

middle stature, spare in form, seemingly devoid of physical energy. His features are strikingly expressive; and as his dark hair shades in part a broad full forehead, something tells you that a firm resolve, and keen perception of character are centered in him. His face is oval, dark, and pale, and those who relish a hirsute appendage, boyish; but as he stands before you and begins to reason with you, you feel instinctively that he has in him a large and noble share of that which Dr. Isaac Watts declared to be 'the measure of the man.' He is haggard and worn; and has a jaded air about him, doubtless the result of his former dissipation, and present unwearied exertions in the abstinence cause. None who have marked Gough as attentively as I did, can fail to remember him. There is a glance in his small dark eye, as he looks upward, and battles for the nobility of human nature, which at once deeply impresses the retentive powers of his hearers.

Like all natural orators, Gough plunges at once into the heart of his subject. He holds no apologetic or introductory parley at the outset. He has confidence in his own powers to interest, and implicit self-reliance; and thus within the first five minutes has his audience interested in his favour by exciting their visible faculties. I have said that Gough is a natural orator; he acts what he speaks, and suits at once his features and action to his words. The astute editor of the *Caledonia Mercury* was reminded by Gough of the elder Kean—but he failed to remark that there is more, much more, than mere histrionic effect in the acting of the former. While Kean merely performed to suit the speech prepared for him by the Bard of Avon, Gough utters eloquence of his own composition, and interests his audience from his own intellectual resources. Kean was merely a mechanical player—I doubt not he would have shone as a star of the first magnitude on the stage; but we would in that event, have wanted his orations, which are enough to establish his fame in themselves.

It is interesting to note how the ludicrous and the beautiful, the humorous and the pathetic are blended in his lectures. He can touch every chord in the human breast, convulse with laughter or bathe the cheek with tears. His powers of imitation are immense, and all his illustrations pointed and forcible. He seems to be master of all the passions, joy, grief, hope, fear, love, hatred, admiration, pity; he can move them all, can make the cold-blooded cynic a warm enthusiast; clothe the face of misanthropy with the smile of benevolence, and bring the pearly tears to chase each other adown the cheek of beauty. His language occasionally common, is often sublime, and always serves to impress his meaning deeply on the listening mind. By my estimate, Gough has sustained his reputation of being a great and true orator. I judge him not by 'square and rule,' nor by polished language and rounded periods, but I judge him by 'nature's laws.' I consider that the man who can enchant and enchain an assemblage of three thousand, or thereabouts, of both sexes, and make them hang upon his lips—who can move their emotions to shed the tear of pity, or curl the lip of scorn—who can bring a smile or a tear to the countenance of his hearer, and impress the truth of his dogma on minds once sceptic or undecided, that he and he alone is a natural orator. None who have seen the scowl of indignation, the glance of contempt, or the bland smile of kindness on the face of Gough, and at the same time have laughed at his mirth-moving illustrations, or vibrated beneath his thrilling and fervid appeals, can doubt his claim. His descriptive powers are of the very highest order; altogether, he is a noble hero, doing battle in a noble cause.

His oration of Wednesday evening was a perfect one of its class. His paraphrase of excuses for obtaining a supply of liquor medically was humorous and truthful, and his 'Tale of Nan-tucket,' and the twelve female committees told with splendid effect. As a piece of artistic and beautiful oratory, I think his description of the city of New York, excited by the long absence of the steamer *Atlantic*, excelled anything I ever heard. It was a magnificent and eloquent delineation. But Gough must be heard to be appreciated. I conclude by hoping that he may be the honoured means of accomplishing much good in our land. As the authoress of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* foretold—'He is moving this country,' may he go on as he has begun, and may his visit to our shores mark the speedy annihilation of the deadly and

do honour to Mr. Gough. The Rev. Dr. Grey having craved the Divine blessing, tea and coffee were served up, and a military band from the castle discoursed splendid music. The chairman, Mr. J. S. Marr, informed the meeting that Mr. Gough had addressed thirteen meetings, and at least 24,000 hearers during the past month in the city, while he had also visited Kelso, Leith, Pennycuik, Dalkeith, Linlithgow, and Stirling, where he had addressed large audiences. The Edinburgh Abstinence Society had added 1,150 members to its roll, and the University and Free Church College Societies had also added largely to their membership; but this he believed was a very low estimate of the good which had resulted from the visit. The society had arranged for Mr. Gough's return in October.

