villainous trickster, backed and prompted by as complete a scoundrel as ever left Victoria's dominions betwixt two days. Be that, however, as it may, it was not long ere French wrote Randolph that all things were satisfactorily arranged: that Bay would enter into the contract, pay six thousand six hundred dollars for printer's work, furnishing French *et als.* additional funds for business purposes. He proposed that Randolph should dedicate "Casea Llanna" to Andrew Bay, which was done in the first two hundred and fifty copies, at which point R. declined that dubious proceeding, preferring to dedicate the work to some one more worthy of it than such a being as A. Bay, of Leatherwood, Ohio, and so he inscribed the next issue to his own mother's memory, which so enraged French, that he swore all sorts of "funny things" — poor wretch!

Now came almost daily letters from French to Randolph, the most important ones of which are still in his possession, and two or three of which first suggested the idea that French was trying a confidence swindle on Bay and his sister, whom F. boasted was neck-deep in love with his pretty self — a thing that Randolph believes to this day, and of which he made notes, it being a "circular singumstance" for a woman of about seventy to turn fool and fall in love with a fellow whose own wife, after twenty long years of agonized life with, had been forced to procure a divorce from — mainly as it has been asserted, on the ground that he was less man than beast — in a matter of horrible, shuddering import; albeit the writer hopes for manhood's sake that the truth is overstated. At all events the poor lady lives in Paulding, Ohio, and can tell her own story, just as she did tell it to him of whom the alleged facts were derived!

French wrote, asking that A. Bay be admitted to membership. "As I feel weak here alone and need his assistance and counsel, would like his Initiation to take place as soon as practicable. He is seventy-two years old, is a little dogmatical. Independent of all kinds of Clicks! (Sic!) — Am pleased to hear Churchill remains in Boston. I hope and believe he will succeed." In the same letter, alluding to another man's wife, whose husband wants to meet French for a little private talk, the Paulding hero gushes thusly: —

"Martin. — Thou Sunlight without a shadow (?) beauty without a blot; Thou pale-faced, azure eyed, bird voiced, slight hand, slender waisted, small footed little devil in eve's flesh, how art thou? Well, of course, how could it be otherwise? When God

makes up his last crown of jewels I feel assured that you will be one of his brightest gems."

"There, did you ever—haven't I *spelt*." As to Carrie, (another man's wife) French writeth:

"I did not make her acquaintance (sorry) only remember her queen-like *forme* and heavenly eyes—"He wanted to make her his "Turkle Duvv!"—"I will be governed by your *diction* (?) I am constant early and late—all day keep things *moving* as long as there is a thing to move with *proffit*. Have the book dedicated to Dr. Andrew Bay. *It takes!*" That is to say, it was a means to enable him to lay siege to the Bay estates, for he wrote Oct. 12, 1871: "I have this afternoon reach (?) the crisis with Bay. He is about to sell some fifteen thousand dollars worth of real estate. Give me the use of it for publication of the book, five or six thousand extra to pay for board, and office hire, etc.—*I had to work the thing so adroitly* that I am now ashamed to show the paper in relation to the statement you give me; make the statement again proposing to dedicate the bood (?) book to him, etc. We can change the thing, if I come, to suit ourselves." But why, if he was not throwing dust in Bay's eyes?

But the details—these letters of W. F. French, when the drama ended, were seen to be so full of fraud, treachery and trickish double dealing that the wonder is they were not seen through sooner. They are still preserved and will one day help to unmask a consummate scoundrel.

Let us hasten on toward the denouement. At the combined solicitation of Bay and French, in October, Mr. Randolph went to visit them in Ohio, and Churchill invited himself apparently to go along, and at a cost of over two hundred dollars to Mr. Randolph, for Churchill from first to last *always* refused to pay, but sponged his friend. His journey had been *precisiously planned* between himself and French! In due time the journey ended, and Mr. Randolph had the pleasure of beholding Miss Susan Bay, an exceedingly fat person, whose age was stated to be close on that of her brother's. Mr. Andrew Bay was found to be a man some seventy odd years old, who boasted that he never read a book; who consisted principally of poor clothes, broad acres, much money, more hair, and strong confederate proclivities. He had been a doctor without a diploma, and had made the astounding discovery that all diseases sprang from the presence of *bugs* in the human economy, and that the universal panacea for all mortal ills consisted of frequently repeated doses of the best fruit toddy to be made; when you got enough in you to make you tight you'd wake up well. It certainly isn't a bad remedy to take, for almost everybody liked it, as Randolph found out to his cost, for his brain is large and active and cannot stand much alcohol. Churchill and French now took long daily walks together, and they and Bay proposed to cure Randolph's cold in very short order by the "elixir," and *only talked business with him when he was under its influence*. The contract was agreed to, under such conditions, drawn up by Churchill, and had Randolph signed it—as he was by Providence prevented from doing, all he had in the world, copyrights, plates, office, mail—all would have passed from his hands into those of the sharp triumvirate.

In order to better carry out the scheme, French desired Randolph to use his influence and power to bring about a marriage between a relative of Bay's, by marriage, named Head, and Bay's servant girl, an amiable being, with strong constitution, defective speech, and decidedly the best cook of poached eggs in all the region round about. The object of this scheme was to break the connection between the Bays and Head; get the latter—who acts as protective guardian of the family,—and they need it,—out of the way, so that a clearer field might be open for more effective play on Bay's money bags.

Randolph declined to endeavor to bring about a marriage with Head and "that there gal," as French called her, but devoted his spare hours to admiring the beauty and perfections of a delicious little neighbor of Bay's, whom he desired to assist in the initiation;



—a perfect little gem, a flower, a violet. He was so smitten with her, in fact, that under the triple influence of French-Bay's elixir and the resultant spooneytude, he really thought he'd like to change her name for his.

This was just what F. and C. wanted (although Susan opposed it, in favor of a Baltimore relative, said to be a great beauty), for then they could not only have a clear chance at Bay's estates, but at the book affair also — not to speak of sundry oil wells, supposed reachable by boring on Bay's lands. But "the best-laid plans of mice and men oft gang a-glee," and so did these, for although they succeeded in ruining Randolph, lightening old Bay's pockets by some thousands, yet one of the conspirators is a refugee from Boston justice, and the other is an errant quack doctor in some unfindoutable place in the west, with altered name, and hiding from that outraged law which Randolph has invoked against him.

'And now two things were done. 1st. Andrew Bay contracted with P. B. Randolph to take, print, publish, and, through his agents, French and Churchill, sell all his works, he to monopolize the trade, pay Randolph six thousand six hundred dollars, as previously stated herein. On this contract Bay paid Randolph various sums, amounting to a little over two thousand five hundred dollars, balance immediately payable. On the strength of this contract and part payment, Randolph put his books in printer's hands, paid thereon all that Bay had paid and nearly as much more of his own, his child's, and borrowed funds. 2d. French had been admitted to probation in the secret society of Philosophers; had reported to Bay; Bay had applied for admission, and had paid five dollars with his application, and both of them demanded his initiation, but vehemently objected to that of Mr. Head, both running him down as not half a man, and who, they said, intended to apply for admission. He never did. In view of these desires of French and Bay, Randolph had gone to Ohio with the essentials requisite to put Bay on probation, as French had been before him — and on whose suggestion Bay had applied. Subsequently to all this French told all he knew of the Temple and its workings — which was just nothing at all, for no man knows ought of its real secrets till after he has been well tried and proved, just as in Western Masonry, that other lofty Brotherhood of men. Masonry has its laws, codes, rules and dispensations. So has Rosicrucia, so have all brotherhoods of men. Now French had represented to Bay that the society was a good thing. If it was a good thing, he was a villain for aiming a blow at it! If it was a bad thing, then he was a villain for trying to draw the old man into it! If it was neither good nor bad, then he was a villain for lying about it in either way!

Now it so happened that when a person over sixty years of age applies for membership, the laws of the order are that "Sin," the man, be confronted with "Innocence," a pure, young girl, generally a child; but in this case, as French said, there were no pure girls in that burgh he should have to do the best he could, and so obtained the services of Miss Bay — "that there gal," — as French called her, while the third was the young lady already spoken of — a being purer than French's soul ever was or will be, in spite of his slur that "no pure people lived in that town;" for, with the exception of himself and immediate associates, Mr. Randolph declared that French's assertion that the folks of Leatherwood were all "leather heads," was a rank libel. How far it was true in *this* case has already been seen; while a man who (as Bay did) would assign a fair claim of over two thousand dollars to an adventurer, a claim against Mr. Randolph, an honest man, and who would have repaid every farthing of it, a man, I repeat, who would assign such a claim to a fellow who in turn gave a quit-claim for the bagatelle of one thousand books, and then sold these very books back again for less than seven hundred dollars, half of which probably he left in his lawyer's hands, — must have either a large purse, or India-rubber conscience, or leatherish brains; yet Bay did that very thing,

right square in the face of the fact that Randolph had offered to pay the whole sum to any honest agent Bay might depute on that errand.

Be this as it may, Bay took the oath and was admitted to the probationary degree of *Volantia*. Meantime, wild, undefined rumors began to reach Randolph that Bay was looney, and French a "beat." It was also rumored that Randolph was trying to fleece Bay by pretending to own plates, manuscripts, and books, whereas he had no such property. To settle that matter, Bay commissioned Mr. Scott of Bellaire, Ohio, his nephew (and chief clerk or partner in the heavy glass works of Captain John Fink), to investigate the matter in Boston. Scott did so, and went with Randolph and French to his printers, where he soon satisfied himself that Mr. Randolph had in no sense equivocated or in any way misrepresented actual facts, for Bay himself had copies of one book "*Casca Llanna*," and Scott saw the others, and received several copies as presents.

Randolph, French and Churchill returned to Boston, waited six weeks for funds in vain, at Randolph's expense, and finally received notice that no more would be paid. But if Randolph had consented to enter his books in French's name, thus losing his copyright, no doubt funds would have been found, but Randolph did not suspect that, until he found it out behind the dungeon bars, where, by rank perjury, French had cast him, as will be seen further on. Remember that Churchill, French and Bay were sworn brothers of Randolph in the most ancient Masonry on the globe!

True, neither of the three had learned any of its real secrets, for these are given to masters only, not to builders — a rank far below that of entered apprentice in that other Grand Masoury, whose glorious symbolism fools and knaves can neither appreciate nor comprehend. The trinity of aspirants had reached the "iron door," but it had not yet swung back upon its hinges to admit them within the sacred vestibule of the glorious temple. It never swings back until he who stands before it can say "I AM AN HONEST MAN!" (See the episode of "Lara" in Mr. Randolph's "*Ravalette*,") — words which but few men among the thousands who have stood there waiting have been able from their hearts to speak! Trials undreamed of by the neophyte beset his path; one man falls through one besetting sin or passion; and another through greed, pride, vanity, libertinism — all of which bar the gates to him or them.

December rolled itself away, and Mr. Randolph's hands being tied, he shared his money with French — Bay, as he called himself — lent Churchill one hundred and twenty dollars, French two hundred and sixty dollars, and then a hundred more to go New York to get reviews and supply the trade. New York charmed him, he "saw so many nice ladies on the street — after dark — who were so polite!" — and he got one of them to assist him in putting the book in the market!! Of course a New York publisher would not touch a book offered by such hands. Then French-Bay saw Fisk. Fisk was killed and he discovered a "gentleman," introduced to him by this "polite lady," and they concocted a plan, to, in some way, avail themselves of Fisk's generous offer. He returned to Boston. Randolph saw by this time that the best thing he could do was to settle with the fellow and let him gang his gait. Accordingly, he and French wrote to Andrew Bay, for authority to settle the affair, and Bay SENT ON AN ASSIGNMENT TO FRENCH! who no sooner got it in his hands than he backed out of a fair agreement to take nineteen hundred dollars and one thousand books for a perfect release. After which Randolph never saw him again, for, assassin-like, the assignee stabbed him, as it were, in the dark, and then fled to a covert to abide the result of his dastardly blow, which took some thirty days to mature, and work out its dastardly effects in.

"Misfortunes never come alone," "Out of the frying-pan into the fire," and "It never rains but it pours," are very homely old saws, but very truthful ones, nevertheless. Accordingly, when Randolph found that his hopes, based on the Ohioan's deceitful promises, were utterly blasted, and that the unscrupulous crowd would do their ut-

most to destroy him, and that his last great work on Love bade fair to lay dead for want of means to let the people know of its advent, he began to cast about him to find means to avoid utter ruin. He therefore decided to employ two ladies as general agents for the book, and he advertised, late in December, for a lady agent, in the Boston "Herald."

This brought several women, and among the rest, one Mert La Hue, a portly dame, good-natured in appearance, so-so-ish in garb, yet with plenty of self-confidence, reliance, assurance, imperturbability, coolness and astonishing self-possession. To that woman Randolph explained his position and purpose. She "had no capital herself—could easily get it, but objected to under the circumstances in which she was placed," but proposed to advertise for a "partner," and did so in the "Personals" of the "Herald." To this there came fifteen responses from males—not men—fellows anxious to find mistresses. Eight of the replies were burned and seven replied to; the replies clearly stating the object of the "Personal," which was to engage capital for the book trade. In response to these seven answers, three men came to Randolph's office, two of whom were vagabonds, and the third was a commission merchant of Commercial street, named Robert H. Patton.

Mr. Randolph contracted with La Hue to furnish "Casca Llanna" at a heavy discount, on condition that herself and associates should take enough copies to amount to nearly three thousand dollars, the amount he required to print the work and release himself from the French-Bay set. This was agreed to, and Jan. 15th set as the limit of the time in which the money was to be paid. It was not half paid at that date, nor at this writing.

A few weeks sufficed to see "Mrs." La Hue established in fine rooms, elegantly furnished, with Randolph's books in huge lots upon fine shelves—but not the first attempt made to put them in the market!—how could a fine lady, who had a fine gentleman to back her bills,—himself in bankruptcy at the same time—find time to sell books? "Anybody'd be a fool to work when money came without it." Now, Mr. Randolph has a child, a half invalid from birth, for whom he had been saving a little money, all of which, save one dollar, was swept away to pay for the books on the shelves of Patton and La Hue!

But during these wearisome weeks he was studying human life in phases never dreamed of before. For instance, he learned of deep villainies, such as passing counterfeit money, stealing patents, hiding one's property from creditors; of fraudulent bankruptcy; of getting vessels and cargoes insured, and then wrecking the vessels; in fact, he found out rascalities compared to which, all he had before known of such things paled in comparison. He was done for.

Days, weeks, months rolled on, yet Captain Patton failed to pay; *French-Bay and La Hue held a few interviews*, and Randolph was *done*. Please put this and that together, and see the reasons why. To all his complaints the answer was "Bah! that's all theatrical." Finally the Patton La Hue book-shop, with its fine furniture, carpets, piano, desks, tables, books,—not paid for!—its sofa, chairs and parlor bed, were attached for rent. Then came La Hue to the already ruined author, saying, "Raise me one hundred and fifty dollars; with that I can start, pay off immediate debts, repay you in five days; do it, or the books will go for less than a song." Well, to raise that money Randolph had to give a bill of sale of all his copyrights, redeemable in five days. *The woman never tried to save him!* The plates were forfeited, but at the last moment by a coup de main the poor fellow induced the holder to exchange the security from them, to some of her books, not paid for, which accident fortunately threw in his hands.

One night, while pondering on his losses, an acquaintance of Mr. Randolph fell asleep, and dreamed he was on the plains of Hell on a gala day. There he saw troops of

devils, many old acquaintances, several men, and one very superior-looking female. He asked the chief devil who that woman was, but the imp, instead of answering, turned up his nose at him, then made a low bow to the lady, and saluted her with this "theatrical" poem.

"She beat her way to the end of time,  
 With manner gay and cheek sublime.  
 Hail, august queen — thou queanly dame!  
 Great empress of the "Boodle game!"  
 Flaunt, flaunt thy way along the streets —  
 All hail, La Grande, thou queen of "Beats!"  
 Swing, empress, swing thy loving arms;  
 They'll sweat, and pay who seek thy charms.  
 If th' captains fail, lose not thy cheer,  
 There's fortunes yet, in shoving "Queer,"  
 And boodle fools will bite at straws  
 While you escape all penal laws;  
 Go shove thy queer, — in dry goods shops,  
 Go pass it off — for malt or hops,  
 From the shores of mighty Michigan —  
 By help of handsome steamboat man,  
 Or him who shrinks from Whitely's thrall, —  
 Poor Fred — in far-off Montreal;  
 Or "Von" the "Gun" and generous giver,  
 (Does *he* shove queer out in Fall River?)  
 Or those who dwell on Dighton's plain  
 And ne'er walk out — except it rain —  
 To buy umbrells — and pay in notes  
 Tens, twenties — dear at seven groats!  
 Hail, empress of the *queerest* post  
 From Fanucl Hall to Chicago's ghost!  
 From Oregon to cold Bangor,  
 And hot Mobile to Labrador;  
 From Frisco's hills to Providence,  
 All hail, great queen of "Confidence!"  
 Who *can* resist thy winsome ways?  
 Not Bob, — e'en with his lengthened days!  
 Thy smile wins hearts — detectives fall,  
 Give back thy "queer," for "Mercy" call.  
 While starving authors, ruined quite  
 By thee, yet melt within thy sight;  
 And fret behind dull prison bars,  
 While, nose still pointed t'ward the stars,  
 You win! nor lose your wondrous calm,  
 Nor care for authors — nor their harm.  
 All hail, again, thou queen of sinners!  
 Still eat thy Fera, Stumpke dinners,  
 Still swing thy velvet on the street,  
 And wind up victims clean and neat.  
 Still beat thy way to th' end of time,  
 With manner gay and cheek sublime;  
 Still frown on all thine own sweet sex,  
 And pockets of all rich men vex;  
 Go on, La Grande, thy way pursue,  
 The de'il himsel' can't equal you."

Let us pass to another act of the drama. French-Bay and his aids saw that it was impossible by any honorable method, or by means of a civil suit, to recover the money advanced to Randolph, and paid out by him to printers and stereotypers for work done, and having procured an assignment of the claim from Andrew Bay, the "Bug" theorist, he cast about for other means. It is pretty certain that the "polite lady" of New York had taken offence at what Randolph had written on "reputable concubinage" or Free-loveism, and the bright idea was hatched between them to make that *very identical and absurd doctrine the means to crush him*, and get possession of the copyrights of his works, — the results of thirty long years of experience and literary toil, — among which was that famous "Golden Secret," which must be had, by fair means if possible, but fair or foul, be had. But how?

Says the Boston "Daily Globe," in an article concerning the "shyster":—

"Dickens failed to do justice to the Police (or Municipal) Court shyster, and we know we cannot do that thing. He is a peculiar character. In the days of his early childhood, his education was sadly neglected by the cross-roads pedagogue or country school-marm whose idea of 'genteel sufficiency' was measured by the space displaced by a single baked bean. The shyster is a man of parts. His clothes are not made by a fashionable tailor of the town, and a fastidious observer might say his dress was rusty or inelegant, viewed from the Brummel stand-point. He is in his glory while cross-examining a witness and squirting the extract of tobacco. With legs crossed carelessly, and eyes fixed upon the object of his assault, he infringes upon the rules of good grammar, and also those of the Court. A simple hesitation in a point made plain in testimony in chief, is the signal with him for a triumphant facial expression and a threatening demonstration with the stump of a Faber No. 2, upon a piece of paper. An ordinary piece of strategy is equivalent to intimidation, and then with an attempt at rhetoric, he tries to wear out the patience of the Judge, the five-dollar greenback he having previously received, being the motive power for all this display of legal lore, (not law). Through the maze of his harangue the night-walker in the dock is seen as a model of virtue, the professional thief as the pink of honesty, and the vagrant as the possessor of a happy home, free of mortgage.

"The shyster is a piece of furniture around the court-house. He is known of all the habitués of the halls of justices as a 'bore,' *en rapport* with the lowest class of criminals, whose money, however, will buy as much beef-steak as anybody else's money. The shyster is also apt to be filled to the sublime of tumidity, and is well qualified to advocate an era of legal ethics not laid down in Blackstone or Kent. The shyster can scent a poor, miserable criminal in duress afar off, like the noble esquire which can snuff the battle afar off. The shyster is a sort of necessary 'bore' in the community. He fills a certain place, and fills it well, just as an augur fills a round hole, and throws out nothing but small chips. The shyster, wherever he may be found, is by pretence, at least, an attorney — a 'learned' attorney too of the lowest possible grade, and therefore vindictive, base, destitute of the faintest pretension to honor; a mean, low, contemptible scoundrel — for an honorable member of the bar *never* performs the dirty work such fellows are ever ready to advise and jump at."

Now such creatures abound everywhere, and it is more than likely that some one, the "polite lady," an Ohio Leatherhead, or some unprincipled "what is it," hatched a scheme of such fine rascality as deserves a premium, and hence must have originated in New York, somewhere on the avenues, for it was altogether too brilliant in infamy to have had its birth in Boston. Be that as it may, however, an interview took place between *La Hue* and *French-Bay*, and soon afterward, on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 24th, four men, armed with a search warrant, sworn out by F.-B. in all probability, entered Mr. Randolph's rooms, and began to search his desk, tables, library, book-shelves, bureau, trunk and everything else, diary, old letters, (*with the names and dates erased, however*), for (so the pretence was) FREE LOVE LITERATURE!! the very



thing that Randolph had been battling against—for years,—that is, if free-love and sensual license mean the same thing.

At the time Mr. Randolph was sick abed from heart disease, and scarce able to speak, yet the wicked work went on. The object will be seen further on.

In its proper place the writer forgot to state that French-Bay *knew* that Randolph had an insurmountable horror of all confinement, and the plan was to throw him into a dungeon, far away from the reach of friends, late at night, and extort from Randolph an assignment of ALL HIS stereotyped plates and copyrights, *while he was in a state of mental agony, bordering on madness!* Think of it!

