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Poetry.

THE YEAR'S TWELVE CHILDREN.

January, by the way,
Like an old pilgrim worn and gray,
Watches the snows and shivering sighs
As the wild curlew around him flies;
Or, huddled underneath a thorn,
Sits praying for the lingering morn.

February, bluff and cold,
O'er furrows striding scorns the cold,
And with his horses two abreast,
Making the keen plough do his behest.

Rough March comes blustering down the road
In his wrathy hand the oxen goad;
Or, with a rough and angry haste,
Scatters the seed o'er the dark waste.

April, a child, half tears, half smiles,
Trips full of little playful wiles;
And laughing 'neath her rainbow hood,
Seeks the wild violets in the wood.

May, the bright maiden, singing goes
To where the snowy hawthorn blows,
Watching the lambs leap in the dells,
List'ning the simple village bells.

June, with the mower's scarlet face,
Moves o'er the clover field apace,
And fast his crescent sythe sweeps on
O'er spots from whence the lark has flown.

July, the farmer, happy fellow,
Laughs to see the corn grow yellow;
The heavy grain he tosses up
From his right hand as from a cup.

August, the reaper, cleaves his way
Through golden waves at break of day;
Or on his wagon, piled with corn,
At sunset home is proudly borne.

September, with his baying hound,
Leaps fence and pale at every bound,
And casts unto the winds in scorn
All cares and dangers from his horn.

October comes, a woodman old,
Fenced with tough leather from the cold;
Round swings his sturdy ax, and lo!
A fir-branch falls at every blow.

November cowers before the flame,
Blear crone, forgetting her own name,
Watches the blue smoke curling rise,
And broods upon old memories.

December, fat and rosy, strides,
His old heart warm, well clothed his sides,
With kindly words for young and old,
The cheerier for the bracing cold,
Laughing a welcome, open flings
His doors, and as he goes he sings.

A WILL AND A WAY.

There is a great deal said in these latter days about "affinities" in the marriage relation; and about congeniality, and all that sort of thing. Does not nature always work by contrasts? If there is an excess in one place, is there not sure to be want in another? Extremes meet, and so they did when Bob Gray, the easiest man in town paid his addresses to Kitty Logan, the young school marm who had agreed to take the village school in the township of Niles; where the big boys always turned the master out of doors on Christmas, or make them treat. Bob Gray had a rich father, a hard working mother, and one proud sister, and could afford to be lazy. Mr. Gray, the elder, came West in very early times, located near the town of Niles living in a log cabin ten years, shook himself out of joint with the ague, "wore it out,' and never had it afterwards. But a poor neighbor who had a large farm a mile from Mr. Gray could not wear it out; his wife died, his children suffered, he offered his farm very cheap, and Gray bought him out, promising to pay sometime.

A year or so afterwards, discouraged with his crops and the inability to pay for the new farm, he tried to persuade the former owner to take it back, which he refused to do; a lawsuit ensued, and the matter ended by poor Gray being obliged to keep the farm and pay the costs. Terrible was the blow, but he lived through it; and five years afterwards, when the Ohio and Mississippi railroad passed through the same farm and set up a station house exactly in the centre, he found himself a rich man.—He sold town lots at high figures, sent his son Tommy to Jacksonville to be educated and daughter Susan to Monticello. He dressed himself in broadcloth, wore kid gloves, accepted the nomination for the Legislature, and unexpectedly found himself elected and making laws for his countrymen at the capital of the Prairie State. So much in explanation.

Bob came home from Jacksonville with his sheep-skin properly tied with blue ribbons, dressed superbly, had the best "turn out" in town, wore a tremendous pair of whiskers, and of course Kitty Logan felt flattered when he offered to see her home from church—or called after school to take her out riding.

Miss Susan Gray took a little pains to find out that Kitty was distantly related to the Summers and Lincolns of Massachusetts, but somehow she did not learn the important fact that Kitty had worked at strawbraiding in the town of Foxboro' until she had earned money enough to educate herself.

"Where there's a will there's a way," said Kitty, "and I know I can 'paddle my own canoe' out West, where they say nothing is wanting but the power to do and the will to put the power in motion."

