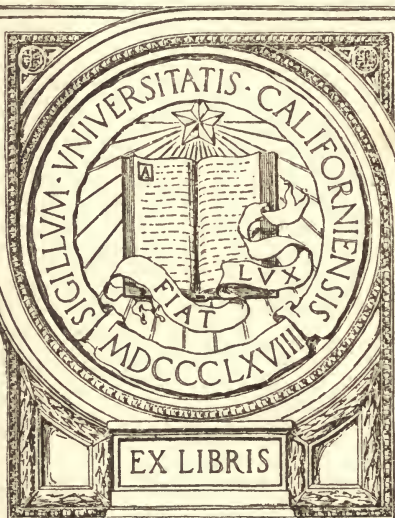


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LETTERS

and

OF

JOHN RANDOLPH,

TO

A YOUNG RELATIVE;

EMBRACING A SERIES OF YEARS,

FROM

EARLY YOUTH, TO MATURE MANHOOD.

PHILADELPHIA:

CAREY, LEA & BLANCHARD.

1834.

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GRIGGS & CO., PRINTERS.

NOTICE TO THE READER.

THE following letters have been selected, from among several hundred, as most fit for publication.

The sentiment of filial devotion towards the author, which, for many years, constituted a large portion of my moral existence, together with the want of critical acumen, may so far mislead the judgment, as to make me overrate the merit of these letters. Be that as it may, I shall make no apology for giving them to the public: neither have they a right to require, nor shall they receive, any explanation of motives, that may be personal to myself, in making the publication.

Suffice it to say, that, I think, they will do credit to American literature; and add something to the fame of a man, who long held a distinguished rank among American orators, and statesmen; and whose genius has added not a little to his country's glory.



LETTERS

OF

JOHN RANDOLPH.

LETTER I.

Georgetown, Jan. 31, 1806.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

I SEND you by the New Orleans mail, "letters written by the great Mr. Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham, to his nephew, when at college." You know my opinion of Lord Chatham: that he was at once the greatest *practical* statesman that ever lived, and the most transcendent orator. With all this, he was a truly *good man*, (indeed, he *must have been*, since *virtue is essential to great excellence in laudable pursuits*,) and the most elegant and polished gentleman of his time.

When I speak of a *practical* statesman, I wish you to understand me. A man may possess great theoretic knowledge on any subject, and yet be a poor practitioner. To take an example from the profession which you seem to have chosen, in preference to any other,—a man might have all the best medical authors by heart, know the treatment which is considered to be most judicious for every disease, and the properties of every medicine, so as, in *conversation*,

to vie with any, and to outshine the greater part of his profession, and yet be so deficient in *practice*, as, when brought to a patient, to be unable to tell what his disease was, and, of course, how it was to have been treated,—whether the pulse indicated depletion or stimulants. Such is the difference between theory and practice; one is disease on paper, where all goes smoothly, and the *patient infallibly recovers*: the other is disease in the subject of malady, in man himself, where symptoms are complicated, and the various considerations of age, sex, and condition, in the patient, baffle the most skilful, and dismay the most experienced—*where the patient dies*.

I fear, from the shortness of your letter, from the incorrectness of its *orthography* and *syntax*, and from the omission of some material words, that want of paper was not your ONLY cause for omitting to write the week before last. Enclosed you have something to obviate that objection.—

“There is only 20 more to carry down.”

Note.—A verb DOES NOT agree with its nominative IN *number* and person.

“*Plowing*”—which in the preceding line you have spelt correctly.

“No accidents *has* befallen.” A verb does *not*, &c.

“The reason that I did not (the word write omitted) last week, was, &c.” No attention to points, at all.

Number of lines in your letter, nine,

———— errors ————— four;*

Surely you cannot have read over, once what you wrote. Moreover, the hand is a very bad one; many words blotted, and every part of it betrays negligence and a *carelessness of excelling*—a most deplorable symptom in a young man.

Is Dr. Robinson in Farmville, and is he likely to remain there? Would you prefer being at Hamp. Sid. Coll. to stay—

* Besides omitting the year 1806.

ing at Bizarre? I am very uneasy about you, my dear boy. In your letters I see no trace of your studies—no mention made of Ovid or Homer—nothing as to your manner of disposing of your time. As soon as I am well enough, I shall set off for Bizarre. God bless you.

Your affectionate friend

and relation,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

What has become of the journal that I directed you to keep?

Have you ever received the two banks notes that I sent you.

Do not imitate your father's handwriting—it is a running hand, unfit for you at present. You must learn to write *distinctly* first, as children learn to read, letter by letter, syllable by syllable, word by word. The first page of this letter is a very good copy for you—particularly the date.

LETTER II.

Georgetown, Feb. 2, 1806.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

I WROTE to you, yesterday, by the New Orleans mail, and, through mistake, dated my letter in January. I would have you, my dear boy, consider the little book, which I sent at the same time, as coming from my head and heart, and addressed to your own. Our *situation*, and that of its writer and his nephew, are not dissimilar. Let us, then, profit by their example. Whilst I endeavour to avail myself of the wisdom and experience of the one, do you also strive to imitate the amiable docility of the other; and so may God bless you, my dear boy.

Above all things abstain from going, on any occasion, to Farmville, when you can possibly avoid it. You can meet no company *there*, from whom you can derive improvement of any sort; but much of an opposite description. Tell Sam, that I rely upon *him*. Endeavour to prevent the wood from being pillaged, and ask Mr. Johnston to assist you. Keep a watch upon all trespassers, and threaten them, in my name, with a prosecution when I return: not that I mean seriously to go to law, (which I detest,) about a few tiers of wood; but, situated as the estate is, it is too much exposed to real injury from such marauders, to submit quietly to their inroads.

As soon as I get better, I shall set out for Bizarre.

Yours truly,
J. R.

How do you come on with Ovid and Hume?

Who is the greatest man that you have met with in English history? (I'll answer for it, he proves the most virtuous:) and why do you think him so great?

Who is the worst man?

The most learned?

I shall bring home some good maps of our own country.

Since Thursday, the 23d of January, (inclusive,) we have had mild warm weather, with rain and frost. What might be called May weather. You promised to keep an account of the weather at Bizarre, but your little scraps of letters contain nothing relating to it. By this time, the ploughs ought to have finished the low-ground field next C. Allen's,—when they must begin on the opposite low-ground field, next B. Allen's, on this side of the R.

LETTER III.

Georgetown, Saturday, Feb. 15, 1806.

MY DEAR BOY,

AFTER I had gone to bed last night, and lay tumbling and tossing about, uneasy and unable to rest, my thoughts running upon many an anxious subject, among which you were not forgotten, I was relieved by the entrance of a servant, who handed me your letter of the 9th, with some others. But that relief was only temporary. My mind fixed itself on your situation for the remainder of the night, and I have determined to settle you at school at Winchester, unless (of which I have no expectation) I shall find Hampden Sidney *very greatly* altered for the better. At your time of life, my son, I was even more inelegibly placed than you are, and would have given worlds for quiet seclusion and books. I never had either. You will smile when I tell you that the first map that I almost ever *saw* was one of Virginia, when I was nearly fifteen; and that I never (until the age of manhood) possessed any treatise on geography, other than an obsolete Gazetteer of Salmon, and my sole atlas were the five maps, if you will honour them with that name, contained in the Gazetteer, each not quite so big as this page, of the three great eastern divisions, and two western ones, of the earth. The best and only Latin dictionary that I ever owned, you now have. I had a small Greek lexicon, bought with my own pocket money, and many other books, acquired in the same way, (from 16 to 20 years of age;) but these were merely books of amusement. I never was with any preceptor, one only excepted, (and he left the school after I had been there about two months,) who would deserve to be called a Latin or Greek scholar; and I never had any master of modern languages, but an old Frenchman, (some gentleman valet, I suppose,) who could neither write nor spell.

I mention these things, my child, that you may not be disheartened. 'Tis true, that I am a very ignorant man, for one

who is thought to have received a learned education. You (I hope) will acquire more information, and digest it better. There is an old proverb, "You cannot teach an old dog new tricks." Yours is the time of life to acquire knowledge. Hereafter you must *use* it; like the young, sturdy labourer, who lays up, whilst he is fresh and vigorous, provision for his declining age.

When I asked whether you had *received* the bank notes I sent you, I did not mean to *inquire how you had laid them out*. Don't you see the difference? From your not mentioning that they had come to hand, (a careless omission; you should break yourself of this habit,) and your cousin informing me that she had not received two packets sent by the same mail, I concluded that the notes were probably lost or embezzled. Hence my inquiry after them. No, my son; whatever cash I send you (unless for some special purpose) is yours: you will spend it as you please, and I have nothing to say to it. That you will not employ it in a manner that you ought to be ashamed of, I have the fullest confidence. To pry into such affairs would not only betray a want of that confidence, and even a suspicion discreditable to us both, but infringe upon your rights and independence. For, although you are not of an age to be your own master, and independent in all your actions, yet you are possessed of rights which it would be tyranny and injustice to withhold, or invade. Indeed, this independence, which is so much vaunted, and which young people think consists in doing what they please, when they grow up to man's estate, (with as much justice as the poor negro thinks liberty consists in being supported in idleness, by other people's labour,)—this independence is but a name. Place us where you will,—along with our rights there must coexist correlative duties,—and the more exalted the station, the more arduous are these last. Indeed, as the duty is precisely correspondent to the power, it follows that the richer, the wiser, the more powerful a man is, the greater is the obligation upon him to employ his gifts in lessening the sum of human misery; and this employment constitutes

happines, which the weak and wicked vainly imagine to consist in wealth, finery, or sensual gratification. Who so miserable as the bad Emperor of Rome? Who more happy than Trajan and Antoninus? Look at the fretful, peevish, rich man, whose senses are as much jaded by attempting to embrace too much gratification, as the limbs of the poor post horse are by incessant labour. [See the Gentlemen and Basket-makers, and, indeed, the whole of Sandford and Merton.]

Do not, however, undervalue, on that account, the character of the *real* gentleman, which is the most respectable amongst men. It consists not of plate, and equipage, and rich living, any more than in the disease which that mode of life engenders; but in *truth*, courtesy, bravery, generosity, and learning, which last, although not *essential* to it, yet does very much to adorn and illustrate the character of the true gentleman. Tommy Merton's gentlemen were no gentlemen, except in the acceptation of innkeepers, (and the *great* vulgar, as well as the small,) with whom he who rides in a coach and six, is three times as great a gentleman as he who drives a post-chaise and pair. Lay down this as a principle, that *truth* is to the other virtues, what vital air is to the human system. They cannot exist *at all* without it; and as the body may live under many diseases, if supplied with pure air for its consumption, so may the character survive many defects, where there is a rigid attachment to *truth*. All *equivocation* and subterfuge belong to falsehood, which consists, not in using *false* words only, but in conveying false impressions, no matter how; and if a person deceive himself, and I, by my silence, suffer him to remain in that error, I am implicated in the deception, unless he be one who has no right to rely upon me for information, and, in that case, 'tis plain, I could not be instrumental in deceiving him.

I send you two letters, addressed to myself, whilst at school—of which I *now sorely repent me* I did not *THEN* avail myself, (so far, at least, as my very ineligible situation would admit.) Will you accept a little of my experience,

instead of buying some of your own at a very dear rate?—
and so, God bless you, my son.

Your affectionate uncle,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

P. S. In consideration of my being surrounded with company, and having, at the same time, a horrible headach, excuse this *scratch*.

I shall send you Walker's Dictionary, for pronouncing the English language. Among other vulgarisms, I hope it will break you and Buona of saying horrubble, sensubble, indolunce, for horrible, sensible, indolence, &c. You will soon get over this, by accustoming yourself to say horri, sensi, (as if spelled horry, &c.,) dividing the word, and then adding the final syllable (*ble*.) You know I've long been contending against this barbarism, which deforms the pronunciation of Virginia.

“Mah,” instead of my, pronounced sometimes mie, and, at others, me, the e short, as bring me my hat.

Famully — family.

Possubul — possible, &c. &c.

Vigilunt — vigilant, &c. &c.

Another omission:—

You say nothing of Duchess, or the other mares and the foals. Are they with foal? (or, as the sportsmen say, “*in foal?*”)

When you write, have my letter before you, and (after telling me every thing that suggests itself to your mind) examine and reply to the points it contains.

Copy the enclosed letters, and take special care of the originals. I am glad that you have read Lord Chatham's letters, and yet more, that you are pleased with them. They will *bear*, and, I hope, *receive*, repeated readings.

Enclosed are ten dollars, United States Bank, payable at Washington, No. 7045, E.

LETTER IV.

Georgetown, Saturday, March 1, 1806.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

YOUR letter has relieved me from great uneasiness—as I got none from you last week, and was afraid that you were sick, or that some accident had befallen you. Why, my dear boy, did this happen?—and why will you, through carelessness, expose those who love you to suffer on your account? I would not write myself, hoping that my silence would be a more forcible admonition than any I could devise.

Your letter is not a bad one, although it has some errors in it; it might have been more correct, yet worse. Do not, however, undervalue correctness; for, although *mere* freedom from defect does not constitute excellence, which is in itself a positive quality, yet great defects deform the greatest excellence.

We do not say “from *there*,” but “from *thence*.” The present participle of the verb “to put,” is spelled with a double t, “*putting*,” and not “*puting*.” The word plough (in every sense of it) is spelled with “*ugh*,” and not a “*w*,” as you have it, “*plowing*.” I have much fault to find with the handwriting of your letter: it is hurried, confused, in short, a mere scratch, indistinct, and hardly legible; where I am obliged to guess at the letters; and, from the mode of writing and folding up in a hurry, before the ink had dried, much blotted. Take my advice, my son, and do not attempt a running hand yet. The way to acquire a good running hand, is to begin with a *fair, large, clean-cut, and distinct* character. Children always learn to stand alone, and to walk, step by step, before they run. There is another excellent rule, which, if you now adhere to it, will be of great service to you through life: “make haste slowly.” Hurry always occasions blunder and delay. When, therefore, you make any mistake, or blot, write all over again,

fairly. The labour of doing this will make you careful and correct; and, when the *habit* is formed, the trouble is over. Habit is truly called "second nature." To form good habits is almost as easy as to fall into *bad*. What is the difference between an industrious, sober man and an idle drunken one, but their respective habits? 'Tis just as easy for Mr. Harrison to be temperate and active, as 'tis for poor Knowles to be the reverse; with this great difference, that, exclusively of the effects of their respective courses of life on their respectability and fortunes, the exercises of the one are followed by health, pleasure, and peace of mind, whilst those of the other engender *disease, pain, and discontent*—to say nothing of poverty in its most hideous shape, *want, squalid misery, and the contempt of the world, contrasted with affluent plenty, a smiling family, and the esteem of all good men*. Perhaps you cannot believe that there exists a being who would hesitate which of these two lots to choose. Alas! my son, vice puts on such alluring shapes, indolence is so seducing, that, (like the flies in *Æsop*,) we revel whilst the sun shines, and for a few hours' temporary pleasure pay the price of perishing miserably in the winter of our old age. The industrious ants are wiser. By a little forbearance at the moment, by setting a just value on the *future*, and disregarding present temptation, they secure an honourable and comfortable asylum. All nature, my son, is a volume, speaking comfort and offering instruction to the good and wise. But "the fool saith in his heart, There is no God:" he shuts his eyes to the great book of Nature that lies open before him. Your fate, my dear Theodorick, is in your own hands. Like Hercules, every young man has his choice between *pleasure*, falsely so called, and *infamy*, or laborious virtue and a fair fame. In old age, indeed long before, we begin to *feel* the folly, or wisdom, of our selection. I confidently trust that you, my son, will choose wisely. In seven years from this time, you will repent, or rejoice, at the disposition which you make of the present hour.

Your affectionate uncle,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

P. S.—We don't say "I only go there *of* post-days," but *on* post-days.

LETTER V.

Friday, March 21, 1806.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

YOUR letter (the first that I have received for three posts) has relieved me from very great concern and uneasiness on your account. Your reason for failing to write, was altogether insufficient. Compare, I beseech you, my son, the trouble which it would give you to send me a few short lines, with my suspense and anxiety lest you should be ill, or some disastrous accident have befallen you, and I am sure you will confess, that the loss, or miscarriage, of one of your letters, or the trouble of composing it, is nothing in comparison. Send your next by the New Orleans mail, or write by the Genito post, and I shall receive an early answer to this. Attend, I beg of you, my son, to your books. In a short time, I hope to see you; but let not this expectation stop your pen.

Believe me, most truly,
your affectionate
kinsman and friend,
JOHN RANDOLPH.

T. B. DUDLEY.

P. S.—I am sorry for the loss of Miniken's foal. How are the others?—and every thing, and every body? How and where is Dr. Robinson? and Mr. Dillon? and Mr. Johnston.

LETTER VI.

House of Representatives, April 5, 1806.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

LAST night I was again denied the pleasure of hearing from you. I was not, indeed, without hopes that the New Orleans mail, which came in this morning, would bring me a letter from you, but in this expectation I have been disappointed. By this time I hope your cousins and sisters are at home, and your solitary, uncomfortable situation much changed for the better.

God bless you, my son. I hope soon to see you once more.

Your friend,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

LETTER VII.

Bizarre, July 20, 1806.

MY DEAR BOYS,

BY this time, I trust, you have become familiarized, in some degree, to your new situation, and to its restraints; which, I hope, you will bear without murmuring, in the reflection that your present self-denial will essentially contribute to your future and permanent benefit. I have often regretted, since I parted from you, that it was not my good fortune, at your time of life, to be placed in a situation equally eligible with what I conceive yours to be. You have both, unless I am much deceived in you, a laudable ambition to become learned and respectable men. Whether such is to be your future character, respected and esteemed by all good men, or whether you shall become mere vulgar beings, whose only business is "*fruges consumere*," will

altogether depend upon your present exertions. You, my dear Theodore, are too much straitened for time, to lose a moment that can be profitably employed; and you, my dear Buona, although younger by five years, must not conceive that you have any to lose. Recollect that, two years ago, you could master Cæsar, and that if you had continued to progress, instead of falling back, which, from ill health and the want of an instructor, you were compelled to do, you might now be a finished Latin scholar, and somewhat of a Grecian into the bargain. The man who thinks himself so rich that he can afford to neglect his affairs and throw away his money, is not far from want, however great his estate may be. But time is, at once, the most valuable and most perishable of all our possessions; when lost it never can be retrieved.

I hope to hear from you both, very soon, and to learn what you are doing, and how you like your situation. Your mother, my dear Tudor, is not very well, but Sally is quite so. Tom and Archibald Harrison have been with us, ever since Friday evening. Beverley has not returned from Mr. Randolph's. Dr. Robinson has, at last, brought his lady home. We dined with them to-day.

Present me, very respectfully, to Dr. Haller. I write by candle-light, and the moths are swarming around my pen, and on the paper, so that you will have some difficulty, I fear, to make out my writing.

God bless you, my dear boys! I am your affectionate uncle and friend,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

P. S.—I was sorry to find, on coming home, that D'Anville had been left behind. Theodore should apprise Dr. Haller of his never having had the small-pox, and embrace the first opportunity of being vaccinated.

LETTER VIII.

Bizarre, Thursday night, July 24, 1806.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

I AM very glad to find that you and Buona* are pleased with your situation, and that you have begun to learn French. At the same time, my son, if it is not incompatible with Dr. Haller's plan of instruction, I wish you both to resume your Latin. Present my respects to the Doctor, and communicate this circumstance to him.

The following errors in your letter, a little care and reflection would, I am persuaded, have led you to avoid. "Have *began*" is not grammatical: *began* is the imperfect tense of the verb *begin*; have *begun* is the perfect. "None of us ever go *in* the street:" it should be *into* the street. The preposition "*by*," instead of the verb *buy*, to purchase. "*Mellons*," for *melons*. "I am *dictated* by the corrections, &c.," is not good English: it should be, I am *directed* by, &c. There can be no excuse for false orthography: and what but inattention could have caused the errors I have noted, or occasioned Buona to spell watch, thus—"wacth?" God bless you both, my children.

Your fond uncle,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

LETTER IX.

Bizarre, Sept. 11, 1806.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

I THANK you for your letter, which I received by the post before last. Present my respects to Dr. Haller, and

* The appellation by which he called his younger nephew.—D.

tell him that I will be obliged to him to procure you shirts, handkerchiefs, and such other things as you may stand in need of.

We do not say “scarcely *nothing*,” but *any thing*. Give my love to Buona, and tell him that I shall forward his letter to his brother immediately; but, tell him, also, that “a *tolerable* long letter” is *intolerable* English. He should have used the adverb (*tolerably*) instead of the adjective. I wish that, instead of a fictitious correspondent, you would address your letters, I mean those which Dr. H. requires you to write, weekly, to some one of your friends, or acquaintance. It would take off from them the air of stiffness which now characterizes them. If Buona had been describing Richmond to his mother, or myself, he would never have introduced it with, “I beg leave to wait upon you;” an awkward exordium, which even Mr. Expectation, of Norfolk, would not approve. You see, my sons, that I make very free with your performances, but do not let this discourage you. *Write* your letters, just as you *think them*, and they will be easy; and any inaccuracy, which creeps in, may be afterwards corrected.

The partridges are so forward, that we have begun to shoot nearly a month earlier than usual. Carlo is an excellent dog for bringing birds, after they are shot, but not so good for finding game. I wish you were with me, my sons, to enjoy the sport. Your skill, my dear Theodore, would make amends for my clumsiness, and dear Buona would hold Miniken, who now runs away from uncle whenever she has an opportunity. But, thank God, my children, you are more profitably engaged. This, alone, reconciles me to the loss of your society. I hope to see you both, about the last of this month.

Mother has had an ague, and Sally very sore fingers.

Your friend and kinsman,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

P. S.—Do not make a flourish under my name, on the superscription of your letters. It is not customary to do so.

I got a letter to-night from Mr. Bryan: he and my little god-son are well, but Mrs. B. has the fever.

My dear Buona, this is your birth-day; you are now entering on your twelfth year: may you see many happy returns of this anniversary. The success of my wish will materially depend, my child, on the use which you make of the present time.

LETTER X.

Georgetown, Dec. 18, 1806.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

I AM extremely glad that you and Buona are once more in a situation to prosecute your studies, which, I suppose, engross your whole time, since I do not hear from you as often as when I was at Bizarre, although you now have a daily conveyance for your letters. My dear Tudor has not written once to his uncle; nor have I received any letter from him, for his brother—to whom I wrote, by the Leonidas, soon after my arrival here. You would gratify me very much, my sons, by letting me hear from you two or three times a week, even if it were but a single line. My dear boys, I have no objection to your engaging in any manly and athletic exercise whatever; on the contrary, would encourage you to such innocent and invigorating sports. I have some books of amusement, as well as instruction, which I shall send you in a few days. God bless you both.

Your fond uncle,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

LETTER XI.

Georgetown, Jan. 8, 1807.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

I HAVE just received your letter of the 4th, and wait, with great anxiety, for one from Dr. Haller, on the same subject.

Let me recommend to you another perusal of Lord Chatham's letters to his nephew. Attend to his precepts respecting *deportment* to inferiors, equals, and superiors. Let these words, also, be engraven on your mind—"Whatever you take from pleasure, amusement, or indolence, for these first few years of your life, will repay you a hundred fold in the pleasures, honours, and advantages, of all your remaining days." The candour with which you confess your indiscretion towards Dr. H., and your determination to avoid giving him future cause of displeasure, prevent my saying any thing on that subject, except to caution you against any indulgence of *sudden* suggestions of your feelings. Some impulse of this kind, I must persuade myself, and not boyish conceit, would have impelled you to lay down a regular exercise of your school. Remember that *labour is necessary to excellence*. This is an eternal truth, although vanity cannot be brought to believe, or indolence to heed it. I am deeply interested in seeing you turn out a respectable man, in every point of view; and, as far as I could, have endeavoured to furnish you with the means of acquiring knowledge and correct principles, and manners, at the same time. Self-conceit and indifference are unfriendly, in an equal degree, to the attainment of knowledge, or the forming of an amiable character. The first is more offensive, but does not more completely mar all excellence than the last; and it is truly deplorable that both flourish in Virginia, as if it were their native soil. A petulant arrogance, or supine, listless indifference, marks the character of too many of our young men. They early assume airs of manhood; and these premature men

remain children for the rest of their lives. Upon the credit of a smattering of Latin, drinking grog, and chewing tobacco, these striplings set up for legislators and statesmen; and seem to deem it derogatory from their manhood to treat age and experience with any degree of deference. They are loud, boisterous, overbearing, and dictatorial: profane in speech, low and obscene in their pleasures. In the tavern, the stable, or the gaming-house, they are at home; but, placed in the society of *real* gentlemen, and men of letters, they are awkward and uneasy: in all situations, they are contemptible.

The vanity of excelling in pursuits, where excellence does not imply merit, has been the ruin of many a young man. I should, therefore, be under apprehensions for a young fellow, who danced uncommonly well, and expect more hereafter from his heels than from his head. Alexander, I think, was reproached with singing well, and very justly. He must have misapplied the time which he devoted to the acquisition of so great a proficiency in that art. I once knew a young fellow who was remarkably handsome; he was highly skilled in dancing and fencing—an exceedingly good skater, and one of the most dexterous billiard players and marksmen that I ever saw:—he sang a good song, and was the envy of every foolish fellow, and the darling of every silly girl, who knew him. He was, nevertheless, one of the most ignorant and conceited puppies whom I ever beheld. Yet, it is highly probable, that if he had not been enamoured of the rare qualities which I have enumerated, he might have made a valuable and estimable man. But he was too entirely gratified with his superficial and worthless accomplishments to bestow a proper cultivation on his mind.

Farewell, my dear Theodore. I am almost blind. May you, my son, prove all that can be desired by your sincere friend, and affectionate kinsman,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

P. S.—Have you read all Miss Edgeworth's tales? Do you remember the story of *Lame Jervas*? It is hardly ro-

mance. I mean in this respect, that temperance, fidelity, and industry, have raised many a man, from as low beginnings, to respectability and affluence. The Lottery, too, is an admirable story, and, perhaps, a true one, except as to the happy conclusion. The little sketch which I have sent Buona, will serve to give you a rude idea of the waters of the Missouri. I hope you have not forgotten your geography. Do not neglect that amusing and useful study. Write to me often, and continue to send copies of your translations and exercises in French, as well as Latin.

LETTER XII.

Bizarre, Sunday, April 5, 1807.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

I RECEIVED your letter the day before yesterday, and am not at all surprised at its contents, although, at the same time, not the less obliged to you for your intelligence. I saw enough, when I was last in Richmond, to make me doubt whether you or Tudor could reap any solid benefit at Dr. Haller's school; and, I assure you, it has caused me many a moment of anxious reflection since. Indeed, I had begun to entertain fears of this sort some time before, which my examination of you both only served to confirm. In the course of next week, I shall send down for you both, and, even if the school be kept up, I must be greatly at a loss how to dispose of you, should you return. Pray inquire into the name and character of the young Irish gentleman of whom you speak, and inform him, from me, that, in case he answer my expectations, I wish to employ him. My terms will be more eligible than any which can be offered to him at a public seminary, and I will not stand upon price. He will have less to do, and be better accommodated in every respect, I trust. My dear boys, my anxiety about you is extreme. Every

hour that you lose in the seed-time of learning, fills me with uneasiness and concern; I know, *so well*, that years of study hereafter cannot make up for a day misspent, at your time of life.

God bless you, my sons,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

THEODORICK B. DUDLEY.

Present my best respects to Major Scott, and tell him that I hope to have the pleasure of seeing him soon, as I shall be in Richmond about the 20th of next month. Don't forget this.

LETTER XIII.

Bizarre, July 12, 1807.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

I HAVE written to Dr. Haller, requesting that a part of the time which you now employ in French exercises, may be devoted to the Greek grammar, in which it is my wish that you should say one lesson, *at the least*, daily, until you be perfect in it. The time of your continuance at school begins now to grow short, and some knowledge of the Greek is almost indispensable to the profession for which you are designed—the etymology of every term in medicine and chemistry being traced to that language.

I can't account for not having heard either from yourself or Buona, since I left Richmond. I hope it has not been owing to your carelessness, but to some other cause. Your sister is well; but your cousin Judy complains a good deal of pain in her side. My own health has been very various since I saw you. Write and let me know how and what you do. God bless you, my dear boy.

I am your affectionate friend,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

T. B. DUDLEY.

Call on my good friend Major Scott, and present my best regards to him, with inquiries after his health. If you should see Dr. Brockenbrough, present him with my best respects. You are now of an age to know how the world begins to move, and I hope you will entertain me with such occurrences as fall within your observation. Do you know whether Mr. Tucker returned to Williamsburg after the Court of Appeals rose, or if he has gone to Staunton?

LETTER XIV.

Farmville, August 3, 1807.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

YOUR few short lines were received by the last post, but I have seen nothing of the letter which you mention having kept in your desk, in expectation of a conveyance by Mr. Randolph. Do you say your lessons to Mr. O'Reilly now? I hope you do; and that you will make every exertion to attain a proficiency in Greek, even at the expense of a temporary neglect of your French and Latin. Indeed, the Greek itself would keep alive your knowledge of the last. You say nothing of the Major or of Dr. Brockenbrough. Make my respects to both of them, and ask the Major to write to me.

My love to Tudor: I have not leisure to write to him by this post. I shall not disapprove his visit to Mr. Heth's, if he do not make it too long. The letter to which he refers, has never reached me. Hereafter, I hope, you will put your letters into the post-office *with your own hands*. Let me know if you want any thing—clothes, &c. Your sister has had the St. Anthony's fire, but is quite well at present. Your cousin Judy has been complaining for some days, and looks badly.

Your affectionate friend,
JOHN RANDOLPH.

I am sorry that Tudor has left off saying his lessons to Mr. O'Reilly. I like his method of teaching. Show him [Tudor] this letter.

Capt. Murray's family are on a visit to Dr. Robinson. Hodijah is coming to live with Mr. Johnston, to study law with him. He is expected up every day.

LETTER XV.

Farmville, Aug. 7, 1807.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

I HAVE just received your letter of the 2d. Enclosed you have ten dollars, out of which you will reimburse Dr. Haller the price of the hat which he was so good as to procure for you when yours was stolen. If you are in want of shoes, get a pair, and divide what may remain of the money with Tudor. In your next, let me know the number of lessons, &c., which you daily perform, and the masters to whom you recite; or, rather, a description of your studies for a week, under the several heads of Greek, Latin, French, mathematics, &c. I am sorry, my dear boy, that you should write merely from a sense of duty; but I hope you will not always be as destitute of matter worth communicating as you now represent yourself to be, and as I feel to be my own case. I am quite alone, and obliged to do great violence to my inclination in continuing to endure the privation of your and Tudor's society; but the consideration of your advantage prevails over my own gratification. Farewell, my dear boys: may you answer and ever exceed the expectations of your fond uncle,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

T. B. DUDLEY.

Have you heard lately from your father or mother? Sally is well: Hodijah has not yet come up.

LETTER XVI.

Farmville, Friday, Aug. 21, 1807.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

I HAVE just received your letter of the 15th, which gives me a great deal of pleasure as far as it relates to yourself; but I was sorry to hear nothing of Tudor, who last week wrote to his mother that he was in bad health, and his silence this week will make her very uneasy. Why do you take no notice of each other in your letters, as if you were utter strangers. I calculated that four or five dollars (I gave four for Buona) would get your hat, two the shoes, and then there would have been nine or twelve shillings a-piece for you.

Give my compliments to Major Scott, and ask him to pay you ten dollars, and charge them to me. Give Tudor two of them in my name. If the other eight do not answer your purpose, the major will give you what is requisite. Do you take plenty of exercise? and how is your health and Tudor's? Is the mathematical lesson you say, in Euclid?—What book? I wish you not to discontinue French entirely, by any means. Omitting some of your Latin lessons, (say three a week,) would enable you to devote two or three days to French.

Call *immediately* on Major Scott, and tell him that I understand Davis means to send the wagons down soon, and I request he will order them to call at Webster's cabinet-shop for a press and bedstead for me. You have not yet mentioned how my old friend is, or Dr. B. Your intelligence

is acceptable, although not new. Write *Alston*, not *Alstin*.

God bless you, my dear Theodore.

Yours affectionately,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

T. B. DUDLEY.

Mr. Creed Taylor, who saw you both on Saturday, tells me Tudor and yourself were well.

LETTER XVII.

Bizarre, Aug. 23, 1807.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

WHEN I wrote to you yesterday, I did not advert to the circumstance of your being engaged in reading "Elements de Chymie," which will serve to prevent your forgetting your French altogether. Nevertheless, I could wish you to accustom yourself to translate into that language, or (what is better) to compose in it; since, in a short time, you would acquire the habit of *thinking in it*, also, instead of thinking in English and translating your thoughts. Do not suppose, from this, that I prefer the French, as a language, to our own. Far from it. In my estimation it stands at an immeasurable distance, in the scale of excellence, below our native tongue. But the progress of the arts in France, and still more, the progress of her *arms*, render an acquaintance with the language of that formidable people almost indispensable. Widely diffused as it now is, every day enlarges its range. It will be to Europe what the Latin was in the age of Trajan; and the time, perhaps, is not far distant, when the language and literature of England will be unknown out of North America, and we shall not

preserve them without a struggle. They have not taken root deep enough in India to withstand the storm: perhaps their insignificancy may preserve the settlements in New Holland, and thus perpetuate the mother tongue in both hemispheres. Under these circumstances, nothing short of infatuation could induce the English cabinet to force us into a war with them. But I am running into politics.

Is it true that Dr. Haller intends to break up his school, and for the reason which I have heard assigned?—"Mr. Pelzer's striking one of his scholars?" Is Mr. Pelzer still with Dr. H. and Mr. Garnet? Has the philosophical apparatus arrived? Does any one lecture on natural philosophy or chemistry? Are there any other Greek scholars but yourself? if so, what books do they read? Have you practised much in arithmetic?—without a ready knowledge of it, the study of the mathematics will be vain. I hope, in your next, a reply to these queries, for I have observed that your letters are very seldom *answers* to mine.

Sally was much pleased with your intelligence concerning her parents and brethren. She is well, and desires to be remembered affectionately to you: so does your cousin Judy. I'm afraid that we shall have very few partridges, owing to the wetness of the season. Yesterday was the first day that has passed without rain since the 10th. The crops are ruined, corn excepted, and that much injured by wet. Farewell, my dear Theodore.

I am, in truth, your affectionate kinsman

and friend,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

THEODORICK BLAND DUDLEY.

LETTER XVIII.

Bizarre, August 30, 1807.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

DR. HALLER writes me that you have become exceedingly diligent of late, and that the good effect of your industry is manifested by your advancement in your studies. I can scarcely make you sensible of the pleasure which this intelligence has given me. I laid awake the greater part of the night, after I received the letter, thinking of you, and pleasing myself with imagining your future progress in life. Whether you prove a useful or creditable member of society or not, depends altogether upon yourself; and I am truly rejoiced to hear that you possess the inclination, in as great a degree as you do the power: not that I have hitherto doubted your disposition to learn; but there is a wide difference between a boy's getting his lesson from a sense of duty, or a fear of punishment, and his applying himself, with zeal, from a conviction that he is consulting his future advantage, and from an honourable ambition to distinguish himself. To *excel*, there must be something of this ardour. Without it, nothing better than a tame mediocrity can be expected. The taste for reading, which you are now forming, will be a source of pleasure to you through life. If the indolent and the debauched could conceive the enjoyment of a literary mind, their boasted pleasures would become loathsome to them.

You say that your mathematical lessons are "in the first book:"—of what? Euclid, I suppose; but why this obscurity, or, rather, this omission? Do you read the evangelists in Greek with tolerable facility? How do you like that language? Do you continue to translate English into French and Latin? If you see Quasha when he comes down again, send me Edgeworth's Tales by him. By the way, call at Major Scott's every evening after this comes to hand, and you will know when the wagon comes down. I expect it will be in town about Wednesday or Thursday. Inquire at

Gordon's, Ellis', and Allen's, and the different stores, for shot No. 8; get me a bag, and send it up by Quasha; the Major will pay for it, or, what is the same thing, furnish you with money to do it. Order Quasha to call at Webster's cabinet shop for a mahogany press, and a bedstead of mine, and, if there are any oyster shells in Richmond, get a hogshead for me, and send them up by the wagon. The Major is busy, and I do not like to trouble him. Show him this letter, and he will advance the money for the shot and shells.

Adieu, my son,

Your friend,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

My dear Buona has not written to his uncle for a great length of time. The examination being over, he now has leisure, no doubt. My love to him.

LETTER XIX.

