

tive to the human system, and every one of observation knows that it destroys the intellect and the heart of man; and yet they have gone on and on, and it has swept more victims to the grave than war and pestilence combined, until that pledge was discovered.

There was another reason, the gentleman said, why he felt more naturally that night. The night before he was, as they say of a ship, without his consort, but he had arrived that day (pointing to Mr. Briggs)—(applause.) He had felt as a feeble merchantman, who had lost the man-of-war which had acted as its protector—but now, under the protection of his gun, he felt as though he could make a small fight himself.

When he became a member of the Temperance Association at Washington, he said, which was composed principally of reformed drunkards—they were not all so, however, for it includes in its ranks the earliest founders, men who had never been drunk, but who associated themselves from pure philanthropy for the rescue of others from danger—he was about to say to which they had never been exposed; but this could not be said of any human being—but rather, men whose reputation had never been tainted with the sore and shame of drunkenness. But they were principally men rescued from the kennel, taken from the dregs of wretchedness—they had been cast away, poor miserable wretches, but the strong arm of the association was stretched out, showing a muscle which had only been exhibited by the Washingtonians, and plucked them from their degradation. With these he joined, he did not say why—it might have been necessity, it might have been pride, for pride wears many aspects, and part of his was never to be ashamed of any thing he did,—and it appeared to him that if he had all the responsibilities that belonged to him in his public and private relations, to his country and his family, pride would not deter him from an act like that—it would be a strange perversion of pride, not to turn from a path which was leading him pell mell to destruction. He did not care a button what was said, and a distinguished paper of this city had said that the Hon. Mr. Marshall, the reformed drunkard, addressed the meeting: he cared not for this, nevertheless he joined the society, and part of their exercises was to give their experience,—and if he should go a little into that sort of thing then, they would say it was the custom of the place they came from, and he hoped the polished society of this polished city would excuse him for following a custom so dear to him.

The gentleman then proceeded to recount his experience in a most eloquent and graphic manner,

He had not been accustomed to tell this, he said. The political papers had torn him to pieces, but he cared nothing for that. But he did not wish to be held up as a text by the temperance people—he had at that time too much pride for that, but now he was ashamed that such a feeling had ever entered his breast. He did not often visit the society, and hear these poor fellows tell their experience, till his breast warmed under the influence of cold water, after a fashion it had never warmed under the influence of all the alcohol he ever drank, and he felt that they were entitled to the benefit of his experience, and he gave it to them.

If we want great and glorious deeds achieved, he said we must not go to the *élite* of mankind, the grand, the proud,

the luxurious, who are fond of their pleasure and their leisure, but we must go to the brawny muscles of society, if we want such an achievement. (Great applause.) He then compared the great cause of temperance to that of the introduction of Christianity. The instruments chosen by God were not philosophers of Greece—a Plato, an Aristotle, or a Zeno—but the poor fishermen of Galilee, who knew no tongue but their mother tongue, and these were the men who were selected to spread the new light of Heaven; and if there was any analogy between the genius of these associations, then he believed there was an analogy between the instruments by whom the deeds were to be achieved.

They might call him an enthusiast, if they pleased. He never knew a great or good deed achieved that was not inspired by some spirit called enthusiasm. If nothing worse came, they can but say, that determination of heart, enthusiasm of spirit, and energy of purpose can be found in a cold water drinker, as well as in a swallower of alcohol. He hoped they would pardon him if he had gone too much into personal matters for good taste. It was not bragadocio. If he had any motive, it was to show certain gentlemen how little he cared for their obloquy. They might publish him till the hand that signed the pledge withered; they might publish libel on libel, for they fell as harmless as the leaves of autumn on the castle roof. He had got beyond that. He had rather reason to be proud, for he hoped he was becoming a man of some importance in the temperance movement, and was selected by those with whom they would have to grapple, as a sort of martyr.

The gentleman concluded his very eloquent speech by calling upon all to sign the pledge; they asked the females to do so, he said, not because they supposed they would drink: but let all the women in the United States join the Temperance Society, and all the men would follow. Let the men come, he said in conclusion, and follow Marshall of Kentucky, who was now wide awake, and sign the Temperance pledge.

#### FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM MR. MARSHALL'S SPEECH.

How happened it, then, that these simultaneous movements take place on this subject in different parts of the world without any communication, correspondence, or conspiracy, between the parties concerned? It is not ascribable, nor can it be ascribed, to any particular human exertion or agency whatever. It seems to have swept, and to be sweeping over the world with the force of a whirlwind. May it not be that there surrounds the human understanding a moral atmosphere, just as there surrounds the human body a natural atmosphere? May it not be that, as certain changes are produced, and certain effects impressed upon that natural atmosphere which we breathe, which those who breathe it feel and are influenced by at the same moment all over the earth, so may there not be also effects alike universal in their operation, produced by the medium of that moral atmosphere?

May it not be that he who has formed the human understanding may have connected, by some inscrutable tie of sympathy, all the minds which he has called into being? May we not thus be connected, by a secret and mysterious bond of union, which we cannot understand, and which we