



*Most truly yours  
John B. Gough*

Engraved from a photograph taken expressly for this work

A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO. HARTFORD, CONN.

# SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW

OR,

## GLEANINGS FROM MY LIFE WORK.

COMPRISING

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES AND OPINIONS, ANECDOTES, INCIDENTS,  
AND REMINISCENCES,

GATHERED FROM

THIRTY-SEVEN YEARS' EXPERIENCE ON THE PLATFORM  
AND AMONG THE PEOPLE,

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

By JOHN B. GOUGH.

With Full-page Engravings, and Steel-Plate Portrait of the Author.

I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten.

JOEL H. 25.

HARTFORD, CONN.

A. D. WORTHINGTON AND COMPANY.

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time lost is not lived; so that the question comes, How much have I lived? not, How many years have I existed? Fuller says, "He lives long that lives well." Seneca says, "To live well is a greater benefit than life itself."

There is a right ring in the good old question and answer in the Catechism — "What is the chief end of man? To glorify God and to enjoy Him forever." If we could comprehend at our starting-point more fully all that is involved in "glorifying God," that it is to be in entire harmony not only with eternal wisdom and beneficent law, but especially with their Source and Author, surely our lives might be filled to the brim with happy usefulness, and move on with no more friction or jar than do the processions of the seasons.

With the conviction that often the experience of years may be helpful to the young, and hoping that the reflections and recollections of a life that has been for many years so fully among men may be profitable to those who have all of life before them, I venture to gather the incidents and experiences of these years, and, without apology, present them to those who may choose to accept them. A writer has said, "There are few minds but might furnish some instruction and entertainment out of their scraps, their odds and ends of thought. They who cannot weave a uniform web may at least produce a piece of patchwork which may be useful, and not without a charm of its own." So I venture on my patchwork by jotting down observations, thoughts, and conclusions, gathered from wayside opportunities and sources in the course of a long experience.

Shakespeare asserts: "There is a divinity that shapes

our ends, rough-hew them as we will." Canon Farrar says: "The overruling providence of God is so clearly marked in the progress of human events that the Christian hardly needs any further proof that there is a hand that guides." More incisive yet are the wisest man's words: "A man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps." All our personal experiences reveal to us the fact of an overruling Providence; that we are not the creatures of chance. A very trifling incident may change the whole course of our lives.

During a retreat of the English army, when closely pursued by Marshal Soult, about the year 1809, my father, then about thirty years of age, was a soldier in the Fifty-second Light Infantry. He had been slightly wounded in the chest, and though his wound was not considered fatal, it was painful and irritating. The army had suffered fearfully from exposure, famine, and the heavy fatigues of an active campaign. I well remember my father saying to me, "John, you will never know what hunger is till you feel the two sides of your stomach grinding together." In that campaign, men mad with hunger fought like wolves over the half-decayed hoof of a bullock; and often when one of these poor animals, overcome with weakness and starvation, was staggering as if about to fall, the ready knife was applied to the throat, and the fainting soldiers, eagerly catching the blood in their hands, and hardly waiting for it to congeal, made it take the place of food. In this retreat, the Fifty-second Regiment became — to use the American term — demoralized; and while they staggered on, my father threw himself out of the ranks, under the shadow of a large rock, to die: he could go no



farther. Lying there, he took from his inner pocket a hymn-book (which I have to-day, with all the marks of its seventy years upon it), and began to read the hymn in which is the verse —

"When in the solemn hour of death  
I own Thy just decree,  
Be this the prayer of my last breath:  
O Lord, remember me."

He must die — it seemed inevitable — though far from home, in a strange land. He was a Christian, and endeavored to prepare himself for the change. Suddenly a large bird of prey, with a red neck growing out of a ruffle of feathers, came swooping along, almost brushing my father's body with its wings; then circling up, he alighted on the point of rock, and turned his blood-red eye on his intended victim.

As my father saw that horrible thing watching, and waiting to tear him in pieces even before life was extinct, it so filled him with horror and disgust that he cried, "I cannot endure this: it is too terrible. When I am unable to drive that fearful thing away, it will be tearing my flesh. I cannot endure it!" He rose to his feet and fell, then crawled and struggled away, till at length he crept into a poor hut, found safety, and soon after joined his regiment. Though he was very, very ill after that frightful episode, he recovered, and died in 1871, at the remarkable age of ninety-four years.

I enjoy tracing some of these experiences in my own life. When a boy doing errands for a family about to emigrate to America, the lady, who was in a very good humor, said, "John, how would you like to go to America with us?" It was said jestingly, yet

that playful word grew into the decision that made me an American citizen.