So bidding her friends good-bye, for she was an orphan, and donning the prettiest little straw hat which her own pretty fingers had plaited sewed and pressed, and trimmed with neat drab ribbon with a blue edge, which corresponded exactly with her drab traveling dress and cape, and matched her blue eyes to a T. Thus she started for Illinois, to a friend of hers, who had written she thought the school could be procured. She was a little homesick when she arrived at Niles, and would have given one of the gold pieces hid away in that pocket of hers, for a look once more at the rough rocks and swampy hollows, overshadowed by thin evergreen, that surrounded her native home. She would have bounded with joy at the sound of the old factory bell that had used to call the merry girls together for their long evening's toil. Still she did not say so, but put on a cheerful face, sought out the directors and made her application. Mr. Smith, the main man, looked as if the little blue eyed minx, with her rosy lips, had insulted his dignity, to come offering herself to teach a school in that neighborhood. But as she offered to teach for $3 a month, cheaper than the last incumbent and wrote such a pretty hand, which they could read like print, and besides had such a "winning way," they agreed to hire her. To the astonishment of everybody, Christmas and New Year went by, and the mistress, instead of being shut out or having to treat, was surprised to find herself treated, her desk loaded with presents, and even Jim Stokes, who had always been called the worst boy in town, had headed a surprise party in the evening, and almost filled Miss Logan's little room, at Parson Brown's with pledges of good will.

"Where there's a will there's a way," said Kitty. "I knew, Mr. Smith, I should not have any trouble with the big boys; they are just as good as need be."

"Of coarse they be,' answered the blunt old farmer, who by the revolution of railroads had been brought almost into town. "I can almost wish I was a big boy myself, just to show you how good I could be."

Mr. Smith laughed and Kitty tripped along to her task, carrying her little basket of dinner along with her.

Kitty's school house was in the country where the elder Mr. Gray still lived, having built himself a fine house, with the "modern improvements," although he did not know exactly what to do with it, nor his wife either. They still tried to get along as comfortably as possible, while Miss Susan enjoyed it exceedingly, and kept the great double parlors full of company, which her worn and weary mother knew will how to cook for—if she did not know how to entertain. Good cooking is a great thing in a family. Well, Tommy—or, as we must now call him, "Mr. Thomas Gray, counsellor and attorney-at-law"—fell deeply in love with Miss Kitty, and it is supposed she fell in love with him and they were married. Now we have really begun our tale, which we are not writing merely to tell a love story, as you see, but to illustrate a principle as well as to relate a fact.

Mr. Thomas Gray opened his office in Nile, and supposed of course all the world would call on him for counsel, and was for setting up in good style, but shrewed little Kitty insisted that a plain way was the best. She did not desire any such display as had been made by some of their neighbors, who had grown suddenly rich. One day, as they were riding gaily by a miserable looking hovel in the suburbs, with broken windows and doors off the hinges, a mud hole near, and the pigs looking through the doors at a besotted man as if they sympathized with, and had a fellow-feeling for him in his degredation, Mr. Thomas Gray said to his wife, "How would you like to live in such a place as that, my dear?"—"Not at all, of course,' was the reply.—"There is no knowing what may happen, he said; my friend there, Mary Bell, was three years ago to all appearances as well off as you are to-day; but her husband speculated high, lost, took to drink, and there she is!"

"I can't help that,' answered Kitty; no drunkard can put me into such a place as that."

"Don't be too sure, deary,' said Thomas Gray.

"Sure!" answered Kitty with spirit "I am just so sure as this—there is not a man living whose forture I would follow down so low as that."

"What would you do, pray; let us know the secret?"

"One thing I would not do,' answered the young matron, promptly. "I would not be a drunkard's wife."

"How would you help yourself?"

"Where there's a will there's a way,' said Kitty, "but don't let us talk about that; surely I shall never have a drunken husband,' and with a deep shadow over her brow, that came like a presentment of evil the ride was continued in silence.

Two years went by, and Mr. Thomas Gray grew desperate. Bad bargains were made, speculations entered into, convivial companions drew him from Niles to the capital. His well filled purse made him everywhere welcome. Kitty, good little soul, seeing things going a little out of the way would persist in giving music lessons and teaching the young girls of Niles to paint, and then fitted a class of earnest boys in Latin—for college—all in her own pretty cottage, adding dollar to dollar like a wise little wife. Then in the long evenings, when her husband was with his club, or down street, easy fellow that he was, her fingers grasped a good steel pen, and many a pleasant tale went forth to the world, well paid for, through eastern journals.

