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**JOHN B. GOUGH IN ENGLAND.**

This talented philanthropist is still reaping well earned laurels in England. A recent number of the *Western Times* publishes a report of two lectures delivered in the city of Exeter [sic], on the twelfth and thirteenth of June last. We have only room for the following matchless passage, which formed the peroration of his first address [sic]. Holding a glass of water in his hand—"This" said he "is the liquor which God, the Eternal, brews for children—not in the simmering still, over smoky fires choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded by a stench of sickening [sic] odors and rank corruption, doth your Father in Heaven prepare the precious essence of life—the pure cold water—but in the Green [sic] glade and glassy dell, where the red deer wanders, and the child loves to play, there God brews it—and down, low down, in the deepest valleys, where the fountain murmurs and the rills sing—and high upon the mountain top where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun, where the storm-cloud broods, and the thunders crash—and away far out in the wide, wide sea, where the hurricane howls music, and the big waves roar the chorus, sweeping the march of God—there he brews it—this beverage of life, this health giving water. and everywhere it is a thing of beauty—gleaming in the dewdrop, shining in the ice-gem, till the trees all seem turned to living jewels, spreading [sic] a golding veil [sic] over the setting sun, or a white gown over the midnight moon, sporting in the cataract, sleeping in the glacier, dancing in the hail shower, folding its bright snow curtains softly about the wintry world, weaving the many colored iris—that seraph's zone of the sky, whose warp is the rain drop of earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of Heaven—all chequered over with celestial flowers by the mystic hand of refraction. Still always is it beautiful, this blessed life water. no poison bubbles in its drink—its form brings no madness and murder—no blood stains its liquid glass—pale widows and starving orphans weep no burning tears in its depths—no drunkard's shrieking ghost from the grave cursed in its [sic] accents of eternal despair. Speak out my friends! would you exchange it for Demon's drink—Alcohol?"