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JOHN RANDOLPH, OF ROANOKE, was too remarkable a man while living, not to be an object, now that he has so recently disappeared from the scene of great and general curiosity and interest. We consider ourselves fortunate, therefore, in being enabled by the kindness of a friend, who was also an intimate friend of Mr. Randolph, to minister in some degree to the gratification of this interest by a series of numbers, in which some of the peculiarities, the piquant sayings, the characteristic letters, and the poetry, of Mr. Randolph, are embodied. The first number is published to-day, and successive numbers, which will extend to eight or nine, shall appear every day.

Of the authenticity and accuracy of these reminiscences and extracts, our readers may be fully persuaded, for the gentleman who communicates them for publication is known to us as of the strictest honor and truth—though, as the friends he often delights could, attest a noted story teller.

RANDOLPHIANA, No. I.

It is to be hoped, that some one of the late John Randolph's intimate friends, who possesses the necessary qualifications, will undertake to give his biography to the world. He has been too remarkable a character, and has filled too large a space in public estimation, to be passed over merely with a few newspaper sketches, which will soon be lost or forgotten. Such an ardent and devoted admirer of his native State, who always exercised his brightest talents in her defence, cannot surely long remain without a biographer in Virginia, which still abounds with distinguished men. In the mean time those who can relate any characteristic anecdotes of Mr. Randolph, may be excused for indulging in such reminiscences.

It was my good fortune to cross the Atlantic with him the first time he went to England, and to pass some time with him in London; and I can unhesitatingly declare, that I never travelled with so entertaining a companion, nor have I ever met with his equal for diversity of knowledge. If my memory were as good as his was, I could write a very amusing book of his sayings and anecdotes, historical, biographical, political, classical, theological, &c., but as it is not, I can only venture to relate a few of the more striking circumstances which occurred whilst we were together.

The first time I ever saw Mr. Randolph was the morning on which we embarked in the packet ship *Amity*, for Liverpool, March 16, 1822.

I was introduced to him by a mutual friend, who casually mentioned, at the moment, that I was an Irishman. Shortly afterwards Mr. R. came up and addressed me as follows:—"I am very happy, Sir, to meet with an Irishman, for I love your country, and admire her sons—and daughters too, Sir. Miss Edgeworth is my great favorite. I know her works almost by heart. By the way, perhaps you can solve a difficulty which has often puzzled me in the geography of Ireland. Why is it, Sir, that in every map of Ireland, I have ever seen, the town of Ballinasloe is placed on the wrong side of the river Suck?"

I could not forbear laughing at the singularity of the question, whilst I replied—"As we are fellow-passengers, Mr. Randolph, I may as well confess my ignorance at once, by declaring that I not only cannot answer your query, but I really was not aware that there was a river by that name in Ireland, before having visited Ballinasloe." and I then asked "How came you to know the localities of Ireland so minutely?"

"By books, conversation, and the blessing of a memory which never forgets any thing," he replied. In fact, we were not two days together, before I discovered that he was intimately acquainted with every part of England, Ireland, and Scotland—not only as to cities and towns, but gentlemen's country seats; and he knew the history of every celebrated horse race and of every race horse in England. He was very fond of displaying his knowledge of the most minute facts on these points, and it was very agreeable to myself and the other passengers to listen to him.

Just before we sailed, the Washington papers were received announcing the defeat of the Bankrupt Bill by a small majority. At the moment I forgot that Randolph had been one of its most determined opponents, and I spoke with the feelings of a Merchant when I said to him—"Have you heard the very bad news from Washington this morning?" "No, Sir," replied he with eagerness, "what is it?" Why, Sir, I am sorry to tell you that the House of Representatives have thrown out the Bankrupt Bill by a small majority?" "Sorry, Sir!" exclaimed he, and then taking off his hat and looking upwards, he added most emphatically, "thank God for all His mercies!"—After a short pause he continued:—"How delighted I am to think that I helped to give that hateful bill a kick—yes, Sir, this very day week I spoke for three hours against it, and my friends, who forced me to make the effort, were good enough to say that I never had made a more successful speech; it must have had some merit, Sir, for I assure you that whilst I was speaking, *albeit the Northern Mail was announced, not a single member left his seat to look for letters*, a circumstance which had not occurred before during the session!" I endeavored to combat his objections to a Bankrupt bill subsequently, but of course without any success; he felt as a Planter, and was very jealous of the influence of Merchants as Legislators.

