

[ORIGINAL.]

## TO THE LATE J. W. SPENCER.

Oh shade of him who sleeps 'neath clay'  
Appear and ease my anxious mind;  
Come tell me whence from earth shall stray,  
The friends that thou hast left behind!

Shall they through bright elysian fields,  
As rich as those Greeks did desire,  
Wander, when first the life cord yields,  
Before the shafts grim death doth fly!

Or shall they in those dark domains,  
Where evil demons darkly dwell,  
For aye abide—bound down in chains,  
In Greeks' tartarus—Christians' hell!

Ah, no answer greets my ear,  
Still must I plod in darkness—still  
Exist and dwell 'twixt hope and fear,  
One hail as joy—one hate as ill!

But still I'll live, for near doth come  
That unto me important day,  
Which wafts me to the dismal tomb,  
And bids my prison'd spirit stray!

Through endless climes of—what, again!  
Dark clouds of must before me roll,  
While vainly through my eyes do strain,  
To view the doubt-beclouded pole.

HENRY KEMPTVILLE.

## MR. GOUGH ON THE MAINE LAW.

The Cincinnati *Daily Times* gives the following sketch of a speech of Mr Gough at the Masonic Hall, on the Maine Law. We should think much of it might a fair report. It will be read with interest:—  
Mr Gough remarked he had not come there that day to discuss particularly the Maine Law, but he would give his opinions on it. Annihilation was the remedy for intemperance. It was asserted by many, that no one had a right to oppose the traffic, and the strenuous exertions of temperance societies had been so employed. This was an egregious error—the traffic, and the traffic alone should be warred against. He had proved what he asserted; proving the truth of the same, not mere vituperation, was what makes men angry. He stated from the very bottom of his heart, he hated the traffic; he had been a drunkard, and could prefer all manner of misfortune to a return to the degraded condition, and yet would rather be the lowest, least, most drunkard, than a liquor seller. So strong a reason required fortification with reasons, he was coward and a slanderer if he did not give them.  
The dealing in liquor was a useless trade; the dealer could get nothing more than his "board and clothes," could own nothing properly called his, but the small piece of ground which should be his grave. He might care wealth but what good would it do him?—he could give it to those who cared for him not a fig.  
The seller of liquor was a pauper—a pauper inasmuch as he received support from the public without any return; which was the true definition of a pauper. He turned out his customers, disease, and death, and distress, and murder, and received curses, broken hearts, blasted hopes, and fiendish depravity as his recompense. No class of the community was more debased than the wine and liquor drinker. Young men gloried in drinking sparkling champagne worth ten dollars a bottle, when it was cider sifted through a sieve, and cost the manufacturer fifteen cents. Most wines in this country were made by a chemical process, and never saw the land of their pretended importation, unless sent hither to insure deception. At the late World's Fair, where almost every possible production of human art was exhibited, not a single drop of liquor was visible, though millions of dollars are employed in its manufacture. This fact he considered one of the signs of the times.  
No better proof of the effect of the Maine Law was needed than the simple knowledge of the decreased number of the inmates of the penitentiary, the almshouses and houses of correction. These, within a ten period after the passage of the law had diminished to fifty, and in some instances over seventy-five per cent.  
He hated the liquor selling business for the effect it had upon the seller. He might be naturally generous,

humane, and sympathetic, but his soul-damning trade would convert the gentle blood of his better nature into gall. He might play the philanthropic to an unfortunate man who fell before his door in a fit, to his customers, however, those by whom he lived, he was ice and adamant. No agonized mother's prayer, or pale-faced weeping daughter's supplications, no despairing, heart-broken wife's appeal could touch his feelings, withered as they were by selfishness and love of gain. Mr G. then gave several examples of the base treatment of wives and daughters, who had begged liquor dealers to sell their husbands and fathers no more poison. The relation of such incredible brutality would rouse the lion in the lamb.

Numberless persons there were who laughed and took delight in the fall of any man who had once been temperate or in any way associated with the temperance cause. If he himself were to enter any one of the coffee houses, whether the lowest grogger or the splendid saloon, and ask for a glass of brandy, the proprietor, knowing it would produce phrenzy in his brain, bring his aged father in sorrow to the grave, break his consort's dotting heart, and blast his every prospect present and to come—would he not give it to him? If on the morrow he were to fall, and again become a drunken, drelling idiot, would not the coffee house and the anti-temperance men be rejoiced, and throw up their hats and shout, until the infernal imps in the nethermost hell would waken up and wonder why their ancestors were creating so terrific an uproar? The speaker had known frequent instances where every effort had been made by persons opposed to this cause, to get temperance advocates drunk, and who when they succeeded, were as enraptured as if they had conquered a hemisphere. These wretches (for such they were) felt proud that they had reduced a fellow-creature to the level of the brute, and stilled, perhaps forever, each elevated sentiment of nature. From an example so pregnant with horror, the arch-fiend himself would revolt, and hurry, howling, back to his native hell.

No redress could be gained from a liquor seller—none whatever. He might murder indirectly your brother and your father, but no course was left you but calm submission. You might kill the artless liquor seller, but would that be of any possible benefit to him that had gone? You would thus only injure yourself, and become the victim of the law. Talk as we might, the trafficker in the liquid poison had his patron completely in his power; he bound about him the hateful and loathsome fetters no hand could sever, but which weighed him gradually down to despair, death, and damnation.