To make a long story short, the crash of 57 found Mr. Thomas Gray and his father, the elder, exactly under it, and down they went so low that Billy Fitch, the drayman declared he could not find enough left of them to pay him for hauling the goods to the auction room. Town lots, big houses and all went—went together—and Mr. Gray, the elder was found one morning in 57, suspended from a beam in his own barn at the end of his wife's patent clothes line, and on that eventful morning Thomas Gray Jr., lay stretched his whole length upon the counter of a lager beer saloon, if not drunk, so stupid "he couldn't get home till morning."

The terrible suicide happened on the very morning when both families were leaving the great house, to move into the very hovel that, two years before, Kitty had declared she could never be brought to live in.—Three days before her husband had said to her, with a thick tongue, "You've got to come to it, Kitty; after all, you see 'tain't always so easy to keep out of hovels."

Kitty made no reply, but with resolute will went on her way. When the funeral was over she led the weary, heart-broken mother and wife and proud, paralyzed daughter to their new shelter, and now the sobered husband followed.

But what a scene met their gaze! The hovel was a neat cottage, every, window pane in its place, the floors clean and bright the mud hole gone, and the pleasant comforts of an humble home on every hand.—Into it they walked, mute with astonishment, to find the favorite furniture, even to Susan's piano.

"Where there's a will there's a way,' said Kitty, gravely. "I had anticipated trouble, and with the money I have been laying up for a few years, I have been able by the kind assistance of my husband's partner, to secure this in my own name, and make it a comfortable home for your mother and sister; now, it remains with you to say whether I shall be the wife of a *man*; the wife of a *drunkard* I will never be any longer than the law will compel me.

"I shall hold the deeds of this property in my hands. If you will we can be happy here. My school is open for me, even from the hovel; our child must not live to see or know her father's shame. Forsake your drinking company, and I will be faithful to the end. If you go on as heretofore I will take myself and infant beyond your reach."

She conquered, just as she did with big boys. Thomas Gray has not been inside of a lager beer saloon since the memorable day. Miss Susan is a wiser and better woman than before the fall. The aged mother is only sorrowful that the dead man cannot return and see how happy cheerfulness and industry can make a family.

Kitty still works away—her blue eyes and golden hair like the blue sky and spring sunshine, shedding light and joy around her. She sometimes says quietly to Susan, that she shall teach young Thomas, the third, that important lesson, which has been her own talisman through life:

"*Where there's a will there's a way.*"

A Startling Discovery in South America.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS., Jan. 10, 1875.

One of the most singular spots in all geography is a rock-bound bay recently discovered on the western coast of South America. It lies behind two mountains where the sea dashes its tremendous columns against the rocks. Few sailors would dream of approaching such a dangerous locality. In fact, it has always considered absolutely inaccessible either by land or sea until the late adventures of Capt. King, who was formerly of Norwalk, Conn.

He was returning from the North Pacific with a cargo of sperm oil and walrus skins, when a terrible storm struck his ship, 1,500 miles northwest of the Strate of Magellan. For three days and nights the sea was lashed in foam. The wind in its madness swept away the masts and canvas, and drove the ship helpless before it. In their wild desperation the crew threw overboard five hundred casks of oil, which lightened the vessel and soothed the waters. This probably kept them from going to the bottom. On the morning of the fifth day a line of preciptious rocks loomed up directly in front of them, and destruction seemed inevitable. The ghastly whiteness of the foam, the roar of the sea, and the appalling spectacle at the foot of the rocks, utterly paralyzed the crew. Swiftly and unerringly the ship sped on, but at the moment of supreme despair an opening appeared in the cliffs. Into the mouth of this hungry cannon the wreck was driven with the speed of the wind. For a few minutes nothing could be seen but darkness, and nothing heard but the thunder of the sea. Suddenly the hulk shot into quiet waters, and a vision of brightness broke on the bewildered mariners.