One of our company was an excellent chess player, and frequently challenged Randolph to a game, but for a long time he refused. "I have not played at chess, Sir," said he, "for seven years, and cannot recur to the last game

I played but with unpleasant feelings, for I lost me a friend for ever. You have heard, I dare say, of my intimacy with Mr. Jefferson, but perhaps you don't know that he took more pride in his skill at chess than in any thing else—very few indeed, could beat him, and he could not endure defeat. I was aware of this, and had always declined playing with him, because I was his match, until one unfortunate evening, when he touched my Virginia pride in so pointed a way I could no longer refuse, and we sat down to the game, I soon cried "check-mate," and he never forgave me afterwards!"

Mr. Randolph had a large box full of books with him which he was taking to England to get bound. I asked him why he had not sent to Philadelphia or New York for that purpose. "What, Sir," said he, "patronize our Yankee task-masters who have imposed such a duty upon foreign books! never, Sir, never! I will neither wear what they make, nor eat what they raise, so long as my purse can get supplies from old England, and until I can have my books properly bound south of 'Mason and Dixon's line, I shall employ John Bull!"—One day at dinner the Captain said, "Mr. Randolph, will you allow me to help you to some codfish?" "No Sir, it comes from New England," was his laconic reply. Whenever he praised any northern man, it was always with this limitation—"He is the cleverest man I know, north of the Potomac."

On Sundays he used to read for us a chapter in the Bible or part of the Church service, and once he made an extemporaneous prayer; and he never would permit any reflections to be cast upon religion without a very pointed rebuke. He told me that for many years he had been corrupted by the infidelity which prevailed amongst many of the leading politicians at Washington; but that in the year 1816, during a severe fit of illness, he had a remarkable vision, which completely dispelled the delusion under which he had surrendered his faith, and since then he had been a firm believer in Christianity. He showed me a letter which he wrote immediately after this illness addressed to a bosom friend in Virginia, in which he gave a circumstantial detail of his conversion, as he always termed it, and he even gave the words which were uttered in his ears by his invisible monitor during the vision. "This letter," said he to me, "contains nothing but the truth, strange as it may appear to you, and it would make me miserable to doubt it." Whilst conversing on the subject, he told me that the late Mr. Pinkney of Baltimore had assured him, previous to his death, of his unshaken belief in the truths of Christianity. Of Mr. Jefferson, however, he gave a very different account, which I can now readily believe after having read his letters, although at the time (1822) I thought Randolph was too strongly prejudiced against him.

No. II.

Virginia was one of his favorite topics, and the enthusiasm with which he spoke of her was delightful. "But alas!" he used sometimes to say, "the days of her glory are past. Old Virginia is no more. The title of Virginia gentleman, which used, in my young days, to be our boast, has almost become, obsolete for which we have to thank the repeal of the good old English laws of primogeniture. It was a great mistake, Sir, made by our politicians, to break down our native aristocracy. It gave us an ascendancy in the councils of the nation, which we are now fast losing.—"the glory of Israel has departed."

His three greatest living favorites were Nathaniel Macon, (whom he always called "Uncle Nat") Judge Marshall, and Mr. Tazewell; even when playing at whist, if any contest arose on the rules of the game, he used playfully to exclaim—"I'll leave it to Uncle Nat, and Tazewell; their decisions are law with me."

In speaking of authors, I found that he was a great admirer of Milton, but he did not like Young, Thompson, Johnson, or Southey. His classification of modern poems was very curious. "Sir, I place first on the list, 'Tom Crib's memorial to Congress,' next 'The Two-penny Post Bag,' and third, 'Child Harold's pilgrimage'; but I can't go (a favorite expression) Moore's songs—they are 'too sentimental.'" In looking over his books one day I discovered 'Fanny,' Mr. Halleck's very amusing satirical poem, "I am glad," said I, "that you do not proscribe Yankee poetry, as well as Yankee codfish." "No," "Sir," replied he, "I always admire talent, 'no matter where it comes from; and I consider this little work as the best specimen of American poetry that has yet been given to the world. I shall take it to England with me, and present it to the lady whose talents and conversation I shall most admire.'" When I afterwards met him in London, I recollected his conversation, and asked—"Well, Mr. Randolph, who got Fanny?" "Your countrywoman, Miss Edgeworth; she has no competitor in my estimation."

