

with the origin of the myth. Their recollections make it certain that Tasso was well known along the river as a concert and dance player when the tune came into vogue. Robert Clarke, the publisher, heard him play it at John Walker's brew-house in Cincinnati in 1841 or 1842, and he told Richard R. Reynolds and Albert Crell, who played with him at a ball at the Burnet House on New Year's night in 1849, that he himself was the author of music and story. Mr. Curry, who used to play the flute to him when he was ill, heard him repeat the statement about 1850; but Tasso's grandson, Mr. F. G. Spinning, does not think that his grandfather ever traveled in Arkansas, and it may be doubted whether the jocose performer, who from dramatic necessity was led to make himself the hero of the story, ever claimed the authorship without winking one eye.

Whether he could equal Faulkner at the dialogue or not, he seems to have brought down the house with the tune in a way to outdo all competitors; and one anecdote after another connects him with it in the days of the glory of Mississippi steamboats and when

Colt's revolvers first came down the river. One after another, these tales vouch for a fame so attractive that the listener is half willing to give up Faulkner and let Tasso walk off with the honors.

Yet the latter, who spoke broken English until the day of his death in Covington, Kentucky in 1887, was born in the city of Mexico, of Italian parents, was educated in France, and was, it is said, a pupil of Berlioz; so that it may be questioned whether, even if, as alleged, he came to Ohio in the thirties, he could have so steeped himself in the spirit of the American West as to produce the story. The investigation might lead us much further, but it is doubtful if more facts gathered about the fable would add to its interest.

It really matters little where the «Traveler» was born, whether in Yell County or in the Boston Mountains; whether, as Mr. Dodge asserts, it originated with Faulkner and his friends, or came from the humor of Tasso. Like all true creations of fancy, it eludes definite description and defies criticism, while the notes of the tune sound a gay disregard of boards of immigration and State statistics.

*H. C. Mercer.*

## JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

### RECOLLECTIONS AND UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF «HOME REMINISCENCES OF JOHN RANDOLPH.»



**I**N the year 1817 Mr. Francis W. Gilmer of Albemarle, one of the most accomplished scholars that Virginia has produced, published a small volume in which he gave sketches of several of the great orators of the day, among them John Randolph of Roanoke. A copy of this book was presented by the author to Mr. Randolph, who acknowledged the receipt of it in a long letter, which is now presented to the public for the first time; but in order that the reader may properly appreciate it, it is necessary to give first an extract from the book concerning Mr. Randolph's style of oratory. Mr. Gilmer wrote:

The first time that I ever felt the spell of eloquence was when a boy standing in the gallery of the Capitol in the year 1808. It was on the floor of that House I saw rise a gentleman who in every quality of his person, his voice, his mind, his character, is a phenomenon among men. . . . He has so long spoken

in parables that he now thinks in them. Antitheses, jests, beautiful conceits, with a striking turn and point of expression, flow from his lips with the same natural ease, and often with singular felicity of expression, as regular series of arguments follow each other in the deduction of logical thinkers. His invective, which is always piquant, is frequently adorned with the beautiful metaphors of Burke, and animated by bursts of passion worthy of Chatham. Popular opinion has ordained Mr. Randolph the most eloquent speaker now in America.

It has been objected to this gentleman that his speeches are desultory and unconnected. It is true; but how far that may be a fault is another question. We are accustomed in America to look upon the bar as furnishing the best and nearly the only models of good speaking. In legal discussions a logical method, accurate arrangement, and close concatenation of arguments are essential, because the mode of reasoning is altogether artificial and the principles on which we rely positive and conventional. Not so in parliamentary debate. There questions are considered on principles of general policy and justice; and the topics

are capable of illustration by facts and truths familiar to all, and in fact pre-existing in every mind. It were idle to prove that of which all are convinced, and Mr. Randolph's brief touches, his strong and homely adages, are better arguments to a deliberative body on matters of policy and state than a discourse divided into seventeen parts and each part subdivided into as many more, and expanding itself like a polypus into a whole essay. This infinite divisibility of argument, like that of matter, may amuse schoolmen, but would put a statesman to sleep. In a parliamentary debate this endless prolixity and prosing would be insufferable. Withal, I grant that questions often occur in Congress in which more method, precision, and fulness than Mr. Randolph possesses would be desirable.

