TOM MARSHALL, OF KENTUCKY. If "Tom Corwin, of Ohio," ever had a rival his peculiar vein of oratory, it was "Tom

Marshall, of Kentucky." They were very unlike in person-Corwin was bulky and ponderons, Marshall tall, thin, and wiry (and, to run the contrast into the ground, Corwin was in complexion naturally very dark, not to say black, and Marshall was unnaturally red in the face); but mentally they were exact counterparts. Neither were hard students nor deep thinkers, both were superficial readers, but of quick perception and retentive memory; neither were close reasoners, but arrived at conclusions intuitively, as women are said to do, but not with that almost infallible correctness with which women decide; both were strongly predisposed to be satirical, and were full of a fine, pleasant humor; and, sad to say, neither having any definite, fixed purpose in life, accomplished no great work, and so finally both came to be called partisans, not statesmen-stump-speakers, not orators, and to have their stories preserved by tradition, not history.

Marshall had one defect which Corwin had not. His satire had a sting in it, and there was more of malice in his wit than in Corwin's fun. Both were quick and hard hitters in debate, but Corwin invariably fought with the gloves on, while Marshall had no objection to dropping them occasionally; and one only "doubled up" his opponent where the other insisted on knocking him down. Corwinnever sacrificed his good-humor to his wit, nor let temptation lead him to indulge in asperities; Marshall displayed his wit, no matter who was hurt. The merry twinkle of Corwin's eye was too often a fierce glare in Marshall's, and Corwin whispered his "good things" to the col-leagues immediately surrounding him, while Marshall hissed his till the galleries heard.

There was a cause, and in a slight measure an apology, for this bitterness in Marshall's nature—Corwin not having the fault, did not need the apology. Marshall was early in life disappointed in his ambition, while Corwin was uniformly successful, as far, at least, as it was natural for indecision to be successful. Disappointment in his dream-you can hardly call it his purpose in life-changed and embittered Marshall's disposition, and made him somewhat malicious. The story of his disappointment in life is a singular one.

Henry Clay, it will be remembered, died in Washington City in 1852. His remains were taken to Kentucky for interment, more than the usual honors being paid the body in the various cities through which it passed. At Louisville, Kentucky, it lay in state in the depot of the Louisville and Frankfort Railroad, and the citizens in great numbers took their last look at "Kentucky's greatest son." I had seen the body, and had then retired to the opposite side of the street from the depot to watch, as many others were doing, the crowd filing in and out of the building. While thus engaged Tom Marshall, much the worse for liquor, reeled towards a group of young men who were standing near me, and said, in a very loud tone :-

"Well, boys, have you had your last look at the old scoundrel? I hope I've seen the last of him ! 'The Sage of Ashland !' Bah ! How I hated the old rascal, but"-suddenly changing his voice, and with a shrug of his shoulders-"but didn't I fear him though !"

Several years after this I became quite intimately acquainted with Marshall, and in March or April of 1858, meeting him in Cin-cinnati, I learned why he hated Clay so intensely. I had been sitting for some time in the rotunda of the Burnet House, when Marshall came in wearing one of his long faceshe always looked solemn when s

Abelition leader. As soon as Adams had in-troduced the petition, Mr. Gilmer, of Virginia, the Whig leader in the House, offered a reso-lution of censure; but Marshall, not deeming it strong enough, amended it by a preamble of great length and two resolutions, one threat-ening expulsion, the other administering a severe reprimand. He supported his amend-ment by a long speech, in which he launched his satire against Adams, much to his own satisfaction and the amenement of his most satisfaction and the amusement of his partisans. He was satisfied that his eloquence-it was a splendid piece of invective-had made him, if not the head and front, at least a man of mark in the body which he aspired to lead. He was mistaken: he was about to be violently expelled from it in disgrace. He had at length aroused the old lion. When Marshall had finished Mr. Adams arose in a great fury and ordered the clerk to "read for the benefit of this boy-this puny mind, which originates a crime, frames a law, and provides a punishment in a breath, the second clause of the Declaration of Independence.' "The second clause of the Declaration of Inde pendence !" he added, fiercely, rapping rapidly and loudly on his desk, and then in his sublime anger repeating for the third time in his strident voice, "The second clause of the De-claration of Independence!" Alas for poor Tom's shallow eloquence ! the grandeur of the old man's anger and the vigor and force of his quotation demolished it utterly. No sooner had the clerk finished reading than Adams, now comparatively calm and in another vein, but not with less relentless purpose, quietly demolished the one or two feeble arguments advanced by Marshall, and then after indulging in some personal allusions to the young man who had been teasing him through a whole session, he suddenly convulsed the House by some quaint allusion to this raw recruit for the "Corporal's Guard" (the name previously given by Mr. Adams to the Whigs who sustained John Tyler), of which John Tyler was Captain, and the gentleman from Virginia, Mr. Gilmer, was First Corporal. The allusion was as neat and irresistible as his extinguisher on "the late Mr. Crary," which, it will be remembered, following on the heels of Corwin's laughable description, drove that worthy aspirant for military honors into an ob-scurity from which he is occasionally summoned only to be laughed at. Adams' allusion to Marshall on this occasion did the same for him; the House roared at him; and though he came back repeatedly to the attack with spirit, it was only to be ignominiously defeated by the vote of the House on his resolutions. The political capital he had thought to make proved "bogus," his grasp at the leadership fell short; he found himself every where hailed as "Mr. Adams' young man," and "John Tyler's raw