All around them, tremendous heights arose, breaking into lofty spires. They were in a mighty amphitheatre, and the only outlet was through the chasm they had entered. Strange to say, the walls of this sea-chamber were of a creamy white, and the pinnacles were like alabaster.—They were so high that the sky seemed to rest on them like a dome of pearl. Capt. King says that no mortal man could describe the grandeur of that scene. From ten o'clock in the morning until three in the afternoon the sun filled the place with its splendor. The water was frightfully deep, but so transparent that the vessel appeared to be floating in midair. Far down in the depths were curious formations, and shadowy columns of coral, and trees with all kinds of strange fishes playing among their branches.

The moon happened to be full, and when it reached the tops of the cliffs so as to illumine the water, and some of them sang a few notes in a minor key. This may seem fabulous, but there are standard works on pisciculture in the Astor Library that cite the best authorities on this subject, and they affirm that the fishes do sing in the tropics. The old Greek and Roman historians give minute accounts of experiments with different kinds of fishes, and they not only prove that they sing, but that they whistle on nights when the moon is full. After a few days of rest, Capt. King and crew took a small boat and set out to explore the farther shore of this enchanting bag.

After rowing rapidly for an hour or two they came to a place where the walls receded, leaving a strip of land covered with trees of a peculiar color. Suddenly in rounding a point, they came on a small, antique vessel in full sail. Their amazement was complete. Had they found a city their surprise could not have been greater.

Approaching, they sang out. Prolonged and fantastic echoes were the only reply. Then they boarded her. Ghostly looking sailors were seen, but they neither moved nor spoke. The man at the helm looked vacantly into the air. Awe-struck and trembling, Capt. King raised his hand to the pilot's face. It was cold. It was stone. His garments were stone. The captain struck the deck with his heel.—It was like adamant. Then the truth flashed upon him. The ship was petrified; indeed the sails and the flags were films of frosted stone. As the hatches were open, the sailors entered. They entered a cavern, a sepulchere, a tomb! The floor, the ceiling, the decorations, the carpets, and the laces of the commander's cabbin were also stone. Even the iron and brass work was covered with a transparent coating of silicate. Magnificent looking men, clad in the garments of the fifteenth century, were found in various parts of the ship.

In an apartment more elegant than the others, was a young woman, and although a marble mummy, her beauty was enough to melt the heart of Socrates. The rough sailors uncovered their heads and stood in silent adoration before her. The vessel's papers were found but could not be opened. Enough, however, was discovered to show that the ship belonged to one of the early Spanish fleets. Her name was "The Eldorado." The crew had come to the new world in search of gold. They evidently had entered the bay in fair weather, for the sails were set, and the pilot was at the wheel. An atmosphere of drowsiness had settled on them, and by some phenomenon in nature, they had become petrified in their sleep of death.

Capt. King and his men re-entered their boat and landed on the shore by the woods. Here were fresh marvels. The trees and shrubs were also petrified. Rare and delicate flowers covered the ground. But no perfume exhaled from their blossoms.—They were like glass and porcelain of every color, and as beautiful as the gems of Aladdin's palace.

As the explorers were about entering the stone forest, a peculiar feeling suddenly came over them, and for the first time they observed that a delicate mist filled the air.

With a cry of terror they rushed to the boats and rowed back to the ship. Two life-boats were manned, and some instruments and provisions hastily thrown in.—All hands then started for the entrance, determined to force their way out.

The storm had subsided two days before, but the sea was still raging near the rocks. The spray dashed over them many times, and once they despaired of their lives, but after a long struggle with the waves they reached the open sea, nearly exhausted.

It was many hours before the awful roar of the surf faded from their ears. The effects of the petrifying mist which had filled their lungs in the bay proved nearly fatal. Each day they grew drowsier, and at last their limbs would scarcely move.—Fortunately they were able to reach the track of the whaling vessels, where they were soon picked up.

During the voyage, and long after reaching New Bedford, the unfortunate sailors could not walk, and until last month they complained of stiffness in their joints.

It is probable that their narrative would never have been believed, had not Captain King wisely brought away one of the lady's arms and the ship's papers.

If any doubt existed on beholding the former, the recent experiments of Professor Haddox, of New Haven, have convinced the most skeptical of the truth of the Captain's story.

Two months ago the Professor began a series of experiments, and after many discouraging failures, he finally discovered a process by which petrifactions could be reduced to a liquid. Then he immersed the ship's papers in chemical solution, and, marvellous to relate, the stony coating was dissolved in a single night. The next day the documents were copied and translated by a Spanish expert.