In 1832 or 1833, two boys sought employment at the same establishment, in the same week. One was duly engaged as errand-boy in the office, the other as errand-boy in the bookbindery. The first was thrown into good society, among refined, Christian people, and brought under restraining influences. The other was surrounded by an entirely different atmosphere — nothing elevating, very little that was "pure, lovely, or of good report." The office-boy, encouraged by good advisers, grew in the right direction, obtained an education, became a minister, a professor in a college, a celebrated Greek scholar, and died leaving behind him a splendid reputation. The shop-boy, with no restraining influences, naturally impulsive and yielding, went sadly astray, until he became as near an outcast as a young man could well become, with only a limited education, while all the natural powers God had given him were running to waste. For years he groped in darkness and almost despair. One of these became the Rev. Dr. McClintock; the other is writing these lines to-day.

It is true, as the prophet records — and we would not have it otherwise — that "the way of man is not in himself;" yet it is undoubtedly a fact that a man is in a great degree the arbiter of his own fortune. I know I have a will to do, or not to do. Locke says, "We are born with powers and faculties capable of almost anything, but it is the exercise of these powers and faculties that gives us ability and skill in anything." We are conscious of possessing a will that can consent or refuse to exercise these faculties.

I know that here we trench on a great mystery,

Sandgate is a Kent village, lying in the lee of Folkestone, backed by wooded slopes to Shorncliffe Camp, and opening full upon the Channel. Despite development in recent years, a certain charm pervades the High Street with its profusion of antique and curio shops and useful provision stores, ~~and~~<sup>also the</sup> pleasant sidestreets<sup>which</sup> invite the visitor to explore. In 1900, many of these streets were renamed by the Sandgate Board of Health with a pride in local history. Among them, Chapel Street where the weatherboard shell of the c.1816 Methodist Chapel still stands became Wilberforce Road -- and Mill Lane was changed to Gough Road. Both were tributes to two great men, one visitor and the other native, whose influence on the village is now almost forgotten.

William Wilberforce the great Slave Abolitionist and Evangelical, and John Gough, temperance orator, both left lively accounts of the Sandgate scene from 1812, the first of Wilberforces four long visits, to Gough's last visit in 1879. Their lives coincided briefly in 1825, when John Gough a poor boy of eight was taken by his father to a prayer meeting held by the aged Wilberforce and received a tract with his name inscribed on the fly-leaf.

John Bartholomew Gough was born in 1817. His mother, formerly Jane Gilbert of Brabourne, taught in the new Sandgate School started in 1814 on Wilberforce's incentive. John's father, then stationed at Shorncliffe Camp, was a veteran of the Peninsula Wars and had served under Sir John Moore at the tragic retreat from Corunna. He was a sergeant to his boots, a good father though a stern one.

The Goughs lived in a small clapboard cottage (see illus.) near the Castle and the seashore, overlooking the village green where fairs were held each 23 July. Times were lean when Gough Sr. retired from the Army in 1823 on a pension of £ 20 a year. John's mother made lace in her spare time and his father added to his pension by working for David Mannering, plumber, glazier, painter and class leader at the Methodist Chapel. Later he entered day service with the Rev. J.D. Glennie, Lord Darnley's chaplain, who always took a kindly interest in the family.

John was an intelligent boy and became a monitor under the Lancasterian teaching system set up in the Apollo Room in Folkestone. Sometimes he would earn a few extra pence reading to visitors in Mr Purday's Sandgate Reading Room and Library. John was 12 when the Mannerings decided to emigrate to America and his family thought it best for his future to let him go too. The Rev. Glennie helped to draw up a deed between the two families whereby for the sum of L 10 the Mannerings would take John along and teach him a



trade. The parting came on 10 June 1829 and, after a long sea voyage, they eventually reached Oneida County (New York State) on 23 September where they settled on Sandgate Farm, Westmoreland.

Twenty five years were to elapse before Gough returned to his native village and his autobiography makes them read like a melodrama. An impatient, impetuous boy it seems, he tired of being a farmhand and, eager to make his way in the world, came to New York. In 1833, when he was earning \$3 a week in a Methodist bookbindery, his mother and sister came out to join him. Shortly after John lost his job, the hardship and poverty proved too much and in July 1834 his mother died and was buried in Potters Field, a pauper's grave.

From then on, John worked fitfully and lived recklessly, drinking the little he earned in moments of remorse and despair. His wife and child died of neglect during one of his drinking bouts, and he became utterly wretched. However, a chance meeting with a Quaker made him feel he was not a total outcast, and gradually with the help of new-found friends he regained his self-respect.

