

## CHAPTER XI.

Other Valuable Testimonies—The Marquis of Lansdowne—The Duke of Devonshire—The Traveller Kohl—Mrs. S. C. Hall—Father Mathew's Despondency—Dean Coll's Consolation—Stopping the Royal Mail.

DURING the year 1840, Father Mathew received the most flattering and consolatory expressions of approval from some of the foremost men of the day ; for, in spite of the triumphant nature of his progress, and the love and admiration of the people, he was occasionally depressed by some sneer, taunt, or false accusation, wantonly or maliciously levelled at the society, its principles, its practice, or its usefulness. Such testimonies, then, as the following, from the Marquis of Lansdowne, which awaited him in Cork, on his return from an arduous campaign, were like sunlight to his soul. If he were easily depressed—we do not by any means say daunted—he was easily cheered and encouraged. He had plenty of courage, both moral and physical, and no lack of self-will—even a strong tinge of obstinacy ; but he possessed the sensitive heart of a woman, and a susceptibility that at times became almost morbid in its intensity. He took great pride in the letter which we now quote. This letter was personally handed by the noble writer to Mr. Donnelly, who acted as one of the secretaries in charge of the temperance register and other books. Donnelly was on this day enjoying unusual idleness, it being generally known that Father Mathew was absent, and was not to return for some days. There was no one in the little parlour save the

book-keeper, when a quiet-looking, neatly-dressed, elderly gentleman entered the apartment, and, taking a seat near the window, fell into pleasant conversation with its idle occupant. He asked him a variety of questions, as to the progress of the cause, the number on the roll, and the effects already produced ; and made special enquiries as to the labours and charities, as well as the daily life, of Father Mathew ; all of which questions were frankly and unreservedly answered. The quiet-looking and kindly-spoken gentleman appeared much pleased at the information afforded him, and, on rising to take his leave, he handed his card to Donnelly, requesting him to present it to Father Mathew. Donnelly looked at the card, and was 'struck of a heap,' as he said, at having treated a great nobleman as if he were 'nobody at all ;' and he stammered out an apology for his apparent want of respect. 'Not at all, my good sir,' said the marquis ; 'you owe me no apology whatever ; you have nothing to blame yourself for ; you answered all my questions freely and satisfactorily ; and perhaps had you been told who I was, I might not have learned as much as I am happy to know.' The marquis then left the house ; but he had not gone ten steps from the door, when he turned back, and, drawing a letter, which he had ready in the breast-pocket of his coat, he handed it to Donnelly, saying : 'Give that to Father Mathew, with the Marquis of Lansdowne's kindest wishes.' This was the letter :—

Cork : Sept. 15, 1840.

REV. SIR,—I am near the conclusion of a journey through a considerable portion of the south of Ireland, in the course of which I have myself had, everywhere, repeated occasion to observe a most remarkable change for the better in the appearance of the population, and to be assured by others on whom I could rely of an equally manifest improvement in their character and conduct, produced by the extraordinary success of your unremitting endeavour to introduce amongst them confirmed habits of temperance and self-control.

I had hoped to have had an opportunity, at this place, of expressing to you personally the deep sense I entertain, both as an Irish

proprietor and a public servant, of the value of your exertions, obviously conducive, as they must prove under all circumstances, to the maintenance of peace and order, and to a greater development than could by any other means be attained, of every social virtue.

Your temporary absence from home has alone prevented my doing so, and I trust I may be permitted to take the only method in my power of recording these sentiments in a mode that may not be disagreeable to you, by inclosing a draft for 100*l.*, and requesting the favour of you to apply it to the use of any one of the institutions for the benefit of your poorer countrymen in which you take an interest, and which, in your judgement, stands most in need of pecuniary assistance.

I am, rev. sir, with sincere respect,  
Your obedient servant,  
LANSDOWNE.

Rev. T. Mathew.

The writer of the above kindly letter is now no more, having died in the early part of this year, at the venerable age of 82 years.

