

him, and the Rev. Mr. Marsh, and Mr. Frelinghuysen, LL.D. on the other,—and, as in the novel structure of the Tabernacle, in one grand *coup d'oeil*, he took in the immense mass of human beings before him, (a whole county of Kentucky perhaps,) well did he remark it was a novel spectacle, such as though he had tried to fancy, his fancy had not yet created the fact.

We cannot pretend to report in detail this speech. Indeed it is impossible to report it properly and well, but some heads or points made, our readers have in the sketch below.

Mr. Marshall said, he had prepared his imagination, in some measure, for the scene in which he found himself; he had anticipated somewhat the strangeness of the emotions in standing before the vast assemblage he was about to address. That he, in the month of May, should be standing before such an auditory, and for such a purpose, might well be considered one of the phenomena of this great moral revolution. The sketch which had been read by the gentleman who had preceded him, forcibly shows this to be one of those great epochs which have advanced man to that high state of civilization in which he now stands. Nothing in his experience in his own State, and it had been far from limited, had shown him anything like this. Why, gentlemen, in the cities of Louisville and Lexington, where unfortunately I am well acquainted with the former consumption of alcohol—particularly in Lexington, which stands in the centre of the district I have the honour to represent in Congress—in those cities, I am credibly informed, the poor misguided man who imbibed the idea that a dram was necessary, could hardly find one in those ancient strong holds of dram shops.

Some four months ago, nobody cared less about temperance or temperance societies than your humble servant, and I acknowledge it with shame and contrition. Before that time I never went into a temperance meeting in my life. If by chance I picked up a temperance tract or paper, or a political paper which argued in favour of temperance, I threw it aside, regarding the subject as unworthy a gentleman of my towering ambition and vast intellect, (laughter.) But not to go on to make myself the hero of a marvellous tale, on the 7th of January last, at 9 o'clock at night, I subscribed my name to the pledge. I didn't write home about it, for I thought the less my friends knew about the matter for the present the better. But somebody wrote home for me; somebody—and as for that, a good many bodies, I believe, wrote about it in the newspapers,—and I soon had the satisfaction of seeing myself posted from Boston to New Orleans, (laughter.)

Well, the story had hardly time to get home when the mail brought me the intelligence of the formation of a temperance society in Lexington. In reading over the list of officers, I found that the President and Vice President were the very men whom I left the last night before we started for Washington in a state of inebriety. A younger brother of mine, who resided in an adjoining county, joined the temperance society on the same night I did, the seventh of January. I saw him in Washington a short time since, and he begged of me, in any future reference I might make to his case, I would draw a proper line of distinction—that he never was half as bad as I was. I was bad enough, at any rate. He is now delivering most learned lectures on Temperance in Lexington.

This spontaneous movement among old friends, without

any previous concert, or any knowledge of each other's movements whatever, shows that there was some mystic and powerful influence pervading the whole body politic. He might go on, he said, and show, in many ways, and by a thousand similar illustrations, that this was a philosophical movement, and not one of the fancy. The agency, too, by which the mighty effect had been produced, how great the contrast in its proportions, when we consider the instrument and the effects. The simple fact of signing a pledge not to drink alcoholic liquors—its apostles raised from society—without influence among their fellow men, without eloquence even, except that eloquence which truth always carries with it—these are the instruments which have brought about a revolution which we gaze upon with wonder and admiration.

The cause of Temperance must go on, gentlemen. It must ultimately triumph over all obstacles, and scatter its blessings in rich profusion over the whole earth. But it has many difficulties yet to encounter. The death-grapple is yet to come. I was thinking, a short time since, why it is that all mankind do not embrace it at once, dictated as it is by every principle of reason and humanity. * * *

In the arcana of nature's mysteries, she has provided every thing necessary to man. If there is anything in the universe of God totally unlike, it is the milk drawn from the breast for the sustenance of the infant, and that liquid drawn from the worm of the distillery by the full grown man. It is milk, then, and not whiskey, which nature designed for man at a period when he is incapable of providing for himself. It is idle to talk of this appetite being implanted in the lower classes of animals. No animal on the face of the Lord's earth, but man, will, if ever it is got drunk, do so again. Man, with all his boasted capacities, is the only animal in nature who, having been once sickened by drink, will return again to the poisonous cup. Has she endowed him with reason to understand its evil effects, and at the same time given him an uncontrollable appetite for it? She has provided the lower animals, though without reason, an invulnerable weapon against it; but with man—accountable and immortal man—she has left the matter to the exercise of his reasoning powers, and holds him responsible for that exercise. Let us not then, lay the sin at nature's door.

Since we are upon the philosophy of the matter, I may here remark that it is almost impossible to classify the *genus* drunkard. Under its influence he loses even the semblance of *mahhood*. He is no longer a man, in any sense of the word. When I call myself a man, I do not speak of myself merely as a thinking, reasoning, being, but as having that divine essence which is not given to any other of the productions of nature. Nothing but alcohol annihilates that chivalry which nerves his arm for the protection of woman: nothing but alcohol destroys his parental affection. Poverty and grinding misery but cause the love of his children to cling still closer around his heart—nothing but alcohol crushes and destroys it. I might go on forever and descant upon this subject, and show that nature is not responsible for the effects produced by the use of alcohol, but time warns me to draw to a close.

Go on in your efforts, ye who are banded together for this work, and ye priests of temperance, in your labours. But let me entreat you to avoid connection with anything else. Above all things eschew all political connection.