

intellect is of a very high order, and his mind of that peculiar and original cast which gives pungency, power and eloquence, to all his efforts in the House of Representatives; and he possesses also a warm, generous, and philanthropic heart. But while he has been admired for the splendor of his genius, and loved for the qualities of his heart, and while we have felt proud of him as an American orator, all have wept over him. Yes, all—political friends, and political opponents—have wept over him as a lost and ruined man. But this day, Thomas F. Marshall, while in the Hall of Representatives, came to the conclusion that he was lost for ever, without a speedy and entire reformation, and deliberately formed the resolution to join a temperance society. This evening he was accompanied by his friend, Mr. Briggs, and myself, to the temperance meeting at the College, where he placed his name on the parchment roll, and took the total abstinence pledge; after which, he rose and made a most touching and eloquent address, detailing some interesting incidents in the history of his life. Among other things, he said he was not ashamed of the act which he had consummated,—that he was not only willing that this step should be made known to the society, but to Congress—to the nation—to the world. Several speeches followed, and an impression was made upon the audience which will not soon be effaced. Several other members of Congress followed Mr. Marshall's example, and placed their names under his upon the roll.

I need not tell you, that this event, while it is destined to heal a mother's wounds, will cause a whole state—nay, a whole nation, to rejoice over the return of a lost, favorite son.

Let us now have the example of the President and his Cabinet; let them banish from their tables and social parties, the use of wine and other intoxicating drinks; and let the members of Congress sustain us by the influence of their example, and the great object will soon be accomplished, and we shall become a happy, virtuous and wealthy people.

THOMAS SEWALL.

THE HOWARD HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA.—An Institution was some time since established, with the object of rescuing drunkards from their degraded condition, and affording them the means of livelihood, until they could review and amend their habits, and obtain the means of honest support. A house was rented in German street, which for many years had been known as a low tavern. A worthy man was appointed to reside there, and to take charge of such miserable inebriates as might be picked up in the streets, to keep them until fully restored to reason, to give them their board for a few days or weeks, as the case might be, to induce them by all proper means to reform, and on securing their signatures to the Pledge, to procure for them honest employment. This movement was commenced in December last, under the auspices of the Howard Benevolent Temperance Society of Southwark, and its results, thus far, have been of the most satisfactory character. A number of poor drunkards have been rescued from degradation, and restored to comparative respectability. At the present moment there are three persons in the House, who presented a most melancholy aspect when first taken charge of, and who now, redeemed from the embraces of the tempter, are industrious sober, and able to pay their board. Some touching

incidents of the depths to which this vice of intemperance has led individuals of respectable connexions, and who formerly occupied reputable positions in society, have been related to us, in connexion with the Howard House. Some of those, who in their moments of delirium, presented a most repulsive spectacle, exhibited on restoration to a temperate condition, the utmost horror at the portraits of themselves, as described by those who had assisted in their recovery.

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the Visitor.

HYMN FOR TEMPERANCE.

Deep, dark, and proudly swelling,
The tide of death rolls on;
And men their souls are selling,
In haste to be undone:
They take the cup of cursing,
And madly drink it down;
Within their bosom, nursing,
A fiend of power unknown.

What! though a condemnation,
Awaits the drunkard's soul;
What! though he sells salvation,
Still does he quaff the bowl!
Not mercy loud beseeching,
With kind alluring voice,
Nor heaven, meek downward reaching,
Doth turn him from his choice.

Ye who are yet delaying,
Who sip the poison'd cup,
Who elate your souls, by saying,
"I will not drink it up;"
'Tis not with open motion
The foe employs his strength;
But that deceitful potion
Can kill the soul at length.

Your safety now securing,
The pledge of Temperance take,
And from the charin alluring,
With giant effort break:
Fly—fly the deadly pleasures,
No longer touch or taste;
For life and peace are treasures,
Too infinite to waste.

J. J.

For the Visitor.

THE DRUNKARD.

Of all the fools on earth by Sin accurs'd
The Impious drunkard surely is the worst;
The slow, the dull, the poor despised Ass
In wisdom does the Drunkard far surpass.
It drinks no more when nature's satisfied,
But leaves the stream along the vale to glide
Whilst Drunkard's of inferior sense will drink
Till they can scarcely walk or talk or think.
What sin will not a drunkard then commit
Whilst in this vile intoxicated fit?
Satan can rule him with an easy sway
And turn him as he pleases in his way.