Bizarre, Oct. 6, 1807

MY DEAR BOYS,

THE time has, at length, arrived, when I may once more indulge myself with the pleasure of your company. It is an unspeakable satisfaction to me, you may be assured, and, I trust, not less so to yourselves. Enclosed are twenty dollars, (five a piece, besides ten for your journey,) which may discharge any little debts that you may have contracted, although I hope you have not exposed yourselves to the inconvenience of any debt, however small: but I know that this is an error into which youthful heedlessness is too apt to run. If you have escaped it, you have exercised more judgment than I possessed at your age; the want of which cost

me many a heart-ache. When any bauble caught my fancy, I would, perhaps, buy it on credit, and always for twice as much, at least, as it was worth. In a day or two, cloyed with the possession of what, to my youthful imagination, had appeared so very desirable, I would readily have given it away to the first comer; but, in discarding it, I could not exonerate myself from the debt which I had unwittingly incurred, the recollection of which incessantly haunted me. Many a night's sleep has been broken by sad reflection, on the difficulty into which I had plunged myself, and in devising means of extrication. At the approach of my creditor, I shrunk, and *looked*, no doubt, as meanly as I *felt*: for the relation between debtor and creditor is that of a slave to his master. It begins with the subjugation of the mind, and ends with the enslavement of the body. The ancients sold the person of the debtor to slavery for the benefit of the creditor; we imprison it: neither punishment too severe for the wretch, who is abject enough to submit to conditions which may, ultimately, lead to so humiliating a consequence. The most intolerable portion of his lot is its degradation, and to this he has deliberately consented to subject himself, *upon a contingency!* At the same time, he must have the soul of Nero, who could inflict upon a fellow being so much misery, (and this is the strongest argument against capital punishment: for human butchery presupposes human butchers, monsters whom society should not tolerate, much less nourish in her bosom;) I except, however, the case of a fraudulent debtor. For if he may be enslaved in the penitentiary, who steals a dollar, surely he may be punished with imprisonment, or hard labour, who dishonestly embezzles, or withholds, a hundred, which he justly owes, and is able to pay. He is the greater rogue of the two, for he adds breach of trust to robbery. You did not trust the highwayman who forcibly, or the thief who privately, took your dollar, or your money. You never put it into their hands with a *sacred promise*, expressed, or implied, to restore it again; but secured it against both as well as you could. Speaking of promises, (and every debtor is a pro-

miser, and too often a *promise-breaker*,) you cannot be too much on your guard against them, *unless where the performance is undoubtedly in your power, and, at the same time, will conduce to your honour or benefit*, or those of another. When I was a boy, I was sometimes betrayed into promises, by the artful solicitation of others, principally servants, whom I had not the firmness to deny. The courage which enables us to say “*no*” to an improper application, cannot be too soon acquired. The want of it has utterly ruined many an amiable man. My word, in a moment of facility, being once passed, I was even more tormented with the thoughts of the obligation into which I had unthinkingly entered, than by the importunity of those to whom it had been given. Let me advise you both to profit by my warning, and never make a promise which you can honourably avoid. When any one proposes a matter to you, in the least degree repugnant to your feelings, have the courage to give a resolute, yet mild, denial. Do not, through false shame, through a *vicious modesty*, entrap yourself into a situation which may dye your cheeks with *real* shame. Say, “*No, it will not be in my power; I cannot:*” or, if it be a thing which you would willingly do, but doubt your ability, take care to say, “*I cannot promise*, but, if it be in my power, I will do it.” Remember, too, that no good man will ever exact a promise of a boy, or a very young person, but for their good; never for his own benefit. You may safely promise to *try* to get so many lines in Virgil, &c.; and if you do *honestly endeavour* to effect it, your word is not forfeited. In short, a promise is always a serious evil to him who gives it; often to him who receives it; (unless it have his advantage for its object;) for, putting full faith in it, he takes his measures accordingly, and is, perchance, thereby ruined. As to the promiser, he is like the keeper, who amused the spectators of his lion by putting his head into the animal’s mouth. This he did frequently, and got it out in safety, until, at last, the lion, in a fit of ill-humour, bit it off. Your word ought to be dearer to you than your head: beware, then, how you put it

into the lion's mouth. If it were proposed to you to save your lives by a *lie*, and either of you had the weakness to consent, I should pity him, but, at the same time, *despise him* from my very soul. From all this, you will readily infer how dangerous it is to be the depository of a secret. Curiosity, my dear boys, is a powerful passion, but beware of entering into stipulations with any one for indulging it. He who discloses his secret to another, is generally supposed to do that person a favour; but how falsely, a few moments' consideration will show. He who offers to confide a secret to you, takes a great liberty, and, in fact, asks you to do him a great favour, that of keeping it, which none but a friend has any claim to do. You would be safer, and act a less foolish part, to promise to keep his money for him, at your own risk, and refund what might be lost or stolen, because you would be sure that it was in your exclusive custody, whereas, the secret may be, and, probably, has been, intrusted by the possessor to others besides yourself, and, when he finds it divulged, you are involved in the general suspicion. But this is not all. You lay yourself open to embarrassment in many ways. Suppose William Gerard Hamilton had confided to you that he was the author of the letters of Junius, and you should be questioned about it. If Hamilton were your friend, you would have no hesitation, for it would be your duty, boldly to undertake the preservation of his secret, and faithfully to perform it; but why all this for a stranger? unless that stranger be friendless, and have qualities to recommend him to your esteem or compassion. Having become the depository of a secret, *it must be preserved*, at whatever risk. It cannot be betrayed without infamy. He who does it is a perjured traitor. Well! you are asked, "Do you know the author of Junius?" You may reply, (because it is an unfair question,) "What right have you to inquire?" But, suppose Hamilton to be suspected, and you, being in habits of particular intimacy with him, are supposed to know, and are directly asked "Is not William Gerard Hamilton the author of Junius?" What's to be done? If you falter, or are

silent, you betray your friend as effectually as if you answered affirmatively, "*He is.*" This is a painful predicament, indeed, to an ingenuous mind. You cannot betray your friend without incurring the blackest guilt. Your obligation to him is anterior to the other, and supersedes it; for the condition upon which you were trusted was that you should not disclose it, and that condition embraces this very case. You have then stipulated with him that if you are asked the question, you will say "no," and endeavour to *look* "no." This stipulation is virtually contained in that to keep the secret. Your part then is decided: you give a firm denial;—the only case in which it is permitted to violate truth, and that for its preservation. But, *remember*, there must be no concealed *guilt* in *that latent truth*. When the Persian youth were taught to draw the bow, to speak the truth, and to keep a secret, (which, in fact, is nothing but adhering to the truth, the divulger being, at once, a liar and a traitor,) they overran all the western Asia; but when they became corrupt and unfaithful to their word, a handful of Greeks was an over-match for millions of them. A liar is always a coward. I have thus, my dear boys, thrown out, at greater length than I intended, some principles for your consideration. Keep this letter, and read it again—but do not show it; not that I am ashamed of it; but it is not right to show letters, or repeat private conversation, except in very particular circumstances. Never do it, until you are old enough to judge of those circumstances, and then with scrupulous delicacy.

On Saturday, the river was almost as low as it was last summer, and, by the middle of the next day, there was the highest fresh that has been known since August, 1795, the month before you were born, my dear Buona. Do you know that there are Sorees (*vulgo Soarusses*) here. I killed one in the ice-pond, just before I went to Roanoke, and Mr. Woodson tells me that he has killed four, besides a great many ortolans. I returned from Roanoke, after a fortnight's absence, last night, and, whilst there, I killed ortolans in abundance. This puts me in mind, my dear Theodore, to request that you

will bring me the articles of which you have a list subjoined. God bless you both, my dear boys.

Your fond uncle,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

Mr. T. B. DUDLEY and T. T. RANDOLPH.

My compliments to Dr. H. I am sorry to see his Latin masters changed so often.

Call at Mr. Charles Johnston's, and inquire whether there are any letters there for me. Also, whether there is any news of the ships Calpe, Desdemona, or Rolla?—or any late arrival from London? Bring me, also, the last newspapers: take a memorandum of the ships' names.

LETTER XX.

Nov. 15, 1807.

MY DEAR SON,

I HAVE been three long weeks at this place; almost all the time in bad health and worse spirits, and not a line have I received from yourself or Buona. I hoped you would have informed me how you spent your time—what books you had read—how many partridges, &c., you had killed—what visits you had paid or received, and, above all, how your cousin's health, which I left in the most delicate state, stood affected. When I have strength and leisure, I will write to you fully on the subject of our last conversation: at present I am incapable. Mean while, for whatever you want, apply to Major Scott, who will furnish you at a moment's warning.

Your friend,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

Ask Dr. Robinson if he received a letter from me.

LETTER XXI.

Georgetown, Nov. 27, 1807.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

YOUR letter has afforded me a pleasure which I never fail to receive from your communications. Your present situation, my son, is not exactly that which I would wish, but I cannot select one more eligible, at this time. If, however, you make a proper use of your present opportunity, slender as it is, you cannot fail to derive much useful information from it. You are now of an age, my dear boy, when the mind, no longer passive to impression, begins to exert itself. The elements of knowledge are within yourself, and the rest, of course, within your reach. We, all of us, have two educations; one which we receive from others—another, and the most valuable, which we give ourselves. It is this last which fixes our grade in society, which determines, eventually, our actual value in this life, and, perhaps, the colour of our fate hereafter. Yes, my dear Theodore, your destiny is in your own hands; nor would all the professors and teachers in the world make you a wise and good man without your own co-operation; and, if such you are determined to be, it is not the want of them that can prevent it.

You are mistaken in supposing that there are no English books in the press, the key of which I left with you: behind the Encyclopædia are some cumbrous folios, none of them deserving your attention, except, perhaps, Rapin; but, in the upper division, you will find, behind Voltaire and Rousseau, nearly a hundred volumes, amongst which are Hume, Belsham, and many others, which I consider as standard works that you cannot be too well acquainted with. There is a little manuscript catalogue of them on the shelf; and, if you will send it me, I will mark such as you would do well to read, noting the order. There are, besides, the books in the cabinet, to say nothing of your lexicons, atlases, &c. I

would advise you, in reading, to consult the Encyclopædia when you meet with a difficult article; always resorting for the meaning of words, which you do not understand, to the Dictionnaire de l'Academie, in the first instance, and never to the French and English dictionary, but from necessity. It will enlarge your knowledge of the language, more than you are aware of. I would recommend, too, frequent translations from the French, which, when the original has faded from your mind, you may retranslate in your own style, and then compare it with your author.

I rejoice to hear of your amusement with your gun, and that you are regaining your skill. I hope even Buona will soon come to beat me on the wing. Give my love to him: I long to see his rosy cheeks. My love, also, to Sally.

God bless you, my dear boy.

I am your fond uncle,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

THEODORICK BLAND DUDLEY.

Write by the Orleans mail. Remember me kindly to the Doctor and Mrs. R., and to Hodijah, also. Tell the former I have received his letter, and thank him for it.

LETTER XXII.

Dec. 11, 1807.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

I WAS more mistaken than I thought I was, in respect to the *English* books in the press, the keys of which I left you. But I trust you have enough to employ you until my return. I have, literally, nothing, my dear boy, to say to

you, except to express my unceasing solicitude for your welfare. Having made a party to shoot to-morrow, I feared I might not have time on my return to write even a few lines, which I feel confident you are always glad to receive from

Your affectionate friend,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

LETTER XXIII.

Dec. 19, 1807.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

I HAVE just received your letter of the 17th, and thank you for it, as I am always gratified at hearing from you. Perhaps you could not do better than to begin Hume (as you have read it once) with the reign of Elizabeth, and read with attention that important period, and also the reign of Charles I., the Protectorate, and Charles and James II. The civil wars cannot be studied too deeply.

I have very pleasing intelligence of your old companion St. George. He was well, at Paris, on the 25th of October; has made great proficiency in drawing, and will soon begin sculpture on fine stones, (seals, &c.,) and painting.

Voltaire is a most sprightly, agreeable writer, but not always to be depended upon for facts. His Charles XII. and Peter are his most accurate works. The *Siècle de Louis XIV.* is, upon the whole, not an unfaithful history; and, as a picture of the manners of that age, is *unique*. Compare the Dutch *now*, with what they were *then*. I sometimes try to believe that their present degradation is a visitation of God for the massacre of the De Witts. May we, my dear son, take warning of the fate of that once powerful republic. Their cruel task-master is now forging chains for us.

God bless you—and make you good, and learned, and happy. The two first are in your own power.

Your fond uncle, and friend,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

LETTER XXIV.

Jan. 10, 1808.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

I HAVE barely time to thank you for your letter, with its accompaniment. You have retained the French idiom in several instances in your version of Miss M——'s letter. You must, my dear son, be in want of various things necessary to your time of life. Enclosed is a trifle, which may assist in supplying some of them.

My love to Tudor and Sally.

Yours,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

THEODORE BLAND DUDLEY.

LETTER XXV.

Georgetown, Jan. 31, 1808.

MY DEAR BOYS,

You have given me cause to complain of you. You have, indeed, assigned as a reason for your silence, the want of a subject on which to write. But surely you might send me some translation, Latin, French, or English, which

would serve to amuse a solitary hour, (for I am almost without society or books,) and afford proof of your application. I do most earnestly exhort you both to a proper employment of your time—which, now misspent, is for ever lost.

When you see Hodijah, remember me very cordially to him. I have sometimes hoped that he would write to me; but it seems I flattered myself in vain.

God bless you both: let me know how you employ yourselves.

Your affectionate uncle,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

T. B. DUDLEY and T. T. RANDOLPH.

LETTER XXVI.

Georgetown, Feb. 12, 1808.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

AMIDST other causes of uneasiness, which press upon me in my present situation, I have not been exempt from much concern on your account. I fear, my son, that too much, not only of your time, but of your attention, is estranged from those objects to which they ought to be almost exclusively directed. Do you know from what circumstances I have drawn this unpleasant inference?—from your writing so seldom, and, when you do, making no mention of the books which you have read, much less expressing any opinion concerning them. By this time, I suppose you must have finished Hume and Belsham. Endeavour, I beseech you, to acquire a minute knowledge of English history, especially since the accession of the House of Stuart. Next take up Robertson's Scotland, which, with more propriety, might be entitled his history of Mary. The life of

Charles V., by the same author, and Russell's *Modern Europe*, will give you a tolerable outline of the history of the continental nations, and a review of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* will afford the connexion between the ancient and modern worlds. All these books you will find in the cabinet. Do not, however, permit history to engross your attention to the exclusion of languages. You may keep alive, and even improve your knowledge of Latin and French by a very simple but obvious method. On one day translate into English a passage from some easy author, Cæsar or *Tele-machus*, for example; and, on the next, restore them to the original language: then compare your version with the book, and by it correct, with your pen, all inaccuracies. This will impress the thing more deeply on your mind. At the same time, continue to read the more difficult authors, such as Horace and Livy, (this last is in the cabinet,) with your dictionary. You will find Le Sage's *Atlas* a great help in your historical researches. When you see Dr. Robinson, you may consult him on any difficult passage in the classics. Do not, I beseech you, give up your Greek grammar, even if you retain nothing but declensions and conjugations.

Since I began this letter, yours of the 4th has been brought to me. You do not mention the receipt of a bank note which I sent you some weeks ago. I hope it came to hand. How does the stock fare this bad weather? Are the *Sans-Culottes* fillies in good plight? An account of matters on the plantation might supply the subject of a letter. How is poor old Jacobin? and all the rest of the *houyhnhnms*? I hope you will plant out some trees this spring, west and north of the old house.

Adieu, my dear Theodore. I am, in truth, your affectionate kinsman and friend,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

THEODORE B. DUDLEY.

I have heard nothing from your father, or mother, since I left home. Perhaps a letter, addressed to them, "near

Nashville, Tennessee," would reach them. When you write, present me to them all, and particularly to Fanny. *Apropos*:—are you aware that your letters, to me, would constitute an improving exercise to you, if you could prevail upon yourself to write every week. You can never, I affirm it, be at a loss for a subject. The occurrences of the week, your own studies, the reflections of your mind upon particular subjects, form inexhaustible topics for your communications. What have *I* to write about, more than yourself? What portion of this letter consists of narrative of facts.

LETTER XXVII.

Georgetown, Feb. 23, 1808.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

YOUR last letter gave me unusual satisfaction. Continue, I beseech you, my son, to afford me the same gratification every week. An account of your studies, and even of your amusements, would at all times serve to amuse me, at least—and must always be a subject of interest to me. I am unable, to-day, to do more than express my wishes that your time may pass both profitably and pleasantly; for, although the fineness of the day has tempted me to take an airing in a carriage, I do not feel at all the better for it. I am glad to hear that you have, at last, received intelligence of your parents and family, and beg you to remember me to them all, when you write.

Greet the Doctor in my name, and tell him that I was much concerned to see, by the papers, that he has lost the locks of his fowling-piece, and shall be glad to hear that he has found them again. My best regards, also, to Mrs. R., and tell her I hope my little friend Will is well, although I

am sorry to learn that I am likely to lose him as a neighbour. Commend me to Hodijah, who, I hope, has not forgotten me.

Adieu, my dear Theodore, and believe me, with the most unfeigned regard,

Your friend and kinsman,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

THEODORICK BLAND DUDLEY.

My love to Sally.

LETTER XXVIII.

Georgetown, March 6, 1808.

MY DEAR BOYS,

I INTENDED to have written to each of you to-day, and at considerable length, but I have passed a very bad night, and find myself too much disordered to do more than say, How do you do? and express my earnest wishes for your well being. My complaint, I believe, is a rheumatic fever; for I am never free from flying pains, and am very feverish. Give my love to your mother, my dear Buona, and tell her that I will endeavour to send her your brother's drawings (some of them, at least) by Mr. Earle, of South Carolina, brother to him who once called at Bizarre to see me. He is not in Congress, but came here a few days since, on business; and he tells me that he will return about the middle of next week. As he travels in a chair, I hope he will be able to take the drawings on with him. I wrote to your mother yesterday, by the Orleans mail.

My dear boys, remember me to all our neighbours, when you see them: the Doctor and Mrs. Robinson, Mr. Dillon, Mr. Woodson, Mrs. Johnston and family. Be particular in

mentioning me to Hodijah and Tom Murray, whom I thank for his kind remembrance of me. God bless you both, and believe me, in truth,

Your affectionate uncle,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

Messrs. THEO. B. DUDLEY and T. TUDOR RANDOLPH.

My love to Sally.

LETTER XXIX.

Georgetown, March 13, 1808.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

YOUR two letters, of the 28th of February and 6th of March, both arrived by the same post. It gives me great pleasure, my dear son, to see you so well employed; but, at the same time, I must point out to you some traces of negligence, as well as some errors in your translations.

“Benifit” for “benefit;” “insilfferable” (I have tried to imitate the character) for *insufferable*. “Enough resources, or room, or of troops.” Adverbs of quantity govern the genitive; but this is awkwardly expressed. You have rendered the difficult passage very well; although rather too much in the Latin idiom. This fault, time will correct. I find it in your French translations also. I would have said “should not be refused *by any*,” although it is in the dative, “*se vindicare in libertatem;*” *restore themselves to liberty*, or *vindicate their liberty*, is more literal, and equally elegant with “*obtain their liberty*,” and, *therefore*, better. “*Least*” is not an English conjunction; it should be *lest*. Consult Horne Tooke for this word. The Index in the second volume (I believe) will refer you to the page where it is to be found. “Marcus Anthony:” we say *Mark Antho-*

ny, or *Marcus Antonius*. “Have *began*” is not correct; *began* is the imperfect tense—*begun* is the perfect.

“*Il’seu faut beaucoup*”—*far from it, or, much is wanting*. “The Primate, who *served* so much to the deposing Augustus;” it should be *of* Augustus: but, moreover, this English smells of French too strongly: who *contributed* so much, would have been better. Also, “the expedition *against* (rather than *of*) Copenhagen.” “The *instructions* upon which I have *worked*, French idiom again: *Information*—have *written* or *built*. “*It* is not a history, far from it, but *they* are excellent materials.” Here is a false concord. The handwriting is very illegible. For want of the original, I have not been able to correct as well as I could have wished; but, by looking over it yourself, you will see where my remarks apply. And now, my dear Theodore, let me thank you, which I do most sincerely, for your letters, and request a regular continuance of them. In a short time, my dear boy, I hope you will be in a more eligible situation for prosecuting your studies. You might be in a much worse, in any school now within your reach, unless your old one has (as I hope) changed materially for the better.

I am sorry to hear that you had not received your linen, &c., by the wagon. Quasha could not have called at Ellis’ and Allan’s. By this time, however, I hope you have obtained them.

Farewell. Let me know how our neighbours are. To-day, for the first time since my accident, I rode out on horseback.

Yours, most affectionately,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

T. B. DUDLEY.

My love to Sally.

LETTER XXX.

Saturday, March 18, 1808.

YOU were not mistaken, my dear Theodore, in supposing that I was unwell. I have been, and am, very much disordered within the last week; but you were mistaken in ascribing your not hearing from me to that cause, for I have written to you very regularly. I wish, if you hear any news of your mother, or her family, to let me know how they all do, and, when you write, to present me to them all, especially to your sister Fanny, for whom I feel peculiar regard.

I am surprised to hear that the stock, horses especially, will be poor, since there was such plenty of hay and corn. I hope Mr. Galding will attend to poor little Minikin.

In the hurry of my last, I forgot to note, in one of your translations from Cæsar, (of March 6th,) the following inaccuracies: "Intollerable;" "*winterings*" for *winter-quarters*.

In the translation from Voltaire, of March 13th: "I yet wait an extract"—*for an extract* would have been better. "I, *who's* intention"—now, always written *whose*. In the translation from Cæsar, of the same date: "Ambushcades" for ambuscades. We say *ambush*, but not *ambushcade* or *ambushscade*, but *ambuscade*.

The negotiation with Mr. Rose, the British minister, is at an end. But you are no politician, I believe; and I hope (for your sake) you never may be. Remember me affectionately to Sally, and to Hodijah and Tom Murray. The Doctor and his charming wife, I hope, have not forgotten me, although I fear my little friend William has. My best regards to them all.

Adieu, my dear Theodore.

Yours, most truly,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

MR. THEODORICK BLAND DUDLEY.

By this time, I hope you have been gratified with a sight of St. George's* drawings: tell me what you think of them.

LETTER XXXI.

Georgetown, April 3, 1808.

MY dear Theodore will excuse the shortness of this hurried letter, in consideration of the fatigue which has almost entirely exhausted me. I thank you, my son, for your intelligence respecting your mother and her family. Do not forget to remember me to her, and all of them, when you *write*. You have spelled the present participle of this verb with a *g* and an *h*, thus, "wrighting"—both supernumerary letters;—the last of which you have cut off from the poor preposition *through*—often written *thro'*, but never *but once*, "throug:" "which evil fell *to*," instead of upon, &c.

I have sent you and Tudor four fish-hooks, worth four thousand of the common sort. Adieu.

Yours, truly,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

MR. THEODORE BLAND DUDLEY.

My best love to Sally.

* His oldest nephew was unfortunately deaf and dumb.

LETTER XXXII.

Saturday, April 23d, 1808.

Half past five.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

THIS is, probably, the last letter which I shall write for some time to come, from this place, at least; but, I could not refrain from letting you all know that I am not quite dead, although nearly so, with the intolerable fatigue of my late mode of life. I shall leave Georgetown on Tuesday morning, and, if I do not take Richmond in my way, shall reach Bizarre by dinner time, on Saturday: in which event I shall bring two or three of my Georgia friends with me. Give my best love to your cousin Judy, and apprize her of this. God bless you all.

Yours, truly,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

T. B. DUDLEY.

LETTER XXXIII.

Nov. 2, 1808.

I AM about to leave you once more, my dear boys, with sensations of regret that I know not how to describe. You, however, I trust, will diminish that which I now feel, and assuage many more that may be in store for me, by an adherence to that propriety of conduct which I have so often delighted to observe in you. Cherish, I beseech you, mutual love and kindness. Let no childish and unseemly bickerings disturb your peace, and that of my sister. There is one point on which I fear for you both—want of *exertion* in the prosecution of your studies. Upon vigorous and

steady application, all hopes of your future advancement depend. Your hours of study must be fixed, and not broken in upon by others, or wasted in lassitude and indolence. Read Lord Chatham's Letters again. Think that I speak to you in his words—accustom yourselves to act, as if in the presence of some friend, whose approbation you are solicitous to gain and preserve. You are, indeed, never out of the view of a superintending Providence, by whom all your actions are scanned. Keep this eternal truth always in mind. Do right, and you cannot fail to be as happy as our defective nature will permit the sons of men to be. Be true to yourselves and to each other, and, in the course of your journey through life, you will find more aid and comfort in the friendship formed in your boyish days, than wealth and grandeur can afford. God bless you both—you shall hear from me soon when my mind is more at rest.

Your fond uncle,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

LETTER XXXIV.

Georgetown, Dec. 4, 1808, (Sunday.)

MY DEAR THEODORE,

YOUR letter reached me yesterday, but I find myself too much disordered to do more than thank you for it. I am very sorry that your socks were omitted. The readiest way to supply the defect will be to take mine, which you will find in the upper drawer of my desk, and I will procure others in their room. They are almost new. With respect to the military school, about to be established in Farmville, I should like to know something of its professors before I would consent to your becoming a pupil, even if I approved the institution, *which I do not*. I therefore hope that you

will curb your military spirit for the present. If ever you are attached to an army, I hope it will be in the capacity of a surgeon—a curer, not an inflictor of wounds.

Farewell, my dear boy. My love to your sister, your cousin, and Tudor. I am not positively *sick*; but weak, giddy, and what is worse (I fear) low-spirited. For this last disease there is unfortunately neither physician nor medicine.

Yours, affectionately,
JOHN RANDOLPH.

LETTER XXXV.

Georgetown, Dec. 11, 1808.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

ON looking over my letters from home I perceive that your last is dated on the 30th of November. As the several mails afford you three distinct channels for writing every week, I cannot but feel somewhat neglected by you. You complain of the want of a theme; cannot you (to say nothing of family affairs and neighbourhood incidents) give me your opinion of some interesting character whom you have met with in history, or of the historian himself, or any other author whom you may have read. Nay, a translation from the Latin and French, alternately, would be acceptable.

I must request you to hear Tudor a lesson in the Greek grammar every day, and not to permit him to say it until he can repeat it perfectly. I would have you read Horace (with Francis' translation) three times a week. With Russell's *Modern Europe* there will be no propriety in mingling ancient history. After you have finished it, you may refresh yourself in ancient history with Rollin, which Tom Murray

will lend you, or which you can have sent down from Roanoke. In reading Russell, I advise you to make a small chronological table of the *most* remarkable *contemporary* events and celebrated men. This will prevent the confusion of mind which skipping from subject to subject, is otherwise almost sure to occasion. You will find Le Sage's Atlas of great benefit, also. In French, I recommend to you Voltaire's History of Russia, if (as I believe) you have not read it.

My best love to your sister and cousin, and to Tudor. Do *not fail* to present me, in the most friendly terms, to Doctor and Mrs. R., and Tom, and to our good neighbour Mr. Dillon, also. When you see Mr. Woodson, make my respects to him, and tell him that my shooting days are, I fear, over. Farewell, my dear Theodore,

I am your affectionate friend

and kinsman,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

THEODORICK BLAND DUDLEY.

I still continue weak and giddy; writing is particularly oppressive to me. I send my sister some more papers. I trust they will serve to amuse her.

When I inquire whether you have delivered my messages, I hope I shall not have the mortifying answer that you *forgot* to do it.

LETTER XXXVI.

House of Representatives, Dec. 19, 1808.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

Your letter was duly received, and I sincerely thank you for it. I have not time, my dear son, to do more, except

to request that you will give me some account of the *daily* and *regular* employment of your time. Your cousin Judy sends me very flattering accounts of your progress in *shortening*, which reminds me to ask you to take out my new double-barrelled gun, on some *clear, dry* day, and with a *small* tow wad, on the end of a long ram-rod, wipe the antechamber dry and clear.

My love to your cousin, your sister, and Tudor, and believe me, with true regard,

Your friend and kinsman,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

I send your cousin the last *Intelligencer*, of this morning's date, and some other interesting papers. The narrative of Don P. Cevallos is well worth perusal.

Remember me to the Doctor and family.

LETTER XXXVII.

Dec. 25, 1808.

MY DEAR BOYS,

You must not think that I neglect you. I have barely time to thank you for your letters, and to request that you will continue to write to me, regularly once a week. My health and avocations will, I fear, preclude me from being as good a correspondent as I have heretofore been; but you must not mind that. Give my love to your mother, my dear Tudor. I wrote to her by the Orleans mail yesterday, (which brought me no letter,) and sent her a book; Scott's *Lay of the last Minstrel*. Give my love, also, to Sally, my dear Theodore, and to your friends in Tennessee,

when you write to them. Enclosed, is a Christmas-box, which you will divide between you. Adieu, my sons.

Yours, in haste,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

My best regards to the Doctor, Mrs. R., and Tom.*

LETTER XXXVIII.

Dec. 30, 1808.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

I THANK you for your letter, but *not* for your translation. It bears every mark of the hand of negligence, and I beg that I may receive no more of such careless and hurried performances. "*Nonum prematur in annum,*" is the maxim of the great Roman critic. I do not see, therefore, why you should not keep your compositions at least half as many days; instead of sending me what you have just scribbled off, in a hurry, without time, perhaps, to read it over once; for I observe that the post mark and date of your letter are the same. It is hard to say whether the Latin or English be most defective. We have "*volente*" for *volentes*; "*obliquam*" for *obliquum*; "*rata*" for *rotæ*, &c.; besides many words written in an indistinct character, well adapted to conceal inaccuracies of termination. "*Junctamq. aquitonibus arcton*"—"and the bear *join* to it on the north," is neither *the* sense, nor is it grammar: joined to what? *polem austratem*? By no means; but exactly the reverse. We do not say "*tracks of the wheels*;" "*track of the wheel*" is the coachman's phrase. But the worst is yet to come. "*Ut-*

* Young Mr. Murray, who was reading medicine with Dr. Robinson.

que ferant æquos et cælum and terra calores;" and as heaven and earth enjoy (or receive) *equal* heat, which you render "and as both heaven and earth are nourished by the warmth of the *horses.*" *Equos* for *æquos*; but there is no such *adjective* as *equus*. It makes, if I forget not, *equinus*. Can you believe, too, that you have made an English word of *aram*? (to satisfy you I enclose the original,) thus: *a ram*. A ram, too, of all the animals in the world, is, it seems, feminine; "*pressamq. aram,*" says Ovid; but he, perchance, did not understand Latin. In your next, I flatter myself that you will give me a proof of what you allege in one of your late letters, "that you have grown more attentive than formerly." In this expectation, I remain

Your affectionate kinsman and friend,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

T. B. DUDLEY.

I have no objection to your going with your cousin to Clifton.

LETTER XXXIX.

Georgetown, Jan. 13, 1809.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

YOUR letter of the 8th reached me this morning. I had anticipated your mortification at the sight of mine, and the translation enclosed in it; nor have I been disappointed. You, my son, I trust, will acquit me of any unnecessary or wanton injury to your feelings, which I would forbear to wound, as if they were my own. It is only to heal, that I would probe. I confidently expect, therefore, by the next post, a proof of the good effect of your own judicious reflections upon the disagreeable subject of my last. Your

own good sense, my dear boy,—if you give it fair play,—*backed by industry*, will ensure you a competent degree of proficiency in whatsoever pursuit you may engage. But, to choose a more agreeable theme:—I am glad to hear, from your cousin Judy, that you did not so suffer from the cold on your journey from Clifton, but that you have been able to enjoy the fine exercise of skating since your return home. You will not fail, I hope, to harden yourself by active exposure in the open air, against the diseases to which a sedentary life is subject. This may be done without intrenching too much on study. “*Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci.*” May you, my dear boy, who are a great marksman, hit this happy medium. I write under considerable indisposition, and with two gentlemen talking around me, and often TO ME. I must, therefore, ask your excuse for my incoherence, and abrupt conclusion.

I am, as ever,

Your affectionate kinsman and friend,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

THEO. BLAND DUDLEY.

My best regards to Dr. and Mrs. R., and Tom Murray, and my love to Sally. Have you seen any woodcocks this season? I have not heard of more than one that has been shot; and that was by Mr. Garnet, just after the meeting of Congress—which I saw.

LETTER XL.

Library of Congress, Jan. 17, 1809.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

YOUR letter of the 13th arrived this morning, and I trust the apprehension it expresses has been dispelled by my last; although, to say the truth, I was by no means *pleased*. Your translation bears scarcely any resemblance to its predecessor; being, with a single exception, *literally* correct: which proves that when you commit gross errors, it is not from a want of ability to avoid them; and, indeed, impresses me with a belief that, when you *choose*, you can *excel* "Labour is necessary to excellence." Without the one, the other never did, nor can exist, in any pursuit of human life. But, to my criticism:—*invito parenti* is improperly rendered by "*desponding father*." I do not find that *invitus* is ever used in that sense. Such, certainly, was not Ovid's meaning. "He returns thanks to his *reluctant* father;" to his father, *unwilling* to trust him with the chariot.

I must still urge you to endeavour to attain that great desideratum of writing—distinctness of character; a more important point than you are, perhaps, aware of. The want of it is particularly to be remarked in your writing, where *m*, *n*, and *u* come together. Thus, the word *etiamnum* is written somewhat like this—*ctian i mun*. This proceeds from leaving more space between the members of the same letter than between the letters themselves; and from a very ridiculous, though common practice (I might say affectation) of turning the *n* and *u*, in the same way—thus, *u u*. By giving due space between your letters and words, and writing uprightly, and with the *point* of your pen, holding it as nearly perpendicular to the paper as possible, your object will be gained. If you examine *print*, you will find its great legibility to be owing to the length of the *body* of the

letter, (not of the *heads* and *tails*,) and to a regular space preserved between the letters and words, respectively. I am sorry that my example should not comport more with my precept: but my paper is greasy; and, moreover, he who writes ill at twenty, will, at forty, be altogether illegible.

I would not mix ancient with modern history: as soon, therefore, as you finish Goldsmith, which is a very concise but admirable compilation, and cannot detain you long, I would stick to Hume and Belsham. I shall bring you Mr. Fox's history when I return home. It is but a fragment—but a most precious one. It corrects some important errors of Hume, respecting Charles and James II., who had not (that is Hume) access to the information from which Mr. Fox wrote.

Adieu, my dear Theodore.

I am, very truly, yours,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

THEODORICK BLAND DUDLEY.

My best love to your sister, and cousin Judy, and Tudor. Recall me to the recollection of our neighbours Robinsons and Dillons.

LETTER XLI.

Georgetown, June 18, 1809.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

THE Orleans post brought me your letter of the 15th last night, when I was too much occupied to thank you for it. I had barely time to scribble a few lines to your cousin Judy; and, indeed, I have scarcely more leisure to-day. I

am, indeed, oppressed with labours, to which my undivided exertions are inadequate. I highly commend the manner in which you speak of your sense of the obligations which you owe your cousin. The sentiment is highly honourable to you, my son; and is, in itself, the noblest return which you could make to the kindnesses which you have received from her. Present her and Sally with my best love.

Mr. Hall must exercise his own discretion, under the direction of Mrs. Randolph, in relation to the objects of his duty. I hope that old Cæsar has taken all the mares, &c., to Roanoke.

I enclose you a paper, which, when you have read it, please to send to our good neighbour Mr. Dillon; and ask him to return those which I have enclosed him, (*if he has no use for them,*) that you may file them. I hope Louisa does not neglect to sun my clothes, &c.; particularly the pad of my new saddle. Charge her to take care that they are not exposed to rain, or dew.

God bless you, my son. Continue to write to me; and be a little more copious on the subject of your studies and occupations. Even your sports have an interest for me.—Farewell!

Your friend and kinsman,
JOHN RANDOLPH.

Have you any tidings of my dirk?

LETTER XLII.

Georgetown, Feb. 12, 1809.
Sunday morning.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

I THANK you for your letters as marks of your remembrance and regard; but I could wish to see in them evidences of your reading and observation. Your last, for example, contains only a scanty page, loosely written, in which no mention is made of your studies, and is accompanied (like the two preceding it) by no exercise. Amend this defect, I pray you.

Did I caution you against mixing ancient with modern history? Avoid it, by all means. It is as pernicious as the reading of different histories of the same, or contemporary events, is the reverse. I recommended Rollin, because he will give you a pretty good *general* notion of the *more ancient* nations, and a tolerable account of Alexander's successors, concerning whom our compilations are very defective. This outline, however, is not always correct. Of him and Bishop Newton, who wrote on the prophecies, it has been remarked that "both these authors represent Herodotus as a fabler;—Xenophon's *Cyropædia*," a romance which probably served as the model for Fenelon's *Telemachus*, "as history;—Isai-ah's prophecies, as applying to the siege of Babylon, by *Cyrus*, instead of that by Darius;—and Darius as having preceded Astyages: four notorious and fundamental historical blunders." Indeed, compilations are, *generally*, but a sort of apology for history. The original authors ought, in all cases, to be consulted, when practicable. Thus, Herodotus, Thucydides, Polybius, and Livy, should be read, in preference to those who have made books, merely by pillaging these invaluable ancients. I have passed a very bad night.

The pain (in my side, particularly,) is much increased. I must, therefore, bid you farewell.

I am your friend and kinsman,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

THEODORICK BLAND DUDLEY.

Take care of the New York Herald, which I enclosed your cousin last night. Remember me kindly to the Doctor and Mrs. Robinson, and Tom Murray, and little *Will*. Also, to Mr. Dillon.

There was a sudden change of weather in the course of last night. It is raw and cold. A little snow has fallen, and we are threatened with more. I hope this is the source of my increased pain. Tell your cousin so. My love to her and Sally, and Tudor.

LETTER XLIII.

House of Representatives, Feb. 25, 1809.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

YOUR letter (of the 20th, if I mistake not,) was received last night. You speak of not hearing from me, not recollecting that I might, with greater propriety, make the same complaint of you, who are incommoded neither by ill health, nor incessant labour. This is probably the last letter which you will receive from me whilst I remain here. God be praised! our next communication will (with his blessing) be verbal. I rejoice, my dear boy, at the prospect of so soon seeing you all. I have no time to criticise your translation; indeed, I have it not with me. I enclosed you, this morning, a newspaper in French. You may amuse yourself in trans-

lating it, and I will compare it with its counterpart, in English, which I have preserved. The advertisements make a very good *exercise*, as they abound in idiomatical phrases. I must request you to take notice that the clumsy *packets* containing the newspapers are not folded by me, but by a servant under my direction. I do this because I would not be instrumental in giving you an awkward habit, which, perhaps, my example might induce you to contract. It is as easy to write a neat, clean hand, (and looking at my lines you may add *straight, too*,) and to fold papers with exactness and snugness, as to do both in a slovenly way. It is even more conveniently performed, taking less *time*, trouble, and paper, as well as occupying less space. For my crooked lines, I must plead that I write in a crowd, and on a surface somewhat convex. These little circumstances, as they may appear to be, are of importance in life. Many a man's success has depended on the folding and superscription of a letter.

Farewell, my dear Theodore.

I am your affectionate, but tried, kinsman,

• JOHN RANDOLPH.

T. B. DUDLEY.

TRANSLATION FROM THE PERSIAN.—*By Sir Wm. Jones.*

“ On parent's knees, a naked, new-born child,
Weeping thou satt'st, while all around thee smiled!
So live, that sinking in thy last, long sleep,
Thou then may'st smile, while all around thee weep!”

Show the above to your cousin. My love to Sally.

LETTER XLIV.

Georgetown, April 10, 1809.

I THANK you, my dear Theodore, for your letter; but I have lost, or, rather, mislaid it amongst the papers which are scattered in confusion over my room; and, although I have searched diligently for nearly an hour, cannot find it. Alas! I am fast growing blind. You were right in your conjecture, as to the cause of my omitting to write to you the week before last; and the same might now be urged with the greatest propriety.

A new map of North Carolina has lately appeared. It is said to be very accurate; and, in point of engraving and workmanship, puts the new map of Virginia to shame. It does honour to its editors Messrs. Price & Strother, and the gentleman under whose patronage it has been executed—David Stone and Peter Brown, esquires. If there are any copies for sale here, I will bring one home for Tudor and yourself. He is a sad fellow, for not writing to me.

Adieu! my dear Theodore,

Yours, truly,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

Remember me to the Doctor and lady, Tom M., and Hodijah; also, to Mr. Dillon.

LETTER XLV.

House of Representatives, June 24, 1809.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

THE Orleans mail has just brought me your letter of the 22d. I thank you very sincerely for it, and, particularly, for your meteorological observations; by which, I perceive, that the weather has been with you such as we have experienced here—very wet; and, with the exception of a few days, very hot. My health, nevertheless, has been as good as I have enjoyed for many years. I believe that I have been too busy to find time to be sick.

Your cousin Judy did very well in recommending Aiken's Letters to you. It is an excellent book. I was in hopes you would have given me some account of the impression made upon you by Homer. It is more than twenty years since I read it, and yet the impression is vivid on my mind. Are you a Greek, or a Trojan?

This is the last letter which you will receive from me, dated at this place. On Wednesday next, Congress adjourns. I shall direct to you at Roanoke—not because I deem the receipt of my few hasty lines of very material consequence, but, because I feel a desire that you should have some memento of me, if it were only the declaration of my sincere love and friendship for you. I am undecided whether I shall go to Winchester, or not. You shall hear, however, by the next mail.—Farewell, my dear son!

Your fond uncle,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

T. B. DUDLEY.

From Babel: Saturday, May 24, 1809: half past three o'clock, P. M.

You are, probably, now on the road.—I pity you—for it is oppressively hot.

LETTER XLVI.

Roanoke, Thursday Night, Aug. 6, 1810.

DEAR THEODORE,

I HAVE just returned from Mecklenburg court, whither I went on Tuesday, leaving Echo confined here, as she was too much fatigued to travel so far. I have just learned that she went off yesterday morning with the chain upon her, and I fear that the poor thing may have got entangled with it so as to prevent her getting along; and, in that condition, may be exposed to perish. I cannot express how much I am distressed at this thought. I shall, therefore, despatch Phil. in the morning with this letter in quest of her.

I fear that Johnny is very ill, from his not having come up. I need not say how much pleasure it would give me to see you here. But, you appear to have (if not a disinclination to come) so decided a preference for Bizarre, that I did not choose to put any restraint upon your inclinations. It is not strange that you should prefer the society of your sister and cousins to that of a morose old man like myself. Phil. will return with Hyperion. My love to your cousin, Sally, and St. George.

