creatures in such a state of degradation that she went to work among the women first, teaching them how to make their homes more happy; but their cry was, "We can do nothing while our husbands drink." What did she do? Setting an example to the women of Boston, she invited sixteen of the worst of the men (and bad enough they were; for they used to go out into the fields near the Kensington potteries and pummel each other to a jelly for a pot of ale; their fists were used to beat out God's image),—she invited, I say, sixteen of the worst of them to come to tea. Very much embarrassed were they after tea.

"I suppose," she said, "you hardly think any one has been caring for you for a great many years past?"

"Oh, yes!" they said, "we know well the policemen have been caring for us."

She told them she had been caring for them. She began, and at last she had seventy-eight of these men teetotalers; seventy-eight of them signed the pledge. She works with religion as well as with temperance. She instituted evening readings; and I tell you, ladies and gentlemen, that to see seventy or eighty men who are covered with scars that have been received in Satan's service, with fists that have been used for fighting folded in their laps, sitting there, great men, and hearing that little woman reading—what?—"A new commandment give I unto you, that you love one another even as I have loved you;" and then to see the eyes grow dim, and the great hard hand brush away the tear, and hear the great heaving sob that shakes the strong man from head to foot as he hears for the first time these strange, sweet words,—I tell you that is a sight to stir the very soul. I say, sir, and I appeal to these ministers of the gospel, that if there is a movement based on a lawful principle that will bring men

from the deep, dark depths of drunkenness, only to hear such words as these, it demands your sympathy and the sympathy of every Christian minister and man the wide world over.

I said, when I began, that I was a trophy of this movement, and therefore the principal part of my work has been (not ignoring other parts) in behalf of those who have suffered as I have suffered. You know there is a great deal said about the reckless victims of this foe being "brutes." No, they are not brutes. I have labored for eighteen years among them and I have never found a brute. I have had men swear at me; I have had a man dance around me as if possessed of a devil and spit his foam in my face; but I never found a man I would give up. It may take a long time to reach his manhood; but he is not a brute. I think it is Charles Dickens who says, "Away up a great many pair of stairs, in a very remote corner, easily passed by, there is a door, and on that door is written—'WOMAN;'" and so in the heart of the vilest outcast, away up a great many pair of stairs, in a very remote corner, easily passed by, there is a door on which is written "MAN." Here is our business,—to find that door. It may take a long time; but begin and knock. Don't get tired; but remember God's long-suffering to us and keep knocking a long time if need be. Don't get weary if there is no answer; remember him whose locks were wet with the dew. Knock on; just try it; you try it; and just so sure as you do, just so sure, by and by, will the quivering lip and starting tear tell you you have been knocking at the heart of a man and not of a brute. It is because these poor wretches are men, and not brutes, that we have hopes of them.

I once picked up a man in the market-place. They said, "He is a brute; let him alone." I took him home with me and kept the " brute " fourteen days and nights through his delirium, and he nearly frightened Mary out of her wits one night, chasing her all about the house with a boot in his hand. But she recovered her wits and he recovered his. He said to me, " You wouldn't think I had a wife and child? "

" Well, I shouldn't."

" I have; and—God bless her dear little heart!—my little Mary is as pretty a little thing as ever stepped," said the " brute."

I asked, " Where do they live? "

" They live two miles away from here."

" When did you see them last? "

" About two years ago."

Then he told me his sad story. I said, " You must go back again."

" I mustn't go back; I won't: my wife is better without me than with me. I will not go back any more. I have knocked her, and kicked her, and abused her; do you suppose I will go back again?"

I went to the house with him. I knocked at the door and his wife opened it.

" Is this Mrs. Richardson?"

" Yes, sir."

" Well, that is Mr. Richardson; and Mr. Richardson, that is Mrs. Richardson. Now come into the house."

They went in. The wife sat on one side of the room and the " brute " on the other. I waited to see who would speak first; and it was the woman. But before she spoke she fidgeted a good deal. She pulled up her apron until she got hold of the hem, and then she pulled it all down again. Then she folded it up closely and jerked it out through her fingers an inch at a time; and then she spread it all down again; and then she looked all about the room and said, " Well, William!" and the " brute " said, " Well, Mary!" He had a large handkerchief around his neck; and she said, " You had better take the handkerchief off, William, you will need it when you go out." He began to fumble about it. The knot was large enough; he could have untied it if he liked; but he said, " Will you untie it, Mary?" And she worked away at it, but her fingers were clumsy and she couldn't get it off. Their eyes met, and the love-light was not all quenched: he opened his arms gently and she fell into them. If you could have seen those white arms clasped about his neck, and he sobbing on her breast, and the child looking in wonder first at one and then at the other, you would have said, " It is not a brute: it is a man, with a great big warm heart in his breast."