But, to return to our voyage. He proposed that we should read 'Fanny' together, to which I willingly consented; and here I must regret that I cannot do justice to his readings—but my memory is at fault. Whenever he came to any allusion in the poem, either personal or political, up went his spectacles and down went the book, and he introduced some anecdote to the point, or told some story of his first visit to New York; and in this most entertaining way we took three mornings to get through 'Fanny.'—I wish I could embody the 'context' which he gave to the 'text' as we went along, all I can say is, that it was worthy of the poet; and I am sure that Mr. Halleck would have been flattered to have had such an able commentator.

He showed me his note book, which was a strange medley about horses, slaves, epitaphs, pieces cut out of newspapers, receipts, congressional anecdotes, quotations, &c. &c. He also kept a regular diary, and could tell at

whose house he dined every day in Washington—who the company were—and the leading topics of conversation. Pointing to a particular date, he said, "Sir, I shall never forget a circumstance that occurred at Mr. —'s table. There was a large company, and amongst them a hoary headed debauchee, whose vices had brought him to the verge of the grave. He had the audacity, Sir, to 'fall in question the existence of a Deity—presuming, I suppose, that there were some kindred spirits present. I happened to sit opposite to him, and was so disgusted by his impiety, that I could not avoid exclaiming—"I think, Sir, you might better have been silent on that subject; for, judging from appearances, in a very short time you will have 'ocular proof of the power of that God, whose existence you now question.' He turned pale with anger, and trembled, but made no reply, and the company soon afterwards 'broke up; but I never again noticed him." "Perhaps I was wrong, Sir, in correcting him; but you know I am 'hair trigger, I go off at 'half-cock!"

When speaking of his younger days, he used to say whatever mental advantages he possessed, were owing to the assiduous care of his mother—and he used to speak of her in the most glowing terms of filial affection, never using her name without the exclamation of "My mother—God bless her!"

He made us well acquainted with his favorite slave "Juba," whom he daily cited for some good quality or another. "He has not half the talents of my man Juba, Sir," was a frequent expression, when discussing the merits of a politician whom he disliked.

His knowledge of the most important light-houses, points of land, latitude and longitude of places, was very great, and astonished even our captain, with whom he made several amusing bets on the subject, which, by the way, he always won. Two or three days before we made the land, we were sitting on deck, whilst the captain was taking an observation at noon. "Pray," said Randolph, "what is our latitude and longitude now?" The captain told him. "How do we head by the compass?" this also was told him. "Now, Captain," continued he, "can you tell me, 'off the book,' what land we shall first make if we continue on our present course?" "Why," replied the captain, "if you show me the chart, I'll tell you in a minute." "Oh no!" exclaimed Randolph, "you must go by head-work—I say we shall hit 'Sligo head,' and I'll back my opinion by a pipe of wine or Schuydam gin," a favorite bet with him. "I won't bet any more," replied the captain, "but I shall prove you to be wrong by the chart; for I say we shall make the Mull of Cantire." The chart was produced—the compass used—the line drawn, and—"By George, you're always 'right,'" shouted the captain, as the line touched Sligo Head—"I'll never contradict any assertion of yours again, Mr. Randolph, upon any point."

On the 5th of April we made the land about twelve o'clock; but as the wind varied after Randolph's prediction about "Sligo Head," we first saw the mountains of Donegal, which are farther north. After we had gone some hundred and fifty miles along the coast, which is very barren to the eye, Mr. Randolph said to me, "Well, Sir, I now believe the story told by Arthur Young of a farmer who took his son out walking a few miles distant from his home in the county Meath; they passed a tree; the boy stopped and asked, Father, what is that? never having seen one before! Here we have been sailing by Ireland for a whole day, and I have not laid eyes yet on a single tree."

