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Chapter 1 : Autobiography and Personal Recollections of John B. Gough: With Twenty-six - Google Books

*Autobiography and Personal Recollections of John B. Gough: With Twenty-Six Years' Experience as a Public Speaker (Classic Reprint) [John B. Gough] on blog.quintoapp.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. Excerpt from Autobiography and Personal Recollections of John B. Gough: With Twenty-Six Years' Experience as a Public Speaker It may be asked by.*

Biography[edit] He was born at Sandgate, Kent , England , and was educated by his mother, a schoolmistress. At the age of twelve, after his father died, he was sent to the United States to seek his fortune. He arrived in New York City in August , and went to live for two years with family friends on a farm in Oneida County, New York in the western part of the state. He then entered a book-bindery in New York City to learn the trade. There in his mother and sister joined him, but after her death in he fell in with dissolute companions, and became a confirmed drunkard. He lost his position, and for several years supported himself as a ballad singer and story-teller in the cheap theatres and concert-halls of New York and other eastern cities. He had always had a passion for the stage, and made one or two efforts to become an actor, but owing to his habits gained little favor. He married in , and became a bookbinder on his own account. The effort to do his work without giving up his nightly dissipations so affected him that he was on the verge of delirium tremens. He lost his wife and child, and was reduced to the utmost misery. Even this means of livelihood was being closed to him, when in Worcester, Massachusetts , in October , a little kindness shown him by a Quaker induced him to attend a temperance meeting, and to sign a temperance pledge. After several lapses and a terrific struggle, he determined to devote his life to lecturing in behalf of temperance reform. He set forth, carpet-bag in hand, to tramp through the New England states, glad to obtain even seventy-five cents for a temperance lecture, and soon became famous for his eloquence. An intense earnestness derived from experience, and his power of imitation and expression, enabled him to work on the sensibilities of his audiences. He was accustomed to mingle the pathetic and humorous in such a way as to attract thousands to hear him who had no purpose but to be interested and amused. In the first year of his travels, he spoke times, and thenceforward for seventeen years he dealt only with temperance. During that period he addressed over 5, audiences. He visited England in , by invitation of the London Temperance League , was entertained by George Cruikshank , the veteran artist and total abstainer, and his first address, delivered at Exeter Hall , produced a great sensation. He intended to stay but six months, but was kept busy for two years. In he had undertaken to speak at Oxford , and the students had determined to prevent him. He was greeted with hisses, cat calls, and yells. On a subsequent visit, in , he was received with distinguished attention by the Oxonians. He returned to the United States in , and took up his old work with unabated success. In he made another journey to England, and lectured for three years. In his temperance efforts, Gough always kept aloof from politics or any organized effort to accomplish results through legislation, relying entirely on moral influences and on the total abstinence pledge. After confining his addresses to the subject of temperance for 17 years, he began to take up other subjects, literary and social, though from first to last his chief successes were obtained on the temperance platform. After his popularity had led him to vary his subject and to lecture before lyceums , he made a moderate fortune by his eloquence. His subjects were such as to give full scope to his powers of imitation, and to furnish opportunity to stir the feelings. But he rarely failed to introduce some reference to the evils of intemperance. His oratory was not acquired, but natural. He had no elocutionary training, his reading was singularly restricted, and all his resources were from within. Yet he never failed to hold the attention of his audiences. He continued his work until the end of his life. For several years, he made his home at Boylston, Massachusetts. He died at his work, being stricken with apoplexy on the lecture platform in the 1st Presbyterian Church of Frankford, Philadelphia , where he died two days later. He is buried at Hope Cemetery in Worcester, Massachusetts.

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Chapter 2 : Autobiography and Personal Recollections of John B. Gough

Autobiography and Personal Recollections of John B. Gough With Twenty-Six Years' Experience as a Public Speaker by John B. Gough With Twenty-Six Years' Experience as a Public Speaker by John B. Gough.

