

history of his own life. The report exhibits the extraordinary operations of this new instrumentality, the experience of reformed men, and the efficacy of the pledge to save the most abandoned from ruin.

It details also the public sympathy in this mighty effort of an afflicted and suffering population to cast off a desolating scourge, the readiness and activity of the Martha Washington Societies to clothe the naked, and cheer the reformed in their laudable efforts, the enthusiasm expressed in the numerous and often magnificent processions in our cities, towns, and villages; the readiness of Governors of States to countenance the signature to the pledge—the formation of several Legislative societies, of a Congressional Total Abstinence Society, and a society in the Executive departments at Washington, the auspicious movements in the navy—at Brooklyn and Charlestown, and on board the Columbia, a temperance man of war, now in our harbor; and the gatherings of the Cold Water Army throughout the land; the thousands and tens of thousands of children who sing "With banner and with badge we came," "Away the bowl, away the bowl."

It presents a variety of facts, showing that a death-blow has been struck in our nation at the traffic in intoxicating drinks—distilleries putting out their fires—breweries closed—tavern bars taken down—groceries renouncing the sale; cities and towns refusing longer to license the sale, and encouragement for importation fast coming to an end. All the large distilleries in Philadelphia stopped. All or nearly all in Brooklyn stopped. The immense distillery at Waverville stopped. Many also in Pennsylvania and at the east and west stopped, so that where there were twelve gallons distilled a-year ago, there is not one now.

In 1831, there were consumed in the United States, and by twelve millions of people, 72 million gallons of ardent spirits, besides wines and malt liquors. But in 1840, the whole amount of distilled spirits consumed by 17 million people, was 43,050,881 gallons with 43,060,884 gallons of wine, and 4,748,362 of beer and ale, being in the whole but 71,120,089 of all these destructive drinks; less, than 4 gallons to each man, woman and child. But in 1851, the whole manufacture, importation and sale is receiving a shock, sending dismay into the heart of every individual so unfortunate as to have capital here invested."

Among the speakers was the Hon. Mr. Marshall of Kentucky, a gentleman of great eloquence and recently reclaimed from habits of intemperance. We regret to be unable to give longer extracts from his speech. After some remarks of a local nature, he describes his former feelings towards the temperance cause, feelings which are shared in by too many like what he was, full of the conceit of their own wisdom.

"Well, then, gentlemen, within all the bounds of the universe there breathed not a man who knew or cared less of temperance societies or of the progress of the temperance cause, than your humble servant, some four months ago. I had never been to a temperance meeting in my life; and I make the acknowledgment with shame and contrition, and if I chanced to pick up a temperance paper, or a political paper with anything about temperance in it, I threw it instantly aside, as smacking of fanaticism and far beneath the notice of a person of my great ambition and vast intellect! I knew nothing of the state of temperance or of its history; and I cared as little as I knew."

With what a master tongue does he describe the drunkard.

"Rush where we may, then, for an apology, lay not the sin of drunkenness at Nature's door. No! Drunkenness is man's own work; it is peculiar to himself. It is not found any where else in the whole universe; and a drunken man (and I suppose temperance has not advanced so far in this city but that such men have been seen) I should think would be the hardest thing in the world for the philosopher to classify—since we are upon philosophy! It is harder to say to what *genus* he belongs than any thing else which has been the subject of my experience; and I have had ample opportunity for examining—yes, and for feeling it too. A drunken man is not a *man* any longer; certainly, he has neither the features, the intellect, the heart nor the form of a man. He has no longer the erect countenance of a man. That

face and that form, which were shaped to be erect and to look up to heaven, are the face and the form of a man no longer. Why, he can't *walk* like a man. It fuddles his brain, bears his eyes, dulls his ear, swells his body and dwindles his legs!

But of all the ills it works—Oh! of all the ruin it brings upon man—look at the death it inflicts upon the *heart* and the moral constitution of the human race. Here are its most terrible triumphs. We might forgive it all the rest, if it only made us sick; if it only spoiled our beauty; if it only hurried man to a premature grave; if we could measure its ruin by dilapidated fortunes, by ruined health, and by destruction of life—O then we might forgive it! Men must die at last; and any agency which only precipitates that event by a few years, or months, or weeks, we may overlook as no great evil. The mere dissolution, the decomposition of the physical elements of which our nature is so strangely composed, the sundering of that mysterious and wonderful link which binds the mind and body—which must eventually take place—is not so much to be deplored, and the agency which precipitates it might be forgiven. But what does a man mean when he says 'himself'? What do I mean when I use the words *I myself*, and call myself a *man*—what do I mean? Is it merely his clay? Oh, no! When I say *myself*—when I allude to what is called *me*—I mean that *divine particular*, which revelation tells us was breathed into man at his birth by the Author of his being. I mean that which the Divinity has implanted within him—the reason and the heart;—not only the power by which he thinks, and imagines, and demonstrates, but all that world of moral emotions of which he is the monarch and the lord. I mean all those fine feelings and sympathies which make him human, all which make him holy, all which make him, as we all hope and as we all believe he is, eternal. The ruin of this—the prostration of *this* it is that makes alcohol man's greatest curse, and renders its crimes to the eye of man altogether unpardonable. It is the peculiar effect of alcohol; no other poison does it. Arsenic kills a man; but as long as he lives—while he can draw a single breath, he is a *man* still. Other poisons produce death; but so long as man can breathe under their power, so long will he love his wife—so long will he love his child and his friends; and though he sink into the arms of death under the influence of a poison too strong for his nature, still his moral nature triumphs, love survives, and *the man* bids defiance to death and the grave! Alcohol does what nothing else can do; it overflows, with a destructive flood, all that is noble in human nature. It annihilates the immortal mind and the deathless soul! [Great Applause.]

What other vice—what other crime, or poison, or pest on earth can turn the heart and the hand of man against weakness and innocence? Make man a robber, throw him into the fierce collision of life by which he must be surrounded, let him surrender himself to their influence, make him the enemy of his race, make him a murderer, and yet, robber and murderer as he is, at his own hearthstone he is a man still! He loves his wife—his child clings to him for care and support. That high chivalry of mankind which makes the feebleness of woman her best defence, which makes her weakness her greatest strength, which gives her a claim on man for defence and support—*nothing* destroys but alcohol. Nothing else on earth can excite the muscular arm of man against the weak, sinking, helpless form of woman!—Nothing else severs the parental tie that binds him to the offspring to which he has given existence; nothing destroys it but alcohol. In disease, in poverty, in crime, in the presence of death, the fleeing wretch may be pressed to the earth; but the infant who owes to him his existence still hangs on him—is still bound to him by a strong and indissoluble bond, which grows stronger the more deeply he is steeped in misery and wretchedness. Nothing destroys it but alcohol. This *unhumanizes* man; it blots out the image of his God, strips him of his highest glory, and obliterates from his heart every trace of his great origin." [Applause.]

In the following extract Mr. Marshall shows that fashion not appetite frequently induces to the use of the intoxicating cup.—His description of the power of the pledge is beautiful.

"We have proved then, both by science and philosophy, that this custom of wine drinking is not only useless—but worse—it is