With his natural gift for oratory, John Gough was enlisted to share his experience and help other alcoholics. From then on he was engaged in constant travel and meetings, and became one of the best-known temperance speakers in America. His gestures too were so theatrical that an immigrant referred to him as 'de man dot talks mit his coat tails'.

In 1853, the National Temperance League invited Gough to tour in England and George Cruikshank, the famous satirist and engraver, welcomed him on arrival. Cruikshank too was active in the cause turning his barb from political satire to the plight of broken families and the evils of cheap gin.

Gough lectured in Liverpool, Leicester, Birmingham, Manchester and Ramsgate before taking the new railroad to Folkestone. Finally, to his joy he reached Sandgate where he and his second wife spent from 28 September to 3 October at the New Inn. Later known as the Royal Kent Hotel this gracious landmark was demolished in 1962 despite a historical listing and local outcry.

As John Gough strolled about the village, familiar faces and scenes crowded in on him. The shops along the High Street had hardly altered, but as he came in sight of Sandgate Castle and his old home a great change confronted him. Instead of the village green in front of the house, there stood a large National School, not so picturesque but far more practical

Gough had to admit. [The school which was built in 1845 from designs from E. Gotto of Rochester, was a further step in the process of education that Wilberforce had helped to initiate.]

During his stay, Gough addressed a meeting at the Harveian Institute in Folkestone, which was well attended by supporters and sceptics alike. Gough, it is fair to add, was never a fanatic who called for prohibition measures, believing that laws cannot reform men and that change can only come from within.

The following year on his birthday 22 August 1855, Gough spent a memorable day in Sandgate. The Committee of the London Temperance League had come down in force to address the children that afternoon. In the evening Gough was wildly acclaimed at a meeting presided over by George Cruikshank, held in the schoolroom opposite ~~xxxxxx~~ his old home.

Gough did not see Sandgate again until 1879. The village he had left 50 years earlier had grown from under 600 souls to over 2,400. Sandgate now possessed at least seven good inns, near on 40 lodging houses and over a dozen taverns for the sale of liquor, besides canteens at Chorncliffe Camp. Doubtless Sandgate was no less sober than any other town, and perhaps no more when the military and locals were on the spree. Sandgate felt the need for a Coffee Tavern, a sort of early NAAFI. A public subscription was raised, suitable premises found on a corner of the High Street\* and, being a memorial to John Gough, all profits were to go to the temperance movement.

On Whit Monday, 2 June 1879, the whole place turned out to cheer as amid streamers and flags, Gough laid the corner stone of the <sup>Coffee</sup> Tavern and Soldiers' Home, with a silver trowel inscribed with his name.

An engraved portrait of John Gough with his ~~kindly penetrating eyes~~ ~~xxx~~ massive beard and kindly penetrating eyes hangs over the staircase to Sandgate Library. It is a reminder of the man who never forgot Sandgate, and who covered over 450,000 miles, speaking at over 8,600 temperance meetings to more than 9 million people, before he died in America in 1886.

Today, Sandgate has much to offer ~~xxx~~ in the way of cafes and hospitable pubs, which attractive both inside and out, add colour to Sandgate's Conservation areas. John Gough would have been as ready to step inside and order a ginger beer as others are to enjoy, in moderation, the best that Kent brewers have to offer.

23 June 1975

Mrs. Herman Stanley  
President, National Woman's Christian Temperance Union  
1730, Chicago Ave.  
Evanston, Ill 60201

Dear Mrs. Stanley,

Thank you very much for your letter of 18 June in which you express interest in seeing and possibly reprinting my recent article on John Gough in the June Issue of 'Kent Life'. (England). The copyright is mine, and you would be welcome to use the text and illustrations for a small fee, say \$50.

John Gough appears as you know, in the Dictionary of National Biography (England) and having lived in and loved Sandgate for nearly 45 years, I felt it was time to revive his memory in the village. I think people often forget why a road bears a certain name.

I have marked A.B.C. and D, small passages which were probably omitted for reasons of space, but could be reinstated. The Providence Inn illustration (which was there for local colour) would find a more appropriate substitute in an old photo showing the Gough Soldiers Home and Institute on the High Street.

Would you please write direct to me at Coast Cottage, 149 Sandgate High Street, Sandgate <sup>Mr.</sup> Folkestone, Kent if you would like me to obtain this picture. We leave for England tomorrow and will be in Sandgate until 9 July. At the same time please let me know if you would like the other illustrations.

I hope the idea commends itself to you -- I deliberately kept the story simple, but can add more detail or local colour if you like.

Yours sincerely

(Mrs) Linda E. Rene-Martin  
(Mrs. J. H. Grobstein)



DEAR SIR,

Permit us to ask your aid in completing a work in which we are confident we may expect your heartiest sympathy.

