

again, and the band was to be reorganised, and all things were to be set right as before, an urgent appeal to Father Mathew was inevitable. And to respond effectively to an appeal of the kind, Father Mathew would willingly have parted with his last shilling. Through the contention of that village society the President was pained; in the backsliding of its members the Apostle of Temperance was scandalised. And what sacrifice would he not make—should he not make, he thought—to restore peace to that little society, and protect its members from folly and from danger? Thus it was that the bands, while useful to a certain extent, and a source of intense gratification to the people throughout the country, were to Father Mathew not only the cause of considerable anxiety, but of constant expense.

CHAPTER XIII.

Danger from insecure Platforms—The Catastrophe of Minane Bridge
—His Defence of the Bands—The dead Drum-major.

ON several occasions Father Mathew was placed in serious jeopardy by the insecurity of temperance platforms; but there was one adventure of the kind to which he rarely desired to allude, but to which his brother Charles now and then slyly referred, to the momentary annoyance of the priest. Father Mathew had consented to preach for an old friend of his, the pastor of a parish distant from Cork about ten miles; and, as usual, the opportunity was availed of by the friends of temperance to hold a meeting, and promote the spread of the cause in the village and the adjoining districts. The first thing to be done was to erect a platform, from which the speakers were to address the expected assembly; and the rural architect, when he surveyed his work on the Saturday night, believed in his soul that a finer, safer, or more ingenious construction than his grand platform was never devised. Sunday arrived, and with it the Apostle of Temperance, who preached the promised sermon for his reverend friend. From the chapel the congregation proceeded to the place of meeting, and the numbers were increased by people flocking in from all the neighbouring districts. The platform presented a very imposing appearance, it being seven or eight feet from the ground, and decorated with laurel branches, and with banners, which floated from the four uprights on which the

entire structure rested. A question of grave importance had arisen in the meanwhile—namely, which of the two bands present—the band from Cork, or the local band—was to have the place of honour? Courtesy to the strangers, who might have been regarded in the light of guests, would perhaps have suggested to the local society that their band should gracefully yield the occupation of the platform to the band from the city; but the local artists were proud of their performance, and sensitively jealous of their rights—therefore, and as a matter of principle, they stationed themselves on the platform, and hailed Father Mathew's arrival with a grand burst of music, repeating the jubilant strain at least half a dozen times, the better to impress the gentlemen from the city with a notion of what 'boys from the country,' were capable of doing 'in the line of playing.' Upon the termination of the last bar, the chair was taken, and the proceedings of the day commenced. The band on the platform were constantly on the watch for the conclusion of a speech; and scarcely had the orator finished his concluding sentence when the music struck up. Indeed an occasional rumble of the drum, or squeak from one of the other instruments, would indicate the impatience of the musicians, and their decided preference for their own performance to the most glowing oratory or heart-moving pathos. The numbers on the platform had been gradually increasing, in spite of the remonstrances of one or two gentlemen, who had not the most implicit faith in the stability of the structure. The architect, it must be remarked, listened to such warnings with sublime disdain, or replied to them with withering contempt. Since the Tower of Babel there was no structure equal to this platform, for ingenuity of design, perfection of detail, or solidity and durability. 'People ought to confine their observations to matters with which they were professionally conversant, and not meddle with subjects above their comprehension.' So thought and said the insulted architect of Minane Bridge.