Your friend and kinsman,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

T. B. DUDLEY.

LETTER XLVII.

Roanoke, Aug. 9, 1810.

I THANK you very kindly, my dear Theodore, for your attention to Johnny, about whom I cannot help feeling some

uneasiness, although I know every care will be taken of him. You acted exactly as I should have done, in sending for Dr. Wilson; and in every other respect better than I could have done. I am obliged to you, also, my dear Theodore, for the intention with which you sent up poor Echo, whose retreat equals that of the ten thousand under Xenophon, although she is not likely to have so eloquent an historian of *her* anabasis.*

I have been very unwell ever since I parted from you. My journey to Mecklenburg did me no good: by the free use of diluting, acidulated drinks, I am somewhat better to-day—able to ride out. As soon as I am well enough, I shall come down to Bizarre.

In reply to the supplement to your letter, I need not say that there is no person that I should be more glad to see, at all times, in my house, than yourself; and I believe there is no one in the world that would be happier to see you (no, not even your own father) than, dear Theodore, him who feels like a father towards you. God bless you, my son!

JOHN RANDOLPH.

MR. THEO. B. DUDLEY.

I write in the dark. Beverley and Polly reciprocate your good wishes. St. George will inform you of Tudor's exploit, which beats that of Xenophon or Echo. I would not have made the experiment for the Bank of Virginia. My best love to your sister.

* The above paragraph refers to a favourite pointer, who had gone forty miles with a chain attached to her neck: the commencement alludes to a sick servant.

LETTER XLVIII.

Roanoke, Monday, Oct. 29, 1810.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

YOUR letter of the 24th arrived last night by the post. I could have wished that it had been a little fuller; but, in your hurried situation, perhaps I ought not to have expected more than a few lines. When you reach Philadelphia, I hope to hear from you often; regularly and fully. I am entitled to your confidence, my son, and let me flatter myself that I shall receive it. If, however, you cannot give it, there is no more to be said; it cannot be forced: like mercy, "its quality is not strained;" like mercy, too, "*it is doubly blessed;*" but, to be *itself*, it must flow—*freely, voluntarily*: if it do not, it is not *confidence*—but a base counterfeit; it is sheer hypocrisy. It is somewhat unfortunate for us both, my dear Theodore, that you should have passed so much of your time in a situation where you were exposed to the perils of a "*divided duty;*" at least, according to your estimate of things. I assure you that nothing, from the commencement of the connexion between us, has given me so much pain, (growing out of it,) as that you should have offered the request, or even *importunity*, of any person in the world, as a reason for departing from the pointed injunctions of him, who flattered himself he had more weight with you than the whole world besides. I know nothing that I am so anxious you should acquire, as the faculty of saying *no*. You must calculate on unreasonable requests being preferred to you every day of your life, and must endeavour to *deny* with as much facility as you *acquiesce*. Thus, when that worthless fellow, Farmer, brought Hyperion to Bizarre, and asked you to give a receipt for him, you ought to have said—"I did not deliver the horse to you, sir, and therefore cannot receive him back. You had better carry him to the place and person where and

from whom you got him. At any rate, it is no part of my duty to give you a receipt for him, and I cannot put my name to an important paper merely because you ask it." Rely upon it, my dear fellow, there will never be wanting persons to ask your signature, provided it can be had for asking. It is a dangerous thing to put one's name to paper; even to witness an instrument of writing may compel you to go, or subject you to be dragged from Machias to St. Mary's. If you had refused Farmer a receipt, he must have brought the horse *here*, at his own risk and charge, and it would have appeared that he was diseased; and I have no doubt became so in consequence of abuse.

By this time I flatter myself you are safely lodged in one of the straight flat streets of our American Birmingham. I am glad to hear that your financial arrangements are all settled to your satisfaction; although I do not see how you could have been liable to any disappointment in them. Let me caution you to direct the post-master not to deliver your letters to the penny post; but let them lie in the *office* until called for by yourself, in person. You did not mention whether you had met with Tom Murray, or not. Give my best respects to him, and to any other young Virginian of merit, whom I may know, at the medical school. I hope you will be established at a *Pension Française*, and that you will take lessons in fencing and dancing. I am in no fear of your taking the *French disease* in politics or morals, and wish you to acquire a facility in the language.

On Wednesday I shot with Mr. Bouldin, and I never saw any pointer behave better than Dido, fetching the birds excepted. I had given her some lessons in the dining-room, and one day's previous practice, by herself. She found the birds in the highest style—stood as stanchly as old Carlo—never flushed one, and hunted with the most invincible resolution. She followed the worm of the fence through thick briers, and put up, successively, in each corner, fifteen to twenty birds. I was next the river; and, although I could see her, they flew next the field, except two that I killed.

She was delighted to see them fall, and entered into the spirit of the sport, fully. She stood at a woodcock, which I killed, (the same, I believe, that escaped us on Friday or Saturday,) and stood at it after it was killed, as she does at the dead partridges. I have unbreeched my double-barrelled gun, and made a discovery. The antechambers contain only about half the pipe of the flash belonging to it, when reduced to its smallest size; and with that quantity (little more than a priming) she shoots much better at a mark, from thirty to forty steps, than with the extended pipe full—about three times the quantity—which I shot when we were together. You know, at Flat Lick, three years ago, Mr. Woodson said that I had not powder enough, when, in fact, I had twice as much as I ought to have used. Our day's sport consisted of six brace of partridges, and a woodcock, killed by J. R., and one brace and a hare, by Mr. Bouldin; besides two squirrels, shot flying, by J. R.

On Saturday a heavy horse, newly shod, with Colonel Clarke on his back, set his foot on mine. The three middle toes of the right foot, and the penultimate, are crushed almost to a jelly. That night, spasm ensued; but, from the free use of camphor and opium, I found relief. This morning, in hobbling from the bed to the fire, I hurt it again, and there was a recurrence of cramp, or spasm. It is now easier, and, I hope, will be well by Christmas. I will compound for that time.

I heard from Bizarre to-day. All there are well. I shall not be disappointed if a lady of our acquaintance should give her hand to some Calvinistic parson.

Beverley and Polly desire their best regards to you: so do Carlo, Echo, and Dido; and, also, little *Dash*, who arrived last night in the wagon. Adieu! dear Theodore.

I am, most sincerely and affectionately,

Yours,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

MR. THEO. BLAND DUDLEY.

Can you procure me some *extra long* and *fine* and *thick* home-manufactured woollen stockings? They should be, *at least*, three inches longer than the ordinary sized men's stockings, and of the finest wool. The market is a good place to buy them, and is a curiosity that you should examine. Direct to Charlotte, C. H., "Roanoke, near Charlotte, C. H., Virginia."

LETTER XLIX.

Bizarre, Friday, Nov. 16, 1810.

DEAR THEODORE,

I GOT here yesterday morning, having been compelled (not more from fatigue and sickness, than from inclination,) to stay the preceding night with Mr. Hoge. St. George and Johnny, who took the other road, came on that night. We found your sister and cousin in good health.

I am in no situation to write, but I cannot resist the inclination I feel to say something to you, as well as to set you a good example; and yet, what have I to say, that has not been repeated in every possible form, until, at last, it has, perhaps, become stale and nauseous to you.

Shall I tell you of my "*Miseries of Human Life?*" Last night I awaked shrieking with pain. It was spasm, occasioned by my wounded foot. The bones of the middle toe are crushed, and the whole member a mass of contusion. I fear I shall have to amputate it at last; (I mean the toe.) A large dose of opium gave me some unquiet sleep; but, to-day, I am greatly disordered. I have a bad cold and sore throat; but these I do not so much mind: my hip, and the whole thigh and leg are, very painful. I think it must be *sciatic*. The pain extends along down the inside of the thigh, crosses ob-

liquely at the knee, so as to affect rather the outer than inner side of the knee, and afflicts me beyond expression. I have felt nothing like it since my confinement at Mr. Key's, two winters ago.

You have not mentioned Messrs. Innskeep & Bradford, or another commission which began in Richmond, and ended in Georgetown. Did you stay at Crawford's? and whom did you see in Richmond. Have you received the second \$250, and lodged it in the bank? I want to know all about you; but, from your scanty letters, which look like the forced production of an ungenial climate, I suppose I shall have to glean my intelligence from others, at second or third hand. I see very plainly the error into which you have fallen, and you will see it too, (as I did in my own case,) when too late. Have you read "*Manœuvring*" yet. I tell you, (you may believe me or not, just as you please,) you are no match for female adroitness and artifice, even if not seconded by wit, some beauty, and *long practice*. The love of power, and of admiration, (and the last is subordinate and instrumental to the first,) is woman's ruling passion. Whatever be the affectation of the day, it is pushed to the extreme—is it timidity? she shrinks from a mouse; is it fortitude? she braves Heaven, itself. Read, if you please, Dr. Young's *Universal Passion*; that, I think, is the title of his satires. Let me know *how*, and *where*, and *with whom* you are lodged; who are your companions, &c. I am in great pain.

Yours, truly,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

If you make any acquaintances, who know me, tell me who they are, and their present situation in the world. When you write to your mother, inquire if my letter of last winter, enclosing Sally's, reached her. I have a particular reason for wishing to know.

LETTER L.

Roanoke, Nov. 15, 1807.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

YOUR letter of the 6th, arrived while I was at Bizarre, which place I left yesterday morning. Your cousin, however, received one from you by the same post, by which I was assured of your being well. I am sorry, my son, that any passage, in my letter to you, should have given you uneasiness. I look not for *professions* from *you*. You have never given into them, and I have always respected you the more for it. For, as Sir Peter Teazle says, "*damn sentiment.*" I have been made the victim of it. But I owe it to you, and to myself, to explain the cause which led to the expression, by which you felt yourself hurt, and which, therefore, I regret to have used.

My situation has been, for some time past, (as you know,) a peculiar one. The persons (yourself excepted) from whom I had deserved most highly; to whom I had dedicated the best years of my life, had withdrawn their confidence from me. To one of these I had devoted the prime of my manhood; another, (I blush to tell it!) I loved better than my own soul, or Him who created it! What I merited from the third, I will not say. Two of them had descended to speak injuriously, and even *falsely*, (as it respected one of those two,) concerning me. My heart was wounded to the very core. Those persons have since confessed that they were under the influence of paltry irritations, and that, in their dispassionate moments, they never felt or expressed a thought that was injurious to me. An instance, however, of disingenuousness and want of confidence, the most inexcusable, had lately occurred in one of them, or, rather, the knowledge of it occurred to me, for the matter was of some years' standing. At this juncture, I received your scanty and meagre letter from Richmond. I attributed its form to the pressure of time, un-

til I learned, the day following, that you had written more fully to *another*. I know that you are under some obligations to that person, (not that they are not reciprocal, for you have made ample returns,) and I applaud your independence in showing it, as well as the sentiment which makes you feel it. But, nevertheless, I was *hurt*. I know that the only way to deserve the confidence of another, is to give our own; although that does not always obtain it. It was because I *had* given you *mine*, and *upon no other score* that I felt I had a right to challenge yours. To you I had had no reserve, and I looked not merely for the disclosure of any matter of consequence, in case you had any such to impart, but for a frank communication of your opinions and feelings generally. I knew that young persons sometimes distrusted old ones, and I feared it might be your case towards me. I felt unhappy, and, perhaps, was unreasonable. I need say no more on this subject.

I hope you will make all your notes of lectures, &c., in *blank books*, and keep a separate one for observations, such as occur to you. I advise a journal. "One word written on the *spot*," (as when you go to see any thing worthy of curiosity, or make remarks upon the city) is worth a volume of recollections." I recommend you to the Genius of Hippocrates, (not "Hypecrates,") and earnestly recommend an attention to Dr. Physick's course. Do not fail to supply yourself with a good collection of *medical* books. Spare not on account of expense: to these, by next winter, you can add surgical instruments, electrical machine, &c. I should be *vexed* if you suffered false economy to interfere in a case like this. Let your dress, also, without being foolishly expensive, be that of a *gentleman*. I need not tell you who lived at Bizarre to be *neat*. If your teeth require it, have them cleaned and plugged by a dentist. It is an operation that, I think, ought to be performed (cleaning) once or twice a year.

I hope you will learn to *fence*, and to *dance*, also; and I am very anxious that you should speak *French*, and read Italian, Spanish, and German: "As many languages as a man knows,

so many times is he a man." If you wish it, I will send you Dufief.

Where do you lodge? Have you made any acquaintances yet? It may be worth while to attend to the *police* of the city, the watch, jail, water-works, market, scavengers, &c. I would see a ship launch when practicable. The hospitals, of course, you will be acquainted with: that of Pennsylvania is an honour to the state.

I am obliged to conclude.

Yours, in haste,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

Tudor desires to be remembered to you. Your sister was well yesterday; so were your cousin and St. George.

LETTER LI.

Roanoke, Nov. 30, 1810.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

I WAS obliged to conclude my last letter very abruptly, as there was a pressing necessity for Johnny's setting off to Richmond the instant he could get ready; bitter as the weather was; and such I never knew at the same season. It has proved very hard upon me, hand and foot; the rheumatism having settled in the first wounded limb, and the nail of the other being in the act of shedding: but, *Graces à Dieu*, I make a shift to get along without quite as many heart-aches as I have been made to feel by female caprice and affectation.

You say nothing in your letters of the places you passed through. Did you go through Georgetown? How did you

like *the City*, and Baltimore? The sight of the Chesapeake must have been a great treat to you. It is a magnificent body of water, and the passage from Newcastle to Philadelphia a most pleasing novelty. I do not like your indifference to the scenes around you: at your age, it is not *natural*, unless the heart be sad, or melancholy: for which you have, I trust, no cause as yet. What acquaintances have you made, and how do you pass your evenings? Do you go to the theatre, and what is the style of performance? Have you secured your money, and in what bank? and how much more will you want? I should have given you a letter to Mr. Clay, but, he is *three* in my debt: although the first of them demanded an immediate answer, and the other two entreated him to furnish it. Under such circumstances, I would not write even to him.

What say Bradford & Innskeep about the review. Let me advise you, now and then, on a leisure day, to take a saddle-horse from one of the livery-stables, and explore the surrounding country. *Lansdowne* is well worth seeing—so is *The Woodlands*, Mr. Hamilton's place; if you can obtain an introduction, which I hope you will do through my friend, Doctor Logan, who, I see, has returned from Europe. He resides at Staunton, near Germantown, and is, unquestionably, a *true patriot*. His family is ancient and respectable, and his own private character, highly so. Between the upper ferry, and the falls of Schuylkill, was my most usual shooting ground; but both banks, as low as Hamburg House, are quite familiar to me. I had like to have forgotten to tell you, that, at a Mr. Bartram's, not far below Gray's ferry, on the left of the road-side, you will find many rare and beautiful trees, and shrubs, particularly some scarce varieties of the *pinus* tribe.

Yesterday, just at the south-east corner of my pasture fence, I came upon a fine flock of turkeys. They were going from the ditch, towards the river. I fired, and so did Tudor, but our shot (No. 9,) were too small, and the turkeys flew over the river. Woodcocks are now pretty plen-

tiful in the slash, at the Middle Quarter, near the lower big spring: but I made a bungling hand yesterday of killing them, having got only one at four shots. On Sunday I bagged five and a half brace of partridge—and lost four. Tudor bagged one and a half.

The rain prevented my setting out for Bizarre this morning. Beverley and his wife desire to be remembered kindly to you, as I do to my old friend Tom. She is a good creature as ever breathed; knows nothing of megrims, hartshorn, spirits of lavender, laudanum, nor *fits*. By the way, I mean to take out a patent for curing the last: although they be the “true genuine convulsion fits, to' be had only of the maker.”

Adieu, dear Theodore.

I am, and ever shall be,

Your affectionate friend and kinsman,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

T. B. DUDLEY.

I do not like to hear you talk of your temperament being *sanguineo melancholic*. You have lived too much in the *Cave of Spleen*, and I must prescribe for you “Pope’s Rape of the Lock,” to be taken at once, after a cheerful walk, or ride. I am glad you have Tom. Murray for a room-mate. I shall send you a letter of introduction to Dr. L., as soon as I can procure *fit* paper. Have you made any acquaintances, and who are they? What is your *street*, and *number*? I direct to the post-office, having found the penny post not always punctual, and it will give you exercise. I am glad that the professors mean to be rigid in their examinations, and shall disregard the expense of three courses at the university, provided you profit by them. You may, thereby, acquire a knowledge of mathematics and natural philosophy, which branches have been neglected in your education; and also, of languages. Send me a catalogue of Bradford’s books. Ask, at a respectable jeweller’s, the price of *sterling* plate per ounce, plain, such as spoons, tankards, goblets, and ladles. Direct to *Georgetown*, Columbia.

I brought the above letter with me from Roanoke, on Saturday last; you will receive a reply to yours of the ninth of last month, by this post.

Thursday Night, Dec. 4, 1810.

LETTER LII.

Roanoke, Dec. 18, 1810.

Tuesday.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

IT has not been in my power to answer your letter of the 2d, by return of post. I was worn out with fatigue, and benumbed with cold, (having been the whole day surveying,) when I received it.

I am sorry that your inmates are Virginians. You will lose one of the great advantages of travel, by associating only with people the "*accent of whose minds, as well as tongues,*" are like your own. Endeavour to associate with young men from the other states from whom you may learn something, and they also from you. Your money will not be sufficient, and I shall send you a farther supply. Do not, my dear boy, attempt too much at once: *festina lente*. If you have not time for fencing, discharge your master—after the quarter shall expire. Your object is not to become a gladiator, but to learn the use of arms—and that a few lessons will teach you; practice must do the rest. I would, also, advise laying aside the clarionet *pro tem*. You have, I believe, a turn for music, and it is an art that I would wish you to *excel* in, *if possible*; but any thing short of *excellence* (especially on the clarionet or violin) is *execrable*.—There are squabbles and intrigues in the College of which you ought to keep clear. Barton and Rush are at war. The

fact is, that Barton's (on *Materia Medica*) is one of the most useful and instructive courses; Wistar's is indispensable—so is Coxe's (if he *be* a chemist) and Physick's. The rest are catch-pennies, and teach nothing that cannot be better learned without lecturing. He who has access to the best authors, and, particularly, to the latest periodical publications on medicine, knows all that Rush, &c., can teach, without being frozen to death, or stifled in a *human bath*, in a lecture room: but then there would be no jobs for *professors*. The "graduation" is of the same stamp.

I thank you, my dear Theodore, for your kind wishes about my health. My hand is nearly well—to *appearance*; but subject to severe rheumatic affection, particularly on exposure to cold: neither have I any strength in it. Its powers cease on a sudden, and things, which from habit I take in my right hand, involuntarily drop from it.

This is probably the last letter you will receive from me until I reach Washington. Tudor and Carter Coupland are here—both well; and desire to be remembered to you. Carter sends his love to his brother. Remember me to Tom.

Yours, truly,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

MR. T. B. DUDLEY.

Your sister was well on Saturday, the 15th. Have you read "*Manœuvring?*" Why buy *two* copies of Mitford? If you buy what you have no use for, you always pay dearly, be the price what it may. Do not attend auctions: they are bad schools, and worthless commodities are palmed off upon the unwary. Go, with Dr. Johnson, to "*a stately shop.*" Cannot Innskeep & Bradford furnish me with the remaining numbers of the Edinburgh Review, *bound*.

LETTER LIII.

Roanoke, Dec. 24, 1810.

DEAR THEODORE,

YOU receive another letter from Roanoke, which I can now confidently say will be the last this winter from the same place: not that I have any thing to say, except to express my anxiety to have you again with me. You know not, my son, how dear you are, and how justly dear, to me. The only instances (and they are but two) in which I have thought of you with disapprobation, have been produced by persons far deeper than either of us in the art of stage effect.

Put me in mind, and I will explain this allusion to you when we meet: mean while, may God bless you.

Yours, ever,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

Your sister was well on Friday, the 21st.

LETTER LIV.

Georgetown, Feb. 4, 1811.

DEAR THEODORE,

IN consequence of what Lord Chatham would style a "parliamentary debauch," I am laid up with sciatic, lumbago, and a defluxion on my head, that hardly permit me to write. I have received from your good sister Fanny, a letter of the most grateful kind to my feelings. When you write to her, assure her that I put a proper value upon the

approbation of so good a heart as I have every reason to believe hers to be. I shall write to her myself, as soon as I am able. Pray let me know how your finances stand affected, as I wish to transmit you a draft on the Bank of the United States, when I get abroad again. I write in extreme pain: my breast, within the last two minutes, having been greatly affected.

Your affectionate friend and kinsman,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

LETTER LV.

Georgetown, Feb. 23, 1811.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

I AM extremely concerned to learn that you are so seriously unwell. Take care of yourself, I pray. My own health is far from being good, and I fear that my spirits are yet worse. I enclosed your letter to your sister as soon as I received it.

As there is little probability of the navigation being open by that time, I would suggest whether, when you leave Philadelphia, it would not be more advisable to come by the way of Lancaster and York, to Baltimore: the distance is about thirty miles farther, but the time nearly the same; and you will have the advantage of seeing a new and more interesting country.

God bless you, my dear boy. I am, with the sincerest regard,

Your friend and kinsman,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

Remember me kindly to Tom Murray.

I have heard from Dr. L., in answer to my last, enclosed to you.

LETTER LVI.

Washington, Wednesday, Feb. 27, 1811.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

THE house sat last night until a very late hour. Some gentlemen—a party of medical students, I presume—during my absence, called at the Union tavern, on their way to Alexandria, and informed my servant that they had left you very ill in Philadelphia, on Sunday morning. I hope, my son, that it may be an exaggeration of the information contained in your last letter. But should this, unhappily, not be the case, I beg that you will employ the pen of our friend Thomas Murray, to let me know your real situation.

Your anxious friend,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

Mr. THEO. BLAND DUDLEY.

LETTER LVII.

*Dr. Brockenbrough's, Richmond,
March 16, 1811.*

DEAR THEODORE,

I REACHED this place on Thursday evening, (the 14th,) after a fatiguing ride, from the unseasonable heat of the

weather. On the water it must have been delightful, and, no doubt, you had a pleasant passage back to Philadelphia; for there has been a succession of fine warm days, ever since we parted in Baltimore. I write, not so much because I have any thing interesting to communicate, as because I flatter myself my movements are not entirely indifferent to you. I hope, as soon as you get resettled, you will give me a full account of your situation; not forgetting your number, as well as *street*, and the manner in which you pass your time. I was overtaken, at the White Chimnies, by Mr. Morton and Mr. Allen of Prince Edward; who, I presume, have gone on. Pray call on Mr. Clay, and present him my cordial respects.

Your friend and kinsman,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

Remember me kindly to Tom Murray.

LETTER LVIII.

Blake Woodson's, April 11, 1811.

DEAR THEODORE,

By mere accident, I obtained your letter of the 29th of March, from the Farmville post-office, on Sunday last, (the 7th.) I arrived at Mr. Dillon's the day before, on my way to Buckingham court—Mrs. Randolph being gone to Clifton, and St. George, unknown to me, to Roanoke. He accompanied his mother to Mr. Harrison's; returned, and went up, on Sunday morning. Sally divides her time between Mr. Dillon's and Major Morton's families. I called yesterday, at the latter place, on my way from Buckingham court, to see her, and am sorry to tell you that I found her very unwell, having been seized with a sick stomach and fever the day be-

fore. It appears to me to be a slight case of bilious affection, and you may rest assured that every thing that kindness and good nursing can effect for her, is, and will be done. My engagement here obliged me to leave her, but I am just going to see her this morning.

Mr. Eppes obtained a majority of *one* vote over me at Buckingham. This was owing to my visit to Baltimore, in the first instance; but, principally, to the activity of the three candidates, who were all opposed to me, as well as the returning officer. There were also a great many bad votes, and a very thin election: the votes being, for E. 199, R. 198. The polls were closed by half past three, at the very nick of time for my adversaries, the votes of the candidates and clerks putting him, for the first time, a-head. The mail, on Saturday night, was loaded with hand-bills, containing the most infamous libels against me.

Present me, very respectfully, to Capt. Murray and Mrs. Rush. She is a fine woman, whom I very much admired when she was Miss Murray. My best regards to Mr. Clay, and give him all the intelligence respecting the election that this letter contains. I will write again soon, when I have more leisure, and better implements.

Your affectionate friend and kinsman,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

P. S.—In 1809, the vote of Buckingham was for R. 379; Baker, 197.

LETTER LIX.

Roanoke, July 7, 1811.
Sunday.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

YOUR truly welcome letter arrived just as I was sitting down to dinner. I know not when I have experienced more heartfelt pleasure than the perusal of it afforded me. The expression of your grateful affection is the most acceptable offering that could have been presented to my heart; nor would I exchange it, my son, for the applause of the million. Be assured, my dear boy, that I find in your friendship, and in your worth, ample compensation for the services that I may have had it in my power to render you. Like yourself, "I have always considered them as a matter of course, because I have thought of you as of a" *son*. Let me entreat you, therefore, not to purchase at too dear a price, *to us both*, the acquisition of professional knowledge. How I wish you were with me; or that you had one of my numerous idle horses to exercise upon. This spot is, I believe, very healthy, and the water remarkably fine and plentiful: our well having returned to its allegiance. I find myself better here than any where else. I returned yesterday from an excursion to Halifax, where the 4th of July was celebrated without *toasts*, and no man got "patriotically drunk," like the upholsterer in the play, "for the good of his country."

I am very much disappointed that you have not received the remittance I spoke of through Mr. R. I will ride out to-morrow, and try and procure you some money, noting the amount at the foot of this letter. Should I fail, which I think very improbable, show this letter to Mr. Clay, who will advance you one hundred and fifty dollars for me for ten days. Pray ask him to write to me immediately, and let me know his opinion of the late disclosure of the ex-

secretary of state. Like yourself, I fancy many others begin to apply the proverb.

Enclosed is a letter which I must beg you to present, in person, if Mr. W. be in Philadelphia. I hope you will not give up your jaunt into the country. Take care of your health, I beseech you, and be particular in every letter in your account of it.

Have you seen my picture of Mr. Clay? Is it a good likeness? I found St. George and Tudor both here on my return from Halifax. They are a great solace to me in my solitary condition, and both desire their best love to you. Their inquiries after your health were anxious and pressing. St. George left your sister and cousin well on Thursday, the 4th. Mrs. Hackley was at Bizarre. Poor Mr. Dillon has been very ill. Farewell, until to-morrow.

I am, dearest Theodore,

Your truly affectionate friend and uncle,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

MR. T. BLAND DUDLEY.

I am much better to-night. Yesterday was seriously ill; hardly able to sit on my horse as I came home.

Bank of Virginia, \$100; No. 6. B. to Robert Bache; 2d Jan. 1810.—Same Bank, \$50; D. No. 1309. to Roger Nelson; 13th Dec. 1809.

Notes of the above description are enclosed within.

Yours, truly,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

Monday Morning.

LETTER LX.

Monday, Roanoke, July 15, 1811.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

ON my return from Halifax last night, on a visit with Mr. Watkins Leigh to his brother William, I found your letter of the 7th. By this time, I trust, you are released from the heat, and dust, and filth of Philadelphia, and are enjoying in one of the villages of New Jersey, the last favourable change in the weather. By the last post, I enclosed you \$150, in two Virginia Bank notes: (namely, \$100, No. 6; B., payable to Robert Bache, 2d January, 1810. \$50, D. No. 1309, Roger Nelson, 13th December, 1809;) which, I hope, came safely to hand. I enclosed, also, to your care, a letter to Mr. Robert Walsh, which, I hope, you will deliver by your own hand.

The weather here has been oppressively hot, until Wednesday last—much less so, however, than with you. I have not noticed the thermometer higher than eighty-seven and a half degrees, although I am persuaded it has been above that point. I went from home, sick, and I have returned worse. Last night I ventured on twelve grains of calomel, *per se*, and a miserable night I have had of it. I have got rid, however, of much bile; and, probably, escaped cholera, or jaundice. I had symptoms of both: great nausea, and yellow tinge of the eye and skin. I have exposed myself, without reserve to the sun and dews in the low grounds, since the beginning of summer. St. George returned to Bizarre, on Wednesday. Tudor went down, also, a day or two afterwards. Mr. L. has gone to Lexington, Staunton, &c. I am quite alone, Beverley not having returned from Staunton. Indeed, when he is here, I have nothing of his company, unless at meals, and not always then; so that I am less sensible of solitude now, than I shall be on his return.

I shall direct this letter to Mr. Clay, to whom present my warmest regards.

Yours, in sickness and in health,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

T. B. DUDLEY.

I see by the papers, eight deaths in one week from cold water, in Philadelphia alone.

My respectful compliments to Mrs. Rush, Mr. Croskey, and Mr. Clay. Shake Randolph by the hand for me. Put Mr. Clay in mind of his *intention* to write to me. I wish you had called on Mr. Cooper.

LETTER LXI.

Roanoke, July 18, 1811.

Thursday.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

I WROTE you a few lines on Monday, when I was greatly disordered. Thank Heaven, I am now somewhat better, although still discomposed. Tudor came up, last night, from Bizarre; he left your sister very well, but he says his mother is complaining. He will go to school to-day, and I shall revert back to my solitary state. You sometimes complain of want of matter for a letter, and yet you mentioned but a word of Cooke and Cooper; and that not until I had questioned you about them: this is almost vexatious; especially to me, who consider it as one of the great privations of my life, the not having seen Cooke. With such various novelties around you, I cannot see how you find any difficulty in filling a sheet.

I cannot sufficiently thank my good friend Clay for his

kind attentions to you. You, however, will not fail to demonstrate to him and his whole family, your sense of their kindness towards you; for, I am sure, you are the last person in the world, who would prove insensible to such good offices. Commend me, heartily, to Mrs. Clay, Mr. Croskey, my name-sake, and Mrs. Rush; and, I pray you, be less caustic in your future communications.

Entirely yours,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

Query—What is a “*full new-moon?*”

“*Inexpressable.*”

“*Torpour.*” This word has not, like *honour*, &c., been derived to us through the French. Indeed, it is yet Latin.

“*From there*”—from thence.

LETTER LXII.

Roanoke, Sunday Afternoon, July 21, 1811.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

I SCRIBBLED a few lines on Thursday last. To-day, I am greeted by your welcome letter of the 14th, (this day week,) informing me of the safe receipt of my last remittance; but I have no letter from Mr. Clay. I am, however, well pleased that he amply overpays me, in his attentions to you, for his neglect of myself. I need not enjoin upon you to cultivate his valuable friendship. It is a source of the truest enjoyment to me, that you find in him all that I had flattered myself he would prove to you; more he could not be. Why, my dear son, did you suffer Dr. B. to pass you? You ought to have made up to him and Mrs. B., who could not have expected to meet with you, and, therefore, did not observe you.

Do you not know that they are two of the best friends that I have in the world, and, therefore, friends of yours? They will be mortified when they learn *how* they missed of you. I am rejoiced to perceive that, although still languid, you are visibly better than when your penultimate letter was despatched: go on, and improve in health; in every thing else you are what I wish you to be—except a little defect, of absence, or inattention. When you write, look over my letters and *answer* them, instead of omitting, sometimes, topics that are interesting to me. I am glad to tell you that (two sleepless nights, notwithstanding,) I am generally amended in health since this day week. I shall begin with Dr. Rush to extol calomel as the “Samson of Medicine!” I was obliged, however, to resume my flannels.

The four last days have been very sultry, and attended with heavy rains, to the very material injury of my crop of tobacco. I shall lose one-half of it, and the remainder greatly damaged. I hope you will not be in fault if you are not well acquainted with Mr. W——. He is a *literary* character—rare, even in your quarter of the United States. I have a letter from Mr. Dillon. He has been very ill; taken in Petersburg, where Dr. R., probably, saved his life.

I expect Mr. Macon and Mr. R. Jones here in the course of this week.

Yours, entirely,
JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

The wet weather has destroyed many broods of young partridges. Can you get any of Pigon & Andrews, in Philadelphia.

Thermometer at 84°, 3 o'clock, P. M.

Messrs. Wm. Watkins, Bouldin, and Beverley, (who returned on Friday evening,) have just set out for Halifax Court. Tom Murray (I hear) is about to settle in Campbell.

My best regards to Mr. and Mrs. Clay, and Mr. Croskey. Love to godson Randolph, and respectful compliments to Mrs. Rush. She is, indeed, a fine woman; one for whom I

have felt a true regard, unmixed with the foible of another passion. Fortunately, or unfortunately for me, when I knew her, "I bore a charmed heart." Nothing else could have preserved me from the *full* force of her attractions. I want to hear more of the picture, (Mr. Clay's,) and I want *to see it*.

No prospect of fair weather. Where are the Yellow Springs? Are they those mentioned in the port-folio?

Monday Morning, 22d.

Since I wrote yesterday evening, we have had a great fall of rain. The weather continues cloudy, and the atmosphere we breathe seems to be water itself—at least, vapour. I must ascribe much of my relief to the resumption of flannels, which I put on in the night of the 14th, (Sunday,) just as the calomel was beginning to operate. I had lain them aside on the 4th, and my health, then bad, grew rapidly worse, until the 22d, when my complaint seemed to take a turn. Be particular respecting your health.

LETTER LXIII.

Roanoke, Aug. 11, 1811.

Friday.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

THE last mail brought me no letter from you, from which I infer you have left the city, and I sincerely hope you will not return to it until there is a frost. The post neglected to call for my letters, by which means I shall be a week in arrear. Why, my dear boy, do you omit all mention of your health, strength, and feelings. Remember, I beseech you, how anxious I am upon these subjects, and all others which

concern you, personally. Do not forget to jog the memory of my friend Clay, about writing to me.

Mr. Brown, of Halifax, N. C., and Mr. R. H. Jones, of Warrentown, left me yesterday morning. They had been here since this day week, and confidently expected to see Mr. Macon, who had appointed to meet them here on the 25th of July; but he did not come, to our great disappointment. It is greatly to be feared that he is sick. Tudor just now came over from Mr. Rice's. He is well, and requests to be remembered kindly to you. My health is so bad that I despair of making you understand the state of it. The digestive faculty is gone, and the whole nervous system shattered. Life is, indeed, for the most part, to me, a burden. We have had many very heavy rains within the last ten days. The crops on the small streams are destroyed; and, indeed, the tobacco is every where firing.

Adieu! my son.

Yours,
JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

I killed a woodcock on the 24th of July.

LETTER LXIV.

Roanoke, Sunday Evening, Aug. 4, 1811.

THIS day's post has brought me your welcome letter of the 24th of July. That which you wrote from Bowen's tavern, has not yet come to hand. I am pleased to see that you are forming an acquaintance with so respectable a family as that of Mr. Walsh. Make my respects to him, and assure him that I sympathize in mind, as well as in body, with his cruel disease. I trust that he will not fail to profit of the judicious

advice, for which I am greatly obliged to him. It would give me great pleasure to renew my old acquaintance in Philadelphia, and form a new one with a few of its worthy inhabitants. I have, however, but three months to stay at home, and many embarrassing affairs to attend to. Among them, the suit of that superlative villain, *Hall*, who has treated Mr. Coles, if possible, worse than he behaved to me.

I wish you good sport with Mr. Ashmead's gun. I saw a woodcock yesterday, and sent Tudor to the house for the gun; but we could not spring it a second time. He left me, since dinner, for school. My health is worse than ever.

My best regards to Mr. Clay and family.

Truly, yours,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

It still rains. My corn crop, alone, is good;—tobacco destroyed.

It delights me to see upon what terms you are with Mr. Clay's family. Why does he not write to me? Do you hear any thing of Dr. Gibson? or Mr. Sterrett Ridgely? or Mr. Nicholson? Have you seen Mr. Cooper? Reply to these inquiries. Are the Yellow Springs in Bucks county, and how far from Philadelphia?

Simon has just come to tell me that Euston has broken his fore leg!

LETTER LXV.

Monday, Roanoke, Aug. 12, 1811.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

YOUR letter from "*the Ship*" did not arrive until yesterday, having been sent by mistake to *Clarksbury*, in Harrison County, instead of Charlotte, C. H. I am disap-

pointed at not receiving one of a later date, and I was not without a hope of hearing from Mr. Clay. I am much obliged to you for your description of the country around, (or, rather, on this side of,) Downingtown: such accounts of the places, persons, &c., you may see, are very acceptable, because they indicate a spirit of observation. There are many who *look* and do not *see*, while some *see* without *looking*. Indolence and indifference, the *maladie du pays* (of Virginia,) are more injurious to the eye-sight than candle-light, and the smallest print. By the way, you have never mentioned any preacher, or other public speaker, whom you have heard in Philadelphia. Mr. Hoge forms a standard of comparison, by which you might give me your opinion of Messrs. Alexander, Green, or Smith.

I had thought the Yellow Springs had been a newly discovered watering-place; but, I find them laid down in a map published in 1775, in Pikeland Township, on Pickering's creek, a water of Schuylkill. They are placed a few miles to the *north-east* of the "*Ship tavern*," which is also laid down; but, I presume, that cannot be the correct course. I am greatly pleased to learn that your strength and spirits are recruiting, and I highly approve of your pedestrian essays: but choose not *Virginians* for your companions. I have no doubt that many of the medical students of the south, leave Philadelphia as ignorant of every thing worthy to be known in that city, as when they entered it. This arises from a clannish spirit, which makes them associate exclusively with one another, and foster their ridiculous prejudices against the people of the middle and northern states, of whom, in fact, they know nothing.

St. George came up on Saturday. He left your sister in good health: she is staying with Mrs. Dillon, (Mr. D. is gone to the Warm Springs in Bath County,) during your cousin's absence, who is gone to Staunton. Tudor returned last evening to school: he came with his mother from Mr. Rice's. Carter Coupland became a member of my family a few days since. Some society was indispensable to me,

and he is a well-disposed boy, who, I trust, will relieve, in some degree, my uncomfortable situation. Beverley is at Staunton, with his wife.

Since my last, it has rained almost daily. My crop (corn excepted) is ruined, and my last year's crop of tobacco, good for nothing.

Tell Mr. Clay that I have just heard from Mr. and Mrs. Bryan, and that they are very well. I hope you will not neglect your friend Dr. Logan. Farewell, my dear Theodore. I long to see you once more.

Yours, truly,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

Mr. T. BLAND DUDLEY.

St. George has turned an ivory chess-man (a castle,) superior to the European model. He shakes you by the hand.

LETTER LXVI.

Mr. Bruce's, Halifax, Aug. 25, 1811.

DEAR THEODORE,

MY solicitude was such to hear from you, that I sent Jupiter down this morning to Roanoke for my letters. He returned with the post-boy, and brought your two letters of the 16th and 19th. You may guess what my anxiety is on the subject of Mr. Clay. I shall be on thorns until the arrival of the next mail. The best medical aid is near him. Why does he not call in Wistar? Press him to do it, and tell him that, indeed, "I cannot afford to lose any of my real friends"—especially, ———. I am much concerned, too, my dear son, on your subject. I know not how to convey to your bosom what I feel. I must *insist* upon your

abandoning study entirely, for the present. Consult Dr. Wistar seriously, and take *his* advice. If it be to come home, let nothing but *Mr. Clay* keep you in Philadelphia. There has been a sudden change in the weather since Thursday, which, I trust, has somewhat relieved you. On the day on which you wrote, I heard Dr. Alexander, at Charlotte, C. H.

I thank you for your extracts from your journal, and am pleased to see that the ladies come in for a share of your time. You had informed me of your having left the picture in Baltimore. I have no option but to send this letter or none. I shall make you a remittance in a few days.

Yours, entirely,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

St. George is with me, and desires his love to you.

Take care of yourself, I beseech you. Keep your mind as undisturbed as possible.

LETTER LXVII.

Charlotte, C. H., Sept. 2, 1811.