The Rev. William Reid said there were many parties whose co-operation it was desirable to obtain, and when they appealed to Christian men for this, it seemed to him that all that was necessary was to show the lawfulness of their cause. Now there is no law, human or Divine, that requires them to drink intoxicants. To do it, may injure a brother, and so he is as much bound to abstain, as if it were one of the Divine commands.

The Rev. James Robertson, of Newington, said, the guest of the evening was worthy the cause, and the cause was worthy of him, and he felt they were bound to honour him whom God had honoured. Mr. Gough, in his large hearted-benevolence, deep-toned piety, and marvellous illustrative power, never dipped his arrows in gall; and from this, arose much of his commanding influence. The abstinence cause had obtained a hearing by him from many who had refused it to all preceding agents; and many began to see that moderate drinking was the life-giving and sustaining power of drunkenness.

The Rev. Dr. Brown, of Dalkeith, among many excellent observations, spoke of what the abstinence cause had done for Mr. Gough, and what he had done for it. He possessed a great interest in it, and he himself was possessed by it in soul, body and spirit. He impressed upon the audience the responsibility which devolved upon all who had heard Mr. Gough, and instead of relaxing they must increase in labour.

Mr. Gough was received with tremendous and long continued applause. He said he was in too good humour to venture on a regular speech. But in his excellent address, he showed what all ought to do in their respective spheres in this great enterprise. He addressed particularly young men, young women, and parents.

Mr. Marr, then, in a complimentary speech, presented Mr. Gough with a silver water jug, valued at upwards of £10, which was acknowledged in suitable terms. The proceedings were not brought to a close till near twelve o'clock.

Last night Mr. Gough delivered another oration in the City Hall. Tickets for admission could not be got yesterday morning. So numerous indeed, were the demands at the office of the Association in Glassford Street, that they had to close it early in the day. The hall was, as might be expected, crowded to the ceiling by a most respectable audience. On the right and left of the chairman, we observed the Rev. Drs. Patterson and McFarlane, Rev. Messrs. Jeffrey, McCrae, Waddell, Peters, Williams, Fraser, Russell, &c.; Bailie Smith, Mr. George Gallie, Mr. Wm. Smeal, and a great number of the friends of temperance. The meeting was opened with prayer by Mr. Peters, after which Mr. Gough arose amid immense cheering, and delivered an address of two hours length, which was most thrilling throughout, and maintained the intensest interest without any abatement, to the close. The lecture was well fitted to convince the Christian who stands back from the movement, of the inconsistency and sin of his position.

A LOVER IS A DILEMMA.—One of the drollest occurrences in the annals of gallantry, is related of Gibbon, the historian, who was short in stature, and fat. One day, being alone with the beautiful Madamo de Cronzas, he dropped on his knees before her, and made a declaration of love in the most passionate terms. The astonished lady rejected his suit, and requested him to rise. The abashed historian remained on his knees. 'Rise Mr. Gibbon, I beseech you, rise.' Mr. Gibbon still kept in his posture. Mr. Gibbon will you

Ladies' Department.

I WILL NOT BE A FLIRT.

Don't talk to me of coquetry,
And bid me not exert
More of my woman's witchery,
I cannot be a flirt.

Oh! say not that the men are now,
All supine and inert
And that the only way to "catch,"
Is to desperately flirt.

Say not the world is sadly changed,
And all the girls are pert;
For Emma, if I never "take,"
I can't descend to flirt.

I cannot rush impetuously,
Regardless of the dirt,
To see their dogs, and race-houses,
Indeed! I cannot flirt.

I cannot faint at proper times,
Or scream if on my skirt
A wasp, or grasshopper appears,
In truth, I cannot flirt.

Then say no more my charming friend,
And bid me not inset,
My arm confidently in theirs,
I really cannot flirt.

I cannot firmly hold their hands,
Pretending I am hurt,
Or startled, press upon their arms,
As others do who flirt.

I cannot speak in accents low,
And then my head avert,
While they stoop down most tenderly,
Rejoicing in a flirt.

Then Emma if you love me, pray
Never again revert
To arts that from my soul I hate,
I will not be a flirt.