Among the other distinguished personages who sought the acquaintance of Father Mathew about this time, was the late Duke of Devonshire, a nobleman of princely character, and one of the best and kindest of the landlords of Ireland, in which country he possessed vast estates. The duke, who was then stopping at the Imperial Hotel, in Cork, wrote a courteous letter to Father Mathew, requesting that he would honour him by a visit. Father Mathew at once availed himself of the invitation, and waited on his Grace, who received him with every mark of respect. The interview was equally agreeable to both, and was the commencement of a friendship which was sincere and earnest to the last. The duke, who was every inch a gentleman—a gentleman whose courtesy and kindness sprang from goodness of heart—was charmed with Father Mathew. He admired him particularly for his disinterestedness in embarking in an undertaking which he knew must entail injury upon his own family, whose interests he

sacrificed to the public good. Having seen and spoken with the temperance leader, the duke no longer wondered at the influence which he exercised, or the success which he had achieved. He said he found him to be a man of such divine countenance, and of a manner so marvellously winning, that he could now easily understand how the people were moved, as by an impulse, to fall down before him. The impression produced upon the duke by this interview was communicated to the writer by a gentleman intimately connected with his Grace, and who was present on the occasion.

The descriptions given of Father Mathew at this period of his life were sometimes both felicitous and accurate. Perhaps that written by the Russian traveller Kohl is among the best. It is in these words:—

He is decidedly a man of a distinguished appearance, and I was not long in comprehending the influence which it was in his power to exercise over the people. The multitude require a handsome and imposing person in the individual who is to lead them, and Father Mathew is unquestionably handsome. He is not tall, he is about the same height and figure as Napoleon, and is, throughout, well built and well proportioned. He has nothing of the meagre, haggard Franciscan monk about him; but, on the contrary, without being exactly corpulent, his figure is well rounded, and in excellent condition. His countenance is fresh and beaming with health. His movements and address are simple and unaffected, and altogether he has something about him that wins for him the goodwill of those he addresses. His features are regular, and full of noble expression, of mildness and indomitable firmness. His eyes are large, and he is apt to keep his glance fixed for a long time on the same object. His forehead is straight, high, and commanding, and his nose—a part of the face which in some expresses such intense vulgarity, and in others so much nobleness and delicacy—is particularly handsome, though somewhat too aquiline. His mouth is small and well proportioned, and his chin round, projecting, firm, and large, like Napoleon's.

Mrs. S. C. Hall, who enjoyed his intimate friendship, presents him in his moral as well as his physical aspect:—

The expression of his countenance is peculiarly mild and gracious. His manner is persuasive to a degree, simple and easy and humble,

without a shadow of affectation, and his voice is low and musical, such as moves men. A man more naturally fitted to obtain influence over a people easily led, and proverbially swayed by the affections, we have never encountered. No man has borne his honours more meekly, encountered opposition with greater gentleness or forbearance, or disarmed hostility by weapons better suited to a Christian.

Occasionally the despondency, which was somewhat constitutional with Father Mathew, was displayed in a manner sufficiently marked to excite the attention of his audience. His address in Limerick, in the October of 1841, partook largely of the gloom that for the moment seemed to pervade his mind. It may have been the necessary consequence of the tremendous labour of mind and body to which he was at the time exposed, it being then in the very whirl and rush of the movement, to which each day imparted additional strength and velocity; or it may have arisen from the slightest remarks of some anonymous opponent, or the venomous sneers of some malicious caviller. The passage quoted will indicate the irritation under which it was spoken:—

But though, in becoming a teetotaller, the individual taking the pledge becomes a new man—though he has ideas of self-respect, and decorum, and propriety which he had not experienced before, and though he is no longer the reckless and improvident character he had been, yet I must say there are persons who expect too much from teetotallers, and who think that they should all be perfect. Their faults are magnified, whilst their virtues are shaded; the lapses they make are invested with attributes that do not belong to them, whilst the good they do is never taken into consideration. It is thought by those who are thus severe upon the teetotallers, that human nature does not belong to humble life—but I say that the cabin beneath whose lowly roof it is supposed no human sentiment is cherished, covers as much of the workings of the heart, as yonder proud mansion that graces and adorns the banks of your majestic Shannon. I have been blamed for many matters connected with the temperance society, for which I think no blame should be attributed to me, or to those who are blamed with me. I cannot express the sentiment of sovereign contempt which I entertain for those who thus betray the feelings that agitate them. Some of them raise the cry; and the

least vice they themselves have is their utter want of every virtue. Some others say that I should prevent females to attend *soirées*, while their own daughters and wives, perhaps, mingle in the crowded ball-room, and whirl in the maze of the profane waltz. Some say that I should prevent persons to sit in their temperance rooms and enjoy each other's society in that respect; whilst they themselves, the victims of drunkenness, may be seen reeling through the streets to their homes, after spending their nights in the tap-room or tavern. They will not see the frailties of teetotallers as they see the frailties of other men.