An opinion prevails, too, that Mr. Randolph is successful only in the ludicrous. He is doubtless eminently gifted in his qualifications for the comic and satirical. I would mention his attack upon the answer to "War in Disguise" as an instance. "Against six hundred ships in commission," said he, "we enter the lists with a three-shilling pamphlet."

The copious and splendid imagination of Burke could not have placed the unequal contest in a stronger light. Though he possesses an exquisite fancy for repartee and wit, it is far from being his only, or his brightest, endowment. Like a genuine orator, he can touch all the strings of the mysterious harp into which we are so "fearfully and wonderfully wrought." Occasions of pathetic eloquence do not often occur, and even when they do the very attempt has been brought into some discredit by the pompous and puerile sentiments of Counselor Phillips and the yet more childish weakness of some of our *multum lacrymans* orators, who, like Lord Eldon, cannot acknowledge two and two to make four without shedding tears. Whenever Mr. Randolph has attempted the tender strains of eloquence, he has had the same success as in the lighter and more comic parts he chooses to play. When he deploras the death of a friend, his grief, like that of Achilles for Patroclus, is violent and insatiable; his expression of it deep and tragical. When he invokes the national sorrow for the fall of the brightest star in the constellation of our naval glory,<sup>1</sup> he must be cold indeed who is insensible to the thrilling tones of that persuasive tongue which, like the sad notes of the Orphean lyre, might draw iron tears down Pluto's cheek.

His style of eloquence generally, it must be admitted, is not favorable to the excitement of any deep passion; such effects can only be produced by successive impulses. It is not the momentary violence, but the continued impetus, of the tempest which lifts the billows in aspiration to the heavens. We must, too, be persuaded and not commanded to sympathize; whereas everything in the manner, the mind, the voice, of Mr. Randolph is imperious. His

genius, too, is fickle, and continues but a short time under the influence of any one emotion. The epithets applicable to his style of speaking are "striking and brilliant." His deliberate, graceful, and commanding delivery cannot be too much praised; his total want of method cannot be too much condemned.

Gifted with a fine fancy, a prompt and spirited elocution, and stamped with a character ardent and impetuous, obeying only the impulse of the moment, speaking without premeditation and acting without concert, he was more successful in early life than of late years. The effusions of his youth possess a freshness and glow which his more recent efforts want. I am sorry there should be any one who can view with pleasure the fading splendor of such an intellect. I have seen and heard it, a volcano terrible for its flames, and whose thunders were awful, instead of that exhausted crater covered with scoræ and smoke, to which a listener in the gallery lately compared it.

Following is Mr. Randolph's letter:

RICHMOND, March 15, 1817.

DEAR SIR: Your very polite and friendly letter, with its acceptable accompaniment, reached me yesterday.

I read your "Bagatelle," as you are pleased to name it, with considerable interest and much gratification. I should indeed be more vain than Cicero, or even the other great orator whom you say you have offended, if I were not satisfied with the ample share of applause which, in a liberal distribution, falls to my lot. Of the justice of the censure, if any has been passed, I am at least as sensible as of any claim that may be put in for me to the praise by which it is preceded. To the partiality of some of my friends it has proved very offensive; but whether it be the effect of disease, of premature age, or the utter extinction of desire for public life,—whatever may be the cause,—I feel disposed to abate much from the arrogance that has been so lavishly imputed to me by the enemies whom it has been my misfortune to make in the course of my unprosperous life. I was struck with the sagacity with which you had hit off the other characters, one alone excepted; and could I express myself as well, I should use your very words in describing Mr. Pinckney's eloquence.

Your enquiry is very flattering. Nothing is farther from my purpose than to turn editor to my own works. It is a rickety offspring, reared in the foundling hospital of the reporters, and so changed by hard usage that the very mother that bore it, and possibly looked with a mother's partiality at the moment on this misbegotten babe, can no longer recognize a feature.