I assisted Mr. Randolph in assorting his papers, books, &c. a day or two before we reached Liverpool, and he insisted upon presenting me with several of them; but at length he became so very generous, I positively refused to receive any more. I happened to mention that I had forgotten in the hurry of departure to procure Waite's State Papers, which had recently been published by order of Congress, for my father, who was fond of all such American publications. "Sir," said Mr. Randolph, instantly, "he shall have my copy." "By no means," replied I; "you have already been too liberal, and I positively refuse to accept another book from you." "Pray, Sir," rejoined he, in a half-comic, half-serious way—"do you hold a power of attorney from your father to take or reject all presents made to him? If you do, produce it: let us see the seal; if not, the question admits of no argument. I do not give you the books, as you don't deserve them; they are your father's, Sir; and if you refuse to take them, I shall find another carrier!" I had previously told him that my grandfather had been very kind to those Americans who visited Cork during the Revolutionary war, for which he had received the thanks of Congress, through General Washington, who had also sent him his miniature likeness in a gold ring, which the family felt very proud of.

After the conversation about the books, he sat down and wrote the following letter on his knee, addressed to my father:

"Amity, at Sea, April 4, 1822,
Lat. 54 30. Long. 13 E.

"Sir: Having had the pleasure of an introduction to your son by Mr. —, of New York, on the morning of our embarkation for Liverpool, I have taken the liberty to order my bookseller at Washington to send to your address a copy of Waite's State Papers, printed by order of Congress.

"I am not too young to remember the capture of Burgoyne; and most of the subsequent events of our struggle for independence are also indelibly impressed upon my memory. As the countryman of Washington, (for I too am a Virginian!) I offer these records of the Government of which he was the founder, to the son of that man who received through him the thanks of Congress, for his humanity and

kindness to our poor Americans, during those times.

"The enclosed Coat-of-Arms, if pasted in the first volume, will be evidence unquestionable of your title.

"I am, Sir, your father's obliged fellow creature, and your humble servant.

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke,
Charlotte county, Virginia."

No. III.

"My knowledge of Ireland," said he to me one morning, "seems to astonish you as much as it did Mr. Canning's servant at Washington, the other day. He brought me a note from his master—who by the way is a superior man, Sir—and as soon as he spoke, I at once recognised the brogue, and said to him,—"You're from Munster, are you not?" I am, please your honour," replied he, astonished at the question. "From the county of Clare I presume?" "Yes, Sir," said he, still more astonished. "What town did you come from?" "The town of Ennis, Sir," "Oh, said I laughing, 'I know Ennis very well—pray does Sir Edward O'Brian still live at Dromoland?' "He does indeed, Sir," and Mr. Stackpool at Edenvale?" "And the Knight of Glin on the banks of the Shannon?" "Yes, Sir," and then after a pause and a low bow he said, "Might I make bold to ask, Sir, how long you lived in Clare?" "I never was in Europe," said I; "but I hope to be there soon." "Oh, Sir, don't be after making a fool of me—faith, you're a bit of an Irishman, for you have the brogue, and you know as much of the country as I do myself, and more too, I'm thinking." It was in vain that I assured him I had never seen Ireland—he went away still insisting that I had lied there!"

No wonder poor Paddy should have been deceived, when we on board the ship, both English and Irish, were often made to blush by the superior local information that Mr. Randolph possessed, even of the very counties in which we were born!

He used to amuse himself with two Yorkshire passengers by speaking in the peculiar dialect of the "West Riding," and if they sometimes corrected any expressions he would enter into a regular argument, and quote authorities—such as ballads, story books, old songs, &c., to prove that he was correct, and in most instances they had to confess that he was right. All this was done in the most perfect good humor, and it afforded us a vast deal of amusement, for he would enter into those discussions with as much apparent zeal as if he were speaking on the Tariff bill in Congress!

One day I asked him who was his favorite candidate for the Presidency after Mr. Monroe's time would expire? "Why, Sir," replied he, "if it had not been for his wrong vote on the Missouri question, I should at once say Rufus King; he is the best man north of the Potomac, and a gentleman, too, of the old school; and best of all, Sir, an honest man—rather a scarce article now among politicians. A sad mistake, Sir, he made, on that question; but he thought he was right, and I esteem him still, but he will not now do for President. The New England men, Sir, would rob us of our paternal slaves and our paternal acres also; but it will not answer, Sir. Old Virginia has some strength left yet, and we must therefore get a southern man for President!"