ANNA M. DENHAM.

CONNUBIAL KISSING.

"We are very willing to believe that the kissing between man and wife is a very pleasant and a very refreshing operation; but somehow, we never see it after the first year or two of wedded life—though some, by the influence of custom or obstinacy, keep it up for half-a-dozen."—EDMUND BAXTER.

"A refreshing operation!" Of course it is. If I had a husband—and I mean to have one some of these days—he should kiss me three times a day. If he refused, his stockings wouldn't get darned, his shirt buttons would fall off, and the string of his dicekeys wouldn't be anywhere. I'd teach him the sentimental part of matrimony with a vengeance! I don't mean to be a drudge for any live man.

A year or two! I should like to see my husband suspend his kisses in a year or two. No sir! He shall kiss me every day—six times a day, if I choose—till he is eighty years old.

Look like a couple of old fools should we? No matter if we did. Kissing is kissing, and if my husband didn't love me well enough to kiss me even if he was eighty years old, why he might go to grass and eat millen! I'm sure, love has nothing to do with one's age, and I don't see why my husband should object to kissing me, even after my face was a little wrinkled.

Ridiculous! No such thing! Do you know, Mr. Editor, that I think you are a barbarian? Not kiss one's wife after a year or two! You don't deserve a wife, sir! I am sure it wouldn't do any good for you to propose to me; for I wouldn't have you any more than I would Blue Beard himself. Not kiss, indeed!

I don't know but that you are a married man. If you are, I pity your wife. You don't deserve her; and if I were she, I'd turn you out of house and home—I would!

Are you not ashamed of yourself—to lead the young lady readers of the *Banner* to suppose there are no delights in matrimony—that a girl would not be kissed by her husband after she had been married a year or two? Fit for shame!

PHANNIE PHEEN.

A WENSTY TERTY BABY.—About a week ago, the wife of a gentleman, living in the eastern part of the city, presented him with a baby which is regarded as a "perfect little wonder." It is a boy, still living, apparently in good health, and when born weighed just one pound. Its last bud was



Youth's Department.

LITTLE THINGS.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the beautiful land.

And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue,
Oft in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above!

TRUE RICHES.

A little boy sat by his mother, looking steadfastly at some distant object. He seemed to be lost in his own reflections. Then as the deep thought began to pass away, his eyes grew bright, and he spoke:—

"Mother, I wish I could be rich."

"Why do you wish to be rich, my son?"

And the child said, "Because every one praises the rich. Every one inquires after the rich. That man yesterday asked who was the richest man in the village. At school there is a boy who does not love to learn. He takes no pains to say well his lesson. Sometimes he speaks evil words. But the children blame him not, for they say his father is rich."

The mother saw that her child was in danger of believing that wealth might take the place of goodness, or be an excuse for indolence, or cause those to be held in honour who lead unworthy lives; so she asked him, "What is it to be rich?"

He answered, "I do not know. Yet do tell me how I may become rich, that all may ask after me and praise me!"

The mother replied: "To become rich is to get money. For this you must wait until you are a man."

Then the boy looked sorrowful and said, "Is there not some other way of becoming rich, that I may begin now?"

She answered, "The gain of money is not the only nor the true wealth. Fires may burn it, the floods drown it, the winds sweep it away, moth and rust waste it, and the robber make it his plunder. Men are wearied with the toil of getting it; and they leave it behind at last. They die and carry nothing away. The soul of the richest prince goes forth like that of the way-side beggar, without a garment. But there is another kind of riches which is not kept in the purse: it is kept in the heart. Those who possess them are not always praised by men; but they have the praise of God."

Then said the boy, "May I begin to gather that kind of riches now, or must I wait till I grow up, and am a man?" The mother laid her hand upon his little head; and said, "To-day, if you will hear His voice; for he hath promised that those who seek early shall find."

And the child said, "Teach me how I can become rich before God." Then she looked tenderly on him and said, "Kneel down every night and morning and ask that in your heart you may love the dear Saviour, and trust in him. Obey his word and strive all the days of your life to be good, and do good to all. So, though you may be poor in this world, you may be rich in faith, and an heir to the kingdom of heaven."

Hops and Beans.—*Baxter's Chronicle* relates that