Space alone prevents a transcript of the log from appearing in these columns; but the curious will be pleased to learn that the name of the unfortunate commander was Don Ferdinand Gonzales, and the lady, who was his betrothed, bore the name of Isabella Maria de Garcia. They were bound for the coast of Peru, when they entered the fatal bay for fresh water.

As soon as Capt. King heard of Professor Haddox's success with his experiments it occurred to him that the liquid might benefit his men. So he sent for some, and since taking it, they have found new life, while the Captain says that he has recovered all the buoyancy of his youth.

A company of scientific gentlemen propose to visit the bay under the gidance of Capt. King, and with this solution they hope to restore the rare and curious articles on the ship. The bodies will be brought away, but as Nature has embalmed them, they will not be profaned by the experiments of man.

The papers and the lady's arm are on exhibition in the New Haven Museum.—The first and third fingers of her hand are ornamented with costly rings, covered with Spanish gems. One of them bears exquisite tracings, representing incidents in the Moorish wars of Granada. COLORADO.

An Actress in the Pulpit.

FROM THE THEATRE FOOTLIGHTS TO THE SANCTUARY.

The Hedding Methodist Episcopal Church in Montgomery street, Jersey City, was thronged on Sunday evening with a congregation who listened to Mrs. Margaret E. Lowery, the evangelist. The interest was increased and curiosity excited by the announcement that Mrs. Lowery was a retired actress. She certainly had as little of the generally accepted appearance of an actress as was possible as she sat in one of the cushioned pulpit chairs by the side of the Rev. Mr. Wall, the pastor of the Church. She was clad in severe black, relieved at the throat with a bit of lace. Her black hair was dressed with simplicity, and surmounted by a nondescript black bonnet, with dangling ribbons. Her face was pale, as if the glare of the footlights had faded all color from it.—Her features were strongly marked and almost plain, while beneath dark eyebrows steel-gray eyes looked straight at the congregation without flinching.

After the pastor had baptized half a score of new made Christians, for Mrs. Lowery had preached in the church a week or more, the ex-actress arose, and, in a clear, strong voice, without a particle of embarrassment, announced her text:

"Because he hath appointed a day, in which he will judge the world in righteousness, by that man whom he hath ordained.

Her voice was hoarse as though wearied by much speaking; her accent betrayed her Scotch ancestry, and her verbs and nouns did not always agree, but she was evidently in earnest. Her words came without an effort. She was strong in manner, and from first to last held the great audience.

PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

The sermon was delivered entirely extemporaneously, and was composed of exhortation and illustration. When exhorting her hearers to flee from the wrath to come—when painting the terrors of that "Day of Wrath," and the danger of putting off the day of repentance, her voice rose and fell in the peculiar sing-song which most women speakers adopt. When relating anecdotes, with which her sermon was crowded, her manner was natural, and sometimes the actress unconsciously showed forth. Her gestures were forcible, and graceful for the most part. After a short sermon she invited those who wished to become Christians to come to the alter, and she stepping down from the pulpit and going into the ailes, she asked sinners to come to Jesus. Looking carefully over the audience, she singled out some promising faces, and began her appeal in a low, earnest voice, while the brethern within the alter sang and prayed. Thus going from seat to seat, appealing to one, arguing with another, praying with a third, she spoke personally with very many. Suddenly stopping, she cried in clear tones, "There are men in this house who are being hindered from coming forward by the influence of friends; when these men stand before the Judge others will point with gaunt, remorseful fingers at you, and cry 'But for thee I might have been saved. You cannot answer then, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' "You are your brother's keeper."

Again she shouted, "There are men here weeping over their sins, and who yet won't come forward. "Unless you repent, those tears will turn to red-hot coals of fire to burn into your souls through neveending eternity!"

THE ACTRESS' HISTORY.

She spoke like one in authority, and seemed a born leader. It did not seem an unwomanly thing for her to thus exhort, and she so directed the meeting that many, influenced by her words, arose from prayer or knelt tearfully at the alter.

