

cannot explain, but whose influence we own? And that this cord of universal sympathy, thus established by the hand which created us all, may be from time to time swept by that master and creating hand, and respond in tones of moral music, whose murmurings re-echo throughout the whole human race? (Loud applause.) And surely if ever there were a time, and ever there were facts which would favour such a supposition, this is the very time, and these are the very facts which favour such a supposition. And the agency too—how simple! And to the eye of cold philosophy—how inefficient! What an event, according to human reason, of adaptation of means to the end! What disproportion between the effects produced and the instrumentality which achieved it. A Temperance pledge! A simple declaration that he will drink no more! And the temperance pledge offered, and temperance preached, by men without the ordinary means of influence, without eloquence, even, except that all powerful eloquence which deals only in truth!

These are the instruments which that power, which has set about this revolution, has chosen to effect it? That it will go on, gentlemen, I do not permit myself to doubt. Its final and complete success could not and would not astonish me more than that which has already happened.

And oh! if there be here any high-toned, courageous, gallant, noble young fellow, that has commenced his career, although society may not consider him yet to be a drunkard, let me warn and give him some of the benefits of my experience. Why, I am no more a fanatic now than ever I was. I am as gay a fellow to day as ever I was in my life. (Loud cheering and laughter.) I am no more gloomy now than ever I was. (Cheers.) The temperance cause gloomy? Why it's the gayest, the most delightful and cheerful thing upon earth. (Cheers.) Why, it's the fountain of health and life! (Cheers.) And from health flow happiness and all the blessings we enjoy beneath the sun. Temperance gloomy? Why, it's the very fountain head, and cause, and well-spring of cheerfulness and joy. (Loud cheering.)

Our pledge is perpetual. And if you don't sign a pledge let any man who has only been drinking a little—just sufficient to disturb the tranquillity of his nerves, cloud his reason, and derange for a time the economy of his physical and moral system—I say just let him quit it altogether for one month, and then just see how he feels at the end of it. (Laughter and cheers.) Oh! what a change it makes in the whole of his animal and mental being! what a pleasure, what delight he feels not to have changed the whole nature of his being; but to leave his nerves to the regular and tranquil action of unalloyed health, to leave all his animal powers to the calm and rational enjoyment of his regular meals, and blessed rest and sleep, and the influence of cold water! Let him go to one who has been drinking pretty free to-night—let him go to his bed-room to-morrow morning, before he gets up or just as he wakes. Let him look at his eyes. Let him contemplate the unearthly colour of his cheeks.

Let him ask him to put out his tongue—dry, and parched, and furred, and ask him what kind of a taste there is in his mouth. Let him then hoist up the curtain from his east window, if he's lucky enough to have a window in the room that looks to the East at all,—and tell him to look at God's glorious sun as it is mounting in its bright-

ness and beauty to gladden creation, wheeling upward in its magnificent career, and commencing its diurnal round—and he can't see it! Or if he can see it, he can't feel it. There is no response in his breast to that grandest of all God's phenomena presented to the senses of man—the rising sun in its beauty, majesty, and glory! And then, let that same man abstain from all drinking of liquors for one month,—and then go and point the same eye to the same window and the same kind of scene, and he will raise his heart in gratitude to that God who has been pleased thus to grant him the full enjoyment and delights of that beautiful connection between mind and matter—between the senses and the soul—that renders him capable of tasting, of feeling, and of fully enjoying the gorgeous beauty with which all-bounteous Heaven has clothed the whole body of creation. (Most vociferous cheering.)

God made him a man, and he has unmade himself, and rendered himself capable of enjoying no pleasure. Then, let him give up alcohol together; if he has any love for his manhood—his own nature—his posterity—his connections at all—or his own species—if he has any poetry in his soul—if he wishes to enjoy all the beauty and sublimity of nature. And, oh!

"O! how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her vot'ry yields!
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of Heaven,
O! how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven!"

At the close of his speech, Mr. Marshall was most enthusiastically and rapturously applauded—the ladies waved their handkerchiefs—the men waved their hats—the organ struck up "Hallelujah,"—and we believe, from the bottom of our souls, that every human being within those walls went home delighted and wiser and better.

GREAT TEMPERANCE MEETING.

The announcement that the Hon. Mr. Marshall of Kentucky, and the Hon. Mr. Briggs of Massachusetts, were to be in the city to address the people on Wednesday night at the Tabernacle, attracted a crowd in that great building, filling it from top to bottom in every hole and corner. Mr. Briggs was not present. The curiosity, however, was so great to see and hear Mr. Marshall, and curiosity was so well satisfied by his eloquence, that the audience were not disappointed even by the absence of one of the Honorable gentlemen.

Mr. Marshall is a young man apparently not much over 30. He represents in Congress the Lexington (Ky.) district, in which is "Ashland," the home of Mr. Clay. He has something of Mr. Clay's style, though he is not by any means an imitator. His gestures are patterned after him somewhat, and his *outré* manner. He has a fine, vivid, and yet chaste imagination, and is capable of close reasoning as well as brilliant sallies of eloquence.

The lecture, or oration, of Mr. Marshall—and yet it was neither, but rather more of a speech and impromptu too, did not at all disappoint the highly excited public curiosity. He fully came up to expectation, and, if anything, over-shot it. With the Rev. Dr. Nott and Dr. Cox on one side