

THE HARBINGER.

ERUMPERE E TENEBRIS ET IN LUCEM OBLECTARI.

P. W. Randolph
Tipton
Sept 6

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Botany.

FOR THE HARBINGER.

Natural science has been slow to take root in America, and in truth it appears to be the last to be cultivated in all countries. But we think that *Botany* has been even less attended to in this country, than we would, a priori, have been led to expect. During the last 60 or 70 years, since Kalm first gathered a portion of our botanical treasures, and laid them at the feet of the delighted Linnaeus, a number of Europeans have engaged with ardour, and acquired distinction, in the investigation of North American botany.—Among these are pre-eminent the two Michaux, Clayton, Bartram, Catesby, Walter, Pursh, and Nuttall. At present however there are symptoms that this delightful science is about to awaken a due share of interest in the Eastern and Northern portions of our country. Nuttall lectures at Cambridge, Torrey at New York, Ives at Yale, Eaton at Troy, Dewey at William's College? Barton at Philadelphia, and a number of other gentlemen are known to devote a share of their attention to this subject. In the South however, the prospect is by no means so promising. I do not know that Botany is any where publicly taught in the Southern States. Elliott, and his zealous coadjutor McBride, are dead; Schweinitz and Leconte have abandoned the South. There are however still a few gentlemen dispersed through the Southern country that give some attention to the botanical treasures that surround them, which are even richer than those within the reach of their more northern brethren.* Perhaps there is no country in the temperate zone that can boast of more varied vegetable products than North Carolina. From the mountains to the sea coast, you have those of the alpine, subalpine, alluvial, aquatic, and maritime habitations.—What harvests have not Michaux and Nuttall gathered on our eastern savannahs, and on the summits of the Catawba ridge!

In the following article I have two objects in view, one to mark a few localities of interesting plants, and the other, to shew the familiar uses to which this science may be applied by those who cultivate it; how, in the words of Cicero, it "travels with us," cheering many a dreary ride, and amusing many a solitary walk. H. B. C.

MEMORANDA OF A JOURNEY FROM NEWBERN TO RALEIGH.

BY AN AMATEUR BOTANIST.

Hac studia peregrinantur nobiscum.—Cicero.

The point from which I set out is one of great botanical riches, but these we cannot stop to survey in their almost boundless variety. A glance is all that we can afford.—The curious *Sarracenia* and the wonderful *Dionaea* (Venus' fly trap) have ceased to bloom; (June 30th) while the flower buds of *Nelumbium luteum* are peeping above the waters, soon to display their splendid forms, and sit, like yellow-haired Nymphs, above their native element. Of the genus *Sarracenia* we have three species, *S. purpurea*, *S. flava*, and *S. catesbyi*, El.

Leaving Newbern on the last of June, the season is one of the least propitious for the botanist. The thousand species of vernal flowers have faded away; and the autumnal plants, as the Aster, *Liatris*, *Solidago*, and *Helianthus* have not begun to shed their gorgeous hues o'er Nature's great parterre. The *Rhexias*, however, with their fugacious flowers, are now in bloom, among which is pre-eminent the *R. glabella*, (Deer grass) accompanied by *R. mariana*, *R. ciliosa*, and the rarer *R. lutea*, or yellow-flowered *Rhexia*. The *Diadelphous* plants too are now very generally in bloom, and among these in different portions of the journey were observed *Zornia tetraphylla*, *Hedysarum nudiflorum*, *Lespedeza* (sessisiflora?) and *Tephrosia paucifolia*. The delicate *Lobelia gracilis* is blooming plentifully, while none of its showy congeners have appeared. It is singular, considering its abundance, that no botanist before Nuttall, has described this plant. *Calamintha Caroliniana*? abundant 17 to 24 miles from town, and beginning to flower. *Kalmia angustifolia* is in fruit.—That elegant tree, with its pyramidal summit, the *Gordonia lasianthus*, (Loblolly Boy,) displays its beautiful white flowers, and the humble *Clethra alnifolia* begins to shed its honied fragrance on the air. Here I note, in dry and sandy soils, the *Stipa avenacea*. In the low grounds of the Neuse the *Clematis reticulata* (or *C. crispa*?) presents its delicious pale blue flowers, and the *Convolvulus*, tenellus spreads a profusion of white flowers on the surface of the sandy soil.—Here too I found, two years ago, the *Macbridea pulchra* of Elliott, the first probably that had been seen in North Carolina. *Hopsea tinctoria* (Yellow leaf or Dye leaf,) here attains the height of a small tree; *Rhus radicans*, *Cissus hederacea*, *Zizyphus volubilis* and *Decumaria sarmentosa* climb the lofty trees, while the *Tillandsia usneoides* (Long moss) festoons their branches.