The search over, Randolph was taken to a cell; and that same night, French-Bay, by his lawyer, and in presence of counsel, whom a friendly gentleman had kindly sent to Randolph's assistance, actually offered to release him, on condition that he would assign to this Ohio Bay and French, all his right, title and interests, and those of his daughter, in and to his copyrights and plates! He was attempted to be extorted of all the results of a life of incessant toils; and to satisfy their greed, give up what in travel and expenses had cost him over fifty thousand dollars!—for to write these books, Randolph had to travel in almost every land beneath the sun, and pass whole months among hostile tribes, far beyond the pale of the white man's civilization!

The subjoined extracts are copied herein *verbatim*, save that the term "Free Love" is substituted for a far grosser one, meaning the same thing used by unthinking newspaper writers, in the various news journals of Boston, Feb. 25, 1872.

"A LEARNED PUNDIT IN THE TOMBS.—Authors are but mortal after all, however high in the realms of romance they may soar, or however erudite and abstruse may be the emanations from their well-springs of knowledge. It is a popular fallacy that the pathways of authors and writers are strewn with roses, and that beds of down await the coming of their learned though exhausted owners, whenever they shall design to pay tribute to 'tired nature's sweet restorer,' but it is the purpose of this item to contradict this theory, pretty as it is, by a few facts. It will be remembered that two weeks ago to-day the 'Herald' chronicled the arrest of one George St. Elmo Symons Ogden, an ex-editor, who was afterwards held for trial on a charge of forgery. And now comes a bigger man than St. Elmo, and one who has seen more worlds and heard more tongues than he ever dreamed of, or read about. No less a person than Paschal B. Randolph, physician, teacher, author, lecturer, philosopher, etc., etc., was an inmate of a cell in the First Police Station, on Saturday evening, from which he was conveyed to a similar apartment in the city prison, the said conveyance being by means of a vehicle labelled 'City of Boston.' The cause of the detention of the learned gent was specified in a warrant from the Municipal Court, which alleges that he was the author of several works which were deemed altogether too free-lovish for circulation among the moral community which comprises the city of Boston. Detectives Ham and Wood made the arrest, and among the documents seized were a certain pamphlet or circular, and a volume entitled 'The Master Passion, or the Curtain Raised.' The latter was full of language of the most free and easy character, and entirely unfit for publication or repetition. Randolph will be complained of in the Municipal Court on Monday. It is said that he is one of the most learned and extensively read men in America, is familiar with all the ancient languages and literature, and has written numberless works upon philosophy, love, religion, and other topics, though few of them have ever had an extensive circulation. His acquaintance with prominent and influential men of every known nation is said to be extensive, and his experience seems to have been as varied as the most eccentric could desire. He is a half-breed, the East Indian blood being plainly visible in his complexion. His office is in Court street, and the officers found a bushel or so of manuscripts which had not yet reached the printer's hands. A certain Madame Mert La Hue, who has a place on Washington street, is said to be an agent of Randolph in the circulation of his publications."

"ARREST OF AN ADVENTURER.—Detectives Ham and Wood took into custody Saturday, Paschal B. Randolph, of Court Street, on the charge of being the author of several publications unfit for circulation. Randolph is a very talented man, and has

been a little of everything. He has the title of doctor, and figured somewhat conspicuously in Louisiana political troubles just at the close of the war. He also made a speech at a National Convention in Philadelphia a few years ago. He was active in getting up what was known as the Rosicrucian Rooms on Boylston Street about four years ago. He has published a number of books, is a man of education and extensive reading, and has travelled over nearly all the world. He is decidedly a soldier of fortune. He will be brought before the Municipal Court to-day. The officers found a bushel or so of unpublished manuscripts at his room on Court Street. They state that a Madam Mert La Hue has been connected with Randolph in issuing the publications."

All this, of course, set Boston agog for a new sensation, and hundreds were glad of it, not against Randolph, but because they knew his ability as an offhand speaker, and ached to hear him make his defence, knowing well beforehand what the inevitable result of such an effort would unquestionably be.

Late on Saturday night French and his co-laborers began to find out they were going a little *too far*, and a little *too fast*, in proof of which the accuser *changed his lodgings!* and could not be found during twelve days' anxious search by several who particularly desired to interview the gentleman. (?)

Early on Monday morning, before Randolph knew the turn things had taken, the same Boston papers contained these items:—

"A good deal of Smoke, but no Fire.—They say that the course of true love never did run smooth, and on the same authority, if not better, we are warranted in believing that the course of justice is somewhat rough and rutty. In the 'Sunday Herald' something of a reportorial photograph was given of a 'learned pundit,' named Paschal B. Randolph, who was represented to be the author of certain Amatory,—in fact Free-Love publications and under arrest for the publication of the same. Now the officers who had him in custody thought that they had him 'dead to rights,' as officers say when they have all the evidence against a prisoner that they want. In this case officers Ham and Wood had managed to get possession of certain books and circulars that they deemed improper, and laying these publications before the judge, the officers secured a search-warrant, and on examining Randolph's premises, a large quantity of these publications were found, and Randolph placed under arrest. The officers, however, were unable to get the case before this court, as Judge Chamberlain refused to grant a warrant against him on the ground that the works did not come within the meaning of the statute relating to indecent publications. So he was discharged from custody before reaching the dock, where he was expected to appear, and where many curious people expected to look upon him. The intent of the publications was not to excite the passions of young people, as many might at first suppose, but to give information on matters relating to marital relations, such as is often sought after in medical books and from medical men, by both husbands and wives."—*Herald*.

"MUCH CRY BUT LITTLE WOOL.—The great attraction in court this morning was the case of Paschal B. Randolph, said to be a professor of physic and metaphysics; a poet and philosopher; a lecturer and dabbler in literature, and, taken all in all, a man of more than ordinary attainments. He has an office in Court Street, where his sign is hung out. The offence with which he was charged was that of publishing and disseminating certain documents alleged to be free-love in their nature and not to be placed before the public. He was arrested by Detectives Wood and Ham on Saturday evening on a search warrant.

"This morning Judge Chamberlain, after a thorough scrutiny of the doctor's literary effusions, declined to grant a warrant on which he could be brought before the court; so the 'Learned Pundit,' as a sensational reporter of one of our contemporaries styled

the doctor, was released from his confinement in the toms, and for the present that's the end of the last sensation." — *Times*.

"NO CASE MADE OUT. — Dr. Paschal B. Randolph, who was reported under arrest on a charge of publishing free-love books, was discharged without an examination in court, it being decided that the books did not come within the meaning of the statute." — *Advertiser*.

"Every now and then brief paragraphs appear in the papers chronicling the seizure of improper books, and a few days ago the 'Herald' told how a 'Learned Pundit,' the world-famed Dr. P. B. Randolph of this city, had been arrested for writing and publishing such books. Happily for the 'pundit,' as well as for the good name of this city, it appeared on investigation that his books were not as vile as painted, but were simply designed to convey *valuable medical information to their readers*." — *Herald*.

"'Justice' warmly defends Dr. P. B. Randolph and his works, and questions the probity of the guardians of public morals when they attack such a man, and allow absolutely obscene periodicals to be freely circulated." — *Herald*.

#### A NOTE FROM THE "LEARNED PUNDIT."

*Editor Herald:* I herewith send you a copy of each of my works, "Love, the Master Passion, and "Cascia Llanna," both written in the conservative, of human society, and both dead-set against radical free-loveism, and that's why such a strong attempt was made to scare me out of my copyright of the same. But the little game didn't work, thanks to an upright judge and Deputy Chief of Police Quinn, but for whom I might have lost my property. I was imprisoned about two days, and think I shall clear at least one thousand dollars a day (for false imprisonment) by the operation. That is not bad for a "Learned Pundit of Oriental extraction" and anti-free love proclivities. Do me the justice to contradict the report that the "Master Passion," or any of my works, are immoral. I wrote them for my daughter, a pure and spotless child, and I am not the man to corrupt the mind of her I love better than all else, save my Creator. It was said in your article that Mrs. Mert La Hue was my agent. This is, thank God! not so. In conclusion, allow me to thank you for what you have said in my behalf. Twenty years a resident of Boston, save part of the war time, I trust in the future as in the past to merit a good name, and at last to quit the world somewhat better for having lived in it.

Yours, respectfully,

PASCAL B. RANDOLPH.

— *Boston Herald*.

"Says the Boston 'Saturday Evening Express': —

"THE LEARNED 'PUNDIT.' — The following is a copy of the note accompanying each of the works presented to the press for notice and review, thousands of which are in possession of the journals all over the land. 'To the Editor, with compliments of P. B. Randolph, in behalf of self and Rosierucian Publishing House, Boston, Mass. In issuing the volume herewith presented you, we respectfully ask you to give it just such notice as its merits fairly claim. In this age of pseudo-philosophical knight-errantry, wherein every dabster in logic feels justified in running a tilt at all the human virtues, outraging Christian propriety and decency, — attempting to dethrone the very God of heaven from the universe, — a corrective was needed, and with that view we have issued the rare volume now sent you. Trusting and believing that you, with us, will hail this truly inspired work, and that you will courteously cause a copy of your notice thereof to be mailed to us, we remain, in behalf of truth, civilization, healthy and sound philosophy

Yours, respectfully,

P. B. RANDOLPH."

On the very day Randolph was arrested, the papers announced that "Mr. Hepworth Dixon is still pressing his suit for libel against the 'Pall Mall Gazette.' The paper charged him with writing obscene books, which went against his feelings just ten thousand pounds worth."

And he has since gained his suit, for his work, "*Spiritual Wives*," instead of being an incentive to immorality, is an exposure of the polygamous sophisms of Mormonism, Perfectionism, and things of that sort, just as Randolph's are, and ever have been, devoted to the elucidation of mysteries of human affection which no other writer has had either the courage or ability to even undertake.

Among those who questioned Mr. Randolph concerning the contents of his two books on love, was a committee of ladies, to whom he said: "If there was an angel in heaven who took exceptions to the morals of those books, I should blush for the angels!—that's all." And full well did they who instigated the persecution know the base charge would fall at the first trial. If they did not, why did the searching crowd take from Mr. Randolph, F. B. Dowd's works on Physiology, and never restore them? why did they take from him and lay before the Judge a physiological letter, written to a physician by Mr. Randolph, and printed for private circulation by a friend of his, — F. Smith, M.D., to whom Mr. Randolph sold out his medical practice in 1870 — and the only copy of which belonging to Mr. Randolph he *himself* handed to the searchers, after they had searched everywhere? — and which copy French-Bay had seen, and Randolph had put aside with memoranda, *at the request of French-Bay himself*, for the express purpose of embodying its principles in a work he had undertaken to write for *Andrew Bay of Leatherhead or Leatherwood*, — the long-haired sage of the universal Bug theory of disease, — for the reason that said sage could not correctly write the king's English himself — not even half as well as could his factotum and doer of dirty work — W. T. French-Bay, who spells dog with an r!

If those who tried to rob a child of the labors of her father's life did not know they were outraging human justice, why was Mr. Randolph taken to a far-off dungeon, half a mile from his office, when the Court House and Central Police Office are within a hundred yards of his door? Yet he *was* so hurried off, and when there dungeoned, and the only friend who knew of the foul doings denied admission to see him, until that friend procured counsel and made a combined effort which *dared not be refused*! Before he was taken from that dungeon to another, the counsel for French, the man who did the "legal" part of the business, came to that dungeon, and in presence of Randolph's counsel offered to release him if he would assign all his copyrights to the honorable Bay, French and Company. Mr. Randolph, smarting under the sting, indignantly told that lawyer that he'd "see them all in hell first," a strong expression, but wrung from him by the barefaced attempt to wrong himself and daughter.

Is it right to class an unfortunate arrested one with known thieves and social vampires? I think not, and yet Mr. Randolph was imprisoned in the same cell with men whose every word was a ribald oath; whose breath was a pestilence, and over whose persons vermin swarmed in countless thousands.

Do you wonder that Randolph nearly went mad with agony? Can you find it in your heart not to pity him? Lastly, will you not help him to regain some portion of what he has lost, by helping to circulate his works, or inviting him to lecture before audiences of your own collecting? Reader, I feel that this appeal in his behalf will not have been made in vain. When Randolph went into that cell, he had two gold studs in his shirt front; when he came out they were — gone. Now is it right to thrust even a semi-decent man in the same cell with a low drunken thief?

At last Monday morning came, and Mr. Randolph sent for Mr. Quinn, the gentlemanly Deputy Chief of Police, and to him he told the whole story. The result was that the persecutors were foiled, and Randolph was unconditionally released from that

thrall, without even an examination at the bar, simply for the reason that a just judge saw through the meshes, and decreed that wrong should not triumph on that occasion, and in the court over which he presided. Randolph is not the man to ever forget a kindness, and it may be that he will have a chance to prove his gratitude to that judge, and all others who then did, do now, or hereafter do, him a good turn. Before, however, Randolph knew the result, and that he was free, French's lawyer had forced him to assign to French one thousand books, being all those upon his own shelves, and some hundreds borrowed from Patton and La Hue, of the Washington Street rare establishment — and queer as rare.

I am but one of hundreds who have heard Randolph speak on love, true and false, before rapt audiences where even breaths were suppressed beneath the powerful spell of his almost supernatural earnestness and power, and I have heard him discuss the free-love system, which he denounced as the most devilish doctrine that ever emanated from the lips of men. No doubt many were struck by the glowing pictures which he painted of the terrible consequences of such a doctrine, and all admired his splendid portraiture of the tender thoughtfulness, the ineffable consideration, and the unlimited kindness of the Father of *his* adoration, whose name is the God of Love, and he bade his hearers love only in such a way as would merit the sanction of a cultivated conscience, and the approval of eternal God.

Randolph, always powerful and clear, is never so forcible, never so logical, never so eloquent, as when denouncing the follies of the present or demolishing the long-standing superstitions of the past. If he is enthusiastic and audaciously determined in the defence of his own convictions, he is uncompromising in his attacks upon what he esteems the false teaching of his opponents. And yet, the newspapers of Boston, who so well know the unreliability of flying reports, eagerly published the dastardly falsehoods against his good name, and not one of them fairly retracted the slander.

To conclude this second act of the drama, Mr. Randolph's losses, costs and expenses consequent upon the persecution amount to nine thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars, and he has been compelled to give a bill of sale of all his stereotype plates, to secure the means of living till the people come to his aid. Reader, do your part toward helping this man save his works — the result of thirty years' hard labor; do this by circulating his works, and you will receive the grateful thanks of a warm heart. When the vultures left their prey he had but twenty cents in the world. Talk of hard luck after that! Reader, he needs help, don't you think so? Yes! Thank you! and pray give him *at once* that patronage which alone can set him on his feet again!



## PART III.

### THE FREE-LOVE TRIAL.

A PAPER now before me gives this graphic account of

#### "AN ILL-MANNERED DONKEY.

At one of the theatres, a few nights ago, a donkey — not a human, but a quadrupedal one — took it into his head not to go on the stage at the time he was wanted. As they attempted to lead him forward he began to kick, and he kept it up until he had smashed things up pretty badly. Not content with knocking over two men, he devoted his attention and his heels to the scenery, and before they could stop him he had kicked over a castle and a range of mountains, put his foot through a lake on which the moon was beaming, overthrown a large city in the midst of a plain and ruined the plain, and demolished an entire palace belonging to a prince of fabulous wealth. The play was seriously marred, and the scene-painter had a good deal to do next day to get things in proper shape. A donkey can do a great deal when he gives his whole strength of mind and body to it."

And so with these Ohio saints! They little dreamed of the enormous stir they were creating when they began their raid on Randolph. As already seen, no case was made out by them or those who did their cruel work. Their outrageous attempt to get possession of the copyrights of his works failed also, but the persecution did two things not calculated upon by them; 1st. It gave Mr. Randolph a wider public than he had ever known, and carried the fame of himself and books where neither had been known before; and in the second place led to the subjoined trial of the free-love question; for right on the heels of French-Bay, *et als* fiasco, came a heavier charge against him, not for his property as a motive, but on a direct question of amative philosophy and morals. Bay-French's case was in a police court; the free-love trial was before the most august tribunal in the land! . . . . It is not proposed to give all the steps of it from the open charge to the verdict; or to detail everything said on either side. Mr. Randolph was not prosecuted for property's sake, as in French-Bay's case; nor was he charged with being a practical free lover, or one who disrespected woman-kind; but he was accused of a heavier offence, and arraigned on the fearful accusation of being a dangerous citizen of the country; — a man of undoubted talent and ability, who used that talent to debauch and demoralize the entire country by publishing books so systematic and eloquently setting forth the alluring doctrines of freedom, that whatsoever man or woman read them straightway became an advocate of that ism, and a disciple of whoever was the leader of that movement.

To this charge he pleaded "not guilty," and defied the world to convict him of even one single page detrimental to strict morality.

He conducted his own defence.

By the conditions of the case three sides were represented in the trial — 1st; the government, prosecuting Mr. Randolph — represented by the Hon. Adolphus Skinner; 2d; Mr. Randolph in self defence, — forced to fight a very able antagonist — Mr. Skinner; and 3d; Mr. Selden Beaumont, representing the free-love interest, for the sake of defending certain witnesses, and indirectly influencing the legislative body then in session, and anxiously watching the case, because of an impending effort toward giving

legal sanction to marriages *à convenance*. Thus stood the case. The arguments of all three, and the summing up of the testimony, are herein fully, fairly given.

The jury, by special agreement, were selected from all the religious sects in the State; there being one each of the faiths Episcopal, Shaker, Baptist, Swedenborgian, Methodist, Unitarian, Spiritualist, Infidel, Calvinist, Catholic, Adventist, and one Buddhist. Their nationalities were as varied as their beliefs, there being one each of French, African, Asiatic, German, English, American, Spanish, Irish, Scotch, Welsh, Russian, and Swedish nationalities.

The Court having been called to order, the prosecuting attorney arose and said:—

Gentlemen of the Jury, you have patiently through this long week listened to the testimony in this case. You have heard scores of witnesses for and against the prisoner at the bar. It has been both proved and admitted that this man has enjoyed a popularity as a writer on love, *never before accorded to any man living or dead!*—Ovid, Michelet, and Aristotle *not* excepted. You have heard, and it is proven by the testimony of hundreds, that on the subject of the tender passion he wields both tongue and pen of such almost supramortal eloquence and power, as to be well-nigh irresistible,\* and for that reason, and because of that self-same eloquence and power,—that base and ignoble prostitution of talent and genius,—that dreadful and stubborn persistency in adhering to a course detrimental to the welfare of society, he is all the more dangerous to the best and highest interests, not only *of* society, but of the civilization of the century! He is undoubtedly, because of his learning, his deep reading and research, his philosophical acumen and broadly scientific attainments, beyond all reasonable doubt the most *dangerous* man and author on the soil of America, if not of the entire globe! (Sensation in the court room.) He has actually boasted of his free-loveism not only in his books, but also in the memorable answer he gave his Honor the Judge now upon the bench, to whose question, 'Mr. Randolph, what has been your experience?' he replied, 'I have loved, not wisely but *too* much!!' (Smiles from the ladies, who looked on the dejected prisoner with pitying and curious eyes,) and he had the unblushing effrontery to print that sentence in his work, 'Walks among the women,'—the book called 'Casca Llanna.' In seeking a verdict against this man, I am actuated not by prejudice against him, but by a stern and vigorous sense of justice. The prosecution does not charge this man with Libertinism in the usual sense of that term,—for he is too intellectually refined for *that*; nor with seduction, either of innocent girls or other men's wives, for he is undoubtedly morally incapable of the first, and too sharp for the second. Not on either of these grounds do we claim a conviction; but on the ground that his writings are calculated to un hinge the social door, and let in upon society a set of doctrines which must result in making all our wives and daughters shriekers for liberty to do as they please, and remove themselves from under the wholesome restraint now exercised over them. For instance, in one of his books he uses this language, word for word, 'If married men *will* be fools and play the Oliver, they are double-dotted ninnies if they think their wives won't play a Roland thereto! Why, the thing is done in Sultan's harems even, and the man don't live who can outwit a woman!' Again, 'I fully justify any and every woman in getting a husband by any art or means within her power—magic, (or magnetic,) sympathy, or any other method.' And still again, 'In Casca Llanna' you will find these words, alluding to a husband's kiss not quite too full of what this author calls 'Soul,' 'Scarcely does the sound of such a kiss break upon the still air than the telegraph from his lips records the word "Humbug," on the tablets of her *soul*. She is instantly and perfectly aware of the fact, even if, as is likely, she keeps mum about it and says,

\* Much of this testimony was in the form of letters, concerning the books, several of which have already been introduced in the first part of this pamphlet. — THE EDITOR.

nothing; while just as like as not again, she smiles a smile within herself, as she realizes her abundant ability, and willingness, and knowledge of where to obtain the genuine article; or, if not so far gone as that, then such a kiss suggests the necessity of so doing at the very first convenient opportunity; and if there is one thing above another that a disappointed or a discontented woman knows how to make it is AN OPPORTUNITY!