The Maine Law did away at once with all these evils, it acted decidedly and effectually, and until you can put the law into vigorous execution you must suffer unnumbering the thousand miseries that may be pitilessly heaped not only on your relatives and friends, but upon the whole race of mankind. The Maine Law is the proper law to quench—the only law that will quench—the fatal plague that is yearly consuming thousands. Give him, he said, the Maine Law or none—annihilation or nothing. Take extreme measures, or abandon the labor,—which must result fruitlessly. This law had been called a political measure, it was not; it was a law of humanity which sprang impulsively from the teachings of christianity, and had its foundation upon the grand basis of all religion. "Do unto others as unto yourself"

It had been remarked the law was in advance of the age; so likewise had it been stated of the movement in favor of the great representative of free principles, the opposer of tyranny and oppression, who was sojourning, an exile on our shores. But neither was in advance of the age that had for its end and object the melioration of man, the ennoblement of his faculties and the suppression of vice. Such reforms could never commence too soon nor end too late. This was an age of progress. The first temperance society in the Union provided that "its members should abstain from all spirituous liquor—except on the Fourth of July." How had the cause since advanced! and it would continue advancing until the Maine Law was everywhere carried into effect. Its necessity was being felt more and more every day.—Countless methods had been adopted and tried, and experience had taught this was the only manner of rescuing the world from the most horrible of all vices, honor destroying, sense consuming, contagion-breathing, woecreating, soul-damning intemperance. The present generation might not live to see this glorious advent, but surely as the chariot succeeds the lightning's flash, the path that leads to its consummation was being cleared

and prepared, flowers of rarest hues and fragrant odors were being planted along the once sterile waste, toilers though weary and care-worn, were still diligently labouring in the righteous cause, which, bursting on a sudden into noontide refulgence, would light the remotest region with its rays, and scatter ghastly vice before its virtue promoting beams.

Mr Gough trusted his audience would excuse him from saying more, as he felt considerably exhausted, having spoken during the last twelve days seventeen times, and each time nearly two hours. He thanked them for their attention, which evidenced an interest in the mighty cause of which he was an humble advocate. "Good night," he concluded; "God bless you, my friends," and grant you the disposition and the strength to overcome this inexorable demon, against which we are contending. My earnest wishes and my heart are with you. Again, God bless you, and good night."

Tremendous applause greeted him at the close as it previously had at frequent intervals during his discourse. Great enthusiasm prevailed, and all present appeared to participate in the feelings of the occasion.

From the New York Observer.

## MR HANNIGAN'S CRIME.

The facts as to the killing of his brother-in-law Captain Duncan, by the Hon. Edward H. Hannigan, are already well known. Mr. Hannigan had been a member of the Legislature, both Houses of Congress, Ambassador to Prussia, and might have been honored and useful in every relation of life, but for his fearful devotion to liquor, which has long rendered him a terror and disgrace to his friends, and has at length probably led him to a felon's doom. John Wentworth, who served with him in Congress, thus comments on his case in his *Chicago Democrat*:—

"Every man who has seen Mr. Hannigan when under the influence of liquor as we have, can believe the above. And every one who has seen him and lived at the same house with him, and his family, as we have, when he has been a total abstinence man for months together, will indeed pity him. When sober he is as pure, as upright, as kind, and as generous a man as there is in the country. With him there can be no middle state. He is a brute when drunk. When sober he will compare in all the elements of goodness with any man living. But he cannot drink without getting drunk.

"He entered the lower House of Congress many years ago, a perfectly Temperance man; and in point of talents, integrity, and popularity, his prospects were as flattering as those of any young man in the United States. But Washington fashions and habits were too much for him. Dissipation drove him to private life. He reformed, became a Temperance lecturer, and an exemplary member of a Church. His exhortations in times of great revivals, are said to have equalled those of the most eloquent divines. At length his old habits were forgotten, and he was sent again to the Senate. He took his seat an exemplary Son of Temperance. But, again the temptations were too great for him. His struggles with himself were gigantic, and the assistance of one of nature's noblest of women, his wife, secured for him the sympathies of everybody. But he would have his spree, and he lost his re-election. Like most politicians, he left his office miserably poor at the close of his term; and Mr. Polk's administration, to keep so popular and so good a man from despair and ruin, although it came out of General Taylor's term, the Senators, both Whigs and Democrats, signed a call for Mr. Polk to send him to Russia, and he was sent on that mission. His unfortunate career there is well known. Since his return we have heard nothing of him until this melancholy affair.

"We have seen many a young man enter Congress perfectly temperate, and leave it ruined; but we never knew one who had so many efforts to save him, as Mr. Hannigan. We have in our mind three, in our own term, who killed themselves. Mr. H. has tried to do so several times; but he lived to kill his wife's brother, the best of friends, save the wife, he had in the world. That he wishes he was in poor Duncan's place, we have no doubt. What an awful comment is this upon the evils of intemperance. It was the first drop that ruined Hannigan."

"John Wentworth, who gives this account of poor Hannigan, was lately a member of Congress from Illinois. We knew him in 1839, in the West, when a poor boy just starting in a printer's career.—Ed. Sox.]