

teeth, and, after a terrible struggle with his adversary, the marquis was on the point of falling its victim. Nicholas rushed at the ferocious brute, and fetching a blow with his ax, cut off one of his paws. The wolf, furious at his new enemy, turned upon him to avenge his wound. He leapt upon Nicholas. Frank threw himself on the wolf's back, and bound his arms tight about its neck to strangle it. The wolf fell to the ground, Nicholas under him: his hatchet fell from his hands; but the marquis, snatching it up, watched his opportunity of striking the beast without wounding the children, and by a well-aimed blow, cleft the wolf's head.

"Ah! my children," exclaimed the marquis, on recognizing his young defendants; "it is to you, then, that I owe my life!"

"Sir, you have had pity on our misfortunes; you have saved our poor mother's life; we owe every thing to you."

"You see, Sylvester," observed the marquis to the game-keeper, who ran up at this moment; "you see how those two noble youths have borne themselves in saving my life. Instead of being harsh and cruel toward the unfortunate, be kind, generous, charitable; and bethink yourself always, that even though you may not do a kindness out of love of virtue, it is well to do it even out of selfish motives; for we may be indebted for our life and safety to those who are weaker and smaller than ourselves. Even the marquis, you see, may come in the little peasant's way, and owe his life to them, as I do now."

JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS, ANECDOTES, ETC., ETC.

THE following desultory paper has been prepared for our Magazine under the impression that, better than all labored biographies, such an article will convey to the minds of its readers the true picture of the subject *as he really was*, and as he lived and moved among his fellow-men, in public and private life. We begin with his earlier years:

The death of Randolph's mother had a melancholy and striking effect upon him ever afterward. She was but thirty-six years old when she died. Cut off in the bloom of youth and beauty, he always retained a vivid remembrance of her person, her charms, and her virtues. He always kept her portrait hanging before him in his chamber. "Although he was not yet fifteen years old," says one of his biographers, "the loss to him was irreparable. She *knew* him; she knew the delicacy of his frame, the tenderness of his heart, the waywardness and irritability of his temper. Many years after this event—the day after his duel with Mr. Clay—while reflecting upon the narrow escape he had made with his life, and the professions of men who disappear in such an hour of trial, his mind naturally reverted to his dear mother,* who alone

* His father's face he had never seen; nor had he any other impression of him than what could be derived from the lines of a miniature likeness, which he always wore in his bosom.

understood, and never forsook him; and he wrote thus to a friend:

"I am a fatalist. I am all but friendless. Only one human being ever knew me. *She* only knew me—my mother.' He always spoke of his mother in terms of the warmest affection, and never mentioned her name without invoking God's blessing upon her. She 'taught his infant lips to pray;' and never, save when he was in the barren wilds of unbelief, could he silence that 'still small voice' of memory, which recalled to him the days of his youth when she used to make him kneel beside her, and repeat the Lord's Prayer.

"Many and many a time during his life, did he visit the old church-yard at Matoax, in its wasted solitude, and shed tears over the grave of his mother, by whose side it was the last wish of his heart to be buried."

THOMAS, in his "Reminiscences of the Last Sixty-five Years," gives us the following sketch of John Randolph, when he was a boy: "On a bright sunny morning there entered my bookstore in Charleston, South Carolina, a fine-looking, florid-complexioned old gentleman, with hair as white as snow, which contrasted with his own complexion, showed him to have been a *bon vivant* of the first order. Along with him was a tall, gawky-looking, flaxen-haired stripling, apparently of the age of from sixteen to eighteen, with complexion of a clear parchment color, beardless chin, and as much assumed self-consequence as any two-footed animal I ever saw.

"This was John Randolph. I handed him from the shelves volume after volume, which he tumbled carelessly over, and handed back again. At length he hit upon something that struck his fancy. My eye happened to be fixed upon his face at that moment, and never did I witness so sudden, so complete a change of the human countenance. That which before was dull and heavy, in a moment became animated and flushed with the brightest beams of intellect. He stepped up to the old gray-headed gentleman, and giving him a thundering slap on the shoulder, said:

"Jack, look at this!"

"I was young then, but I can never forget the thought that rushed through my mind, that he was, without exception, the most impudent youth I ever saw. He had come to Charleston to attend the races."