I never prepared myself to speak but on two questions—the Connecticut Reserve and the first discussion of the Yazoo Claims. Neither speech was reported. Indolent, or indifferent to the business before the House, for a long time past I have relied for matter upon the case-hunters and acted upon the impulse of the

<sup>1</sup> Commodore Decatur.

occasion. Of the failure of my powers, such as they were, no one "in the gallery" or out of it can be more sensible than I am. At the same time, I flatter myself that my judgment may have been improved at the expense of my power of declamation; that although a much worse speaker, I may be a safer legislator. I am vain enough to believe that I know myself, in some respects at least, more thoroughly than any other person can know me; and this knowledge, I am persuaded, is in the power of any man to acquire who meditates often and deeply on himself. This habit was one of the advantages—I believe the only one—that I derived from an early taste, nay, passion, for metaphysical studies.

I have always been as sensible of my innumerable abortions as any of my auditors, and felt when I have succeeded, and to what degree, as accurately as any one of them. Had I been blessed with the powers of Milton to have composed the first of epic poems, I should never have ranked the "Paradise Regained" before it.

The causes of my failure have, for the most part, been known only to myself. A mind harassed with cares, a heart lacerated by unkindness and ingratitude, spirit broken by treachery, senses jaded by excess—these are not the circumstances under which a man should rise without preparation to address a public assembly; nor will any man so expose himself who fears or who courts public opinion. After all, although I never made a verse in my life, not even a jingle, I have sometimes thought that my temperament was that of the poet rather than of the public speaker; fitter for the pulpit than the floor of parliament; although Hopkinson insists that I ought to have been bred to the bar, and that my mind is of the cast best suited to that profession.

With great deference to your better judgment, I cannot agree that the H. of R. should be addressed in the style that is proper for intelligent, rational beings who think deeply and reason consequentially. There is one style for Mr. Chief Justice and another to convince, persuade, or deter "the groundlings."

A very defective education (*i.e.*, no education at all except what I picked up by chance), and circumstances more romantic and improbable than can be found in any fictitious narrative, have marred my prospects, and I am content to give way to younger and abler performers; but I will cheer my retirement with the flattering unctious that I know how the thing should be done, although unable to execute it.

You hardly do justice to Tazewell.

Micat inter omnes  
velut inter ignes  
Luna minores.

Are you not mistaken when you say "that bright meteor [Henry] shot from its mid-heaven sphere too early for Mr. Wirt?" Surely he must be at best as old as I am, and I remember Patrick Henry very well. I heard his last speech, in March, 1799, to the freeholders of Charlotte. I will not affect to conceal from

you that it is Mr. Wirt's character which I think you have mistaken, since the error is honorable to your heart. Had you been impartial in this case, I should perhaps have thought you a better critic, but not so good a man.

I do not pretend to judge of his forensic powers. Better judges than I could ever have been, with the best opportunity, have pronounced him to be an able advocate, and the public have affirmed the decree. Some who ought to know say that argument is his *forte*. Of his manner and delivery "I have perhaps some shallow spirit of judgment," although in the "nice quibbles of the law" I am a jackdaw, or a jack anything else you please. His voice is very far from sweetness or melody; to my ear it is almost as harsh as Mr. P.'s. His pathos, so far from being natural or impressive, revolts me as artificial. It is to the "theatrical trick," but by no means well played off. The grating on the soul of such things when seen through (as they must be where the emotion is not spontaneous) is among the most irksome of the disagreeable feelings that we are exposed to at public exhibitions. When I hear the voice of Mr. W. or Mr. Speaker Clay, I think of the compass and richness of Patrick Henry's tones, of the fine tenor and bass of Col. Innes,<sup>1</sup> and the enchanting recitatives of Richard Henry Lee, of which you have a broad caricature in the nasal twang of his imitators, the late Dick Brent,<sup>2</sup> for instance.

You have given our Fourth of July boys very good advice. Blair ought to be banished from our schools. Horace's "Art of Poetry," Quintilian, Cicero, Longinus, among the ancients; Boileau and Martinus Scriblerus among the moderns—these should be our text-books. But whilst you caution our smatterers and dabblers against the meretricious ornaments of Curran (himself an imitator of Grattan, a dangerous model), they are imitating a wretched caricature of the Irish advocate in the person of Counselor Phillips, who, in the lowest deep, has had the "art of sinking" into "a lower still."

Pray read Mr. Wilde's speech on the Compensation Law, composed for the occasion. I can vouch that the exordium is verbatim as delivered; I cannot, however, say as much for the rest.