There, gentlemen of the jury, if those extracts are not fair and open, yet skilfully worded—very skilfully worded incentives to the practice of the free-love philosophy, then the language is not understandable! Sirs, I have read this book, this “Casca Llanna,” and with so much power, such almost supra-mortal tact and eloquence is it written, that only by the most herculean efforts of the will, was I able to resist its logic, or to avoid being utterly swept along its tide by the vast fascination centred in every page and in almost every line! What do the witnesses on the stand say of that book and its mate, “Love and its Hidden History”? Let me repeat the substance of their united testimony. I need not call names, as you heard what these dozen or more women had to say, which, condensed, is to this effect and most decided meaning. They declared: “We have read this man’s books. There is not a single improper line, word or sentence in them all, but” [gentlemen, mark these words!] “but the effect, the effect! for it is so fascinating, that whatever woman, be she maiden, wife or widow reads them, straightway and forthwith, from that moment, not only neglects all other interests and occupations whatever, but immediately bends her entire energies of mind and heart to the study—of what, gentleman of the jury? Why, love, sir! But this author tells us that’s just exactly what all women are made for! He tells us she is a living form of the eternal beauty of the universe—which may be true; but I ask what phase of love? The high and pure and holy, or the vile and volcanic passions now running riot on the earth? Let me read on. “She forthwith knows, thinks,—in fact, after reading him she’s all love,—because she has learned for the first time, perhaps, just what her soul calls for, was born to give, and imperiously demands, and she learns the rules laid down by this author, not how to stir a man’s baser nature, but to seize hold upon his very soul itself, by means of his ‘magnetic laws,’ and the like—(a dangerous power to trust to any one, much less weak-brained women, gentlemen). All a woman thinks of or cares for after reading Randolph is to get the upper hand, not merely of brothers, lovers, husbands, but of any other man who happens to strike their fancy.” Gentlemen, even yourselves are not safe from attack; if a Randolphite happens to get her eye on you, the game’s up and you are—*lost!* (Great and intense sensation in the court and jury box, at which the culprit smiled.) Yes, I repeat, lost, no matter who the man be, even if, so to speak, panoplied in triple steel, he is powerless before the woman who has imbibed the Pythagoric doctrines of this arch-agapist, this delver into hidden things, this traveller through sunny lands, and some say “summer lands” as well, this universal lover if not free-loveist, who boldly tells woman that she counts for a great deal more than the best man living, if she but knew her real self—tells her that she’s a *great deal* finer, abler, if she but knew how to exert her awful power, than the doughtiest man that treads the earth! Such is the tendency of his teaching. What’s the consequence, as testified by this score of females? Why, that, fired by the enthusiasm of this weird magician, fascinated by the desire to test their new-found power, they grow restive and restless; gradually the bolder doctrines of the open-boast free-lovers are inbibed; the dream of conquest and freedom, suffrage and the like, agitate their waking thoughts and sleeping visions, until at last, grown sharp, cunning, sure and fearless, they throw off all restraint, and we are plunged neck-deep in the resistless torrent of a social revolution and domestic cataclysm, wherein men must take back seats and universal woman come to the front!

Randolph himself, in describing the effect of one of his books, "Casca Lianna" on W. T. French-Bay, said that man:—

" 'Ranly thought his soul would melt,  
Lord! how funny he must have felt!'

"because the Ohloan's soul was in the wrong spot, like the ship-carpenter's sons whom sailors tell of."

But to another phase of this *cause célèbre*. Only a short time ago, this man, this philosopher, who has seen fit to pervert the grand mental powers with which the august Creator endowed him,—for it were useless for me to declare an impostor and pretender one whom all the world knows and acknowledges to be no common man, but in reality one of the most studious and best-learned men on the continent, and therefore, more culpable, this learned Theban, this professor of a hundred sciences and tongues, was placed under arrest on account of these very books. This trial is to put an enduring injunction upon them, and to totally suppress their future publication, and is therefore justifiable; the first arrest was a palpable prostitution of public law to compass private ends; and it therefore justly failed in its object, though leading directly to the present one, which is, gentlemen, not *persecution* but *prosecution*; please remember this in reaching your verdict. If the prisoner will annul his copyrights, the case shall cease at once; if not we must pursue it, even if, to him, the bitter end. This he refuses unless the laws compel him, which they cannot, unless you by your verdict declare them to be immoral. If you do *not* so declare them, then he will be free to go on, and before two years pass by, hundreds of his works will be in every village of the land.

During the search of his premises, vast numbers of letters to him were found, from women and men in all ranks of life apparently; but as if with prescient eye, he had taken the extraordinary precaution to number these letters, and then erase the mailing places, signatures and dates! And yet when it became necessary to establish all three, he did so by reading them from his marginal note on each, where, in the Chaldaic language he had marked, so that but few in America but this linguist could read them. Now I ask if his correspondence was pure and legitimate, why all this secrecy and care to conceal the identity of the writers? For instance, here is a specimen, all of which is plain English, except his mystical marginalia:—

"March 28, 1872.

"Dr. RANDOLPH:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—Will you please tell me how I can make my dear wife love me? [Right opposite in Randolph's handwriting are these words: 'Love *her* and treat her well, you fool!'] how I can regain her affection? I believe that she once loved me dearly, devotedly; but I fear that I have alienated her from me by harsh ways, hasty temper, fault-finding, unkindness, and even cruel treatment. She says she does not, and never can, love me again. I have read your book "Casca Lianna," which I purchased in New York, and I have, after trying every means I could think of to regain her love, at last decided to take the liberty of asking you if you will help me in my dire distress, and have the same compassion on me that other good friends have had on you when you needed sympathy and help. I do not write this to learn from mere curiosity, but only because I am in *need* of what I ask. I shall consider what you tell me strictly confidential—[Here R. has pencilled 'This man needs the Golden Secret']—and shall faithfully keep it to myself, and esteem the knowledge a boon in very truth. We have been married eight years. Pray send me the information, and that right speedily, I implore you, that I may not lose a precious moment in the application of the remedy, and if you can do aught to save us God will bless you for it."

\* And so from all over the wide country, from crowded city to hillside cabin, men and women, married and single, rich and poor, of all lands, tongues, grades of life, custom, color and religion, write to this man, whenever they seek light on dark subjects, or relief from social and domestic ills and troubles. He knows, and he only, how many five and ten dollars, and heavier presents he has received for his advice. That point does not concern us, but this does:—What are the means this Agapistic sage makes use of to minister unto minds and loves diseased? For that he *does* use means, and *does* succeed, is beyond all question, as has been proved in the course of this trial. What is this "Golden Secret"? None of us here know, and those who do are bound not to reveal it. If this man's art was like that of the thousand and one impostures afloat in the world, the same people would not write again and again, giving new presents for benefits received. But the question is, what is the nature of these benefits? what magnetic or Agapic or Elotic art does he bring into play?—Imported from the far-off hills of Asia, whither he went after them.

What strange lore is this which he learned among the Druses, and Nasairah of Syria; the Guebres of Persia; the Arabs of the desert; the Turk in Stamboul and the swart sages of sweltering Negro-land? Are they not unlawful, unfit to be transplanted on this soil? Gentlemen, the "Voudeaux" of Louisiana, the delvers in black magic, are a terrible set, alike feared, dreaded and placated by whites and blacks. Yet this man was *their* master, openly defied them all, exposed their secrets to their faces, laughed them to scorn, and actually brought their king and queen to *his* feet! How did he do it? There are men to-day in Boston—one a manager of a theatre who was present in New Orleans in 1865, when Randolph publicly lectured on, and exposed the "Voudeaux." Whence his power? What does it mean? Have we an Appolonius, an Agrippa, a Cagliostro, among us? It must be, yet cannot be, for this man believes in God and worships him; trains his children in the same faith, and claims to work his wonders solely through celestial, although mystic means.

To see this man philosophers cross the seas from India's hills; sages from France; mandarins from China; noblemen from England; thinkers from Germany; negroes from the South; and even the crowned kings invite him to their courts, where he passes in and out, the proudest king among them all! How does he do it? In 1858, he broke from the ranks of the party he belonged to; and that whole creed united almost to a man to crush him out. How did it result? He stood firmer and rose higher than ever! Whence the power? At this very moment he stands literally stripped of all he owned in the world. How long will he stay so? Wait and see!

Now, gentlemen, let me call your attention to other points of his career.

Over twenty years ago, Mr. Randolph was known to be a Rosicrucian, and in that period he ascended the steps of that mystical brotherhood, outstripping thousands and rushing past hundreds of gray-beards in the mental race, until he attained the chieftainship of the true Rosicrucians in America and the Isles of the Seas, and finally to the supreme High Priesthood of the Order and Grand-Mastership of the combined Lodges of the earth likewise, reaching the double office through his absolute defiance of poverty and wealth, and persistent pursuit of ideas alone! Now, then, it is, and for centuries has been, the cardinal belief of this celebrated fraternity of scientists, thinkers and seers, that, injuries aside, death can be kept at bay almost at will (whence *volantia*, decretism and posia, the three grand steps of their temple), and in any case for a long period after that in which a man would, ordinarily, die. The world of men generally hold that diseases of the human body are located either in the blood, bones, flesh and humors, theories which all Rosicrucians laugh to utter scorn, as being babyish, puerile and silly. For *they* hold that all diseases of the body take their rise, form, shape, character and intensity in the *emotive* system of the human economy; in a word, that whatever disturbs or disorganizes the love element in human kind induces all the phases of



disease known to the race. The same disturbances also originate all the moral ills of mankind and are responsible for every gibbet, gallows, murder, rape, war, theft, robbery, incest, abortion, arson, lying, slander, grog-shop, pestilence, famine, insanity, and every other evil in the world including free-love run wild, and every other abomination on the planet. One thing is curious. *No Rosicrucian doctor was ever known to lose a patient!*

They hold that every domestic broil, family quarrel, divorcee, scrofula, constable, lawyer, counterfeiter, perjurer, and similar transitionalisms, all come from disturbances of the love-nature of the species, and can never be abolished until the Shiloh of healthful love shall come.

This is Randolph's gospel, the chief of the Order, taken from his very lips and confirmed by every member in the land. Well, when a person is ill, instead of telling him or her to show their tongue, they say, "How's your heart's affections?" and by various means put *them* in order and the cure's complete; for they hold that whatever will restore and build up the agape or love-nature will both heal the body, invigorate the will, rejuvenate the soul, and banish hell from every hearth and discord from every fireside. Well, acting on these axioms of the order, it has, for ages, sought, first through alchemy, then modern chemistry, for the magneto-dynamic connecting link betwixt matter and spirit, body and soul, in a word, the universal catholicon or elixir of life; and from their researches have sprung hundreds of triumphs of the physician and the chemist's subtle arts. Twenty years ago Randolph began his part of the work. Fifteen years ago he suddenly disappeared from the American continent. When next heard from he had not only made the tour of Europe, circulating in the highest literary, philosophical, scientific, even royal circles, but among the most secret, mystical societies of England and France [For an account of his astounding experiences in Paris, and with Napoleon III., see his "Ravelette." — *EDITOR*.], and had penetrated Greece, Syria, Arabia, Turkey, Egypt, until at length the "London Times" and New York "Herald" correspondents announce him as the favored guest of the Abyssinian king, Theodore, and his black majesty of Dongola; and he passed everywhere unquestioned, unscathed by serpent, climate, beast or man! Not only so, but by some secret means and power, penetrating with impunity the wild fastnesses of savage men, which no other native of a Christian land, not even Livingstone, Baker, Gould, Cumming, Hue, Bird or Tytler had even ventured to distantly approach; and all this journey bent on discovering the grand secret which the arch-fraternity had been seeking during two hundred — not years — but centuries, this universal medicine, which all men feel really *does* exist somewhere in nature, and that was to heal all disturbances of human, physical love-nature, chemical, organic and magnetic, nervous and dynamic alike, thus restoring the equilibrium between the natural forces, then, by reaction and reflection, curing those of the immortal part likewise, — a grand theory, if it be really true, which they believe, and others doubt. If true, as they claim, then the result of its action would be to prolong man's stay on earth, bring strength to the worn-out woman, restore the vigor of youth to senile, hoary age, increase the vital energy of the exhausted student, and perpetuate the health of universal man.

These people, Randolph included, while disclaiming full success, declare a very near approximation thereto, and the name of the elixir is proto-ozone, or protozone for short.

Let that stand at present, but what I am aiming at is this: By what strange bond are these men, for I believe there never was but two women in the order, really bound together, savage, civilized, coarse, refined, ignorant boor and polished professor, barbaric chieftain and gentle poet alike, in one common brotherhood, not, say they, confined to earth either, but rising by successive steps, grade after grade, hierarchy after hierarchy in the starry heavens, is lost to mortal fancy as they sweep away into the aw-

ful fields of the further sky! How are these people so firmly, strongly knit together? How do they know each other? and why, except in extraordinary instances, do they sternly refuse aid *from each other*, when in danger or difficulty? — wholly unlike any other society on earth. Why do they covet martyrdom and glory in their pain? I have no doubt that were this very Randolph to give the word, not only would relief come from them to him, but that his foes would suffer. Why do they *not* give the word? Is it because some strange mystic glory blossoms out of their anguish, which they know *will* come if they but endure? This *must* be it, and therefore they are abnormal, consequently should be suppressed, as I hope Randolph will be.

How is it that in all ages the records substantiate the strange fact that these men seemingly laugh at death and defy disease? They are always poor.

Mr. Connor says that once, in a moment of confidence, Randolph told him he despised wealth for himself, that he wanted money enough to leave his daughter three hundred a year till she died, but was anxious to get money that he might stereotype all his works, so that after his death the Rosierucians could circulate them at but little over the cost of press-work, paper and binding. What a strange ambition! Utterly careless of fame and glory, this Rosierucian yet lives and hoards like a miser, not money, but leaden plates stamped with his thought, for the world to read when he is dead. Truly this is strange, and were his books other than they are, at least some of them, I could not find it in my heart to prosecute such an unselfish and self-sacrificing man, for he is such, in spite of his great error; there's not the slightest doubt that he believes himself right, while I know he is wrong; and even though he is, and duty compels me to urge this case against him, yet when I glance at the wonderful fact I have just disclosed, a fact related by Mr. Connor, imparted in secrecy by Randolph to him, there's something inside continually urging me to speak the words, "Go, Randolph, you are free!" But public duty forbids their utterance. [Scores of people were moved to tears by this confession of the prosecuting attorney.] But their voluntary poverty indicates Buddhist characteristics; for not only do these Rosierucians scatter wealth when in their grasp, in charities mainly, but I have heard it stated that they regard *Nirwana*, or final blending with Deity, as *the* great end of all life and all endeavor. They will not kill either animal or man, no matter what the provocation in the latter case may be; nor will they eat salt, or break bread knowingly with an atheist, libertine, harlot, thief, defrauder, traitor or slanderer! — these seven. Hence the institution is not adapted at present to American soil, for if you extract all the above from the population, it will not require a large continent to hold those that are left! [Of course this was a "goak" of the counsellor. — EDITOR.]

Seriously: Is it safe to tolerate a body of men whose secrets are deeper than the grave; whose ulterior aims are known only to initiates of the third degree? — men who pursue an idea for centuries, by line and succession, with unabated energy and unflagging zeal, and whose loftiest offices pass by crowned kings and settle upon the weary shoulders of a coffee-carrier of Arabia, a German chemist, or a man of no position in the world! Again I ask, By what means does the prisoner, and others like him, attain to knowledge surpassing those of earth's best schools? — for instance, this man cannot read a note of music, yet he *writes* it, and discusses it scientifically and correctly. He is no astronomer, yet predicts a comet eight months before the glass detects it in the sky? He knows nothing about money, yet foretells to Horace H. Day, one of the first financiers in the land, the greatest money panic of modern days, seven months before it was even dreamed of; and it is on absolute proof that he foretold the last French Revolution and Prussia's sudden rise, nine years before they came to pass, for "*Ravallette*" was printed nine years prior to 1870. Again, this same man, lecturing to a Boston audience, pointed to three men and said, "Death is on swift wing flying toward one of you!" And the funeral sermon of one of them was preached on that

stand *two weeks from that very day!* Again, three sharp men of Boston contract with him to manufacture his protozone at five hundred dollars a month, and five thousand dollars at the end of two years, yet in the full tide of success, he cancels the trade, and actually prefers to write books and eke out a precarious living, to enjoying a fine income, with the absolute certainty of a splendid fortune in a very few years.

But we left him among the Oriental savages. After three years' absence he returned, announced his protozone, sells a few thousands of it, and then suddenly gives up that trade, and devotes himself to writing books; first, his "Pre-Adamite Man," which Lincoln, the lamented, asked to have dedicated to himself; then a mystical work concerning man and his chances after death; then another still stranger, in which he tells everybody how to become magnetic clairvoyants; and before these are fairly off the press, he dashes off another work called "Love and its Hidden History." Of this work I hold in my hand a review by the refined and learned Marian Denys, which I will now read to you. "When I had read three pages of the book, I threw it down, quite disappointed, for I had heard it highly spoken of. There it lay for a week. In those three pages, however, I had found one single point of interest, — and that was a woman's idea [Julia Ward Howe's *Polarity*, a study of sex], which induced me to re-read the thought. I did so, was tempted to read a little further, — and *then* it was impossible to lay it down again. I marvelled whether a man really wrote that most masterly analysis of a woman or not. If written by a lady I could understand her, she must have suffered; if by a man, then his sex belied him, for the female soul was imminent in every line, on every page. Leaf after leaf I turned, hour after hour slipped away, still sat I eagerly devouring the feast before me, and although I thought some of it was rather overstated and crude, yet on the whole I was so well pleased, that — would you believe it? — when at last I laid it down, a whole night had gone, and a new day had broken in upon me, for not till the gleaming sun rays over the eastern hills glided into my room did I realize that I had been cheated of my slumber by the weird and earnest *soul* of the book. You have asked what my opinion of it is. Frankly, let me confess, I do not like it all. Some parts I admire, they are so fine, so tender, and withal so sadly plaintive and mournfully true; but on the other hand it bears evidence of too much haste, as if the writer was working for his next dinner, and could not get it till his task was over; but, taken altogether, it is certain that nothing I ever read gave me such an insight into the deeper and sublimer mysteries of the divine passion; and never before did I realize fully, the meaning of its grosser counterfeit, the ignoble fire that burns in coarser moulds, and covers woman's path, alas! too often, with red hot ashes and smouldering dead men's bones. Evil? I cannot yet tell whether the book's effect was that, or whether it was a grateful satisfaction that I had learned from a master the sometime valuable secret of POWER.

Assuredly I realized that if a woman of unprincipled mould had read the book carelessly it was quite possible for her to conclude that thenceforth all men, to her, were to be but marionettes, to be played upon at will and pleasure, and be made to dance and whirl and turn topsy-turvy at her will and bidding. I can also conceive how, if her corresponding *alter ego* were to read it in the same way, without the restraints of morality and conscience, he might possibly use the knowledge of woman nature thus obtained, to the great disadvantage and injury of his mother's sex, for really the book, as its sequel, "Love, Woman and Marriage," is a new revelation, another world opening before the reader. Perhaps it is well that the circulation of all books is necessarily limited, for I can conceive that if every household possessed either of these volumes, the reign of the sterner sex would very quickly terminate everywhere, for while they are not woman's right's works, they both tell her what her real rights are, and how to get them, in utter silence, too; hence, if woman's rights in that sense is wrong, then these two are the most dangerous books in the world; for before the strength and

power of a woman armed with the knowledge he lays bare, the proudest man on earth would be as potter's clay. Let women generally comprehend the author's principles and exert their force systematically, and from that moment woman becomes queen of the world, and sole arbitress of its destinies."

There, jurymen, what think you now of this author and his works? Is not this unbiased judgment of a clear-headed, pure-hearted, highly-cultured expert, proof strong as holy writ that these two, ay three, books should be suppressed, and their author prohibited from circulating any more? True, not an indecent word, or indelicate allusion occurs in any of them, but their piths, their marrow, their essence and subtle meaning is what makes the trouble, for what with his books on love, his protozone, magnetic laws and principles, the very devil will be to pay in society at large, among the men, but especially the women, for the very foundations of a true and conservative social order are undermined and universal chaos impends o'er the married world! [Applause, smiles, and even tears, in the court-room followed this fine burst of eloquence.] Gentlemen, once a female reads these works, she rises therefrom by no means the same soft, gentle and ductile being that she was when she sat down. Watch her as she turns page after page! Now she starts and bites her lips; then waves her hand as if she felt herself to be queen regnant of the world. Anon she turns deathly pale, as some subtle thought breaks in upon her excited soul; and again the red flush bathes her face in crimson glory, and, bounding to her feet, with compressed lips, eyes flashing liquid flame, she paces the floor with imperial tread, and beneath her breath, with bosom palpitating with some new and strange resolve, she exclaims, "The man is right! we women ought to rule the world! and—I mean to do it!" Her demeanor has utterly changed, and she who erewhile was a meek and ductile woman, has become suddenly suffused with a new and lustrous beauty, flashing from her eyes, blooming in her cheek and blushing through her coral lips; her nature, wholly altered, she feels herself to be in very truth every inch a queen! fully understanding all men, able to laugh alike at his honest efforts to win her, and defy all his ways that are dark! She now knows that of all lovers it may be truly said that his ways are ways of wariness and his walks are slantindieular. Perfectly confident in her new-fledged powers, she prides herself on ability to hedge and edge her path to victory over the wariest male heart on the globe! for this author has taught her the scope, range, methods and rationale of that mysterious influence known as magnetism, more in woman than in man, and which in competent hands is a force against which no human heart or will can successfully contend or stand, provided the assaulted party is at first unaware of the fine attack!

What, then, ought we not to do to guard ourselves against this man, who studies the profundities of ontological science for the avowed purpose of finally arraying the whole vast host of women against the rule of their natural lords and masters in the grand economy; upheaving the world, destroying the established social order, and revolutionizing the world! [Murmurs of applause and dissent.]

What measure should be taken to effectually silence this preacher of a new crusade, who declares that society is essentially barbaric; that true civilization is yet to come; that every wife has the inborn right to say *what shall* and *what shall not* be, in all things pertaining to domestic life; that when this is the case heaven is close at hand; that the spirit of the universe is essentially feminine, and females therefore ought of right to rule; that no father ever yet sired a genius or child of talent; that the mothers alone gave all there is of good and great to the world; and that they, these Rosierucians, are the true *avant couriers* of the good time coming!

With marvellous address they whisper into a woman's ear, "Do not trouble, or unsex yourselves about ballots, voting and all that; but cultivate the special feminine graces of your sex, and you will speedily rule the land! All men may not believe in God, Christ, or Immortality, but every mother's son of them believes in woman! You

can never win real homage by putting on airs, but you can by acting always from the love-batteries of your soul!"