In April, 1820, according to Mr. Anderson, the cashier of the United States' Branch Bank in Richmond, Mr. Randolph came into the bank, and asked for writing materials to write a check. He dipped his pen into the ink, and finding that it was black, asked for red ink, saying:

"I now go for blood!"

He filled up the check, and asked Mr. Anderson to add his name to it. Mr. Anderson refused to write his name; and after importuning that gentleman for some time, he called for black ink, and signed:

"John Randolph of Roanoke;

"His + mark."

He then called to the porter, and sent the check to a Mr. Taylor's, to pay on account.

"One day I was passing along the street," says Mr. Anderson, "when Mr. Randolph hailed me in a louder voice than usual. The first question he asked me was :

"Do you know of any good ship in James River, in which I can get a passage to England? I've been sick of a remittent and intermittent fever for forty days, and my physician says I must go to England."

"I told him I knew of no ships in the river that were fit for his accommodation, and that he had better go to New York and sail from that port.

"Do you think," said he, in reply to this suggestion, "that I would give my money to those who are ready to make my negroes cut my throat? No; if I can't go to England from a southern port, I won't go at all."

"On reflection, I told him there *was* a ship in the river.

"What's her name?" he asked.

"The Henry Clay," I answered.

"Henry Clay!" he exclaimed, throwing up his arms; "no, sir! I will never step on the plank of a ship of *that* name!"

The late Jacob Harvey, of this city, who twice crossed the Atlantic in company with Mr. Randolph, has left on record several lively and characteristic anecdotes of him. We make room for a few of these :

"I observed one morning that Mr. Randolph was examining a very large box of books, containing enough to keep him busy during a voyage round the world. I asked him why he had brought so many with him?

"I want to have them bound in England, sir," he replied.

"Bound in England!" I echoed, laughing; "why don't you send them to New York or Boston, where you could get them done cheaper, and quite as well?"

"What, sir!" he replied, sharply, "patronize our Yankee task-masters?—those patriotic gentry who have caused such a heavy duty to be imposed on foreign books! No, sir—never! I will neither wear what they make, nor eat what they raise, so long as my tobacco crop will enable me to get my supplies from *Old* England. I shall employ John Bull to bind my books until the time arrives when they can properly be done south of Mason and Dixon's line!"

"Turning over his books, and speaking of the collection, he said :

"I place first on the list 'Tom Crib's Memorial to Congress,' for its wit and satire; the 'Two-penny Post-bag' for similar excellencies; and this 'Childe Harold' for every variety of sentiment, well expressed. I can't go for Moore's songs: they are too sentimental by half.*

* Apropos of this, is the following colloquy between Mr. Randolph and a friend, after his second visit to the British House of Commons :

"Who do you think I met under the gallery of the House of Commons the other evening?" asked Mr. Randolph.

"Observing a copy of Halleck's 'Fanny' among his books, I said :

"I am glad that you do not proscribe Yankee poetry as well as Yankee cod-fish."

"Oh no, sir," he replied; "I always admire talent, no matter where it may come from; and I consider this little work as the best specimen of American poetry that we have yet seen. I am proud of it, sir; and I mean to take it to London with me, and to present it to that lady whose talents and conversation I shall most admire."

The volume was subsequently given to Miss Edgeworth, as being "without a competitor" in the donor's estimation.

When the vessel arrived in Liverpool, Mr. Randolph took leave of Mr. Harvey in the following characteristic manner :

"Don't tell any man that I am here. I have come to England to see, and not to be seen; to hear, and not to be heard. I don't want to be made a lion of, sir."

While in London, Mr. Harvey obtained two admissions to the House of Lords, one of which he proffered to Mr. Randolph, calling at his lodgings for that purpose. What ensued is interesting :

"Pray, sir," said he, "at which door do you intend to enter the house?"

"At the lower door, of course," said I, "where all strangers enter."

"Not *all* strangers," said he, "for I shall enter at the private door, near the throne!"

"Oh, my dear sir," I replied, "your privilege will answer on any common occasion, but to-night the members of the House of Commons will entirely fill the space around the throne, and *no* stranger will be admitted there. So don't refuse this chance, or you will regret it."