You have brought this avalanche of egotism upon your own head. I was on the point of overwhelming you with a smaller one before I left Georgetown, where I lay painfully and dangerously ill from the time of your departure until the adjournment of Congress. I sent for you, but my note was returned with a message that you had left town, in what direction I knew not. The Abbe was very kind to me, and you will not be sorry to learn that I have taken to him "hugely."

After I crossed the Rappahannock I began

<sup>1</sup> James Innes, member of the convention of 1788 which ratified the Federal Constitution: an eloquent and able lawyer and attorney-general of the State.

<sup>2</sup> Richard Brent, member of Congress.

to mend, for I threw physick to the dogs and followed the instincts of nature. Cold water and ice first gave me relief, contrary to the prohibitions of the doctors. Apropos of these slayers and maimers of mankind, H. T., when I last heard from him, was in Philadelphia, unable to bear the motion of a carriage. Adieu!

Your Friend,

JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

As everybody is not bound to know that F. stands for Francis, let me advise you to write your first Christian name at full length.

As for my biography, it may be told in a few lines as well as in five quartos. Certain it is that I cannot play Dr. Mitchell and furnish material for notoriety, much less work it up myself.

Pray let me know when the Bagatelle was composed.

I am still weak and low, emaciated to a skeleton, but I hope convalescent. I had no idea of what it was to be sick until this last attack.

To FRANCIS W. GILMER, Esq.

There is a remark made by Mr. Gilmer which Mr. Randolph does not notice, but which must have made a deep impression on him. It is this: «It has been objected to this gentleman that his speeches are desultory and unconnected.» Mr. Randolph was no doubt thinking of this objection when he invented the fable of the fox-hunter and the caterpillar, which is found in a note to a speech he delivered in 1828 in Congress, and afterward published in pamphlet form, dedicating it to his constituents. He said:

A caterpillar comes to a fence; he crawls to the bottom of the ditch and over the fence, some of his hundred feet always in contact with the subject upon which he moves. A gallant horseman at a flying leap clears both ditch and fence. "Stop!" says the caterpillar; "you are too flighty, you want connection and continuity; it took me an hour to get over; you can't be as sure as I am, who have never quitted the subject, that you have overcome the difficulty and are fairly over the fence." "Thou miserable reptile!" replies our fox-hunter; "if, like you, I crawled over the earth slowly and painfully, should I ever catch a fox, or be anything more than a wretched caterpillar?"

When Mr. Randolph spoke of circumstances more romantic and improbable than can be found in any fictitious narrative, he evidently referred to his love-affairs. The world knows of his attachment for Miss Maria Ward, a beautiful and accomplished woman, who, it is said, was courted by nearly every distinguished unmarried man in the State who became acquainted with her. Mr. Randolph was engaged to be married to her, and visited

her very often; but on one occasion he was seen to leave her house in very great haste. When he reached the front gate, where his horse was tied, he did not wait to untie the bridle-reins, but cut them loose with his knife and rode off, uttering words which plainly showed that the distinguished lover was enraged. The engagement was broken off, the reason being known only to a few of the lady's intimate friends. They seldom met afterward, and for some time they did not speak to each other. Randolph never recovered from his disappointment, which helped to make him the unhappy man that he was. These facts the world knows; but it will never know all. No doubt the statement of Mr. Randolph is true: there *were* things connected with his love-affairs which were as improbable and romantic as he says they were.

The following is from another letter written by Mr. Randolph to his friend Gilmer. It is short, but very characteristic:

WASHINGTON, December 13, 1820.

DEAR SIR: . . . The evil of the times we live in is not want of information or intellect, but that the hearts of men will not give their understanding fair play. It is to the heart and not to the intellectual faculty that Divine wisdom and goodness has addressed itself in order to enable us to "see the things that belong to our salvation." With regard to the present times, I am as unbiassed a judge as a man who stands aloof from the actors in the theatre of life can be. At forty-five<sup>1</sup> my race is run, and I look on those who are now fretting and struggling in the public eye "more in sorrow than in anger."