He was very free in expressing his opinions of all the great political characters, both living and dead, and his satire was cutting. Sometimes he amused us by repeating parts of his speeches in Congress, on important subjects, especially on the late war and the Bankrupt Bill, both of which he opposed most violently. Once or twice during the voyage he lost his temper, but generally speaking he was in good humor, and full of spirits, and contributed greatly to our amusement. I regretted very much that we had to part in Liverpool, but we agreed to meet during the summer in London.

In the month of June business took me to London, and my father accompanied me. I immediately called at Randolph's lodgings, and was glad to find him in town. The next day I introduced him to my father, who was greatly pleased with him. In the course of our conversation he suddenly rose from his chair, and said in his most imposing manner, "Sir, I have lately seen the greatest curiosity in London—aye, and in England too—compared to which, Westminster Abbey, the Tower, Somerset House, Waterloo Bridge, and Parliament itself, sink into utter insignificance!—Yes, Sir, I have seen Elizabeth Fry in Newgate, and have witnessed the miraculous effects of true Christianity upon the most depraved of human beings—bad women—who are worse, it is possible, than the Devil himself; and yet Mrs. Fry has absolutely tamed them into subjection, and they weep repentant tears whenever she addresses them. Nothing but religion could effect this; and what can be a greater miracle than the conversion of a degraded woman, taken from the dregs of society;—and you must also see this wonder. Come, Sir, this is her morning for visiting the prisoners, and we shall be just in time. I will introduce you, as she has permitted me to bring my friends with me."

We immediately ordered a carriage and drove to Mrs. Fry's house, but found to our disappointment that the death of a relative had suddenly called her to the country.

Subsequently I had an opportunity of accompanying her to Newgate, and the scene which I there saw fully justified Randolph's description of it.

Some time afterwards I dined with Mrs. Fry at her country seat near London, and Mr. Randolph's name was mentioned at the table. "He is a singular character," said one of her daughters to me; "we had quite an amusing note from him the other day. My mother requested me to write a note of invitation to dinner to him, and in it I apologized for making so unflatteringly an early hour as four o'clock. His reply was as follows:

"Mr. Randolph regrets that a prior engagement will deprive him of the pleasure of dining with Mrs. Fry on Thursday next. No apology, however, was necessary for the hour named in her note, as it is two hours later than Mr. R. is accustomed to dine in Virginia, and he has not yet been long enough in London to learn how to turn day into night, and vice versa."

I should mention that the fashionable dinner hour was 8 o'clock, which Randolph disliked very much, and frequently protested against.

ship talent even in a Republican; and, I assure you, it gave me great pleasure to shew this mark of distinction to your American friend."

I know I very much envied him this privilege on the night of the debate on Mr. Canning's "Roman Catholic Peer's Bill." The House of Lords was excessively crowded, and I had to wait for nearly two hours before I could obtain admission into the space below the bar; and just as I squeezed myself through the doorway, nearly suffocated, I espied John Randolph leisurely walking in, at the other door, surrounded by Canning, Lord Londonderry, Sir Robert Peel, and many other distinguished members of the House of Commons.

He did not take any letters of introduction with him from this country. I asked him, one day, why he had refused them. "Because, Sir," replied he, "I go to England to see and not to be seen—to hear, and not to be heard."

He became, however, one of the lions of the day, and his company was much sought after. At the splendid ball given for the benefit of the Irish poor under the patronage of the King and royal family, Lord Londonderry singled out Randolph, and stood by him for a considerable time, pointing out to his notice all the distinguished characters, both male and female as they passed in review before them.

"Your countryman, Sir," said he to me a few days afterwards, "is a most accomplished gentleman. Who could ever suppose that so fascinating an exterior covered so much deceit? I admire his polite manners, but detest his politics."