The last act of the great Temperance orator and advocate, J. B. GOUGH, before leaving England for the last time was to lay the foundation stone of a Coffee Tavern and Soldiers' Home in his native town of Sandgate. The Home was erected as a fitting Memorial of his labours in the Temperance cause, and cost more than £4,000.

The building has a commanding position in the centre of the town, and is within a few minutes' walk of the Shorncliffe Camp. In addition to an attractive and well-appointed Refreshment Bar, the premises include Reading and Recreation Rooms, a Lecture Hall seating 250 persons, and smaller rooms for quiet reading and prayer. There are also a Lavatory and Bedrooms for the use of Soldiers and other visitors.

Unfortunately, the Institution drifted into such financial difficulties, that two years ago it was in imminent danger of being lost for the noble uses for which it was originally designed. At this point the present Trustees averted so great a calamity by purchasing the premises, at a cost, including alterations, furniture, and legal expenses, of about £2,500, and on the 17th December, 1884, they had the great satisfaction of seeing the Home and Coffee Tavern re-opened and once more in active operation. Major-General Newdigate, C.B., Commanding the South Eastern District, supported by the Commandants of the Shorncliffe Camp and the Hythe School of Musketry, the Mayor of Folkestone and the Chairman of the Sandgate Local Board, together with the Vicar of Sandgate were present on the occasion.

The experience of the past two years warrants the Trustees in the belief that the working expenses will be covered by the ordinary business income, whilst the growing success which has attended the efforts of the Army Chaplain, the Scripture Reader, and other workers connected with the Institution amply proves that it is a most valuable centre for Temperance and Evangelistic work.

The Trustees, however, find themselves in extreme difficulty, from the fact that in order to secure the premises, and so retain them for their original purpose, they were compelled to borrow £2,500, and as the result, are burdened by ever-accumulating arrears of interest which they are entirely unable to meet. *Indeed, so critical has the position become, that the very existence of the Home is at stake, and unless the burden of debt is removed the Trustees will ultimately be compelled to abandon their effort, and sell the premises.*

In this crisis, they appeal to those who hold the memory of the late J. B. GOUGH in affectionate remembrance, and to the friends of the British Soldier to help in saving for further usefulness an Institution where so much good work is being done, and where so many of our men receive their final impressions before leaving our shores for foreign service.

The Wesleyan Army and Navy Committee have given the scheme the stamp of their hearty approval. They appointed the Revs. J. Ernest Clapham and R. W. Allen to visit the Home and report on its position and prospects. The result of their visit has been entirely to convince that Committee that the premises are every way suitable for the uses for which they are designed, and to encourage the belief that once rid of debt they may be made the centre of self-supporting philanthropic and Christian effort.

The Trustees aim at paying off the entire debt of £2,500, and are encouraged to hope for success by the liberal offers of help announced at the foot of this circular.



18 July 2006

Mr. William O. Dupuis  
Re John Gough Temperance Crusader  
Old Pot Publications  
Boylston, Mass.

Dear Mr Dupuis,

Life of John Gough and his Worldwide Influence

With great interest I caught up on John Gough's later life through your beautifully produced publications on display in the HQ of The ~~Society~~ Sandgate Society of which I am a founding member and Vice President.

I regret not having met you or your colleagues in a brief trip through Sandgate and hope you were passed a copy of the enclosed article (Kent Life July 1975), on which I gave a further talk.

As we know, he left England with the Mannering family who settled at Sandgate Farm, Westmorland, 12 miles from Utica, 4 miles from Clinton, 3 miles from Manchester -- 104 acres of clear land, 50 acres of woodland -- but try as I might I could not find any more information about it, from Oneida County NY.

In the New York Public Library (I was living on Long Island at the time) entitled The Echo of Truth to the Voice of Slander, ~~ar~~ John B. Gough's early Hist by his Foster Father (Jesse Pound) New York, Stanford and Swords, 1845. It refer to an agreement drawn up whereby Mr Mannering would take John Gough, the younger, house and clothe him and teach him a trade .... done at Sandgate, in the County of Kent, England on the 30th day of May, 1829, signed David Mannering, John Gough Sen. John Gough, Jun, and witnessed by J.D. Glennie, Curate of Sandgate. Basically, it was a refutation that John Gough had been exploited and misused etc

In 1975 I was in touch with the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union (Mrs Herman Stanley National President) who, at the time near their Bicentennial said they would ~~reprint it~~ review it in the Union Signal, but did not ~~reprint it~~ as far as I know. In 1986 I was in touch, according to my files) with a Kitty Morgan (International School of America) living in Boston who seemed interested in working him into a film with what result I know not.