"What, sir!" he retorted, "do you suppose I would consent to struggle with and push through the crowd of persons who must push their way in at the lower door? No, sir, I shall do no such thing. If I can't go in as a gentleman, I go not at all!"

The result was quite different from Mr. Harvey's predictions. "At night," he goes on to say—

"With great difficulty, and wondering how I had preserved my coat-tails whole, I finally squeezed myself into the House, half suffocated, but was fortunate enough to secure a stand at the bar, where I could see all that was worth seeing, and hear all that was spoken.

"But you can't guess—so I'll tell you. There was a spruce, dapper little gentleman sitting next to me, and he made some trifling remark, to which I responded. Presently, we were gradually led into conversation, and I found him a most fascinating, witty fellow. He pointed out to me the distinguished members who were unknown to me, and frequently gave them a friendly shot. At parting, he handed me his card, and I read, with some surprise—'Mr. Thomas Moore.' Upon which I said, 'Well, Mr. Moore, I am delighted to meet you thus; and I tell you, sir, that I envy you more for being the author of the 'Two-penny Post-bag' and 'Tom Crib's Memorial to Congress,' than for all your beautiful songs, which play the fool with young ladies' hearts."

"He laughed heartily at what he called my 'singular taste,' and we parted the best friends imaginable.

"Casting a glance toward the throne, I beheld, to my no small surprise and envy, 'Randolph of Roanoke,' in all his glory, walking in leisurely, and perfectly at home, alongside of Canning, Lord Castlereagh, Sir Robert Peel, and many other distinguished members of the House of Commons. Some of these gentlemen selected for the eccentric visitor a prominent position, where he could hear and see perfectly, and many courtesies passed between them during the night."

Mr. Randolph, on one occasion, gave an entertaining account of a ball which he attended in London, got up under the immediate patronage of George the Fourth, where were congregated the flower of the aristocracy of Great Britain:

"It was cheap, sir—very cheap. Actors and actresses innumerable were there, and all dressed out most gorgeously. There were jewels enough there, sir, to make new crowns for all the monarchs of Europe! And I, too, republican though I am, must needs go in a court dress!"

"Well, sir, you smile; but don't suppose I was such a fool as to *purchase* a new suit, at the cost of twenty-five or thirty guineas. Not I! I haven't studied London life for nothing. I had been told, sir, that many a noble lady would appear at the ball that night with jewels hired for the occasion; and I took the hint, sir; and hired a full court-dress, in excellent order, for five guineas. When I beheld myself in the glass I laughed outright at the oddity of my appearance, and congratulated myself that I was three thousand miles from Charlotte Court-House, Virginia."

A correspondent, who saw much of Mr. Randolph while in this city, on two or three occasions, has kindly sent us the following:

"At the time of the great race of the Eclipse and Sir Henry, Randolph came to New York, and boarded at Mrs. Southard's in Broadway. Some person stole his hat from the entry, consequently he was bare-headed except a slight covering from a pocket handkerchief. He walked down Wall-street in search of a hat store. At the corner of Wall and William he went into Waldron's tailor-shop, and said, in his usual squeaking tone:

"Can you tell me where the devil I can buy a hat?"

"Waldron said: 'Yes, Mr. Randolph.'

"Well, how the devil did you know my name was Randolph?"

"Well, sir, I have seen pictures of you, and have heard you so accurately described, that I knew you in a moment."

"What do you do for a living?" said Randolph.

"I am a tailor, sir."

"Make me a suit of clothes then."

"Mr. Randolph then went to St. John's, in Broadway, and purchased that identical fur-cap which he wore so long afterward."

"At the race between the Eclipse and Sir Henry, on Long Island, he became so excited

that, after having betted as much money as he had to spare, he rose up in his stirrups and announced at the top of his voice:

"I'll bet a crop of niggers on Sir Henry!"