After the long service was ended, Mrs. Lowery said to the reporter:

"Oh, I am well known. I was for twenty years an actress in legitimate drama. I was always a church goer, as four-fifths of the people on the stage are.—Many of them are members of the church—Episcopal and Catholic. I couldn't be a member of church I wanted to belong to and be an actress. A year ago last September, while playing in Ford's Opera House in Baltimore, I decided to leave the stage. Mr. Ford offered me $75 a month for a year, or $100 a month for six months: but I saw my duty clearly. I left and began preparing for preaching. About a year ago I was licensed to preach, and have been preaching since.

SHADOWS ON THE WALL.

Flickering, fluttering,
Ghostly and tall,
See how the shadows dance
Over the wall!
Weavers of frolics
And fancies are they;
Fast fly the shutters,
Wild grows the play.

Now they are tiring;
Slower, still slower,
Rising and falling,
Lower and lower.
Stir the fire, Bertie!
Make the sparks fly!
See how the shadows leap,
High as the sky!

Over the ceiling,
Over the bed,
Lighter than thistle-down
Touch is their tread.
Never a rustle
Of robes coming after;
Never an echo
Of songs or of laughter.

Clasp your hands, Charley,
Now Bertie and Clare,
Look at that shadow dog
Just over there.
Now it's a rabbit;
And now a lamb's head;
And now—lights are coming,
The shadows are fled!

Black shadows, gray shadows,
Where is your home?
Why do you fly away
When the lights come?
Why does one Shadow,
Quiet and gray,
Glide close by us
Day after day?

God is light, mamma says;
Darkness and sin,
Where the white angels live,
Ne'er enter in.
Fade away, gray shadow,
Let me grow bright
As I come nearer
The city of light.

The Late Hon. Tom Marshal.

UNHAPPY END OF A LIFE OF BRILLIANT OPPORTUNITIES.

Mr. Buford Twyman, a personal friend of Tom Marshall, delivered, at Louisville last Tuesdwy evening, a very interesting lecture upon the life of the brilliant, gifted, and luckless Kentucky orator. From a full report of it, we copy the following passages, describing the last melancholy miserable days of Marshal's life.

"I have said he had no home. That was true, because he had in him none of the home qualities. He could not or would not make a home. Before the death of Dr. Lewis Marshatel, he gave to his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Tom Marshall, during her life, one-fifth of the old Duck Pond farm, consisting of more than one hundred acres, situated about four miles from the town of Versailles. Upon this tract a small but comfortable cottage was erected and paid for by the liberality of the community. Here Mrs. Marshall resided, and this place he called his home.—But he came into town, and remained a few days and even weeks before returning. How he lived, and what manner of life he led, it is, indeed, difficult to describe.

"In August, 1863, two years before his death, Mr. Marshall, in a communication to one of the Louisville papers, had occasion to speak of himself, using the third person, when he employed the following language: 'He seemed to have cast in Versailles, with all political parties, and to be utterly without weight, influence, or social position in Woodford. A few of his old friends still frequent his company, and court his convereation in sober intervals.' This was a sad picture—drawn by his own pen—and yet it hardly did justice to the facts. The 'sober intervals' became less frequent. He grew sad for want of company, for want of mental employment, for want of intellectual association. He would stop the school-boys on the street and explain to them their Latin and Greek exercises. He would gather around him a group of men and boys—and one for an audience—and read to them from ancient or modern history, but more frequently from his own writings, which had been published in 1858 by Mr. W. L. Barre.—He would pause in these street readings, and explain, criticise, condemn, or approve the subject of the writer. He was exceedingly fond of reading from his own essays or articles published between 1830 and 1850, and of pointing out how subsequent events had demonstrated his wisdom or confirmed his views. I now own a copy of his writings, which I have often lent him, and which he pencil-marked through and through. During the last four of five years of his life he was entirely without means, and had no employment; a precarious and hazardous charity supplied his wants. He slept many nights in a chair in the common sitting-room of a cheap country tavern; in warm weather he slept on a wooden bench in the court house portico, and, during the cooler nights of the early fall, in the hay-loft of a public livery stable. He felt his situation more keenly than one might suppose, and would often speak of it with bitter satire and with far more wit than reverence or piety. He was wont to compare himself with the Savior of mankind, saying that he, like Christ, had not where to lay his head. His food was obtained much in the same manner as his other necessities were supplied. He accepted the charity of a meal wherever or whenever it was offered to him. He called one day at my house to borrow the book to which I have before referred. He came just at the dinner hour, and when I happened to be alone. I invited him to join me. He declined, saying that several gentlemen were on the street waiting for him to read to them an article from the book, but he added: 'Save my dinner for me and I will return and get it.' He did return in an hour or two, and ate with an appetite difficult to satisfy. He explained and excused his hearty meal by saying it was his first food for twenty-four hours, he had no expectation of another meal for an equal length or time. But his insatiable thirst for drink survived all this. It was sad, yes, it was pitiful to follow him into the cheap, rough bar-room, and hear him prostitute his genius and great gifts to produce coarse and vulgar wit to amuse a lot of thoughtless boys or ignorant men, and thus bribe them into furnishing him liquor. Passing the street one night I heard peal after peal of laughter coming from a saloon. Prompted by curiosity, I opened the door and went in, and there was Captain Marshall quite drunk, surrounded by a rude and boisterous crowd; his clothing torn and soiled, his hat mashed and pulled down over his face, his face itself blackened and smeared with ink and soot. He leered at the crowd for a moment from beneath his slouching hat, and then drew himself up majestically, raised his arm and shoulder in a most expressive gesture, and said, in bitter and contemptuous tones, 'you remind me of a lot of cowardly bantam chickens picking upon the head of an eagle with his wings broken.' This was greeted with a shout of laughter, and the whole party proceeded to drink. I more than once met him late at night, after even the bar-rooms were closed, wandering alone upon the streets, with his hat off, striking his forehead with his open hand, looking up to the moon and calling himself a lunatic, a star gazer, and delivering an address to an imaginary audience in the heavens.—But let us pity rather than censure him.