He then talked of friends who had left his side and faltered in the race, and spoke in a tone of such despondency as excited the sympathy of his listeners, and, among the others, of Dean Coll, the Parish Priest of Newcastle, a man of great learning, and who possessed more of the readiness and manner of the popular orator than many of his contemporaries. The Dean was a staunch supporter of the cause, and a firm friend and ally of its leader; and thus, in a spontaneous outburst, which at the moment produced an electrical effect—the whole audience being charged with the right sympathy—he offered that consolation to his friend of which he stood then so much in need:—

Mr. Mathew told of friends leaving him. No friend, my dearest friend (said the venerable Dean), shall leave you. Fear not—no friend shall depart from you. There is no man who is not the subject of critical and vile and slanderous malignity when he rises to dignity; but I do not hesitate to denounce it folly in any man who doubts that you are the commanded messenger of God. Enemies, you say, pursue you. Fear them not, wherever they be. It is the mark of God's servant to meet with the cross, and to be obliged to bear it. But, dearest friend and brother in the sanctuary, to go on in the glorious mission for which you are destined, be not troubled at the persecution of enemies; in every peril God shall be your shield, and your country shall be your protector. (Here the whole company stood up and responded to the sentiment by an outburst of enthusiasm seldom witnessed.) No! you need have no fear. You are sustained by the sanction and cooperation of those whose opinion you should prize. The venerated Bishop of the diocese would be present this evening, were he able to be so. The Catholic prelates throughout

the land were the active cooperators in the movement. No; fear not! You have the support of all whose support is worthy of appreciation—pursue your way, as you have begun it, and as you have gone on, until a drunkard shall not be seen to reel through the land we love.

The reader may imagine the effect produced by this passage upon a meeting composed exclusively of those who respected Father Mathew as a leader, venerated him as a priest, and loved him as a man. Father Mathew never forgot that evening.

A circumstance that occurred in the town of Athy, will give an idea of the eagerness with which the people availed themselves of every opportunity to take the pledge. At this time, the Great Southern and Western Railway of Ireland was scarcely hatched in the brain of its projector, and the 'mail' was the quickest mode of conveyance between the cities and chief towns of the country. The mail coach between Dublin and Cork, when coming from Dublin, stopped at Athy sufficiently long to admit of the passengers breakfasting in the hotel of that town. On the day in question, the coach stopped as usual; but one of the inside passengers having been recognised by the group then invariably awaiting the arrival and the departure of the 'mail,' a shout of joy was raised, which resounded through the quiet little town; and in a minute the cry 'Father Mathew is at the hotel!' was heard almost by every human being of the entire population. Soon a dense crowd of some thousands assembled; and by the time the coach ought to have started, that vehicle was wedged round so completely, that to think of moving it one inch from the hotel door until Father Mathew had administered the pledge to those who now clamoured for it at his hands, was quite out of the question. Father Mathew had no desire to delay the coach, which was, in fact, stopping the principal correspondence of the south of Ireland; but what could he do, but endeavour to diminish the numbers by giving them the pledge, and thus get rid of the obstruction? And

he at once commenced to do so with more than ordinary expedition. But as fast as he got rid of one large batch, another much larger took its place—and all this time the crowd becoming more dense, in consequence of frequent accessions from the surrounding country; so that it positively was not until after a delay of *five hours*, during which Father Mathew worked as he never worked before in his life, that the Royal Mail was well out of the town of Athy. The incident made considerable noise at the time, and some of the papers were very indignant with the 'friar,' and his audacity in stopping Her Majesty's Mail, and interrupting the correspondence of the country; and one journal went so far, in its wrath, as to suggest that he should not be suffered to travel by a similar conveyance again. The then agent in Cork\* sent the article—it was from an English paper—to Mr. Purcell, the proprietor of the coaches and contractor for carrying the mails; and the reply which that gentleman made was, to enclose to his agent a letter for Father Mathew, in which he assured the audacious stopper of Her Majesty's Mail, that he would confer a favour on him, Peter Purcell, 'by making free use of all his coaches to further the holy cause of temperance.' This liberal offer, of which Father Mathew gratefully availed himself, was of considerable advantage to the latter, as the coaches of Mr. Purcell traversed the principal highways of the kingdom.

The same privilege was granted by Mr. Bianconi, the well-known owner of the public cars of the country.