Father Mathew had not been speaking longer than a few minutes, and had just commenced a new sentence with the words—'We have met here to-day, my dear friends, for'—when, lo! as a trick in a pantomime, or as a house of cards, the solid platform, which had been built for posterity, vanished in a second, leaving but the four posts, or uprights—to one of which Father Mathew was seen clinging, as a sailor would to a mast, his polished boots glittering in the sun! First there was a cry of horror, then a dismal wail, then a general sigh of relief. Fortunately, the platform, which had been built on a steep elevation, had fallen backwards against the hill, and not forwards—but, had it so fallen, the accident would have been probably attended with disastrous results, as many persons were then standing under it in front. No one had been seriously injured. Shins and knees were contused and scraped, coats and trowsers were torn and fractured, and an odd black eye or an ensanguined nose imparted variety to the catastrophe of the day. But the band!—the luckless local band! that would stand on its rights, and that would not give up the platform to the strangers! Sad was their plight, miserable their condition, bitter their unavailing self-reproach. The flute had suffered from a compound fracture of a hopeless character; the corneopean was twisted into strange contortions, its wide circular orifice flattened into the resemblance of a cod's mouth; and as to the drum—the big drum—that noble instrument which had been the glory of the village, and the admiration of the country for five miles round—one might enjoy a comprehensive view of the landscape through its shattered sheepskin. It was not ruin, but chaos. Father Mathew applied an effective salve, in the shape of a crown-piece, to the slight wound of a poor old woman who for a time resolutely proclaimed that she was 'kilt entirely;' but it required a much more costly plaister to heal the deep wound inflicted by that fatal accident on the feelings as well as the instruments of that unhappy

local band, whose sufferings were rather embittered than otherwise by the gay and joyous manner in which the Cork musicians played the people from the place of meeting to the gate of the chapel, where the proceedings were resumed. The architect had vanished with his platform, and was not seen for some days after. The writer often thought of that rural genius with no slight disgust; for, having been one of the occupants of that treacherous erection, he bore, in a complicated abrasion of both knees, and corresponding but fatal fractures of his best black trowsers, more enduring than pleasing memorials of the day at Minane Bridge.

It had been often alleged against the temperance bands that they played during the hours of Divine Worship on Sundays; but if they so transgressed, it was very rarely, and in direct violation of the positive injunctions of Father Mathew, that his followers should abstain from every cause of offence to those who differed from them in religion, and whose feelings might be wounded by sounds not certainly suggestive of devotional emotions. In a letter addressed to Richard Allen of Dublin, and written on the 7th of April 1842, Father Mathew, while alluding to the progress of the temperance movement, thus vindicates it from the charge of its being sectarian in its character, and defends the bands against their assailants:—

Be not alarmed, my dear Mr. Allen, temperance is not retrograding. At this moment I am honoured by more than seventy pressing invitations from the Roman Catholic prelates and clergy, to administer the total abstinence pledge in different parts of Ireland. Give me but time, and, with the aid of the Great Jehovah, we will wave our pure and spotless banner over the length and breadth of the land.

There are difficulties which cause me more pain than the assertion of Sir Robert Peel,—the insidious efforts to give to our society a political colouring, and to invoke a gloomy fanatic cry against us. The great body of teetotallers, it is true, is composed of Roman Catholics; but that is from the great bulk of the people being Roman Catholic, and not from anything exclusive in our society. A hostile

disposition has been excited on this account in certain localities; and I must also complain, with the deepest sorrow, that many who, from rank and station, possess great influence, have not, to use the mildest term, exercised it in favour of our society. I utterly disclaim any political object; my ardent desire is to promote the glory of God, by drying up the fruitful source of crime, and the happiness of His creatures, by persuading them to the observance of temperance.

Our musical bands, too, and our processions, are rocks of offence to many. If it was allowed to any to object to them, surely it should to the members of your society, who reject music and parade, in every case; yet you have all magnanimously cooperated with me, despising this paltry pretext. I respect the religious feelings which disapprove of music and processions on the Lord's day—I would not, on any account, offer violence to tender consciences; but we, Roman Catholics, after in general devoting the afternoon of Saturday, and the forenoon of Sunday, to religious observances, do not deem it a desecration of the Sabbath for such as have been earning their bread by the sweat of their brows during the week, to recreate themselves innocently during the remainder of the day. We should be allowed to enjoy our Gospel liberty—we regulate our conduct by what we interpret to be the spirit of the Gospel, and not by the letter of the Levitical Law. Oh! that the sweet and beneficent spirit of the Gospel, that thinketh no evil, was diffused from pole to pole, uniting all mankind as one family, and making a world happy. The earth would be then, indeed, a delightful habitation, in which each man could enjoy, in charity, the blessings of this life, especially through the Lord Jesus Christ, the blessed hope and glory of the great God. Lovers of God, and of His everlasting ordinances, should be to our failings a little kind.