I answer, that justice to myself, in some measure, demands an explicit statement of the principal incidents in an hitherto eventful life; those incidents, or at least many of them, having, in frequent instances, been erroneously described. Besides this, many who have heard my verbal narrations, have intimated a desire to become more fully acquainted with a career, which, although it has extended but little beyond a quarter of a century, has been fruitful of adventure. I make no pretensions to literary merit, and trust this candid avowal will disarm criticism. Truth constitutes the merit of my tale, if it possess any merit; and most of us know that real life often furnishes stranger stories than romance ever dreamed of; and that facts are frequently more startling than fiction. I am aware that I shall lay myself open to the charge of egotism, as, of necessity, I must speak of myself. There will be faults of style perhaps, hardly conforming to the strict laws of rhetoric, -neither making nor calling for any strong effort of the understanding; but I shall be satisfied if I can keep the mind of my reader pleasantly occupied, without fatiguing it. V I i sider it expedient to retain. And thus I send this book forth, with an earnest desire that it may not simply amuse and interest, but help and stimulate in the battle of life, encourage the despondent, and aid the struggling in their efforts to rise above adverse circumstances.

Invitation to Great Britain-Mr. I have heard my mother say that, in that year, nearly all the windows of our little house were broken by the concussion caused by the firing of cannon from the Castle, in honor of the grand visit of the allied monarchs and their famous followers to England; and that a government agent went round afterwards to pay the bill. It is a romantic little watering-place, frequented by many of the aristocracy and gentry, and was a favorite resort of William Wilberforce. In an old guide-book published the year before I was born Sandgate is described as: The houses, though small, are commodious and remarkably clean, light, and cheerful. It is, indeed, a quiet little spot, and that which has been said of another place of resort may, with propriety, be applied to Sandgate, -it has "cheerfulness without noise, tranquillity without dullness, and facility of communication without disturbance. The earliest account of Sandgate is to be met with in the mention of a castle which was standing there in the reign of Richard the Second, who directed his writ to the keeper of the castle of Sandgate, to admit Henry of Lancaster, Duke of Hereford, with his family, horses, and attendants, to tarry there six weeks for refreshment. On the site of this building, which had been demolished, another castle was built in , by Henry the Eighth. When Elizabeth made her famous progress to the coast in , her majesty honored Sandgate Castle with her presence, and was entertained and lodged here by the Governor. Katharine of Arragon, Anna Boleyn, Katharine Seymour, and others, flitted by me, and -living in the past -surrounded by these associations, almost unconsciously my imagination was cultured, and my mind imbued with a love of history and poetry; and, having a taste for the beauties of nature, I was often to be found roaming on the beach, gazing at the great sea, and listening to its everlasting moan; -little dreaming that three thousand miles beyond, was a land in which my lot would be cast! My father had enlisted as a soldier in , and served in the Fortieth and the famous Fifty-Second Regiments of Light Infantry, till , when he was discharged with a pension of twenty pounds a year. He was once slightly wounded in the breast. I remember, as well as if it had been but yesterday, how he would go through military exercises with me, my mimic weapon being a broom, and my martial equipments some of his faded trappings. I was not, however, destined to see how fields were won. With what intense interest have I often listened to his descriptions of battlefields! How I have shuddered at contemplating the dreadful scenes which he so graphically portrayed! He was present at the memorable battle of Corunna, and witnessed its hero, Sir John Moore, carried from that fatal field. General and his staff. Apart from such attractions as these, my father possessed few for a child. His military habits had become a second nature with him. Stern discipline had been taught him in a severe school, and, it being impossible for him to cast off old associations, he was not calculated to win the deep affections of a child, -although in every respect