In the public Press of Ireland Father Mathew had a powerful and consistent supporter. No matter what its politics, it advocated the spread of temperance, and spoke with respect of the motives and services of its distinguished advocate. Irish journalists generally adopted this policy and tone from an earnest desire to promote so good and useful a cause,

\* Mr. Anthony Murray.

and out of sincere respect for the character of the man ; but it occasionally did happen that the opportunity of bestowing praise on Father Mathew was availed of to strike a blow at another great Irishman, who rivalled the temperance leader in his hold on the affections of the mass of his countrymen, and whose impassioned appeals in favour of legislative independence produced a still greater impression upon their minds, than the milder and less exciting addresses of the moral reformer. Thus it was that not only did Father Mathew receive a large share of praise and encouragement on his own account, but he was indirectly indebted to Daniel O'Connell for no small amount in addition. With the conductors of most of the Irish journals he was on terms of friendship. Those who opposed his religious faith, or who were in constant antagonism to the active popular political movement of the day, experienced genuine pleasure in meeting so good a man on neutral ground ; and once that they had formed any acquaintance with him, the charm of his manner soon ripened the acquaintance into friendship. As for the popular journalists, who were mostly of the same faith as himself, they united their sympathy and their personal affection with their support. Not a few of the leading journalists of Ireland had joined the society ; and there was not a newspaper in the kingdom in which a considerable proportion of the staff—Editors, Reporters, Clerks, Compositors, Messengers, Printers' Devils, and all—had not taken the pledge, and did not, at one time or other, possess the temperance medal.

Father Mathew was intimately acquainted with the young gentlemen who attended his meetings in the capacity of reporters, and he was ready on every occasion to show them attention and kindness. The Cork newspapers were then, as they are now, spiritedly conducted, and commanded efficient reporting staffs, every member of which was known to the 'Apostle' as his 'dear young friend.' Among others in whom he was sincerely interested was L.—, who was a first-rate

hand at his profession, and whose attachment to Father Mathew was observable in the care he bestowed on his speeches. On one occasion L.— went down to Fermoy, to report a 'great demonstration,' and he put up at the same hotel with Father Mathew. Poor L.— was not remarkable for his strength of mind or tenacity of purpose, and, yielding either to the weakness of his nature, or the solicitations of his more sceptical friends, he, to use the popular phrase of the day, 'broke the pledge :' he, however, insisted he had only 'surrendered it.' At any rate, he was not then a 'teetotaller,' though he did not think it necessary to apprise his friend Father Mathew of that fact. L.— was at his little table, on the platform, working diligently with the pencil at times, and taking his leisure at others, as some well-membered passage was repeated by the speaker. Father Mathew was urging on his hearers the fact that no one had suffered in health or pocket from having taken his advice ; and happening to glance at L.—'s handsome face, he found, as he believed, a happy illustration of the health which the 'steadfast teetotaller' was sure to obtain and retain ; and placing his hand fondly on the head of the horrified L.—, he thus continued, to his victim's ineffable confusion—'Look, my dear friends!—here is a fine specimen of a faithful teetotaller (L.— blushing deeply)—he never tastes anything stronger than water or tea (L.—'s confusion increasing). There is the hue of health on his countenance—not the flush of strong drink (L.— red as a peony, and his pencil paralysed). He, my dear friends, will never, please God ! barter his moral independence for a fleeting gratification. He will not be like Esau, who sold his birthright for a mess of pottage (L.— wishing devoutly that the ground might open and swallow him, or that, at the very least, some fearful accident might happen to the platform). No, my dear people, my young friend here is a faithful follower of the cause, and will never turn his back on the pure and spotless banner.' Fortunately,

here the personal allusion ceased, and the fondling hand was taken from the head of the victim; for had the torture continued a minute longer, as L— afterwards assured his friends, something dreadful would have happened him: It was, however, not all over with him yet. Father Mathew and L— breakfasted the next morning at the same table. During breakfast, L— desired the waiter to bring him his bill. 'Oh, no, my dear,' said Father Mathew, 'you are my guest here—you must not pay anything.' 'Thank you, sir, not at all—I assure you I must pay my own bill. Waiter, bring it to me at once.' 'Waiter, do no such thing. Everything must be included in mine. I could not think of allowing it.' L— made a last desperate effort—'I assure you Father Mathew, Mr. — (the proprietor of the journal he represented) would be very indignant with me if I allowed you to pay my bill. Waiter, bring it to me.' 'Do what I insist upon, waiter,' said Father Mathew, with a manner that was not to be disputed. L— looked at the waiter, and the waiter looked at L—, and L—'s glance of despair was only matched by the waiter's look of comical perplexity. Before the document respecting which this struggle took place was produced, L— was seated on 'Bian,\*' his back turned to the hotel. During the previous evening and night, poor L— had sought consolation in rather deep potations; and in the bill which was thrust into the pocket of the Apostle of Temperance there was a fearful list of 'materials' for whisky punch, and 'goes' of brandy and water! For a month after, L— fled from the face of Father Mathew; but when they afterwards met, the latter did not, by the slightest sign, exhibit his knowledge of the fact that poor weak L— had sold his birthright for a mess of pottage.