To grant one favor very often subjects us to the request of another, more especially where the first has been unsolicited and unexpected. May I then ask you, at your leisure, to let me know what is doing, or rather suffering, in and around Richmond? I can promise you no adequate return for such a favor. Like "the high-mettled racer," I am "grown old and used up," and I wait with what patience I may the close of a life which is almost without enjoyment and altogether without hope, at least so far as it regards this world. . . .

Accept the sincere assurance of my respect and regard.

JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

To FRANCIS W. GILMER, Esq.

The following letter to Mr. Peachy R. Gilmer, condoling with him on the death of his brother, was written by Mr. Randolph when he was in the United States Senate; Mr. Tazewell, who is mentioned in the letter, being his colleague:

<sup>1</sup> Randolph was born in 1773, and died in 1833.

WASHINGTON, March 8, 1826.

MY DEAR SIR: Your letter, enclosing mine to my late most excellent friend your lamented brother, finds me in a situation that leaves me only the power to acknowledge it, overcome by his loss, inevitable and speedy as I had foreseen it to be, [and] by the daily expectation of that of my earliest living friend, Mr. Tazewell; or, what is worse even than death, his surviving in total darkness like "blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides." Overworked by his absence, I am hard put to it to write at all, and should be quite incapable of doing so but for the cheering intelligence which I received along with your letter from Norfolk.

What shall I say? What can I say, my good sir, to you under the circumstances of our unhappy privation—mine, of the truest and staunchest of friends; yours, of a brother also? Can words that never yet cured a finger-ache minister to a mind diseased? to the sick heart? No; there is but One that can pour balm into such wounds. He is God! May he shed the influence of his Holy Spirit upon our hearts and understandings. May he temper the wind to us, shorn to the quick, until he shall see fit, in his own good time, to gather us also into his fold, where we may rejoin our brother that is lost and shall be found, and where the grim wolf shall never enter to tear us one from another as in this vale of tears.

In sending the letter with the seal unbroken, I as well as yourself am ignorant how far you have obeyed the laws of etiquette; for, thank heaven! I know nothing of etiquette in any case. But this I do know, that if you shall have transcended the fashionable code, you have adhered to that established by delicacy and honor in every well-principled mind, in every heart that is not hardened and polluted by the defilements of the world, as it is pleased to call itself.

I had it in contemplation to write to you upon the subject of poor Frank's request before I knew that he had made such a one, not indeed to compose merely an epitaph, but (for my own perusal, for the indulgence of my own deep and strong affection and respect for his name and memory) something like a sketch of his character and history. Can you supply me with dates and facts that I am ignorant of? But the other day I spoke of him in conclave in association with Tazewell, whom above all men he admired. It was the highest honor that I could pay him, and each reflected honor upon the other. I spoke of them as the only two men that Virginia had bred since the Revolution that deserved to be called men of learning, to be ranked as scholars, and ripe and good ones. Of these two, one was removed from us forever; the other I never expected to see again, at least in that House. To both might be applied, with some variation, the language of Ovid in describing the Palace of the Sun—"*Materies superabat opus.*" The gem surpassed the workmanship in value, exquisite as that was admitted to be; the soil was superior to the cultivation, deep and finished as it had been.

My highest consolation under the affliction of his loss is to know that his last letter was written to me. I enclose it under the cover, with the answer to it, which you transmitted to me unopened. I have broken the seal with my own hands, and when you shall have read them both, pray return them to me. I shall be glad also to receive any other letters of mine that may be among his papers, through the same channel, or that of our friend Wm. Leigh. After once more reading them, I shall seal up his letters to me, at my death to be delivered up by my executor (W. L.) to yourself, or to be disposed of in any other manner that you shall see fit to prescribe. . . .

Most faithfully yours (not altogether, but almost) for dear Frank's sake,

J. R. OF ROANOKE.

To PEACHY R. GILMER, Esq.

I will now record some recollections of Randolph which I obtained from the late Hon. Thomas S. Flournoy, a lawyer of wide reputation, of Prince Edward County, and from the late Rev. John T. Clark, a minister of the gospel, of high standing, in the county of Halifax. Both were personally acquainted with Mr. Randolph, and were indelibly impressed with his genius and eccentricities. I have not before availed myself of permission then obtained to make public use of their reminiscences.