"At many periods of his life he made determined and continued efforts to conquer his thirst for liquor. He said that his contest was not one of days and weeks, but of months and years; that when the desire came on, his sufferings were equaled only by the torments of the lost. He drank the hottest teas and such substitutes as were suggested to him. I remember once to have seen him swallow more than one ounce of extract of ginger, but slightly adulterated with water, but all to no purpose. It was the stimulating effects of alcohol that he craved, and he must have it or go mad or die. His failure to conquer this consuming passion for drink assisted in making him a fatalist.

"At length exhausted nature gave away, and he was stricken with his last illness.—A friend informed him that he must soon die, and asking some questions looking to a preparation for another world. He promptly stopped him, and said: 'No, sir; no, sir. I do not wish to pray. I had no hand in coming to this world. I have failed in all I have ever seriously attempted or desired whilst in it. I shall have no arrangements for my departure nor for another existenc. If God has managed the matter so far, I shall permit Him to continue it as it best pleases Him.' He dismissed the subject, and referred to it no more. After remaining silent for some time, as if musing he said: 'Well, well, this is the end. Tom Marshall is dying, dying not having a suit of clothes in which to be buried; dying upon a borrowed bed, covered by a borrowed sheet, in a house built by charity. Well, well, it is mete and proper.' After an hour or more he looked through an open window, and calling the attention of those around him to a solitary tree in the middle of a large open pasture, he said: 'When I am dead, bury me beneath that tree, in the middle of that field. I have been crowded all my life, and I do not wish to be crowded after my death.' He said no more, but after a time quietly ceased to breathe. He was placed beneath the tree, but no stone, no mark tells the passing traveller who rests below.

"As the years pass away, and time and distance soften all things, his faults, his vices, and his misfortunes are forgotten.—He is remembered as a brilliant wit, a most accomplished and fasciuating orator, and by some, as an excellent and learned lawyer. Let no one suppose that this was a dash at fame, that he gained only temporary notoriety, or that he drew inspiration from liquor while he abused the prodigal gifts of nature. That would be far from the truth. Mr. Marshall was all his life a patient and a diligent student. He gained success only when entirely free from drink, and after laborious study. Every great attempt, made without preparation or when under the influence of his master passion, was more or less a failure. He, like all the sons of men, had no royal road to fame, and only found the pearls of wisdom, after a diligent search, or enjoyed the fruits of victory after a well-fought contest.

A schoolboys' effort:

Lord of love, look down from above
Upon us little scholars,
We have a fool to teach our school,
And pay her twenty dollars.

A housemaid in Chicago had her har turned white in a single night last week.—Cause: She fell head foremost into a flour barrel.