Dear reader, pray remember this. Again, remember this:—Every man of sense and refinement admires a woman *as a woman*, and when she steps out of this character, a thousand things that in their appropriate sphere would be admired, become disgusting and offensive. The appropriate character of a woman demands delicacy of appearance and manners, refinement of sentiment, gentleness of speech, modesty in feeling and action, a shrinking from notoriety and public gaze, aversion to all that is coarse and rude, and an instinctive abhorrence of all that tends to indelicacy and impurity, either in principle or action. These are the traits which are always admired and often sought for in a woman. Act on that idea, and your cause is safe and sure. You can have it all your own way, if you will but try! These principles will subdue the most ferocious and brutal beast, misnamed "Husband," and by them a man may tame the fiercest vixen that ever bore the name of "Wife!" Thus he wins their confidence, converts them to his ideas, and their victory is won before the battle fairly begins. Says he:—

"Fair woman was made to bewitch,  
A companion, wife, nurse,  
A blessing, a curse,  
A termagant, shrew, or something far worse,—  
Fair woman was made to be *which*!"

It is not hard to predict if his reasonings are just.

He gains his points by descending on woman's beauty, the laws and rules for its increase and most powerful display; gives recipes and items—the gathered treasures of all tongues and lands, and lays them at her feet, saying:—"Take, use, and reign queen forever!" and they follow his advice: "Be beautiful! I have shown you how. Magnetically alluring and attractive! I have taught you. Waste not your sympathies, vitality or physical force! I have pointed the means how you may make life's game your own in the briefest possible space of time." What's the result? Why, that all women far and near, losing sight of social duties, strive only to gain such an ascendancy in the world, that it will not be habitable by any high-toned, spirited man; for only effeminate human lollypops could or would endure such a state of affairs.

One singular argument advanced by, not Mr. Randolph, but the regular free-lovers, is that the state of the general human health is such, that it requires magnetic changes; and the only correct method of inducing them is frequent change of magnetism; in other words, shameless concubinage, and promiscuous libertinism,—a doctrine so utterly abhorrent as to bring the blush of shame even on a demon's iron brow.

To conclude, gentlemen, we ask a verdict against the prisoner, not so much to punish *him*, as to warn others that society's laws are not to be ruthlessly trampled upon; nor doctrines permitted, whose effect must be to array the sexes in hostile combat. I have done! [Court adjourned.]

At ten o'clock next day the court was fairly packed, to listen to the argument of Mr. Selden Beaumont, the advocate of the ultra-liberal side of the issue, who rose and said:—

Gentlemen, I am here not as counsel retained *for* Mr. Randolph, or against him either; but for the purpose of disabusing your minds of the prejudice against what is called free-love. If the accused is convicted, then the days of free thought and expression are ended and our liberties pass under Star Chamber rule. I am not aware that either Mr. Randolph or the believers in free-love ever regarded him as favoring



that cause. If there is anything favorable to it in his writings, I have not seen them, and if there were, I should certainly not denounce him for their utterance or expression; but with all my heart should say, God-speed! You are right, nor can human justice or righteous law condemn you! The gates of hell cannot prevail against you, for you but give tongue to the eternal gospel of truth, dwelling in every man and woman's heart. That gospel is found in the words freedom, liberty, self-accountability, — the inalienable right of self-defence and self-preservation; and so long as the human heart acknowledges that gospel, just so long has a man or woman a right to love or hate just as they please, with only God and their own souls to say them nay! [Great sensation.] If this author has said one word in behalf of that liberty of thought denied to mankind by their self-appointed rulers and legislators, but which are guaranteed to every human soul by the Infinite Master of all when he spoke them into existence, then is Randolph fairly justified by the triple sanction of God, nature, and universal human instinct!

If by his pen, tongue, or act, he has struck even one effective blow at the strongest and heaviest gyves that ever bound a human being — that of a hateful marriage, — which fills more mad-houses, peoples more brothels, fills more jails, causes more crime, and stocks more grave-yards with prematurely dead, than any other one thing under the starry sky, — then again I repeat, God bless him for the blow thus struck! [Wild excitement in court.] If, as the learned prosecutor says, he has done this thing, and so effectually that conservatism stands aghast, then from my soul, and the souls of all true people, there goes up to God a loud *vivat!* and thanks for the brave, bold utterance! [Applause.]

I am not here to inquire if he be or be not a free-lover; but if he is, he has an undoubted, heaven-born right to be, and so has every other human being who breathes the air of heaven!

If he is not a free-lover, theoretically or practically, he stands solitary and alone, amid the teeming myriads of earth — brute and human alike — for no love ever yet was confined to pairs, and never will be! If it is, why are so many brothels, right in the midst of churches, supported by married men — and members? Why are there so many convenient houses where high-toned dames pass pleasant hours with low-toned lovers? Do you want me to speak plainer? Shall I call names of parties, places, streets and numbers, in godly Boston too? Shall I point out bankers, merchants, deacons and right reverends, who go down to see the sights of Babylon, and *stay there too*? If so, I can prove what I say *right on the spot!* [Tremendous sensation in the court — a turning of heads, wiping of faces, and dropping of veils!]

We are told in Holy Writ that he who looketh upon a woman to lust after her has already committed adultery in his heart. I believe it, and, measured by that standard, how many men on earth are innocent? You might pack them all in a ten-foot room!

Do you suppose that either Randolph or the free-lovers favor such things? Do you think they seek to render earth and society a leazar-house? No, *never!* Let the principles of social freedom be well understood, and that moment every brothel in the world will be forever closed! Why? Because wrong marriages would be dissolved without disgrace, and righteous take their places; and when rightly married, hell is forever banished from the household, and purity and heaven begin their sweet and melodious reign!

Of all the people on the globe who from their souls deprecate prostitution, and earnestly try to uproot its causes, free-lovers are emphatically *the* people. If the prisoner at the bar has never been a *practical*, mental or theoretical free-lover, forthwith deck him out in linen and purple, put chains of gold about his neck, and proclaim him the grandest marvel of all the centuries, for he stands alone, the only human male on earth who has not in desire, thought or deed been what the learned prosecutor — *in court* —

is so utterly horrified by—but whether that horror will not grow smaller by degrees, and beautifully less, after he leaves the court, and finds himself the cynosure of a pair of ripe lips and sparkling eyes,—is not much of a question to me, and I doubt even to the learned gentleman himself! [Smiles and “That’s so!” and “Thru for you’s!” all over the room.] We, just as Randolph says, “live in barbaric times, and under barbaric law.” What else can it be called which crushes thinkers, and builds gibbets? which throttles virtue and encourages brothels? which sells “justice” to the highest bidder, and liberates murderers—who can PAY? which tolerates concubinage, and liaisons, yet makes war on real marriage. What else than barbarism is it which holds a woman to a living death and hell in a mockery of marriage, yet thrives on petty crimes extorted from common prostitutes? What is that but barbarism which holds that a woman, by the force of a few mumbled words, has sold herself, soul and body, and has, to all intents and purposes, become the property of him who buys her, and who may turn out to be a man, but as like as not a coarse brute beast in human form? Yet she must remain his bond-slave and creature of his lusts, turn harlot or die, in order to free herself from the dreadful thralldom!

These witnesses have feeling, conscience, character, and he who affirms they have not lies in his throat, and is on par with the cabal of people, who, failing to blackmail P. B. Randolph, thrust him through perjury to keep company for two days with people like themselves, behind the bars of a prison, but out of which he comes, to pass unscathed through two more ordeals, and then triumph as few men ever triumphed in this broad land. Mr. Randolph is charged with being the champion of free-lovers, yet a score of people positively swear that he is not and that they regard him as the hero on the other side! Now when doctors and experts disagree, who shall decide? For myself I wish he would in sober earnest bring his energies and powers to the free-love cause; and I deeply regret at being compelled to count him out of the advocates of that cause, still having hopes that he may yet get his wings of soul plumed for a flight to where the truths of freedom now nidulate. He has, however, enunciated one of the most sterling truths ever spoken by human lips, and this is it: “Alas! as the world stands to-day most people are married to other people’s wives and husbands!” A truer, real gospel was never uttered—or a sadder one! But who comprehends it?—or its utterer?

It is a great defect of your “practical” people, that they can never understand that the genius, the poet, the enthusiast and dreamer, such as this robbed, swindled, almost ruined prisoner, have their places in the economy of things, and supply the material upon which these people of common sense work. Beethoven, King of Music, begged his bread of Himmel; Poe dies neglected, starved, frozen; Randolph lives in a garret, and human jackals thrive upon the productions of their labor and toil. Such is life; so goes the world! Two of them have costly monuments, and their works are bound in gold and crimson; the third one to-day stands pleading not only for justice, but for bread; for this toiler of thirty years has never realized from all his books enough to keep him in good food a single month! For this man has put all he has received into copyrights and stereotype plates, and to-day is nearly ten thousand dollars behindhand, as to my certain knowledge he has suffered to that extent since these persecutions began, and unless he gets help soon, plates, copyrights, and all will pass into the hands of speculators, who will make millions from them while himself starves to death!

True, during twenty-two years he, from all his books, labor, travels and lectures, succeeded in putting by eight hundred dollars, hoping to make it a thousand before he died, to leave his invalid daughter; but in an evil hour that too was swept away from him by the ungenerous conduct of the last pair of victimizers, just on the heels of another operation of like nature by the Ohio worthies. Now if on the heels of all that you

convict this man, then justice may as well give up her office, and rapine rule the land! [At this three ladies and two gentlemen stepped over to the dejected prisoner, and put five dollars in his hand!]

If you want to raise friends for a cause or a man, just persecute it or him, and your work is done. Convict this man, and you put the world on its mettle to avenge him; and I am greatly mistaken if the American people, all over, and everywhere, from the moment the news of this persecution reaches them, do not buy of Mr. Randolph his books by the score of thousands! In fact I know they will do it, and for a double reason, first, to show their feeling for a down-trodden man of talent; and secondly, for the sake of reading the extraordinary emanations from his brain and pen, as many actually and at this very moment are doing, and tens of thousands more will before the year rolls away to oblivion. [Reader, remember this — there's meaning in it.—EDITOR.]

Marriage in these days, is understood to mean the absolute and undeniable proprietorship of a wife by the husband, and she is expected to defer to him in all things whatever, and when she acts of herself to do so only by the consent and sufferance of her supreme lord and master.

That ownership, as the representative of freedom, I dispute and deny. I contest the authority and impugn the honor and manhood of all who sustain it, nor will I ever admit its truth and force, its right or justice, until every man shall produce a bill of sale from almighty God Himself to prove his claim and substantiate his ownership of any woman who breathes the air, no matter what forms have been gone through with to give color to the swindle and the farce — but swindles and farces that end in tragedy and horror, ineffable and supreme! [Immense astonishment and profound interest.]

I stand here, not the hireling of interest, nor the minion of unjust law, but the voluntary champion of an abused cause, and as such I defy the world — Randolph included — that true free-love ever debauched a single human being, or led an innocent woman astray! But I shall be told that so-called free-lovers have been, and are, guilty of these wrongs. To this I rejoin: Paste is not diamond! and he or she who is yet under the reign of the lower passions have a long bill of development to wearily climb before they are fit to assume the title of free-lover, or associate on equal terms with their born and cultured superiors! Love, forsooth! why, he or she who is so juvenile in intellect, so mean in soul, and so very low in the human scale as to confound love with lust, or pure, unsullied affection with the modern "passional attractionalism," had better retire to the jungles, where they properly belong, — for look you, he or she who cannot love without making beasts of themselves are but the imperfect shadows of the substantial things their faces and forms represent. Faugh! they are obscene birds, hawks and buzzards, who gather at the edges of the battle to sniff at valiant blood and thrive upon its carrion! — not men and women, but adolescent children, — the "what-is-its" in crinoline and broadcloth, neither of which they honor, and both of which they disgrace! [This burst of eloquence created a tumult which the gavel of the clerk found it impossible to wholly suppress. He went on: —] I stand here to defend the honor of those men and women, who, admitting themselves believers in social freedom, yet have been badgered and insulted as if they had no feelings, and were on a par with the off-scourings of the slums and purlieus of New York or Boston, than in which no greater sinks of corruption ever festered on the earth — eyesores and dens of perdition, giving Sodom the go-by — never wholly suppressed, but allowed to flourish for the sake of rent, taxes and votes! — dens of infamy whose stench offends the nostrils of the devil, if there be one, but which no virtuous officials see fit to clean out and extirpate, — these selfsame identical officials who permit abortionists to publicly announce their dreadful trade in the public prints, and wink at hoary old sinners who, through "personals," advertise for new victims, the deserted wife or forlorn girl, cheated out of her wages by scoundrels,

sewing masters, forced to accept the infamy or die, — "personals," too, wherein shameless professional harlots advertise for new victims — and get them, too! O virtue-compelling officials of the law! Civilization? bah! hell itself would blush at comparison of conditions. [Applause, in which even the judges joined.] What free-lover on God's green earth has it in his mind or heart to tolerate or wink at enormities like these? Where's Christianity?

What do the rabble know of genius foreign to its uncultured tastes? What do such persecutors as old hoary Andy Bay, or the thick head, foxy, rattle-snaky Frenches, know really of him whom they ground unto the dust? What do the mob, who never think, and seldom feel, realize of the life — a life of keen intensities, like this poor victim, who has brains enough to scale the heavens, yet not enough to see through the wiles of a scheming foresworn human adder; the plots of a wandering counterfeit-money-passing adventuress, or her contemptible self-seeking paramour — a fellow who has the heart to send ships to sea and wreck them, and openly boast of his villany. *They*, such lecherous dead-beats, can know nothing of a life like his, between which and their own a shoreless ocean rolls! Who of the thousands, who upon mere hearsay slandered this patient thinker, because it was the fashion to underrate and affect to despise him; what do they know of the fearful price he has had to pay in order to attain his awful powers of mental flight — the magnificent stretch of his soul's pure vision? Who of them all, even with bright fancy keen set, can drink in the flood of glory, pictured of the far heavens in his "Disembodiment of Man"?

What do the money-seeking sons of earth really know of this lone student of the deepest lore of all time? — this chief mystic of them all; this thorn-crowned king of the Rosicrucians; this philosopher, whom they sillily think so careless of his fame and mental dignity, as to stoop low enough to indite things detrimental to the morals of mankind — him whose sole aim in life has been to purify and elevate the species! Poor toiler! Without friends capable of assisting him financially; struggling all alone, yet snarled at by thousands of human curs, envious of his talent, jealous of his fame; a man who has traversed the world, a comet of intellect, sent across the human sky to tell the mighty story of God's new and better way — an unfriended being, who has alone mastered more science and philosophy than would, spread out, suffice for ten score college professors, and have enough left over to keep them busy for a century! Probably, like us all, he has his personal faults and shortcomings. They complain of his audacities of statement and reasoning, and marvel at the brilliant voluptuousness of his descriptions, as if *that* were a fault. Every line he has written has been, as Taine says of the contemplar genius Alfred de Musset, "torn from his vitals," produced by an absolute expenditure of life, and are not the fruits of mere feeling or fancy.

Randolph has for twenty years been known as the "Man with two souls!" — the one soft, gentle, humane, simple as a child, trusting, credulous, wholly blind to financial advantages and economies; the other imperial, imperious, vast, titanic, space-piercing, heaven-storming, and claiming kindred with the gods! Uneven, unbalanced, erratic, independent, yet craving sympathy, this double-souled being has steadily fought the surviving spirit of New England's overstrained righteousness and blue-law propriety, — when it was deemed a sin to smile, and an indictable offence for a man to kiss his wife on Sunday; when an individual's religion and general character were measured by the length of his prayers; when honest Quakers were burned at the stake, and poor, frail women hung as witches; when congregations assembled in churches like the most woe-begone mutes at a funeral, and long faces were considered as the only livery in which to serve the Lord. Habitual dram-drinking was one of the fruits of that regime, because that could be indulged in secrecy, and pursued to a certain extent in defiance of the censors, and self-righteous leaders. Can any one look back

upon those Puritanic days without a mental shudder at the unmistakable hypocrisy that reigned triumphant? Do not let us mistake the lesson in our own history, and the moral of events and occurrences so near to our own times as to have left indelible marks and warnings all about us. Is there any one among us to-day who believes that such mad zeal and bigotry were ever a grateful tribute to the Father of our race?

That spirit he has fought, and wholly on woman's side. He has taken her part, arming her in proof against deception, and yet few men have suffered as has he from and by deceptions practised on him by women. No seer can see for himself! It is a law inherent in the very soul of seership, that he or she who can safely and triumphantly lead a world, are actually blind when themselves are the object to be seen for. It was so with Gautama Budha, who could not see the lurking poison in the dish of pork before him; and Appolonius, betrayed to death; and Cagliostro, another Samson, like the man of Israel; nor Plato; and Fulvius; nor Agrippa; and of Him whom they crucified, and in short, of them all, from the world's dawn to this hour.

This last of the true seers is no better able to see through the plots and rascalities hatched against his peace and pocket, than any one else, yet, turning his soul's gaze from himself to others, the grand sweep of his inner sight has astounded living thousands!

Bayed as free-lovers and this man has been, hounded down to the bitter death by bigots, knaves, and narrow-souled hypocrites the "ism" will yet prevail, and the man, the thinker, have new lustre added to his name, by the abuse of those whose names fifty years hence will be in resurrectionless graves. This man is an example of perseverance seldom surpassed, and has achieved everything he aimed at, which his foes said he could not. They said he could not write a book, and he produced a dozen of the best in any language used on the globe; and although at this moment poor to penury, living for three years, and there still — when free to do so — in a garret, yet his power is felt the wide world over, and he is to-day a leading spirit of the age, in spite of detraction, slander, sneers, scandal, and wilful purposed neglect. But again I say his triumph is at hand, for the great Public, and Women *everywhere* will hasten to buy his books, not through others, who reap the profit, but directly from himself, — if from a jail, then *from* a jail; but I believe, gentlemen of the jury, that your verdict will restore this man to his garret, his pens and ink, and to the great work for loving hearts it is his task on earth to do!

But to the other aspects of the case before us. The men and women who have here declared their belief in social freedom must not, shall not, be confounded with either prostitutes or their patrons! Free love is one thing, sensual license quite another. They are antagonistic, antipodal, and no more alike than most lawyers and detectives are like honest, honorable or principled gentlemen! True, a few of the latter are among them, but one swallow does not make a spring.

In free love these women and men believe; in license they do *not*. For free love the people have a world of anathemas; in sensual freedom the people have no public faith, but in its practice, when night and darkness palls the world, the crowd to be found in places where courtesans reign queens, and the garish lights are burning, would form armies large enough to confront the combined military of the entire globe! Consistency, thou art, indeed, a jewel!

Hypocrisy rules the hour and the man, for in the face of day thousands, ay, millions, there be, who vehemently denounce all passion license on the highways, who, three hours afterwards, may be found disgracing their manhood and dishonoring their mother's sex, in cosy little parlors, just around the corner, to the tune of clinking wine-glasses, and the inspiring radiance of a painted wanton's charms! And these self-same hypocritical debauchees, whose name is legion, have the unblushing effrontery to class an honorable woman, sick of social tyranny, half worn out by domestic bru-



talisms, who, seeking escape from hell and taking refuge by the wayside, dares tell the world she owns herself, with the painted lornans of the thoroughfares, whose paint and glitter, and flashy jewels, and the rum that crazes their brains and rushes the poor things at break-neck speed toward the steep-down gulfs of misery and suicide, were bought and paid for with the crisp bank notes doled to them in exchange for double infamy by these self-same doubly dyed hypocrites and unco-godly wretches.

Let one of these denouncers of free-lovers stand up, if he dares, and name one single lady advocate of social freedom who has ever disgraced her womanhood, or sold herself for baubles, clinking gold, or greenbacks! I defy the world to point out one! On the other hand, I defy the same pack to point me out one single man, who is a genuine advocate of the same doctrine, who thinks more of his senses than he does of his soul; or whom they can ever find haunting the sinks of sin after nightfall, to avail himself of the dreadful necessity of some poor child, driven to vice for want of bread and shelter, and kindness, and fairly paid labor. "Alas for the rarity of Christian charity—under the sun." Why, it stinks even in the nostrils of a savage from the isles or Booraboola gha!

Never, NEVER will you find male or female social freedomists, or Randolph's agapists, degrading God's image, either in themselves or others. [Applause and sensation.]

Free-lovers are not for sale, no matter how high these denouncers may bid, who usually buy in the open markets, else, sneak-thief-like, undermine a man's home and seduce his wife and daughters in the guise of *friendship*! they do these things, at which free-lovers stand aghast with ineffable horror—do them, under the spur of the most infernal passion that ever thrilled a devil's veins, and plead, when caught, "*Couldn't help it!*" Meantime, their own wives, wearisome, sad, are pining, not at home, but in an infernal mockery of one, their lords abroad, sowing a few wild oats, till disease or death sows them up in turn. They do these things because it is one of the inalienable rights of man, forsooth, to do as he pleases, provided he is not caught at it, or hurried off on the toe of a boot, or persuaded to desist by the solid logic of a pistol-ball. But if one of these injured and neglected wives so far agrees with them as to claim identical rights, then, oh then, there's trouble in the camp, right away.

"Mister Injin," said the hunter, "we'll divide our game fair, and you shall have the crow, and I'll have the turkey, or I'll have the turkey, and you shall have the crow." It was all very fair, no doubt, but somehow the Indian couldn't see it for, "You never talk turkey to me one time!"

Just so in the case before us, for just let a woman assume the same privileges, they, the lords, take, *without asking*, the lords, with hands uplifted in holy horror find out what's in a name, and that gander sauce is bad for the goose! . . . All that we ask is perfect equality between the sexes. If more sensualism was our aim, we had that and its conditions already made to our hands by "civilization!" All that social reformers ask is, that whatever a man may do, that also may a woman, and under the self-same freedom, pains, penalties and non-notice, — only that and nothing more. [Applause.]

What man is there on the earth, intelligent, sound, healthy in mind and body, who will yield the right and *fact* of self-ownership to another? Who and where is he, who, sane and sound, yet being jalled and ill-used will not escape if he can, with or without the leave or license of his jailer?

Is that a fair and valid contract where all the advantages accrue to one party, and the pains and losses fall to the lot of the other, on the heads I win, tails you lose, principle? Such, however, is the scope, tenure and result of modern "civilized" marriage, and the loser, nine times in ten, is the woman. If a man in business is thus taken in, the sense of equity in all men frees him from the bond and relieves him of its unjust obligations. But if the general verdict is just in matters of dollars, it is ten times stronger in an affair involving health, happiness, life and death. This justice we claim for

woman as for man, and intend to make the world acknowledge it, and ring the bells until it does.