Shortly after Mr. Randolph's return from Europe he delivered one of his characteristic discursive and abusive speeches. Mr. Flournoy was present and heard it. Mr. Randolph drove up to Prince Edward Court-house in his coach drawn by four horses; the crowd which had gathered to hear him was immense. He refused to get out until the people had dispersed. After he had reached his room he sent for such gentlemen as he desired to see.

On this occasion he made a most unjustifiable attack on the Hon. Thomas T. Bouldin, who had been his firm political friend. It appears that Mr. Randolph had written a letter from London to Judge William Leigh, saying that he would again be a candidate for Congress. Mr. Bouldin was then in the field, a candidate for reëlection. Mr. Randolph had not written to him on the subject, nor had he known that Mr. Randolph desired to run, and his refusal to give way highly incensed Mr. Randolph, who in this speech made several bitter remarks about him, saying among other things that he had "a nose of wax," and that in his refusal to withdraw he was "influenced by his sons and sons-in-law." "But," he added, "it is not every plow-boy that becomes a Tom Bouldin."

The gentleman mentioned had spent his

youth on a farm; he afterward adopted the profession of the law, and reached a high judicial position. He was at one time a member of Congress, and died suddenly on the floor of the House while making a speech, February 11, 1834. It is scarcely necessary to add that Mr. Randolph's charge had no foundation.

On the same occasion the violence of his temper and the uncertainty of his friendship were displayed in his treatment of Dr. Crump of Cumberland. In Mr. Randolph's absence, Mr. McDowell Moore of Rockbridge had made a violent attack upon him, charging him with deserting his post when minister to Russia, and receiving pay for services which he had not rendered. Dr. Crump, as a friend of Randolph, had resented this, and when he had met Moore on the street in Richmond a personal encounter had ensued. Dr. Crump had now ridden thirty miles to hear the speech of his distinguished friend. Randolph, who had seen him ride up, asked in the midst of his speech, «Is Dr. Crump here?» Whereupon Dr. Crump rushed forward, making his way through the crowd, not even taking time to pull off his spurs or his leggings, and offered his hand. Mr. Randolph not only refused to take it, but began to berate him violently, and referring to the difficulty with Moore, said: «If you had only thrown your horse-whip at him I could forgive you; but you did n't even do *that*»

While Dr. Crump was speaking in reply, Randolph, who was sitting by the side of Mr. Bouldin, whispered loud enough for the speaker to hear him: «Did you ever hear a man speak so? You and I can't speak in that manner.» Dr. Crump was, indeed, a good speaker; but Mr. Randolph's only object was to embarrass him. Presently he remarked: «This has gone far enough. I can't bandy epithets with you; I'll fight you.» At this Dr. Crump left the stand, and said no more.

Randolph was an old man, weak and feeble, in fact looking like a mere shadow, and a personal encounter was out of the question.

During this memorable speech, which Mr. Flournoy said occupied about four hours in its delivery, Randolph, addressing himself to the crowd before him, said:

While I was in Russia many of you, like my negroes, thinking that I would never return, took advantage of my absence and made remarks about me which you would not dare to make before my face. If you had made the remarks you did in hearing of my old double-jointed friend Womack, he would have resented it; but you were afraid to let him hear you.

Mr. Womack was a leading man in his part of the county.

When Mr. Randolph was opposed by Mr. Eppes, who was Mr. Jefferson's son-in-law, the whole power of the administration was brought to bear against him. He had been exceedingly severe upon his opponent at the Buckingham court; some of his friends counseled moderation; the excitement was great, and serious consequences were apprehended. Mr. Randolph told the sheriff to make a proclamation that he would address the people. An immense throng gathered about the stand. He stood for several moments surveying the crowd, not a feature of his face changing. After a painful suspense he began with the following remark, which has frequently been in print:

«When I was a boy my mother taught me that the fear of God was the beginning of wisdom; since I became a man I have found out that the fear of man was the consummation of folly.»

He then made a fiery onslaught upon his opponent; instead of moderating, he was more severe than he had been before.

That morning he witnessed a scene which his fertile mind immediately turned to account. A man named — had just been released from the penitentiary. All his relatives being supporters of Mr. Eppes, he presumed to approach him and speak to him; and Mr. Eppes gave him his hand. In his speech Mr. Randolph thus alluded to this: «Why did you import a man to run against me—a man whom I have seen this very morning cheek by jowl with a penitentiary convict?»