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recrnit;" he never held up his head again, and could only look forward anxiously to Clay in the Senate for support and rescue. "He never budged !" exclaimed Marshall at this point of his story-"the never moved. He feared the old lion even at the safe dis-

tance of the other end of the Capitol. I was ridiculed out of Congress. Clay deserted me like a coward, sir, like a coward. I left Washington, and never want to see it again. My constituents at home laughed at me as much as the House did, and I left that district and politics, too, in disgust."

Marshall fell into what was evidently a painful train of thought, and was silent for a minute or two. At last brightening up, he added:-

"You see I bearded the old lion in his den. and," his sense of humor getting the better of his bitterness, "I got a d-d sight the worst of it !?

Marshall never forgave Clay this desertion of him, as he called it, though what action he could have expected Clay to take I cannot conceive. He hated the whole Clay family intensely, and in his darker moods and conditions he never failed to pour out his vitupera-tion on their heads. As late as 1857 I saw him spend a little of this venom on young Tom Clay, a grandson of "the sage," on whom he forced a senseless quarrel in a public room in which they had met. Of course his feeling against Clay was unreasonable. Not Clay's desertion of him, but Adams' speech and final success, when the resolution of censure was forever laid on the table, put an end to Marshall's career as a politician, and, in fact, ruined him for life. " He brought it upon himself; for from his first speech in Congress, that memorable debut on June 10, 1841, which he jocosely began by congratulating himself "having been in Washington only three on weeks, and had caught everything from a bad cold to the Speaker's eye," he had persistently attacked Adams and delivered a great deal of cutting satire. In those days the reporters of the Congress tional Globe made only brief synopses of the principal speeches, and they appeared in print in the third instead of the first person. Much of Marshall's wit was thus lost to us; but the custom of the reporters gave rise to an incident illustrating his manner. He closed his speech on one occasion by ordering the reporters not to publish his remarks, "as he could both write and speak the English language, and didn't want any body's gibberish." The re-porters ever after omitted his speeches, and alluded to him as "a Mr. Marshall, a new member from Kentucky," If Marshall had ever given them an opportunity after the "old lion" had growled at him, they would doubtless have called him "Mr. Marshall, Mr. Adams' young man," or "a raw recruit from Kentucky." Marshall never lost an opportunity to show his hatred of Clay; and his passion, often depriving him of some of his discretion, he frequently laid himself open to crushing retorts from the "sage of Ashland." He was once pitted against Clay in an important suit in the Kentucky Court of Appeals. Clay was entitled to the closing speech in the argument, Marshall having to precede him. Marshall never was great at an argument-appeal was his forte-and Robert J. Breckinridge had been engaged to do the arguments in this case; but on this occasion Marshall took it into his head to be argumentative. And singularly enough he chose, instead of advancing new arguments in his own favor, to enumerate the strongest of those likely to be advanced by Mr. Clay, and to answer them as if Mr. Clay had already made them. This he called "spiking Clay's guns." "Imagine my mortification," he said subsequently, alluding to the case, "when Clay con-cluded a splendid speech without even alluding to anything I had said." This was a candid admission on Marshall's part: still he had vanity enough to conceal the fact that Clay, avoiding the points answered by Marshall, advanced arguments of great force which his illogical opponent had never

shall was concerned; how far it is true of Mr. Breckinridge is another matter. That gentleman, in his duplex character of preacher and politician, exercised a weighty influence in his State during the era of secssion; and no man did more by advice and counsel to save Kentucky to the Union than did the Reverend Robert J. Breckinridge. Full of prejudices as great minds ever are, violent and bitter in his ienunciation of wrong and wrong-doers, even indulging in perhaps too sharp personalities, he made many enemies; but his arguments were too strong and too forcibly put not to have been effective, and, scattered broadcast through Kentucky during the war, they made much Union sentiment of the true and radical