Court-day.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

I LEAVE you to judge of the state of my feelings, when I tell you that I rode thirty miles through the rain yesterday, for the sake of hearing of Mr. Clay's situation, and find no letter from you. My uneasiness on both your accounts was such, that I determined to absent myself from home until the post-day should come round again. I am now to conclude that you are worn down with watching our friend, and that both of you, perhaps, are in extremity of

illness. I beseech you leave me not in this suspense; and, if unable to write, get Mr. Croskey to tell me, in three words, how you and Mr. Clay are. I intended to have set off to-day for the Warm Springs; but must defer it, and encounter another week of suspense and wretchedness. Take Wistar's advice for *yourself*, and call him in for Mr. Clay. If he be convalescent, tell him I take it unkindly that he did not cause one line to be transmitted me by the post.

I heard our reverend friend, Dr. Hoge, preach one of his best sermons yesterday, from Luke xxiv. verse 44: he read, however, from the 13th to the 47th verse, *inclusive*. I wish you could have heard his discourse. It was equally argumentative and pathetic. My best affections to Mr. Clay. If the worst should happen, I must try and prevail upon his mother to intrust Randolph to me. My last will direct you how to proceed.

Yours, affectionately,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

T. B. DUDLEY.

LETTER LXVIII.

Roanoke, Sept. 3, 1811.

Tuesday.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

AFTER I had written to you yesterday, your letter to St. George, of the 22d of August, was brought (late at night) from Mr. Rice's, whither it had been sent with some of my own, for what reason I cannot conjecture. I beg of you, my son, not to expose me again to similar casualty—for St. George's stay with me is quite uncertain; being interrupted every two or three days by his necessary attention

to his mother's business. She is in Staunton. I am relieved at finding that Mr. Clay is not worse, and that you are not yet exhausted by nursing. May He who alone has the power, watch over and protect you both. At the same time that your letter to St. George arrived, I received one from Mr. Dillon, and infer from his silence that your sister is well. If my accounts by the next post are not more satisfactory, I shall, forthwith, set out for Philadelphia. I can bear any thing better than suspense. There is no fault more common, or more to be avoided, than egotism. But is it *egotism* to tell an anxious friend the state of our health? I am glad that my good friend, Dr. Brockenbrough, found you out. Cherish the acquaintance of that man. "He is not as other men are."

I perceive some trips in your orthography: for example, "*beneficial*," which, I own, surprised me; the etymon being a safe director: "*always*:" "*loose*," the adjective, or imperative, for *lose*.

Mr. Hackley has sent me two Spanish pointers—one double-nosed—the only one, *of that species*, to be procured. However, I question if they are better than Echo, or Dido, whom old Carlo is now guarding with a Spaniard's jealousy.

St. George goes down to-morrow, which enables me to send this scratch in time for the Genito mail. Tell my friend Clay that my heart is with you both.

God bless you! my son.

Yours, most truly,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

LETTER LXIX.

Roanoke, Sept. 8, 1811.

Sunday.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

YOUR letters have just arrived. I opened one from Dr. Brockenbrough, in the first instance, and from it received the afflicting intelligence.* It dropped from my hands as if I had touched a living fire-brand. I cannot tell you what I feel. I could not, if I knew myself. But I do not. I am stupefied. I do not know what I am about. I will try and write again to-morrow. Say to Mrs. Clay, what I could not if I were with her. I could only wring her hand, and mingle my tears with hers. I feel a sense of suffocation about my heart. I thank God that you were with him: that you could do all that could be done; that I would have tried to do if I had been there. My dear son, I can write no more. I will endeavour to write again.

Yours, unalterably,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

I consider Randolph as my son.

* The death of his friend, Mr. Joseph Clay, of Philadelphia.

LETTER LXX.

Roanoke, Sept. 15, 1811.

Sunday.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

THE post has arrived, and brought no letter from you. You may judge my anxiety by reversing the case, and making it your own. My house is a perfect hospital. Mr. Curd * lies up stairs, at the point of death, with malignant fever. I have scarcely any hopes of his recovery. Jupiter has been very ill, and in this harassed situation, Carter Coupland excepted, I have not had the assistance of any person besides my own people. Dr. Merry has, indeed, attended with much solicitude: Curd has now been ill nearly a fortnight.

The lectures are so near commencing, that I would not have you leave Philadelphia unless your health should require the measure; of that Dr. Wistar will be the best judge, and to it I would have you sacrifice every other consideration.

I scarcely know what I write. Beverley is in Staunton, and has not been here two days, together, since about the 1st of July. Farewell, my son! Say all that is proper for me to Mrs. Clay and Mr. Ashmead's family.

Your affectionate kinsman,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

Your sister was well on Tuesday last.

* His overseer.

LETTER LXXI.

Roanoke, Sept. 22, 1811.
Sunday.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

THE post-boy has just now brought your two letters of the 10th and 14th of this month. They have relieved my mind from the uneasiness produced by not hearing from you last week. Indeed, my attention had been, in some measure, distracted by the scene of distress which my house has exhibited for some time past. Mr. Curd breathed his last on Thursday morning, half past three o'clock, after a most severe illness, which lasted sixteen days. I insisted upon his coming up here, where he had every possible aid that the best medical advice and most assiduous nursing could afford him. During the last week of his sickness, I was never absent from the house but twice, about an hour each time, for air and exercise: I sat up with him, and gave him almost all his medicines, with my own hand, and *saw* that every possible attention was paid to him. This is, to me, an unspeakable comfort; and it pleased God to support me under this trying scene, by granting me better health than I had experienced for seven years. On Thursday evening I followed him to the grave; and, soon after, the effects of the fatigue and distress of mind that I had suffered, prostrated my strength and spirits, and I became ill. Three successive nights of watching were too much for my system to endure; but, I am now better, although weak and giddy. I was with him, when he died, without a groan or change of feature. My servants, also, have been all sick, except Essex, Hetty, and Nancy. Carter Coupland, my only companion in this scene of trouble, has behaved most nobly. If I had permitted it, he would have exhausted himself by sitting up. He has been of inexpressible assistance and comfort to me.

On Wednesday morning Beverley, who accompanied your cousin from Staunton, came to breakfast, and went on im-

mediately to Halifax Court. He is now at Prince Edward Superior Court, where Mr. Leigh is to appear for Robert Gibson on a charge of murdering Samuel Pearce, his brother in law; and Beverley for Caleb Baker, junior, who is to be tried for shooting a negro.

It is grateful to me to see that the relict of my, let me say *our* poor friend, and his other connexions, do not undervalue my regard for the memory of that excellent man. Say all that is proper for me to them. I am too unsettled to write. I hope Mr. Croskey will send me the picture after having such copies taken as Mr. Clay's friends may desire. Has mine ever arrived in Philadelphia? I paid Jarvis eighty dollars. Do not be uneasy about me; but write often, and fully of yourself, and affairs. I know you must be getting out of cash. I enclose a small supply of forty dollars, and will send more when I can get out, and procure it.

I am comforted to find that my dear friend's family are getting more composed under their calamity. I hope he left them in easy circumstances. Say something on this subject to me, as well as on that of your own finances; one on which you are culpably reserved.

My other overseer, Palmer, is very sick; an autumnal fever, prevalent among the poor slaves. I give them emetics of ipecacuanha and tartar emetic combined, twelve and two grains: one-third taken until it operates, and afterwards a mercurial cathartic. This treatment has proved effectual in all the cases except three: in those, Doctor Merry's skill has succeeded in giving relief. You may probably hear exaggerated reports of my illness. Give no credit to them. It has been the effect of watching, fatigue, and anxiety; and rest will soon restore me. Mr. William Watkins, and Colonel Morton have just called to inquire how I do.

Yours, ever,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

MR. THEO. BLAND DUDLEY.

Your sister was well on Monday. Carter sends his love.

LETTER LXXII.

Roanoke, Oct. 6, 1811.

Sunday.

DEAR THEODORE,

YOUR two letters, of the 23d and 30th of September, have just now reached me. I awaited the arrival of the post, in the expectation of hearing from you, with feelings which you will be at no loss to comprehend, because you have so well described them. Let me beg of you, my son, to dismiss all anxiety on my account. I wish I could as readily relieve all your other cares; but, therein, "the patient must minister to himself." I have been very unwell, but am now, thanks be to God! quite restored to my usual health. I have never failed to write to you by every post; if my letters have not come to hand, the fault is to be laid to the door of the post-office. Take care of yourself, my dear fellow; if not for your own, at least *for my sake*. Struggle against desponding and low spirits, and endeavour to cultivate and to cherish a cheerful, or, at least, a serene, habit of mind. This is more in our power than we are in general aware of: especially in early life. It is only when the opposite, *or any other ill habit*, is formed and fastened upon us, by that tyrant custom, that we see and feel, and fruitlessly bewail our error. I am shocked, and should be surprised, if any thing could surprise me that man can do, at the gross and cruel injustice done to the memory and family of our excellent friend, by his late employers: but it is not among money lenders, and, especially, monied corporations, that I should look for delicacy, feeling, or liberality; much less for justice. There is in all the combinations of nature and art, nothing so hard and callous as a trading company, of whatever description. They look to the dividend; to the profit and loss account of the leger; and, whether their gain flow from the blood of a Hindoo, or African;

from the ruined reputation of an honest and amiable man, or the tears of his widowed companion and orphan offspring, it is all one to these *worthy personages*. I had feared that the generous temper of our friend had disabled him from making a secure and permanent provision for his family. It was *therefore*, that I directed my inquiries to that point. Mrs. Clay (to whom I have not *yet* the heart to write) will not, I hope, deny me the melancholy privilege of considering Randolph as my own son. I intend, with her permission, to take upon myself the charge of his education and advancement in life. Could I do a thousand times more, his father had deserved it all richly at my hands. Do let her know this through Mr. Croskey, or in any other way which your own delicate and manly spirit may suggest.

I was aware that your finances must have been straitened, and, therefore, I wished to know how they stood, that I might make the speediest and most efficient provision on that head. This, you say, is "a delicate subject:" true, it is so, in general, but not between you and myself, my dear son. Take care of your heart. Pity is a-kin to Love. Grief prepares the affections for the sway of that seducing tyrant. The ladies of Philadelphia are fair and alluring, and your time of life is most propitious to their power over your heart. In the language of your profession, there is in every young man of a just and honourable way of thinking, of refined and elevated notions, a strong predisposition to this universal disease, which, like some others, all of us must have once in our lives. If the case be desperate, make me your confidant, *if you can*: I will endeavour to prove myself not unworthy of the trust. But I protest against extorted confidence and forced prayers. I, too, have been young, and know how to make allowance, I trust, for the noblest infirmity of our nature; which none but the young, or those who have not forgotten the feelings of their youth, can duly estimate.

I shall go on early to Washington, and do not wish you to come on there until you hear of me from thence. Again,

take care of yourself. As soon as I get to Richmond (if not sooner) I shall make you a remittance. I would not have had you put even the semblance of slight upon the memory of our dear friend, for the wealth of Cræsus.

Farewell, my *dear* Theodore: for such you are, and ever will be, to

Your friend,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

MR. THEODORICK BLAND DUDLEY.

Carter greets you cordially: so does Beverley. Henry Tucker has lost his youngest child: so has Mr. William Watkins. All well at Bizarre, yesterday.

I sent you \$40 by the last post; or, rather, the penultimate, which, I presume, you have received: \$20 and \$150 before; that is, since we parted in Baltimore. I state this, to avoid mistake. Mr. Garnett, speaking of Mr. Clay's death, says—"I feared until I heard from you," (a misapprehension of a passage of my letter,) "of Dr. Brockenbrough's being with him, that those Philadelphia Sangrados had killed him. Poor fellow, he always appeared to me too fond of their most absurd and most fatal system, of taking all the blood out of a man's body by way of prolonging his life.* He lived long enough for his own fame, but the loss of such a man, at any period, must be considered both as a public and a private calamity."

* Do you take warning, and consult *Wistar*, *Physick*, and the fathers of medicine.

LETTER LXXIII.

Roanoke, Oct. 13, 1811.

Sunday Night.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

YOUR welcome letter of the 6th arrived to-day, most opportunely, to withdraw my mind from those vexatious and vulgar details to which a Southern planter must, in some degree, attend, or encounter certain ruin. You may well suppose how much my time is taken up with these heartless, or, rather, disheartening cases, when I tell you that I have not yet found any one to supply the place of poor Curd—I mean in *form*; for I “shall never look upon his like again.”

I am glad to find that you *can* and *do* amuse yourself with field-sports: but I hope you will take care how you exchange shots with any but *gentlemen*; and even with them, that you will have your quarrel just. A man would cut a pitiful figure who should lose his life in a brawl with such fellows as you describe your unknown adversary to be. We should study that our deaths, as well as our lives, should be innocent, if not honourable and glorious; so that our friends should have no cause to blush for the folly, or rashness, of either. At the same time, be assured, my dear Theodore, that, of all the defects in the human character, there is none that I should so much deprecate for my friend, or myself, as want of *spirit* and *firmness*.

You say that “Mrs. Clay is anxious to get my picture.” Do you mean *my* picture of Mr. *Clay*, or the picture of myself which I had taken for *him*? The last, Mr. Nicholson, jr., promised to transmit to Philadelphia last spring. I am very anxious to get *my* picture of Mr. *Clay* as soon as it shall have been copied for his friends. I cannot part with the original, *unless Mrs. Clay desires it*. Present me, affectionately, to her and Randolph. I hope to see them

some time this winter. Can she be prevailed upon, do you think, to intrust him to my care?

I am glad you have become acquainted with Mr. John Morton, of Bordeaux. He is a most valuable man; an honour to Virginia. His worthy connexions will be justly proud to see him.

To whom is my friend Roscius about to be married? I hope some good party: although I fear matrimony will not suit his habits. He has been too long a "chartered libertine," to bear the matrimonial chains: they will not clank so gracefully as the fetters of Pierre.

Mr. Patton, of Alexandria, writes to me that he has received from Mr. Hackley a fine pointer for me, which he keeps subject to my order. Mr. Hackley's last letter mentions the dog as a very fine one. He sent three others for Mr. W. R. and myself; one of which is a double-nosed slut. It was the only one, *of that race*, that Mr. H. had been able to procure since the loss of the two (by storm) that he had shipped for us. The French, around the Bay of Cadiz, got possession of them.

I have killed one *sorce*, or *ral*, (I believe the word is so spelled, without the *i*,) about a dozen ortolans, and, this morning, a very fine whistling plover; the heaviest bird I ever felt of his size. I shot him at the cow-pen, in company with some kildees; and, after I had shot, a very large flock rose, a few paces off—but I got no second opportunity. We have, apparently, no woodcocks.

Adieu, dear Theodore!

I am, most truly,

Yours,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

I receive your letters—but irregularly; two at a time. I hope you have visited Mr. Cooper, and that he has seen Mr. Crawford's letter on the subject of a certain affair that took place at the close of the last session of congress. I sent a

copy of it to Mr. Clay, and requested that it might be shown to Mr. Cooper. This is, probably, the last letter I shall write from this place, until we meet again. I long to see you once more. Carter desires his love. Beverley went to Staunton on Wednesday. He has not been here two days since June, all taken together—never two in succession.

LETTER LXXIV.

Roanoke, Oct. 20, 1811.

Sunday.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

CONTRARY to my expectation, I address another letter to you from this place, (written, for want of paper, on the cover of your own of the 12th, which the post-boy has just handed to me.) Just as I was preparing to set out, poor Carter was taken sick, and I am too strongly bound to him, by his kind attentions to myself and family, to think of leaving him, under such circumstances. His disease (a mild form of autumnal fever) has yielded to a single dose of calomel. The night before last, just as he had fallen asleep, and I was watching by his bed-side, Tudor arrived, to my great comfort and relief. Beverley, who went to Staunton a fortnight ago, has not yet returned. Tudor left your sister, his mother, and brother, in good health. Yesterday John Morton and Mr. Tucker (Henry, brother of George,) arrived; and to-day we broke the Sabbath, according to the estimation of puritans. When I had killed one ortolan and three partridges, the rain drove us in, about ten o'clock.

Be assured, my dear Theodore, that your letter, which now lies before me, verifies, most strikingly, the truth of the

Rambler's remark. Our pleasure, then, is mutual: may it be ever thus between us, my son! May our connexion be to you, as it has been to me, productive only of satisfaction, as little alloyed as any human enjoyment can be. It has been to *me* a source of comfort and consolation that I would not exchange for all the dignities and kingdoms of this world.

It gives me great pleasure to find that your health is better, and that the tone of your spirits is somewhat restored, after their late severe shock from the loss of our dear friend, poor Mr. Clay! Time, I trust, will do the rest. If I were a younger man, I should almost envy you the pleasure of seeing my friend, Cooper, on the stage. As it is, I rejoice that you have a resource against tedium and lassitude, at once so rational and delightful: one which, dulled as my powers of perception are, by a long, hackneyed journey through life, I could yet relish with no common zest. While such recreations are within your reach, (to say nothing of the ladies,) I have no fear (even were my confidence in your *taste* and principles less than it is) of your falling into any unworthy and degrading courses. Of all the remedies for *ennui*, dissipation is the least efficient, and the most destructive of the moral as well as the physical constitution of man. Yet we are, all of us, more the creatures of circumstances, than the pride of human nature is willing to allow. *Haud inexperto loquor*. I have known what it is to be cast upon a wide world, without a friend or counsellor, or opportunity, to waste my capacity (such as it was) in idleness, my fortune in extravagance, and my health in excess.

The superscription of your letter admonishes me to conclude. I have no objection—far otherwise—to your going to New York, if your finances will furnish the means. I take shame to myself that they are so low: but I have been going to Richmond every week for some months back. When there, I shall replenish your exchequer. If you go, apprise me of your address. My best regards to Mrs. Clay

and all her good family. Speak to Mr. Croskey about the picture.

Yours, ever,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

MR. THEO. BLAND DUDLEY.

The boys send their best love to you. The weather changed to-day greatly for the better. You are aware of the fatal consequences of "*a single false step.*" Present my best respects to Mr. Cooper,* and tell him that I have received his obliging letter, and that I would answer it, but that I am hurried in preparing to leave home. My friend Kidder has sent me "*Don Roderick,*" *proximus longo intervallo* to the "*Lady of the Lake;*" herself as far removed from "*Marmion*" or "*The Lay.*"

LETTER LXXV.

Hanover, C. H., Nov. 1, 1811.

Friday, half past 11, P. M.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

I LEFT Roanoke on Thursday, (Oct. 24,) between 12 and 1, and got to Bizarre that night, just as the family were retiring to bed. The effects of the night air (it was very cold) were very severe, and I have not yet recovered from the exposure. Your sister and cousin were well; so was St. George. Tudor rode down with me from Roanoke. I heard from him again to-day; on Friday, (Oct. 25,) I progressed, in great pain, to our friend's, Mr. Thomas Miller, who inquired

* The tragedian.

kindly after you. Next day, Saturday, (26th,) I reached Richmond, half dead, but amply compensated by meeting with my dear brother Henry, who, I had feared, might have left town. The last thing that I did, to-day, was to make an arrangement to place \$250, subject to your order, in the Farmers and Mechanics' Bank of Philadelphia. My remittance would have been larger; but I have not been able to effect a sale of my tobacco, *on any terms*—you must, therefore, excuse the scantiness of your supply.

I dined, to-day, with our friend Dr. Brockenbrough, and came out of town about sunset. Henry Tucker is in fine health and spirits.

I determined to give you the earliest intelligence of the replenishing of your exchequer. Good night. I must be in Washington the day after to-morrow.

JOHN RANDOLPH.

I met Beverley, and his wife and child, at Bizarre, on their way home.

LETTER LXXVI.

Georgetown, December 12, 1811.

Thursday Night, 11 o'clock.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

YOUR letter has just arrived, to my very great relief. I had begun to be uneasy on your subject. Pray let me hear oftener from you, if it be but a line, to say that you are well. My own health is sinking under the arduous duties which are imposed upon me, and I meditate a short retreat to my friend, Mr. C. Sterrett Ridgeley's, near Elk Ridge Landing. My best regards attend Mrs. Clay. I should have been more particular in my communications to her, but I hoped to have

had the pleasure to see her, in person, ere this. Has Captain Ashmead received my letters?

Yours, ever,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

LETTER LXXVII.

Saturday, Jan. 5, 1812.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

I HAVE been much indisposed, but am now better. I have neither health, spirits, nor leisure to write. At this moment, I have at least fifty unanswered letters; some of them on business of consequence. Recollect, my son, that I have some twenty or thirty correspondents: you, perhaps, not more than three or four. I say nothing of my other avocations.

My spirits are crushed by the late calamitous event at Richmond.* Mrs. Brockenbrough, I fear, will lose her senses, *irretrievably!* Would to God, my son, that circumstances permitted you to be with me, at this moment. I have need of comfort.

Yours, truly,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

Late—Saturday Night.

* The burning of the Theatre.

LETTER LXXVIII.

Georgetown, Jan. 9, 1812.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

I HAVE just received your letter of the 16th. Why are you so concise? You surely cannot plead want of time, or number of correspondents. Give my best respects to Mr. Walsh, and tell him that the least inaccurate sketches of my speeches will be found in the "Spirit of '76," but they are extremely imperfect, and I have neither health, leisure, nor (I might add) *power* to render them less so. Speaking, as I always do, from the impulse of the moment, the *verba ardentia* cannot be recalled. The glowing picture fades—the happy epithet, the concise and forcible expression is lost, never again to be retrieved. A miserable shadow is all that remains—nor can I look upon it without disgust. My best regards to Dr. Logan: I shall be rejoiced to see him here. Adieu.

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

T. B. DUDLEY.

LETTER LXXIX.

Monday, Jan. 12, 1812.

DEAR THEODORE,

I have crawled down to the house, for the purpose of giving my vote on a proposition, which, after having been debated for nearly a week, is withdrawn. I received Captain Ashmead's papers, and they are before the secretary of state,

with such observations as I thought proper to make upon them, consisting, chiefly, of Captain Ashmead's statement of facts respecting the charges of *interest*, &c.

I saw Mr. Rush last evening. He spoke of you very obligingly. Pray keep up your spirits: you are too young to indulge in this fatal luxury.

Farewell, my son!

JOHN RANDOLPH.

T. B. DUDLEY.

My best regards to Mrs. Clay and family. As soon as I hear from the secretary of state, I shall transmit his decision to Captain Ashmead.

LETTER LXXX.

Georgetown, Jan. 16, 1812.

Thursday Night.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

I HAVE been confined all day to my apartment by indisposition—not severe, but highly distressing: a general prostration of strength and spirits, arising, I believe, from erratic gout. In this state of body and mind, nothing is so grateful to me as the recollection of my friends; but, I hear from few of them, and at long intervals, or by scanty letters. I see that Mr. Dennie is no more. What character did he bear in Philadelphia? Was he an intimate of Mr. Walsh? Have you seen that gentleman lately? When you do see him, present my sincere respects to him, and to Dr. Logan, also. Do you visit at Mr. Dallas's? You forget always to say any thing of yourself, and your affairs.

Good night, my son!

Yours, truly,
JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

MR. T. BLAND DUDLEY.

LETTER LXXXI.

Georgetown, Feb. 3, 1812.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

YOUR scanty letter of *one straggling page*, serves to convince me that you have not entirely forgotten me. But why, my son, do you say nothing of your pursuits, your companions, or of the few persons whom you see, that are known to me, by character, at least? Dr. Logan, for instance, or Mr. Walsh. I know by fatal experience, my child, the fascinations of a town life—how they estrange the mind from its old habits and attachments; but I will not permit myself to believe that you have yielded to their influence. In reminding me of Bloomsbury and Fidget,* you recall to my recollection some unpleasant, at least mournful recollections. I had intended to accompany Mr. Parish to Baltimore. But, late on the evening previously to his departure, a circumstance occurred that detained me here one day longer. I meant to have written to you by Mr. P. in order to introduce you to his acquaintance. He is a gentleman of great worth and intelligence. I hope he will use my old servants well.

My Virginian friends, except Mr. Leigh and Dr. Brockenbrough, have scarcely written me a line this winter. By my

* Two saddle horses that he had sold to Mr. Parish.

old neighbours, and my new ones too, I have been entirely neglected.

You say nothing of Mrs. Clay, or her family. I propose doing myself the pleasure of seeing them, whenever the state of things here will allow me to leave Washington, or, rather, Congress. Present me, very respectfully, to her and her family; also, to Captain Ashmead, and tell him that no decision has yet been made on the claim which he transmitted me.

Good night, my son. I feel very low this evening. May God bless and protect you.

Your friend and kinsman,
JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

My best respects to Mr. Walsh, and to Dr. Logan, when you see him.

LETTER LXXXII.

Georgetown, Feb. 5, 1812.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

I SAW Mr. Dallas to-day, for the first time since his arrival, and he reproached me for not having made him acquainted with you. I related to him the fact, just as it had occurred, and he bids me tell you that you can only make atonement for your transgression by calling on Mrs. Dallas during his absence. On his return, he expects to find you at home in his house.

Yours, truly,
JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

LETTER LXXXIII.

Georgetown, Feb. 15, 1812.

I THANK you, my dear Theodore, for your very affectionate letter. My avocations, the state of my health, and, I am sorry to add, of my spirits, must plead my excuse, when I do not make a prompt and suitable return for such instances of your attention. I have seldom experienced a greater depression than at the present moment. You must not account with me too severely, my son. Could you know what I feel, I should want no advocate in your breast.

It would be matter of surprise to me, if you had not been touched, as I perceive you have been, with the uncommon merits of your friend, the late Mr. Clay. Why do you say so little of his widow and orphan family? Why are you silent on the subject of his picture, respecting which I feel, and have expressed, so much interest?

I am glad to find that you occupy yourself in the study of the sacred writings. Go on and prosper, as assuredly he must, who is engaged in so ennobling a pursuit. But I am sorry to find in your diary, so many notices of lectures unattended.* These instances, I hope, will not hereafter so frequently occur.

Farewell, my son! Remember me to Mr. Walsh and to Dr. Logan; and believe me, with the truest regard, your friend and kinsman,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

Mr. THEODORICK BLAND DUDLEY.

* Owing to indisposition.

LETTER LXXXIV.

Georgetown, March 4, 1812.

I HAVE been for some time past remiss in my correspondence with you, my dear Theodore; and even now, I shall hardly make amends for my deficiency. My health is bad, and my perplexities many. The object of this letter is to request you to transmit to me an account of the state of your finances, and to let me know whether any new regulations have been made respecting the graduation of the medical student, in your university. I hope to see you shortly.

Your friend and kinsman,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

THEODORICK BLAND DUDLEY.

Pardon the seeming abruptness of this letter.

LETTER LXXXV.

Georgetown, March 13, 1812.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

I SHOULD have written to you before this time, by our friend Dr. Logan, who is here, and who intended to have gone to Philadelphia, the day before yesterday; but he has postponed his journey until the day after to-morrow. I was, and still am anxious to know whether, *agreeably to the regulations of the university*, you can *honourably* graduate this season.

I am obliged to Dr. Chapman for his good intentions; but my life, eventful as it has been in some points of view, will

hardly afford materials for biography. I ought to have no objection to the engraving in question, except as it will offer but an uninteresting and insignificant subject to the public attention.

You will hear farther from me by our friend the Doctor.

Yours, truly,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

MR. T. B. DUDLEY.

LETTER LXXXVI.

Georgetown, March 14, 1812.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

OUR friend, Dr. Logan, will hand you this. Enclosed you have one hundred dollars, which, I trust, will put your finances a little *above par*. Pray, my dear son, write to me fully on the subject of my last letter—the prospect of graduation. I have the strongest wish to have you with me. Dr. Logan, contrary to my expectation, leaves town *to-morrow*, instead of the day after. I am, therefore, obliged to be abrupt, which I hope you will excuse. In haste, but with the truest regard, I am, my dear Theodore,

Your friend and kinsman,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

MR. T. B. DUDLEY.

I have put my name on the back of the note, (which I received of government,) to put an end to any difficulty in its negotiation. My best respects to Mr. Walsh.

LETTER LXXXVII.

Georgetown, May 11, 1812.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

I HAVE received your two "short and hurried letters." I am much concerned, my son, to hear that you "have been very unhappy since you got back to Virginia." I am afraid you will find nothing in our solitary and deserted habitation to raise your spirits. I shrink at the idea of returning to it. Disappointed of every rational hope of my life—looking forward to nothing better in this world—my faculties jaded, and daily forsaking me—with recollections of the past which I would gladly dismiss for ever from my memory—it is for me, and such as me, to talk of being unhappy.

I believe I omitted to tell you that I wished you to use Everlasting:—pray be merciful to her.

Yours, sincerely,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

Georgetown, May, 1812.

I THANK you, my dear Theodore, for your letter of the 14th: it is all I can do. Tudor, tired of Baltimore and its vicinity, has gone on to Philadelphia. I enclosed him letters to Mr. Walsh, Mrs. Clay, and Mr. Parish. He will there await my coming. I fear you have a sad time of it at Roanoke. You said nothing to me of your sister, or cousin: particularly of your reception by the latter; and scarcely

any thing of my sister, who mentions you with much interest. In haste.

Yours,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

LETTER LXXXIX.

Georgetown, June 5, 1812.

DEAR THEODORE,

YOU are not the first of my correspondents whom my inveterate habit of scribbling has induced to suppose that I would continue to write to them whether I received any encouragement to do so, or not. At present, however, there exist impediments to my accustomed readiness and punctuality in this respect which I cannot overcome. It gives me great pleasure to hear that you have regained your composure of mind. Into the causes which disturbed it I never ventured to inquire, content to receive such portion of your confidence as you chose voluntarily to bestow upon me.

The death of poor Echo is a severe blow upon me. "I ne'er shall look upon *her* like again." And, among the inducements which I felt to revisit my own comfortless home, it was not the least that I should again see her, and witness the sagacity and attachment of this humble yet faithful four-footed friend.

My best love to Carter.

Yours, affectionately,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

Has Echo any offspring at Roanoke?

LETTER XC.

Georgetown, June 29, 1812.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

YOUR letter from Charlotte, C. H., has just reached me. I regret very much that I have had it so little in my power to write to you since your return home; but my hands are full, and my vigour wasted. It is with extreme difficulty that I can summon resolution and find time to do the drudgery to which I am tied down.

I shall address this to Bizarre, and I beg of you to excuse me to your cousin and St. George for not writing. Tudor is now in Philadelphia. He is highly delighted with your friend Mr. Walsh; who speaks of you as you could wish. I don't know whether I told you that Dr. Sim called to pay his respects to you the day after you left us. I went to the island, and found that our invitation had been given for the preceding Sunday. We shall adjourn on Monday next, so say our masters.

Your friend and kinsman,
JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

LETTER XCI.

Friday Night, Nov. 19, 1812.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

I RECEIVED your short letter this evening, and an impertinent one from Palmer, by the same post. I fear I shall have to go home, for he threatens to leave my plantation, because "I am too tight with him;" that is, I will not

permit him to encroach beyond the terms of my contract with him.

You have, perhaps, done right in taking the tickets of all the professors. It is, no doubt, a propitiatory step towards them; but, I do hope, that you will not run the risk of injuring your *health* in attending them. You say nothing upon that topic. What is Dr. Physick's, or Wistar's opinion of your case? You are silent, also, respecting Mrs. Clay, Mr. Walsh, Dr. Chapman, &c.? How is Randolph? I wrote to you last evening. The night was a night of horrors to me. I had a severe sore throat, fever and pains in every limb and joint. Half an hour's disturbed sleep was my portion. To-day I am better, far better; but clearly discern gout in my feet. They are painful, *tumid*, and *red*, especially the *great toes*.

I am glad to tell you that Tudor has done himself credit at Cambridge. He stands high in the opinion of the professors, as well for his deportment, as his literary acquirements, and love of study.

It has blown a gale from every point of the compass, (except south,) since you left us. Hard clouds—spitting snow and sleet—weather that one would expect in Spitzbergen; not in latitude 39°. I have not been to the house, and scarcely out of *the house* since you left us.

Yours,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

My compliments to Dr. Chapman. Tell him that I would give him some *memoires pour servir*, &c., if I had an *ama-nuensis*.

Do not forget that the perfection of the epistolary art consists in omitting all mention of incidents in one's letters.

Present me, respectfully, to Mr. Walsh, Mr. Hare, Mr. Meredith, Mr. Binney, and Mr. Dallas, if he be of your acquaintance.

Good night! good night.

Beverley R. has distinguished himself at Queenstown.

LETTER XCII.

Thursday, Nov. 19, 1812.

RHEUMATISM—sore throat, and fever, have been my companions since you left me. I have not been once to the house; scarcely written a single line. I wished to have written to dear Mrs. Clay on the subject of Randolph, but have not had spirits and resolution enough to throw my thoughts on paper. It is a sad subject, and recalls mournful recollections. You can, doubtless, insinuate to her my wishes to have him as soon as she can bring herself to part from him: the sooner the better, for any advantage which he may derive from my tuition. My best regards to Mr. Walsh. Mention me in the kindest manner to dear Mrs. Clay and her family; also, to every one that knows and inquires after me. Good night. I must to bed.

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

LETTER XCIII.

Georgetown, Nov. 27, 1812.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

I WAS highly gratified this evening, on my return from dining with Mr. Frank Key, to find your letter of the 23d, (post-marked the 25th.) I am glad to tell you that, since my late acute attack, when the morbid matter, whatever it be, settled in my feet, I have been quite a new man. For the first time, during many months, my mind has been relieved from an oppression which has clouded and impaired all my facul-

ties. The effects have, no doubt, been felt by those who have been placed in contact with me, (as well as by myself,) although they have, probably, been unable to make due allowance for the malady by which I have been afflicted.

I hope you will follow Dr. Chapman's advice, and never cease to remember that, in order to qualify yourself for healing others, it is of primary necessity that you, yourself, should be *sane* in body, as well as mind. I am greatly obliged to Dr. Chapman; I cannot say for his recollection of me, for he never knew me; but, for thinking of me so often, and so favourably—I must add, so partially, also.

Present me, most respectfully and affectionately, to Mrs. Clay, and tell her that I accept the trust which she has so generously confided to me, with a proper sense of its importance. I hope, indeed, that it may be as she expects, "that Randolph will receive much benefit from my tuition." I know that, in many respects, I am less qualified for such a task, than when I undertook the instruction of yourself and Tudor; but of this I am equally confident, that no exertion shall be wanting, on my part, to render him worthy of her, and an honour to the memory of that other dear friend, to whom he owes his being.

I took advantage of the parliamentary holiday, yesterday, to enjoy the diversion of shooting. I killed one brace of woodcocks and two of partridges—missing only two shots; both on horse-back. Your favourite Sancho did not distinguish himself, being quite eclipsed by Dido. I fear he will lose his eye. St. George writes that woodcocks are uncommonly numerous, and that he has killed two. Your sister was well.

Did I tell you that I sent Jupiter home from Fredericksburg? I miss him very much. Mr. Charles Sterrett Ridgely arrived here last night, to my great joy. He desires his respects to you. I received a letter, since I commenced this, from Mr. Parish. He is at Ogdensburgh, but will be in Philadelphia, about the first of January.

My best regards to Mr. Walsh. I shall write again shortly; probably by to-morrow's mail.

Yours, truly,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

MR. T. BLAND DUDLEY.

LETTER XCIV.

Georgetown, Nov. 28, 1812.

ACCORDING to the intimation in my last, I took the field to-day—but my friend Mr. Charles Sterrett Ridgely was unable to accompany me; having been better employed in placing Mr. Lufborough's son, (the young man who was at Carlisle,) in an eligible berth on board the Constellation. It was a blank day with me. I went out late, having waited for Mr. Ridgely; and although Dido behaved to admiration, I killed nothing except two unqualified sportsmen, a large owl, and a poaching cat. I moved several woodcocks, shot twice at very unfavourable chances, and returned to an early dinner. As this letter will be postage free, I have less compunction in taxing you with it.

I shall write again to-morrow, and trouble you with some commissions.

Yours, most affectionately,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

MR. T. BLAND DUDLEY.

LETTER XCV.

Dec. 12, 1812.

DEAR THEODORE,

IN conformity with your request, I write merely to inform you that I am greatly better—although far from well. My feet, my head, and stomach antagonize, (if I may so speak,) like a flexor and extensor muscle. I am sorry to hear of your *cough*. Is it the effect of *cold*, or of some obstruction of the liver?

My best regards to Mrs. Clay, and the children. Why do you say nothing of them?

Yours, truly,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

The Potomac closed the night before last. Mr. Stanford desires to be remembered to you.

LETTER XCVI.

Dec. 17, 1812.

DEAR THEODORE,

HAVING seen myself in the portfolio, I have no longer any wish to possess a copy; and I really regret that you lent the miniature for the purpose of having it so wretchedly engraved. Had I been consulted, I would have put my veto upon the "*projet*." At the same time, do not understand me as expressing *censure* at your compliance with Dr. C——'s request—I do not know how you could have

refused. You might have said—"I will consult my uncle, and if he has no objection, &c."

I am better, and trust you are so; though I have sometimes apprehensions, as I do not hear from you. Three lines would do. A word, at the same time, of Mrs. Clay: her situation, her spirits, children, &c. Adieu.

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

LETTER XCVII.

December 18, 1812.

DEAR THEODORE,

I HAVE just received the enclosed from poor St. George, under cover of a letter to myself. Want of some one to communicate with is evidently impairing his knowledge of the language. His letters to me, of late, are hardly intelligible; some parts of them quite so. He complains that his brother does not write to him. I fear he will lose the faculty of expressing his thoughts on paper, if no one takes the trouble to correct him. Alas! "prayers are not *morality*," nor "kneeling *religion*." What a perversion to suppose austerity, sourness, gloom, indifference to the welfare of those whom we ought to love, (*if we can love any thing*;) that these recommend us to the Divine Author of that religion, which teaches us to love our neighbour as ourself; to bless them that curse us—whose very essence is benevolence and good will towards man!

I must go to the house. Good b'ye.

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

Have you read Leigh's Memoirs? Probably you have not

leisure; but I beg of you to read the note in page 341, of volume 2d.—The friendship of Washington forfeited by negligence.

LETTER XCVIII.

Georgetown, Jan. 1, 1813.

DEAR THEODORE,

YOUR last letter has afforded relief from some anxiety which I had begun to feel, on your account. That by Mr. Weir has not yet come to hand. I made but a very short stay with my friend, Mr. Charles Sterrett Ridgely—whose hospitable mansion I left on Monday last. Exposure to cold brought on ague, and something very like cholera morbus. I have seldom suffered more than I did on that night, after reaching my lodgings. I write these few lines merely that you may not suppose that I think you neglectful of me, as your letter seems to intimate.

Do not forget to call on Mr. Parish, who, by this time, is in Philadelphia; and commend me to Mrs. Clay, and all friends.

Yours, truly,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

MR. THEODORICK BLAND DUDLEY.

LETTER XCIX.

Saturday, Jan. 9, 1813.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

OUR friend, Dr. Logan, will bear this letter. I intended to have sent you a remittance of \$200, by this very safe conveyance; but, having only notes of one of the late banks incorporated here, I shall call at the Bank of Columbia, on Monday or Tuesday next, and obtain a draft on their correspondent bank in Philadelphia, for that sum. Let me know, as early as possible, how much more your occasions will call for, that it may be supplied in due time; and, also, when you can leave Philadelphia, after graduating.

Dr. Logan complains that he has not seen you at Stenton. You ought not to neglect cultivating so valuable an acquaintance.

Yours, most truly,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

MR. DUDLEY.

LETTER C.