It was somewhat about the same time that two members of the Cork press were sent to an important meeting of the same character. Having performed their duty, they imme-

\* A popular abbreviation for Bianconi's car.

diately drove to a distant village, at which the night mail was to stop, and in which they had taken their seats; and they dined, and then wrote out their report. At the appointed time the mail arrived, and they occupied their places. There was but one other inside passenger, and he was muffled up in a corner, and was quite silent, and was supposed by the friends to be indulging in a comfortable nap. The friends, as soon as they were well settled, commenced a lively chat. At length, one asked the other this question—'Jack, what do you think Father Mathew is doing now?' 'What is he doing?—why, taking a good stiff tumbler of punch, such as you and I, Dick, will take, please the Fates, at the next stage.' 'Punch! nonsense, man. Surely you are jesting. You do n't think Father Mathew is such a hypocrite.' 'Faith I do n't care what he is, my boy; but I am sure the jolly old buffer is taking a stiff tumbler at this moment—and I wish I had the same.' When the coach arrived at the next stage, the gentlemen of the press got out, and, entering the inn, called for the promised beverage. They had got through about half of their smoking tumblers, when the guard entered, saying, 'Come, gentlemen, time is up; please make haste.' 'Hallo, guard!' said Jack, the more convivial of the two, 'take something.' 'I thank you kindly, sir, no—I'm temperate.' 'You, coachman—won't you have a drop this cold night?' 'No, sir, thank you all the same. I hav'n't tasted anything for years, and, please God, I never will. But I'm as much obliged to you, sir, as if I took what's in the house,' said the man of the whip. 'Tell me, guard, who is that you have in the coach with us? Do'nt you know him, sir? He's one the country ought to be proud of. It's Father Mathew!' It is not necessary to represent with accuracy the exclamations uttered by the doubter of the consistency of the temperance leader; it is enough to say that he precipitately abandoned the remainder of his punch, and, scrambling up to a seat behind the coachman, thus accomplished the rest of his jour-

ney. The other, on entering the coach, received a warm shake of the hand; but not a word was said by Father Mathew of the conversation which he no doubt fully heard. For he asked where was Mr. —; to which the reply was made, that 'the inside of the coach did not agree with him, and that he preferred the fresh air.' The sceptic must certainly have been peculiar in his tastes, for the night was frightfully raw.

To one of these two gentlemen of the press a circumstance occurred, shortly after, in London, which was near having been attended with unpleasant consequences, and which strongly impressed him with the value of temperance, and the danger that might arise from too intimate an association with those who drank in excess. Both of the actors in the scene are since dead, but both were personally and intimately known to me for several years. Mr. —, who held the position of assistant-editor of one of the Cork journals, determined to retire from the drudgery of the press, and establish himself in London in some other profession or business. The companion of his journey to the metropolis was Richard —, who had for many years occupied the position of chief of the reporting staff on the same paper, and had just received an engagement as a Gallery Reporter on a leading morning journal. Richard at once commenced his duties, for which he was eminently capable; but Mr. — determined to indulge himself a little before he seriously set about his new profession. Drink was his besetting weakness. Differing, however, from most Irishmen, he did not drink out of good fellowship, or from a love of company: his indulgence was solitary and selfish. 'Richard,' said Mr. — one day to his friend, who lodged with him in the same house, 'I wish you would take charge of some money for me.' 'Why should I take charge of it?—can't you put it in the bank?' replied Richard. 'I don't like putting it in the bank, and you will oblige me if you keep it for me; it's only for a few days.' 'Be it so,' said Richard. The amount was between 200*l.* and 300*l.*, and