Let them contrast the shocking spectacles which presented themselves heretofore on the Lord's day, with the calm decorum that at present universally reigns. The bacchanalian yell (that made hideous the Sabbath's early morn) is heard no more,—the Temples of the Living God, crowded with sincere worshippers,—the taverns, bride-wells, and brothels empty,—the awful blasphemy,—the false oath, and dire imprecation, no longer insult the attested majesty of the Deity. It is my religious conviction that one sin of drunkenness, or one of the black deeds to which men are prompted when inflamed by intoxicating drink, outrages more the sanctity of a jealous God than all the music of the three hundred temperance bands on the Sabbath day.

Belonging to one of the best bands of Cork was an elderly man, a pensioner, who had seen good service in his day. Having no practical knowledge of music, he could not do duty as an instrumentalist; but he impressed his brother-members with the necessity of obtaining a grand-looking and imposing drum-major, who would make a splendid appearance on all public occasions. Of course, he himself was the grand-looking and imposing personage, who was to fill this conspicuous position. The idea was favourably entertained, and immediately acted upon; and soon the local public were startled by the appearance of this fine old fellow strutting majestically at the head of the band, wearing a hairy cap of prodigious dimensions, and swaggering a genuine drum-major's staff, with resplendent nob, in the truest style of military art. There was not a prouder man in her Majesty's dominions than that drum-major of the temperance band. The cheers of the little boys offered the sweetest incense to his harmless vanity. But even drum-majors are not proof against the assaults of time; and the mournful day came when our drum-major was compelled to lay aside his astounding chako, and surrender his glittering staff. In a word, he died. The members of the room sincerely mourned the loss of their faithful comrade, and the band was disconsolate at their bereavement. It was determined to bury him with suitable pomp and solemnity—with a grand procession, muffled drums, and military music. Unhappily, in their grief, the band forgot that they did not know a single note of the 'Dead March,' without which a public funeral was not to be thought of. What was to be done? It was plain there was only one thing to be done—namely, not to bury the drum-major until the march was learned. And so the drum-major was kept above ground for a week longer, during which the band were hard at work practising the march; and had it not been for the interference of the police, the drum-major might not have been consigned to the dust for another week,

as the band were somewhat uncertain in their execution of that indispensable piece of music. There was, however, no help for it, as the neighbours had become greatly alarmed at the longer continuance of the drum-major above ground, and the police would not listen to the urgent plea for further practice; and so the funeral came off with distinguished success, the band far exceeding their own hopes, and the chako and staff, which were placed on the coffin of the departed veteran, producing a striking effect.

The temperance cause had many friends, but not a few enemies; and among the latter were those who sought to raise a cry against the teetotallers for holding their open-air meetings on the Sabbath, and who were so far carried away by their prejudices as not to consider that the promoters of such meetings were really engaged in furthering a great moral movement—indeed, if rightly understood, a great religious work; and that working people could not conveniently, or without injury to their families, assemble on any other day than Sunday. Father Mathew thus replied to this unreasonable accusation:—

I pity (said he) the man who could contemplate in our meeting nothing but a profanation of the Sabbath day. We are not, it is true, under the fragile roof of a cathedral; but we are assembled under the glorious canopy of heaven, to worship the Almighty God. Our work is on high—we are assembled to pay to the Lord the homage of pure hearts, and to inculcate the practice of the great cardinal virtue of temperance. Men point at us the finger of scorn, as the Pharisees did at our Lord, and say, 'They violate the Sabbath—the teetotallers assemble and hold temperance meetings on the Lord's day;' but these persons, my friends, are secret enemies of our glorious cause—they well know that, if we do not assemble on the Lord's day, we could not hold our meetings at all; for the great majority of those composing our society are from among that useful and virtuous body, the operatives, who on every other day labour from the rising to the setting sun, and could not come to hear our doctrines inculcated—the principles and maxims of true sobriety laid down. The temperance cause is the work of the Most High God, and it is admirable in our eyes.