No human law can justly compel a man to run risks of life and health, but, declaring that self-preservation is the paramount law, bids him defy all thralls and escape if he can! Well, who shall compel a woman to remain where she runs risks worse than death, because they involve her and the children she is likely to mother in hatred, not love, loathing, not tenderness. Do you see the logic?

P. B. Randolph in "Casca Llanna" says: "The world can never be rebuilt until it becomes impossible for Mr. Boardman to swindle Miss Green into wedlock under the impression that he's a man, and that what he offers is love, when in fact he's no such thing, and his wares are counterfeit. When the graves give up their dead, and the murdered are all duly classified, there will be a frightful host of Misses Green clamoring for justice at the bar of God." Is this free-love? No! Well it is just what free-lovers say, believe, and try to prevent, by reforming the marriage codes of Christendom, and the great wide world.

A woman recently said, "that marriage as it ordinarily exists in society was a delusion of an unenlightened age, fraught with the gravest evils, and that woman, free to love, free to disown her wedded husband for cause, and free to turn the tables upon man when he went after strange women, was a millennium in the world's history, and that she called upon Divinity itself to witness that she dedicated her life to assist in bringing about its actual and living consummation," and she was very close to the right. It is affirmed that "Life is a desert,"—marriage and mirage are the same thing, only differently spelt, and you all believe, because you know it to be true, but ought not to be. It is said, and truly, that a young man generally gives a lock of his hair to his sweetheart before he marries her. After marriage she generally helps herself. Is this what the institution ought to be?

The rich landscapes and meadows, seen in the distance by the young bride, turn out to be arid wastes, with bitter waters and acrid fruits in a very little time, nine times in every ten; and can you wonder at the prevalence of crime among the living fruits of such parents?

Now because a woman went into that mirage of marriage-land, thus impressed, is there any reason, earthly or divine, why she should forever stay there? especially when she clearly sees her way out? when she realizes her right to go, and has the same will to leave that she had to enter?

If on her journey through that scorific wilderness, she reaches a hill-top whence she can see the smiling happy valleys outspread at her feet, who shall forbid her going down there to pluck its ripe fruit and bathe her in its limpid waters? Certainly no man has such a right; nor can any human enactment confer it upon him, or prohibit her free action, save by brute force, and we are not debating *that side* of the question. No ecclesiastical, legislative or judicial power on earth can confer any such right, a right which nature disavows, and Eternal God disclaims,—for He has said, avoid disaster! seek happiness! and those two lines are engraved by His fingers on every human heart and consciousness.

Do not run wild with the notion that the advocates of social freedom are barbarians, and sensual malcontents, who see no good ahead save in unbridled passionism, for if you do you err, because freedom and license, though sometimes confounded, are really antithetical and opposites, and in nowise related to each other; for freedom means order, license means anarchy and chaos! After all it is not the savage nor the barbarian over whom lust reigns with iron rod and omnipotent sway; but it is your ready-souled, casuistic civilizee, whose dream by night, and thoughts by day are on the twin damnations of the world—dollars and lust! The true free-lover dwells in *life's* parlors—his or her heart, soul, brain; while passion is in the kitchen, *where it belongs!* The

civilized reverses all this, and his parlor worship is — laugh! let me not pollute my lips by naming it. When one of the ilk beholds a beautiful female, his thoughts run upon dishonorable lines. When a free-lover beholds such, he adores the Creator, and sees in her another form of His infinite beauty and great glory, to adore whom from his very soul is a rapture indeed, because it is manly, noble and pure! When the civilized beholds her, the chances are, that he would compass heaven and earth to debase her, and if he had the chance would *not* resist it! Thus, gentlemen, you see the difference between this and that, a lie and the truth, free love and free lust — in a word, between a true man and an educated gorilla.

These men, these conspirators, not only against Randolph, but against literature itself, allege that his books are not sound in morals. If this be so, then let every medical work in the world be suppressed. Nay, if he is to be condemned, then I impeach every minister in America, for to my certain knowledge every one of them owns, reads and circulates a certain volume containing oaths, curses, and obscenities of the most abominable character, in plain English too, without disguise or circumlocution, and with a detail of statement highly delightful to morbid minds. This book they buy, sell, give away, lend and borrow — actually do it on, reading it in secret, and take special pains to point out to innocent young girls, and discontented *married women*, its most unctuous, meaning and significant passages. "What book?" Why, the Bible, a volume abounding in glorious things, but sadly marred by accounts and allusions too filthily low for even a common brothel! Exclude these, and a great good thing will have been done. The Bible's purpose is the best good to us all, and so also is that of Randolph's books.

One witness against him said: "After reading 'Love,' 'Casea Llanna' and 'Seership,' about the seven magnetic laws, I think it an *easy* matter to get the better of any man I choose to try for — husband, lover or utter stranger; and I think I'm able, after studying them, to wind any man around my little finger, *just as easily* as I can wink my eyes. What's to hinder? Don't he tell how it's done? I've *tried them*, and know just what I'm talking about."

Another witness: "I got hold o' them books, especially 'Seership,' and I think it's mighty easy work to make any woman believe the moon's made o' green cheese — fact is, most o' 'em *do any way*! But them there rules is high, you bet!" The defence immediately produced a notice cut from the columns of one of the first religious journals of the land, and which was kept standing therein for months, — a notice of one of these identical volumes. Here it is: —

"The statements contained in this book are indeed startling. Its exposures of simulated and morbid love and the monster crime of this age are withering, and will go far toward changing the current of the thought of the century upon matters affectional, social and domestic, for a firm, vigorous health pervades every page. Its appeals for woman, and consolations of wounded spirits, are tender, pathetic and touchingly true and eloquent. Its advice to women, so often the victims of misplaced confidence and affection, is sound to the core, and withal it gives direct, explicit and valuable counsel concerning the great chemico-magnetic laws of love, as to render it on *that branch* of the subject undoubtedly the book of the century. Especially is this true of what it says concerning the true method of regaining a lost, wandering or perishing affection. But no brief notice can do justice to this most remarkable book on human love ever issued from the American press."

I need not call your attention to the character of the two first witnesses, nor ask you to weigh their testimony against that of the last one, for this you have already done, have seen the animus of the couple, but have *not asked what price they were paid for their testimony!*

Any man can torture the Bible till it apparently substantiates any conceivable absurdity; and just so can this man's books be tortured against their just intent, which is to

arm men against the wiles of women like the first witness; and to teach females how to foil the schemes of such persons as the male witness, they, as you see, being a pair who hunt in couples. In conclusion, I affirm that Mr. Randolph's arrest, imprisonment and loss of all he had on earth, was brought about by cupidity, malice, personal spleen, in part, and because he found out too many dangerous secrets of a branded villain and his infamous paramour. This malice and revenge it is no part of a judge or jury to permit, much less assist in. I confidently look for his acquittal, and now leave the case with you."

Applause greeted the eloquent pleader as he sat down. It being late, the court adjourned till the next day, on which the defendant was to make his plea. It seemed almost impossible to imagine how any man could, placed between two such able forces, manage to escape conviction on the one hand, or meet the arguments of the other. However, Randolph was considered equal to the task, and so great was the desire to hear him, that standing places even could have been sold at heavy rates.

At ten o'clock the court convened, the room being literally packed with a surging mass of people, many of whom were ladies. The court having been called to order the defendant rose, and amid profound silence began his defence:—

#### RANDOLPH'S SPEECH TO THE JURY AND COURT.

May it please the honorable court and jury: I stand here to-day in a singular attitude, between two fires. I am accused of writing and scattering broadcast over the country works calculated to overturn society and completely change the existing code of ethics; and I am called on to defend myself from that charge, so far as actual free-love is concerned, and that too in face of the fact that while I certainly am not aware that any arguments in favor of that doctrine are in any of my works; yet the advocates of it claim that I have written stronger for woman's emancipation than almost any other author of the times we live in. Here then is a dilemma of extraordinary character at the start. If, gentlemen, you should ask the question: Mr. Randolph, what do you know of free-lovers and free-love? I should answer, I have seen so few honest ones that I can hardly answer; while as to the doctrine itself, it *may* have its good points, but I am not able to see in what manner it is going to benefit the world to the extent claimed by its votaries. I do not altogether believe in human independence or in individual sovereignty; why, will be seen before I finish my plea, not only for myself and books, but for every honest man and virtuous woman living. And right here let me say that in spite of the eloquent gentleman's plea for free love, there is a fearful sophism passing for sound logic in it, which is compounded of anything but justice, truth, or right. Whatever may be the practice of free-lovers, certain it is that the corner-stone of their edifice is that any man or woman is at perfect liberty to ask, receive, and grant, favors from or to any one whom fancy may take to, wholly unquestioned by any one. In a state of society possibly existing in Heaven, such a doctrine might be understood, and no harm come of it, but on the earth to-day—which, as the gentleman says, is barbaric, and the vast mass but little better than savages at heart,—that doctrine won't work well, for where one person would understand and see it from the heavenly point of view, fifty millions would see, and *use* it, from a wholly earthly one! Now a relation subsisting between two persons can not be love if it allows each the unlimited passional liberty which is the soul and essence of the free-love dogma!



We have just listened to the most splendid instance of special pleading ever heard at the bar of any court; but, glittering as it was, eloquent as all concede it to have been, it will not hold water; is altogether too thin, weak and of no real weight to stand the test of being picked to pieces, as I intend to do right here and now.

Free-love, disguise it as you may, means sensual license, no more, no less; and wherever its doctrines prevail there will you find either a worn-out debauchee, a freedom-shrieking woman of faded charms, sharp voice, rapid tongue, overplus of brain, paucity of soul, little passion and less love; or brainy men, actually heartless unemotive, spasmodically lecherous, bent on world-saving, themselves wholly lost, rapid, not worth tying to, unreliable, strangers to generous manhood or manly feeling, devoted to an ism; people of a clique or ring, loud-mouthed, sour-souled brawlers for liberty to infract every social and moral law, bitter propagandists, unreasoning zealots, criers down of "bigotry," themselves the most ultra and one-sided bigots who breathe;—usurpers of divine right, claiming the right to demoralize the world, yet denying that of any man to kick them downstairs for poisoning the mind of his wife or daughters! [Unmistakable sensation among audience, court and jury.]

I have seen the practical working of free-love, but never saw a man among them who stuck to his text of "Divine love" five minutes after he had a chance to tempt an honest wife to her infamy and ruin! Nay, I brand their leader as guilty of crimes too foul for naming; and I know of two girls,—sisters, pure as spotless snow when that fiend encountered them first, and whom he not only ruined and debased, but made them ministers of a crime against which death by stone and fire was denounced by Moses, and ought to be visited upon the wretch to-day! Dare the villain deny this? If so, I, with his victims, will prove it to his teeth before the criminal courts, and in presence of the world! [Immense emotion, as the orator warmed to his work.] Again, let any man or woman read the astounding exposure of a great free-loveist recorded on pages 285-6, of "Caska Llanna," and if *that* does not settle the question forever, nothing on earth will. Only think of an act like that—she so artless, he so—but I have no term strong enough to apply to *that* "Great Leader."

There may be honest free-lovers, but I never yet met one, unless, as I believe, the honorable counsellor who preceded me is such, but he is the exception which proves the rule, and I no more believe *that* man capable of rape or seduction than I do that I am capable of descending to the infamous level of those by whom I have just been robbed on the right hand and imprisoned, and the lower level of the amiable couple who finished by robbing and swindling me on the left—I, and my child!

Without any other than that exception, all the free-lovers I have ever met were about equally divided; one-half being narrow-headed, one-sided, long-haired, and longer eared, morbid, disappointed fanatics; the other half rogues, libertines and harlots by nature and choice, rather than the force of circumstances! Gentlemen of the jury, these people claim the right to ignore and trample upon the marriage laws, which laws are the safeguards mankind have erected around the social state to protect itself from the incursions and raids of disorganizing social banditti, such as follow the lead of these free-love leaders. But I claim that no man has a right to poison either the bodies, minds or morals of any member of the body, social or politic; and I dispute and denounce the so-called "Right" of any man to overstep the barriers of decency which men have erected between civilization and savagery or worse. No man, no woman on earth has, or can have, the right to openly proclaim doctrines subversive of Christian morality, unless he does so outside of and beyond its limits; but so long as he or she remains in a moral and civilized community, just so long are they bound to obey its rules and laws.

What man or woman on earth has the right to set an example before our children



whose direct effect shall be their demoralizing and contamination, utter, total and complete? No sane man dare claim such a right. Free-lovers *do* claim it, and the inevitable, logical sequence is that they are either lunatics, villains or fools! one of the three, for there is, there can be no other conclusion. [Applause.]

Limited liberty is the root of civilization. The sovereignty of the individual begins and ends within himself. He has no right to intrude beyond the limits of his own sphere, nor to do what is offensive to all the moral sense of the world, even if he honestly believes himself to be right. A midnight thief is caught, not liberated, but made to pay the penalty of his crime; but a million such thieves in a lifetime can never do the harm to the human race, done by a single woman who stands before a public audience and claims as a divine and human right that of being a public leman, and brawls her obscene stuff into the ears of old and young alike, sending the girl forth from the hall with the fixed idea that concubinage is no crime; and the young fellow out upon the streets fortified in the belief that seduction is justifiable, no matter who the victim may be. That's what comes and forever must come, from free-love teachings! no matter what may be the thought or intentions of here and there a high-minded soul among them, such must be the result upon the masses of the world to-day. Men and women dissatisfied with their condition will gladly avail themselves of any subterfuge or sophism which temporarily blinds them and hides themselves from themselves, to "go in for a good time and a fig for the consequences!" But the "consequences" are sure to follow, the least of which is loss of self-respect, and the certain, if disguised, contempt of every one else, not omitting their own fellow "reformers." The true music of outraged justice *will* be heard, and there's trouble in their hearts when the band begins to play! [Applause.] Free-lovers are such because their emotional, physical and moral natures are thoroughly diseased, and a person in such a state is dangerous in every sense, and in no case trustable.

I have been asked in this court if I am, or ever have been, a free-loveite. To this I give an honest answer; I know what wild oats are, and in my early days sowed a few; because when a young man, like all juveniles, I loved all wearers of crinoline, — or rather, coffee-bags, — which were then in vogue. To-day, when half a century almost lies between me and my natal morn, and but few years at most divide me from the upper flight, I love them still, but not as then; and at no period *have* I believed that doctrine sound and good.

Twenty years have I practised medicine, my specialty nervous disorders of both sexes, my experience very marked and ample; but the result is that I do not believe, but *know*, that promiscuity in the social relation is the direct road to physical, mental and moral impotencia, resulting in insanity, early death and ruin. True, it is an exciting game of life to play, but it always ends against the player, whether man or woman. Now, what else is free-love but this very thing? Nothing! Mind, I do not assert that there are no honest people who believe the doctrine, whether they practise it or not; I only say I have not seen them; while there *may* be such, it is certain that there are hosts who use the term as a cloak and shield to cover up their shame, while revelling in the most debasing of all vices. This class belongs to the second half of the ism. They are but libertines and cyprians out on their travels up and down the world — social toadstools, fungi, hanging on to the skirts of social philosophy, a disgrace alike to themselves, the age, and civilization! These constitute the great army of the modern "ists," but the lesser body, though possibly earnest and honest, are wrong. A maniac may earnestly and honestly believe himself inspired by the arch-seraphim, and he be willing to die for his opinions, yet is a maniac still, nevertheless. In twenty years I have seen as many thousands of free-lovers and "passional attractionists," but have yet to see the first woman made happy by or through either, if she practised the doctrines or

not, nor have I ever seen one made joyous by the knowledge that her husband was sustaining such relations beyond his own homestead.

On the contrary, I have never failed to see quite as much, and even more bitter jealousy within the lines of the free-love camp as outside of it. Now, if the doctrine be true, and its practice right, "Why is this thus?" The fact is that the doctrine really is:—

"Dead Sea fruit that tempts the eye,  
And turns to ashes on the lips."

You will notice one peculiar circumstance. No young woman is a free-lover until after she has swamped her morals under the teachings of some old sinner; and after that, her practice of the doctrine veers with the current of currency.

The older women who take to it are those whose cheeks need plumpers, busts need cotton-aids and palpitators, lips want coralline, and face, lily white and rouge; women lost to the true grace and dignity of womanhood, and whose souls invariably turn toward him whose veins bound with animal life, and pockets are plethoric of greenbacks and gold. A poor free-lover stands no chance whatever! In such they never discover an affinity.

On the other hand, the free-lover never discovers his heart's best feelings, touched by the charms of Madame of thirty-five or forty; but the scales drop quickly from his eyes, and his bump of affinity-discovery becomes suddenly developed when a buxom damsel, with lithe form and tripping gait, crosses his path, and then, ah! then, he sighs and ogle and talks lofty transcendentalisms, as he begins to weave his infernal web about her—poor, unsuspecting, giddy fly; and all the while he drones his damned music in her ear, until, completely immersed, she becomes mesmerically infatuated, and wakes up some fine morning to find herself in the pestilent arms of a human ghoul, an infamous scoundrel robed in hell's blackest panoply, and as conscienceless and cruel as the ravening tiger of the jungle and the swamp! [Great excitement.]

Gentlemen of the jury, I should question the sanity of any man who could tolerate for one moment the idea, or complacently smile at the knowledge that his wife, whom he loved affectionally and conjugally, favored another than himself, or as many others as whim, caprice, or morbid fascination might prompt her to. Yet they say they can and actually do this very thing! If they do, are they human, or have they sunk below the level of the brute beasts? for these latter will die on the spot before they will yield the point involved! Does man ascend toward immortality? Do beasts descend to the level of mankind?

Again, suppose one of these philosophers has a family of beautiful daughters, will he teach them the harmlessness of his own mad vice? Far from it! Will he tell his sons that libertinism is right and proper? Never! Will he even tolerate free-love talk in their presence, and not feel a strong kick inclination toward the man who dares attempt it? No. His philosophy is all very fine and well, so far as he is concerned, with regard to all women outside the limits of his own household, but not within it! He will not hesitate to prey upon the wife and daughters of any other man, but if the game is played on himself, he will cry like a spaniel kicked, and whine like a whipped hound,—as he is! [Applause.]

No free-lover, I care not who he is, has "philosophy" enough to relish the fact that his wife and daughters were the lemons of whoever had magnetism enough to subjugate their wills and natural morals to the extent of making them so. That good old rule called Golden, protests in thunder-tones against the specious villany I now dissect.

This game of free-love works well enough, so long as their own corns are not

trampled on; and their writhings when they are, is proof positive that not one of them at heart believes one word of the dreadful lie they are trying to thrust down the public throat.

It may be said that I am ungrateful in thus attacking the system and logic of the speaker who preceded me, from whose lips fell many praises of myself and my career; but, gentlemen, eternal truth is of more value than the reputation of P. B. Randolph, and tickle my ears who will or may, I am not to be cajoled into even the faint resemblance of yielding one jot or tittle against the truth God sent me on the earth to propagate and defend! [In spite of the clerk's gavel, the audience *would*, and did cheer the orator.]

It is said that "To flatter a person adroitly, one must know three things — what they are, what they think they are, and what they want other people to think they are." Now in earlier days I was more subject to some kinds of flattery, "*mais j'ai changé tout cela.*" But it is true, I am sorry to say, that in other lines I have been flattered and cajoled by designing knaves, until between them all, to-day I am stripped of every dollar; but then I never made a special study of the arts of financial villany, and therefore was not armed against it. I believed the people with whom I dealt, and whom I trusted, to be square and honest as they claimed to be, and not till all was lost did I realize the exquisite degree of rascality to which swindling could be carried. Not till I was beggared did I learn how an imperturbable front could cover up base and lascivious designs, and if I fell a victim to confidence operations, perhaps I am not the first, but hope to be the last.

Who, I ask, who and what are my accusers? Who of them all, the wide world over, dare face me with their scandals and slanders? Behold I know them all, and not one of their characters will bear the light! not one of whom but that has crime written on their fronts, and rapes, adulteries, swindlings innumerable to answer for hereafter, if not on the earth. I challenge them all to compare characters!

Many are the calumnies that have been heaped upon my name by those who tried to, and failed in grinding their own axes at my expense. Sampson came to grief through a polished harlot. So did I! [Laughter.] So has more than one other within the sound of my voice! [Squirming all over the room.] What of it? The lessons will serve their purpose if well learned. Now society may be likened unto the hero of Gaza and the foxes, and the Delilah is this painted harlot on whose cheeks the *hue* of the rose blushes, but in whose heart is lasciviousness, deception and wickedness, whose name is free-love, and I, not she, cry, "The Philistines be upon thee!" just as they were upon myself erewhile. But I and society have as yet been only tied with green withes; let us preserve our hair intact, and not let it be cut off; for when it is gone there's only one scene more, and that is death.

For ways that are dark, and tricks that are vain, the magnates of free-love are peculiar, which assertion I dare to maintain. And here is one of them: To tell a man's wife that her husband's magnetism is injurious to her, which undoubtedly may be, and very often is, true, but instead of teaching her how to avoid and annul the ill effect, as I have done in my books, and in my consultations with thousands of such cases, these free-loveites' voices grow thick and husky with the hell-fire raging within, and they whisper the intended prey that her ill health, backaches, nervousness, gloom and chronic low spirits are the result of her husband's perverse magnetism, but that it can all be remedied by a new infusion of "mercury" and magnetism, with both of which himself — of course! — is highly charged, and a share of which he generously offers to supply her, first by pawing her head and bust, then by gazing intently in her eyes, all on the high priori principle, until at last, the poor woman, confused, mesmerized, bewildered, and almost daft, knows not what she is doing, and another victim is added to the villain's score! If these things were done openly, and for just what they are, it

would be horrible enough, but to use the cloak of medical science and philosophy to boot, is the acme and climax of scoundrelism! True, like the play-bills, he advises her that the remedy is "for this occasion only," well knowing that once fallen, the road down hill is both steep and slippery.