"In 1829 I dined at a public table, and immediately opposite me sat Mr. Randolph. No one of our party happened to be acquainted with him. Having finished his dinner, he pulled a newspaper from his pocket and commenced reading. We had all heard of his surprising memory, particularly of dates. One of the company commenced conversation on history, and managed to introduce a great number of dates, in each case intentionally making an error of one or two years in each date of each transaction quoted. Randolph stood these errors for a few minutes, and although the conversation was not addressed to him, he could not forego leaning across the table, and saying:

"Pardon me, sir; not 1667; it was October 15th, 1659; and in this way, as each error occurred, he corrected it, until their frequency disgusted him. He then jumped up from the table, evidently irritated, crammed his newspaper into his pocket, and, very much in the style of Calvin Edson, the living skeleton, rushed out of the room."

"You doubtless have heard of the anecdotes of him while at the Russian court, such as on his first introduction to the emperor."

"How are you, emperor? How is madam?" meaning the empress."

A friend mentioned the other day a circumstance quite in illustration of Mr. Randolph's eccentric character. A lady of the first respectability in this city, at whose house Mr. Randolph had been sojourning for some weeks, had a lovely little girl, of some six or seven years of age. Randolph being about to leave, presented the child with "a present," carefully done up in several folds of paper, directing her to show it to her mother. It proved to be a *fine-tooth comb*! Indignant at such an insult, the lady, after many vain attempts at evasion on the part of Randolph, succeeded in securing the pledge of his "personal honor" that he intended no intimation of the necessity for such a present in the case of the child, but a bona-fide present. Few believed at the time, however, that he had not sacrificed something more valuable to his love of a malignant jest.

Very unamiable, also, to say the least, was his reply to the young man, who asked respectfully after his health one day, in Pennsylvania-avenue, at Washington. In answer to a repetition of the question, he said, "Ah! you are the son of Mr. L——, bookseller, in Baltimore? Well, sir, do I owe your father any thing? Good-morning, sir!"

Sitting one day opposite a gentleman at a hotel dinner-table, in Richmond, he observed that he was eating one of the luxurious soft-crabs of that region, and that, as was the custom at the hotel, a glass of milk had been placed near his plate. Looking up from his own, he said, in a thin, piping voice: "That's a singular dish of

yours, sir, *very singular*; *crabs-and-milk*! Juba, bring me a bowl of milk, and crumble some crabs in it!"

At the same hotel, he said to a waiter, in the temporary absence of Juba, handing him at the same time his cup and saucer:

"Take that away—change it."

"What do you want, Mr. Randolph?" asked the waiter, respectfully. "Do you want coffee or tea?"

"If that stuff is *tea*," said he, "bring me *coffee*; if it's *coffee*, bring me *tea*: I want a change!"

Most readers have heard, perhaps, of his reply to a well-known and highly-respectable gentleman of the South, who introduced himself to him, while standing conversing with some friends, with:

"I should be pleased to make the acquaintance of so distinguished a public servant as Mr. Randolph. I am from the city of Baltimore. My name, sir, is BLUNT."

"Blunt"—oh!" replied Mr. Randolph: "I should *think* so, sir;" and he deigned him no further notice.

Equally familiar to many, it may be, will be found this reply to a gentleman who rather forced himself upon Mr. Randolph's notice, while engaged in conversation with others, at a hotel in Virginia:

"I have had the pleasure, Mr. Randolph, recently, of passing your house."

"I am *glad* of it," said Mr. Randolph; "I hope you will *always* do it, sir!"

On one occasion, at Washington, a brother-member of Congress was enlightening Mr. Randolph as to the manner of "shopping" at the capital. "The merchants," said he, "have two prices—an *asking* price" and a *taking* price." I used to send my wife around to make all the purchases for the family, by which we made a saving of from fifteen to twenty per cent."

"I had rather *my* wife," said Randolph, bitterly, "should make a living in any other way but *one*, than that!"

Being a confirmed old bachelor, the remark was not less comical than severe.

A sporting friend was once relating an adventure, which occurred on the part of another hunter he had fallen in with, on the banks of the Potomac: "The man," he said, "had followed a large flock of canvas-back until they entered a cove, and secreted himself behind a log, to await an opportunity to get a large number in range. After waiting in the cold for some time, and finding a fair chance to place his gun over the log to take rest, and just as he had taken sight, and was ready to pull trigger, what should he see but *another* long gun, directly opposite, aiming at the same object! He had barely time to drop down behind the log, before away blazed the other sportsman, the whole charge coming into the log behind which he was—"

"*Lying*!" said Mr. Randolph, suddenly finishing the sentence, to the great amazement of the company.

