

## SOUTHERN MEN OF NOTE.

The stories of Tom Marshall, the Congressional wit from Kentucky, are numerous, and some of them have been so often told that he would be a bold man who should attempt to retell them for a newspaper. Attention having recently been called to his visits to the old Batterton House, at Danville, it may be well to give one story in reference to events that probably happened. If these events had not occurred, Tom would not have been in such a fury about them, nor have sworn so solemnly to whip the man who should mention them. Tom Marshall is dead, and all kind men who can appreciate his great heart and mind hope that Christ, who died for sinners, and who will be their judge, has found means to cure and save so worthy a creature of His hand. How often has Marshall, faultless in dress, calm, and perfectly sober, stood on the platform before hushed and expectant audiences of beauty, fashion and best manhood of Kentucky, and, with every nerve of his being braced for the supreme effort, his eyes flashing and his form towering, told how he had been before a magistrate and sworn on the holy evangelists never to touch or taste intoxicating drink.

I seem to see him now, pale with growing excitement and unusual abstinence, with his hands lifted, as in thanksgiving and prayer, apparently willing to die rather than go back to the old degradation of the cup, while his audience was thrilled as he shouted out his joy at self-emancipation, and thanked God—now with streaming eyes—that he was free forever from a drunkard's life; free, and free forever, from the horror of a drunkard's death. It seemed to me that the poem of N. P. Willis was written expressly for Marshall, the victor over self, as he quoted it, and acted it:

Then dash the brimming cup aside  
And spill its purple wine,  
Take not its madness to thy lip,  
Let not its curse be thine,  
'Tis rich and red, but grief and woe  
Are hid in its rosy depths below.

Or, again, in sad emphasis:

Within the goblet's crystal drops  
A stinging serpent unseen sleeps,  
There's not a bubble on its brim  
That does not carry food for him.

Or, in very rage and scorn:

I hate, abhor, detest the smell  
Of this dark beverage of hell.

Sometimes for three months this ecstasy and inspiration would last, and then the need of artificial stimulation for so over-wrought a condition would at last return, and "Tom," "Old Tom," "Poor Tom," as men called him, would be drunk again.

Once Henry Bascomb, LL.D., the able and eloquent Bishop of the Methodist Church, saw him leaning for support against the outer walls of a Methodist Chapel at night, and said in a better jest, not knowing him: "I suppose you are a Methodist from your attachment to that building?"

"I lean that way, Bishop," said Tom, in his best Congressional manner; "give me your arm and I'll see you as far as my door, and the Bishop did."

Professor Shannon, since President of the Kentucky University, and now of St. Louis, once thought to reprove him as he staggered up the steps of the Harrodsburg Court House. "Oh, dear Mr. Marshall," he began, "drunk again?"

"Never mind," said Tom, "so am I," and he went in, and holding himself by a table, made a speech that saved a man from the gallows.

Like Daniel Webster, who once soaked up a pint of brandy in a loaf of bread and ate the bread, being retained in a case during the trial of which he had promised not to drink anything, Tom Marshall was brilliant in his cups, and only at the heel of a week's "constitutional" did he ever get so oblivious of facts as to make the following story of the Batterton House a possibility. It has been told in many ways, but Mr. Talbot, of Boyle County, who was his friend, says that this is the true one.

Tom had gone to his room, after lecturing a group of medical students on the vice of drinking, but soon came out, partly dressed, and called excitedly for the landlord. That large gentleman responded, and Tom said: "Ain't I respectable 'nough to have a private room. What d'ye put that feller in there with me for?"

"It is a strictly private room, Mr. Marshall," said mine host.

The landlord went to see, and Tom, holding his arm, soon had him in the middle of the room, opposite a large and handsome mirror. "There," said Tom, "I told you so; see him yourself don't you? Don't think I am drunk now, do you? Two of 'em, by George! One of 'em 'nough like you to be your brother, and 'tother one the drunkest, silliest-looking fool I ever did see!" Marshall, when sober, said the whole thing was made up to tease him, which was not improbable, save that his tendency to shoot made jokes about him very like torpedo warfare, i.e., dangerous to the holder.

A good story is told of George D. Prentice, of the Louisville Courier-Journal, of which Henry Watterson, the Kentucky Congressman, "with one eye and a new baby," as his servant once described him, is now editor, and who has recently made fame by saying on the silver bill debate, "Universal suffrage can make soft soap a legal tender if it has a mind to."