Gentlemen, it is charged that in my books I advocate principles which lead directly to that sort of thing. To that charge I have but one answer: It is a LIE hot from HELL! and whoever affirms that I either by speech or pen gave encouragement to such doctrines, is a vituperative liar, foul, villanous, diabolical and obscene! for I would sooner cut the tongue out of my head and burn the hand I write with, than for one moment sanction a doctrine like that—one whose cardinal principle is that lust is celestial, rape archangelical, and adultery a supreme white-robed virtue! I have spoken and written not *permissum superiorum*, for I do not acknowledge any human leader, but look only above for light and power: I have not written for the ignoble vulgus either, but for thinking, feeling men and women. True, in my books I have laid bare the secret springs of human action; and have revealed hundreds of the mysteries and miseries of love, but never trenched upon the respect and delicacy due to the finest and most sensitive lady on the earth, much less have I in any way pandered to a gross and sensual taste; for such things suit the mob, not people of refinement, delicacy and sense. [Applause.]

I have aimed to instruct the sex how to preserve themselves, and gain the affectional mastery over their sometimes recalcitrant, wandering, and not seldom brutal lords. I have told her how to magnetically get the upper hand of lover and husband alike, because she should have it, if for no other reason than to see how the world will thrive under the reign of a new set of rulers. Listen while I read a letter received since I have been pleading at this bar:—

"AMESBURY, MASS., April 9th, 1872.

"DR. RANDOLPH:—

"SIR,—I have just read 'Cæsa Llanna,' your new book, and have derived much benefit therefrom. Could I have read it some years sooner it might have prevented much suffering. I very much want to circulate the book.

"Very respectfully,

Miss S. P. F."

To this I replied:—

"As I wrote the book on purpose to effect just such results among the thousands of the land, you or any other woman shall have all you can dispose of at *half price*. Send for them, even if you can pay but for twenty or forty copies. Could I afford it I would give them away, but in my impoverished state I must depend upon small editions, until fortune brightens up a little; when it does, I shall get out larger ones on equally good terms to others.

P. B. R."

Gentlemen of the jury: Do you believe that ladies would thus write for and about a work whose morals were questionable? Or that I would dare to employ them to circulate them, if they were? The answer is apparent. No! True, I have told them how to hold affection when once gained; to inspire it where it exists not; and how to win it back from lover or husband when lost. Is not that better than fomenting trouble, setting divorce-sharppers at work, or inculcating free-love? I think it is. Nowhere, and at no time, have I inculcated looseness of morals, however distorted were the views taken by the counsel for the prosecution. I am not in favor of free-love or any other sophistical abomination; nor of liberty to do as one pleases in the intimacies of human life, as do these howling dervishes of Christendom. O shame, where is thy blush? When a woman so far ignores the proprieties of life and delicacy of her sex, as to openly boast of her right, desire, and ability to quench

the streams of hell-fire blazing in her own veins, and in those of the one, two, three, ten, dozen or hundred others who look like, but are not, men; and to whom she may be attracted:—

“They are neither man nor woman,  
They are neither brute nor human,  
They are ghouls.”

They are shameless! They toss their heads, with an “I don’t care what the people say, I feel that I’m right. I shall go the whole figure. I defy and despise public opinion!”

Error, to be really dangerous, must have a preponderance of truth mingled with it, else it must hide itself and thrive only in the darkness; because it cannot bear the broad light of day. Shame is written on it, and sooner or later the veil will be torn away. Vice loses its charm when it flaunts its banners in the open air. Hence this ism is deprived of its deadliest fang, because whoever is forewarned, is forearmed also. Collect a hundred of these free-lovers together; question them all, and each will swear that while he or she devoutly believes in the theory, not one of them ventures on the *practice*! *They know they lie!* but shame is doing her proper work! [Applause.] In such a collection of them you might find some of the males who would brag, and chuckle over their asserted victories, as villains usually do, yet you will scarce find a solitary female there but whose brow would mantle with the deep red flush of shame when she realized that all present were conscious of her infamy, and knew her to be a cyprian on the high-pressure principle and “philosophic” plan! Now if it is all right and true and divine, why not face the music when the band begins to play?

Is it not patent that each *knows* herself to be a rebel against universal womanhood! Put them to the test, and their shrinking or forced bravado alike gives the lie to the sophism, of whose real truth they vainly try to convince themselves. In fact the radical steep-down lie of free-love is so patent to ordinary common sense and fair reason, that no one at heart can possibly believe it and be sane at the same time?—for, if this foul thing enters their own homes, desolates their own firesides, and carries its deep damnation to their own hearts, then come regret, openings of eyes and tappings of tears from their own heavily-charged bosoms, when they come to find out how it is themselves, and see at their own hearth-stones how the bad thing works!

Gentlemen, the death-knell of the ism is sounded, because it and civilization are wholly incompatible and antagonistic. What else, then, can I do, but be thankful to Heaven for this foul arrest, brought about by men who had solemnly sworn, before the altar, God, and on their own souls, to be true, men worthy of the grand and ancient Masonry into whose mysteries they sought to enter, as a prelude to entering the temples of English and Scotch Masonry,—enrolling themselves with the grand fraternity of the ages, yet whose secrets they would undoubtedly parade and babble at the street-corners, just as they did the apparent but really only trial secrets of the brotherhood of Rosierucians. Thank God, they knew not one of Rosierucia’s real mysteries, and yet I owe it to other secret Brotherhoods,—Masonry first, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, and all others in the land,—to bid them all beware of these traitors who may one day come tapping at their doors. Why should I not thank God for the fearful experiences of and with, and losses through and by, Bay, French, Churchill, and above all Robert H. Patton of Boston, and his special and particular female “friend” Mrs. Meroy, alias “Mert,” Hathaway La Hue? Verily, she hath a way, and its hue is very peculiar! Muchly. Why should I not be glad, at even the loss of all but hope and courage, when the experience let me gaze down steep depths of almost fathomless villany, such as I dreamed impossible to exist in the hearts of those who broke my bread and meat, and ate my salt and hard earnings too?



Why should I not be glad and patient over all this, seeing that it gives me a chance to pull the bell-ropes of warning to all mankind, until the ding-dong out on the day, and off upon the night shall be heard all over the land, and thus wake up the people and rouse them to the extinguishment of the bale-fires, and the purging of the nation of the shameless fanatics, whose morbid idiosyncracies need so much correction!

But these ismizers tell us that "universal marrieddom groans with anguish," and they propose to better it by making foul what little of good is still in it! Gentlemen, these people ought to take lessons of the Virginia City philosopher, who thus describes his peculiar method of conjugal discipline: "Whenever I see she's got her mad up, if it is a dozen times a day, I just quietly say nothin', but kinder humor her; and she comes round all right after a while. Then when she throws things at me, or gives a wild slash for me with the broom or rollin' pin, I just dodges a little, and she never hits me the third time before I get my eyes on her and let her know I disapprove of such action on her part. Perhaps I have to leave the house to show her this, but she soon sees the point. Then, by being careful not to irritate her, and letting her have her own way, I manage to make her do as I please."

But instead of encouraging this bear and forbear idea, our modern "Reformers" propose to treat mankind for his social ills as "Pratt," the horse-tamer, treats his unruly beasts; said he to his "Class," "If a horse kicks I devise means to call his attention toward his head; if he bites I amuse his other extremity, and so I cure him." Are we horses, gentlemen of the jury? Are we to be cured of our ills on the tamer's principle? Well, that's about the sum and substance of their teaching. If our heads are at fault, we must undergo a course of profligacy. If our affections are sick, we must cure them by ruining every decent woman whom our infernalism may enable us to circumvent, and then betray. When a couple disagree, the proper thing is, not to make peace, but to fan the flames of discontent, until divorce ends the deadly game. I say that if both parties would follow the Western city man's plan, there'd soon be no ears to listen to the free-love twaddle now rattling round the land.

I protest against the spurious tenderness which accuses God of leaving woman defenceless against man, when she has a stronger armament than ever thundered on Nile or Mississippi in her pure instincts. The penalty which falls upon her if she violates these instincts is not arbitrary, but a bolt launched from the Throne of Equity, because purity is betrayed in its strongest citadel. Less gorgeousness of attire among the wealthy, in order that girls may have less temptation to sin, in order to emulate it, and industrial education to enable them to earn their own living, is one thing needed. It is woman herself, far more than her wrongs, which needs to be redressed. But, if this general freedom-shrieking goes on in the same spirit it has till now, the American women — the most brainful at least, on the globe — will become wholly unfitted for either wives or mothers, and be ready when the tocsin sounds, to emulate the ghastly deeds of the she-fiends of all three French Revolutions, against which horrors may merciful God defend us all! for the women of those dreadful days began their mad careers by despising God, reviling religion, denouncing man, ay, and ended on the battle-field in the hulks and on the guillotine.

Foreseeing such results is why I have written against their producing causes.

Love which involves intimate domestic ties cannot at the same time be pure and general. By its very nature, it must be special. It must have one object, and one only, upon which to centre itself and lavish its immortal tenderness. Few women and less men know either how to manifest, cultivate, or maintain love. If they did there'd be fewer skeletons in their closets.

Seeing, feeling, knowing these facts, I studied the subject for long years, in many lands, and, accumulating dollars one by one, finally printed what I had learned, and gave my books freely to the world. I say gave, for as I stand here, I have given away

more than I ever sold, and was swindled out of the greater part of the balance. My books to the number of thirty thousand have been printed and circulated, yet I, their toiling author, have never yet realized sufficient food, shelter and clothing, from all I ever received for them. Perhaps it will not be so in the few years I shall yet be on the earth, for I somehow feel that my present persecution will raise up friends for me among the millions of the land, and that I shall at least have patrons enough to ensure me food while living, and decent burial when dead.

Love of two, in honorable marriage, is the only true rule, and only insurance society has against anarchy and for its own preservation. They who fight against that rule and *natural* law, and claim diversity of and variety in love, are not truly human, but something much lower; nor can they be until they have learned that grand lesson—the main one for which the worlds were created.

Not a word, not a line, have I ever written or spoken to the detriment of human morals; but for the correction of errors, yes,—for the broken-hearted ones standing on the brink of suicide and despair, death and madness; and I have saved them! I have written for those who have loved and lost, and shown them that hope and victory remained behind; for those who have yearned for affection and found it not, have I pointed the path where the treasure lay; for those whose careers have been a wearisome pilgrimage all along the ways of life, have I led the route where the fountains were; and I have toiled and written for those who have merited and earned eternal rest beyond the stars, by reason of the fiery assuasion and ordeals they have been compelled to pass through; and who for that reason, will, after death, triumphantly enter the golden gates of immortal glory, heralded by the seraphim. For such have I written, and not for the larger hosts who have made marriage a wreck or lazare, and who have practically defiled the sexual instinct—people without soul; for only the civilized and refined have it,—all others spirit only; and soul, not body or spirit, is that in which true immortality inheres; soul being the thinking, *feeling, knowing, suffering, enjoying principle* of man; and spirit is its soil.

Unless a man has something more than life, sensation and intellect, he amounts to but a very small sum; because human existence without emotion, devotion, justice, charity, music, art, love of beauty, and above all, the kingly, central, well-rounded love, is half a blank, more shadow than light, more low than high, excitability than principle.

True immortality is the concentrated unification of all these; and the unjust, egotistic, partial, purse-proud, bigoted, lustful, cringing, double-dealing, two-faced, cowardly, selfish, mean, conceited, doggish, waspish, foxy, piggish person—in fact, the civilized savages generally, have not yet reached the plane of self-equipoise; have not yet developed soul enough to appreciate truth, but are content to remain in a chronic state of puerility, out of which they must come before they have a real value and meaning in the great economy. To help bring them out is why I have ever championed the cause of woman, true woman, not on the suffrage or free-love basis, but on far higher and deeper grounds, for she has been a lifelong study with me; and the result of that study is that anything like licentious freedom is fatal to her in every sense. Her very nature forbids it. Every woman on earth appears different to every man, and only *one* can love her and have that love *responded to*! Every nature, male, as well as female, has its separate and distinctive key and watchword. It answers to one, and *one only*, and will not, cannot respond to another; and no stronger argument against the pernicious doctrine can be urged, for it is rooted and grounded in the very framework and constitution of the human soul—planted there by the Infinite God Himself.

Gentlemen, if in advocating such principles, I have violated any law, human or divine, let me suffer the just penalty."

At Mr. Randolph's conclusion, the judge briefly charged the jury, who in two minutes by the clock, and without leaving their seats, returned a verdict of NOT GUILTY!

#### CONCLUSION.

When a man is down, don't strike him, but help him to rise again! Mr. Randolph, broken in health (heart disease), now needs assistance to start again, — not as a beggar, but as a seller of his works and skill. One gentleman of Boston, Isaac B. Rich, of the "Banner of Light," stepped forward and by the payment of a heavy sum prevented Mr. Randolph's books from being wholly sacrificed, and then gave him the privilege of selling them to the best advantage. Others suggested this sketch of his life and troubles, and it is confidently hoped and expected that the great public in whose interests he has so long and faithfully labored, will spontaneously go to his relief, and that every man and woman who ever bought one of his books, or who reads this sketch, will resolve him or herself into an active working COMMITTEE OF ONE to sell a few copies of his works for him. Lists of two are appended hereto, and full catalogues of ALL will be sent by him to any address, on receipt of postage thereon. — In a word, this is not a national contribution for his benefit, but a national subscription, which is sought. His address is Boston, Mass., and that he may soon recover both health and property is the sincere wish of the editor and his friend.

P. S. We stop the press to say that ten minutes ago the prosecuting attorney met Mr. Randolph on the street, grasped him officially by the hand, and said, "Randolph, I am glad, from my soul, that you were so triumphantly acquitted by the jury!"

LET THE GOOD WORK GO ON!

## THE GOLDEN SECRET!

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THE records of the day abound with recitals of crime springing from perversions of the nuptial tie and relations of the sexes. A writer recently said, that in relation to the social mystery, the unwonted number of women who are now on trial for hideous crimes in this country, and the frequency of such cases both in England and in the United States during the last year or so, show a mysterious freak in the epidemic of sin. The great criminals of the age seem to be no longer hardened and hirsute ruffians, inflamed by passion, greed, or malignant enmity, but women; and not only women, but women often of hitherto unsuspected reputation, comely and sometimes beautiful in person, refined in manners, endowed with education, and moving in respectable and even aristocratic circles of society. No one who read the details of the late trial of Mrs. Fair in San Francisco, for the shooting of Judge Crittenden, could doubt the brilliancy of her mind or the wide range of her attainments; correspondents grew ecstatic over her beauty, and her eloquence more than once thrilled the court in whose dock she stood with the stigma of scarcely-doubted crime upon her. Mrs. Fair is no common woman — neither is Mrs. Wharton, who was charged before a Baltimore court with having poisoned husbands and friends indiscriminately; the latter was accustomed to excellent society, in which she is said to have moved with grace and influence, while her devoted daughter won the admiration of all who saw her in court. Quickly succeeding these cases, we are confronted with the arraignment of Mrs. Sherman, in Connecticut, for poisoning her husband with arsenic, with the appearance of the dead man's young son upon the stand as a witness for the prosecution; with the trial of Fanny Hyde, in Brooklyn, for killing her former employer, Watson; and with the discovery of a wholesale poisoning case in Leesburg, Virginia, where a Mrs. Lloyd is charged with having made way with her entire family — Mrs. Lloyd being described by the ubiquitous reporter as "a lady of prepossessing appearance," calmly denying the not very soft impeachment against her.

Simultaneously with this flood of feminine ferocity here, the cases of Lady Mordaunt, Lady Twiss, Mrs. Carrington and Mrs. Goodrich reach us from England, and serve to confound all our philosophy with their proof of a mysterious screw loose somewhere in the social fabric. Why has crime changed its instrument, and taking the pistol, the dagger and the poison bottle from the knotty hands of the bearded villain, placed them between the delicate blue-veined fingers, diamond-studded and velvet-skinned? What impatience at the restraints of domestic ties, bitter rebellion against marriage laws, dark temptations of unsatiated passions, fires of revenge and jealousy, extravagance of life, looseness of habits, worse than foolish overfondness for dress, have brought about this holocaust of feminine subjects for the hangman and the prison? Is it the new and startling doctrines that are abroad that have been shunned, then pitied, and are now embraced? Certain it is that the epidemic of crime runs in sexes, as well as times and places; but the present harvest, proceeding possibly from the seed of a few examples, can hardly be accounted for by the ordinary theories of social science.

Now all this and more is true; too many deserted wives and husbands attest it. "Grass widows" abound, and every fourth man has a love relation away from

his own home, and not a few in that very sanctuary, aside from that hallowed by wedding rites. Is it the people's fault? What's the cause of all this trouble and domestic wretchedness? And when found, what's the remedy?

Religionists, casuists, I defy you to answer either question. Like as not you will go the longest way round for the shortest way home, that is, to a true explanation of the evil and its cure. You cannot answer them! Shall I, shall I, in this monograph, brief and to the point, tell why this universal horror reigns where general heaven ought to be? Yes? Well, I will.

Men and women, it will be well to remember, are, of all creatures beneath the sun, at once the purest in soul, and foulest in morals, habits, affections and desires, wherefore the world is crowded with the victims of disease, which diseases, all of them, physical, mental, moral and social, all originate in perverse and morbid states of the affections of the species, one result of which is that but few civilized men inhabit the earth, but who are badly disordered either in morals or body; while a healthy, civilized woman is the very rare exception to a universal rule, for those who, by dint of feathers and paint, look sound, are nevertheless so in appearance only. We should not enjoy our food, could we see it when chewed; nor love, if we were aware of its general accompaniment, *ergo*, clairvoyance is not a happifying gift.

Women, owing to their false lives, are the victims of ulcerations innumerable, and of her very vital organs, too, and, relying on doctors to cure her, is wofully deceived and troubled, not knowing her own power of self-healing, nor the virtues resident in a steady will, cold water, and sweet herbs, as basil, thoroughwort, parsley, mint, hops and elm bark, which, steeped a day or two in cold water, make not only an excellent curative drink, but when managed to be retained within the vagina (by cloth or otherwise) and the rectum, by injection and retention, for thirty minutes daily *at the same time*, until the membranes separating the organs have time to drink in or absorb the medical properties thereof, will rid any one of the piles or leucorrhœa; give tone to the body, force to the mind and love to the soul. But to do this well it is essential that the patient at the same time both will and wishes the curative result.

Of course this must be combined with proper food, and considerate treatment at others' hands. There is no need of actual positive medication, for *that* kills far more than it cures.

"You have lost your baby, I hear," said one lady to another. "Yes, poor little thing, it was only five months old. We had four doctors, blistered its head and feet, put mustard plasters all over it, gave it nine calomel powders, two boxes of pills, leeched its temples, had it bled, and gave it all kinds of medicine, and yet, after a week's illness, he died, notwithstanding all we did for him."

So with older babies; the best thing is to "throw physic to the dogs, and have none of it."

The method I have described will render fruitful the barren wife; and heal the ulcers of the ailing one, both of whom are what they are, by reason of local poisoning, some sorts of which must be purged away through the soul as well as the body; seeing that the trouble began there, so also must it be gotten rid of from that *point d'appui*.



If a patient is too low to treat his or her own case, then the nurse should never forget this grand rule and law: That health is as "contagious" as disease, a fact that few persons stop to realize. We imbibe vitality from strong and healthy associates beyond a doubt.

A sick-room should have a pleasant aspect. Light is essential. Blinds and curtains may be provided to screen the eyes too weak to bear full day, but what substitute makes up for that blessed sunshine for which life languishes? The walls should be of a cheerful tint; if possible, some sort of an out-door glimpse should be visible from the bed or chair where the invalid lies, if it is but the top of a tree and a bit of sky. Eyes which have been travelling for long, dull days over the pattern of the paper-hangings, till each bud and leaf and quirl is familiar and hateful, brighten with pleasure as the blind is raised. The mind, wearied of the grinding battle of pain and self, finds unconscious refreshment in the new interest. Ah, there is a bird's shadow flitting across the pane! The tree-top sways and trembles with soft rustlings, a white cloud floats dreamily over the blue, and now, oh, delight and wonder, the bird himself comes in sight and perches visibly on the bough, dressing his feathers and quivering forth a few notes of song. All the world, then, is not lying in bed because we are, is not tired of its surroundings, has not the back-ache! What a refreshing thought! And though this glimpse of another life, the fresh, natural life from which we are shut out—that life which has nothing to do with pills and potions, tiptoe-movements, whispers and doctors' boots creaking in the entry—may cause the hot tears to rush suddenly into our eyes, it does us good, and we begin to say with a certain tremulous thrill of hope: "When I go out again, I shall do"—so and so.

Ah, if nurses, if friends knew how irksome, how positively harmful, is the sameness of the sick-room, surely love and skill would devise remedies. If it were only bringing in a blue flower to-day, and a pink one to-morrow; hanging a fresh picture to vary the monotony of the wall, or even an old one in a new place,—something, anything,—it is such infinite relief. Small things and single things suffice. To see many of his surroundings changed at once, confuses an invalid; to have one little novelty at a time to vary the point of observation, stimulates and cheers. Give him that, and you do more and better than if you filled the apartment with fresh objects. It is supposed by many that flowers should be carefully kept away from sick people,—that they exhaust the air or communicate to it some harmful quality. This may, in a degree, be true of such strong, fragrant blossoms as lilacs or garden lilies, but of the more delicately-scented ones no such effect need be apprehended. A well-aired room will never be made close or unwholesome by a nosegay of roses, mignonette or violets, and the subtle cheer which they bring with them is infinitely reviving to weary eyes and depressed spirits.