Georgetown, Friday, Feb. 5, 1813.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

I WROTE you a hasty letter yesterday, from which you may infer that I meditated placing Randolph *immediately* at school. When I spoke of "his being separated from me," I referred to the time when he should attain a proper age to be placed at school. You know the savage solitude in which I live; into which I have been *driven to seek shel-*

ter. I feel that it will be but a sad change to this poor child, and, perhaps, a situation not entirely suited to his age, &c.

I feel much at a loss how to act. Now, tell me something of *your own* intentions and *wishes*, as to future pursuits and prospects in life. Speak to me as to a friend, whose chief motive is the fartherance of your own welfare. I have thought of Richmond as not an ineligible position for you; but only *thought* of it.

Pray give me the earliest information of Mr. Parish's arrival at Philadelphia; and do not fail to keep watch for Mr. and Mrs. G., and present the enclosed. They will reach Baltimore to-day, and will, probably, be in Philadelphia about this day week: perhaps earlier. I had the pleasure of dining with Mr. Walsh about ten days ago. He spoke of you with great regard.

Yours, truly,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

MR. T. B. DUDLEY.

Best regards to Messrs. P. and W.

LETTER CI.

House of Representatives, Tuesday, Feb. 9, 1813.

DEAR THEODORE,

BY the time that this letter can reach you, Mr. and Mrs. G. will, probably, be approaching Philadelphia. They have left Baltimore, and intend to go *via* Columbia and Lancaster. I am extremely desirous that they should not pass through Philadelphia without your seeing them. Should

this, unfortunately, happen,—pray enclose my letter to Mr. G. Mr. Alexander Walker, of that city, can give you his address.

Your letters by Mr. W. have never made their appearance. Indeed, I hardly hear any thing from you. Tudor was well a few days ago. He has returned to Cambridge.

Yours, truly,
JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

LETTER CII.

Feb. 9, 1813.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

LIEUTENANT COLONEL SCOTT (the friend of Mr. Watkins Leigh) will hand you this letter. It is written exclusively for the purpose of giving you the pleasure of his acquaintance; for which you must consider yourself as my debtor.

Yours, truly,
JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

MR. T. BLAND DUDLEY.

I wrote to you this morning, by mail.

LETTER CIII.

Wednesday, Feb. 10, 1813.

10 at night.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

MR. JOHN VAUGHAN, of Philadelphia, can inform you of Mr. Gore's address. I am extremely desirous that you should become known to him, and to Mrs. Gore. Present me, most respectfully, to them both; and mention my wishes on this head. I hear nothing from, or of you.

Yours, truly,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

Tell Mrs. G. that her friends, the Goldsboroughs, are quite well; that Miss Anna Maria is as beautiful as ever, and Mr. Bleecker *more cheerful* than I ever saw him. Mrs. Horsey, with whom I dined to-day, and Mrs. Bayard, enjoy their usually good health, good humour, and good spirits: but Washington is a dreary place, nevertheless.

LETTER CIV.

Washington, Feb. 11, 1813.

DEAR THEODORE,

YOUR letter of the 8th reached me at a late hour last night. I have no idea of placing Randolph at school *now*, nor for several years to come; but when the time should arrive, would prefer (*cæteris paribus*) putting him within reach of his mother and friends.

I beg to hear from you more at full on the subject of your P. S.

I have just learned that Mr. and Mrs. G. were in Baltimore on Tuesday, the 9th. I hope you will not miss them in their passage through Philadelphia: you are good at a flying shot.

JOHN RANDOLPH.

I am crippled with sciatic.

The skeleton of the speech has been mounted by some bungler who knows nothing of political osteology. I feel ashamed of myself—not only stripped of my muscle, but my very bones disjoined.

LETTER CV.

Georgetown, Feb. 18, 1813.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

SINCE the receipt of your concise letter of the 12th, I have been on the verge of the grave, from one of those sudden and incomprehensible attacks, to which my family are subject.

Mr. and Mrs. G. returned to Washington on Monday last: after being detained ten days in Baltimore, despairing of being able to cross the Susquehannah, they made a retrograde movement, to the great joy of their numerous acquaintances here. Pray inquire of Mr. Parish if he received a letter from me, in answer to his from Philadelphia. I sent him, also, Messrs. Quincy and Emott's speeches.

I am yet *sore* and *weak*.

Yours,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

MR. T. BLAND DUDLEY.

The letter by Mr. Weir has never reached me. My best respects to Mr. Walsh, when you see him. Say every thing proper to Mrs. C., and give my love to Randolph.

LETTER CVI.

Fredericksburg, March 5, 1813.

DEAR THEODORE,

I WROTE to you yesterday, from Georgetown, enclosing a draft of the Bank of Columbia on the Bank of Pennsylvania for two hundred dollars. As soon as you can leave Philadelphia, I shall expect you in Virginia. Let me know, that I may send horses to meet you in Richmond, and address your letter to Farmville. I regret that I have heard so little from you of late; for the letter by Mr. Weir never came to hand. I reached this place about an hour ago, half dead with fatigue and rheumatism, with which I have been tortured beyond measure, during the latter part of the winter; especially the last ten days. I left Mr. and Mrs. G. in Washington. They will, probably, reach Philadelphia in the course of a week from this time, and will be in your neighbourhood. I trust that you will see them. I expect Randolph with you. My best regards to Mrs. Clay. I want to write to her, but cannot at present.

I met Mr. Stanford here: he desires his respects to you.

Yours, truly,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

T. B. DUDLEY.

LETTER CVII.

Bowling Green, March 8, 1813.

DEAR THEODORE,

FORTUNATELY for me, I changed my purpose of proceeding through the *desert*, to Carter's ferry. Between Todd's and this place, I was nearly mad with pain, and, when I got here, was glad enough to remain. The next day (yesterday) it snowed and rained incessantly, and this day must have emigrated from the north-west coast of Scotland. I think it doubtful whether I shall be able to get even to Prince Edward Court; and my essay was to have reached Buckingham.

Tell Mrs. G. (when you see her) that I have been thinking of her ever since I left Georgetown; pondering on the difficulties of her journey, and "guessing," according to the New England fashion, "whether she would leave Washington today or to-morrow; if she had reached Baltimore; and how long she would stay there; and when she would arrive in Philadelphia?" &c.

As soon as the weather will permit, I shall go on to Richmond in Mr. Hoomes's carriage. I wish, very much, to see you.

Your friend and kinsman,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

MR. THEODORICK BLAND DUDLEY.

LETTER CVIII.

Richmond, March 10, 1813.

DEAR THEODORE,

I LEFT the Bowling Green yesterday, after breakfast, and, thanks to the politeness of Mr. Hoomes, was enabled to

reach Richmond about seven o'clock. My delay there was not entirely unproductive of good, for I had the pleasure of passing the day, on Monday, with Mr. Garnett; who came to Caroline Court, in the hope of seeing some of his old acquaintances, on their way to the south. The road, from the Bowling Green here, is worse than I ever saw it; indeed, the weather has been wretchedly bad since Saturday. What must the effect have been on the road farther north, which I thought had already reached their *ultimatum*? This reflection has been uppermost in my mind for several days past, and gives me much uneasiness respecting Mrs. G. I pray you to let me hear of her safe arrival in Philadelphia, as soon as possible. You have been upon a restrictive system, of late.

Yours,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

MR. T. B. DUDLEY.

Dr. and Mrs. B. ask kindly after you.

My best respects to Mr. Parish.

LETTER CIX.

Farmville, April 16, 1813.

DEAR THEODORE,

ON returning here yesterday, I found your three letters, of the 2d and 30th of March, from Philadelphia, and of the 5th of this month, from Georgetown. I hasten to send Jupiter for you, and must not omit a message of Dr. Randolph, requesting you to call on him as you come up.

You will have learned, before this reaches you, that, so far from "triumphing over my enemies," as you anticipated,

they are triumphing over me: a triumph which, for my country's sake, I deeply regret; but which has no power to shake the firmness of my purpose, or to disturb the serenity of my mind. It releases me from an odious thralldom, and, I assure you, my dear Theodore, I have thought, and yet think, much more of the charming Mrs. G. than of the election. The low and base arts to which my adversaries have resorted, have not raised them, or sunk me in my own esteem.

My best regards to Dr. and Mrs. B., and to Ryland. Ask him about my shirts: I am half naked: and bring up my boots, left at his house.

Yours, truly,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

MR. DUDLEY.

You have not mentioned whether or not you have graduated.

LETTER CX.

Bizarre, March 15, 1813.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

I LEFT Dr. Randolph's yesterday morning, and reached this place about five o'clock. He requests that you will call upon him on your way home, and pressed me to mention it to you not as an ordinary matter of course invitation.

I went to-day to Prince Edward Court, and found the good people of that county as cordial to me as ever. Their countenances spoke the feeling of their hearts towards me.

It is possible that Mrs. G. may not have left Philadelphia. Do not forget to speak to her of me; to recall me to her recollection—although, I trust, that is unnecessary. Tell her

that I shall feel eternally obliged to my friend Mercer for the fidelity with which he executed my request. In short, be as much with her as possible, that when we meet, we may talk of her, and that you may comprehend her excellence.

Yours, always,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

Your sister is much grown, and quite well; so is St. George.

I have read Mr. Mercer's letter a hundred times. No wonder it was entirely on the subject of Mrs. G.

LETTER CXI.

September, 1813.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

MISUNDERSTANDING and misconception, even between those who reside under the same roof, are, *from whatever cause*, the fruitful source of misery to the best of friends. What, then, may they not effect, among persons less attached to each other than I know myself to be to you, or than I believe you to be to me? Do not misconstrue me, whatever you may observe in my conduct or observations before others.

You cannot oblige me so much as by thinking yourself to stand to me in the relation of a favoured son, and by acting as *master* in my house, and on my estate, on every occasion, where your own pleasure or a regard to my interest may prompt you so to do. When you were young, and I was of opinion that it might be injurious to your future character or fortunes to encourage such views, I sedulously re-

pressed them. Your character is now formed. Consider yourself, then, as *not less entitled to command here*, than if you were the child of my loins, as you are the son of my affections. In repressing the forwardness of others I may have repelled you. Understand me and my feelings, and we shall never misconceive each other. I wish most fervently to see you in a situation more worthy of your merit, and I hope I shall yet live to see it. Until then, take this hint. It is enough if you enter into my feelings—too much if you do not.

Yours, affectionately,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

LETTER CXII.

Farmville, Saturday, Nov. 6, 1813.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

JUPITER got down here, last night, with your letter. I do not wonder that he forgot your books when he returned without what I chiefly sent him for—my dirk, pocket pistols, goggles, and best coat, with dress shoes, and gaiters.

Pray speak to John Garritt to come down here and build a house for St. George. He wishes it to be set about as soon as possible. Garritt must leave at Roanoke all the tools he found there, and such as I have purchased since. Phil and Morocco can do what work I want, until poor St. George gets a shelter over his head.

If a good opportunity offers, be so *good* as to send me the things above named, with my father's picture, and three lockets; they are in my writing-table drawer. I shall direct Jemmy to bring up some herd's grass seed, from Mr. Wm. L. Morton's, which I wish sprinkled over the *new* meadow, and,

if any left, over the old. Let Billy and Ned join the axemen at Hog Island.

Jupiter also forgot Mr. Garritt's saddle. If the post-boy cannot carry it, I will send it by the wagon.

I fear you have a sad time of it. Tell Pentecost he can have the accommodation he asks, in respect to the goods. I hope he sent down Ryland's horse.

I think it would be a good plan to put one of the three years' old colts, with a steady, *dull* horse, to break up the pasture.

B. Woodson, Redford, and myself, are going a cocking in Nash's low grounds. I will keep my letter open until we return. I killed a duck in Mr. Dupuy's mill-pond, on Monday evening, and three partridges and a cock, on Thursday, at Bizarre. Game is very scarce. Send me a memorandum, by the post, of such things as you want, as well as overseers and carpenters.

Farewell, dear Theodorick.

Your friend and kinsman,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

It is not possible to write tolerably with such tools.

Pray teach Dash and Clio to fetch. W. Randolph, from a thorn wound in the knee, has a dreadful abscess formed; for a fortnight his life was in great danger. Dr. I. now thinks his *limb* may be saved.

Not a cock found in Nash's *famous* grounds. No wonder. Plenty of hogs, oxen, and horses.

Found two woodcocks in a branch; killed both. The second after, Woodson missed; also, a brace of partridges. St. George, one woodcock. Woodson and Redford, not a feather. Game very scarce. Left the puppy at home. Dido behaved to admiration. Woodson and Redford's guns are more than a quarter of a pound heavier than mine.

LETTER CXIII.

Richmond, Thursday Night, Nov. 25, 1813.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

I WAS highly gratified, to-day, by your letter of the 21st; for, *yesterday*, the post-office would not condescend to afford me that pleasure. I wish you had *touched*, however slightly, some of the topics of my last. You will readily *guess* (as the Yankees say) those to which I refer. On farther reflection, I am really sorry that we resolved to break up the pasture. The *natives* here (*imported*, as well as *indigenous*,) have no conception of such a turf as that which requires four horses to cut the *sod*, with a coulter; and I believe (for I did not hazard *your* name or veracity) that they suspected me of that vice, to which (according to honest Jack Falstaff) all this world is given. I really doubt the *policy*, under "existing circumstances," of destroying this turf, which is impregnable to the "hoof and the tooth." I forgot to tell Jemmy to call at Wm. L. Morton's for the herd's grass seed. Pray send there for it, and have it scattered on the new meadow. It was not my fault, however, that he did not bring Garritt's saddle; for Mrs. R. and St. George both promised that it should not be neglected, and I left it at Farmville on purpose.

Why did you say nothing of Garritt's disposition to build at Bizarre? As you are *now* a man of business, let me suggest to you that a letter, acknowledging the receipt of another, is not, necessarily, (*logice*,) an *answer* to it;—(by the way, you have not acknowledged the receipt of mine.) Look over your letters when you write. Reply to the points of moment; and superadd what you please, whether of business, humour, or sentiment—although, with Sir Peter Teazle, I say, "damn sentiment:" but not the sentiment of an unsophisticated heart like yours, my son. I thank you and Colonel Morton on the subject of the sheep. Tell him so; and I

wish that you had taught Beazley by *precept*, rather than example, to use his own hands.

Cannot you meet me *here*, or on the road?—say Farmville or Amelia. You know not how much you are prized by those who know you only as an acquaintance. Can you wonder then, my dear Theodore, at the value, which I, who know you, *au fond*, set upon you.

Good night, and may every blessing attend you.

Yours, truly,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

DR. DUDLEY.

I have heard from Dr. Robinson. He is reasonably well; unchanged in heart. Mr. L. is gone to Berkeley. I *guess* that he will bring Mrs. L. home with him. Pray come down, if convenient and agreeable.

LETTER CXIV.

Bank of Virginia, Dec. 30, 1813.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

I HAVE just received your letter of the 26th. The connexion which has so long subsisted between us, and which nothing but death can dissolve, renders all *profession*, on either side, not only unnecessary, but improper; even although we did not agree with the worthy Baronet, in “*damning all sentiment.*” Feeling towards you as a father, I naturally expect you to act towards me as a son. As to the word *gratitude*, let it be expunged from our vocabulary. I must not, however, be debarred the pleasure of expressing sometimes my sense of the aid and comfort which I derive from you; at the expense, I know, of your interest, and, in many

instances, I fear, of your feelings. Do not misunderstand me: I mean that such a life as you must lead at Roanoke, is unsuited to your character and disposition, and, therefore, I am anxious that you should remove to this (or some other) town.

Pray look at my first memorandum, by Jupiter. Among the enumerated articles, I remember my blue coat and goggles: the surtout I do not want; but my clothes from Gibb's, (the tailor at the C. H.) I do.

I wish you, with St. George, to select seven hands, of such as are willing to go, principally men and boys, for Bizarre and Michaux; of course, not our prime ploughmen, prizers, &c.

I want the smith's shop put up with all convenient despatch, between Simons and Essex's houses, near, or on, the old brick yard; but not so as to stop a road which I mean to open between the foot of the hill and the pasture gate, passing near both those houses.

I enclose a check for \$100, in favour of Garritt. I would send the notes, but I preferred the check as the safer mode; so I handed the notes to the Doctor, and drew for the money.

Adieu! my dear Theodore, and believe me, as ever,

Yours,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

LETTER CXV.

Bank of Virginia, Dec. 22, 1813.

DEAR THEODORE,

YOU will, doubtless, be surprised to receive another letter from me, written in Richmond; but you know how helpless a creature I am; and when I tell you that my man Jupiter has been *hors du combat*, by a bad cut on the leg, against the "rock" (marble slabs) on the stair-case, and by

an axe which flew off the halve, as he was splitting wood, and had nearly given him his *quietus*, you may imagine that I have hardly been able to make a shift for myself, even in Richmond.

By Quashia I send a piece of blankets, and eighteen pair of stockings, having already given a pair a-piece to each of the wagonners and boys. Give them another pair a-piece, and distribute the other dozen as may seem best. I send, also, a bolt of Oznaburghs, out of which furnish the wagonners with two shirts each, and the boys the same; also, great coats of the No. 5 cottons. The remainder of the linen, and the blankets, to be distributed to such as most need. I have given little Henry one blanket.

The boys tell me that you had not got home when they set out. I enclose fifty dollars for your *own* use. If a cipher were added to the sum, it would be a scanty compensation for the services which you have rendered me during the past year as a professional man.

I will write again by post.

Yours, ever,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

All the old-fashioned good wishes of the season to you.

LETTER CXVI.

Richmond, Jan. 8, 1814.

DEAR THEODORE,

QUASHIA got down last night. I was apprehensive that the wagons had set out just as the bad weather commenced. I have been detained here by a very unpleasant piece of business, which I hope to terminate to-day. I should have

sent up the gun, but I was really afraid that she would be injured by the jolting of the wagon. Ryland sent Knowles's gun of his own mere notion. I am disappointed at getting no letter, or goggles, from you. The glare of the snow puts my eyes out, and I cannot get a pair with green glasses in town.

You will have heard the news from Europe before this reaches you. Advices from London, as late as the 14th of November, state that the tyrant had reached Mentz, with from 20 to 30,000 of his shattered army. Of course, the retreat by *Erfurth* could not have been cut off, as is stated in Sir Charles Stewart's letter of October 19th; that place being in the direct line from Leipzig to Mentz—as, indeed, is Weissenfels (and Naumburg, nearly)—so that I cannot very well understand that part of his despatch which relates to the orders of the King of Prussia, to *detach* in that direction. I had supposed that, from Bonaparte's taking the route of the Saale, towards Brunswick, he could not strike the Rhine higher than Dusseldorf. But you have better maps than are accessible to me, here. Read the Prince Regent's speech on opening parliament, and compare his dignified mention of this country, and even of France, with Mr. Madison's *rant*. Yet this rant is well suited to the meridian of Washington. I cannot conceive who it is that writes the speeches of the English Vitellius—Lord Liverpool, most probably: but I wish he would lend his aid to the American * * * *. These two worthy rulers seem to agree so well in their notions about carrying on the war, that, perchance, they might interchange speeches as well as measures. Mr. M. makes war upon our commerce, and the Prince Regent seconds him by a rigorous blockade. Mr. M. thinks it not rigorous enough—that *neutrals* will elude it: he gets himself created dictator by law, and even neutrals are prohibited from carrying out of the country one pound of its produce. This law is met, half way on its passage across the Atlantic, by a British order in council, authorizing the capture of all *neutrals* trading to the United States.

I send you a newspaper, and little Echo: pray take care of her.

In haste, yours,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

Mr. and Mrs. Bell, and the Dr. and Mrs. B., make kind inquiries after you.

LETTER CXVII.

Richmond, Monday, Jan. 24, 1814.

From the Bank of Virginia.

DEAR THEODORE,

WITH their usual attention to the public convenience, the *familiars* of the post-office have changed the day of arrival and departure of the mails. I was apprized of this fact by the receipt, this morning, of your welcome letter of the 13th, (post marked the 18th;) the only one which I have received from you for several weeks past. I have been too long acquainted with the *manœuvring* of the sex, and especially of the lady in question, to be surprised at what you tell me: for which of my sins it is I know not, that I have sustained this long and heavy persecution, (more hot and galling than the dreadful *fire* which killed *nine* of Gen. Harrison's mounted riflemen;) but I humbly hope that the penance will reduce the "*balance*" against me (to speak *à la Vèrginienne*) on a final settlement.

Bonaparte has met with another defeat, near Francfort, (on the Maine, I presume,) and Lord Wellington has, by this time, entered Bayonne. Pampelune surrendered with 4,500 men. I send you some newspapers by Beverley, who arrived on Friday night, and who does not seem to be in any

very great hurry to get home. He is much pleased with military life; and I should not be surprised (if our army were on a better footing) at his entering upon that profession.

William Leigh promised to call on you as he went home. Watkins Leigh is well, much fattened, and inspirited by matrimony. Bouldin, too, is here; a heavy draft from our country of abilities and integrity.

Perhaps you think that I never mean to go to Philadelphia, or return home: and, indeed, you have cause to entertain such a surmise. I have been detained here by circumstances which, at some future day, I will explain to you.—They are too long for a letter.

Mr. W. M. W. has *made up to me* a good deal this winter, and speaks to certain persons, (B——, Mercer, Powell, &c.,) in such a way, as leaves no doubt of his desire for a reconciliation. He told P., that my *hauteur* to him caused him to vote against me!

I fear I shall lose the opportunity of Beverley; he has been *missing* ever since yesterday morning. Keep a *sharp* look out on Cambay and Beadles.

Yours, truly,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

DR. DUDLEY.

Mrs. Bell went yesterday to Kingston, Dinwiddie, to see her mother, who has been very ill with a pleurisy, but is now out of danger. Kingston is in the south-east part of the county, about twenty-five miles from Petersburg. She will return this day week. Her sister, Mrs. Haxall, accompanied her. Miss Barton remains at "Belmont."

I have letters from Bleecker, Quincy, Tudor, and Rutledge. If I had answered them, I should enclose them to you; but they *poured* in this morning, according to the proverb.

Dr. and Mrs. B. salute you. You *must* come and live *here*.

LETTER CXVIII.

Bank of Virginia, Feb. 9, 1814.
11, A. M.

DEAR THEODORE,

YOUR letter was handed to me a few minutes ago, at Dr. B——'s, by old Quashia. I thank you for this mark of your attention; for, to say the truth, I have never failed getting a letter from you by the wagons, or the mail, without a feeling of disappointment. But when I think I perceive the cause of your uncommunicativeness to arise from the fatigue to which you have exposed yourself on my account, or, perhaps, to low spirits, the effect of your present unpleasant situation, it makes me uneasy. I have been, indeed, very much disturbed of late, by an occurrence as unexpected as it is distressing; and, perhaps, I tinge other objects with the hue of the medium through which I observe them.

I sent the books for *your* entertainment. Why the papers do not arrive I am at a loss to conceive, unless through the negligence of the post-office. They are not forwarded to me, here: perhaps they are detained at Charlotte C. H. I think I have heard of such a practice there, last winter.

I send a capital Scotch plough for *four* horses, and castings for another: we must see if our folks can make one. I wish you would have all the clover seed sown at the middle quarter. Cambey may take the Diomed mare and the mule at the lower quarter. Perhaps it would not injure some of the young horses to plough them: at least, it will not after the ground is broken up. I am grieved that we are likely to be disappointed of *ice*.

Will you be so good as to plant out (if to be found) some wild cherry and wild currant (alias Corinth) trees.

Quashia (the man, not the wood,) interrupts me.

Yours, ever,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

LETTER CXIX.

Richmond, Friday, Feb. 17, 1814.

I REACHED this place with my little charge, on Sunday last, too late to write to you, my dear Theodore. I found Tudor here, not at all improved in health since I saw him in New York. I fear, both from my own observation, and what I hear, that he is not sufficiently careful of himself. Yesterday the whole town was thrown into great joy by the certainty of peace. The preliminaries were signed on the 24th of December. Great as my calculations have always been, on the folly of the British ministry, I have never made sufficient allowance on that score. Their ill-contrived expedition against New Orleans was carrying on at the very moment that they were giving us peace. What a wanton waste of gallant men!

I shall set out next week for Roanoke. My horses wanted rest, and I have some arrangements to make here which have detained me, and may, *probably*, keep me longer than I intended. I shall endeavour to bring Tudor with me. Present me to your mother and sister, if they be with you.

Most truly, yours,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

I received a letter from you whilst I was at Mr. Ridgely's. It had been forwarded from Philadelphia. It was written soon after Tudor left you. Dr. G. and Mr. and Mrs. S. Ridgely desire their respects to you. They all made particular inquiries after you; as did Dr. and Mrs. B.

Remember me to Colonel Morton.

LETTER CXX.

Richmond, Monday, March 7, 1814.

DEAR THEODORE,

I RECEIVED your letter by Quashia, yesterday, after morning service; of course, nothing could be done until to-day. I directed Ryland, however, to get the chief article, iron, as soon as possible, this morning; but there are some other things that I wish to send up, and I have been so unwell for the last week as to be incapable of any thing. You and Tudor are, in one respect, two provoking correspondents. You have the art of writing letters without *putting any thing in them*—and of *answering*, without *replying* to your correspondent. Add to this, that your epistles bear strong symptoms of hypochondriasis. That you, my dear Theodore, should be affected in this way, is not wonderful, considering the life you lead. I can scarcely bear to think of it. You, my dear Theodore, are the chief stay and comfort of my life, and it grieves me to think that you should be buried in the wilds of Roanoke, especially when I see so many *dolts*, here, succeeding in the profession, of which you have made yourself master. I think I must *insist* on your removal. I know, and admire the motive that keeps you where you are; and it serves but to rivet my esteem of you. I hope, however, that it will not prevent you following the bent of your inclination, should it prompt a visit to Tennessee.

I send up by Quashia some sugar and coffee. I am afraid that you are too fastidious with me, and refrain from mentioning the wants of our little cabin. For heaven's sake, my dear Theodore, let there be *none of this between us*. You have a right to look upon me as a father, as I do on you as a son. I never fail to *command you*. Do thou likewise.

I shall send coal, provided it will not interfere with some furniture that I have bought. Quashia brings a bushel of

clover seed. It is rather late, but I wish it sowed on some *rich* spot, at the middle quarter; and if not ground enough to be had there, the remainder at the ferry, say on the wheat land; although it would succeed better with oats, if we had the land to receive them.

We will also give you some books, pamphlets, &c., which may serve to amuse you; and some late papers, English as well as American.

The very same thought of promoting little Quash. to the command of the ferry wagon, had suggested itself to me before you mentioned it; and I had determined to carry it into execution. Your plan of hiring the carriage of the remaining tobacco is highly proper and advisable.

I shall sell my colts and fillies at the May races, if practicable, and the English mares with them. If any one will give you a thousand dollars for Gracchus, take it.

The Doctor and Mrs. Brockenbrough desire their best remembrance to you. I dined at Bellville, on Friday, and Mrs. B. and Miss Barton inquired after you.

Adieu, dear Theodore!

I am, most truly, yours,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

Pray read Frank Key's discourse. No other paper. I send you none.

LETTER CXXI.

Richmond, Sunday, March 20, 1814.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

I HAVE just now received your welcome letter of the 13th, (this day week.) Surely the wise ones have made some

strange change in our mail establishment, when it takes a week to send a letter a hundred miles. My dear son, the state of your health, and the evident depression of your spirits, were not unobserved by me when we met three years ago, on the road from Washington to Baltimore. It cost me many a heart-ach to see the ravages which a winter in Philadelphia had made on your constitution, and natural cheerfulness. I ascribed them, I believe, to the right cause; but as you had not confided that cause to me, so neither did I feel myself at liberty to inquire concerning it of others. But this circumstance made so deep an impression on my mind, that I felt reluctant at the thoughts of your return the next winter; although I kept it to myself. The world has used me so ill—yet, why blame the world? Those from whom I had a right to expect a very different conduct, have betrayed such shameless selfishness, so bare-faced a disregard of my feelings, and of *my rights*, that, but for you, I should sink into inveterate misanthropy. Nature (to use a certain fashion of speaking) intended me for something very different from what I am. I have been ossified by a petrifying world. All life, and spirit, and confidence, and enthusiasm: I have become cold, suspicious, and dead to every better feeling, except through a sort of faint remembrance of such as I formerly experienced. But enough of this egotism.

There are two not ‘unknown,’ but *unmentioned* ladies, who have spoken of you to me in very flattering terms; the fashionable Miss M——, and the elegant Mrs. W——. The latter expressed her regret at being from home when you called. Mrs. Bell often inquires after you. She is my chief resource of female society, and reminds me of Mrs. G——! The dignity and elegance of her pursuits, compared with the frivolous occupations or inane indolence of our ladies, in general, give a new charm to the beauty of her person, and the polish of her manners. I dined there a few days ago, and have quite overcome the coyness of little Mary Anne, who says, “*I love Mr. R.*” For the misses of this, our day, (always excepting Miss Caton and Miss Barton,) I have no great

penchant; and the *notables*, although very good house-keepers, are but poor companions. By the way, do you know that La Belle Goldsborough is Mrs. W. Fitzhugh? The bell rings, and I must to church. The Doctor and lady return your compliments. He is the best man in the world, and she a very superior woman. Her understanding is masculine, and well improved by reading: but her misfortunes (how should they fail) have cast a sombre hue over her temper and manners.

I shall get your shirting and mine at the same time.

Yours, ever,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

Charles Sterrett Ridgely desires to be remembered warmly to you. "Thanks to you (he writes to me) for entirely curing me of my military mania. I no longer pant after that phantom, military fame; am content with my lot, and wish only to be distinguished as an honest man, and a good citizen; and now, that I think soberly and seriously, it is a subject of astonishment that I should ever, for a moment, have thought of resigning the comforts of domestic life, the society of my wife and children, and of friends, whom I sincerely love, to mix with the unprincipled and profligate, and to become the slave and tool of men, whose principles I cannot but detest; and that, too, in a cause which I consider to be most unjust."

I am going to Bellville after church, and will leave my letter open until I return. Mr. Parish is at Ogdensburg. He has been there since January.

I have seen Mrs. B. She returns her acknowledgments for your politeness. I did not see Mr. B.

LETTER CXXII.

*Richmond, May 16, 1814.**Monday Morning.*

MY DEAR THEODORE,

I shall send your linen by Quashia, as no wagon can be found going towards Roanoke. I hope you will not set out until you hear from me, once more. You make no mention of Mr. Stanford. How is this? I have sold the colts for \$150 each. I know that they are worth more, but "necessity, &c." I wish, when you write to me, you would call to mind such objects as you suppose would interest me: even the dogs, and little Molly, I would rather hear of than nothing. There have been incessant rains during the last fortnight; the earth is supersaturated with water, and the crops of wheat, generally ruined, except upon poor lands, that never produce any thing worth the trouble of the planter. Oats are, consequently, very fine; and the grounds around Bellville are as green as a leek. Mrs. B., however, is drooping. She proposes going to Kingston, (her mother's, in Dinwiddie,) in a few days. She often mentions you; so do the Doctor and Mrs. B. Of Bouldin I see nothing, and scarcely any thing of Leigh.

News from Europe: Bonaparte has been roughly handled by the allies; but Austria refuses to accede to his dethronement. Armistice on the 5th of March, and general peace expected. Mr. Parish, who has got back to Philadelphia, writes that the whole Christian world will be at peace by the 4th of July next. A letter from Tudor, of the 2d of May—he was well; so was Mr. Garnett, on the 9th: both desire to be remembered by you. Adieu!

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

I hear of a great fresh in Roanoke.

LETTER CXXIII.

Camp Fairfield, Sept. 2, 1814.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

YOU may be surprised at not hearing from me; but, 1st, I lost my horses. 2dly, I got a violent bilious complaint, not cholera, but cousin-german to it. 3dly, I heard the news of Washington, and, without delay, proceeded hither. I am now under orders to proceed to the brick house, forty-two miles on York road, just below the confluence of Pamunkey and Mattapony. Should you come down, report yourself to the surgeon general, Doctor Jones, of Nottoway; but first come to camp and see Watkins Leigh, the governor's aid. Apply to Ry. R. for what money you may want. God bless you, my son.

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

DR. DUDLEY.

LETTER CXXIV.

Richmond, Sept. 7, 1814.

THIS, I believe, is the third letter that I have written to you, to-day, my dear Theodore. In truth, I can think of nothing but you; for, of poor dear Tudor and his unfortunate brother, I try to think not at all. You will hear from me, whenever I indulge myself in rest and sleep; and beg that you will write by every conveyance that offers. I have many anxious hours on your subjects. I know, indeed, that according to *vulgar arithmetic*, you might be esteemed my debtor; but I am conscious, that, upon the strictest scrutiny,

I can never repay you, even in a pecuniary point of view, one half of what I owe you. I shall be at home, I hope, by the last of next month; at any rate, by Christmas: and I wish you to make up your mind to remove to Richmond by that time, unless you can reconcile yourself to the abandonment of your country practice, and sharing with me as a *son*. How is it, that you alone should persist in overpaying me, when I find all others insensible of what the world calls obligation? I repeat, that in a mere account of profit and loss, I have *gained* from your medical services, alone, more than any expense to which I may have been put on the score of your education. Of the satisfaction that I have had in your society, I will say nothing; for there is no relation between it and a matter of money.

Most truly, yours,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

LETTER CXXV.

Richmond, Oct. 8, 1814.

Saturday Morning, 2 o'clock.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

MR. JONES'S servant, who promised to wake me at three, has been better than his word by more than two hours. I heard ten strike soon after I got to bed, and by the time that I had dressed, it struck one. I lay down again in the hopes of getting a little sleep, but found my mind too anxious to succeed. This is the fourth letter that I have addressed to you within twelve or eighteen hours.

It is possible that I may have occasion for Essex. Get him some decent clothes, (Gibbs can make them,) and some

shoes; if necessary, give him the best of my boots—my great coat, or your own—three pair of the best woollen stockings that I left behind. He will find my old hat, here, in Jones's care, which he will take. Get him some good shirts: if they cannot be had, let him take mine. He can bring down Everlasting, or Tudor's mare, and wait for farther orders from Mr. Robert K. Jones.

Yours, always,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

LETTER CXXVI.

Baltimore, Oct. 13, 1814.

Thursday.

DEAR THEODORE,

I HAVE been detained here since Monday, by the consequences of an accident that befell me at Port Conway (opposite Port Royal) on Monday morning. At 3 o'clock I was roused to set out in the stage: mistaking, in the dark, a very steep staircase for a passage, at the end of which I expected to find the descent—walking boldly on, I fell from the top to the bottom, and was taking up senseless. My left shoulder and elbow were severely hurt; also, the right ankle. My hat saved my head, which was bruised, but not cut. Nevertheless, I persevered, got on to Georgetown, and the next day came to this place, where I have been compelled to remain in great pain. I am now better, and shall limp on to Philadelphia to-morrow. Sterett Ridgely and Dr. Gibson inquire particularly after you. So did Stanford. I found Leigh here, but he was obliged to go on, next day, to Fredericktown.

The random shot that killed Ross, saved Baltimore. General Winfield Scott, passed on yesterday to Washington. Poor Winder is the scape-goat to Monroe, who made all the arrangements at Bladensburg.

Remember me to St. George. I shall write again, fully, from Philadelphia.

Yours,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

No application was made to my bruises until my arrival here on Monday night. Nicholson has not called on me! Washington is ruined. The walls of the Capitol and Palace are rapidly decomposing. The massy columns in the Hall of the Representatives are not larger than the ordinary poles of which we build tobacco houses. The Navy Yard is utterly torn up and destroyed. The public offices, archives, &c., gone for ever. Send me a good impression of my small seal. Address to *West Farms*, New York. Written on my back.

LETTER CXXVII.

Philadelphia, Oct. 19, 1814.

DEAR THEODORE,

Mrs. C. has never married: it was Mr. C's. sister-in-law; now again a widow. Mrs. C. is hurt beyond measure at the report, which she says was believed by all her acquaintances out of Philadelphia, and by some there.

Fortunately, Mrs. R. did not deliver my letter to Mrs. A. Mr. and Mrs. C. are well—kind beyond measure—the boys rather puny—Randolph less so than his brother. All talk with warm regard of you: so does Dr. Chapman, with

whom I dined yesterday at Mr. T. W. Francis's. Mr. Parish, with whom I dined the day before, Mr. Meredith, and many more, were present on the occasion. Mr. P. begs, and Dr. C., also, the most cordial remembrance to you. You must come here to live, I think. Mr. Ashmead, jr., is ill; Tudor is out of all immediate danger: so a letter from Mr. Morris, that met me here, and another yesterday from his mother, tell me. Adieu.

JOHN RANDOLPH.

LETTER CXXVIII.

Morrisania, Oct. 23, 1814.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

AFTER various accidents, one of which had nearly put an end to my unprosperous life, and confined me nearly a week on the road, I reached this place yesterday. Tudor is better. I have hopes of him, if we can get him to Virginia in his present plight.

I found your letter of the 6th, here. Poor St. George, ill-starred, unfortunate boy!—his destiny was sealed before his birth, or conception. Take care of yourself! You are my last stay. I must beg of you to curtail your practice, with a view to a change of life. Talk not to me of gratitude—you owe me nothing. I must deprecate your resentment: your actions, and not your tongue, have spoken of gratitude; but for you, I should not believe in the existence of such a quality amongst mankind. You, who persist in overpaying me a thousand fold; whilst every other person on whom I have conferred a favour worth remembering, has returned DETRACTION and dislike for the deed.

I have found a market for the brood mares.

Yours, ever,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

Stephen, old S's. son, is with us: we set out on the day after to-morrow.

LETTER CXXIX.

New York, Nov. 17, 1814.

Thursday.

IT is not my fault, but my misfortune, my dear Theodore, that you have not heard from me since I left Baltimore. I wrote to you from Philadelphia, and made express mention of your friends there, and of their particular inquiries after you. Mrs. Clay, Mr. and Mrs. Croskey, Dr. Chapman; Mr. Parish, too, was pointed in his questions. As soon as I had seen Tudor, I wrote to you concerning him, and myself, also; for, on returning from Morrisania on Sunday the 24th of October, the driver overturned me in Cortlandt Street, by driving over a pile of stones, &c., before a new house, unfinished, which nuisance extended more than half way across a narrow street. I am very seriously injured. The patella is, in itself, unhurt—but the ligaments are very much wrenched, so that a tight bandage alone enables me to hobble from one room to another, with the help of a stick. I have written every week since. Your letters of the 6th and 16th of October, and 7th of November, came to hand: the last this day. But one from Mr. R. K. Jones, of the 6th of November, did not reach me until yesterday; and another from Tudor, written at Philadelphia on the 2nd, is entirely lost. Others broken open, (one from Mr. Quincy,) and delayed intolerably. Nay, I am subject to other ill treatment

into the bargain, for insisting that my letters shall be delivered to my servant, and to him only.

I hope to be able to bear the motion of a carriage, by the last of this week. I shall then go on to Philadelphia, and hope to see you by the first week of next month. Assuredly, (God willing,) before Christmas. I am a poor miserable cripple, and you are my only support. God bless you, my son.

Yours, truly,
JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

Mr. Bleecker is here, and all to me that I could wish.

LETTER CXXX.

Philadelphia, Dec. 4, 1814.

