

# MR. RANDALL DEAD

## The Author Of "Maryland, My Maryland" Passes Away In Augusta.

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#### Congestion Of The Lungs Follows Attack Of Grip.

#### FOUND UNCONSCIOUS IN BED

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#### May Rest In Maryland Soil.

Mr. James Ryder Randall, author of "Maryland, My Maryland," died in Augusta, Ga., of congestion of the lungs, following an attack of grip.

He was on his way to Baltimore to be here when his poems were published, today being set for their publication.

The funeral will take place tomorrow at Augusta.

Prominent men declared his body should rest in Maryland soil.

A special dispatch to THE SUN last night from Augusta, Ga., says:

"Mr. James Ryder Randall died here shortly after 4 o'clock this afternoon after a few hours' serious illness.

"Several days ago Mr. Randall, who was a devout Catholic, caught cold while attending 5 o'clock mass on an inclement morning. He was in rugged health and refused to yield to his symptoms when it developed into grip Monday. This morning he was found unconscious, his lungs having congested, and this was the immediate cause of his death.

"Mr. Randall, who was 69 years old New Year's Day, recently returned from Baltimore. His last regular assignment was as editor of the Morning Star, of New Orleans, though he was a regular contributor to several well-known publications. He is survived by a widow, of a distinguished Carolina family; two grown children, one of whom bears the name of Maryland; three sisters, living in Baltimore, and a brother.

"The funeral will take place Thursday morning from Sacred Heart Church, where a solemn mass of requiem will be sung. City officials, the Chamber of Commerce, Knights of Columbus and other local organizations will attend. It is expected that Bishop Northrop, of Charleston, will be present. Telegrams of condolence are pouring in to the bereaved family from all parts of the country."

#### SHOCK TO HIS FRIENDS.

News of the death of Mr. Randall came as a profound shock, not only to his many friends in Baltimore, but to his sisters, none of whom knew he was ill. In fact, his sisters eight days ago received assurances from him that he was in fine spirits and health. Those most intimate with him declare he was heartbroken because his native State failed to recognize his work in some substantial manner, as he was given reason to expect.

A pathetic coincidence is the fact that Mr. Randall's death occurred at a time when there was a movement on foot to raise a fund or create an office which might enable him to spend his last days in comfort in the State he glorified. Ex-Governor Warfield had suggested that the State create an office to be known as "keeper of the archives," to which position Mr. Randall should be appointed. Others, notable among them Senator Whyte, were interested in the plan to bring the poet to Maryland and to keep him here as an honored citizen.

Mr. Randall left Baltimore about December 9, and went to Augusta to spend the holidays with his wife and children.

Although he complained of a slight attack of grip, he spoke of it lightly, and there was little anxiety felt because of his indisposal.

#### HIS SISTERS TALK OF HIM.

The Misses Randall, his sisters, who live at the Cleveland Apartments, Linden avenue, said his long trip seemed to have proved a tonic and had recuperated him wonderfully.

Speaking of his last days, his sisters said last night:

"When here during the Jamestown Exposition and during Homecoming Week, Mr. Randall repeatedly exposed himself, and contracted the grip. When he went to Washington to be present at the unveiling of a clock given by the Baltimore Daughters of the American Revolution he contracted a severe chill, which, it is believed, increased his illness. He returned here in a weakened condition, but insisted upon responding to the many invitations extended to him.

"Mr. Randall was always cheerful, and often scoffed at the suggestion that he was ill or overtaxing his strength. We had received only the most encouraging letters from him and fully expected he would be in the city tomorrow.

"His reason for returning so soon was to be here when his poems were published, the publishers having promised that this would be on January 15, tomorrow.

"The appearance of his poems in book form was one of the chief desires of his life. Our father frequently asked him to respond to some of the requests of publishers for his works, but he kept putting them off. Just before he left for Augusta he said: 'I am afraid my poems will not be published before my death.' This prediction has been fulfilled.

"Our brother's death leaves only four of our family living, ourselves and a second brother."

The Misses Randall said that an additional reason for Mr. Randall's return to Baltimore was to learn definitely of the plan under way to enable him to return and live in Maryland. They explained that prominent men had broached the subject to him, but the details were left for final settlement until after the election.

#### READ WHEN 3 YEARS OLD.

Mr. Randall was born in 1839 and was 69 years old January 1. He was the first child of John K. and Ruth M. Hooper. When 3 years old he learned to read, and his first teachers were Miss Ann Ready and Professor Clarke, who years before had as one of his pupils Edgar Allan Poe.

When 10 years old his godfather, Rev. James Ryder, a renowned orator and scholar of his day, persuaded his father to send the future writer to Georgetown University. There he won a medal for excellence in English when he was only 16 years old, this being the first time the prize had been awarded in many years.

Twice while at college he suffered from almost fatal attacks of pneumonia, which compelled him to leave when in the graduating class. Again, when he enlisted for the Civil War in the Crescent Regiment of Volunteers he was discharged as unfit for the duties of a soldier, having had 11 hemorrhages of the lungs in his short term of service. These attacks left his lungs weak, and throughout his remaining life they were always a source of much trouble to him. He had to maintain care in protecting himself against chill winds.