Scarcely anything connected with Father Mathew's temperance mission was more remarkable than the extraordinary rapidity of his movements. Heard of in the North one day, his arrival in the South was recorded in a day or two after; and this, too, at a time when railways were almost unknown in Ireland. Thus, in October 1841, he was in Newry; and in a couple of days after, having passed through Cork, he was administering the pledge in Tralee. An instance of this extraordinary celerity of movement was displayed in July 1842, and is recorded, not because it is more than usually remarkable, but that it happened to attract the writer's attention. After a successful visit to the county of Limerick, he arrived in Cork on Friday the 8th of July. He left Cork on Saturday, and held a meeting near Bantry on Sunday; he returned to Cork on Tuesday, visited Tralee on Friday the 15th, held a meeting near Kenmare on Sunday, returned to Cork and remained until the 23rd, and then started for Castletown Beerhaven, where he preached and administered the pledge the following day, Sunday the 24th.

The two following paragraphs, taken from a Cork journal, will afford a further idea, not only of the rapidity of his movements, but of the tremendous labour to which he voluntarily subjected himself. As both these paragraphs appeared in 1844, it must be evident that he had then in no way relaxed in his wonderful exertions:—

Father Mathew left Cork, on Saturday, August 10th, for Newmarket, where he was to preach yesterday, the 11th, and afterwards to administer the pledge. On to-morrow, the 13th, he will take his departure for Esker, in the county of Galway, where he is to preach, and administer the pledge on Thursday, the 15th. He has arranged to visit Blanchardstown, near Dublin, on the following Sunday, the 18th, and Carlow on Wednesday, the 21st. He will return to Cork on the 23rd, in time for the great temperance demonstration, which will take place at Carrigtwohill, on Sunday, the 25th instant.

The Apostle of temperance left town by this morning's (Friday, November 22nd) Dublin mail, for Boyle, in the county of Roscommon,

where he is to preach and administer the pledge on Sunday and Monday. He will return to Cork on Wednesday.

It was during this trying campaign that the splendid constitution with which he was endowed received its first injury, and that the germs of painful disease, from which he suffered severely in a few years after, took deep and lasting root in his system. Travelling, however wearying, was not that from which he suffered most; but the continuous and incessant labour of addressing vast assemblies in the open air, and administering the pledge to many thousands in the course of a single day, standing frequently for six hours together, and not being allowed one moment either for rest or privacy during all that time. From the moment it was known that Father Mathew had arrived in any place, the whole population was in a ferment of excitement, and crowds rushed after him wherever he appeared. A rather comical cause of embarrassment arose, on one occasion, from the extraordinary anxiety of the people to catch even a glimpse of 'the great Apostle.' He had arrived in the dusk of the evening at the house of a parish priest in a remote part of the county Galway, where he was to preach in aid of the funds of a school, convent, or chapel, and afterwards administer the pledge. The best room in the house was prepared for the honoured guest, who was conducted to it by his host. The room was on the ground floor, and was lighted by a large bay window, which was without blind or curtain of any kind. Father Mathew, whose bedroom in Cove Street was as plain and simple as this apartment, only thought of preparing himself, by a good night's rest, for the labours of the following day; and turning his face to the wall, and his back to the window, he soon fell into a deep slumber. Awaking, as was usual with him, at an early hour in the morning, he opened his eyes, blessed himself, repeated a prayer, and turned towards the window. But imagine his dismay, when he beheld a crowd of people—men, women and children—in front of the blind-