MY BEST FRIEND,

ON my arrival here, (four days ago,) I hoped to have found a letter from you, but was disappointed; and a sore disappointment it was. I scribbled you a few lines, the same evening, at Mr. P——s, that I might lose no time in apprizing you how, or where I was. Poor Mrs. C.!—another brother has been taken from her since I left this place, for New York. I feared as much, but did not dare to ask. At last, yesterday, came a meagre letter from Tudor, announcing that, in consequence of Mr. A's. death, he had not delivered my letter to Mrs. C., on the subject of my little name-sake. It is dated at Richmond, on the 25th of November—the second letter, of one straggling page, that he has written me from that place. Not a word of you, or his brother. Although at a great sacrifice of time, health, and what, to a man in debt, is of more consequence than either of

the former, I went on to New York to assist his mother home: she has not deigned to drop me a line, or even to mention me in her son's letters. Notwithstanding he staid three days in Philadelphia, and I begged him to sit for me to Sully, she would not permit him, under the thin pretext that the paint would prove injurious to his lungs; although Sully would have waited on him at his lodgings, or would have taken him in water colours. Tudor says, "I am extremely sorry, myself, about the picture, and thought it very practicable and easy to have one taken."

I wrote to you a letter, on the morning of my departure from this place for New York; I think the 18th of October. I have written since, not less than once a week; often twice and thrice. The first use I made of myself, after my fall at New York, was to give you an account of my disaster. Your last letter is of the 16th of November, acknowledging mine from Baltimore. This is, probably, the last that I shall address to you from this place; but, no matter, write on to Stanford's care. By clapping a large, hot waxen seal on your letter, he defaced entirely the impression of your seal, as your second had done of the first.

Every body here speaks highly of you—particularly the C——s and C——s. I met Dr. G. yesterday. He was very cordial. Mr. C. pressed me to take a bed at his house; so did Mr. P., who has been all kindness and attention to me.

My knee is irreparably ruined. The patella is detached from the joint; the muscles on each side are, in the tendinous parts, ruptured. It is now six weeks since the accident happened; and, without strong bandages and a stick, I could not hobble along.

I leave you to judge how anxious I am to hear from you. Poor St. George! he has never written to me at all—neither did I expect or wish it.

Farewell, my dear Theodore.

Yours,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

As my letter of October 18th was, probably, violated, let me not forget to mention that Dr. C. spoke of you with the warmest regard; also, a lady that shall be nameless.

LETTER CXXXI.

York Buildings, Dec. 24, 1814.

THIS is the 27th day since my arrival here; and, in all that time, I have not heard a syllable from you. My anxiety on this subject would be less, had I heard from you within the last fortnight of my stay in New York; but, since the 17th of November, when your letter of the 7th came to hand, I have not received a line from you. Let me earnestly entreat you, my best friend, not to leave me again in this state of suspense; and should you be sick, and nobody have the humanity to inform me of it, unsolicited—let me beg of you to request some neighbour to write me, if it be but one line, to tell me how you are. In your next, let me know the dates of the letters which you have received from me, since I sent Jupiter home. In looking over yours I can find but three: Oct. 6 and 16, and Nov. 7. During that period, I have written to you (besides my letters from Amelia and Richmond) from Baltimore, on the 18th of October; from this place, on the 19th; and from New York, always once a week, often twice, and sometimes thrice, from the 21st of October to the 26th of November, inclusive. Since I came to Philadelphia, I have written twice. I am thus particular, because you most generally omit to notice the receipt of my letters, as well as some of the topics on which they treat.

I ate my Christmas dinner, yesterday, with Mr. C., and spent the evening with Dr. and Mrs. G. At both places you were the subject of conversation; and they all flattered me by

discovering a likeness between us. The Doctor and his lady seem to be most cordially attached to you; so do the C——s, and C——s, and G——s. I came home in high spirits, confident of a letter from you, this morning—yesterday being Sunday, we did not send to the post-office—and, in the hilarity of this hope, I sat in my chamber, with Mr. P., until twelve. This morning, at breakfast, the carrier arrived with a huge packet, but “nothing for me;” and my heart has sunk as low as the mercury, this bitter cold day. From Tudor, since he left me, I have received three scanty pages of wide and straggling lines, each. I sometimes ask myself, “What can be the matter? I have written and talked to my boys too much. They hardly deign a word, or a line, in reply. Had I been more reserved, they would have been less uncommunicative.” Then, again, I say, “What man ever had a better son than my Theodore? one more dutiful, more affectionate, more manly, and independent? Poor fellow; he is tired of drudging for me, and for himself, too; besides, the rascally post-masters—do I know their tricks?—or, perhaps, he may be sick.” This thought is cruel; for I must wait a change in the weather before R. can travel.

Nothing but the want of letters from home could have prevented this being the happiest month of the last fifteen years of my life.

Adieu! write me long, garrulous letters.

Yours,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

DR. DUDLEY.

My knee is better.

On the impress of my seal you clapped another hot one, and S. another upon that—so that it was all stuck together like so much sugar candy; and I could make nothing of it. Pray send the next to S., with a request to seal with a wafer. You have not said one word of Dido or her puppies, or my poor old Carlo, or little Molly, or Essex, or Jupiter, or Nancy. *J'en suis faché.*

LETTER CXXXII.

York Buildings, Dec. 27, 1814.

I FOUND your letter upon my table, yesterday, when I returned from my morning visits, to dress for dinner. It was a most sensible relief to me, as you may suppose, from the complexion of my letter, written yesterday morning—which I now almost regret to have sent: however, you will receive this at the same time; and it may not be amiss to have shown you how important it is to my comfort to hear from you, if not regularly, at least at shorter intervals than of fifty days. I perceive that, in your last, you acknowledge to have received my letter of the 17th of November, in answer to yours of the 7th; so that, exclusively of two others, from this place, it was your turn to write: but you are not the only correspondent who has alleged, as a reason for not replying to my letters, that he expected to hear from me again. I had arranged the epistolary campaign with admirable skill. My friend S., at Washington city, occupying the middle ground, was selected as the medium of communication, and was to forward to the north, or send back to the south, all packets addressed to me, agreeably to the instructions he should receive; and, being on the main line of daily posts, I kept him advised, twice or thrice a week, of my movements or position—so that, upon the whole, my dear doctor, I cannot perceive the equity of your plea, of “ignorance where a letter would meet me.”

I am truly gratified to hear that your mother has been with you. I hope she will soon return and solace your solitude with her presence. When I shall get back, is, as yet, uncertain, from the state of the weather. I shudder at facing the north-west wind, in an open carriage, with my young charge. I hope you did not communicate to your mother any part of my letter, except that which contained the request that she

would relate the circumstances of my brother's death. Her visit to Virginia was entirely unexpected by me; I hope to have the pleasure of seeing her before she returns to Tennessee. Her company, at all times the most desirable to you, must, under present circumstances, possess an unusual charm. You mention nothing (*more vestro*) of your father and family—particularly, of my favourite Fanny.

I regret, too, that you make no mention of your friends here, who speak of you with the most cordial regard. Dr. and Mrs. G., the C——s, G——s, Mrs. H., a most charming woman, and Dr. and Mrs. Ch. I have seen, too, your pretty Mrs. W., and am invited to dine there, on Saturday; but two previous invitations prevent my ending the year thus agreeably. I commence it with Mrs. W.

This cold weather will, I trust, fill our ice-house. Your care respecting the negroes' clothing, and every thing else, demands more than I can repay. You say, "Quashia saw Mr. R., on his return from Richmond." I hope he has not forgotten my orders on the subject of returning *via* Farmville: they are express and peremptory; and I am resolved on breaking up all communication between my estate and that neighbourhood.

If you did not give old Essex my great coat, send it down to Richmond, to Adam M., by the first safe conveyance. Remember me to him, and Jupiter, and Nancy, and little Molly, and Hetty, and all the people. I hope Jupiter does well. Dr. C. says the fern is all a deception. It is a common plant, growing about springs; but of no virtue in Tænia.* I am very anxious about my little bay *Minimus*. Also, respecting the foals of Lady B. Duette, the heir of Brunette, and Duette's grand-son. These I take to be the best on the estate. The two years' old colts are not much, except Lady B's.; which I wish to be well kept. Remember me to old Carlo, and Dido, and Sancho. Farewell. You say nothing

* Aloes and spirits of turpentine are thought good remedies.

of St. George's disease. I presume, therefore, he left you as well as he was on the 16th of October.

Most truly, yours,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

DR. DUDLEY.

Mr. P. remembers you kindly.

A letter from Mr. B. and Dr. M., of New York, in town; both most acceptable events.

LETTER CXXXIII.

*Richmond, Saturday Night.
November, 18, 1815.*

MY DEAR THEODORE,

SINCE I wrote to you this morning, by Mr. Carrington, who promised to send the letter to you as soon as he got home, I learned from my friend Mrs. Cunningham, (who makes the kindest inquiries after you,) that Mrs. Lacy is dead. This breaks up all my schemes with regard to Randolph, whom, of course, you will not send down. I shall come up, or send for him, as soon as possible; but, as it is raining very hard at this time, (half past eight,) and I am not a Halifax man, I despatched this letter by Mr. Bruce to advise you to that effect. He sets out to-morrow; and, although he has the influenza very badly, I have no doubt that he will persevere in the journey. He was engaged, and the "Captain bold," also, to dine at Mr. T's. on Wednesday last. After keeping us waiting until dark, we sat down to dinner, and next day learned that they were too busy loading their wagon to come. Mr. B. was engaged yesterday to dine at Dr. B's., but business at R's. kept him away, as

the Doctor was informed to-day. But I am growing scandalous. Mr. and Mrs. C., at whose house I am writing, send their respects to you.

Yours, ever,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

Dr. Hoge preaches poor Tudor's funeral sermon this day week at Cumberland Court House.

I am afraid you will have a dreadful time of it on your way to Tennessee. The water-courses in that country will be hardly passable. Suppose you spend the winter here, and defer the journey until April. I fear for your health. Messrs. C. and W. D., the last of whom has been to Nashville, represent it as a rash undertaking. Mr. D. has been there: pray consult him before you set out.

LETTER CXXXIV.

Babel, Jan. 13, 1816.

Monday.

I WROTE to you on this day week from Georgetown. On reaching the house, I learned that my brother Harry had been overturned the day before in the Winchester stage, and was dangerously hurt. I set out immediately, and found him confined to his bed, about thirty miles above Alexandria. He was severely wounded, and has suffered extreme pain; but I left him out of danger on Thursday morning. Mrs. T. reached him on Thursday evening. On my return, I found your letter of the 30th of December, and the enclosed elegant epistle unsealed. I am glad to hear that you have anticipated my prescription, and rejoice in your sport-

ing success. This fine weather will, I hope, fill our ice-house—a most important consideration.

Your Tennessee news is not so good. In a case of this sort, however, I always pity the parents—the child never.

You say nothing about the dogs. Has Sancho recovered his eye-sight? Is Dido likely to have another litter, and how comes on the puppy?

In haste and confusion.

Yours,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

I have enclosed M. a check for his money.

LETTER CXXXV.

Jan. 21, 1816.

My heart misgave me that something was wrong. Poor Sally! I wish she had staid with us. My dear Theodore, I am anxious about you to a degree that I cannot express. I would not thwart one feeling of yours—much less tear you from your family under such circumstances. Come home as soon as you can. Remember that I have lost my parents, and my brethren. You have many left. This is the first tribute that the grim King of Terrors has levied upon your family. Take comfort from what is left to you, rather than dwell upon what you have lost. See Rutledge, if you can. If not, send him my letter by a safe hand. I wish you had added, if it had been but three lines, to tell me how you are, and how the journey agreed with you. I am well.

Yours, truly,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

THEO. BLAND DUDLEY, M. D.

Mr. Charles S. R. left me yesterday morning: he desires his best regards to you.

I am at S's., Georgetown; where I fare better than at my old lodgings.

LETTER CXXXVI.

Baltimore, Sunday, Feb. 18, 1816.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

YOUR short and melancholy letter of December 29th, excepted, I have received not a line from you since your departure for Tennessee. Judge my uneasiness at this circumstance. Surely if you were ill you would get some one of the family to write, if it were but a line. I last night sprained both my thumbs, and several fingers of each hand, in trying to save my face from the consequences of a fall occasioned by treading, at the top of a steep staircase, on my own tail—the surtouts now reaching to the shoe buckles, and being somewhat a better defence to gentlemen's legs than that afforded to the *feet* of ladies by their petticoats; ladies having, you know, no legs.

I shall write again as soon as I get back to the city of O. Many kind inquiries after you by Sterrett R., Dr. G., &c. &c. Poor N. is destroyed body and mind by paralysis. Miss E., I am *told*, is as beautiful as ever. I came to R's. country-house, this day week, and escorted Madame hither on Thursday last. We return to-morrow. My best regards to all the family. Poor Sally! I had flattered myself that she would return to Virginia, and make one of our family!—but—Farewell.

Yours, ever,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

LETTER CXXXVII.

Feb. 26, 1816.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

YOUR letter of the 4th instant has relieved me from a state of most cruel and anxious suspense. How could you leave me for weeks (almost months) in such a situation? I have worried the Tennessee delegation with inquiries, and received only the most dismal accounts of the mortality in Nashville, and the surrounding country. Your letter is dated Santonhoe, if I read aright. Where is that place situated? Where is Fayetteville? for I presume you do not mean Cross Creek, (as it used to be called,) in North Carolina. I wish you could get my letter, *in safety*, to Rutledge.

I refer you to Colonel M. for news of Beverley.

Yours, truly,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

I am barely in time for the mail.

LETTER CXXXVIII.

Monday Morning, April 8, 1816.

I HAVE sent you some English papers. Read and take care of them. Poor S. is, I fear, dying. Jupiter is knocked up, nursing him. An important bill is now reading, (tariff,) which I must speak upon. Adieu, dear Theodore. My own health not good.

Yours,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

Poor Sancho's hind leg is broken. I have a most beautiful Spanish slut.

LETTER CXXXIX.

Georgetown, April 11, 1816.

DEAR THEODORE,

YOU may imagine how much I was gratified by the receipt of your letter of the 25th March; which did not reach me until yesterday, too late to reply to it by return of mail. Last week I received one from Colonel M., of the same date, in which he mentioned that you had not got back; comparing the time with that set for your departure, I was, in spite of my system, a good deal uneasy about you. Indeed, the times are awful and depressing. Yesterday we buried poor S. I staid by his bed-side the night before he died, (Monday.) Jupiter was worn down by nursing him, and is still feeling the effects of it: he returned home on Sunday morning, and has been sick ever since. My own health is not much better, and my spirits worse. As soon as the weather and roads will permit, I shall bend my course homeward. The loss sustained upon my tobacco, will put an end to some of my projects. I send you, by Mr. D., some money.

Most affectionately, yours,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

DR. DUDLEY.

Remember me to your mother.

LETTER CXL.

Monday, April 15, 1816.

DEAR DOCTOR,

YOUR half sheet, of the 11th, did not reach me until to-day. If you remain in Richmond a week, you will stand a chance to see me. How is it that you say nothing of any body or any thing?—not even of Randolph. To my surprise, I received a letter from Beverley, dated the 10th, at *Richmond!* London would not have been more unexpected. You do not mention him; and, of course, I ought to conclude that you have not met.

Our house must be bare of many necessaries. Pray get such as are most wanting. Besides groceries, towels and sheets are requisite. Poor Jupiter is, at last, out of danger. He nursed Mr. S.

Mr. P., of Philadelphia, is well, and entertaining his ex-majesty and marshals of France, Spain, &c. R. R., jr., is well, and doing well. Mr. F. K. has been ill with the prevalent epidemic. Adieu!

Yours, truly,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

DR. DUDLEY.

We shall want some lime to plaster the house. I have got bolts for the windows, and shutters, and ordered chimney-pieces.

LETTER CXLI.

Richmond, Aug. 10, 1816.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

I LEFT home on the Monday (July 29th) after your departure: four dismal days I passed by myself, and one night with Colonel M. On Friday evening we had a reviving shower, and a sprinkle on Saturday; whereupon it turned suddenly cold, and has continued so almost ever since. I called at Peter R's.; and, on Tuesday morning, July 30th, we had a large fire: also, the night before. On Tuesday I reached Dr. R's; and, on the 1st instant, this place. I have sold my tobacco for twenty dollars, payable the 1st of July next.

Dr. and Mrs. B. had set out for Philadelphia the day before my arrival. They will be at the Warm Springs about the last of this month. I have been seeking a private opportunity to send you a letter from your father, which I received on Sunday, July 28th. I shall give it, with this, into the care of Mr. T. T.

Mr. and Mrs. C., and Mr. and Mrs. W., and Messrs. M., J., and T., inquire particularly after you. I go up, to-day, with the two first, as far as H. H's., on my way homeward: M. will accompany me. I met St. George at R's., on the 1st instant. He looks very well. Richmond has been clear of dust, heat, and insects, for ten days past: it has even verdure.

You may imagine how anxious I am to hear from you. May God bless you, my son.

Yours, ever,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

Remember me to Juba.

LETTER CXLII.

Roanoke, Sept. 3, 1816.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

THERE has been no rain here, except a slight shower on the Friday (July 26th,) after your departure, since you left us. The consequences you may well imagine. The tobacco crop is shortened at least two-thirds, and a general apprehension of famine pervades the land. Six and seven and a half dollars have been given, in advance, for new corn, from the stack.

Mr. J. and Mr. B. spent a day with me; and the latter has promised to give me another, to-morrow, on his return from Halifax. The state of my health has been worse than usual, of late. I have had a severe bilious attack on the bowels, for the last three days.

Your letter of the 2d of August, post-marked the 9th, from the Sulphur Springs, reached me on Sunday, the 25th of the same month. I was truly comforted to learn that the waters, even upon so short a trial, had proved beneficial to you. God grant that you may find complete relief from them. You say nothing of Juba.

Col. M. inquires kindly after you; so have many others—Mr. W. M. W. His father I have not seen since we parted.

Hearing that Capt. B. sets out for the Sweet Springs to-morrow, I write this by candle-light, in our solitary cabin, with the back of the only pen in the house.

God bless and preserve you, my son.

JOHN RANDOLPH.

Monday,	August 19,	Thermometer	94°
Wednesday,	“ 21,	<i>frost!</i>	69° highest this day.
Monday,	“ 26,		81°
Thursday,	“ 29,	<i>frost!</i>	60° at 2 hours by sun.
Monday,	September 2,	90°	90°
Tuesday,	“ 3,	at 7 P. M.	85°

I wrote you by T. T., and sent two letters—one from your father.

LETTER CXLIII.

Georgetown, December 28, 1816.

THE enclosed letter, from Mr. C., will probably remind you of a conversation between us, the day before St. George embarked for Philadelphia. I have now been here eighteen days, and not a line have I received from Virginia, except T's. and M's. letters. I say from Virginia, because I have received two other letters; one from England, written by Mr. Wilberforce, on the subject of colonizing the free blacks.

We have had delightful weather during the last fortnight. It reminds me of affairs at home—particularly the carriage of the tobacco, for which it is especially favourable.

My health has been very indifferent since I came here; but I think I have derived some benefit from a nightly dose of magnesia, a small tea spoonful.

Let me hear how you are. I am here, except when in the house, almost as much alone as when at home.

Farewell, my dear Theodore.

Yours, truly,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

LETTER CXLIV.

Georgetown, Dec. 31, 1816.

I NEVER received a letter from you, my dear Theodore, that gave me more pleasure than your last; it was the first, also, of the 23d. Your hymenial and sporting intelligence were highly acceptable; the first, as you conjecture, altogether a surprise upon me. Give to the bride and bridegroom my cordial congratulations on the event: I know not how to offer them to my worthy old neighbour—to whom present me, in the most friendly terms. Pray let me know whether he will, by this occurrence, be left entirely solitary. I am sure that if he had had the choosing of his son-in-law, he could not have been more highly gratified in that respect; and such is his affection for Lucy, that, I am sure, not a thought of himself enters into his mind. Indeed, he is fortunate in seeing her, before he leaves this world, committed to the protection of a deserving man—yet, I am persuaded that, if he live alone, he will not live long.

You forget, that when I mentioned Traquair's letter, I told you that the boxes were locked, and that the keys were hanging in the north closet. All the boxes, but one, contain books; the papers are in the other, in bundles, alphabeted. The letter contains a design for a fire place, and is wanted.

As for the hypo, let me prescribe broken doses of Pigou & Andrews' preparation, of carbonated nitre and sulphur, with q. s. of prepared lead. I hope you will not expose yourself in the practice of your profession.

God bless you, my son.

JOHN RANDOLPH.

P. S.—I have been interrupted by company. You say nothing of Essex, &c., and little Molly. Are you aware that you are becoming careless in your orthography: "puzzle," with one z. Also, "baged." I hope you will not find my corrections like Wm. Jenkins' reproof of Molly Jones.

LETTER CXLV.

Babel, Jan. 14, 1817.

Tuesday.

No letter from you, my dear Theodore; at which I am a good deal disappointed, and somewhat concerned. I wrote yesterday, acknowledging yours of the 30th. Your exploits *à la chasse*, have been made known to all the courts of Europe, at least to their ministers, so far as the great and small powers are represented here—for the whole corps diplomatique were present yesterday when I read the extract of your letter to one of that body, at the hazard of being considered as one carrying on a treasonable correspondence with England.

What of clover seed? Of Spot and Roanoke?—one or both of which I shall want very soon. Of the dogs? And, though last, not least, of old Essex & Co., and little Molly.

I have bought a fine pipe of Madeira. Did Quashia bring up the quarter cask? Remember me most kindly to Colonel M.; also to C., S., and their families.

Ever yours,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

DR. DUDLEY.

Our friend Dr. R., of Amelia, has been here dying with the gout.

LETTER CXLVI.

Babel, Jan. 20, 1817.

Monday.

No letter from you to day, my dear Theodore. The date of your last is December 30th. Pray try and contrive to send your letters to Petersburg or Richmond, or any place on the main line, by private hand.

A Mr. Johnson, (not Jackson,) of Virginia, took occasion to be very scurrilous towards me, on the alleged account of an expression used by the last session, and repeated a few days ago on the compensation law, as it is called. Mr. B. seemed also disposed to hold offensive language on the same subject, rising, after a most laughable and good-humoured discourse of R., (C's. bull-calf,) and replying, as I had done, to what was said the day before. I was informed that the affair was concerted, and that I was to stand a fire along the whole line. I determined, therefore, to tread it out; and will endeavour to report for *you* my remarks, and send them by to-morrow's mail. Mean while, I must draw a check for C., whose receipt please to take, and tell him that the money has been lying idle; but I wanted to see whether he and P. would not write about their own affairs, as they would not about mine—although earnestly requested thereto. Since Friday, it has been bitter cold, and I am afraid some of my poor people may suffer. No doubt there is ice in abundance.

Mr. Secretary D. is dead.

Remember me kindly to Colonel M., and send me a copy of your meteorological diary.

Entirely yours,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

C. must endorse the check.

LETTER CXLVII.

Georgetown, Monday Morning.

Jan. 27, 1817.

No letter from you, my dear Theodore, since that of December 30th. If I do not find one when I get to the house, I shall not know what to think. Indeed, that is my present situation. I am truly uneasy. Sometimes I think you have set out to Tennessee, to see some sick relation. Then I fancy you in that situation, alone, without a friend; although I should rather have Essex than any nurse or attendant I ever saw. Then, again, I reflect on my want of success in teaching you and Tudor (poor Tudor!) to write regularly to me when you were boys, or to descant upon the topics that were most interesting to me, and I try to be easy.

A letter from Harry T., dated Winchester, Jan. 23d. Instead of a "fracture of a process of the scapula," his case "proves to be a very unusual dislocation of the os humeri." "Two days ago, two very skilful gentlemen of the faculty attempted its reduction: after a variety of efforts, during three hours, aided by four strong men, they found it impracticable. They resolved to repeat the experiment on Saturday next, but, in the mean time, I have resolved upon another procedure, and shall set out to-morrow for Philadelphia, and place myself under the direction of Physick." (My earnest advice to him three weeks ago, when I first saw him lying at the turnpike-gate, at Goshen; for although I did not know what was the matter, I would have ventured my life that the individual "Rushian" attending him, although the boon companion of Mr. W., and of as great fame in medicine as this last in law, knew nothing of the case. He pronounced that there was neither fracture nor luxation, and that H. T. would be well in a short time. When asked here, I told every body his, and then my opinion; and, in reply to the enclosed letter, told my brother

that I had not the least expectation of his being able to take his seat in Congress this winter. He adds:—) “In his skill I may expect success, if it can be commanded. Evelina will accompany me, as I find her aid essential to me.”

Adieu!

Yours,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

I have given F. K. one of my mares; and, if she be not in prime order, shall select Everlasting for him: if not, the little gray out of Telegraph, unless you can suggest a better. I make no reservation, except of Lady B., her filly, and Duchess's filly. If my good colts and fillies are starved this winter, I shall be much displeased, unless all the rest are knocked on the head. If, after that process, there is not enough provision, I must be content.

LETTER CXLVIII.

Georgetown, Feb. 4, 1817.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

I WROTE you a long letter yesterday by post—I wish I could recall it; for the servant of my colleague, T. N., is just about setting out for his master's house, and will pass by Wyllie's, or Goode's. I took the precaution, however, to enclose my letter, yesterday, to R. G., of Manchester: that will guard against its lying in the Richmond office; one of the great causes, indeed the chief one, of delay. I cannot help thinking, from my having received your last, (the 26th, post marked the 27th, reaching me on the 1st instant, Saturday,) that there is a change in the mail establishment. This may have caused you to receive no letter from me on the day that

you wrote last, (Sunday, the 26th of January.) So much for the post. Mr. N. did not mention to me his servant's going, until last evening, and I was then too much exhausted, by severe parliamentary duty, and a bad sore throat and cold, to write. The weather has been intensely severe since the night of Friday, the 17th of January, with the exception of one or two days. Saturday, the 25th, and Sunday, (the coldest day this year I believe,) the 26th, were exceedingly cold, indeed; and since that period we have not had a day that was otherwise. Saturday and Sunday last (1st and 2d February) were not unpleasant; and, in the evening of Sunday, I thought we were going to have a thaw, but it snowed *costively* at night, with a whistling north-wester; and it has been freezing hard ever since. I dread the thaw. The Potomac is frozen over, I presume, to its very mouth. It was tight at Nominy, (not very far above,) some days since. It is there quite salt, (oysters being obtained,) and about twelve miles over. The Chesapeake, I have no doubt, is frozen across at Annapolis. Loaded wagons cross the Potomac. Pray send me your journal: I mean a copy.

Now, what do you think?—Henry T's. shoulder, that was at first neither dislocated nor broken, but then dislocated by the same doctor, (neither physician nor surgeon;) next, by "two able Winchester physicians," pronounced not to be dislocated, but fractured in the corocoid process of the *scapula*, then, by the same "two able" leeches, (reconsidering their opinion, like Congress, in order to make confusion worse confounded,) declared to be a dislocation, unusual, of the *os humeri*; whereupon the said "doctors," and "four strong men," put the said *patient* to the rack, without succeeding in tearing asunder all the muscles and ligaments. This injury has been *decided*, by P., W., and D., (we have now got to the court of appeals, and can go no farther,—right or wrong, the case is *decided*;) to be a *fracture* of the *os humeri*! and my poor brother is likely to be able to attend Congress before the end of the session. This beats Moliere, or Le Sage, hollow.

Now, my dear Theodore, for I think I shall never call you "Doctor" again, on the receipt of this, let the wagons set out, if they have a load, for Manchester; if not, some trusty hand, (not Paul, but little Quashia, or Simon,) must carry down Spot and Roanoke, my new saddle and bridle, snaffle, ditto, my boots, that M. brought me, and my *white* leather breeches. My portmanteau, saddle, and the pillion, straps, &c., to be left in the care of R. J., or M. The new saddle, covered with a blanket, the irons and stirrup leathers, papered—that is, if the wagons cannot come; then let it be sent in a box. It is material that the wagons should make their trip to Richmond before the frost breaks up; the roads are now good. I shall write this day for plaster of Paris and tar: the clover seed has been ready these two months.

You have not said a word about the dogs; nor in your last, of the household.

My best regards to Colonel M.

Your affectionate and grateful friend and kinsman,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

DR. DUDLEY.

A letter from Rutledge, of the 4th. He had not then received one that I wrote before I left home, and put into the post-office the day of my departure—or, rather, the next morning, Monday, the 17th of December. I rather incline to believe you did not send it to the post-office for me. *Apropos*, there is in my room a letter addressed to Oliver H., Esq.: pray enclose it me.

Send by Mr. N's. servant F. K's. mare. Choose for him, and send her, about the 20th, by Simon, to Mr. J. N. I except only the English mare, and Cornelia. You may send Everlasting, or the gray daughter of Telegraph. See my former letter on this subject, as to exceptions.

LETTER CXLIX.

Georgetown, Feb. 8, 1817.

Saturday Night.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

YOUR letter of the 2d was put into my hands this morning, just as I was about to make my last dying speech. To-morrow you will, probably, receive my letter by Tuesday's mail; and, more probably, that by Mr. N's. servant. I have no farther request to make, than that my boots may be sent; for want of which, through Juba's negligence, I am suffering.

Your memory is very good about the weather. It tallies with my memoranda—which are as follows:—

1817—Jan., Friday 10, warm; hail at night, turns cold.

Saturday 11, very cold. Sunday 12, coldest day, to this date.

Thursday 16, mild. Friday 17, warm; snow at night, turns cold.

Saturday 18—Sunday 19, colder than any days preceding.

Thursday 23, snow. Friday 24, three changes to-day; cold.

Saturday 25, very cold. Sunday 26, ditto; snow, colder than ever.

Monday 27—30, bitter cold. Friday 31, cold.

Feb., Saturday 1, mild. Sunday 2, milder; snow at night, very cold.

Monday 3—5, very cold; last the coldest day yet.

Friday 7, mild in comparison. Saturday 8, milder.

Dr. B——h passed through *this city*, on Tuesday and Wednesday last, to Richmond. I barely saw him. The clover seed is at T. and M's. You have never mentioned whe-

ther the chestnut gelding colt is yet lame or not. I must seal, or lose to-morrow's mail.

Good night.

JOHN RANDOLPH.

Dr. B. will get the plaster of Paris.

I regret your solitude, but it will soon be broken in upon by your old querulous friend, Matt B.

LETTER CL.

Georgetown, Tuesday, Feb. 11, 1817.

I SCRIBBLED a few lines to you, my dear Theodore, on Saturday evening last, at which time I was labouring under the effects of fresh cold, taken in going to and coming from the House, where I delivered my valedictory. It was nearer being, than I then imagined, a valedictory to this world. That night, and the next day and night, I hung suspended between two worlds, and had a much nearer glimpse than I have ever yet taken of the other. In my agony, I thought repeatedly of your situation when I bled you. I am barely able to write, to tell you, that if you have not sent off Spot and Roanoke, to detain them, unless you will use them yourself, as I am doubtful whether I shall be able to travel by the end of the session.

No farther news from H. T. Adieu!

JOHN RANDOLPH.

How is the chestnut gelding, out of the blaze-faced S. C. mare? Take care of the newspapers; particularly the E. P. and Herald, and file them.

LETTER CLI.

*Georgetown, Feb. 16, 1817.
Sunday Morning.*

Your letter, written this day week, reached me yesterday. Indeed, all three of your last have arrived regularly on the Saturday morning after their date—a reformation in the post-office that was more desired than expected.

I almost envy you Orlando. I would, if it were not Johnny Hoole's translation; although, at the age of ten, I devoured that more eagerly than gingerbread. Oh! if Milton had translated it, he might tell of

“All who, since, baptized or infidel
Jousted in Aspromont or Montalban,
Damasco, or Morocco, or Torbisond;
Or whom Bisserta sent from Afric shore,
When Charlemagne, with all his peerage, fell
By Fontarabia.”

Let me advise you to

“Call up him, who left half told,
The story of Cambuscan bold.”

I think you have never read Chaucer. Indeed, I have sometimes blamed myself for not cultivating your imagination, when you were young. It is a dangerous quality, however, for the possessor. But if from my life were to be taken the pleasure derived from that faculty, very little would remain. Shakspeare, and Milton, and Chaucer, and Spenser, and Plutarch, and the Arabian Night's Entertainments, and Don Quixotte, and Gil Blas, and Tom Jones, and Gulliver, and Robinson Crusoe, “and the tale of Troy divine,” have made up more than half of my wordly enjoyment. To these ought to be added Ovid's Metamorphoses, Ariosto, Dryden, Beaumont and Fletcher, Southern, Otway, Congreve, Pope's Rape and Eloisa, Addison, Young, Thomson, Gay, Goldsmith, Gray, Collins, Sheridan, Cowper, Byron, Æsop, La Fontaine, Voltaire, (Charles XII., Mahomed, and Zaire;) Rous-

seau, (Julie,) Schiller, Madame de Stael—but, above all, Burke.

One of the first books I ever read was Voltaire's Charles XII.; about the same time, 1780-1, I read the Spectator; and used to steal away to the closet containing them. The letters from his correspondents were my favourites. I read Humphry Clinker, also; that is, Win's and Tabby's letters, with great delight, for I could spell, at that age, pretty correctly. Reynard, the fox, came next, I think; then Tales of the Genii and Arabian Nights. This last, and Shakspeare, were my idols. I had read them with Don Quixotte, Gil Blas, Quintus Curtius, Plutarch, Pope's Homer, Robinson Crusoe, Gulliver, Tom Jones, Orlando Furioso, and Thomson's Seasons, before I was eleven years of age; also, Goldsmith's Roman History, 2 vols. 8 vo., and an old history of Braddock's war. When not eight years old, I used to sing an old ballad of his defeat:—

“On the 6th day of July, in the year sixty-five,
At two in the evening, did our forces arrive;
When the French and the Indians in ambush did *lay*—
And there was great slaughter of our forces that day.”

At about eleven, 1784-5, Percy's Reliques, and Chaucer, became great favourites, and Chatterton, and Rowley. I then read Young and Gay, &c.: Goldsmith I never saw until 1787.

Pray get my Germany from Mr. Hoge, or Mr. Lacy: they have it.

I have scribbled at a great rate. Do thou likewise.

JOHN RANDOLPH.

MR. T. B. DUDLEY.

I have been reading Lear these two days, and incline to prefer it to all Shakspeare's plays. In that and Timon only, it has been said, the bard was in earnest. Read both—the first especially.

LETTER CLII.

Georgetown, Feb. 18, 1817.

I HAD hardly finished my last letter (Sunday, the 16th) to you, when I was seized by spasms that threatened soon to terminate all my earthly cares; although the two nights since have been passed almost entirely without sleep, I am much better. Not expecting to be able to write, I asked Charles G., yesterday, to write to you for me. Be not alarmed at his letter; I am in no immediate danger—that excepted in which all things mortal stand.

I wish you had said a word about the weather in your last *costive* epistle; indeed, that you always would give me the journal of the preceding week. Yesterday afternoon, we had a change from intense frost to thaw. The ice on the Potomac is three feet thick, and extends to its mouth. Chesapeake is tight, as low as Annapolis. At Havre, the ice is yet thicker. North River is tight, opposite to New York, (its very mouth,) where it is salt as the ocean brine, and the tides very rapid; at least, as much so as the current of our rivers in a flood. East River, still more rapid, is also frozen. It is nothing but the arm of the sea that divides Long Island from New York Island, and the main. I consider Friday and Saturday the two coldest days I ever felt. Thermometer at zero, and, in some places hereabouts, 7° below; at Boston, by the last accounts, 28° below zero. All the pheasants, partridges, &c., frozen to death.

I am in suspense about the horses' arrival in Richmond. Poor Juba lies very ill, and I know not what to do. Adieu!

JOHN RANDOLPH.

To T. B. DUDLEY, M. D.

Pray plant some sweet-brier and swamp roses.

1817—Feb., Sunday 9, snows a little. Very sick; bled.

Monday 10, changeable; turns very cold after-noon.

1817—Feb., Tuesday 11, very cold. Had a grinder extracted.

Wednesday 12, bitter cold; wind high at north-west.

Thursday 13, colder still; wind very high at north-west.

Coldest 48 hours ever felt. { Friday 14, coldest day ever felt; night intolerable; no fire, and no number of blankets will keep me warm.

{ Saturday 15, as cold as yesterday; cloudy; threatens snow.

Sunday 16, very cold; cloudy; clear; cloudy; sleet, at night.

Monday 17, sleet; very cold; sunshine; cloudy; thaw.

Tuesday 18, it has hardly frozen during the last night; fog.

T. M. N. has been very polite, and even kind to me. His deportment here is very unexceptionable.

No farther news from H. T. P. says he has been so butchered by the "doctors," that he can never have the use of his arm.

I am taking the *super carbonated natron*—a fine preparation.

Ministry—John Q. Adams, Secretary of State.

Shelby, of Kentucky, Secretary of War.

Crawford will remain in if he pleases.

Crowninshield remains.

G. W. Campbell goes to London.

LETTER CLIII.

Georgetown, Feb. 23, 1817.

Sunday.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

YOUR letter of the 17th reached me yesterday morning, after the worst night that I have had since my indisposition commenced. It was, I believe, a case of *croup*, combined with the affection of the liver and the lungs. Nor was it unlike tetanus, since the muscles of the neck and back were rigid, and the jaw locked. I never expected, when the clock struck two, to hear the bell again; fortunately, as I found myself going, I despatched a servant (about one) to the apothecary for an ounce of laudanum. Some of this poured down my throat, through my teeth, restored me to something like life. I was quite delirious, but had method in my madness; for they tell me I ordered Juba to load my gun, and to shoot the first "doctor" that should enter the room; adding, they are only mustard seed, and will serve just to sting him. Last night, I was again very sick; but the anodyne relieved me. I am now persuaded that I might have saved myself a great deal of suffering by the moderate use of opium. This day week, when racked with cramp and spasms, my "doctors" (I had two) prescribed (or, rather, administered) half a glass of Madeira. Half a drop of rain water would have been as efficient. On Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, I attended the House; brought out the first day by the explosion of the motion to repeal the internal taxes; and the following days, by some other circumstances that I will not now relate. Knocked up completely by the exertion. Instead of recalling my physicians, I took my own case boldly in hand; took $1\frac{1}{2}$ grains of calomel—on Thursday night, and yesterday, using mercurial friction. The liver is again performing its functions, and I am, this evening, decidedly better than I have been since the first attack, which I may date from my fall at Mr. T's., on Tuesday, the 21st of January. From that pe-

riod, the operations of the liver have been irregular and disturbed. I conceive the lungs to be affected by sympathy, with the other viscus. I have taken from five 5 to 10 grains of the hyper carbonated natron, every day, most generally 5 grains, in a table spoonful of new milk, sometimes repeating the dose at night: my drink has been slippery elm tea, and lemonade. Appetite for acids very strong. Severe pains in the fasciæ of the legs and the tendons, just above the outer ankle bone; also, knees, &c. &c. I have taken from the first, a pill of $1\frac{1}{2}$ grains of calomel, about two, sometimes three times a week; and several doses of Cheltenham salts. I have used the volatile liniment for my throat and limbs; also, gargles of sage tea, borax, &c.

Your letter is so ambiguously worded, that I know not whether you have received mine, countermanding the horses. I am a plain matter-of-fact man, and had rather read as many repetitions as are to be found in a bill in chancery, than be at a loss for the meaning. I keep no letter book, nor even memorandum. Several of my letters, it seems, have not come to hand; but I cannot recollect their contents, by their dates: therefore, know not which have miscarried.

Mrs. John M., Mrs. B., and Mrs. F. K., have been very kind, in sending me jellies, lemons, &c. &c. Thomas M. N. has been extremely attentive and obliging. Mr. K., of New York, Mr. Chief Justice, Mr. H., of Maryland, Mr. M., of South Carolina, Mr. B., of Georgetown, (I need not name F. K.) M. (no longer Abbé) C. de S., and D., have been very kind in their attentions. Mr. M. sent me some *old*, choice Madeira, and his man cook to dress my rice; (a mystery not understood any where on this side of Cape Fear river;) sending, also, the rice, to be dressed; and Mr. Chief Justice came to assist me in drawing up my will—which I had strangely and criminally neglected, for some time past, and of which neglect I was more strangely admonished in a dream.