While at the Georgetown College Mr. Randall, then 11 years old, once attracted the attention of Gen. Zachary Taylor. The General was then President and attended the commencement exercises of the institution. Mr. Randall and another boy, about the same size and age, engaged in a dialogue for the edification of the audience, with the result that the first gentleman of the land called for the boys and patted them both on the shoulders, commending them upon their accomplishments. Intermittently while a student young Randall dallied with the muse and had several poems published in Washington papers.

After his attacks of pneumonia and his forced retirement from college, Mr. Randall took a trip on a sailing vessel to Rio de Janeiro and his impressions of the country were later embodied in a poem called "Eldolon."

Mr. Randall always declared that the presence of good women, young and old,

**HIS SONG STIRS MARYLAND HEARTS**



[From a recent photograph.]

***THE LATE COL. JAMES R. RANDALL***

had a profound influence upon him throughout life in bringing forth the poetic faculty and inspiration. In his memoirs, written for the Sunday SUN of last July and August, he described the influence of his mother and others thus:

"First of all, incomparably, I mention my mother. She was, when I was a child, a singularly handsome lady, with classic beauty of feature, brilliant, sparkling eyes, full of soulful intelligence. Her love for me was unspeakable and she ever filled me with a noble ambition and the loftiest ideals. She never wrote a line of poetry, to my knowledge, in her life, but she possessed the poetic nature in the highest degree. No one was prouder than that mother when her little boy blossomed into verse.

"Very early in boyhood I was attracted by fair faces of young girls in whom I saw perfection and who invoked my rhyming propensities.

"The first one was, I think, a schoolgirl who was improving her French with a courtly madame on Franklin Square. She died early and my grief was sincere. Another schoolgirl fascinated me and to her much juvenile versification was addressed. She is now a comely matron in Baltimore, and may still possess some of those adoring lisps of the Muse.

"As I grew more manly there were other romantic attachments, which stirred my mind and strangely guided my destiny; but all of that period, quite unconsciously, there was a maiden awaiting me whom I afterward married and who became the mother of my eight children, four of whom are in Heaven. Though this faithful wife, once so gentle and fair, is no longer young, like myself, all of her fine characteristics remain, and because of the joys and sorrows we have shared bravely together she is doubly dear."

The maiden he speaks of as waiting for him unconsciously was before her marriage Miss Katherine Hammond, daughter of General Hammond. He was married in January, 1865.

#### GOES TO NEW ORLEANS.

After his trip to Rio Mr. Randall returned to Baltimore and was given a position at a small salary with Lucas Bros., then in the book and type foundry business. But he was destined not to remain in Baltimore long. A visitor from Florida told him of the glories of that State and of the Seminole War, not then concluded, with the result that the young man gave his parents no peace of mind until he was permitted to make the journey. From Florida Mr. Randall went to New Orleans, which was the beginning of his journey to Point Coupee and to the events leading up to the production of "Maryland, My Maryland." His own story of the composition of the stirring anthem is told elsewhere.

After this the most important event in his life, in the opinion of others, Mr. Randall became an editorial writer of the Augusta Chronicle, where he remained for 20 years. Severing his connection with that paper, he returned to Baltimore in 1888 and continued as an editorial writer here.

At times he served as secretary to Congressmen Fleming and O'Brien, of Georgia.

In his more recent past Mr. Randall enjoyed what probably no other Marylander ever enjoyed—that of being a guest of the State. This occurred on Maryland Day at the Jamestown Exposition last September.

In his letter accepting the honor, Mr. Randall wrote from New Orleans to Mr. Lynn R. Meekins, secretary of the Maryland Commission, as follows:

I thank the commission for inviting me to be their guest on Maryland Day at the Jamestown Exposition, and will gratefully accept the same. I also thank them for the very kind way in which you convey this honor as the unanimous voice of the commission.

Reciprocating all of the agreeable sentiments you utter, I am very truly yours,

JAMES R. RANDALL.

From the time he left until he returned to New Orleans Mr. Randall was the guest of the commission, which was a State body. Thus he was a guest of the State in a sense different probably from that which any son of the State has ever been.

During Homecoming Week Mr. Randall was again in Baltimore as a special guest. Upon this visit he was accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. Henry Wall, who, at the Governor's reception at the Fifth Regiment Armory, sang the song her father wrote.

Surviving Mr. Randall are his widow, three daughters—Mrs. Samuel Adams, Mrs. Wall and Miss Ruth Randall, of Augusta—and one son, Mr. Marcus M. Randall, of Chattanooga, Tenn. His only other near relatives surviving are three sisters, Misses Mary, Emily and Fanny Randall, of Baltimore, and one brother, Mr. John Randall, 1204 John street. A second brother, who died about two years ago, was Mr. William Randall, for many years connected with the Old Bay Line.