The simple and easy method of medical treatment I have just set forth, I have proved to be the best ever known or seen practised. Medical science, after thirty years' acquaintance, surgery aside, is a fraud and delusion! The same directions already given, will, if followed, also go far toward—in certain vital respects—restoring the old man to youth again. It will lift up the soul of him who is cast down and in despair by reason of his *impotentia*. [In cases of confirmed virile atony, or total suspension of generative power in either gender, let no one resort to violent stimulants, which only excite and then destroy, but when better, because more potential materials can not be had, prepare a drink thus made,—al-

ways obeying the former directions. Into a two-gallon jug put three handfuls each of chips of slippery elm, bruised pumpkin seeds, eupatorium perfoliatum, boneset, rind of two lemons, two ounces sassafras bark, one ounce cloves, three ground nutmegs, two pounds loaf sugar, four ounces carbonate of iron, or a handful of rusty nails, and fill up with cider, — keeping it full for three months as fast as used out. A wine-glass of this, at 8, 12, and 8 again daily, will work greater miracles for almost any sufferer from causes under discussion than by any possibility could be by apothecary drugs of any sort. If the party is very nervous or sleepless, add to it a handful each of Indian hemp, and common hops. This identical remedy strained and put up in fancy bottles, passing under a high-sounding name, is sold by the barrel weekly, in New York, at about \$8.00 per quart! and yet the man I gave it to, whom it cured, and who from its sales rolls in wealth and rides in his carriage, would not even loan me enough to print a small pamphlet. Now I stop his sales, and give the source of his wealth, gratis, to all mankind.

Yet I know this "Dr." sold half the right to his partner for \$45,000 cash, in gold days. Here you have it for less than forty-five cents.

#### FOOD AND ITS QUALITIES.

For the due preservation and enjoyment of health, much discrimination is necessary in the choice of food, whether animal or vegetable. It may be taken as a general rule that flesh of a full-grown animal is more digestible and nutritive than that of its young. Thus, beef or mutton are of more easy digestion than veal or lamb; but, on the contrary, the flesh of the sucking pig is more wholesome than that of the larger animal. Of all meat, tender wether mutton is by far the most nutritious and digestible; but the fat of mutton, having a tendency to coagulate, it is less easily assimilated in the stomach than the fat of most other animals. Beef is not of so easy digestion, but is equally, if not more nutritive. Beef is difficult of solution in the stomach; and cow beef is not so tender and nourishing as the flesh of the ox. Pork and bacon are a heavy and indigestible food, and fit only for such persons as lead an active or laborious life; and even by them they should be used sparingly, as by their too frequent use, the bowels will be disordered, and eruptions on the skin occasioned. Fish is less nutritive than meat, and therefore is not adapted to form a diet by itself. But it is not so difficult of digestion, and is more quickly converted into chyle. It is also less stimulant than the flesh of animals, and it is said to be better adapted to weak and delicate habits.

But the truth of this position may be well doubted; for as fish is generally allowed to linger and die in order to keep it fresh for the market, from this cause probably is occasioned its disagreement with some stomachs. The usual condiments of high-seasoned sauces render fish of all kinds more difficult of digestion than they would otherwise be; to render it a salutary food, vinegar and salt form the best additions. Of this last mentioned species of food, the cod, turbot, sole, whiting, flounder, and fresh herring, are the most nutritive, and the easiest of digestion; the salmon and the mackerel the most indigestible. Eels are nourishing, but difficult to digest. The turtle, when not injured by the refinements of cookery, is wholesome and nutritious. Oysters, eaten in a raw state, with a slight addition of vinegar and pepper, may be considered strengthening, and not unwholesome; but when stewed, they are highly indigestible, — a quality belonging to the whole tribe of shell-fish. Mussels are of a viscid nature, and on that account they often seriously disorder the bowels. In general, salt

water fish are wholesomer than river fish. Of birds, the woodcock, partridge, grouse, quail, lark, turkey, and the common fowl, are considered the most wholesome and digestible; and the goose, widgeon, teal, and the wild and tame duck, the most difficult of solution, and the most likely to disagree with the stomach. The pheasant is less digestible than the common fowl, and the pigeon furnishes food of a dry and heating nature.

In general, the flesh of birds is lighter, drier, and more easily digested than that of animals; and as the blood produced from it is light and full of spirit, it is favorable to the exercises of the mind. But there is very little nourishment in poultry and most kinds of game in proportion to their bulk. Raw eggs are nutritive and generally laxative; but if they are boiled hard they produce costiveness. To obviate this effect, they should be boiled no longer than necessary (namely, three minutes) to coagulate the greater part of the white, or albumen, without depriving the yolk of its fluidity. Game of all kinds is in general wholesome. The flesh of the leveret, when roasted, is nutritive, and easily digested; and that of the tame rabbit is of similar quality to the flesh of the fowl, and equally digestible. And notwithstanding the common opinion to the contrary, the flesh of the wild rabbit is one of the lightest and most digestible foods in use, — a quality that may be predicated of all wild animals used for food, in preference to those that are cooped or shut up.

My experience establishes that a fish diet is not conducive to intellectuality, and that fine flour is more digestive but less wholesome than Graham.

It will not be till people love, marry, and associate rightly, and, moreover, learn how to correct their own, each other's, and their combined errors; not till it shall be generally understood that sex-health *alone* is that which brings all other health along with it, to every one of us all, that we shall ever hear the genuine "music of the future," bearing to burdened hearts all the sublime possibilities of an era when science shall prepare the "abolition of misery," and for poverty, war, and ignorance, shall come contentment, plenty and harmony.

"CANST THOU MINISTER TO A MIND DISEASED?" Yes! by teaching that mind the nature and principles of its own immortal powers, and the rules of their growth — not otherwise. For centuries we have known, what the world is just finding out, that all the multiple hells on earth originate in trouble, un-ease of the love, affections, and passions, or amatory sections, of human nature; and that heaven cannot come till Shiloh does — in other words, knowledge positive on the hidden regions of the mighty world called MAN. Hence this partial uplifting of the veil between us and the people of the continents. **MEN FAIL AND DIE THROUGH FEEBLENESS OF WILL!** Women perish from too much passion, none at all, and absolute, cruel love-starvation. Christian mankind are far more familiar with destroying, than with building up the Fabric of Human Happiness.

All over India sweetmeats are consumed as a substantial article of food. A native, when travelling, seldom eats anything else; and between the two great meals, at all times, he whiles away the long noon of the Indian summer day by sucking lollipops or candy between the whiffs of his hookah. When a Hindoo wants to be very dissipated he simply eats candy enough to make him sick.

That's why passionatism prevails to such an extent among all people of warm climates, and why all great sugar-eaters are great sensualists — as the Negroes and French. It is because sugar and albumen supply the waste of the sex-sys-

tem; and especially, when nuts, raisins, fruits, coffee, green teas, and chocolates, are freely used, keep that system in activity to very late periods of life. Yet, indulged in to excess, these very foods beget chronic inflammations of the pelvic viscera, exceedingly difficult to wholly allay. One thing rest assured of: He or she who does not like sugar, sweets, fruits, and delicacies has not much love in his or her nature; neither have they who bolt their food half-chewed. Plenty of fire, perhaps, and likely, but only a very little real love, friendship, or affection for anything except personal gain.

Are we born with a certain amount of life-capital, which, being exhausted, we die? Or is it possible to add to the sum total thereof and prolong it indefinitely? Are we like a stick of oak, which breaks short off, or, like Indian rubber, capable of being stretched out? These are questions of moment, but scientists generally hold that it is not possible to add to the sum of life, even by the most careful expenditure of vitality, but that the original stock born with us settles the matter of human longevity.

I have prepared a table, compiled by careful attention for a number of years, and which is based upon the mathematical calculations of the first life assurance institutions in the world. Here are the tables, corrected and enlarged by myself; by which any one can see at a glance his or her chances of life or death:—

AGE.	WILL PROBABLY LIVE			
	Years.	Months.	Weeks.	Days.
1	8	0	2	1
2	33	0	2	1
3	38	0	0	3
4	40	0	0	5
5	41	6	3	0
6	41	0	1	2
7	42	3	3	1
8	42	6	0	5
9	41	10	1	4
10	40	2	2	1
11	40	6	1	6
12	39	4	3	1
13	38	1	1	2
14	38	5	0	1
15	37	9	3	5
16	36	0	2	4
17	36	4	1	3
18	35	8	2	4
19	34	0	1	1
20	34	5	0	5
21	33	11	0	5
22	32	4	0	4
23	32	10	0	2
24	31	3	1	0
25	31	9	2	3
26	30	2	1	4
27	29	7	3	6
28	29	0	3	1
29	28	6	3	4
30	28	0	3	0
31	27	6	2	6
32	26	11	2	5
33	26	3	1	4

34	25	7	8	1
35	25	10	2	5
36	24	5	2	4
37	23	10	0	5
38	23	9	0	4
39	22	8	0	5
40	21	1	0	1
41	20	6	0	4
42	20	11	2	5
43	19	4	1	3
44	19	9	3	5
45	18	3	2	8
46	18	9	2	4
47	17	2	1	5
48	16	8	1	4
49	16	2	3	5
50	15	7	3	1
51	15	0	2	6
52	14	6	1	5
53	14	0	1	3
54	13	6	1	4
55	12	0	1	6
56	15	5	2	4
57	14	10	2	5
58	12	3	0	6
59	11	8	0	3
60	11	1	0	1
61	10	6	2	0
62	10	0	2	5
63	9	6	0	6
64	9	6	0	4
65	8	6	3	2
66	8	0	1	4
67	7	6	3	5
68	7	0	2	5
69	6	7	0	4
70	6	2	0	6
71	5	8	0	3
72	5	4	0	6
73	5	0	0	6
74	4	9	1	2
75	4	6	2	4
76	4	3	3	1
77	4	1	0	0
78	3	11	0	0
79	3	9	0	0
80	3	7	9	5
81	3	5	1	4
82	3	3	3	6
83	3	2	2	5
84	3	0	3	1

These are the natural chances, aside from accident and injury. These terms are prolongable from nine days to fifty-four years. See law elsewhere herein.

But, as will be seen by the last paragraph, I dissent from the original life-capital opinion, and hold that the sum total can be added to at any time, by means hereinafter briefly specified. Before doing so, however, I will give the substance of all that is known of the science of Biometry or life-measurement according to the canons of its profession — the life assurance people, who hold and say, substantially, that, in the words of the leading professor of the science : —



Every man had a natural term of life which could not be extended, but which might be shortened, as all men did not so care for themselves as to maintain their vigor to the utmost possible period which their constitutions permit of. Hence, there was an average life, which fell short of the natural, or what he called the potential life. For example, a thousand persons, by nature fitted to live to the age of ninety, would fall short of that period, on the average, ten years; in other words, the date of their death would average eighty years from their birth.

Long-lived men instinctively plan great undertakings in the intuitive persuasion that they shall live to complete them. They do not hurry, but take time. Short-lived men, by a similar instinct, incline to more sudden enterprises, and seek to gain their ends by speedy processes.

Certain trades and occupations were said to contribute to shorten the lives of those engaged in them. This was not the whole truth in the matter. Short-lived persons instinctively seek sedentary and in-door occupations. A man naturally long-lived will not enter upon a short-lived occupation. Blacksmiths are not heavy and strong men because they are blacksmiths, but they became blacksmiths because they were by constitution heavy and strong, and could not remain contented in a lighter occupation.

The doctor explained that secretory tissues exist in all parts of the body, and upon the vigor of these tissues depended the length of life. Life and secretory tissue are correlative. It was by availing themselves of their perception of the exterior differences in respect to stature, form and color, as indicative of short or long life, that quacks had often succeeded better than scientific physicians in dealing with epidemics. The quacks, being careful to undertake the cure of such persons only as are naturally long-lived, turn over the naturally short-lived to the men of science. The result is that the latter had the largest death-list, and there is an apparent superiority in the mode of practice of the quack.

In the course of his following remarks, the doctor stated that diseases of the stomach and liver tend to produce depression of spirits, and the sufferer thinks he will die, while disease of the lungs is likely to produce a certain exhilaration, and the victim expects to get well. The expectations of each of these are likely to be disappointed. Valleys in New England running north and south are likely to be unhealthy, and people living in them will be more or less subject to typhoid; while valleys running east and west will be salubrious, and typhoid will be infrequent. This was explained by the fact that the prevailing winds are westerly in this section, and these easily sweep away the malaria from the region where they have free course. Large-nosed people, he said, were long-lived. People who keep open their mouths when asleep, to breathe, are short-lived, the orifice of the nose not being adequate to the demands of the lungs. A person whose head will measure six inches through above the ears will be likely to live ninety years; and one whose measurement from the bridge of the nose to the orifice of the ear is five inches is pretty sure to be long-lived. One who possesses both of these desirable measurements is doubly fortified.

Of the entire population he said two-fifths were naturally long-lived, two-fifths short-lived, and the remaining fifth partly long-lived and partly short-lived; that is, they possess physical qualifications by inheritance from one ancestor which tend to produce an early death, while from the other parent they derive qualities of the opposite character. Which of these shall predominate depends upon the personal care and attention which they shall give to their health during the critical period.

A man, one of whose parents died young and the other at an advanced age, inherited the physical qualities of both, and when he attained to nearly the age at which the short-lived parent died he would be liable to be afflicted with some similar disease. By care and patience during this critical period he might endure this dying-out process of the blood of his weaker progenitor, and thereafter go on

for a long period upon the basis of the inherited blood of the stronger one, and enjoy good health to old age.

This idea was illustrated by reference to the experience of dealers and owners of mules. A thousand mules of the age of thirty years will bring more in the market than a thousand of the age of twenty years. The reason is that as the animals approach the natural term of life of one progenitor, the horse, they are liable to die; and that liability is just in proportion to the predominance of the horse qualities in their constitutions. If they survive this period they thereafter depend upon the donkey blood in their veins, and will in all probability continue to be serviceable animals for many years.

The period at which a man inheriting short-lived qualities from one ancestor comes on at an age a few years earlier than that at which the short-lived ancestor died. For example a man in New York stated to the lecturer that his grandfather died of apoplexy at the age of seventy-six; his father died of the same disease at the age of seventy-one, and accordingly this man expected to be taken off by the same disease at sixty-five or sixty-six years of age. The lecturer had no doubt that the man was correct in his forecast.

Longevity, as a matter of inheritance, was further illustrated by reference to the people of New Hampshire, which State at present contained a larger number of persons of great age than any other in the Union in proportion to its population. The main reason was that they had a long-lived ancestry. As one goes South along the middle States he finds actually people of shorter lives and historically a shorter-lived ancestry till he gets to the back country of North Carolina, where the prevalent old age was very marked again. The people there were descendants of the Huguenots, who were a long-lived people.

Instances where Jews had reached the age of a hundred years were very rare; the lecturer had known of but two instances. Their average age was, as in the days of the Psalmist, threescore and ten.

In the course of his remarks the lecturer said that he had found that not more than one person in thirteen bathed, at this season of the year, oftener than once a week. Three or four times a week should be the practice of people, in regard to bathing, who would live to a green old age. Alcohol, in whatever form and whether applied within or without, he thought injurious to health. The same as regards the use of tobacco. People whose jaws were broad and strong at the back part were long-lived.

The point to measure the diameter of the head was at the articulation of the jaw-bone, just in front of the top of the ear. Six inches was the desirable measurement here. Another good way to judge was to carry a band around the head, on a level with the upper edge of the eyebrow, in front of the occipital bone or the protuberance at the back of the head. A person who measured not more than half an inch perpendicular from this band to the orifice of the ear was short-lived; a measurement of an inch was a good assurance of long life. Persons having blue eyes were not liable to apoplexy; while those having red-brown iris were liable to that disease. Married couples, each of whom were long-lived, but who possessed extreme temperaments of the same kind, would be likely to have short-lived children.

Upon the subject of using intoxicating liquors he is particularly cautious in questioning the applicant, for he holds that alcohol is the most deceptive of things, and cannot be used even in moderation, under any guise, without harm.

An intemperate man twenty years of age has a reasonable expectation of living fifteen years longer; but a temperate man of the same age will be likely to live for forty years more; and this difference is apparent when temperate and intemperate men of any ages are compared.

The audience seemed greatly interested in the doctor's rules for determining longevity, and as each new point was developed nearly every one was to be seen making an individual application of the rule. The man who is short when he

stands, and tall when he sits, is good for a long life; in other words, length of trunk means length of days.

There are really but two distinct colors in eyes, blue and brown, the other apparent colors being either shades or blendings of these. Hazel eyes indicate long life on both sides of the house and come from a union of temperaments as they are themselves a union of colors.

In conclusion, the doctor said that if licentiousness and the drinking of intoxicants be done away with, the short-lived people would soon die out, and the average of life would become much greater.

Both the Longevity tables and the Biometrical theory are predicated upon the assumption that life has its seat *in the body*, an hypothesis quite irrational, for life has its centre in the soul, that soul its centre in the brain, that brain's centre, consequently the seat of all vital force and all human power, in the small body called the *corpus callosum*, whence it radiates its energies all over the body. [NOTE. — Sometimes disorders impact the brain, and to a great extent hinder the radiations of life from the central point. It occurs in all troubles, especially in those originating in love-disturbing causes. I have had hundreds of patients thus afflicted, some of whom had spent fortunes in doctoring. I cured them in half an hour! How? I poured gallon after gallon of water, *hot* as they could possibly bear it! all over their heads. The result was, the heat expanded the skull, enlarged it, gave a "purchase" to the brain, and the trouble was over at once! And I boldly say, that this treatment alone will cure more "Nervous Diseases" than a park full of drug doctors.] Now, if the soul is life itself, we do not come to the world with a stated capital of years; but with that which constantly draws to itself from food, air, drink, light, all the elements essential to not only its own increment, but its own powers of attraction and prolongability. All that is essential is to give the soul a fair chance to exert *that* peculiar power, and man may, accident aside, laugh to scorn your threescore years and ten; for the only reason why people die at all, from old age and senile decrepitude, is because the arteries, veins, nerves, and muscles become coated, lined, and charged with cumbrous and impervious matter, such as various forms of carbon, phosphates of lime, soda — in short, the ashes of what we eat, drink, and breathe.

Ashes! The fire's down; rake the grate. Result, the fire burns brighter than before. Even so if we rake the human grate. Just so will life's fires renew — and stay so, and all we have to do to outlive our so-called "allotted term," is to keep the grates clear, and use the right kind of coal. To tell you how to do this is the purpose of this monograph. I undertake to say that youthfulness of brain, and limb, and soul, and sex, are restorable at will: for the reason that all our senility, and loss of these powers and energies, result from the clogging of our bodies, so that our eternal and immortal souls cannot act fairly, freely, and with proper vigor. Of course, I lay down *principles* which every one can personally apply, rather than give "formulas," and "recipes," no one of which would apply to any two special cases. These principles are that: —

I. — No disease whatever, can flourish in a body whose informing soul is healthy, and whose loves are natural and human.

But, it may be objected, — cholera, itch, syphilis, small-pox, etc., are contagious, and the pure are as likely to be struck down as the impure. Specious,

very, for a man or woman whose soul is healthy, must have a healthy body, and a contagion-defying armor, which pestilence can no more penetrate than a pop-gun could riddle an iron-clad fortress. Besides which, when all mankind are healthy in minds and loves the race will bid good-by to all disease whether mental, moral, social, or physical. That the human being is destined to outgrow all his evils, sickness included, is just as certain as that he outgrows his bibs, tucker, pinafores, and pap. There are seven suicidal sins to be individually outgrown before the life-prolonging law can come into most effective operation. These are 1st, Anger. 2d, The vicious circle, self-abuse, immoderate venery, promiscuity. 3d, Improper drink, food, clothing, sleeping, exercise, and bathing. 4th, Tobacco, alcohol, and improper use of narcotics, and stimulants. 5th, Prolonged use of one set of faculties or powers of the mind, to the detriment and injury of others, or all the rest. 6th, Lack of music, domestic and social pleasure and amusements and, 7th, The non-culture of the devotional, emotional, religious and spiritual nature.

These are the fell destroyers of the race. Need I suggest the reversal of them as the precondition of prolonging your life, sir, or madame?

II. — No disease has its roots in matter, or in the body; but what we recognize as such is only the expression or outward manifestation of the disordered state of the soul, mind, will and affections. If these be well or ill, the body necessarily is so also. Music, laughter and green fields often cure "incurable" cases, and music, verdure and mirth are but modes of love, as heat is one of motion.

People have got to find out that "Sin" is a disease; that manners, avarice, syphilis, revenge, varioloid, hatred, consumption, malice, asthma, lust, piles, all belong to the same category. What else is war but a moral cholera? A hurricane, but an aerial pestilence sweeping o'er the seas?

III. — It is impossible to cure by medicine alone. When such cures are apparently effected, the cure results from the application of the mind, love, desire to do it, immeasurably more than from the chemical or botanical agencies employed. True, the mental part of it may be done unconsciously, but done it is! And when conscious efforts are made in that direction and fail, it is because the party making it had no faith either in himself, his patient, or his own power.

Medicines are almost useless, save where they are made the vehicles of spiritual or dynamic forces — that positive soul-power which springs to life when our pity is awakened, and whose office and intent it is to restore the ethereal equilibrium within. Wherefore crude druggery is deliberate poisoning, and Homœopathy but distantly approximates the correct principle.

Whatever draws upon the vital life in order to be gotten rid of, is either suicide or manslaughter.

IV. The most fruitful source of modern "diseases" is the loveless, isolated lives we lead. "But how about families — husbands and wives, who live together, yet are sick? They do not live isolated lives!" *Don't they?* Ay, more such people living together lead hermit lives, utterly, totally isolated and alone — my God! — than you could reckon in a twelve-month; for, look you, unless a couple actually blend natures, even though they are together all the time, yet they are as far apart and as utterly alone, as if ten thousand broad oceans rolled between. You



cannot imagine, unless you've felt it, how desolate a man or woman may be, and are, where there is no bridge of love between the twain.

There be some natures which cannot realize what love actually means. Their souls were insulated before they were born, and not till dead, buried, and resurrected, will they be able to comprehend what's concealed within the four letters.

A bad wife or husband is better than none, because there are days of sunshine and each soul derives profit from the other.

"Wife's bad and offish?" Well, growl if you will;  
But the voice of a woman is melody still!  
"Can't bear, and don't like him! Wish I was alone!"  
Perhaps! yet a poor man is better than none!

When this practical loneliness ends, certain forms of disease will disappear forever. For Love alone can and will give the power to repel disease.