When George D. Prentice arrived in Louisville, it was not as a brilliant young journalist, looking for a position in which to shine, but as

a drunken loafer, utterly uncertain about a place in which to sleep. In this condition he met and made friends with a fellow who was as near a tramp as any that existed in that day, and who was known as a "strolling tinker, or travelling mender of tin pots. They made a day of it, to the extent of the funds they both had, and such credit as they could get, at the risk of boots being applied to their coat-tails. Night came on, and George D. Prentice bewailed his lavish and open drinking, which left him without the means to get a bed. The tinker said, with the lordly hospitality of a very tipsy man, "You shall go home with me."

George assented to his "Comerlongerme," and arm in arm they started for their "home." The man seemed to know where he was going, and soon reached an obscure street, not far from the Ohio River. He paused at a shed, let down a bar, and again mumbled out his word, which could be divided in "come-er-long-er me." Then he at once rolled over the bar, and fell into some straw, and Prentice following, there were some small squeals, and some loud and angry grunts, as of disturbed swine.

Prentice shook his friend, who was already half asleep, and said: "See here, is this your home?" "Yes, sir," said the sleepy tinker.

"It sounds and smells like a hog-pen," said the half-sobered Prentice.

"What-er that—they'll have to stand it," said the fellow, and went to sleep.

Prentice was still too drunk to know how to get out again, but he lay and thought. His thoughts were: "Here am I, a man of good education, and of good parents and well brought up. I have been enjoying myself and living high, and having a good time. Let's see how high I have got. I am out of clothes, out of money, out of character—that's three outs; and I have risen to be the companion of a strolling tinker. That's my outing and elevation. Now what have I got in to—let me see! Oh, I see, or rather smell—into a hog-pen. If I ever get out, I'll quit, and serve God for better wages."

He did quit, and became the first journalist and wit of the Southwest. A man once said to Prentice, as an excuse for his dishonesty in trade, "I must live, you know." The latter adopted Dean Swift's famed reply, "I don't see that at all, sir," by saying, with greater and sharper emphasis, "What for? I'll let you off." An elderly but rather unsound contemporary of the press once spoke of him in his early days as the "green editor." Prentice replied, "Better green than rotten." To another, who was in bad odor as to political honesty, he sent a box of disinfectant, marked, "For personal use."

All things considered, vulgar and duelist as he was, George D. Prentice was the truest friend that ever shot an intimate acquaintance, the kindest man that ever kicked a bore down stairs, and the sweetest poet who ever wrote editorials that made even Western men blush.

He gave to Amelia B. Welby, the sweet poetess of the West, her opportunity for fame, and her compensation when she reached it, and God might forgive his worshipper who first printed her "Rainbow."

How wide was the sweep of its beautiful wings,  
How brilliant its circle, how radiant its rings,  
If I looked on the sky, 'twas suspended in air,  
If I looked on the ocean, the rainbow was there;  
Thus forming a globe as brilliant and whole,  
As the thoughts of the rainbow encircling my soul.

As a matter of fact, Amelia Welby did not "look on the ocean," for her inspiration was obtained wholly from viewing the Ohio River. Thus in her poem on the stars of night she wrote so beautifully:

Ten thousand stars were in the sky,  
Ten thousand on the sea;  
For every wave, with dappled face,  
That leaped into the air,  
Had caught a star in its embrace,  
And held it trembling there.

## GLEANER.

THE English go into the country in the winter, and into the city in the summer.

TEN per cent. of the husband's income is what it is legally decided in England he shall pay for his wife's dresses.

IT may interest some to know that the poet Southey was the originator of the phrase, "By the living Jingo!"

A RECENT sanitary congress in England recommended portable crematories to follow armies in their movements and burn the dead after battles.

PRINCE Louis Napoleon, who lately drew a number subjecting him to service in the French army, has obtained exemption as the only son of a widow.

THE Turin Municipality is considering the propriety of purchasing for £200 the manuscript of Silvio Pellico's *Prisons*, for which he himself only obtained £21.

A MISSISSIPPI Judge was just saying that no one but a coward would carry a pistol, when his own fell from his pocket and was discharged, and the bullet hit a lawyer in the leg.