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he deserved and possessed my love. Her heart was a fountain whence the pure waters of affection never ceased to flow. Her very being seemed twined with mine, and ardently did I return her love. For the long space of twenty years she had occupied the humble position of school-mistress in the village, and frequently planted the first principles of knowledge in the minds of children whose parents had, years before, been benefited by her early instructions. And well qualified, by nature and acquirements, was she for the interesting office she filled,-if a kindly heart and a well-stored mind be the requisites. Of course I received my first lessons at home, but as I advanced in years, it became advisable that I should be sent to a school; and to one I was accordingly sent. There was a free school in the village, but my father, though he could ill-afford it, paid a weekly sum for my instruction at the seminary of Mr. I progressed rapidly in my limited education, and became a teacher in the school. I have now the last "cyphering book" I used in that school. I was then ten years of age. Soon after, I left the school, and have never since entered a day-school, or Sunday-school, to learn a lesson. As I look back to that far past, and call to mind the scenes of my early childhood, how they pass in review before me! I have always had an intense love of the old, and would travel farther to see a ruin, than the finest modern structure. And no wonder; for the vicinity of my home is full of the monuments of ancient time: How well I remember: My reader will not, probably, thank me for so much description; but it is of my home-my birthplace and I feel that the impressions made on my mind by these surroundings have been permanent. There was nothing to break the dull monotony. The passing of the mail from Dover to London twice each day, through the village, was never without its interest, though the people knew coach and coachmen, and the names of the horses. There was always a group at the inn door to exchange a word with the coachman or guard, or hear a bit of the latest news from London-that far-off, mysterious city! With what reverence, almost amounting to awe, would the staid villagers gaze on one who had been to "Lunnon! One day-a real redletter day to me-my father gave his permission for me to accompany Charley to Maidstone. Behold us, then, we two boys, with the prospect of a seventy miles ride on the top of a crack mail-coach in ! That English mail-coach was a " thing of beauty. How we did spin along, ten miles an hour, horses changed every seven miles! It was wonderfully stirring, and we could almost say of it, as Johnson said to Boswell, as they rapidly rode in a post-chaise,- only we knew nothing of either of those gentlemen then: I have never so thoroughly enjoyed a ride as on that sunny summer day, from Sandgate to Maidstone, and back. I spoke, just now, of the smugglers. There was a regularly organized gang of them in the village; and I must confess that the sympathies of nearly the whole community were generally with them, though their influence was fearfully demoralizing. Lying close to the sea-only twenty-two miles from the French coast -with high hills surrounding the village on every side but one-that towards ithe-it was a spot peculiarly fitted for their successful exploits against the revenue. They were a bold, hardy set of men. A public house, called the Fleur-de-lis, was their favorite haunt. Their boats, painted white, lay along the beach. These towers are each capable of accommodating from twenty-five to thirty men, with a piece of heavy ordnance on the roof. The walls are of great thickness, their shape circular, height between thirty and forty feet. Their foundations are laid at the bottom of a deep pit, which forms a dry ditch, the entrance guarded by a draw-bridge, which, when raised, forms a double door-the inner one strongly cased in copper. The plan of the smugglers was: The most difficult part of their work is to run the names in Sandgate were Bonum, Crappie, Horney, Boxer, and Stickeroff. The name descended from father to son. A boy coming into our little Sunday-school, was asked his name. This is done on a dark night. The smugglers, dressed in white frocks, trowsers, and hats, with moccasins on their feet, glide to their boats-slip the mufflers into the row-locks, lift their boat and carry it into the water, leap into it, and away! In the meantime, their women, and even their children, are aiding them on shore. See that bright light that flashes but a moment from the hill! Every one knows that the smugglers are to have a run to-night. No one, at that time, was permitted to carry a light in the streets after a certain hour; but that is a signal. In an opposite direction, you see another; and if you keep a sharp look out, you will observe in the channel just one flash. They have their bearings. I remember one evening after dark, a boy asked me to go up the hill with him. When we had arrived at a certain point, he took some oakum steeped in turpentine, and laid it on the ground; then took a small dark lantern there were no

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friction matches then and set fire to it. As the tow blazed up, he said "run, Johnny, run,"-and we both did run, blundering and stumbling in the darkness till we came to the village. I went home, and told my father, and he boxed my ears. Occasionally they had trouble, and father would say, when we have heard firing, and sometimes the rushing of feet past our door,-"Ah! My father was in the room, and instantly threw it out into the darkness; for the slightest suspicion of his complicity with smugglers would risk his pension. Though he might wish them well as neighbors, he was bound to withhold all sympathy from them as smugglers. One circumstance I well remember. A young man had bought a couple of pounds of tea for his mother, and had put it into his long fishing boots; on landing, the preventive officer insisted on searching him personally, for, said he, "I smell tea. In one minute the unfortunate officer was cut to pieces; a dozen knives were used upon him; and, I believe, not one of the men was punished, though the deed was done in broad daylight. The men engaged in the affray were not seen for some time after in the village, and woe be to any one who would have betrayed them; his life would not have been worth a button. But all this has passed away years ago. Living so near the sea, we saw some fearful wrecks. For weeks after, I saw in my dreams the hair of the women floating on the water, as I had seen it in reality, when the boats went out to bring in the bodies. Some scores of bodies were brought to land or washed ashore, and buried in Cheriton church-yard. AMONG other circumstances connected with this period of my life, I well remember one which much impressed me. The venerable and devoted William Wilberforce resided, during a few of the summer months, at Sandgate, for the benefit of his health. I had heard much of the great philanthropist, and was not a little delighted when my father took me to his lodgings, where a prayer-meeting was held. How it was, I know not, but I attracted Mr. He patted me on the head, said many kind things, and expressed wishes for my welfare. He also presented me with a book, and wrote with his own hand my name on the fly-leaf. Having acquired some reputation as a good reader, he requested me to read to him. I did so, and he expressed himself much pleased. The book he gave me I have long since lost; but never shall I forget the kindly words of the venerable giver.