In the streets of Kinston, *Martynia probovidea* and *Sida abutilon* are abundant.—Here are also some fine trees of the American Sycamore (*Platanus occidentalis*), and

* Prof. Eaton has just published at Albany the sixth edition of his "Manual of Botany." It is probable that not 50 copies of the six editions have been sold South of the Potomac.

also of *Ulmus alata* and *U. Americana*, transplanted from the river swamp. *Rhus radicans*, *Zizyphus volubilis*, *Cissus hederacea*, and *Decumaria sarmentosa* climb the lofty trees, while the *Tillandsia usneoides* (Long moss) festoons their branches. In a ditch six miles above Kinston observed that singular grass *Schenus effusus*, very appropriately called "Saw grass," from the remarkable serrature of its rigid leaves. At Falling Creek noted *Cupressus disticha* (Bald cypress), *Betula nigra* (Birch), *Cephalanthus occidentalis* (Button wood), *Nyssa aquatica* (Tupelo gum) and some of the finest willow oaks (*Quercus phellos*.) I have ever seen.

A little farther on we reach that sandy and barren tract which extends to the neighborhood of Waynesborough, and which no traveller probably, save the botanist, can enter with satisfaction. To him it has its peculiar interest, for here he finds plants which he would in vain search for in more fertile districts. This is the native region of *Quercus catesbyi*, *Quercus nigra*, and *Aristida stricta*, (Black Jack and Wire-grass,) but among these I described with interest *Sillinia sylvatica*, *Onosmodium hispidum*, and *Baptisia lanceolata*. *Yucca filamentosa*, [Bear grass,] and *Asclepias tuberosa* [Pleurisy root,] are also inhabitants of this region. At Bear Creek *Hibiscus moscheutos* is plentiful, and it was again observed, in bloom, in the low grounds of the Neuse at Smithfield. From this point to Raleigh, in dry, sandy soils, occurs *Rhus pumilum* [Dwarf sumach] a very poisonous plant. In a mill-pond, five miles above, is a fine locality of that elegant plant the white water-lily [*Nymphaea odorata*.] At this place also is an abundance of the showy *Cacalia atriplicifolia*, whose flower buds are almost ready to expand [July 2nd.] At a mill nine miles below Smithfield, the *stratified rocks* first make their appearance, at a low angle, on the bank of the creek up which the road passes. They appear to be, as Professor Olmstead has remarked, ill-defined granitic rocks. The alluvial character of the country however continues for several miles west of Smithfield, the rocks being covered, to a great depth, by sand and water-worn pebbles.

In the flat pine woods, near Smithfield, the *Saracenia flava*, called "Trumpets," is plentiful, and I observed it, in wet places, west of Smithfield, at the very base of the primitive country, beyond which I did not see it. I think it probable this is its western limit. Here too the beautiful *Dracocephalum variegatum* is blooming abundantly, and accompanied us for several miles west of Smithfield. At this place there are some very large and beautiful trees of the *Celtis occidentalis* (Hack-berry,) they extend along the Neuse as low as Waynesborough, and perhaps lower. The pines occupying the lands east of Smithfield have recently been "boxed" for turpentine. They are the *Pinus palustris*, the species which, in the eastern part of the State, yields, to such a vast amount, the turpentine, tar, and pitch of commerce.

West of this point the *Silphiums* are common; and are beginning to flower, [July 3.] *Comptonia asplenifolia* occurs in dry gravelly soil. *Rubus accidentalis* [American Raspberry,] and *Schrankia uncinata* have been occasionally observed throughout the journey. *Crotalaria sagittalis* gathered in fruit. *Cacalia atriplicifolia* again becomes abundant. In a fertile valley seven miles east of Raleigh, *Smilacina racemosa* [in fruit] and *Dioscorea quaternata*. Between this and Raleigh gathered in flower *Clematis viorna*.

One mile east of Raleigh we reach the quarry, from which is obtained the fine granite with which the State is about to rebuild its Capitol. Should the work be faithfully executed of this noble material, the Capitol of North Carolina may vie in durability with the Parthenon of Athens, and the Pantheon of Rome. Could Thorvaldsen be engaged to restore the statue, we shall have still less cause to deplore the loss of the late building. When we speak of restoring the statue, we do not mean the patch work propose by Mr. Hughes, but that a new statue be made on the model of the former.—July 4th, witnessed the ceremonies of laying of the corner stone of the Capitol, and in the evening attended the meeting of the Internal Improvement Convention.

Circumstances did not permit me to examine the botany of the immediate vicinity of Raleigh, but in the mineralogical cabinet of Dr. B. I have, more than once, had the pleasure of viewing an elegant collection of minerals from the rich resources of our own State. C.