IN Brazil no one walks, even beggars riding on horseback. In fishing, the horse is ridden into the stream as far as he can go, and the fisherman throws the line as he sits on the horse.

THE daughter of Klopstock, the author of the *Messiah*, has just died at Metz. She was born at Hamburg in 1792, married a French functionary, and was in receipt of a French pension.

IN one of the mean, narrow streets of Paris excavations have been made for widening, and there have been found skeletons and other signs which show that here ran the old Roman military road.

ON a certain occasion, while conversing with a party of friends on the subject of physical strength, General McClellan took a silver quarter from his pocket and bent it between his forefinger and thumb.

BARON ROTHSCHILD, who dines with Lord Beaconsfield every Sunday, is reported as saying the other day: "I do not know anything more about it than this mustard pot, but I believe there is going to be war."

WHEN Lady Roseberry entered her husband's house in Scotland, the other day, the housekeeper met her at the door, and in accordance with an old Scotch custom, broke an oatmeal cake over the bride's head.

A CINCINNATI reporter has discovered that sewing women in that city are paid ten cents apiece for making the cheap ready-made suits for women, which will sell for ten and twenty dollars. It takes four hours hard work on a machine to make one.

THERE is scarcely any part of the Kingdom so badly off as London for free libraries. However, the Vestry of Hackney has decided by its votes to 13 to take the opinion of the ratepayers upon establishing a free library in that intelligent parish.

It appears that Cardinal Franchi was somewhat scandalized to learn that Leo XIII. required a billiard table to be installed at the Vatican; but when his Holiness said that to play an hour, at least, daily was necessary for his health, the Secretary yielded.

MR. JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS, known hitherto mainly as a critic, is going to tempt criticism by publishing a volume of poems of his own composing. Not that he is altogether a novice at this kind of writing. He has published Michael Angelo's sonnets in English rhymes.

SECRETARY CHASE used to wear a gold dollar on his watch chain, which he put on when he issued the first greenback, and which he hoped to wear till the greenback was equal to gold in value. He confessed once that he had had seasons of great discouragement and had laid away the charm.

EUGENIE, the ex-Empress, lives at Chislehurst in dignified retirement, on her income of \$250,000 a year. Sundays, fast days and the ninth of every month, she visits the church where lie her husband's remains. She breakfasts at noon, has tea at five, when she receives visitors, and dines *en famille* at eight o'clock.

THE total expense of the deportation, salvage and erection of Cleopatra's Needle on the Thames Embankment will be about \$80,000, all of which is defrayed by Dr. Erasmus Wilson. The removal of the obelisk of Luxor from Thebes to France, and its erection in the Place de la Concorde, Paris, cost the French Government \$400,000.

THE new Cincinnati organ, the largest in America, also ranks as fourth or fifth in size in the world. It is sixty feet in height, thirty feet in depth, and fifty feet in width, with 6,257 pipes and ninety-four stops. The largest organ in the world is in the Albert Hall, London. It has 111 stops and 7,872 pipes.

At eighty, the venerable William Cullen Bryant refuses to avail himself of the elevator in the *Evening Post* building, preferring to climb cheerfully up the pine flights of stairs to his editorial sanctum. He still uses the dumb-bells before breakfast, too. No wonder he is able to stand up with Bayard Taylor and the German university boys.

THE Municipality of Ferney have memorialized for a revival of the appellation of "Ferri-Voltaire," which was conferred by the Assembly of 1790, but was afterwards dropped. The place not only looks up to Voltaire as the founder of its prosperity, but owes to him its orthographic form, being previously spelt Ferri-nox after the fashion of the neighbouring Swiss villages.

ONCE when the *Herald* was urging Horace Greeley on the Legislature for United States Senator, the elder Bennett of the *Herald* sent for one of his editorial writers, and objected to his prefixing "Mr." to Greeley's name. "You would not speak of Mr. Socrates, would you? Greeley's a greater philosopher than Socrates ever was." The dashed editor promised never to repeat the offence.

PROFESSOR BLENTSCHLI, the famous jurist, has celebrated his seventieth birthday by sending a present of 700 francs to Zurich, his native city, which is to be expended in buying money boxes for the children of the working classes in the schools. "In order to train them," as he says, "by the regular laying by of their little savings, to begin the collection of a small capital early in life."

