

There was another instance. An officer in the United States Army—a man, aye, ‘every inch a man,’ with the mould of Hercules, and an eye bright, except when under the influence of alcohol—bright and clear as the unhooded falcon. He taunted me, and spoke of my exhibiting myself at Temperance meetings. I saw his condition, and I kept my eye upon him, and I saw he felt, in the bitterness of his soul, the advantage I had over him. When he saw me afterwards, he apologized, and asked my pardon for what he had said, and not five minutes since he put that manly signature to the pledge. (Great applause.) Allow me then to say, that we should associate no other subject with that of temperance.—We are no heretics, but you cannot split our church, no way you can fix it. It is one and indivisible.—We have no dark and obscure doctrines. We pledge ourselves not to drink alcoholic liquors. This is a simple doctrine, and cannot be subject to prejudice or a dispute.

Now, we Washingtonians, ask the ladies to come forward and use their influence in persuading men to abandon this most pernicious of vices. I have argued on this subject so often, here and in other places, that I fear I shall repeat the same things I have said before. But there is nothing to be said on the other side of the question. I can't find a man who will have a word to say in defence of alcohol—(laughter.) There is, however, one view of this matter which struck me last night in the Tabernacle, which it seems to me has a great deal of force. It is an argument rather though for gentlemen than ladies. I would ask every man who is in the habit of drinking wine or brandy, what would be his feelings, if he should see his sister, or his wife, or his sweetheart, a *temperate* wine drinker—if he should see them on the brink of hurrying into that vice which he knows to be fraught with so much horror?

I thank God I have had no opportunity to witness the different effects produced by the use of alcohol upon each of the sexes, but it cannot more utterly unwoman woman than it unmans man. It makes man a demon, a stranger and an alien to his kind, crushes and pollutes all that is manly and ennobling in his nature. What less can it do than to destroy and degrade all that is holy and beautiful in woman? Just suppose women got drunk like men—what sort of a world would this be to live in? Oh, let this thought sink into our hearts—let us look at the accursed vice in this most hideous aspect, and then shall we *realize* somewhat of its utter degradation.

Woman, of all others, is the most interested in this subject—she is most interested in putting down this infernal habit. She was formed not to be alone on the earth. She was formed to be dependent, relying, from tottering infancy to tottering age. Man must be her support and companion through life, a father, lover, or husband. And in her old age she must rely upon the manly arm of her son to support and cheer, and strength-

en her as she passes down the declining vale of years. Woman then is most deeply interested in the triumph of this glorious cause of temperance. But how shall we account for the fact that men will wreck their own happiness and that of others, and give themselves up to the use of a poison, whose effects they look upon with so much horror in others? It is a poison—There is nothing in the universe like it, though the very elements are charged with destruction there is no poison like this. Other things may stimulate, but nothing else makes men drunk.

But I do believe in my soul that the time has come when all this fashionable destruction of the moral and physical body is to be done away with. And here let me say to them who want to be in the fashion, that they had better watch the signs of the times. What sort of a condition must that man be in who finds himself the last drunkard! [laughter.] The last drunkard! what a predicament he will find himself in! [laughter.] I assure you, ladies and gentlemen, that temperance is getting to be all the fashion. Why, a few days since, a man sent me a very handsome vest—and on examining the lining and materials I found the words “Total Abstinence” printed all over it. But I want to talk to you about the virtues of cold water. If there is a man in this room who is in the daily habit of drinking wine or brandy, he has forgotten how water tastes. What would not a man give to feel like he did when he was a boy? If he would return to all the bright and beautiful function of his youth, let him go back to the gushing fountains where he slaked his thirst in the bounding and joyous days of boyhood. There is no animal on the face of the earth but is refreshed and invigorated by its influence—from the hen, which after sipping the cooling drop from the bucket, lifts up its head as if in thanksgiving to that Being who has provided it with so luxurious a beverage, and so on through all grades of animate nature, to the buffalo which roams on the prairie, and from the stately oak to the veriest blade of grass, or the most delicate flower which upturns its petals to catch the dew-drop. [Cheers]

Mr. Marshall then proceeded to speak of the happiness he had felt since he signed the pledge, and more than all in the good he might have been instrumental in doing to others. And here, gentlemen and ladies, he continued, allow me to read a letter I find in the newspapers. It is not from any feelings of vanity I assure you.

“Will Mr. Marshall pardon a lady for thanking him, through the medium of the public press, for his able and surpassingly eloquent speech on Temperance? It has had the blessed effect to cheer a friend, and make a widowed heart rejoice, as her *only son*, a well known Lawyer, has pledged himself to “Total Abstinence,” with some gentlemen in this city, in consequence of having read that *admirable address*. Two of the sons-in-law of the President of the United States, have likewise pledged themselves.