Not only "the sage," but many other less able, speakers of Kentucky caught Marshall "on the hip" in consequence of his many indiscretions. During the famous Matt Ward trial in Kentucky in 1853 or '54, Marshall, as one of the counsel for the prisoner, indulged in many bitter personalities towards R. B. Carpenter, one of the prosecuting attorneys. It was many years before Carpenter got an opportunity for revenging himself, but at last Marshall's indiscretion furnished it. It was during one of Marshall's periodical fits of temperance. He had delivered a lecture at Covington, Kentucky, the residence his temporarily of Mr. Carpenter, on favorite topic, and, in concluding it, called on anybody present to answer his arguments, "if he could." Carpenter accepted the challenge, and, springing upon the platform, gave a full account of all of Marshall's sprees, concluding by admitting that Marshall was the most powerful lecturer on temperance whom he had ever heard and seen; "for," said Carpenter, "he not only depicts the evils of intemperance in glowing words, but strikingly illustrates them in his own person!" Marshall never attempted to answer that argument.

I became acquainted with Marshall in 1857. The manner of the introduction was odd enough to be interesting. Marshall had engaged to deliver a course of lectures at Louisville, Kentucky, on the "Popes of Rome;" and during the fortnight employed in their delivery-and, indeed, whenever in Louisville-he made his home with his brother-in-law, Judge Caleb Logan, of that city. I resided at the time in the adjoining house, and only a party-wall separated the rooms occupied by Marshall and myself. These were at the rear of the buildings, and when the windows of both apartments were open voices in one could be plainly heard in the other. My business kept me up late at night; so did Marshall's; and thus it frequently happened that we found ourselves busy in our respective rooms at a very late hour of the night. Midnight was Marshall's favorite hour for study, and I could sit at my window and hear him reading aloud. I found after an evening or two that he was thus studying for his next lecture. One night I heard him, in thus declaiming, frequently use the names of "Bourbon," "Montpensier," "Marguerite de Valois," and being at that time engaged in writing an article based on the history of Charles de Montpensier, Duke of Bourbon, and Marguerite de Valois, I was naturally interested in catching the thread of his remarks. I went to the window, and, leaning out, listened to him. He was half-reading, half-declaiming, and was relating the very episode in their lives on which I had been writing. While thus talking aloud he came to the window and leaned out; our eyes met, and, naturally enough, we spoke, he asking if his loud voice disturbed my slumbers. I explained that I had been writing, and singularly enough, upon the same event in history upon which he had been declaiming. After talking over the singular coincidence, he explained that he had been engaged in studying for his lecture for the ensuing night. He stated that he habitually read, on the night previous to delivering his lecture, some standard history of the events which he proposed to describe, and without further preparation, and without notes, he would mount his rostrum and deliver his discourse. His memory was so great that a single reading of his authorities in this manner would enable him to recall and relate every event and incident and date bearing on the subject of his discourse. Of course his present reading was merely to refreshen his memory; he had long before the delivery of this course of lectures made himself thoroughly acquainted with the history of the Popes. Indeed, there were few better-read men than Mr. Marshall in all departments of literature. He had the salient points of the histories of all nations at his finger-ends; and though a superficial reader, he had a thorough acquaintance with the great characters of the past. His knowledge of the Bible was very great, and Bible characters were favorite studies with him. I, of course, went to hear his lecture on the night following this conversation. The subject, as announced, was Pope Clement VII; but Marshall hardly mentioned that worthy, though he animadverted on the character of his uncle, Lorenzo de Medici, at great length. The loves of Marguerite de Valois and the Duke of Bourbon; the character of Francis I and Bayard; the intrigues of Louise de Savoie and Duprat; and the history of that legal, political, and religious persecution which separated the lovers, banished Bourbon and his Protestant followers from France, produced the war with Charles V, and drove Bourbon to besiege and sack Rome-my subject, in fact-was really that of Marshall, and the Pope was forgotten. Marshall frequently flew off from his subject in this manner, but it was generally when he had been "indulging." This, unfortunately, was frequently the case, and invariably interfered with his success in every city which he visited. It did not always, however, detract from the interest of his efforts, for, no matter how tipsy he might be, he was always fluent speech, and clear-headed. One of his of most remarkable lectures was delivered when in this condition. He was announced to lee ture on "Napoleon Bonaparte," and a very crowded andience assembled to hear him Shortly after the hour at which he was to begin Marshall entered the hall very much intoxicated, threaded his way with some difficulty through the audience, and fairly reeled to the stand on the platform. While he was laying aside his hat, gloves, and overcoat, he began an apology for delaying the audience, all the while showing clearly by his manner the condition he was Many of the audience left during his openin. ing sentences, but the majority remained, anxious to hear him on his interesting subject; but they were doomed to be pleasantly disappointed; Marshall never once referred to Bonaparte. In his apology he in some way alluded to Adam and Eve; instantly he flew off at a tangent about this first couple-"the grand old gardener and his wife"-and gave an ana-lysis of the characters of "the beautiful Eve and her henpecked husband." Eve was painted in hardly less glowing colors than those of Milton; but Adam was made out a very poor-spirited wretch, indeed, who fully deserved his factors his fate. By easy transitions he left our first parents to their fate, and began to analyze characters of their most distinguished children. I cannot now recall