Scarcely any thing more characteristic of Mr. Randolph is recorded of him by any of his biographers, than the following incident, which occurred on the morning he was to leave for England, on his last visit to that country. The steamer is waiting to convey passengers, when his friend calls upon him:

"Mr. Randolph," he says, "in the name of Heaven, what is the matter! Do you know that it is nearly ten o'clock, and that the steam-boat waits for nobody! Why, you are not even dressed!"

"I can't help it, sir," replied he. "I'm all confusion this morning: every thing goes wrong; even my memory has gone a-wool-gathering. I am just writing a farewell-address to my constituents, and I've forgotten the exact words of a quotation from the Bible, which I want to use, and as I always quote correctly, I can not close my letter until I find the passage; but, strange to say, I forget both the chapter and verse. I never was at fault before, sir. What *shall* I do?"

"Do you remember any part of the quotation?" asked his friend: "perhaps I can assist you with the rest."

"It begins," said he, "with 'How have I loved thee, oh—';" but, for the life of me, I can't recollect the next words. Oh, my head! my head! There, do you take the Bible, and run over that page, while I am writing the remainder of my address."

"My dear sir," was the reply, "you have no time to do this now: let us take letter, Bible, and all on board the steamer, where you will have enough time to find the passage you want, before we reach the packet."

After a good deal of hesitation and reluctance, and much expostulation, the proposition was agreed to.

A rather cruel test of the affection of his servant John was tried on the occasion referred to. John had in some way offended his master that morning; and, as he was preparing the trunks, Mr. Randolph said to him:

"Finish that trunk at once, John, and take it down to the steam-boat; and, on your return, take passage in the Philadelphia boat; and when you get to Philadelphia, call on Mr. —, in Arch-street, and tell him that I have sailed; then go on to Baltimore, and call on Mr. —, in Monument-place, and say that I shall write to him from London; thence proceed to Washington, pack up the trunks at my lodgings, take them with you to Roanoke, and report yourself to my overseer."

After a pause, he added, in a sarcastic tone: "Now, John, you have heard my commands; but you need not obey them, unless you choose to do so. You can, if you prefer it, when you arrive in Philadelphia, call on the Manumission Society, and they will make you free; and I shall never look after you? Do you *hear*, sir!"

This unjust aspersion of John's love, was too much for the faithful fellow: his cheek swelled, his lip quivered, his eyes filled—and he replied, in great agitation:

"Massa John, this is too hard! I don't deserve it! You know I love you better than any body else; and you *know* you will find me at Roanoke when you come back!"

"I felt my blood rising," says Mr. Randolph's friend, "and could not avoid saying:

"Well, Mr. Randolph, I could not have believed this, if I had not seen it. I thought you had more compassion for your slaves. Surely, you are unjust in *this* case: you have punished him severely enough by leaving him behind you, without hurting his feelings. You have made the poor fellow cry, Mr. Randolph."

"What!" said he, with true emotion, "does he shed tears?"

"He does," I replied, "and you may see them yourself."

"Then," said Mr. Randolph, "*he shall go with me!* John, take down your baggage; and let us forget what has passed."

"I was irritated, sir," he added, turning to me; "and I thank you for the rebuke."

Thus ended this singular scene between Randolph and his servant. John instantly brightened up—soon forgot his master's anger—and in a very few moments was on his way to the boat, perfectly happy.

Mr. Randolph was not twenty-five years of age when he was first elected to Congress; and when he appeared at the speaker's table, and the roll was called to take the oath of office, the speaker, surprised at his youthful appearance, said to him:

"Are you old enough, Sir, to be eligible?"

"Ask my constituents!" was all the satisfaction that was afforded the speaker.

In his first speech, on a resolution for reducing the army, Mr. Randolph applied the term "ragamuffins" to the soldiery in general. On the following night, while he was seated in the front row of a box at the theatre, in company with some fellow-members of the House, two officers of the army, in an adjoining box, just before the curtain rose, began to vociferate to the orchestra, "Play up, you d—d ragamuffins!" and repeated it at intervals during the performance. Mr. Randolph's friends apprehending personal insult to him, sat closely on each side of him, and put him on his guard. At the close of the play, as they rose to depart, Mr. Randolph felt some one seize him by the hair from behind, and give him a violent pull that nearly brought him down upon the seat. Turning suddenly round, he found the two officers standing close by; when he asked:

"Which of these two d—d rascals did that?"