Newbern, August 26th, 1833.

Biography.

JOHN RANDOLPH, OF ROANOKE.

[We give, as our leading article for this evening, the auto-biographical letter of the late John Randolph, of Roanoke—omitting some few expressions of harshness which might, perhaps, wound the feelings of surviving relations in Virginia. It was written in 1813, to his nephew, who afterwards died—we believe, in England. It never was intended for the public eye by the writer, but with the very few omissions we have made, we cannot perceive the least objection to its publication. The fling at Dr. Witherspoon, will in no wise affect that great and good

man's memory. It was obviously the malignant petulance of a dissolute school boy, thwarted in his purposes by being restrained in his pocket money; it is a fling daily repeated in the case of every similar guardian. Probably the charges against Mr. Tucker and Edmund Randolph are no better founded.]—*N. York Com. Adv.*

DECEMBER 13, 1813.

You shall "know something of my life," nay, every thing, my dear son, that can be desirable or profitable for you to know. It is a tale not devoid of interest or events, and might be wrought up into a more engaging narrative, than ninety-nine out of a hundred of the hasty volumes which minister to the mental green-sickness of our misses and masters. Like yourself, I was left by my father an orphan, when too young to be sensible of my loss. The first thing that I can remember, is, finding myself in my mother's family, the *pin basket* of the whole house. I think that I can recollect some circumstances that must have happened in 1776; but I distinctly remember events that took place in the year following. I shared my mother's widowed bed; and was the nestling of her bosom. Every night after I was undressed, and in the morning before I rose, I kneeled down in my bed, and putting up my little hands, repeated after my mother the Lord's prayer and the "belief;" and to this circumstance I attribute some of my present opinions. I say *present*, because they lay long dormant, and as if extinguished within me.*

In the autumn of the year 1783, my mother married St. George Tucker. From that day there was a change in my situation. The first blow that I ever received, was from the hand of this man and not a week after his union with my mother. At his instance, I was sent at the age of nine to the school of Walker Murray, (who had been his fellow student at College,) in the county of Orange; then, and perhaps yet, a wild and savage country, inhabited by the coarsest, the most ignorant, and vicious of the human race! A new world was opened to me. Our school fellows, (your father and uncle Theodorick were at the same school,) were, with the exception of one or two gentlemen's sons, adepts in every species of profligacy,—vulgar, brutal, savage. Our schoolmaster was the most petulant and malignant wretch in creation. We had scarcely the necessities of life; without an opportunity to acquire any thing more than as much Latin, as sufficed to furnish out a bald translation of the ordinary school books. Indignant at his treatment, your father, hardly thirteen years old, determined to desert and go home. From our step father, we looked for nothing like sympathy or tenderness. My brother was deterred by his expostulations from executing his purpose. Murray transferred his school to Williamsburgh, and we were transferred along with it. In 1784, the state of my health induced my mother to send me to Bermuda, where I arrived in the month of July; and just twelve months afterwards, she came over with her whole family, and remained till Nov. 1785; when she encountered a long and boisterous passage, in a wretched sloop, to Virginia. This laid the foundation of that disease, which deprived me, two years afterwards, of the best mother that every man had.

My sojourn in Bermuda was of essential service to me in many respects. It was a respite from the austere rule of my step-father, and the tyranny, hardly tolerable, of Murray; and I acquired a temper not to brook tamely their unreasonable exactions. There was a good country-gentleman's library in old Mr. Tucker's house, where I staid; and here I read many sterling English authors. Your father and myself were always bookworms. It was a sort of bond to the affection that united us. Our first question at meeting was, generally, "What have you read? Have you seen this or that work?" By going to Bermuda, however, I lost my Greek; I had just mastered the grammar perfectly, when I left Williamsburgh. Walking round the base, (it was a circular iron railing that protected it,) of Lord Botetourt's statue, I had committed the Westminster grammar to memory, so as to be able to repeat every word of it. The pendulum of the great clock which vibrated over my head, seemed to concentrate my attention on my book.—My Bermudian tutor, Ewing, had no Greek class, and would not take the trouble of teaching a single boy.