I tell you it is a glorious work to get at these hearts: it is a glorious work to play upon a man; to play upon him until you make him sing,—ay, and sing sweet music, too.

A man came to me at Covent Garden, summer before last, and said, " Mr. Gough, I want you to come into my place of business."

I replied, " I am in a little hurry now."

" You must come into my place of business! "

So, when he had got me there,—into a large fruit-stall, where he was doing business to the amount of two hundred and fifty or three hundred pounds (a thousand or twelve hundred and fifty dollars) a week,—he caught hold of my hand and said,

" God bless you, sir! "

" What for?—have I ever seen you before? "

" I heard you, sir," he said, " in Exeter Hall, in 1853. I was a brute! "

"No, you were not."

"Well, I was worse."

"No, you were not."

"Well, I was as bad as ever I could be."

Then he told me some sad things and went on:

"God bless you, sir! See what a business I am doing! Look here! See that woman in the corner: it is my wife. La! how I have knocked her about! Would you go and shake hands with her?"

"I have no objection."

"Do, sir."

"I went up to her and offered my hand. She held back and said, "My fingers are so sticky with fruit, sir!"

"La!" said the husband; "Mr. Gough, you don't mind a little sticky fingers?"

"No, sir,"—and I shook hands with her. Our fingers stuck together: they were more sticky than I had expected. Again the man said to me,

"God bless you, sir! I wish I could give you something. Do you like oranges?"

"Sometimes."

He went to a shelf that was full of them and began to fill a bag with them. "That's enough, sir;" but he paid no attention to me, but filled the bag and put it into my arms. "Go along with you!" said he; "don't say a word; go along with you! God bless you!" I had positively to hire a cab to get home.

The day before Christmas I took an American lady—who is in this house to-night—to see this man, saying, "I am going to call on a gentleman whom I want you to see." I had spoken on the preceding Monday evening in Exeter Hall for the eighty-first time; and you know when a man speaks eighty-one times in one place on the same subject he gets pretty well pushed for matter: so I told this story there. The first thing he said when I entered his place of business was, "Oh! you gave somebody a terrible rub last Monday, didn't you?"

"You didn't mind it?"

"Mind it? No; I liked it. The man next to me kept a-nudging me and saying, 'That means you.' But, Mr. Gough, just look at that cellar!"

"I see the cellar."

"I want to show you this letter. I have a letter from Manchester ordering me to send them five hundred pounds of fruit. Now, do you suppose anybody would have ordered that of such a fellow as I used to be? Look at that cellar. I spent a whole Sunday in that cellar, on a heap of rotten vegetables, with a rope to hang myself by. I heard the bells chime for church, and knew when they were singing and when they were praying and when they were preaching. They little thought a poor wretch was down here fighting; for it was a steady fight all that day between that rope and me and my conscience. Now, sir, I lease that cellar and clear a hundred pounds a year. Here come my children—just from boarding-school—four of 'em. Shake hands with 'em. Oh, how I wish you lived where I do!"

Perhaps you are getting tired of these incidents; but there is one more of which I would like to speak to you, because it shows that we who work among the hardest and vilest outcasts are repaid by the fact that we are working for men. I was to speak in a certain place, and a poor fellow came with what is called a "fly,"—that is, a one-horse cab,—to take me some six miles to the railway station where I was to speak. I noticed that he was leaning forward, and then took a handkerchief out of his pocket and tied it around his face. I said: "Have you a cold?"

"No."

Then he tied the handkerchief up this way.

"Have you the toothache?"

"No."

He seemed to lean forward and sit so uneasily that I said to him, "Why do you sit forward in that way?"

"Why, sir," he said, "the window of the carriage is broken, and I am trying to keep the wind off of you, sir."

"The Lord bless you, my friend! what do you mean by that? Are you putting your head in that hole to keep the wind from me?"

"Yes, sir, I am."

"And why?"

He burst into tears: "It's because I owe everything I have in the world to you. When I first heard you I was singing ballads in the streets with my half-starved wife following me with a baby in her arms. Now I have a comfortable home. God bless you, sir! I'd stick my head in any hole under heaven for you."

The next morning I breakfasted with him at six o'clock. I have breakfasted and dined where they have had footmen,—with a great preponderance of calf, and top-knots, or whatever they call them, on their shoulders,—snatching your plate away before you got half through; but I have never had such a breakfast as that in my life. I believe that man and his wife had been up all night to get it ready for me. There was no floor except an earthen floor; the ceiling was of great rafters, blackened with smoke; but such a breakfast!

These are the men we are working for; and we defend the principle of total abstinence as a lawful principle in the highest sense of the term; as an expedient principle; as a benevolent principle calculated to do this one work of rescuing the drunkard.