consisted of bank bills, notes, gold, and silver. Honest Richard had as little notion of money matters as he had of the philosophy of Confucius; but, acting upon what seemed to him like a presentiment, he drew up a docket, in which he represented the different sums that made up the whole amount entrusted to his care. He then deposited the precious charge in a box in his bedroom, and thought no more about the matter. Scarcely had Mr. — placed his money in safety, than he made elaborate preparations for a prolonged and systematic debauch. Wines, brandies, spirits of all kinds, were profusely ordered and sent in. For a fortnight, or longer, the solitary drinker continued his carouse. At the end of that time he was seen one morning to descend the stairs, dressed with more than ordinary neatness—for he was quite a dandy in dress—and to leave the house, with steady step, but with face of deadly paleness. Richard, after his previous night's work in the Gallery, resolved to refresh himself by a ramble in the parks. On his return, he was surprised to find the entire household assembled in the common sitting-room, and two strange men with them. No sooner had the unsuspecting reporter entered the apartment, than one of the strange men deliberately placed his back against the door, as if to bar all egress; while the other, addressing Richard, asked him if he were Mr. —. 'That's my name,' said Richard. 'Then, sir, I am sorry to tell you I am here from Bow Street, on a serious charge against you,' said the officer. 'What,' said the Irishman, 'have the girls been saying anything against me?' Much more serious than that, sir; Mr. — has charged you with embezzlement! 'Good God!' exclaimed Richard, now thoroughly alarmed, and turning to Mr. —, who sat at the table, his face pale as that of the dead, 'could you have done so?' 'It grieved me much to do so,' replied Mr. —, with the solemn air of a Brutus about condemning his son to death; 'but it was my duty, Richard, and I could not avoid it.' 'Did Mr.

— entrust you with his money?' enquired the officer. 'He did certainly,' was the reply; 'but come with me, gentlemen, and I will show you where it is.' Most fortunately, the money was correct to the shilling. 'In the name of God, what induced you to make such a charge against me?' asked the poor young fellow of the wretched drunkard, when all had again returned to the sitting-room. 'My dear Dick,' sobbed Mr. —, bursting into a flood of tears, 'I would trust you with a thousand pounds!' The officers retired in unutterable disgust; and, ere an hour had passed, Richard had established himself in other lodgings, and had 'registered a vow in heaven' as to three things—to adhere to the pledge for twelve months—never again to take the charge of any man's money—and to keep as far away as possible from one liable to an attack of *delirium tremens*. The vow was religiously observed.

As may be supposed, there was much similarity in many of Father Mathew's speeches, for he delivered hundreds of such in the year. By local allusions, and illustrations borrowed from some circumstance or event of the day, he imparted as much novelty to each speech as the nature of the subject well admitted of; still, to an accustomed ear, especially that of a reporter, the general similarity was obvious. A very young and talented member of the Cork press, and who is now making for himself a reputation in the very highest class of periodical literature, was specially instructed to attend a certain meeting, and to be sure and give Father Mathew 'a full and careful report.' The meeting was held on Sunday—a beautiful bright day in summer, which invited to pleasure and enjoyment—but it was not honoured by the attendance of the representative of the palladium of our liberties. He was far away, outside the harbour, amidst the young and the gay, revelling in the enjoyment of his self-given holiday. Nevertheless, the next issue of the paper contained a long, elaborate, and careful report of Father Mathew's

speech of the day before, which, besides arguing the question with more than usual force, contained some admirable descriptions and powerful appeals, and was enriched by several local allusions and personal references of a complimentary character. Thus, for instance, the people of the parish and their 'beloved pastor' came in for more than their share of affectionate eulogy; even the band was praised for 'its delightful performance,' and 'the fidelity of the members of the reading-room' was held up to all societies as a shining example. The speech told wonderfully. 'Really,' said a knowing one, 'that's the best speech Father Mathew ever delivered.' And Father Mathew thought the same; for when he next met the reporter, he shook him by both hands, saying, 'My dear J—, that was a most beautiful report. I do'nt think I was ever better or more faithfully reported in my life.' The modest reporter blushed, and answered, 'I was afraid, sir, you might not have been pleased with it.' 'Pleased, my dear! why it was literal. Only it was rather better done than I spoke it.' The mind of the reporter was much relieved by this assurance; for the report had been prepared the day *before* the meeting was held, and was borrowed from Father Mathew's former speeches, which were contained in the newspaper file. It was ingeniously supplied with such novelties, in the way of courtesy and compliment and illustration, as the reporter knew would have to be introduced on the occasion. It was not until many years after that the proprietor of the paper heard of this ingenious instance of 'literal' reporting.