cost-of-many-colors notoriety, was character-ized by Marshall as "one of the most contemptible characters in sacred history.' this declaration there was considerable stir among the audience, and quite a number of ladies, fearing that Marshall's love of a good thing, or possibly his condition, might lead him thing, or possibly his condition, might lead him into an indiscretion, arose and left the hall. Marshall, undismayed by this interruption, qui-etly remarked that the ladies evidently agreed with him in his estimate of Joseph's moral character, and added, that he proposed to in-quire only into his career as a politician and speculator ! Joseph was denominated by him a fitthe first speculator in secret history." as "the first speculator in sacred history;" and he drew a parallel between his practices and those of the modern school of operators. There was prevalent in Louisville at the time this lecture was delivered a scandalous and doubtless unfounded story relative to the practices of a former Treasurer of the United States, who was represented as sending -all bullion of the Government, in transit from and to any point of the Union, by way of Louisville, in order, it was asserted by the journals of the opposite party, that it should pass through the hands of, and be used for a time by, a banking-house in which the Treasurer was a partner, the shrewd operation costing the Government very roundly in the item of transportation. Marshall alluded briefly to this well-known story, and likened Joseph to a sort of sub-treasurer who indulged in like operations, and who "heartlessly put his own brothers to the cost of double transportation for the corn they had purchased !" Naturally this local allusion produced great amusement, and put the andience in the best of humors, and the laughter inspired the speaker anew He rattled on through the Old Testament and the Apocalypse, singling out the most prominent characters, and alternately making his audience roar with laughter at his comical analysis of the solemn characters, or thrilling them with wonderful paraphrases of Biblical descriptions or narratives. He talked of the prophets as if they had been his personal friends, and ought to be those of the audience too. I cannot recall how he ever introduced the subject, but I remember he compared Saul to himself-each being head and shoulders above the people-taking care to repudiate the Witch of Endor, however, and then flew off into some theory about the inequality of men and races, as shown by blood and color and figure. Solomon did not meet with his unualified commendation; he was "doubtless a very reverend, grave, and wise old signor," he thought; but, he added, "his choice of his lady friends, and their number, does not prove it to me." In this vein he ran on for nearly two hours, winding up with a brilliant analysis of the character of Christ, and a description of the scene of the crucifixion, of fine pathos and great power. He had talked himself thoroughly sober by this time, and stopped, closing with an apology for the unintentional change of programme and the announcement of the lecture on Napoleon for the ensuing evening.

TELEGRAPH-PHILADELPHIA, THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1867.