ON an average 3,000 vehicles pass daily through Eastcheap (London), 7,000 through Gracechurch street, and 2,000 daily heavily laden through Thames street. During a week last month 32,700 boxes of oranges, each weighing about 125 pounds, were sold in Pudding Lane and its immediate neighbourhood, and passed through lower Thames street, where sixty or seventy wagons may often be seen at one time loading with that fruit.

THE Societe des Voyages d'Etudes Autour du Monde have made arrangements for the sailing of the steamship *Picardie* on an educational voyage round the world, the trip to occupy 320 days. The vessel is admirably fitted up, and the commanding officer appointed is Lieutenant G. Riard, of the French navy. On board there will be professors of mineralogy, industry, commerce, physiography, meteorology, zoology and botany; also a chaplain, surgeon, chemist, photographer, and naturalist. Any further particulars can be obtained on application to Captain G. de Saint-Clair-Stevenson, 8, Place Vendôme, Paris.

A REDUCED order has been given to officers of the British Fleet in the Sea of Marmora. It is a memorandum remonstrating with officers for writing to English newspapers, on the ground that it was undesirable that the movements of the ships should be published—the fact being that all movements are telegraphed by a dozen war correspondents to every part of Europe, seven days before any letter can reach England, and every mail takes hundreds of letters to England. This order has excited ridicule. It originated in complaints of some Captains of the criticism to which they have been subjected and which have attracted the notice of the Admiralty.

## NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 126 St. Lawrence Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades, also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves cleaned and dyed black only. J. H. LEWIS & CO. Works: 547 Craig St.

## OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S. Montreal—Letter received. Many thanks. Solution Montreal incorrect solution of Problem No. 173 received.

Amateur Montreal—We will communicate with you by letter.

F. A. K. Montreal—The position shall be examined. Thanks.

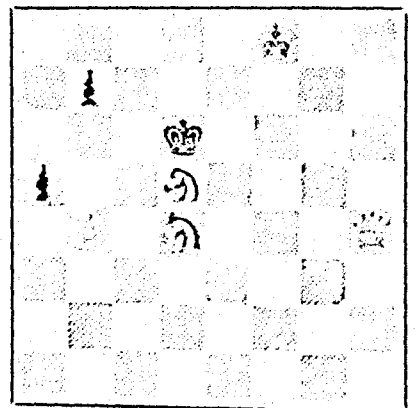
G. J. Egmontville Ont.—Have sent to you by post.

E. H. Montreal—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 100 received. Accepted.

## PROBLEM No. 173.

By W. ATKINSON, MONTREAL.

## BLACK.



## WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

We have received the April number of the *Chess Player's Chronicle*, and we have no hesitation in saying that it ought to be in the hands of every Chess student in Canada. Among its contents we find an excellent sketch of the life of the late Mr. Cochrane, and also a notice of the late Earl of Ravensworth, who, it appears, united high classical attainments with Chess skill of more than ordinary character. Independent of the game to be found in the *Chronicle*, which appears to be a choice selection, the *Problems* are of a nature to be very acceptable to those who delight in difficult positions.

The Chess Intelligence ranges from notices of Club in London and the Provinces to interesting matter in connection with the game from Mexico, Australia and Tasmania. We must not forget to state that the Editor calls attention to the appearance of new Chess Columns in several established periodicals of the day, as evidence of the rapid increase of attention which the game is receiving in different parts of the Mother Country.

## THE UNIVERSITY CHESS MATCH.

This annual contest between the great sons of learning in England took place on Tuesday, April 9th, and resulted in a great victory for Cambridge. Space prevents us from saying more respecting it at the present, but we hope to give it a longer notice in our next Column.

## THE CHESS CHAMPIONS.

Herr Steinitz, a native of Bohemia, but for a number of years located in London, where he acquired his great reputation, is the Chess champion of the world. Captain MacKenzie, an Englishman, is the best man in America. Louis Paulsen, who recently defeated Anderssen, may be considered the champion of Germany. Dr. "Sunny" Fraser, of Rosenthal is undoubtedly the first player. In our own Australia it is not easy to say who is the champion, as the distance between its capital cities renders the settlement of the title by matches over the board a matter of difficulty. The competition for the championship would, we think, rest between Messrs. Wisker, of Brisbane, Fisher, of Sydney, Burns and Gohlmuth, of Melbourne, and Charlick, of Adelaide.—*Sydney Town and Country Journal*.