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Chapter 3 : Autobiography and Personal Recollections of John B. Gough, Illustrated. | eBay

Autobiography and Personal Recollections of John B. Gough: With Twenty-six Years' Experience as a Public Speaker, John Bartholomew Gough Library of American civilization Publisher.

Biography He was born at Sandgate, Kent, England, and was educated by his mother, a schoolmistress. At the age of twelve, after his father died, he was sent to the United States to seek his fortune. He arrived in New York City in August , and went to live for two years with family friends on a farm in Oneida County, New York in the western part of the state. He then entered a book-bindery in New York City to learn the trade. There in his mother and sister joined him, but after her death in he fell in with dissolute companions, and became a confirmed drunkard. He lost his position, and for several years supported himself as a ballad singer and story-teller in the cheap theatres and concert-halls of New York and other eastern cities. He had always had a passion for the stage, and made one or two efforts to become an actor, but owing to his habits gained little favor. He married in , and became a bookbinder on his own account. The effort to do his work without giving up his nightly dissipations so affected him that he was on the verge of delirium tremens. He lost his wife and child, and was reduced to the utmost misery. Even this means of livelihood was being closed to him, when in Worcester, Massachusetts, in October , a little kindness shown him by a Quaker induced him to attend a temperance meeting, and to sign a temperance pledge. After several lapses and a terrific struggle, he determined to devote his life to lecturing in behalf of temperance reform. He set forth, carpet-bag in hand, to tramp through the New England states, glad to obtain even seventy-five cents for a temperance lecture, and soon became famous for his eloquence. An intense earnestness derived from experience, and his power of imitation and expression, enabled him to work on the sensibilities of his audiences. He was accustomed to mingle the pathetic and humorous in such a way as to attract thousands to hear him who had no purpose but to be interested and amused. In the first year of his travels, he spoke times, and thenceforward for seventeen years he dealt only with temperance. During that period he addressed over 5, audiences. He visited England in , by invitation of the London Temperance League, was entertained by George Cruikshank, the veteran artist and total abstainer, and his first address, delivered at Exeter Hall, produced a great sensation. He intended to stay but six months, but was kept busy for two years. In he had undertaken to speak at Oxford, and the students had determined to prevent him. He was greeted with hisses, cat calls, and yells. On a subsequent visit, in , he was received with distinguished attention by the Oxonians. He returned to the United States in , and took up his old work with unabated success. In he made another journey to England, and lectured for three years. In his temperance efforts, Gough always kept aloof from politics or any organized effort to accomplish results through legislation, relying entirely on moral influences and on the total abstinence pledge. After confining his addresses to the subject of temperance for 17 years, he began to take up other subjects, literary and social, though from first to last his chief successes were obtained on the temperance platform. After his popularity had led him to vary his subject and to lecture before lyceums, he made a moderate fortune by his eloquence. His subjects were such as to give full scope to his powers of imitation, and to furnish opportunity to stir the feelings. But he rarely failed to introduce some reference to the evils of intemperance. His oratory was not acquired, but natural. He had no elocutionary training, his reading was singularly restricted, and all his resources were from within. Yet he never failed to hold the attention of his audiences. He continued his work until the end of his life. For several years, he made his home at Boylston, Massachusetts. He died at his work, being stricken with apoplexy on the lecture platform in the 1st Presbyterian Church of Frankford, Pennsylvania, where he died two days later. Works Autobiography London, ; 3d ed.

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Gough, John B. (John Bartholomew), Publication date

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