After our return, we went back to Williamsburgh; your father continuing to board with Murray, but attending Mr. Wythe, in Greek, mathematics, and I think Latin, also. Soon afterwards he entered college. We were at the grammar school kept in the old capital, which has been since pulled down, to save the expense of repairing the hall, where Henry spoke and Independence was declared.—The brooking barbarity of Murray towards my brother Theodorick, drove him from the

* This letter was written, it will be perceived, before Mr. Randolph's supposed conversion. As illustrative of the general facts above stated, we quote the following anecdote from the S. S. Journal.—"The late John Randolph, some years since, addressed himself to an intimate friend in terms something like the following: 'I used to be called a Frenchman, because I took the French side in politics; and though this was unjust, yet the truth is, I should have been a French atheist, if it had not been for one recollection, and that was the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hands in hers, and cause me on my knees to say, Our Father which art in heaven.'"

school, (our mother was then in New York for her health,) and soon after, I left it. Having spent some months at home, we (Theodorick and myself,) were sent, in March, 1787, to Princeton, where we were joined in the summer by your father, Dr. Witherspoon, in order to make the most out of us, put Theodorick and myself into the grammar school, although we were further advanced than any of the freshmen or most of the sophomores. In this subterranean abode of noise and misrule, I was pent for five long months; and in September was transferred to the college, with habits acquired in that school by no means propitious to study. At Christmas, Theodorick and I went to New York, to spend what little money we had hoarded for that purpose; little it was, since Witherspoon's necessities drove him to embezzle our funds; and were recalled in a few days by a letter from your father, enclosing one from our mother, which summoned us to her dying bed side. We hastened home, and saw her for the last time. In January, 1788, she died. The sun rose and set; the rivers flowed; the order of Nature went on. This seemed to me at first unnatural and shocking. My mother had been a faithful executrix of my father's will, a faithful steward of the effects committed to her charge, in trust for her children. She left clear accounts and money (not a small sum) in hand. In May, 1788, Theodorick and I were sent to college in New York; and your father came on here to attend the debates of the Convention, on the question of adopting or rejecting the Federal Constitution of 1787. This visit gave rise to the attachment between himself and your mother, which terminated in their marriage, about eighteen months afterwards.

Your father joined us in New York. He was in his nineteenth year, and the most manly youth, and most elegant gentleman that I ever saw. Mrs. Bingham, of Philadelphia, used to send him invitations to her parties, and he often went from New York to that city to them?—Yet he was neither debauched, nor dissipated. He was regular, studious, above low company of any sort, "the great vulgar or the small;" his apparel, according to Lord Burleigh's advice, was "costly, not fine;" and you might see in his old attendant, Syphax, whom he carried with him to New York, that his master was a gentleman. Columbia College was not yet recovered from the shock of the Revolution, it was just emerging out of chaos.—The Professor of Humanity, (Cochrane, now in the college of Nova Scotia,) was an Irishman, educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and a most accomplished scholar. With him I entered as a private pupil, paying eight dollars a month, (out of my own allowance for clothes,) for the privilege. I had devoted the fall vacation at Princeton, (1787) to an attempt at regaining my Greek; and now (July, 1788,) burning with the thirst of knowledge, (which I was not permitted to slake at the fountain of Nassau,) and emulous of literary distinction, I sat seriously to work, and was greatly encouraged by my tutor, who was, or affected to be, amazed, at the rapidity of my progress. To my irreparable loss, he left college about two or three months after I had entered myself as his private pupil.—Your father's return to Virginia left me without a friend. "Where," you will ask, "was my uncle Theodorick?" Alas! my poor brother differed in every respect from your noble father. Of all things in the world, he detested most a book. Devoted to pleasure and "fun," as he termed it, he not only set me a bad example, but, with his dissolute companions, absolutely prevented me from reading. Often have they forced the door of my study, and tossed the books over the floor, sometimes out of the window. In two years, he undermined his constitution, and destroyed his health forever; and after lingering a long time, a mere skeleton of himself, he died at Bizarre, just before the birth of your brother St. George. My guardian—for under the impulse of the ascendancy he had acquired over me, I had chosen Mr. Tucker as such—was so scanty in his supplies, that I became necessitous; of course, unhappy; and [why should I conceal it?] gradually fell into the habits and way of life of my unfortunate brother,—with this difference, that I continued to read, but books of amusement only, enervating and almost destroying my intellectual powers, and vitiating my taste. Your father was married on the last day of the year 1789; and in the summer following Theodorick and I left New York for Virginia.

In consequence of my mother's death, her husband left Matoax, to reside in Williamsburgh; where Edmund Randolph, just appointed Attorney General of the United States, at that time lived. He proposed to Mr. Tucker, that I should study law under him; accordingly I went to Philadelphia in the month of September, 1790, the year of the removal of Congress from New York. I had seen the old Congress expire, and the new one rise like a Phoenix from its ashes. I saw the coronation [such in fact it was] of General Washington, in 1789, and heard Ames and Madison, when they first took their seats on the floor of the House of Representatives. Congress met at Philadelphia and Mr. Randolph was too much engrossed by politics and his own necessities, to think of me. He too, embezzled the funds which