Of course, we in Sandgate are very proud of John Gough's connections with Sandgate, mentioned in my brief history 'Sandgate, Rise and Progress of a Village' in the section I call 'Religion, Education and Morality' p.13 with his picture on p.12.

I am so happy to know in Boylston he is well-commemorated and that his influence continues. to have a message and effect on social life in general.

Yours sincerely

Linda Rene Martin

*Linda Rene Martin*

John Gough



John's father was a  
veteran of the Peninsula  
Wars. His mother,  
Jane Gough was the  
village schoolmistress.  
She made lace in her  
spare time to eke out  
a living  
David Mannering was  
plumber, painter,  
glazier and class  
leader at the  
Methodist Chapel  
(in Wilberforce Rd)  
The Rev. J.D. Glennie  
was Chaplain to the  
4th Earl of Darnley  
John emigrated to  
America, 1829.  
His autobiography  
describes his visit to  
Sandgate 25 years  
later, & again in 1879

we know him to have been fourteen years old. It is probable that he has reduced his age two years for some cheating purpose; we know that he is now 29 years of age instead of 27.

In summing up the whole, we are not afraid of *him*, nor of that any one else can bring against us. Many of our friends press us to bring him to the test of proving his assertions against us, or retract them, as our family want satisfaction. There are many gentlemen here of the first respectability, that are acquainted with Gough, who say they would not believe him under oath. But I have said enough, and proceed to give you copies of the documents already alluded to. Dear sir, the above is a true account, *as far as it goes*.

I am, dear sir, yours respectfully,

DAVID MANNERING.

## No. II.

(Copy of the Agreement.)

Memorandum of agreement between Mr. David Mannering, now of Sandgate, in the county of Kent, on the one part, John Gough, sen. on the second part, and John Gough, jun. third part—both the latter of Sandgate.

"Mr. Mannering agrees to take John Gough, the younger, into his service, as an apprentice, and to take him with his own family to America, and there to provide him with proper food, raiment, and all other necessities, also with a residence in his own house, or that of his son, as a compensation for the said John Gough's services, till he shall attain the age of twenty-one years, when he is to be free from this engagement. Mr. Mannering further engages to instruct the said John Gough in such trade or trades in which he himself is occupied during the said term; to watch over his morals in the best manner he is able; to keep him to public worship on the Sabbath day; and during his apprenticeship to qualify his said apprentice, as far as he is able, to become a good tradesman, and a useful member of society. John Gough, the apprentice, agrees to serve his master faithfully and diligently during the period before mentioned; and that he will not at any time without leave, go into any company, or be absent from his master's house, or business; that he will watch over his said master's property in the best manner he is able, nor suffer him to be wronged or plundered by others, if in his power to prevent it; and that he will in all things do the duties of a faithful servant during the period of his apprenticeship. John

Gough, the father of the said apprentice, agrees on his part to ratify his son's engagement, and to pay Mr. Mannering the sum of ten pounds as a premium.

(Signed,)

DAVID MANNERING,  
JOHN GOUGH, SEN.  
JOHN GOUGH, JUN.

(Witness,)

J. D. GLENNIE, Curate of Sandgate.

*Done at Sandgate, in the county of Kent, England, on the 30th day of May, 1829.*

I give you a copy of a letter from Mr. Glennie, the person that witnessed the above agreement, and who was a minister of the highest standing.

## No. III.

*Sandgate, Dec. 12, 1831.*

MR. MANNERING: John Gough having in his last letter signified his wish and intention, with your sanction, to go to New-York, to learn the trade of a tailor, his father is naturally anxious on the subject, and has requested me to write a few lines to beg that you will kindly stand in his place with his boy, and see that he is well placed both as to learning the trade, and also with regard to his spiritual welfare. You undertook in leaving Sandgate, either to teach John your own trade, or if you did not follow that, to put him to some other trade in which he might be able to get a livelihood. I therefore trust you will direct him to make a proper choice, and extending to him the kindness you have heretofore shown him, and for which he is truly grateful. Commend him to a good master, who, while he is not slothful in business, may be at the same time fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. I am glad to hear so favorable an account of you and your family. I sincerely hope the Lord will continue to prosper the work of your hands upon you. Believe me, your sincere well-wisher.

J. D. GLENNIE.

## No. IV.

Copy of a letter from J. B. Gough to Mr. Mannering, written in April, 1832, while in the situation procured for him in the Methodist Book Concern, by Mr. M.

DEAR SIR—In a great hurry I write this to you, as I thought you would wish to hear from me by letter, as well as by word