At any other time, I should have regretted, very much, the ruin of my expected saddle-horse; at present, there is not much prospect of my wanting him. Decatur has just been

talking to me of you and Roanoke; both rider and horse seem to have made a strong impression on him. P., also, spoke of you. Had he known we lived together, he would have accompanied you to Roanoke.

If this dose of egotism do not sicken you, aloes will not. Farewell, and good night.

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

THEODORICK BLAND DUDLEY, M. D.

Past ten, Sunday, Feb. 23.

Juba has been very ill.

It is now hailing very fast. Until this morning, it has been warm since Monday. Thermometer here has been 6° below zero of Fahrenheit; at Albany and Boston 14° and 18°. Boston harbour frozen up nine miles below the town, where it is nothing but the great Atlantic—wagons and sleighs passing over to Castle Island and Fort Independence.

B. writes that the clover seed at T. and M's. ought to be in the ground.

A letter from Dr. C., introducing Mr. James C. B., his brother-in-law. (R. W. is here.) Also, a letter from good Dr. L. and H. T. He (H. T.) was in Philadelphia, on the 16th, and intended to be here before the coronation. Arm bound to his body. He has not been made acquainted with the fate of his arm, as his spirits were very low. He went with Ryland to see St. George, and was surprised to find his madness of so bad a type. He tears every thing to tatters that he lays his hands on. He recognised his uncle, at once; but the moody expression of his countenance indicated, in Harry's opinion, incurable insanity.

The doctors are killing poor G., "*secundum artem.*"

Sunday Morning, Feb. 24.

The last night "was winter in his roughest mood;"—from a disagreeably warm day and evening, it turned to hail, sleet, and snow, about 9 o'clock, P. M. It is now (10 o'clock, P. M.) snowing very fast. The wind, which has blown a storm

in gusts and flaws all night, continues very high: it has got round from north-east to north-west.

LETTER CLIV.

Georgetown, Tuesday, March 4, 1817.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

I WROTE you a few lines on Sunday, directed to the care of R. G., *Manchester*, with an earnest request to the post-office not to send it to *Winchester*. The post-master, (here,) a decent and attentive man, assured me that the mistake did not originate with him; and I believe him. A tool of the under spur leathers here, it seems, is established at *Alexandria*, where the road "forks" to *Winchester*.

Since my last, I am somewhat, but not much, better. I purpose taking up the line of march for *Richmond*, to-morrow; where, perhaps, I shall arrive on the day that you ought to receive this letter; and I should like to meet Spot, to take me through the sloughs, and over the ruts and gullies, between that place and *Obslo*. I shall go *via* *Farmville* and *Prince Edward Court*.

The failure of wells, springs, &c., are not peculiar to our country. It is general to the north; where Mr. K. tells me, wells, &c., have failed totally, that have yielded a copious supply of water, as far back as the memory of man can reach.

I write these few lines in case of accident to my last. I wish you could join me on the road. I shall stay but one day in *Richmond*. I hope you ordered *Quashia* to apply for the clover seed and plaster of *Paris*. Do not forget the

shrubs. Adieu! I look forward with joy to meeting you again.

Affectionately, yours,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

T. B. DUDLEY, M. D.

LETTER CLV.

Richmond, Wednesday, March 12, 1817.

I HAVE no expectation, my dear Theodore, that this will find you at home—but, as my last letter from Georgetown may have miscarried, although yours to me have arrived very regularly for the last four or five weeks, I write, in case of accidents, to apprise you that I have got thus far on my way home, and that, (God willing,) I shall be at Prince Edward Court, on Monday next. I had prepared to set out to-day, but the weather deters me. It is now snowing.

No mitigation of my cruel symptoms took place until the third day of my journey, when I threw physic to the dogs; and, instead of opium, tincture of columbo, hypercarbonate of soda, &c. &c., I drank, in defiance of my physician's prescription, copiously of cold spring water, and ate plentifully of ice. Since that change of regimen, my strength has increased astonishingly; and I have even gained some flesh, or rather skin. The first day, Wednesday the 5th, I could travel no farther than Alexandria. At Dumfries, where I lay, but slept not on Thursday night, I had nearly given up the ghost. At a spring, five miles on this side, after crossing Chappawamsick, I took, upon an empty and sick stomach, upwards of a pint of living water, unmixed with Madeira,

which I have not tasted since. It was the first thing that I had taken into my stomach since the first of February that did not produce nausea. It acted like a charm, and enabled me to get on to B's. that night, where I procured ice. I also devoured with impunity a large pippin, (forbidden fruit to me.) Next day I got to the Oaks, forty-two miles. Here I was more unwell than the night before. On Sunday morning, I reached my friends, Messrs. A. & Co., to breakfast at half past eight.

Old Dr. F., whom I saw in Frederickburg, while my horses were baiting, begged to be most particularly remembered to you. The old man spoke of you with a warmth of approbation that highly gratified me. Mr. W. made the most affectionate inquiries after you. He knew, he said, my complaint and constitution, having been a martyr to it (dyspepsia) himself, but now cured. He begged me to consider water as poison to me.

Mr. and Mrs. C., Dr. and Mrs. B., and Mrs. B., with whom I spent the morning, yesterday, made friendly inquiries about you. So did Mrs. W., who is, "as ladies like to be, who love their lords;" and will present him in a very short time with a chopping boy or girl, perhaps both.

Adieu, my dear Theodore.

Your affectionate friend and kinsman,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

LETTER CLVI.

Richmond, Thursday, March 13, 1817.

You will not be surprised at this date, my dear Theodore, when you call to mind what a day yesterday was; and this, too, is rainy and gloomy. I was packed for my journey,

and intended to have breakfasted this morning at Clay Hill, or Obslo; but the weather obliges me to keep in port.

I believe that I forgot to tell you that the famous frigate, Paragon, (a thirty-two,) struck her colours, on Tuesday evening, to the General S.

* * * * * *

Do not let Quashia forget to call at T. and M's., and to bring up the box containing my saddle, &c., which I ordered him to carry back last year; but he neglected it: the consequence is, the bits and stirrup irons are terribly rusted.

The boots were so carelessly packed, (the top of one being only half covered with paper,) that the bees-wax and tallow, with which they were dressed, has ruined them. The breeches were but half wrapped up in the towel, but they have sustained little damage.

I mean to plaster the whole of the pasture field of corn, and all my tobacco and clover.

There is little chance that this letter will reach you; but the trouble of writing is not great—rather a pleasure, to those we love. I dined yesterday with M., who lives but a square off. R. K. J. was there, and my host, Mr. C. He did very well for him. Kitty H. is married to Archy H., who has bought Curles for \$50,000. I hope to shoot snipes with you very soon, if you have any Pigou & Andrews, and shot. Adieu.

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

Henry C. inquires particularly after you. His winter in Richmond has visibly improved him, without injuring the frankness of his manners. He returns to Charlotte in April or May.

LETTER CLVII.

Saturday, April, 12, 1817.

I HOPE, my dear Theodore, that you will not, on my account, encounter the fatigue of a ride to Prince Edward Court. At the moment when you mentioned your intention of meeting me there, your malady did not occur to me. I can, without material inconvenience, return home about the last of next week, or the beginning of the succeeding one; and we can go together to Dr. R's., if you are not too much indisposed to take the journey: he expects us both, I know.

Yours, truly,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

T. BLAND DUDLEY, M. D.

LETTER CLVIII.

Bank of Virginia, April 29, 1818.

Wednesday.

DEAR THEODORE,

AFTER old Quashia was gone, it occurred to me that there might be some articles in the first memorandum that were omitted in the second. On comparing them, I find two of this description: the camphorated tincture of opium, and compound tincture of rhubarb; both of which I have ordered, and will bring with me: also, the tincture of aloes, which, although contained in both lists, the apothecary could not procure. As I frequently heard you express a want of this medicine in your own case, I have spurred up the lean

vender of drugs, and the sorry jade has at last answered my purpose. This, also, I will bring with me.

Yesterday I dined with M. His sister is an intelligent, frank, unaffected, Scotch lassie, with as much of the accent as any admirer of "The Antiquary," &c., could desire. I have passed one evening at Mr. B's., and a charming one it was: to-day I dine there.

After I had closed my letter, by Quashia, I sent sundry other articles; among them, Mr. C's. picture—two packages for Randolph—a kip skin—the handle of my old castors, and some other matters, which my bills will show.

I have received your picture-frame from Dr. G., with a nice glass, which I hope will reach home unbroken. I have, too, got another picture of Frank, and a better likeness than the first, but yet not so good as G's. If I do not hear from you by to-morrow's (rather to-night's) mail, I shall be disappointed.

Ever, yours,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

DR. DUDLEY.

The kindest inquiries are made after you by Mrs. B., Mrs. C., (who is now gone to Europe,) and Mrs. B.—*Place aux Dames*. R. K. J., Dr. B., Mr. B., Mr. M., Mr. T., *cum multis aliis*, have asked after you, and wished to see you.

Thursday, April 30, 1818.

I left my letter open, expecting yours of the 27th, which I received this morning, in due course of mail; the first instance of the kind that I remember. Surely there must be some *catenation* between this extraordinary event and the late unpropitious search. Frost this morning, by which a man might be tracked through the street. If it can be done, as I suppose it may, without injury to the crop, I wish one wagon from the middle quarter and ferrry, to go down with tobacco.

LETTER CLIX.*

August, 1818.

I CONSIDER myself under obligations to you that I can never repay. I have considered you as a blessing sent to me by Providence, in my old age, to repay the desertion of my other friends and nearer connexions. It is in your power (if you please) to repay me all the debt of gratitude that you insist upon being due to me; although I consider myself, in a pecuniary point of view, largely a gainer by our connexion. But, if you are unwilling to do so, I must be content to give up my last stay upon earth; for I shall, in that case, send the

* This letter was written during a lucid interval of alienation of mind; which, for the first time, amounted to positive delirium. Fits of caprice and petulance, following days of the deepest gloom, had, for years previously, overshadowed his mind, evincing the existence of some corroding care, for which he neither sought, nor would receive, any sympathy.

For many weeks, his conduct towards myself, who was the only inmate of his household, had been marked by contumelious indignities, which it required almost heroic patience to endure; even when aided by a warm and affectionate devotion, and an anxious wish to alleviate the agonies of such a mind in ruins. All hope of attaining this end, finally failed; and, when he found that I would no longer remain with him, the above letter was written: it is almost needless to say, with what effect. I remained with him two years longer.

The truth and beauty of the eastern allegory, of the man endowed with two souls, was never more forcibly exemplified than in his case. In his dark days, when the evil genius predominated, the austere vindictiveness of his feelings towards those that a distempered fancy depicted as enemies, or as delinquent in truth or honour, was horribly severe and remorseless.

Under such circumstances of mental alienation, I sincerely believe, (if it may not appear irreverent,) that had our blessed Saviour, accompanied by his Holy Mother, condescended to become again incarnate, revisited the earth, and been domiciliated with him one week, he would have imagined the former a rogue, and the latter no better than she should be.

On the contrary, when the benevolent genius had the ascendant, no one ever knew better how to feel and express the tenderest kindness, or to evince, in countenance and manner, gentler benevolence of heart.

boys to their parents. Without you I cannot live here at all, and will not. What it is that has occasioned the change in your manner towards me, I am unable to discover. I have ascribed it to the disease* by which you are afflicted, and which affects the mind and temper, as well as the animal faculties. In your principles I have as unbounded confidence as I have in those of any man on earth. Your disinterestedness, integrity, and truth, would extort my esteem and respect, even if I were disposed to withhold them. I love you as my own son; would to God you were. I see, I think, into your heart: mine is open before you, if you will look into it. Nothing could ever eradicate this affection, which surpasses that of any other person (as I believe) on earth. Your parents have other children: I have only you. But I see you wearing out your time, and wasting away, in this desert, where you have no society such as your time of life, habits, and taste require. I have looked at you often, engaged in contributing to my advantage and comfort, with tears in my eyes, and thought I was selfish and cruel in sacrificing you to my interest. I am going from home: will you take care of my affairs until I return?—I ask it as a favour. It is possible that we may not meet again; but, if I get more seriously sick at the springs than I am now, I will send for you, unless you will go with me to the White Sulphur Springs. Wherever I am, my heart will love you as long as it beats. From your boyhood I have not been lavish of reproof upon you. Recollect my past life.

JOHN RANDOLPH.

* Possibly, hypochondriasis.

LETTER CLX.

Washington, Dec. 17, 1819.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

ON my return from Baltimore, the day before yesterday, I was greeted by your letter of the 5th. Its subject is too interesting to be treated as it deserves; or, indeed, at all in the hurry of Johnny's departure. You will agree in the necessity of this step, when I tell you that I reached Georgetown, in the boat, on Tuesday night—the boys the evening afterwards, with the servants. On Friday morning, the boys and myself went to Baltimore in the stage; whence I returned, on Thursday, to dinner.

To hear of your happiness gives me as great pleasure as at this time I am capable of enjoying. Remember me, kindly, to our neighbours; particularly to Colonel M. and Mr. W.

I shall write, fully, by next post; which will reach you soon after Johnny's arrival, if not before.

Yours, ever,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

LETTER CLXI.

Washington, Dec. 19, 1819.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

AT length I have obtained a respite from the cloud of petitioners, applicants, pamphleteers, and projectors that beset me, at the commencement, especially, of a session of Congress; and sit down to converse with you on the subject

of your last and only letter. So far from "writing with the eloquence of Rousseau," I fear that my letter will wear an air of constraint—the effect of my anxiety to avoid making a false impression on your mind, and of my own impoverished and blighted faculties of heart and understanding.

I have never supposed you blind to the defects of my character; neither have I been entirely insensible to those of your own. If I could lay bare the moral anatomy of my heart, I would not shrink from your inspection of all its workings *towards yourself*, from the moment I first beheld you, up to the present hour. During the more intimate connexion which has subsisted between us some twenty years past, I never did "distrust your affection for me," until the summer before last. The surprise and anguish which then overwhelmed me, you witnessed. I would not recall such recollections, (it is the office of friendship to bury them in oblivion,) but to put you in possession of the clew to my feelings and conduct. I viewed you as one ready and willing, from the impulse of your own pride, to repay what you considered a debt of gratitude, whilst you held the creditor in aversion and contempt, that you could not at all times restrain yourself from expressing by signs, and even by words.

On our meeting between this place and Baltimore, in 1811, I would have given half what I possessed to have obtained your confidence. From that time, I saw that there was "something wrong"—but to interrogate you, would have been to take an ungenerous and unmanly advantage of our relative position, and I sought your confidence in no other way but by giving you mine, without reserve. I little imagined, at that time, that the letters which you afterwards put into my hands, and which I have since perused with entire approbation of their contents, regretting that I am now incapable of taking such just views, (they were prompted by a tenderness almost parental,) had any agency in producing the reserve, which I saw and deplored, and vainly attempted to remove.

Enough of this.—It is the office of friendship to accom-

modate itself to mutual and incurable infirmities. To hear of your happiness, next to seeing it, will give me as much pleasure as I am now capable of feeling. My apathy is not natural, but superinduced. There *was* a volcano under my ice, but it is burnt out, and "a face of desolation has come on, not to be rectified in ages," could my life be prolonged to patriarchal longevity. The necessity of "loving, and being beloved," was never felt by the imaginary beings of Rousseau and Byron's creation more imperiously than by myself. My heart was offered up with a devotion that knew no reserve. Long an object of proscription and treachery, I have at last (more mortifying to the pride of man) become one of utter indifference. But these are the chastenings of a tender Father, desirous to reclaim his lost and undone child from the error of his ways, and who has "humbled my weak unthinking pride beneath the dispensations of a mysterious wisdom." To that wisdom, I bow with implicit and awful submission; too happy, if I had not daily and hourly cause to upbraid myself with the vilest ingratitude and disobedience to my heavenly Corrector and Benefactor.

I wish I may have made myself entirely intelligible. If I should have conveyed to your mind any impression that I did not intend to make, I shall deplore it as the result of the imperfection of language, as well as of my own incapacity to use it.

The boys left Baltimore on Friday, for their grandfather's. Tom had a hearty cry. Randolph, from the presence of numerous spectators, was barely able to suppress his tears, and I was no better off. How is C.?

May every blessing attend you here and hereafter! Need I sign myself,

Your friend,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke?

DR. T. B. DUDLEY.

Direct to Washington.

LETTER CLXII.

Washington, Dec. 21, 1819.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

I WROTE you a very long letter the day before yesterday, which, at one time, I had thoughts of suppressing; and, perhaps, had better have suppressed. My error in this case has not been intentional. My judgment, as well as my other faculties, has become much impaired; so much so, that I can scarcely turn me in any direction, without a dread of committing some wrong. My letter from Richmond has, probably, never come to hand. I would be glad to hear something of my affairs at home; although I left it without a desire ever to see it again. For the first time in my life, a vague idea of quitting it for ever floated through my mind—one that my engagements will, probably, forbid me to execute. I would not leave it dishonourably.

Here I find myself *isolè*, almost as entirely as at Roanoke—for the quiet of which (the last paragraph to the contrary, notwithstanding,) I have some times panted; or, rather, to escape from the scene around me. Once the object of proscription, I am become one of indifference to all around me; and, in this respect, I am, in no wise, worse off than the rest—for, from all that I can see and learn, there are no two persons here that care a single straw for one another. My reception is best by the old Jacobins *enragès*—next, by the federalists, who have abjured their heresies, and reconciled themselves to the true Catholic church—worst of all, by the old minority men, white-washed into courtiers.

My harness I wish altered in the traces, so as to fit the chair at B's. in Richmond. The bay colt, out of Brunette, I intend for a chair horse; the gray and the chestnut mare for the saddle.

I shall send you my letters, which you will read, except those marked "private." You will find in the papers much

amusement, and some instruction. Adieu! That the dearest wishes of your heart may be gratified, is my earnest prayer.

JOHN RANDOLPH.

T. B. DUDLEY.

P. S.—Lord Byron is indisputably the author of Don Juan. Murray, of Albemarle street, (his publisher,) remonstrated against printing it. His lordship wrote him, for answer, “that, if he refused, he should never publish for him again; that the Reviewers, &c., had set him upon the pinnacle of fame, and that by ——, they should now read, not what they liked, but what he pleased.” I see a writer in the *Enquirer* denies it to be his production. The above I have from the most authentic source.

LETTER CLXIII.

Washington, January 21, 1820.

Friday.

ON my return home last night, after dining abroad, I found the enclosed note. Gen. S. is in earnest, in his civilities to you. He expressed in his countenance, as well as in his language, the greatest mortification at your sudden departure.

To-day we hear Mr. Pinkney without fail. He announced it himself, yesterday, on moving the adjournment. Of course, he has the floor as soon as the question comes up, and the house will be crowded to suffocation. I go to *hear*; and shall maintain my seat against the combined forces of the ladies, who *entre nous* have no business in legislative halls, or courts of justice. Mad. Roland might have saved her pretty head from the *gallant* Frenchmen, if she had not put on the breeches, (or, rather, put them off,) and turned *sans culottes*.

I agree entirely with Mad. de Stael, that the liberty which women enjoy in France, is only the effect of the indifference of the men; and a cause of it too—as, she says, the Turk, who locks up his wife, shows, at least, that he puts some value upon her. So soon as the sex, leaving her own peculiar province, encroaches upon that of man, all her privileges are put in jeopardy.

By this time, I suppose, you are in Richmond; and, on the whole, you have had very good weather for your journey. Let me know all about it. I sometimes hear of Harry T., through his correspondents, Messrs. C., &c. To me he never writes—nor does L.

Remember me to the Doctor and Mrs. B. in the most affectionate terms. I shall write, until Monday, to Richmond. Let me know of your movements. I heard, yesterday, from Barksdale. Do not forget my best remembrance to all at Obslo and Clay hill.

Yours, truly,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

T. B. DUDLEY.

LETTER CLXIV.

Washington, Feb. 4, 1820.

MY DEAR THEODORE,

I AM blind, and almost dead. The vertiginous affection of my head, arises from, but is not caused by, an indistinct vision—the effect of which is indescribable. It obliged me to give up, yesterday, one of the best arguments that I ever conceived, but of which I was delivered by forceps; or, rather by Cæsarean operation. The after-birth is yet behind.

Your letters from Bucks and Obslo are received. Do not

expect to hear from me as heretofore, for the reason above; but remember my anxiety until C. is removed, unless it be *indispensable* to retain him.

Take lodgings in Richmond, and we will settle the other point at our leisure.

Essex and Hetty? Pheasants, &c.?

Yours, ever,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

DR. DUDLEY.

LETTER CLXV.

Saturday, Feb. 5, 1820.

DEAR THEODORE,

You will have received my scarcely legible letters. I hope you will remove to Richmond forthwith. Have the goodness to explain what you meant by having seen my note upon note. I hope none of the earwigs and utterers of false news have attempted to hurt me, with my young friend Henry C., or his nephew.

G. T. applied to me to know whether it was true, as his wife was told in Richmond, that I had written to R.!!! abusing *him*, (G. T.,) as the author of "The Fudge Family." I told Mr. T., very serenely, that although I might plead to the jurisdiction of the court, (his wife not giving up the author of this story which came "so *directly*" to her;) yet, as I was not disposed to be *exigeant*, I referred him to Mr. R., and could give him written authority and request to show any thing he might have in my writing. I also cautioned him against a similar application to me in future, as I should meet it with a flat refusal.

When you get married, as I hope and trust you will, I shall drop our correspondence, so far as it is confidential.

Burn this and all others as fast as you receive them. The wretches here, not content to make me answerable for what I do say, get bastard wit, in order to lay it at my door.

Yours,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

A letter from Colonel M. has relieved me for the present, on the subject of C.

LETTER CLXVI.

Washington, Feb. 7, 1820.

DEAR THEODORE,

I WROTE you, a few days ago, perhaps the last letter that you will ever receive in my handwriting; for it has pleased Him who gave me sight, to take it away almost entirely. I must endeavour to be thankful for the little that is left me of this blessing, as well as for other innumerable and greater blessings. The state of the roads is such, that I anticipate the mail by a day, for fear of miscarriage, in requesting that my horses and Johnny may be ready to set out at a moment's warning, I mean Roanoke, as well as the carriage horses. About this time, I suppose, they are just off a hard journey. Tell Johnny that I expect to find them in high condition, and shall take no apologies, by condition he knows that I do not understand fatness, but grooming. I have no opinion of stalled beeves making good draft cattle. Have the goodness to get Clay equipped for coming on with Johnny; I shall probably send or carry him to Philadelphia. You may imagine how anxious I am to hear from you, and the topics about which I feel so much interest; take them in the following order:—

Your own affair—Ca.—Cl.—Plantation affairs, generally—

Essex and Hetty—Nancy, &c.—Pheasants—Partridges—
 Summer ducks—fruit trees—Sir Archy Colt and Phillis—
 blood stock, generally—tobacco.—Look at this letter when
 you write yours.

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

His

×

mark.

I wrote you some days ago that I had received Colonel
 M's. letter: thank him for it in my name, and remember
 me to him and all our neighbours; if, indeed, we may be
 said to have any—I mean W., Cl., Co. S., &c.

LETTER CLXVII.

Feb. 8, 1820.

I WROTE you yesterday about my horses. As the south-
 ern mail has failed this morning, I wrote again to take two
 chances. I want the horses put in the highest condition; by
 which Johnny will understand not fatness so much as groom-
 ing. The carriage horses and Roanoke to be ready to set
 out at a minute's warning. C's. shirts to be made, and he
 equipped for a journey. Tell Tom M. to get the tobacco
 down as soon as possible.

Return me, under cover, the numbers of the Ploughboy
 that I sent you. You have, I fear, received the last letter
 in my handwriting. Remember me to Colonel M. and all
 friends.

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

LETTER CLXVIII.

Washington, Jan. 8, 1821.

Monday.

IN consequence of the snow storm, your letter of the 5th, did not arrive in time for me to answer it by yesterday's mail. That of December 27th has lain by me for more than a week, during which it was my constant intention to write "*to-morrow.*" But the state of my spirits has rendered even that a formidable undertaking. I received, also, yesterday, a letter from Dr. B., which, now that my hand is in, I will try and thank him for to-day.

I am not determined what I shall do with myself at the close of the session, nor about any thing else, except the irremediable hopelessness of my case.

You do not mention whether you have received the horse from Roanoke. If you have, and an occasion offers, I wish you would sell it for what it will bring. You can send for another.

I enclose a check on Petersburg. I wish you to stand on no ceremony with me.

Yours, truly,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

Remember me to Gilmer, Bouldin, Leigh, &c. &c.

LETTER CLXIX.

Washington, Feb. 8, 1821.

Thursday.

DEAR THEODORE,

YOUR letter came to hand the evening before last, and I was very desirous of acknowledging its receipt yesterday, but was incapable, from a severe catarrhal affection that has confined me to my room for the last six days, attended by pains in the back, &c., which hardly permitted me to remain a minute in one posture. I write, now, only to do away your uneasiness. I am sensibly better this morning; but my lungs and eyes are yet greatly affected. I have been obliged to omit attending to several letters on business; also, several from Joseph C. and his brother—who inquire kindly after you.

Remember me to such as care to ask about me, and excuse these few lines, for I am in no condition to write.

Yours,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

LETTER CLXX.

Washington, Feb. 17, 1821.

DEAR THEODORE,

YOUR letter was received too late, yesterday, to acknowledge it by return of mail, and this morning, by nine o'clock, I had to attend the committee on poor Burwell's funeral, which left me not a moment's time to spare.

I am afraid that Richard C. labours under some pulmonary affection, as you do not announce the cause of his visit to the south of France. Poor H.! he is a sacrifice to the unprecedented state of the times. I hope enough will be left to provide comfortably for his widow and the helpless part of his family.

Paul C., who has been here about a week, just now called to see me. He tells me that little John M. (our quondam neighbour) is dead, and that Dr. V. and his brother Samuel are married, the former to a widow D., of Lynchburg, and the other to a Miss R., of Lexington. Dr. H. T. is here, and P. C. informs me, vibrating between Charlotte and Washington City as a future theatre of practice.

I admire your taste on the subject of Maria G., that was. Ask Mrs. B., if the youngest of the musical Ls's. did not remind her of Mary Anne, at the same age. My best regards to her. I regret to hear of F's. ill health; but I sometimes think she may have a happy escape from an indifferent or worthless husband, and the cares and pains of a family. Give my best love to her and E.

You make no mention of L. Remember me to him, and the B——s and C——s, whenever you see them: also, to Gilmer, Bouldin, Rootes, and Richard Morris; and, though last, not least, Tom Miller.

Farewell! and may every good attend you.

Yours,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

DR. DUDLEY.

Mrs. R. has presented Charles with another chopping boy. Frank K. has just left me: he asked after you very kindly.

LETTER CLXXI.

Sunday Morning.

I AM much gratified by your letter of Friday, which I have just received. The sporting intelligence is quite acceptable. I take great interest, even now, in the subject. Last autumn I enjoyed myself, on several occasions, shooting both woodcocks and partridges. By "John Sim," of Hanover, I suppose you mean a son of Nicholas *Syme*, an old fellow sportsman of mine. There is one of your good shots, (I need not name him,) with whom I hope you do not associate. "Tell me your company," &c. I have no doubt that you had better go out with C., once a week, than have a certain description of persons haunt your chambers. I learn, for the first time, that John has left Cambridge. Remember me to the whole firm—Mrs. A. & Co., and tell *her* that, when I find I am about to die, I mean to be carried, if practicable, to her house to be nursed.

You mention nothing of Leigh. Has William been to see his brother? Do you hear from Amelia? Below you have a draft, on Johnson's house, for three hundred dollars. God speed you! The air of abruptness in this letter, is occasioned by my wish not to postpone a reply until to-morrow, and the mail is in the future in *rus*, as old Lilly hath it.

Dr. B. can, and will, show you a scratch from me of this day's date. Write about every thing and every body, and seal with *wax*.

Sincerely, yours,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

DR. DUDLEY.

Remember me to all friends.

LETTER CLXXII.

Washington, Feb. 28, 1821.

YOUR letter found me, as usual, in bed. Yesterday, I was very agreeably surprised by one from E. C. It is not my fault that my sister's children have been brought up strangers to me. I had the truest regard for their mother, and have omitted no opportunity that has been allowed me to cultivate their acquaintance, and attach them to me. You say nothing of F's. health. Who is the Mr. B., H. R. lately married? Is it poor H's. son-in-law? I am grieved for the condition of his family: I mean H's. They have been used to affluence and ease. What a reverse awaits them!

Yesterday, I got a letter from Mrs. B., which gives me very gratifying accounts of the boys. She also mentions Tom L's. improved health. Let Watkins L. know this. I wrote, yesterday, in reply to E's. letter; but when you see her or Fanny, give my love to them both. I have not heard a syllable of St. George since he left Richmond. I am impatient to get away from this sink of iniquity and corruption. Remember me to all friends—the C's., (I am truly sorry to hear of Richard's situation,) Br., Be., L., Bo., G., T. M., R., and R. M. God bless you.

Yours, truly,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

MR. T. B. DUDLEY.

LETTER CLXXIII.

Roanoke, June 10, 1821.

Sunday.

I AM concerned to perceive, from your letter of the 4th, which I have just now received, that your change of residence has not been attended by the consequences which were naturally to have been expected from it. It is, however, probable enough that you wrote under the influence of a temporary depression of spirits, which surrounding circumstances will soon dispel, if it be not already dissipated. You do not overrate the solitariness of the life I lead here. It is dreary beyond conception, except by the actual sufferer. I can only acquiesce in it, as the lot in which I have been cast by the good providence of God; and endeavour to bear it, and the daily increasing infirmities, which threaten total helplessness, as well as I may. "Many long weeks have passed since you heard from me:" And why should I write? To say that I had made another notch in my tally?—or to enter upon the monotonous list of grievances, mental and bodily, which egotism itself could scarcely bear to relate, and none other to listen to. You say truly: "there is no substitute" for what you name, "that can fill the heart." The bitter conviction has long ago rushed upon my own, and arrested its functions. Not that it is without its paroxysms, which, I thank Heaven, itself, alone, is conscious of. Perhaps I am wrong to indulge in this vein; but I must write thus, or not at all. No punishment, except remorse, can exceed the misery I feel. My heart swells to bursting, at past recollections; and, as the present is without enjoyment, so is the future without hope; so far, at least, as respects this world.

I found the horse here when I got home, and was told Mr. Sim's wagonner left him. I sincerely wish that you would cultivate a more cheerful temper of mind than you appear to possess, or than this effusion, of one worn down by disappoint-

ments, and disease, and premature old age, is calculated to inspire.

May God, in his mercy, protect and bless you; and may you never experience the forlorn and desolate sensations of him who has endeavoured, with whatever success, to prove your friend.

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

DR. DUDLEY.

I wrote the above yesterday. Perhaps you may think that I, too, have acquired the "knack of writing letters, and putting nothing into them;" but, really, I have nothing to put in. You say nothing of Dr. and Mrs. B., of L., the C's., Mrs. B., G. or R.; not to mention my nieces.

The true cure for maladies like yours, is employment. "Be not solitary; be not idle!" was all that Burton could advise. Rely upon it, life was not given us to be spent in dreams and reverie, but for active, useful exertion; exertion that turns to some account to ourselves, or to others—not laborious idleness. (I say nothing of religion, which is between the heart and its Creator.) This preaching is, I know, foolish enough: but let it pass. We have all two educations; one we have given to us—the other we give ourselves; and, after a certain time of life, when the character has taken its *ply*, it is idle to attempt to change it.

If I did not think that it would aggravate your symptoms, I would press you to come here. In the sedulous study and practice of your profession, I hope you will find a palliative, if not a complete cure, of your moral disease. Yours is the age of exertion—the prime and vigour of life. But I have "fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf: and that which should accompany old age, as honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,* I must not look to have; but, in their stead,——."

You say my friends in Richmond would, no doubt, be glad

*"Regan—What need one?"

to see me there. To tell you the truth, I find such visits very unsuitable to the straitened state of my finances; and, upon the whole, I am, perhaps, best here. Habit, after a little while, enables us to bear any thing. Here I am free from apprehensions of being in other folks' way, and try to bear my lot without flinching; yearning, sometimes, after human converse, so as to make acceptable, for the moment, the presence of people, without one congenial sentiment or principle.

Miss Margaret C. was married on Tuesday, the 14th of May, to Mr. L. I have been there once to dinner, and returned the same day. John and Henry have dined here, and staid all night. I have dined once at Col. C's. On his way to Charlotte Court House, I saw Mr. L. for the first time since my return from Washington. Mr. B. and Peyton R. came home with me from court, (where I was obliged to go,) and staid the next day with me. I have since been closely confined, under a course of mercury; and the weather has been so cloudy and threatening, although we have little actual rain, that I dare not venture out. Sims I have not seen. The hawks have caught both my summer ducks. Nancy is very ill. Old Essex, too, is laid up with a swelled jaw, from a carious tooth. This, I believe, is the sum of our domestic news, except that old Dido is *plus caduque que son maitre*. I am my own physician, and feel my way in the dark, like the rest of the faculty. Adieu.

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

Monday Morning.

LETTER CLXXIV.

Roanoke, June 24, 1821.

Sunday.

YOUR letter of the 21st reached me to-day, together with one from Ryland, under your cover. I received, at the same time, another letter from him, dated as far back as the 14th of March, from Milledgeville, addressed to your care; that address is scratched out, and, in a very clumsy hand, "Pr. Edward, care Mr. P. Randolph," inserted: the "Richmond" post-mark is dated "April," but I cannot make out the day. Poor Ryland is afflicted with a quartan ague that he brought from the south to Virginia, and carried back with him. I heard, also, to-day, from Edward R., who has just set out for Kentucky. This is my first intelligence from Amelia, since I left it. Mrs. R., of Obslo, is much afflicted with a cough. Miss F. A. is to be married to William E. This is the amount of his news.

You do not mention what "Springs" Mr. C. is carrying his daughters to. I am much concerned to hear of F's. situation; and yet, poor thing! it is, perhaps, a blessed escape from worse afflictions: "never by a rake suspected, never by sot neglected." I am very sorry, also, to hear of Mr. B's. ill health. You say nothing of G.; and I hear nothing from him or D. B., which last circumstance rather mortifies me. Leigh has long given up writing to me. Neither do you mention the C——s, in whose welfare I feel a strong interest.

You speak of my leaving this place, as if it were in my power to do it at will. Unless I could find a purchaser for it, I must remain a prisoner here, probably for the brief remainder of my life; although entirely unable to attend to my affairs. I have twice mounted my horse and rode down to Colonel C's., and staid all night, being unable to endure the want of society any longer. On one of these occasions,

I saw his lately married daughter. The very thought of meeting with any person who cares a straw for my existence, tightens my chest and swells my throat. It gives me somewhat the same sensation that I felt after Randolph's death, the first time I took the road to Obslo, below B's. If I did not fear tiring out the welcome of my friends, I would go to Amelia for a week or ten days: and yet the return would be but so much the more bitter. Use reconciles me to it a little; but the first few days after I get home, are almost intolerable. God's will be done!—This is a better reliance, believe me, than “submission to the power of *destiny*,” of which you speak.

I have seen W. M. W., once, by accident, on the road: rather, I rode as far as his lane, and met him. Asked him to dine with me; but Mrs. W. was in daily expectation of the sage *femme*, and he was obliged to watch the incubation.

If ever I get as far as Richmond, I shall accept your offer of a bed. Did you get the gun-locks? They were left at Mrs. K's. for you, on the parlour table. About this time, you have, probably, seen P. R. He was to go to Richmond on Tuesday last. He and Mr. B. spent the day after Charlotte Court, here. He is always in such a hurry, and so much engaged, that I am deterred from visiting him as often as I otherwise should do. This letter is written with a pen of your own making, that has not been mended, and has done all my writing for nine months; besides, a good deal for W. L.

I pray God to keep and bless you.

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

DR. DUDLEY.

My best regards to Dr. and Mrs. B. I heard to-day from C.: he is well—at school on Elk Ridge.

You will be glad to hear that John M. is doing well. He has called once, on his way to Halifax, Ct., and I slightly expected him to-day; but he has not come.

Tuesday Morning.

Colonel C. was here yesterday. I suspect he will find it in his heart to give two-thirds of its value for the ferry quarter. I have made him an offer, and he has taken time to consider of it. This sale will relieve my most pressing difficulties. It is true that it will injure the value of this place, which is already scant of timber.

LETTER CLXXV.

Roanoke, July 24, 1821.

Saturday.

As my wagon goes to-day to Petersburg, I avail myself of it to thank you for your letter of the 6th, if, indeed, this old pen, made and mended to a stamp by yourself, will enable me to do it.

I am well aware (and have long been so) of the character of the people you guard me against. Odious as it is, I think it differs somewhat to its advantage from that of the idle and improvident, which is equally dishonest and more contemptible. Whatever advantage these people gain over me, it is with my eyes open; for I know that to deal with them at all, is to suffer imposition. But I have no motive to husband my resources. If I leave enough to pay my debts, I am satisfied. 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.

Rely upon it, you are entirely mistaken in your estimate of the world. Bad as it is, mankind are not quite so silly as you suppose. Look around you, and see who are held in

the highest esteem. I will name but one—Mr. Chief Justice. It is not the “rogue” who gains the good opinion of his own sex, or of the other. It is the man, who by the exercise of the faculties which nature and education have given him, asserts his place among his fellows; and, whilst useful to all around him, establishes his claim to their respect, as an equal and independent member of society. He may have every other good quality under heaven; but, wanting this, a man becomes an object of pity to the good, and of contempt to the vile. Look at Mr. Leigh, his brother William, Mr. Wickham, Dr. B., &c. &c., and compare them with the drones which society is impatient to shake from its lap.

Mr. Macon and Mr. Edwards were with me four days last week: they left me this day week. Sam waits. Farewell!

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

LETTER CLXXVI.

Roanoke, Aug. 5, 1821.

I SHOULD not be able to summon spirits to reply to your letter, were it not for a remark it contains on Mr. M., which I believe to be unjust, as it obviously is most injurious to his character. Indeed, I think a very little reflection on that of General E., (from your own description of it,) might induce you to ascribe his conduct to some other cause than the instigation of a man of the highest probity, and one, too, who has shown as great a disregard for money as is consistent with honesty and independence. That he wrote the will, is no proof (not even presumptive) that he excited or foment-

ed a spirit of unforgiveness in the testator towards an absent child; an act worthy of a demon. Mr. L. wrote Mrs. R's. will, but it is by no means such a will as he would have advised. Would it be right in me to ascribe the tenor of the will to him?

I happen to know more about Mr. M's. sentiments, in relation to the unhappy feuds in that family, than you probably can do, and from the most direct source. I believe I hinted something of this to you once before; and I have no hesitation in pronouncing that you have been misled into a belief that does injury to *him*. Of the other gentleman I know nothing, at least, in relation to that affair, and can, therefore, say nothing.

This morning's mail brings the news of little Bathurst Randolph's death. Harriet died three weeks before him! The situation of the childless mother is, I fear, one that would render death desirable, even in the opinion of her friends.

God bless you.

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

William Coleman died on the 17th July. The Colonel, John, and Maria, set off to-morrow for the Springs. I have become seasoned to solitude, and find company unwelcome, unless it be that of some one whom I particularly like.

LETTER CLXXVII.

Washington, Dec. 9, 1820.

At length, my dear Theodore, your letter of the 1st of August is received, (post marked "Charlotte Court House, November 28.") I hope you do not think I mean to retain

this money, which I would put under this cover, if I had not too much experience of the mail.