A very distinguished member of Parliament brought Mr. Randolph and Miss Edgeworth together at his breakfast table, and he told me that he had never enjoyed so rich an intellectual treat before. To use his own words, "spark produced spark, and for three hours they kept up the fire until it ended in a perfect blaze of wit, humour and repartee. Mr. Randolph absolutely knew Miss Edgeworth's works better than she did herself, for immediate quotations, and we were all exceedingly astounded by his intimate acquaintance with Ireland and Irish manners. Lady T. and myself did nothing but listen; and I was really vexed when some public business called me away."

I was with Randolph one morning soon afterwards, when he received a most friendly note from Miss Edgeworth, written in the familiar style. I begged of him to give it to me as a keepsake. "Give that note to you!" said he with emphasis—"why, I would not part with it for half my estate!"

One day we dined together at the Marquis of L.'s, where we met several distinguished characters, and amongst them were Professor Smythe, of Cambridge, and Sir John Newport. The hour mentioned on the card of invitation was quarter past seven. I said to Randolph that we need not reach the house much before 8. "Sir," replied he, "I always comply literally with the terms of an invitation—we must be there at the time specified." We went accordingly; and, as I had predicted, there was nobody in the parlor, nor had the Marquis yet reached home from the House of Lords. However, by and bye, the Marchioness, a very lovely woman, made her appearance, and Randolph apologized for our republican punctuality. In a short time the rest of the company joined us, and at 8 o'clock we sat down to an excellent dinner. The conversation became very animated, and took a political turn. Randolph was questioned closely on American affairs, and amused them very much by his replies. He exposed what he termed the sad degeneracy of old Virginia, and became quite pathetic, in mourning over the abolition of the laws of primogeniture. Some of the company thought this a strange complaint from a republican; and, before we departed, they nearly had mistaken Randolph for an Aristocrat! Professor Smythe was so much interested in the conversation, he walked home with us after the party broke up, and remained at our lodgings until 2 o'clock in the morning, endeavoring to procure as much particular information as he could about American institutions. When he had gone, I could not avoid telling Randolph that I was the best republican of the two, and I laughed at him for playing the aristocrat so well. The professor gave us a warm invitation to visit him at Cambridge, which Mr. Randolph subsequently availed himself of, but I was prevented by business from accompanying him. He afterwards told me that he was delighted with his visit to that classical city, where he became acquainted with several learned men.

I visited most of the curiosities of London with him; and derived great advantage from his intimate knowledge of every thing. We always dispensed with the show-men and guides, as he much preferred to act in that capacity himself, and I willingly paid them the fees for his services. He had a curious fashion of leaving his card, "Randolph of Roanoke," wherever we entered, whether it was Westminster Abbey among the monuments, or at the top of St. Paul's; and I never could exactly understand his motive—some strange piece of vanity!

The Princess Victoria, daughter of the Duke of Kent, aged 14, is now the presumptive heir to the British throne. The Duke of Cumberland comes next, and then his son, Prince George, who is also 14 years of age. The Duke does not bear a good character. The celebrated affair in which he made a figure, occasioned by the singular death of his valet, has effected the public mind unfavorably towards him. We have heard it stated that the mother of the Princess Victoria avoids him as she would a pestilence, and she never suffers her daughter to come within the sphere of his observation or influence.

Sculpture and Painting.—Sculpture never seems to me like the representation of human life; its forms—pale pure and cold—have the shape, not the likeness of our nature. I always personify a spirit as a statue. Paintings, however idealized as to beauty, still give the bright eye, the rosy cheek, the glossy hair, we see daily. Portraits but the mirrors of lovely countenances. Sculpture is the incarnation of beings whose state seems higher, because calmer than our own. The divinities of Greece owed half their divinity to the noble repose with which their sculptors invested them. The characteristic of the picture is passion, that of the statue, power.—*Miss Landon's Romance and Reality.*

A number of laborers, believers in Kidd's money, at work in a field, accidentally discovered upon the top of a large stone, an inscription in ancient characters, which on deciphering, read as follows:—

"Take me up and I'll tell you more."

Eager for the money, and entertaining no doubt of their being close upon it, they immediately set about raising the stone. After raving and toiling several hours, they finally succeeded, and with some difficulty, read on the bottom:—

"Lay me down as I was before."
Hartford Review.