If there's fire in the soul, it must flash through the body. If it does, it can work curative effects. If it is but a spark, then kindle it—quick!

V.—Neutral substances are all capable of being charged [by manipulation, stirring with the finger, grinding in a mortar, shaking in a bottle, or being breathed upon, all the while loving the patient, and WILLING, WISHING and *decreeing*], with any specific curative power and mission any *earnest* soul may desire.

So also, may certain positive elements and materials. Singly or combined, the two classes of substances thus charged are capable of arresting and expelling "Diseases" at almost any point on the scale between wheezy death and absolute robust health.

VI.—The neutral substances are, 1st, WATER. 2d, ALBUMEN in any form, from starch, flour, egg, to common gelatine or glue, such as cooks, not carpenters, use. 3d, Milk. 4th, Olive Oil. 5th, Sugar of Milk. 6th, Magnesia, and, 7th, pure White Sugar. The positive elements are, 1st, SODIUM—pure salt, its chloride—common salt. 2d, PHOSPHORUS, — in either of its forms, as phosphoric, or hypo-phosphoric acid—better still in rare beef, salmon, or bone soups, crabs, oysters and trout, wild duck or the black meat of fowls and game, and in the brains of calves. 3d, ACETIC acid, embracing all good vinegars and fruit juices, — cider, perry, oranges, lemons and, better than either, limes and tamarinds. 4th, IRON, either in carbonate, citrate or pyro-phosphatic form. Better still in beef, always from a fat creature, always underdone. A fifth element I call CATHARTIC, by which I mean one of three articles only—rhubarb, leptandrin, podophyllin, singly or combined. [NOTE.—There are four formulas for preparing: Jargonella, Phosodyn, Amylle and Protozone—agents used with unvarying success as seminal tonics, and nervous invigorants, which I intended to give in this paper, but as they might fall into the hands of those who would abuse them, and use them either to speculate upon, or for unrighteous purposes, I have concluded not to do so. It is best in any case to manufacture them properly, but I have neither capital or time to devote thereto, seeing that I have made up my mind to write a book, differing from all I have yet put pen to, inasmuch as it will be on the plan of young Jacques Rousseau's book, only that "THE WHOLE LIFE OF P. B. RANDOLPH" will be true!—every word of it.



In consequence of this labor my formulas are for sale, if disposed of within a year or so. I shall sell them to some one who has capital, to put up the medicines, and pay me fairly for my discovery, else my secret shall die with me.]

VII. — With the very few medicinal agents named, with the addition of willow charcoal, and one or two other disinfectants, associated with an active will, good heart and firm faith, you are armed, and prepared to combat successfully against any human ailment afflicting others, and to contend against disease and death in your own case, extending life at will, and nothing can prevent you save internal lesions or organic injuries. But, say you, if life can be indefinitely prolonged, why die at all? Why not live the life everlasting right here on the earth? To which I reply: Earth, and of it, can never satisfy a man. The sense of weariness impels him upward; immortality slowly breaks upon him, and gradually he loses hold of one life, and seizes on another. Like an apple he falls when fully ripe, for as the years pass on, higher senses are born, and the field of their activities is another life, not this one.

VIII. — Self-cure, and the love-cure are the safest, quickest, and best. The first consists in eating, drinking, sleeping, *WILLING* to get well. The second consists in the nurse, physician, or attendant infusing his, or her, highest, best, purest love, by will and manipulation, into everything eaten, drank, tasted, slept on, handled or worn by the patient; aided, of course, by flowers, singing, music, and general cheeriness on the part of every one around or near the sufferer. Plants, birds, and an active, magnetic will cannot fail to hasten the cure; for as soul underlies body, even so must all curative efforts be directed toward it primarily, and against disease as externally seen in the second place.

IX. — There are, so to speak, polar points, where soul itself can be directly reached, and be acted upon electrically, magnetically, volitionally, dynamically, and therapeutically. These are brain, will, understanding, or mind, the vital apparatus of either gender, situated in the entire pelvic cavity. In woman, the positive organ is the womb, vagina, and ovaries; in man the prostate gland and connected viscera. Now there is not one woman or man in every thousand but who suffers from some disorder located in some organ of that cavity; and the suffering, physically, is but an outward manifestation of bad soul-condition. Show me a sufferer from gravel, leucorrhœa, prolapsus, piles, impotence, and I will prove them to be also victims of disturbance in their emotional, devotional or affectional economies. Hence I seldom trouble a patient with inquiries about the stomach and liver, but about their hearts and affections. If possible I straighten *that*, and the balance of my work of cure is a very easy matter.

X. — Most of us civilized people die daily deaths, because we are poisoned by the bad magnetisms or spheres of those around us; or else we are completely drained and sapped of every drop of vitality in our veins, by the half-famished, love-starved vampires who abound on all sides, and everywhere, and to some of whom many of us sustain the relation of wives and husbands. Now to prevent both the poisoning and depletion is a very easy matter. It is simply to steadily resist either, and *will* that it shall not be so. And whosoever does so will be insured for life.

XI. — He or she who knows enough to avoid this common poisoning and sap-

ping has one more thing to learn and practise, which is, every man or woman can drink water or air at will: So they can vitality or life, not only from the sunny air, but from every living, breathing thing they come in contact with, be it plant or bird, beast or human being.

Let the desire be to that end—either of the above—and that is all that is necessary, for the soul will put forth its concealed powers, and effect the desired ends in ways, times, and modes, peculiar to itself. To wives this is indeed and very truth, a golden secret, because in this identical dual principle lies her salvation. This is the power a woman can exert over any man whom she can attract at all. I think I have said enough on this point to be understood. If not, then let me repeat: There are moments when a man's entire soul is open to the influence of the female will and love; and she who takes advantage of it then reigns queen of hearts.

XII. The vitality gained from food, drink, air, and absorption from others, must be maintained at flood-tide in the same way it was acquired.

You must have *self-restraint*—do you understand, sir?—*self-restraint*. Also, both sexes have hope, and trust, and faith, an active will, ripe love, a steady purpose, and, above all, be sure to daily rest the brain organs most in use on 'change, the store, workshop, or farm.

Thus you need not be sick, or perish from the earth, until old age shall have prepared you for the change.

Villains succeed. Honest people go to the wall as a general thing, yet the good man can discount the bad one when life-prolonging and disease-expelling is in order; because he has access to spheres and ranges of influence, and celestial elements, hence powers, which the villain, with all his wealth, can never reach or avail himself of.

XII.—In consequence of the improper lives led by almost the entire American people—who, as a rule, are suicidal in nearly all their habits—they, above all others on the planet, are unhealthy in the affectional regions of soul, hence are depraved, abnormal, fevery, paroxysmally passional, and wholly disordered in the physico-vital economy. In woman this general depravation assumes the external form of neuralgia, breast-pang, head-ache, impure or disordered catamenia, ovarian and kidney troubles, liver complaint, prolapsus uteri and piles, nuptial horror and disgust, and a fearful dread and shrinking from the (to her) painful duties of wifehood, and decided aversion to the responsibilities of maternity. Out of this state of affairs springs unrest, gradually ripening into desperation, following in whose train are myriads of social crimes and child-murders innumerable. One great cause [the cure of which I have already pointed out in this pamphlet, as also in the large octavo volume "*Love, and its Hidden History*," 320 pages, and in "*Love, Woman, Marriage*;" 427 pages] of the universal prevalence of domestic horror is that husbands are thoughtless, inconsiderate, in matters wherein they ought not to be. They are too exacting, selfish, the consequence of which is that marriage, in God's holy intent, is not realized in that household, but is a hollow mockery, and cruel sham, often to him, always to her. Away go the roses, along come the wrinkles. Why? Because chemical and magnetic changes occur, freighted with gall to her soul, and disease to her frame. Soon she be-

comes completely demoralized in her entire physical, mental, and affectional nature,—and, mark you,—there are very many steep declivities on the borders of marriage-land, down which very many disappointed wives are ready to, and not unfrequently do, plunge. If secretly, then so. If openly, then comes scandal, crime, divorce, or death, for when discontent becomes chronic in a family, joy and love leap out of the window, and generally stay out.

Religiously and before my own soul do I deprecate the awful flood of social vice now engulfing the hopes and lives of countless thousands, all over the land; I believe nothing on earth will successfully stem it but just such knowledge as this pamphlet, and the large volumes contain. The world will one day find it out and appreciate my labors. Labor! ay, reader, as I write this page on this 24th of April, I do not know how or where to get it printed, so poor am I! yet I deem it a duty to tell what I know, and put it on paper before this heart-disease takes another turn and snaps my pen and life together. I have three more books on paper, and I hope this pamphlet may fall into the hands of some wealthy lady or gentleman who will assist me in getting them before the world. I will be thankful for every dollar advanced me towards putting my best books in type. I have one single idea, which, had I means to carry out, would bring a fortune in six months, and if such persons as I speak of will come forward and help me, there's good to be done and much money to be garnered. . . . To resume: the only way to stop the dance of death now going on,—this mad whirl of lust and crime, is to show the married the genuine laws of affection,—lay bare the sunken rocks in life's channel, on which such vast hosts are yearly wrecked and lost.

One cause of trouble is the occupancy of the same nightly room by husband and wife. In consequence of this habit each nullifies the other's magnetism, and just in proportion as that is done each becomes sensitive,—keenly susceptible to the magnetism of other persons of opposite genders. This magnetism is very easily made to pass for love, and occasions heaps of trouble in many ways, on both sides of the house, easily guessed at, and therefore needless to be here enlarged upon. If married couples would but heed and be guided by the *Theory of personal orbits* or periods, elsewhere set forth herein, no trouble like that alluded to above could possibly occur to either. When our own magnetic sphere is ruptured or rifted, all the devils out of the pit, if there be one, can attack us at will,—and our weakest, as our strongest side is Love!

People would never go abroad to seek happiness if a better quality could be found at home. People *do* go after strange gods, fancies and affections, hence to them "Ifomo" is a misnomer. Now there are a thousand "philosophers" who will tell you that the whole human race is lust-driven and passion-mad. That's a lie! It's no such thing—for *that* never yet satisfied a single human heart. We want Love, tenderness, soul affection, the best and worst of us alike, and nothing on earth or off it can fill the bill, but pure human kindness and love right out of some one's heart and soul into your own; give us that, and all the brothels and bagnios on earth couldn't lure us to our dissipation and disgrace. Wherefore, whoever says that lust is driving the world mad is a fool. It's want of heart-love that's doing it, and nothing else than that. Husbands

are too slow often in divining the real heart and soul wants and needs of a wife — caresses, demonstrative affection, amusements, kindnesses, heartness, uninspired by whiskey and oysters and other stimulants precedent and successive to their use. Hairs are stronger than cables. A wife likes to be appealed to, not ordered to "obey." She's moody, so are we all, and don't relish being compelled to go down street when inclined to go up. But what care husbands for a wife's feelings, humors, moods? Doesn't she belong to him? Didn't he buy her? And didn't she promise to "obey"? What's the result of that sort of husbandage? — plenty of it all around us too! Why, there's deep-seated trouble in that house, a lover in the distance waiting! — on the right hand; and a "Miss" on the left hand beckoning husband — with a yawning gulf of misery and infamy right straight in the path between the four.

What's worth at all is well worth winning! When husband went wooing that self-same woman, he did not order, force or command her to accept him, by a long shot. On the contrary, he brushed up, looked neat and spruce, put on his finest coat and most killing airs — he "gushed," and by praises, love, caresses, endearments, gradually woke her penchant for him; and when by perseverance in that course she was in a frame of mind and magnetic mood to respond to his suit, he gently and tenderly asked, "Wilt thou?" and she wilted! — of course because, and only so, he created the conditions of consent and surrender. Now why don't the poor fool pursue the same course, and make marriage what it should be, a perpetual courtship, the reality of which as far surpasses the courting prelude of early life, as honey does molasses in purity and sweetness. Create the condition, sir, and the game of life is yours.

In the halcyon days he never went wooing when she was weary, sad, exhausted, sick, gloomy or despondent. Why should he now be careless of the winning principles? But he is! He's all for self. She's his slave, not his partner, and slaves always had a trick of running away.

XIII. — The principal condition of happiness is health of soul, and its affections, in whose train health of body follows. Sometimes it happens that a wife's non-love, to some extent, depends upon causes which may be remedied by physical means of her own application — such, for instance, as high food, by which I mean the very best of meats, fish, crustacea, oysters, crabs, etc., oatmeal and good fruits, nuts, etc., which, with the baths external and internal, will work miracles for almost any woman on the earth.

Like as not this little golden secret may fall into the hands of some worn-out man whose commercial brain uses up nine-tenths of his vitality daily, and who therefore is not overstocked with any sort of love except that of money; a giant on change, but a poor spasmodically walking failure in all other respects, whose affections and energies are a constantly decreasing quantity. Well, if it should, I say to him: Sir, keep away from quacks. Let all stimulants alone, save an occasional drink of good ale, cider or wine; take daily sponge and hip and bowel baths — cold. Eat, drink, and take all exercise whatever slowly. Take time to live, and properly perform all functions of your triple nature and health will wing her bright way to you, and with happiness, nestle at your fire-side once more.

**XIV.—THEORY OF PERSONAL ORBITS OR PERIODS.**—Everything in nature moves in orbits, has its tides, ebbs, flows, its days, nights, rests, activities, wakefulness, sleep, winter and summer, bloom and fruitage. So has woman, not alone her moon, but her loves, hatreds, attractions, repulsions, emptiness, fulness, cold, warmth, and so on, to the end of a very long chapter. She is love incarnate, but she only manifests certain physical phases of it at regular and stated periods; emotional phases at stated terms; devotional, and affectional, in varied phases, occur with the regularity of clock work.

People grow cheerful, gloomy, despondent, musical, sad, nonsensical, and run through the gamut of change just as regularly as the days come and go.

Drink is a familiar illustration of the law, for it attacks some people as certainly as the tides flow.

I claim to have discovered this law; and that the love in us presents alike its celestial and earthly phases just as the moon shows first a line, then a silver shield on the breast of heaven. The love orbits of women vary from five to seven days. Brunettes belong to the short term, blondes to the long, and the ruddy describe orbits varying between the two extremes. Each for herself knows this fact; and nearly everybody has remarked that there are periods regularly recurring wherein the sex are more tender, heartfelt, lower-voiced, and more sensitive to praise or censure, good treatment or the reverse; fonder, purer, more devoting, thrilled and filled with softer, sweeter, finer and higher emotions—her soul drinking directly from the infinite fountains of God's own sphere,—than at others. Her better nature and loftier love is then at high tide, and be she ever so humble is then capable of mothering heroes and demi-gods of soul and mind. Husbands are heedless of this grand periodic law—a law which all women know to exist, even though wholly unconscious of its periodicity.

It often happens that when two persons occupying the same chamber become filled with the same magnetism, the affectional tide is suppressed in both, and finds vent in the wife's case in tears, rage, or emotion; in the husband in periodical excitements, often allayed by tobacco or alcoholic stimulus, until the tidal wave has passed over, whereupon both fall back into the same old chronic rut of life again, until the next high tide—which is not a mere tide at last, but is the regular diastole and systole of the soul's forces, just as pulse-throbbings are of the arteries and heart. No human male, to whose care a wife is entrusted, has a right to be blind to these laws or these facts. A demonstration is mistimed when out of due season. From transgressions of this law springs five-sixths of the misery on earth, to say nothing about brothels, divorces, and child-murders by reason of forced maternity.

It is not my purpose to elaborate this knowledge. Here are the facts: study the law and abide by its behest. **THINK OF IT!**

Bad physical habits have shortened the orbits or periods of nine men in every ten, in consequence of which they eat, drink, think, sleep, not, and perform every human function in too great haste, hence are used up mentally and in every other way, when they ought to be in the very heyday of prime and vigor.

Now come in the quacks, legal and illegal, who stimulate them for a while, only to all the more effectually wreck them in the near future. The idea of drugging one with poisons to restore vitality is all sheer empiricism. Nothing but



good food, rest, sleep, and temperate habits can renovate a jaded man or beast. Our appetites — of all sorts — come altogether too frequently for our own happiness, health, or endurance. They are too pressing, fiery, sharp; are abnormally appeased, leaving the sting of unsatisfiedness behind, accompanied with an accession of will, but a dead loss of vital stamina and energy, mental and physical alike. The gustatory appetite is blunted by too frequent feeding, and so are all others belonging to us very irrational rational creatures.

Now I have observed in thousands of cases, that when a man's soul affections are out of gear, that the prostate gland enlarges from inflammation, and, affecting the rest of the pelvic viscera, he is, in various ways, subject to a dead loss and waste of vital elements involved, and that, too, without the slightest compensation. Please understand this point well; and also, that promiscuity, above all things else, produces this national weakness, and leakiness too. Virtue and truth pay after all. On a general correction of these special ills depends the weal and health of individuals and society at large.

These principles are sound to the core. Science will ere long demonstrate them, while common-sense already proclaims their value.

I am not vain — for suffering has cured all lapses in that direction, — but I am earnest when I say that I believe I understand sexism better than any other human being now on the globe. I have studied it, not alone in books, but through thousands of living subjects, in half the lands beneath the sun; and not only myself, but nearly every one else is satisfied that the domestic and social troubles of the vast mass of us spring from causes herein pointed out, but of course not so fully as in my larger works, which, wholly aside from my property interest in them, I sincerely believe ought to be read and studied by every married person in the land — most especially those in whose families troubles exist, the causes of which they do not fairly know, but which, and their cure, these books point out.

To conclude: My advice to medical people — ay, and every one else, is: **STUDY THE AFFECTIONAL STATES OF THE AILING!** Thoroughly test the principles herein laid down. Rely more both upon vitalizing neutral substances, and charging them with specific curative medical energies, in the first place, and upon some positive dynamic nervous invigorant, than upon any method of chemical drugging whatever. To properly qualified persons, medical practitioners especially, for a fair compensation I will impart the formula for preparing a *very* effective remedial, simply unequalled for all cases of impotentia in either gender, resulting from cerebral and nerve-vital exhaustion, from an ordinary atony and functional derangement; to insanity, from such causes, gloom, depression, brain-softening, and mental disability. The original formula I actually obtained in Constantinople, Turkey, from Sultan Abdul's own physician, during the time I was the guest of our consul-general, Mr. Goddard, in 1862, at Prinkipo, an island in the Bosphorus, opposite Stamboul, between the shores of Europe and Asia. Applying modern science, the formula has been vastly improved since then. It has been tested in thousands of cases, and never yet failed of its purpose. Misfortune now compels me to part with it — unless some capitalist comes forward and buys the exclusive right. If so, there's an immense fortune for him or her,

as, with a *single addition*, it can be made the very best nervous restorative in the globe. Were it not to cancel my debts, and save my copyrights, I would never part with the secret. Meanwhile, I will manufacture it in dozens at \$37, which leaves me a small margin of profit.

Here let me say, once for all, that whoever is resolved upon self-cure must never forget that the will is a *vehement* potency, the use of which, with strong and *prayerful* desire to remove disturbing causes of whatsoever nature, will go far toward removing it. Especially is this true of sex impairments of all kinds whatever. As a consequence of this, the personal orbits will expand, the periods lengthen, physical and mental energy increase, endurance also; power will enhance, will intensify and deepen, health be promoted, soul brightened, mind enlarged, affections become normal and purified, and life itself be prolonged.

As to the wife, the observance of the same rules by her will enable her to laugh at the doctors, defy the quacks, protect herself from magnetic depletion, and magnetic poisoning as well; will enable her to prevent, as well as cure, the whole list of "female ills," most of which have an affectional origin; restore her mind, soul, and body to health, and enable her, not only to maintain her place by man's side as his peer and equal,—and, in the finer sense, his superior,—but also to realize something of that happiness which God purposed her to know, when he founded the divine institution of marriage, but which to-day is a far off dream to the vast majority, for the reason that they neither understand nor are understood.

A final word: good, pure wine or ale occasionally will do no harm, but their frequent and habitual use destroys the very bases upon which all social and domestic love and affections rest.

Coffee, tea, chocolate, nuts, fruit, eggs, beef, mutton, and scale fish, being highly charged with spirit, are good in change and reasonable amounts.

The mere forces and impulsive energies of the triplicate combination called Man, are ever greatest at the close of day and before midnight. But the power of mankind—the triple union of moral, mental and material energies—are greatest between the morning hours at five and eight, because sleep and rest have eased down the excitements of the prior day and the soul has drawn large drafts from the ethereal realms of the upper worlds.

Let this knowledge be abided by, and it can but result in the proliferation of the happiness of all concerned.

The three principles, *Decretism*, *Volantism*, *Posism*, are new to this land, but are old as the human mind itself. They are the grand secret of the sages, and, surviving all earthly and intellectual revolutions, come to the surface once more to save mankind from the effects of his social vices and personal transgressions of the love-laws underlying his nature. In the hands of quacks during the dark ages, they were used to pander to the lusts of princes, emperors and lordly magnates, and to empower heartless women to control the affections and homage of gallant fools, called knights-errant. In Arabia and other oriental lands, where they are understood and practised, harlotry and libertinism are wholly unknown, and so will be everywhere else that this divine magic of the triple will is practically enforced. The knowledge of these principles is found in the Vedas,

and the highest caste Brahmins have kept it fast locked in the sacred Sanscrit. They are the elements of positive power.

Current unions in marriage exist as repressions, — my system in expansion. *They* drive people to heaven, cross lots, over steep-down gulfs of hell; I teach to avoid all such. *They* drive mankind by everlasting gabble on the horrors of deformity; I draw them by appeals to the good, the true, and the beautiful. *They* concern themselves about mourning; I about joy; they about making the best of a bad bargain, bearing life's crosses, abiding patiently till the end, and all that; while my books teach people how to neutralize hells by wholesale, — and the worst of them, too, married ones, — and all through the white magic of Love, Will, and Ætherics. God help us all.

All orders for Mr. Randolph's works must be sent direct to him, at ~~60 Court street, or Box 3352, Boston, Mass.~~ ; as also invitations to lecture on any subjects, and for medical and other personal matters.