Mr. Flournoy thought Mr. Randolph's capacity for business wonderful. He remembered distinctly hearing him state, in a public speech he made at Prince Edward Courthouse, that the estate which he inherited was mortgaged for «nineteen shillings and sixpence in the pound of its value.» «Now,» said he, «I hold in my pocket a receipt for the last payment, and I would not give it for a diploma from Hampden Sidney College and the Union Theological Seminary to boot.»

Judge William Leigh and Mr. William Banks, a talented lawyer of Halifax, were once on a visit to Mr. Randolph. They used to make Roanoke their regular stopping-place on their way to the Charlotte court. It was during the time that Mr. Randolph was very much exercised on the subject of religion. Mr. Banks told Mr. Flournoy that one morning when they were at prayers, Mr. Randolph having read in his inimitable style a chapter from the Bible, and being in the midst of a

prayer, two little boys came stealthily down-stairs on their way into the room. He stopped praying and, pointing to the boys, told them to go back. Since they did not get in in time, they should not come then, disturbing the congregation. The congregation was composed of Leigh and Banks!

Mr. Flournoy relates a little incident which happened during the election of members to the convention of 1829, showing that Mr. Randolph knew almost everybody in his congressional district. All day long the voters had been arriving at Prince Edward Court-house, crying in a loud voice, as their names were entered, «Randolph, Leigh, Venable.» At length a man came forward and voted for Banks, Bruce, and Carrington.

«Who is that?» inquired Mr. Randolph.

«Mr. Beasley,» responded some one in the crowd.

«Ah, yes,» said Mr. Randolph; «the old one-eyed sleigh-maker who lives on Sandy Creek!»

This remark was made to deter others from casting their votes against him.

The Rev. John T. Clark said in the notes furnished to the writer:

My intercourse with Mr. Randolph, during the last two years of his life, exerted a permanent influence over me, and gave me great encouragement to persevere in my purpose to devote myself to the Christian ministry. Mr. Randolph and my father differed as widely as possible in their political opinions; and although for a short time the former sympathized with the Federalists in their opposition to the War of 1812, yet he never identified himself with their party. At the conclusion of the war he returned to his old political associates, while my father continued to the end of life a zealous and consistent Federalist. After his death Mr. Randolph was very considerate of my mother's situation and feelings, often sending her in the most delicate way some little rarity, like fish or fruit or preserves, and asking in return some little favor; and from his knowledge of her character and habits, he always asked something which he knew she would be glad to send, and which, from her reputation as an elegant housewife, he knew also would come to him with the nicest and most tempting preparation. In this way he made the interchange light and pleasant to both. But these attentions as well as his visits had become gradually less frequent, so that when I came home from school, although kind feelings existed, there was but little intercourse between the families. It was therefore with some surprise that one morning I received a small package of religious books from Mr.

Randolph, with a cordial invitation to come to see him. This I did immediately, and when I reached his house I met with the most hearty reception, and found that the reason he had sent for me was that he had heard of my purpose to «take orders,» as he always spoke of my entering the ministry; and to encourage me in doing so, and to give me his advice as to my studies and course of reading. . . . He took me to his library and pointed out his favorite authors, at the same time making remarks and criticisms on them; occasionally reading, particularly from Milton, or quoting from South and Burke.

After going through his library in this way, he then offered me the use of any book he had, and urged upon me the acceptance as a present of several valuable theological works, saying that he was now old, and that they would be of no more use to him, and telling me how valuable they would be to me. Before my visit was over he became so much interested, and his religious feelings were so much aroused, that he took down a prayer-book, and both of us taking seats, he read the litany. At many of the petitions he would pause, and remarking on them, he directed me how to read them. On one petition in particular—«By thy agony and bloody sweat, by thy cross and passion, by thy precious death and burial, by thy glorious resurrection and ascension, and by the coming of the Holy Ghost, Good Lord, deliver us»—he commented at much length, telling in his own emphatic language—the *ardentia verba*, which he said himself was eloquence—how this wonderful petition always affected him; while it lifted his thoughts and heart to heaven, yet with what solemn and almost terrific feelings it filled his mind when he thus called over in prayer to God the account of our Saviour's sufferings for us. In this way he spent nearly the entire day, and before parting he reminded me that the «old church» needed propping, and he said I could do it.