My health is as deplorably bad as it ever was, except the spring of 1817. I have crawled out in consequence of the M—— question, but am incapable, as well as unwilling, to take a part in it. I am glad to hear that you spend your time so agreeably. Mine is spent in unintermitting misery.

When you see Dr. or Mrs. B., present me to them in the most friendly terms; also F. G., L., the C's., Mrs. B, and Mrs. R.

Tell Dr. B. that I received his letter this morning, and will thank him for it when I have strength to do so. If I survive this session, I will embark in March for some better climate: mean while, my affairs at home go to absolute ruin. I shall leave a power with Mr. L. of Halifax to sell all I have—indeed, he has one unrevoked, but while I am in the country, he declines acting on it. God bless you.

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

LETTER CLXXVIII.*

Washington, Dec. 14, 1820.

I HAVE just received your letter of the 12th: with what sensations I read it, you can judge better than I can describe. I hope you will not leave Virginia; and above all, for a climate the most noxious to your particular habit. My heart gushes over towards you. To establish yourself in your

* This letter is an answer to one from me, communicating my intention of making a voyage to the East Indies, and was the cause of my giving up the intention.—D.

profession, where you are, requires only a little time and patience. You are surrounded by respectable persons, to whom you are known, and by whom you are respected; with whom you can associate on terms of equality and freedom. This is no light advantage—not to be given up but upon the most cogent considerations. The cloud that overhangs Richmond will pass away: mean while, consider me your banker; and if your pride revolt at the obligation, I will consent to reimbursement out of the first fruits of your practice. But it ought not so to revolt, because it will wound the already bruised.

Tell Harry T. that I learned yesterday, for the first time, that he was in Richmond. God bless him, and you too, my dear Theodore.

Your friend, if ever there was one,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

DR. DUDLEY.

Remember me to all that care for me—particularly to Mr. B.

LETTER CLXXIX.

Washington, Dec. 18, 1821.

Tuesday.

DEAR THEODORE,

YOUR letter reached me yesterday: since then I have been excruciated with rheumatism. The very sensible decay of all my faculties of body and mind, more especially of sight, touch, memory, and invention, renders writing extremely irksome to me, and admonishes me of the indiscretion, (not to say folly,) of lingering on the public stage, until, perhaps, I shall be hissed off. My part, however, of

a mute, does not require much power, since it attracts no notice; and he who does not offer himself to the observation of mankind, may well hope to escape their censure. Nevertheless, my object now is *petere honestam demissionem*.

I refer you to Dr. B. for my adventures by flood and field. Mr. S. of Missouri informed me yesterday that Tom had at last got his gun locks, which I hope he will make turn to some account among the savages of Boone's Lick. They are all *good* locks, and a part of them of the highest finish.

I met Mrs. T. and poor Mrs. R. beyond Hanover Court House. These are some of the very few people in this world, by whom I have been treated with kindness, under every circumstance of my unprosperous life; and when I forget them, may my God forget me. B., too, has been unaffectedly and disinterestedly kind to me, and I hope I have been able to make him some return for it. He is resolved to sell out, at whatever loss; and to remove from a circle in which he must share the general ruin, in case he should remain. The mail is closing. Remember me kindly to Mrs. K.

Yours,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

DR. DUDLEY.

You mention the want of employment in your profession. No man ever did get practice in any profession who did not *seek* it, who did not show a *strong* desire for it. Now, at the hazard of your displeasure, I must tell you what I *heard* this summer:—One of your brethren told a gentleman of my acquaintance, “that you were too fond of your gun for a medical man.” I also *heard* of your making an appointment to shoot at the coal-pits, and leaving word with your servant that you had gone to see a patient.* This I did not believe: but the consequences of establishing a reputation as a sportsman, must be serious to a medical man.

* It was false.

LETTER CLXXX.

Washington, Dec. 21, 1820.

I WISH I had it in my power to make a more suitable return for your letters; but my nerves are shattered, and the climate is truly Cimmerian. We are more than dull here—we are gloomy. Last night, we lost another of our members: Mr. Slocum, of North Carolina. I have been meditating a Christmas visit to Oakland, but the weather has interposed its veto. Mean while, our “mess” is dispersing itself to Philadelphia, &c., leaving me, as usual, in the minority.

Remember me to all who care for me. I need not specify them. Tell Gilmer that I received his letter of the 18th, a few minutes since, and thank him sincerely for it. Mr. T. and Mr. S., of New York, have read his pamphlet, and expressed very great delight at it. He would not be displeased at the warmth with which they commend the style, the research and argument of the author, in which they heartily concur. It is, at present, in the hands of Mr. K., of New York.

If T. be in Richmond, ask him “if he has forgotten me?” God bless you. Let me hear from you as often as convenient.

Yours, truly,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

LETTER CLXXXI.

December 26, 1820.

MR. BURRILL, the most useful, if not the most able member of the Senate, died last night, after a few days' indisposition. I write from my bed. Mr. Macon advises me to leave this place as soon as practicable. There is certainly a state of atmosphere here fatal to invalids. Be so good as to announce to the Enquirer the death of Mr. Burrill, of Rhode Island.

Yours, truly,
JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

DR. DUDLEY.

LETTER CLXXXII.

Washington, Dec. 30, 1821.

YOUR letter of the 20th, has lain several days on my table. The difficulty of writing, produced by natural decay, is so increased by the badness of the materials furnished by our contractors, (who make the public pay the price of the best,) that I dread the beginning of a letter. At this time, it requires my nicest management to make this pen do legible execution.

So true is your remark, that I have tried to strike root into some of the people around me—one family, in particular; but I found the soil too stony for me to penetrate, and, after some abortive efforts, I gave it up—nor shall I ever renew the attempt, unless some change in the inhabitants should take place.

The medical gentleman, whom you suppose to be actuated

by no friendly spirit towards you, made the observation in question, to one whom he believed well disposed towards you; and he mentioned it to another, of the same description, who told it to me. I do not believe that the remark extended beyond us three.

One of the best and wisest men I ever knew, has often said to me that a decayed family could never recover its loss of rank in the world, until the members of it left off talking and dwelling upon its former opulence. This remark, founded in a long and close observation of mankind, I have seen verified, in numerous instances, in my own connexions—who, to use the words of my oracle, “will never thrive, until they can become ‘poor folks:’”—he added, “they may make some struggles, and with apparent success, to recover lost ground; they may, and sometimes do, get half way up again; but they are sure to fall back—unless, reconciling themselves to circumstances, they become in form, as well as in fact, poor folks.”

The blind pursuit of wealth, for the sake of hoarding, is a species of insanity. There are spirits, and not the least worthy, who, content with an humble mediocrity, leave the field of wealth and ambition open to more active, perhaps more guilty, competitors. Nothing can be more respectable than the independence that grows out of self-denial. The man who, by abridging his wants, can find time to devote to the cultivation of his mind, or the aid of his fellow-creatures, is a being far above the plodding sons of industry and gain. His is a spirit of the noblest order. But what shall we say to the drone, whom society is eager to “shake from her encumbered lap?”—who lounges from place to place, and spends more time in “Adonizing” his person, even in a morning, than would serve to earn his breakfast?—who is curious in his living, a connoisseur in wines, fastidious in his cookery; but who never knew the luxury of earning a single meal? Such a creature, “sponging” from house to house, and always on the borrow, may yet be found in Virginia. One more generation will, I trust, put an end to them; and

their posterity, if they have any, must work or steal, *directly*.

Men are like nations. One founds a family, the other an empire—both destined, sooner or later, to decay. This is the way in which ability manifests itself. They who belong to a higher order, like Newton, and Milton, and Shakspeare, leave an imperishable name. I have no quarrel with such as are content with their original obscurity, vegetate on from father to son; “whose ignoble blood has crept through *clod-poles* ever since the flood”—but I cannot respect them. He who contentedly eats the bread of idleness and dependence is beneath contempt. I know not why I have run out at this rate. Perhaps it arises from a passage in your letter. I cannot but think you are greatly deceived. I do not believe the world to be so little clear-sighted.

What the “covert insinuations” against you, on your arrival at Richmond, were, I am at a loss to divine. I never heard the slightest disparagement of your moral character; and I know nobody less obnoxious to such imputations.

When you see the C's., present my best wishes and remembrance to them all. I had hoped to hear from Richard. He is one of the young men about Richmond, with whom it is safe to associate. *Noscitur à Sorio* is older than the days of Partridge; and he who is the companion of the thriftless, is sure never to thrive: tavern haunters and loungers are no friends to intellectual, moral, or literary improvement, any more than to the accumulation of wealth.

I have seen nobody that you know but Frank K. and Gen. S. The last asked particularly after you. That you may prosper in this life, and reach eternal happiness in the life to come, is my earnest prayer.

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

DR. DUDLEY.

Remember me to F. G. and Mr. R. Is he to marry Mrs. B.?

LETTER CLXXXIII.

Washington, Jan. 17, 1822.

Thursday.

YOUR letter of the day before yesterday, was brought in a few minutes ago, and I have read it over my coffee. I am afraid that (not expecting two letters in succession from me) you may have omitted to apply for my last in time to send the truss for Jemboy, by the post-man, to-morrow.

I sincerely hope you will avoid, as far as possible, all intercourse with the person referred to by both of us. His character—long equivocal—has, at last, become openly infamous. He has been reduced in his circumstances, not by mere negative qualities, or a false, but more pardonable humanity to his slaves,—for he was a notoriously hard master, and made great crops,—but by want of moral principle; and he has exhibited, not merely an utter destitution of common honesty, but, in the most sacred relations of life, a profligacy and flagitiousness of character, that render his company discreditable to any that keep it. I have carefully shunned all intercourse with him for years. I was long before *shy*, notwithstanding his professions, &c. &c. *Noscitur è sorio.* “Tell me your company, and I will tell you what you are.” But there is another description of persons, of far inferior turpitude, against all connexion with whom, of whatsoever degree, I would seriously warn you. This consists of men of broken fortunes, and all who are *loose* on the subject of pecuniary engagements. Time was, when I was fool enough to believe that a man might be negligent of such obligations, and yet a very good fellow, &c.: but long experience has convinced me that he who is lax in this respect is utterly unworthy of trust in any other. He might do an occasional act of kindness, (or what is falsely called generosity,) when it lay in his way, and so may a prostitute, or a highwayman; but he would plunge his nearest friends and dearest connexions,

the wife of his bosom, and the children of his loins, into misery and want, rather than forego the momentary gratification of appetite, vanity, or laziness. I have come to this conclusion slowly and painfully, but *certainly*. Of the Shylocks, and the smooth-visaged men of the world, I think as I believe you do. Certainly, if I were to seek for the hardest of hearts, the most obdurate, unrelenting, and cruel, I should find them among the most selfish of mankind. And who are the most selfish? The usurer, the courtier, and, above all, the spend-thrift.

If I press this subject, it is because (you will pardon me) I have observed in you, upon it, a sort of perversion of the intellectual faculty; an apparent absence to what is passing in the world around you, and an ignorance of the events and characters of the day, that has caused in me I know not whether most of surprise or vexation. My terms are strong, and such as you are in no danger of hearing from the sort of people I speak of; unless, indeed, you should happen to owe them money which it is not convenient to pay. Try them once as creditors, and you will find that even the Shylocks, we wot of, are not harder. Indeed, their situation enables them to give the victim a sort of respite, which the others cannot grant.

Ned R. writes that Mrs. R., of Obslo, cannot yet bear to see him, and he knows not what to do. Poor lady! if she had had a religious education, it would not have been so. He also says, that Barksdale was soused in Skinny Creek, on his way from Petersburg, and had nearly perished from cold.

I am sorry for C's. and Harry T's. mishap and loss. Has Dr. B. left Richmond? Remember me to him, &c. I need not specify.

God bless you!

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

DR. DUDLEY.

I am always glad to hear from Amelia, because I have re-

ceived kindness there: but those people dislike business, love amusement; and the issue need not be foretold.

LETTER CLXXXIV.

Monday Morning, Jan. 21, 1822.

I HAVE just received your letter of Saturday, which I read with much pleasure; although I cannot think you are right in giving up exercise altogether. You know my opinion of female society. Without it we should degenerate into brutes. This observation applies with tenfold force to young men, and those who are in the prime of manhood. For, after a certain time of life, the literary man may make a shift (a poor one, I grant) to do without the society of ladies. To a young man nothing is so important as a spirit of devotion (next to his Creator) to some virtuous and amiable woman, whose image may occupy his heart, and guard it from the pollution which besets it on all sides. Nevertheless, I trust that your fondness for the company of ladies may not rob you of the time which ought to be devoted to reading and meditating on your profession; and, above all, that it may not acquire for you the reputation of *Dangler*—in itself bordering on the contemptible, and seriously detrimental to *your* professional character. A cautious old Squaretoes, who might have no objection to employing such a one at the bar, would, perhaps, be shy of introducing him as a practitioner in his family, in case he should have a pretty daughter, or niece, or sister; although all experience shows that, of all male animals, the Dangler is the most harmless to the ladies, who quickly learn, with the intuitive sagacity of the sex, to make a convenience of him, while he serves for a butt, also.

The person you first refer to, always “appeared, indeed, very much my friend;” but it was appearance only. When you shall have observed as much upon the world as I have done, you will know that such characters are as incapable of friendship, or even of conceiving its idea, as poor St. George is of playing on the flute, or comprehending what is meant by the word music. I wonder his attempts on my purse never once succeeded.

I have a letter from Ryland: he is much pleased with his new position, and is, I trust, doing well. Of the “forbidden fruit,” I say, taste not, touch not, *handle* not the thing.

God speed you.

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

DR. DUDLEY.

I receive letters from E., which I believe I must get you to answer for me.

LETTER CLXXXV.

Tuesday, Jan. 22, 1822.

DEAR THEODORE,

Who bought the within named stock of horses and asses, and at what prices?—also, the wine, and at what price? If I had seen the advertisement in time, I would have purchased a few dozen; but the sale was over before I saw it.

What think you of my correction of the within? Show it to E., and ask her opinion; also, if she has read Don Quixotte and Gil Blas, yet—I presume, the latter, of course: but, of the first, she ought to procure Jarvis’s translation.

Have you suffered your French to slip through your memory? I hope no, but I fear yes; and Latin, too. Rely upon it they are better than the “insipids” you talk of, or

the "forbidden fruit," which can only make your mouth water.

Little R. was well on the 27th of December, and doing well. He writes from Washington, Mississippi, on that day,—

"After my return from Virginia, I settled in this place, where I am *permanently* fixed. My present situation pleases me much more than my former one. I have every reason to believe that, in a few years, I shall procure a comfortable independence, until which time I shall not think of returning to Virginia. Indeed, the society in this neighbourhood is so much better than in any other part of the southern country, that I am almost reconciled to an absence from Virginia."

Good morning.

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

DR. DUDLEY.

LETTER CLXXXVI.

Friday, Jan. 25, 1822.

YOUR letter of the 23d, is just now received, and I am gratified at once more getting my horse; or, rather, at the prospect of getting him. You say nothing of his condition—shoes, &c. I am afraid you were too much in a hurry about him; because you know it will take Johnny two days, in the stage, to get to Frederickburg. Let me request you to mention his plight, when you received him.

Is it not, in a great measure, (if not altogether,) your own fault, that you are without valuable standard medical authors? Do you remember my asking you for a list of such books, that I might transmit it to London? It would but have diminished the balance due me by those swindlers, T. & M.

I should suppose, however, that the Richmond library would afford you some good reading. What has become of your Latin and French?—the last, especially.

Last night, I had the pleasure to hear Mrs. F. (whose concert I attended on Tuesday evening) sing, in a private party, at Mrs. O's. apartments, at Georgetown. I say Mrs. O., although my invitation to dinner was from the husband—and, for the evening, from the daughter. She sang "There's nae Luck about the House," and some other simple airs, very pleasingly; (although I have heard them, frequently, better sung;) but I found she could not accompany herself on the piano, being out of time, and playing, sometimes, false notes. Nevertheless, we had a very pleasant party; and, at half past ten, I mounted Wildfire, and alone, (Witch being lame—for life, I fear,) came home like a flash of lightning. She is very scary, (the word is not English, and I have no time to seek, in my mind, for a better,) and, at the sight of a carriage, rattling over the frozen road, with two glaring lamps in front, meeting her, put all my horsemanship in requisition. The cold was, and is, intense.

Tell Dr. B. I have got his letter of the 23d, but am deep with T., on the bankrupt bill, and cannot write by this mail.

Yours, truly,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

A very skilful physician, who has studied my constitution, going on three years, says there is no salvation for me but removal to another climate, and a particular course, which he has prescribed.

LETTER CLXXXVII.

Washington, Sunday Morning,
January 27, 1822.

YOUR letter of the 25th has just now come in, with my coffee, and I find it more exhilarating than even that refreshing beverage; although I am now taking a long (possibly, a final) farewell of it. My disease has gained upon me so rapidly, that I have just despatched a note to my good friend, Frank K., requesting a daily supply of new milk from Mrs. K's dairy. To it and crackers (*bis cuites*) I shall confine myself strictly, for at least six weeks; unless I find, at the end of one-third of that term, that animal food, of a solid kind, is indispensable to me. I have used no other bread besides crackers, (Jamieson's,) heated over again, for some time. My breakfast is two of these, and as many cups of coffee; but not like old E's. At dinner, I take the lean of roast mutton, or the breast of a turkey or pheasant, (without gravy,) and rice; abstaining from salted and smoke-dried meats and vegetables. My drink is toast and water, made by boiling the latter, and pouring it on highly toasted bread—so that it acquires the colour of Cogniac brandy. I had, until the day before yesterday, indulged in a few glasses of genuine Madeira; shunning all other liquors, whatsoever;—but now I have given up that indulgence: for my experience in 1817, proved the hurtful effects of stimuli, in any shape; and I now labour under the same form of disease. I have taken, once or twice, one grain of calomel, at night, and, frequently, magnesia and rhubarb. I have also used alkalies, in the form of salt of tartar and potashes: the latter having been recommended to me; although I cannot see in what it can differ from the other. Yesterday, I dined out with the speaker. I would not have gone for any other “dignitary” here. I made Johnny carry my cloth shoes, and a bottle of toast and water. The colour deceived the company, except one or two near me, whom I

was obliged to let into the secret, to preserve my monopoly. Notwithstanding all this, I am persuaded that I was the liveliest man in the whole company; and, like Falstaff, was not only merry myself, but the cause of mirth in others. Mr. Secretary C., I think, will remember, for some time, some of my rejoinders to him, half joke and three parts earnest, (as Paddy says,) on the subject of the constitutional powers of Congress, and some other matters of minor note—although he tried to turn them off with great good humour. To say the truth, I have a sneaking liking for C., for “by-gone’s” sake; and if he had let alone being a great man, should have “liked him hugely,” as Squire Western hath it.

I had the pleasure to pass a very pleasant evening in Georgetown, at B’s., (*olim* C’s.) on Thursday last. I dined with Mr. and Mrs. O., and Mr. K., of New York. After dinner, Miss O. had a small party of about half a dozen, exclusively of Mrs. F., who sang for us some Scotch airs, in a very pleasing style. Among others, she sang “There’s nae Luck about the House” very well, and “Auld Lang Syne.” When she came to the lines

“We twa ha’e paidlet in the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine,”

I cast my mind’s eye around for such a “trusty feese,” and could light only on T., (who, God be praised! is here,) and you may judge how we meet. During the time that Dr. B. was at Walker M’s. school, (from the spring of 1784, to the end of 1785,) I was in Bermuda; and (although he was well acquainted with both my brothers) our acquaintance did not begin until nearly twenty years afterwards. Do you know that I am childish enough to regret this very sensibly? for, although I cannot detract from the esteem or regard in which I hold him, nor lessen the value I set upon his friendship, yet, had I known him then, I think I should enjoy “Auld Lang Syne” more, when I hear it sung, or hum it to myself, as I often do.

You may remember how bitter cold it was on Thursday. The change took place about midnight of Tuesday. I slept

the fore part of it with my window hoisted, and rose about two o'clock on Wednesday morning, and shut it down. Well! I rode from Georgetown home, after ten o'clock, without suffering, in the least, from the cold, except a little in the fingers. This was neither owing to the warmth infused by Mr. O's very fine old Madeira, nor by his daughters' beauty and accomplishments; although either, I believe, would have kept up the excitement for a longer time than it took Wildfire "to glance" along "the Avenue." But, superadded to the influence of wine, and beauty, and music, and good company, I had a leathern "*justicore*," as old Edie would call it, (*justa-au-corps*), under my waistcoat—which I recommend to all who desire to guard against our piercing winds—and cloth shoes over my boots. My horsemanship was, indeed, put into requisition, on meeting a rattling hackney coach, with lights, driving at a furious rate. It was where "the Avenue" is crossed by a gutter, and impeded by ice. Nevertheless, I did what Cambey * could not do with his wretched curb-bridle—and, as Simon † says, "I *consequenced* her with a *snapper*." My disease, which had been very troublesome for some days, and particularly that morning, and which I had checked, "for the nonce," with absorbents, recurred, with tenfold violence, in the night. My apartment is unwholesomely warm, in spite of all I can safely do to ventilate it. I rise before day, make up my fire, and, at day light, raise my windows, (unless the "weather" drives in,) however cold it may be. The stage-coach men return my salute every morning, and I find the air quite "caller" and refreshing.

I have just got a letter from G., in Frederickburg, to whom I wrote, immediately on the receipt of your penultimate. It is dated yesterday, (the 26th.) He writes, "Your horse was, agreeably to your expectations, delivered here on yesterday," (which "*on*," prefixed to "yesterday," is a wretched barbarism, of modern date. In poetry, I have seen "on yesterday; but the *day* was never put upon stilts, even in blank

* His overseer.

† His groom.

verse.) "I had anticipated your wishes as to having him well shod; the shoes on him being very much worn, and one of them broken. He is in pretty good condition, and, I promise you, shall not be worsted by remaining in my stable," &c.

If you can, conveniently, send me the prices of the live stock, (a list of which I enclose you,) purchased by "Mr. L.," I will thank you. Return the list, or get a copy of it.

If the carriage be actually described by J. H. ["as good as new, having been used only two or three times,"] and is not too heavy for a pair of horses, I will buy it, if it can be had on a reasonable profit to the coach maker who bought it. Dr. B. will, I am sure, be good enough to look at it with you, and give me his opinion about it. I want one, *sur le champ*, sooner than I can have it made, and I am on the purchase of a pair of boys, to replace poor old Sterling and his mate Steady. Spot, I fear, is irreparably ruined, by a disease, which, when of the worst type, is as incurable as the glanders, or farey. I succeeded, you may remember, with poor old Rosetta, but she always carried a stiff neck; but that case was treated "*secundum artem*," and not in the stupid, sottish style of our *soi-distant* farriers.

Show this long tirade of egotism to the doctor, and tell him that I suspect every hack attorney in the house is to "let off" a speech on the bankrupt bill; although, from the tenor of the conversation, yesterday, at the speaker's table, I thank Heaven, my hopes of its defeat are greatly strengthened.

I pray you, take to Latin and French. If I were you, I would learn Italian and Spanish. As I am not you, but myself, I have begun the latter tongue at a more advanced age, than that at which the elder Cato acquired Greek.

My love to E. You may give her yours too, if you can prevail upon her to accept it. She is not "forbidden fruit."

Yours,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

I am proud of Mrs. L's. remembrance and notice. Tell her so, if you please, and mention me to the C's., &c. &c., as you know how I wish to be named to them.

I trust Mrs. B. is not on the road this dreadful day. My best *devoirs* to her. I sincerely congratulate the doctor on the termination of his widowhood, and you and all her friends on her restoration to the society, of which she constitutes the "*cynosure*."

LETTER CLXXXVIII.

Friday Morning, Feb. 1, 1822.

DEAR DOCTOR,

OUR old acquaintance Roanoke made his appearance yesterday evening—low in flesh, and otherwise much out of condition. The change in him, since I left Richmond, is considerably for the worse—so that my charge to the young man seems to have been (as I surmised it would be) completely thrown away. He (Roanoke) left Frederickburg on Monday, being rode by a Mr. L. (a very decent sort of a man) on that day, as far as Dumfries, where he (L.) had left his own horse. He led him from thence here, (as he told me, and from his age and appearance I have no doubt of it;) but, in consequence of the rain the day before yesterday, he remained all that day in Alexandria. Gray, at Frederickburg, was good enough to have him well shod for me.

Tell E. that I was so near losing the mail the last time I wrote to her, that, among other words, I forgot to note extraordinary, (which Walker pronounces *extròrdinary*, and well bred and well educated old-fashioned gentlemen, extra-er'n'ry, but) which our peöple that want to show their spelling, call *extràyòrdinary*. We do so emphāsise, and syllābise, and vōciferāte, that I am persuaded no well-bred man of the last generation could hardly understand one of our modern great men. If he *did*, it would be a punishment to him to

listen. But my eyes ask a holiday. I do not hear from you. *Bon jour.*

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke?

Southern mail due at 3 o'clock, A. M. Yesterday got in at 7 o'clock, P. M. Difference 16 hours in 120 miles!

LETTER CLXXXIX.

Saturday Morning, Feb. 22, 1822.

I SYMPATHIZE in your distress. It is one of the painful circumstances incident to your profession—but what avocation is free from them? Instead of yielding to a morbid sensibility, we must nerve ourselves up to do and to suffer all that duty calls for—in other words, to do our duty in that station in life, “to which it has pleased God to call us.” What, then, are we to expect from a generation that has been taught to cherish this not “fair defect” of our perverted nature; to nourish and cultivate, as “amiable and attractive,” what, at the bottom, is neither more nor less than the grossest selfishness, a little disguised under the romantic epithet of “sensibility!” This cant (worse than that of “criticism”) has been fashionable since the days of Sterne, a hard-hearted, unprincipled man; a cassocked libertine and “free thinker;” who introduced it. Heaven be praised! it is now on the decline; and, in a little time, we may consider it, I hope, as entirely *passée*. Sheridan, himself, a bad principled man, gave it a home blow, in the form of “sentiment!” in his very witty, but immoral comedy.

Yesterday, (or “on yesterday,” as “it is said” here,) I dined out; and, although I carried (or, rather, Johnny did) my bottles of toast and water, and milk, I was tortured with

indigestion. My night has been a most wretched one, and all my former symptoms seem aggravated. I will, however, persevere throughout this month, at least. Indeed, I feel no great difficulty in abstaining—none at all, from wine, and all fermented and distilled liquors. The odour of a fine fat canvass-back sometimes tries my self-denial. Every other strong drink but wine, is now absolutely distasteful to me, and I have no great propensity to that. Nature's indications ought, I am persuaded, to be oftener attended to. Dr. B's. opinion of my case was verified yesterday. Mr. Speaker B., with the best intentions in the world, set off wrong foot foremost, and, unlike some other hags, could not change his feet in a long and very slow heat—for he made, as his brother Jemmy would say, three "consecutive" decisions, each surpassing the other in error, and forming a perfect climax of absurdity. As the "southern speaker," I would not appeal from the first (T's. of New York, motion to amend R's., by striking out 42 and inserting 47.) This, finally, was disposed of by R., who withdrew his motion. Then came another, "That after the question was propounded by the chair, and before the clerk had called, or the member at the head of the column had answered, debate was precluded!" in the teeth of common sense, of his own interrogatory, always made, ("if the house be ready for the question? the clerk will proceed to call,") and of the invariable practice of the body, from the time of its organization. Out of this, however, he was extricated by the representation of some of his friends, in deference to whose longer experience, he waived his own judgment—but that S. of W., after the debate had gone on, made the point anew; because it answered his purpose, and he was entirely reckless of the speaker's feelings and situation. Insinuations were thrown out, too, by some, "of his too great pliability to what they termed *side-bar counsel*;" (the Dowlings cannot sink the pettifogger:) perhaps, too, S. of W., seeing our reluctance to appeal, thought we should submit in silence. Be that as it may, the speaker reaffirmed his former opinion, and an appeal was taken, by M., of Vermont, and E., of North Ca-

rolina, and the decision reversed by more than two to one. It was to bolster up this opinion, that he, extra-judicially, made another decision, the counterpart to V's. famous interpretation of the sense of the previous question, where *now* meant any indefinite future time, and on which I not only obtained the laugh upon him, but he could find but eight or ten to support him, in a very full house.* I like B., because he is a friend to the strict construction of the constitution; and I wanted to adjourn, for his sake—which, at last, we carried, about dark, (*re infecta*,) and he was released from his embarrassments. This long sitting in the air operated on my stomach as nauseating doses of antimonials would have done, and I felt as if I were about to be “abolished, quite.” At the close of the day, your letter arrived. The southern mails are now very irregular. Even the northern is not always punctual. There is a fine road now from this place to Baltimore, but they have let the bridge, over the Patuxent, get out of repair, as it is seldom past fording, and the ice has, on one occasion, stopped the coach.

Tell E. that among some Yankee names, in a late Boston paper, I came across “Miss Sybil Dow, married to Mr. Cyrus Bump.” Pray keep this name “for use,” as Mrs. G. hath it.

Show this letter to Dr. B., and to no one else.

Yours, truly,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

To DR. DUDLEY.

If Wm. L. comes to Richmond, let me know immediately on his arrival.

“My Lord Chancellor Bacon is lately dead, of a long and languishing weakness. He died so poor that he scarce left money to bury him, which, though he had a great wit, did argue no great wisdom—it being one of the properties of a

* The same members, however, provoked by G's. folly, and want of decency, reversed their own decision, before the end of the session.

great man to provide for the main chance. I had read that it had been the fortune of all poets, commonly, to die beggars; but for an orator, a lawyer, and philosopher, as he was, to die so, it is rare."—*Epist. Ho-Eliauce—Familiar letters, by James Howell.*

If Bacon's wonderful endowments could not cover his prodigality and carelessness of money, (and the corruption which grew out of that culpable negligence,) what shall we say to them that possess nothing of his genius or acquirements?

LETTER CXC.

Monday Morning, Feb. 4, 1822.

Five o'clock.

I HAVE been up since half past one. Yesterday I dined by accident with Mr. K. at the Union in Georgetown, and though I had toast and water, I missed my milk. I drank, too, at the earnest recommendation of some of the party, some old Port wine,* which has done me no good. My dinner was the lean of a very fine haunch of venison, without any gravy, and a little rice. Since it began to rain (about an hour ago) I have felt as restless as a leech in a weather glass, and so I sit down to write to you. On Saturday I had a narrow escape from a most painful death. Wild-fire dashed off with me on the avenue, alarmed at a tattered wagon-cover, shivering in the wind, and would have dashed us both to pieces against an Italian poplar; but when she was running full butt against it, and not a length off, by a violent exertion of the left heel and right hand I bore her off. There was not the thickness of the half quire of paper on which I

* For my complaint.

am writing between my body and the tree. Had I worn a great-coat, or cloth boots, I must have touched—perhaps been dragged off by them: and had I been without spurs, I must have lost my life; for the centre of her forehead and that of the body of the tree, nearly, or quite two feet in diameter, were approaching to contact. You know my great *liking* for this exotic, which our tasteless people have stuck every where about them. I shall, hereafter, dislike it more than ever. In the course of my life I have encountered some risks, but nothing like this. My heart was in my mouth for a moment, and I felt the strongest convictions of my utter demerit in the sight of God, and my heart gushed out in thankfulness for his signal and providential preservation. What, thought I, would have been my condition had I then died. “As the tree falls, so it must lie.” And I had been but a short time before saying to a man, who tried to cheat me, some very hard and bitter things. It was a poor auctioneer, who had books on private sale. He attempted to impose upon me in respect to some classical books of which he was entirely ignorant, and I exposed his ignorance to the people in the shop, many of whom were members of Congress, and no better informed than him. The danger that I escaped was no injury to the speech which I made out of breath, on finding, when I reached the house, that there was a call for the previous question. So true is it, that of all motives, religious feeling is the most powerful.

I am reading, for the second time, an admirable novel called “Marriage.” It is commended by the great unknown in his “Legend of Montrose.” I wish you would read it. Perhaps it might serve to palliate some of your romantic notions (for I despair of a cure) on the subject of love and marriage. A man who marries a woman that he does not esteem and treat kindly, is a villain: but marriage was made for man; and if the woman be good-tempered, healthy, (a qualification scarcely thought of now-a-days, all-important as it is,) chaste, cleanly, economical, and not an absolute fool, she will make him a better wife than nine out of ten deserve

to have. To be sure, if to these beauty and understanding be added, all the better. Neither would I quarrel with a good fortune, if it has produced no ill effect on the possessor—a rare case.

I was in hopes you would not let G. carry off E. from you. That you may soon possess her, or some other fair lady, is my earnest wish. The cock crows for day, I suppose; but it is yet dark, and I wish you good morning. “It vanish’d at the crowing of the cock.” Show this to Dr. B.

Yours, truly,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

DR. DUDLEY.

Your letter of the 2d is just received. I will not, nevertheless, cancel this, which I must close to save the post.

LETTER CXCI.

*Washington, Tuesday, Feb. 5, 1822.
Sunrise.*

I HAVE seldom, if ever, received a letter from you that gratified me more than that of yesterday, which I had barely time to acknowledge in two lines of postscript. Your medical advice is very thankfully received, and will be followed, (I shall first give the milk a fair trial,) so far as my own experience does not run counter to it. Your reluctance, hitherto towards giving it, has more than once been noted by me, and ascribed to its real cause. I have found, however, a valuable counsellor in our kinsman, Dr. Hall, for such he is; his great grandfather, on the mother’s side, being Robert Bolling, brother to Drury Bolling, my maternal great grandfather, from whom you are removed one generation far-

ther; which Drury and Robert were sons of Robert B., (of the West Riding of York, Bolling Hall, near Bradford,) by his second wife, Miss Slith; (his first being the grand-daughter of Pocahontas, by whom he had one son, John, from whom, by his wife, Mary Kennon, my paternal grandmother sprang.) From this first marriage, descend the Bollings of Chesterfield and Buckingham, in the male line; and the Curles Randolphins, Flemings, Gays, Eldridges, and Murrays, in the female.

As I have recommended "Marriage" to you, (the book, I mean,) this digression on genealogy, and, perhaps, some other coincidences, may remind you of the "very sensible Miss Jacky," and her agreeable sisters. You entirely mistake my mode of life: I am very rarely out of bed at nine, and when I exceed that hour, it is not at "evening parties." I have been at several, but rarely failed to be at home before nine. Last night I was seduced, by a book, to go beyond that hour, a little. Do you suppose (requiring so much rest as I do) that I could rise every morning before the dawn, if I sat (or, as the V. P. says, "*sot*," most "unhappily,") up late at night? The other day I dined at the French minister's. It was Saturday; "Mrs. De N's. night." At half past seven we joined the evening visitors, and at half past eight I was snug in bed. To be sure, I was politely reproached, as I was going away, by the Count de Menou, (secretary of the legation,) whom I met on the staircase, and since by his principal, for going away so early; but my plea of weak health satisfied their jealousy. This is felt, and shown, too, by all here, in the highest ranks of fashion. The De N's., however, are good people. Madame is charity itself. The poor will miss her when she goes away. One of her sayings deserves to be written in letters of gold: "When the rich are sick, they ought to be starved; but when the poor are sick, they should be well fed." This is no bad medical precept.

I cannot "go" the "Cogniac." I had rather die, than drink, habitually, brandy and water. Look around you, and

see its ravages. Thank God, it does not possess any allure-ment for me. I have sometimes been the better for a little brandy toddy, but I have not tasted spirits for six weeks,* or more; and never shall again, but as medicine. Genuine Madeira is the only thing, except good water, that I can drink with pleasure, or impunity: not always with the last; sometimes with neither. It was the pearl ashes that I was advised to use by Mr. Colden. It is, I believe, a refined potash. I knew its caustic quality, which the salt of tartar also possesses in a less degree. I substitute a weak solution of it (salt of tartar) for the charcoal powder, in cleaning my teeth. The pearl ashes I gave up at first trial.

Rely upon it, that to love a woman as “a mistress,” although a delicious delirium, an intoxication far surpassing that of Champagne, is altogether unessential, nay, *perni- cious*, in the choice of a wife; which a man ought to set about in his sober senses—choosing her, as Mrs. Primrose did her wedding-gown, for qualities that “wear well.” I am well persuaded, that few love-matches are happy ones. One thing, at least, is true, that if matrimony has its cares, celibacy has no pleasures. A Newton, or a mere scholar, may find employment in study: a man of literary taste can receive in books a powerful auxiliary; but a man must have a bosom friend, and children around him, to cherish and support the dreariness of old age. Do you remember A. V.? He could neither read nor think; any wife, even a scolding one, would have been a blessing to that poor man. After all, “suitability” is the true foundation for marriage. If the parties be suited to one another, in age, situation in life, (a man, indeed, may descend, where all else is fitting,) temper, and constitution, these are the ingredients of a happy marriage—or, at least, a convenient one—which is all that people of experience expect. I will not quote Rochefoucault, or S. Johnson, in support of this; and yet I cannot refrain

* I have not used half a pint, since I cannot tell when—six months, at least.

from referring you to five lines of the latter, which the author has placed in the title page of "Marriage."

If my life were to go over again, I should make a very different sort of thing of it, from what it is. Community of tastes and pursuits, very often vicious ones, are the foundation of most youthful friendships. I was most fortunate in two—Rutledge and Bryan. As for Banister, he was as a brother, from infancy; I could not go amiss in him. One great mistake that young people commit, is associating with persons of their own age, &c., but greatly above them in point of fortune. One young man can, perhaps, afford to spend a thousand dollars, where one hundred would embarrass the finances of his companion. This last must sink into a led captain, a boon companion, or sot; or, perhaps, commit forgery, or breach of trust, to keep way with the rest. Archer said to me last night, "When a young man conducts himself so as to be forced to borrow from his companions, his independence and self-respect are gone." It is true.

At last, a letter from Barksdale. It came with Johnson's, about five minutes ago. He writes—"There is a general movement in the neighbourhood: Everard Meade goes to the Falls of the Black Warrior; Banister, after wavering some time, between Norfolk and Winchester, has, at length, decided in favour of Petersburg; and the Egglestons and Archers, some to Kentucky and others to Florida." He, too, is about to sell out, and remove. He dates, the 1st of February. Mrs. R., of Obslo, is not *now* despaired of. By this time, if not before, you must be heartily tired. Roanoke begins to look alive. In a month, or two, he may be fit to ride. When I "*lent*" him, he was seal fat, and in the highest condition. The little mare, (in like order,) had just been used up by the same person.

Yours,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

DR. DUDLEY.

LETTER CXCII.

Monday, Feb. 11, 1822.

THE southern mail is late to-day: it is half past two, and your letter, enclosed herein, is just received. I must request that my last to you be not put out of your possession. So much of it as is extracted from that to Mrs. Crocket, which I declined to send, you can extract and send her, but no more. It is marked, I think, with inverted commas. Or, if you enclose it to me, I will make the proper extract, and send it to you, together with the letter itself—I mean mine to you.

That to which I referred, as having been written on the same morning, I have recovered, and retain.

I am very sorry to learn that E. is so seriously indisposed. I fear she will go the way of her poor sister. My love to her, when you see her. I am myself worn down, and have suffered unutterably during the last twenty hours. Adieu!

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

DR. DUDLEY.

THE END.

ERRATA.

- Page 57, line 3, for "shortening," read shooting.*
" 73, " 7, for "flash," read *flask*.
" 79, " 23, for "Staunton," read *Stenton*.
" 81, " 11, from bottom, for "tente," read *lente*.
" 109, " 6, for "cases," read *cares*.
" 190, " 11, for "Torbisond," read *Trebisond*.



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