No answer was returned; and his friends, taking him between them, retired without molestation. Mr. Randolph appealed to the President in relation to the outrage; and the affair was sent before the House by Mr. Adams; when the affair was investigated by a committee, and finally tacitly dropped, as not implying a sufficient "breach of privilege" to be a matter of legislation.

On one occasion the House was called upon

to elect a clerk, in place of a previous incumbent who had deceased. A Mr. Vanzandt, his head-clerk, well acquainted with the duties of the office, was nominated, and, on the first ballot, came within four votes of being elected. Randolph, previous to the second ballot, came in, and delivered a severe phillipic against him, charging him with having listened through the key-hole of the door, when the House was in secret session, and afterward revealing what he had heard. There was not a word of truth in the charge, as subsequently clearly appeared; but when the candidate approached Mr. Randolph's seat, to offer some explanations, he rudely ordered him away. After the poor fellow was rejected, and his prospects, and those of an amiable family ruined, it turned out that private feeling had dictated Mr. Randolph's course, the man being a protégé of a member whom Mr. Randolph regarded as an enemy.

Mr. Randolph, it is well known, during his whole active life despised gaming, and almost hated the very sight of a gambler, or, as he always phrased them, "black-legs." Perhaps this aversion may have arisen from the following fact, which is early recorded of him:

"On one occasion, he made one of a party at a club, where the game of 'loo' was introduced. The stake played for was considerable, the limit being not less than one or two hundred dollars. Among the company was a rough-looking man, a sea-captain. Mr. Randolph 'stood his hand:' he was followed by the captain, of whom he asked whether he had money enough to make good the 'board' if he lost. The captain, not a little angry, pulled out an old rusty pocket-book, well lined with large bank-notes, and the play proceeded—the stakes all the while increasing. While the captain and Mr. Randolph were competitors for a stake of eighty dollars, the captain arose, and, striking his fist upon the table, asked whether *he* was able to make the stake good if he lost? Randolph, much chagrined, admitted that he was not quite able to do it, but he asked to leave the room and get the money. But this request was decided as "against the rules." He threw down the cards, quitted the room in disgust, and never afterward played a game in his life.

The account of the duel with Mr. Clay has appeared in a previous number. Mr. Randolph fought another duel when young, with a brother-student at a Virginia college, injuring him for life. He came very near fighting another with a Mr. Eppes, of Congress, but it "ended in smoke," although Mr. Randolph obtained a pair of celebrated hair-triggers by express from Baltimore, engaged a surgeon from the same place, and, under the drilling of a first-rate shot, practiced two hours a day about the woods, on the turnpike to the northeast of the capital, insomuch that it was dangerous to pass, from the frequent whizzing of balls. But with all this, and the picking of rare flints, drying and inspecting, grain by grain, of "London dueling powder," on a sheet of white paper, and choos-

ing nicely-fitting bullets, nothing further came of the hostile demonstration.

That Mr. Randolph led, in the main, a wretched and lonely life, may be inferred from the uniform tenor of his biographies and his letters. In a letter to the late Francis S. Key, of Baltimore, a life-time friend, and author of "The Star-Spangled Banner," Randolph writes in 1819:

"Once, of all the books of Holy Writ, the Psalms were my especial aversion; but, thanks be to God, they have long constituted with me a favorite portion of that treasury of wisdom! Many passages seem 'written right at me.' It is there that I find my sins and sorrows depicted by a fellow-sinner and fellow-sufferer; and there, too, I find consolation. I chiefly read the version in the Book of Common Prayer, and mine is scored and marked from one end to the other. 'Why art thou so heavy, oh my soul!—and why art thou so disquieted within me? O put thy trust in God, for I will yet give Him thanks, which is the help of my countenance, and my God!'"

Speaking of the "Frank Key," to whom this letter was addressed, Mr. Randolph says:

"His whole life is spent in endeavoring to do good for his unhappy fellow men. The result is, that he enjoys a tranquillity of mind, a sunshine of the soul, that all the Alexanders of the earth can neither confer nor take away. This is a state to which I can never attain. I have made up my mind to suffer like a man condemned to the wheel or the stake.