And another thing you will allow me to say, though certainly I did not intend or expect to make a long speech. I came laboring under this heavy affliction which has been referred to and I felt that it would be almost impossible for me to face an audience to-night; and therefore you must bear with me under the circumstances if I speak chiefly of these reminiscences of the past. I love this temperance movement. I ought to love it, and in that day for which all other days were made it will be seen that my love for the temperance movement has been next to my love for the blessed religion of the Lord Jesus Christ nearest to my heart. Do you suppose I can look at a scene like this and not recur to the past?

The past is ever before me; the past is to me one perpetual photograph that will never fade out; that grows more and more distinct the longer I live. The fire that scorched me in the distance seems to burn brighter, the iron that entered my flesh seems to be sharper the further I remove from it. For the love I bear the temperance movement I take no credit to myself. The temperance movement has made me what I am, if I am anything, if I am worth anything in this world; and for the temperance movement I mean to work to the day of my death. And I pray you that when I die I may die in the harness. I come back to you here. I see your young men plunged in dissipation. Oh, it is pitiful to go through the streets as I have in Boston to-day and see boldly and openly displayed the signs that tell us of the dreadful, horrible traffic that is carried on in spite of the will of the people. Who are these few men that dare to ignore the expressed will of the people? Who are they that dare to fill the lower parts of your city with the horrible stench of the accursed distillery? Who are they that dare do this when the people say they shall not? Up, up, up, men of Boston! Crush it out! You can do it! Can? Some people say it is impossible. A great many begin and end all their effort by saying it is impossible. Do you remember the incident that occurred when Mr. Webster delivered his great oration at the foot of Bunker Hill monument? The crowd was pressing up on all sides toward the platform, and the committee said "Gentlemen, stand back." "We can't," said the crowd, and they never attempted it. They continued to press up. The platform began to crack, endangering life and limb. "Stand back."

"We can't stand back," said the people and made no effort.

Mr. Webster rose to his feet and said, "Gentlemen, you must stand back."

"Mr. Webster, it is impossible to stand back." "Impossible?" said Webster; "On Bunker Hill nothing is impossible," and down the hill they went. They felt they could and they did. Impossible! It is not our business to create results; we cannot create results, but it is our business to work for results; and the highest position a man can occupy in this world is to stand as a machine, connected with his Maker by a band of loving faith,—God the motor-power, and man the machine. That is your business,—working where he will, when he will, as he will. No matter if you don't see a dramshop closed; that is not your business; work as if the next blow was to dash to pieces the Moloch of drunkenness; and if no results are visible till you lie down to die, die in faith that others are coming up to gather a full harvest on the field that you have planted and tended and prayed over, but have not been able to reap. It is ours to work.

RAMON DE CAMPOAMOR

RAMON DE CAMPOAMOR Y CAMPOOSORIO, Spanish poet, philosopher, and statesman, was born at Navia, province of Asturias, Sept. 24, 1817. Drawn early to literature, he also engaged in political life, in the former field being the earliest Spanish writer of his century to free himself from the spirit of romanticism; in the latter becoming a conservative, with strong royalist sympathies. In the régime of Queen Isabella he was successively Governor of Alicante and Valencia, and while a member of the Cortes he engaged in a lengthy controversy with the statesman, Emilio Castelar, in "El Estudio," his articles being subsequently reissued in a volume as "Polémicas con la Democracía" (1862). During the reign of Amadeo (1870–73) he held the position of director-general, and under Alfonso XII was counsellor of state. Campoamor is the constructor of a new species of composition frequently imitated by the younger school of Spanish writers, consisting of brief, humorous, sentimental poems with a touch of morality or philosophy, called "Doloras." His chief poetical writings include "Ternezas y Flores" (1840); "Ayes del Alma" (1842); "Fabulas Morales y Politicas" (1842); "Colon" (1853); "El Drama Universal" (1873); "El Amor y el Rio Piedra" (1882); "El Trén Express" (1885). Among his dramas may be cited: "Dies Iræ" (1873); "Cuerdos y Locos" (1887); "El Honor" (1874). His chief philosophical writings include "Filosofía de las Leyes" (1846); "Lo Absoluto" (1865); and "El Idealismo" (1883). A collection of his verse, "Obras Escogidas," appeared in 1885. In political life he distinguished himself as an orator.

SPEECH AGAINST THE PRESS LAW

**"Fortune gives favors
That are not written."**

I SAY this because we formerly had some liberty of the press, but we had no law on the subject. We are now going to have a press law, but in exchange we shall have no liberty.

I have risen to speak against the enactment of the press law because this press law has no other object, and will have no other result, than to put the press outside of the law.

Law, gentlemen, is a compact that joins two parties in equal rights and equal duties. In this project for a press law