The reader can easily understand how a young man would feel at such encouragement and advice from one so capable of giving them. From that time, for the two short years that he lived, whenever he was at Roanoke his house was always open to me, his library at my command, and he ever ready to talk with me and encourage and advise me. Never did he say an unkind word to me; but on the contrary, everything he said to me was kind and oftentimes complimentary. So that, whatever others may say of him, or whatever may have been his faults to others, I have no feelings towards him but of kindness and reverence.

These fragments of his life reinforce the vast amount of matter which has heretofore been published about Mr. Randolph, in showing that he was indeed «a phenomenon among men.»

Powhatan Bouldin.

## THE SCHISM.

**I**N the large parlor of a rich monastery, hung with old tapestries, in front of the monumental mantelpiece in carved granite, a repast is spread on a cloth of heavy guipure. On each side, facing each other, are two guests comfortably seated in large arm-chairs.

The one, very tall, heavily built, high-colored, with bald head and bushy eyebrows, is of a jovial character and sanguine temperament. He wears the costume of the Trinitarian order, and the five-pointed black satin bonnet. The other, entirely different from the first, small, scant, with a yellow skin, long gray hair, and sinewy, nervous hands, has every appearance of a bilious hypochondriac. He is dressed in the scarlet cassock of a cardinal, with the four-winged biretta.

The *déjeuner* is about over. All that remains on the table is a half-demolished pie giving forth a strong odor of spices, and a few half-empty bottles. These old bottles, on which time has laid robes of dust,—preserved intact by the respectful hand of the Brother Cellarman,—denote a repast of high taste, copiously and fastidiously washed down.

The cardinal, raising his glass, says, «I drink to my host, to my old friend of boyhood days, to Barnaby, the king of abbots.»

«And I,» replies the monk, «drink to the friend of my youth, to his Eminence Ignatius of Petrucci, to the future camerlingo!» And setting down his glass, which he has emptied at a draught, he continues with effusion: «My dear Ignatius, how kind of you to come over thus and spend a few days with me in my poor convent!»

«Poor convent! The deuce! One of the richest abbeys that exist—over a million of revenue! I do not pity you. The purple is not worth that much—far from it.»

«Yes, but then you have the honors; you can aspire to the tiara.»

«Oh! oh! aspire to the tiara! Dream of it, perhaps.»

«You deserve it, Ignatius. Your eminent science, your diplomatic tact, your wide views, the austerity of your life, all point you out as the choice of the Conclave; while I, a petty, obscure abbot—»

«A petty abbot who by special authorization of St. Peter has the miter and the crozier. You rank as a bishop, with the title of (Highness); you are held in high esteem at the Vatican, where your merits are appreciated equally with mine, if not more so; and you add to all that the rarest of all virtues—modesty. Barnaby, if you are not satisfied you are hard to please. When we were ordained, both on the same day, we had the same ambitions. Starting from the same point, we have sought the same end,—by different paths, it is true, but without distancing each other,—and I do not see why we should not still have to-day the same dream.»

«Ah, my dear Ignatius, always large-hearted! Could I complain to God of the share he has given me when he bestows a friend such as you? To think that when we were youngsters we used to fight over a bird's nest, about an apple! You used to call me a big coward!»

«It was because you had a free hand and sometimes abused your strength.»

«That is true. But you knew how to revenge yourself on the sly. And at the seminary, with our theological discussions! How overbearing you were!»

«And you as stubborn as a mule.»

«You admitted of no contradiction.»

«You would not have yielded for an empire.»

«And with all that, both convinced that our dignity was at stake! Dear me, how stupid youngsters are!—and there is no denying we were youngsters then. Do you remember our last quarrel, which caused so much scandal that we came very near being expelled?»

«Do I remember it! As if it were yesterday.»

«'T is true, you never forget anything.»

«It seems to me that you do not either.»

«Oh, I—that is different. I have leisure to think of the past; and then I cannot help telling you that I was humiliated, being in the right, at our Superior's declaring that I was wrong.»

«You maintained an absurdity.»

«An absurdity! That is to say, I had not