"Here I am yearning after the society of some one who is not merely indifferent to me, and condemned day after day, to a solitude like Robinson Crusoe's. But each day brings my captivity and exile nearer to their end. This letter is written as children whistle in the dark, to keep themselves from being afraid. I dare not look upon the blank and waste of the heart within! Dreary, desolate, dismal—there is no word in our language that can express the utter misery of my life. I drag on like a tired captive at the end of a slave-chain in an African coffin. I go because I must."

"I have been all my life," he writes elsewhere, "the creature of impulse, the sport of chance, the victim of my own uncontrolled and uncontrollable sensations."

A lady, whose apartment was immediately under that of Mr. Randolph's, writes that she "never waked in the night that she did not hear him moving about, sometimes striding across the floor, and exclaiming, '*Macbeth hath murdered sleep!*' '*Macbeth hath murdered sleep!*'" She has known him to have his horse saddled in the dead of night and ride over the plantation with loaded pistols."

We now proceed to a consideration of Mr. Randolph's characteristics as an orator, and the closing scenes of his life:

As an orator, he was animated, clear, and distinct; his delivery was forcible, his language pure, his words select and strictly grammatical,

and his order and arrangement lucid and harmonious. He retaliated with terrible retribution upon those who mis-stated his positions or treated him with personalities. He was more efficient in putting down than in building up, yet there were some important measures for which the nation was indebted to his successful defense. His personal appearance was peculiar. He retained both a part of the external appearance of his Indian descent (remotely from Pocahontas) as well as of its vengeful passions. His color was tawny; he was very strait, and walked like an Indian, with one foot placed on a strait line before the other. When he was seated at his desk he appeared below the middle size, but when he rose he seemed to unjoint or unfold himself, and when erect stood nearly six feet high, his lower limbs being disproportionately long for the body. His head was small, his hair light, worn long, and tied behind: his eyes were black and piercing, his mouth handsome, but with a somewhat puerile look, his chin rather pointed, smooth, and beardless; his hands small, and fingers long and tapering. His voice was clear, loud, and sonorous, and almost as fine as a female's, and in his extemporaneous efforts, in which he excelled, his action was perfectly suited to his expression. His dress was that of the old Virginia gentleman. He wore white top-boots, with drab or buck-skin small-clothes, and sometimes gaiters, and, although always neat, he was generally plain in his appearance, and had no ambition to conform to any prevalent fashion. In the social circle, he was as brilliant and original as on the floor of Congress, charming all hearers by the variety and flow of his conversation.

On his way to Philadelphia, where he died, as will presently appear, Mr. Randolph passed through Washington. While tarrying for a brief space in the capital, he went into the Senate Chamber, accompanied by some friends, and attendants. He took his seat in the rear of Henry Clay, who happened at the time to be on his feet, addressing the Senate.

After taking his seat, he was very weak and feeble; but hearing the tones of his old antagonist's voice, he roused himself, and said:

"Raise me up!—I want to hear that voice again!"

When Mr. Clay had concluded his remarks, which happened to be very brief, he turned round to see from what quarter that singular voice proceeded.

Seeing Mr. Randolph, and that he was in a dying condition, Mr. Clay left his place, and went to speak to him. As he approached, Mr. Randolph said to one of the gentlemen with him:

"Raise me up!"

As Mr. Clay approached and offered his hand, he said:

"Mr. Randolph, let me hope that you are better, Sir."

"No, Sir!" replied Randolph, with great feeling, "I am a dying man, Sir; and I came here expressly to have this interview with you!"

They grasped each other's hands, and—parted, never to meet again!

Mr. Randolph passed on to Philadelphia, and placed himself under the competent medical hands of the celebrated Dr. Parish, one of the most eminent of the medical *célébrités* of the "Quaker City" at that period. After many alternations of doubt and hope as to his case, and very many exhibitions of the strange and erratic characteristics of himself *by himself*, he was found to be approaching the end of his brilliant though erratic life. The 'last scene of all, closing this eventful history,' is best given in the words of one of his biographers:

"He now made his preparations to die. He directed John to bring him his father's breast-button: he then directed him to place it in the bosom of his shirt. It was an old-fashioned, large-sized gold stud. John placed it in the button-hole of the shirt-bosom; but in order to arrange it completely, there was required a corresponding hole upon the opposite side:

"Get a knife!" said he, hurriedly: "get a knife: *cut one!*"

A napkin was now called for, and placed by his faithful servant, John, over his breast.