Marshall too frequently permitted his habits to interfere with his lectures in this manner; he was not always as happy in his efforts when intoxicated as he was on the occasion to which I have just referred. But he was never positively bad, even when very much influenced by liquor. His flow of language was too easy to leave him entirely helpless; his active brain found wine a stimulant, and it never confused it. He was not the more profound or accurate or elegant after his indulgences; but neither was he, on the other hand, less voluble or original. He had an odd way-and a forcible way, too-of putting familiar ideas, and the drunke he was the odder was the expression. He was once engaged to deliver a course of lectures at Lexington, Kentucky, and made his appearance for several evenings in a state of intoxication. Naturally the audiences dwindled down until only about a score of people assem bled to hear his fourth or fifth lecture. Numbers were of little consequence to Marshall. He would have lectured to a single person had there been but one present, and if none had "put in an appearance" I doubt not he would have lectured to himself on the unappreciation of genius (and possibly the depravity of nature). When he had finished his lecture to the score present on the occasion alluded to, Marshall, not yet quite recovered from the effects of the wine he had imbibed, suddenly concluded by saying, in his quiet way:-

gentlemen of the present day." Joseph, of the | founded fool on the outskirts of the crowd, crying, "Louder, Lord ! louder!'" The bad taste, the near approach to blas-phemy, were forgotten in the "humor of the rebuke, and the audience were surprised by

the climax into shouts of laughter. Marshall died in Kentucky in 1862 in great poverty and misery. He abandoned his lectures on "Temperance and History" in 1861, and advocated for a time the cause of secession. The natural result of a youth of folly and an old age of secession was poverty and death; and so he passed away, "having," as some one has put it, "represented for thirty years, without interruption and without a rival, the genius, passion, wit, and worst fol-

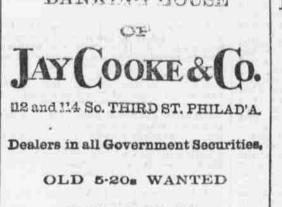
lies and weaknesses of Kentucky."-Harper's Magazine for August. FINANOIAL

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spoke to me. He had just returned, he said, from Newport, Kentucky (opposite Cincin-nati), where he had been delivering a lecture. "On what subject ?" I asked.

"The dryest in the world-Temperance." I had known him to frequently reform, stop drinking for a time, and lecture on temperance, and then just as frequently "fall from grace" as soon as the course was finished.

"The fact is," he added, "temperance don't pay in Kentucky."

The conversation thus began led, somehow, away from temperance to politics, and at last I found an opportunity to ask him the cause of his enmity to Clay. I shall never be able to give his words, so I tell, in my own, as nearly as I can remember, the facts as he stated them.

Marshall was very successful in early life as a lawyer-a success due in some measure to family influence and the aid of Henry Clay. In 1840 he was elected to Congress from the Tenth Congressional District of Kentucky by a very large majority; and when he took his seat in the Twenty-seventh Congress on March 4, 1841, his prospects were very flattering; he was hugely popular with his constituency, was a political protégé of Clay, then the great leader of the Whig party, and with a fine voice, figure, manner, and delivery, and a fame as a speaker which had already reached the capital, he only wanted and waited, as he thought, an opportunity to make his mark in the House of Representatives, though one may readily imagine there wasn't much room for a young aspirant of Marshall's calibre in the House in which John Quincy Adams was the leader.

Shortly after the session began Mr. Adams gave notice of his intention to move to rescind the 21st rule of the House. This rule had been adopted during the session of 1838, when the "Locofocos" were in the majority; and in effect it prohibited the introduction of any resolutions or petitions on the subject of slavery in the District of Columbia. The proposition of Adams was looked upon by all the Democrats and by most of the Southern Whigs as the vir-tual reopening of the abolition question, the agitation of which they were anxious to keep out of Congress; and a vigorous opposition was organized to defeat Adams and secure the retention of the rule of the House. Clay, then in the Senate, suggested to his protégé, Marshall, that here was his opportunity. Marshall eagerly took the hint, and was among the first, after Henry A. Wise, to engage in the rather rancorous debate which followed. He made several speeches at Adams during the session; but Adams took no notice of him. Finally the rule was retained, but only after much debate, during which Mr. Marshall took frequent oc-casion to repeat his attacks on Mr. Adams, with the same ill success of drawing out that gentleman from his shell. Persistent abuse Mr. Adams well understood was too valuable in politics to lightly expend on an opponent, or to hastily decline to receive. During the second session of the Twenty-seventh Con-gress—it was on January 25, 1842—Mr. Adams introduced the famous petition of the citizens of Haverhill, Massachusets, asking Congress to dissolve the Union, announcing that he did so under protest, and only in deference to the sacred right of petition, his great argument when moving to rescind the 21st rule. Preparations were at once made to debate the subject with the ex-President; and Clay advised Marshall to arraign Mr. Adams before the House for censure, promising to fellow up his action in the Senate, and thus between them demolish the great

Shortly after this trial Robert J. Breckinridge, his associate, left the bar and adopted the pulpit as a profession. Meeting him years after this change Marshall accosted him with:

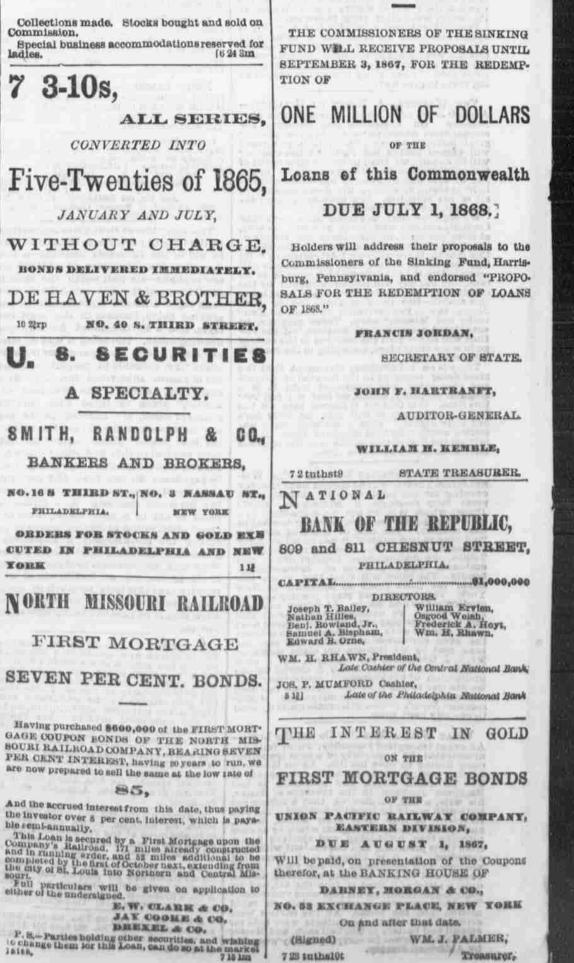
"Well, Bob, you and I have never recovered from our attack on old Clay. That defeat drove you to the pulpit-and me to the bottle. Bob, Bob, I'm sorry to have to say it-sorry for both our sakes; but I've stuck to my text for both our sakes; but I've stuck to my text closer than you have to yours." Unfortunately this was true as far as Mar-Unfortunately this was true as far as Mar-

"Ladies and gentlemen, I hope you will all come again to my next lecture. Do not weary of well-doing. Do not be discouraged by the smallness of your numbers. I am not. Come again. I'll lecture to you no matter how few of you may be present; for, as was said on a more memorable occasion, 'where there are two or three gathered together in my name, there will I be in the midst of them.''

It is not to be inferred from what I have said that Marshall had no veneration for sacred things. There were few better Biblical students-there were few divines more thoroughly versed in sacred history than he; but he knew and cared very little about religious theories and arguments. He did not lack veneration, and he insisted on looking at and talking about prophets and saints as human beings, and thought nothing more ridiculous than the prevalent custom of writing about such char-acters in the titled style and sonorous sentences of King James' age. Marshall was particularly happy at repartee,

and, next to Gough, was the quickest at reply ing to a question or interruption from his audience whom I have ever heard. Most orators have their set retorts for interruptions. Mr. Andrew Johnson used to have a standard and favorite reply for all interruptions, and he never failed to use it whenever opportunity offered, for though not original, perhaps, it was always quite effective. Whenever an interruption occurred-and in Mr. Johnson's early career these were very frequent—he would stop for a moment until his silence had drawn attention to him again, and then say, very slowly, There are but two things in animated nature which hiss, the serpent"-a long pausewith our present President; but I believe his right and title to his famous retort when on the funeral excursion to Chicago, "You are a mean-looking man !" has never been disputed. Marshall had no stereotyped reply; his retorts were made on the spur of the moment, and were always most effective. One of these attributed to him (I do not know how truly, but it sounds like him) rather contradicts what I have been saying about his reverence for sacred things, but it is too good an example of the retort to lose. He was just opening a lecture one evening, and was speaking in a rather subdued voice, when he was interrupted by some would be familiar friend by e clamations of "Louder, Tom ! louder !" He stopped a full minute, until the audience, after a slight laugh, was as hushed as death. Then, in a strong voice, and with an unusually grave and impressive manuer, he said:-

"Ladies and gentlemen, at the last day, when the angel shall proclaim that time is ended and sternity begun, when the quick and dead, the just and the unjust, shall appear before the mercy-seat of God to be judged, doubtless the solemnity of that dread and



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