

the language of soberness and truth? Exeter Hall on Monday night again presented a memorable scene. By eight, the time appointed for the commencement of the evening's proceedings, it was well filled, and by an audience composed principally of men. We do not underrate woman's influence; we believe no good work can prosper without it; we believe it to be omnipotent; but at the same time, we admit that woman is sooner melted into tears or roused to indignation than her lord and master, and that to master the emotions of man is a greater effort, and, therefore, a proof of greater power. Thus much, at any rate, Gough proved—that he possessed that power. In delicate health—he had spent the day in bed—he was still equal to the occasion, and spoke so as neither to impair the reputation he has achieved nor to disappoint the audience who had come from far and near to hear him.

After singing a hymn, George Cruikshank took the chair, and said a few words, by way of introduction, suited to the time and place. Then rose Gough, weak in body, but strong in mind and heart. He began by showing how the drunkard needed sympathy, not scorn, and he illustrated that by his own experience. In his deepest degradation he could not bear the scorn of his fellowmen, when he signed the Temperance Pledge he had had that sympathy accorded to him. Then a new world opened to him—he felt as a being with a capacity for enjoyment; but he was simply a reformed drunkard, not a reformed man. For the first time in seven years he went to a place of worship. He confessed he did not go there from a right motive, he went to show his good clothes. He was a proud, self-conceited, dictatorial, reformed drunkard. Mr. Gough then referred to his re-signing the pledge, and concluded a speech of an hour and a quarter's duration by showing the importance of ministers praying for the success of the Temperance cause. He illustrated that by giving the case of a man whom he had induced to sign the pledge, and whom he had taken to hear his minister. The minister prayed for every description of persons but the reformed drunkard, and that man never went into a place of worship afterwards, and soon after abandoned the pledge and became a worse drunkard than before.

On Tuesday, Mr. Gough delivered an oration at Zion Chapel, Whitechapel. The evening was dreary, it rained in torrents, yet that immense building was crowded in almost every part. At times there have been curious crowds in that chapel. Originally it was a circus; then the Apostolic Whitefield, in an age of sensualism, there sought to permeate men's minds with a living faith in Christ and God. At a later time it re-echoed the piety and prayers of a Rowland Hill. Who shall say that Gough was not a worthy follower of such? After an appropriate prayer had been offered up by the Rev. C. Stovel, minister of Little Prescot street Chapel, the Rev. W. L. Smith took the chair, and after expressing his attachment to the cause which Mr. Gough had come then to advocate, called upon Mr. Whittaker to say a few words in consequence of Mr. Gough's indisposition, and if we may judge from the effect Mr. Whittaker produced what few words he did say were very much to the purpose. In a quarter of an hour he did as much as a good orator could do in an hour. I never saw the heart of an audience got at in a shorter time as he gave an account of what had been done in England to put down drunkenness till total abstinence was adopted, and expressed his faith in that, however its advocates might droop and die. After such a speech it really seemed hardiness for another man to get up at all, and so it would, had not that man been Gough. The oration was one, that, as usual, defied reporting. To follow Mr. Gough, we need not a shorthand writer, but a Fuseli or a Cruikshank. His lecture was a series of pictures, harrowing in their details, fearful in their colours. He began by expressing his utter astonishment at the contempt with which the abstinence movement was regarded in Eng-

land; he believed that was because it required self-denial. The moderate drinker would recommend the drunkard to abstain, but he had not self-denial enough to abstain himself. Mr. Gough said since he had been in this country he had been intensely struck with the ragged schools; so enraptured was he with them, that whenever he was asked he would advocate them. Now what made them ragged children but drink? He remembered once walking in a place called the Five Points in New York, one of the most depraved parts of the city, and he saw what seemed a head of rags. A brutal fellow came up and gave it a kick, and it moved, and a woman's white arm fell out, and another brutal fellow came and lifted it up, and the bonnet fell off, and displayed a mass of beautiful hair, and the face of a girl of eighteen; what made her in that state?—the drinking customs of society. If we altered them, such a thing would be as rare as a dark day in the midst of July. We see the child sent out to beg for its parent a quart of gin. No wonder we had ragged children then. Do away with the drink, and see how much is gained. He told the Boston people after he had spoken there 160 times, he was ready to meet any man in an argument on the question. He would bring his witnesses, the debauched drunkard, the miserable sot: these men, sunk as they were in degradation, had hearts. Then Gough referred to the history of the temperance movement in America, to the warm reception given there to the English delegates, John Cassell and Dr. Lees, and concluded by expressing his conviction that their motto was *excelsior*, and their prayer that God would speed the right.

Wednesday night again witnessed another gathering at Exeter-hall. After a temperance hymn had been sung, Mr. Charles Gilpin took the chair. In accordance with the promise he had given, Mr. Gough said he came there to speak in support of the Maine Law, but he deprecated giving offence, and he would make his special acknowledgement to the press. As usual, Mr. Gough's speech defied reporting; as usual, it was full of anecdote and dramatic power—now moving to laughter—now melting to tears; a thing to be heard and seen and felt, not read. As regards Gough, most essentially the secret of success is action, and it is as difficult to give that as, according to Dr. Johnson, it is to answer a sneer. Gough makes the feeblest word in our language tell, and he can do as much by his looks as other men can by their most labored and passionate harangues. He maintained that the advocate of abstinence had a right to use any facts, historical or political, that supported their cause. There was a stream rolling on, bearing men to destruction. After a time there was a bridge constructed, and some were picked up and saved. Now they wanted to ascend higher, and to stop the source of that stream itself. There were men whose business it was to induce men to drink; it was their business to put a stop to that business. He denied that the business was respectable—he denied that it was respectable to take the money of the poor bloated drunkard, who went into a shop to buy two pennyworth of gin. There was this difference between the business of a distiller and that of other men. The tailor, the shoemaker, improved the value of their materials. Not so the distiller. He looked upon the business as the one great swindle of the age. The liquor business was essentially one of humbug. He had seen it stated that the grapes had failed in Madeira. Well, the lovers of Madeira would still be able to drink their wine as usual. Brandy—champagne were made at home. The business was a complete humbug; and, so long as there was a desire to hear him, he would remain in his native land to expose it (an announcement received with tremendous cheers). The liquor-traffic was the cause of pauperism, of crime. Before they passed the Maine Law the Mayor of Portland had stated that it was desirable the House of Correction in that city was enlarged; now it was empty and to let. For the same cause, the only use to