For a short time he lay perfectly quiet, with his eyes closed. He suddenly rose up, and exclaimed:

"Remorse!—REMORSE!—REMORSE!" It was thrice repeated—the last time at the top of his voice, and with great agitation. Presently he cried out:

"Let me see the word! Get a Dictionary!—let me see the word!"

The Doctor picked up one of his cards, on which was inscribed "*Randolph of Roanoke*," and asked:

"Shall I write it on this card?"

"Yes," replied Randolph; "nothing could be more proper."

The word "REMORSE" was then written in pencil. He took the card in a hurried manner, and fastened his eyes on it with great intensity.

"Write it on the back!" he exclaimed. It was so done, and handed to him again. He was extremely agitated:

"Remorse!" said he, "you have no idea what it is; you can form no idea of it. . . . Let John take your pencil, and draw a line under the word," which was accordingly done.

"What am I to do with the card?" inquired the Doctor.

"Keep it—put it in your pocket—take care of it—when I am dead, look at it!—look at it!"

An hour after, at the age of sixty years, all that was mortal of "JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE" was hushed in death!

THE LITTLE FRENCH BEGGARS.

A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

"I'll clean your boots, sir, stand on my head, and sing you a French song for a half-penny—only, please do, sir."

These words were addressed to a gentleman who was hastening past the railway station in

Lime-street, Liverpool; and although every one in that great ante-room of England is always in a hurry to go somewhere or do something, the oddity of the different offers struck my friend, and positively arrested his steps.

The speaker was a young child, distinguishable from the other boys who invariably haunt these purlieus, by a more refined and far more desolate look. They were poverty-stricken enough, and their tattered clothes shook in the wind; but still they were hale, sturdy varlets, you could fancy that each had some cellar or garret to call a home, some rough mother to look after them and box their ears, some one to fly to in case of need. But this poor little petitioner had a hopeless, despondent expression—you could see his loneliness, and also that he was unused to and terrified by it. Dirty as he was, his skin looked as if it had once been washed; his hair had not the matted appearance which proclaimed it "unconscious of a comb," and his poor thin blouse, torn as it was, was still drawn to meet his waist with a certain air which distinguished it from his companions' ragged jackets. Companions! alas! for him they were not companions, they were rivals—enemies who considered him a trespasser on their ground, and had therefore set aside their own private quarrels to make common cause against the foreigners; for the poor, young, and helpless child had another, yet weaker, dependent on him; and this feeling gave a sort of staid dignity to his manner, which would have been ludicrous under any other circumstances.

My friend did not require a second glance to reveal this to him; for a little girl, as woebegone as the boy, stood near him, carefully holding a blacking-bottle and a box or two of lucifer matches, evidently their stock in trade. Mr. Langton at once yielded up his foot; and the boy, first carefully turning up his customer's trousers far beyond the encroachments of the blacking, washing his brushes, he began his work most scientifically, while the girl joined her voice to his in the well-known strain, "*Mou-rons pour la Patrie*." Their accent was undeniably Parisian, and their childish music seemed likely to attract the attention of others, when their competitors, apparently checking this "Free Trade" and appreciation of foreign goods, had recourse to a most cruel stratagem to drive them off the field. One of the other lads, pretending to be running heedlessly along, pushed against the girl, and knocked both the bottle and matches out of her hands. This was total ruin to the poor little traders; the girl burst into bitter sobs, while her partner, in a fit of rage and indignation, forgot not only his customer, but the halfpenny he had so nearly earned, and boldly rushed on the aggressors. Shame to say, the others lost all thought of fair play, and would have fallen three or four to one on the Frenchman had not Mr. Langton interfered and quickly dispersed them. The girl's distress was extreme; fear for her protector, terror of their cowardly foes, and self-reproach for this, to them, irreparable