less and curtainless bay window, and at least a score of noses flattened against the glass, the better to enable their respective proprietors to obtain a peep at his reverence. A more modest man did not exist than Father Mathew; and great was his embarrassment at this indication of his popularity. He glanced at the head of the bed, and at the table near him, to see if a bell were in reach; but such a luxury in the house of a priest, in a mountain parish of Galway, was not to be thought of. No help, therefore, from that quarter. There was something resembling a bell-pull at one side of the fire-place; but if it were a real bell-pull, and not a mockery and a delusion, it might as well have been twenty miles away, for any practical advantage at that moment; for it would be difficult to say what *would* induce Father Mathew to quit the shelter of the bed-clothes, and walk across the room to grasp that tantalising cord. The crowd outside was momentarily on the increase, and the deepening murmur of their voices testified to the animation of the conversation carried on. Occasionally might be heard such as the following:— ‘Do ye see him, Mary, ashore?’ ‘Danny, agra, lave me take a look, an’ God bless you, child!’ ‘Where are you pushing with yerself?’—‘hould off ov my foot, will ye?’ ‘Oh, wisha! there’s the blessed priest!’ ‘Honest man, would ye be plazed to lift off ov our back—one ’ud think ’tis a horse I was.’ ‘’Tis a shame for ye to be there—what curiosity is in yes all!’ ‘Mammy, mammy! there he is!—I sees his poll!’ ‘Whisht, an’ don’t be after wakin’ him.’ Father Mathew ventured another peep; but the slightest movement on his part only evoked increased anxiety outside; and it seemed to him as if the window-panes were every moment accommodating a larger number of flattened noses. The poor man felt himself a prisoner, and listened with eagerness for any sound which gave hope or promise of deliverance; but it was not till after three mortal hours of his guest’s comical captivity that the considerate host, who would not ‘disturb’

his guest too early, entered the apartment, and thus became aware of the presence of the admiring crowd, who, it need scarcely be said, were quickly dispersed, to Father Mathew’s ineffable relief.

For no result did this good man so earnestly labour as for the moral elevation of the youth of Ireland. In them was centred all his hopes. If he could only bend the green twig as he pleased, he knew the tree would correspondingly incline. There were blessings, and carresses, and praises, and holidays, and medals, for the boys who took the pledge; there was the fondest affection and the most devoted friendship for the youth who adhered to it faithfully. Wherever Father Mathew went through the country, he was delighted at the improvement which he witnessed in the dress, in the manner, and in the bearing of the children of the humbler classes; and his heart was gladdened by the accounts which he received from the clergy of town and country of the daily increasing numbers on the school-roll. The improvement in the youth of the higher classes was equally striking. At one of his meetings he thus gave expression to his exultation at the progress which he witnessed with so much delight:—

Oh, I predict glorious things for the young and rising generation! My heart warms and expands as I conjure up before me all that is in progress for the advantage of and the improvement of the young minds of Ireland. Not alone in the arts and sciences how great will be their advancement, but indications of talent of every kind, of comforts hitherto unknown amongst us, of future peace and happiness, are making themselves manifest, and my aspirations are becoming more and more realised every day for the improvement and amelioration of the condition of my native land. Yes, heretofore, to be sure, individuals of talent and abilities occasionally arose and appeared; but, like the meteor flashes, they illuminated all around for the moment, and became the transitory ornaments of their native land; but the young men of the present day, oh! how can I describe them? Seem they not like the fixed stars in the clear and cloudless Heaven, shining on, shining on in their glory and their purity to the end. Oh! you cannot know how it cheers my heart to find how the young

mind of Ireland is now progressing, not slowly, but surely, steadily, and successfully, and not alone in Cork, but in every part of the kingdom. Daily I receive accounts from the various parts of the country which are truly gratifying to the heart, of the fidelity of my dear teetotallers.

Father Mathew's style of speaking was simple and unaffected, but it was earnest and impressive. He availed himself of any incident or event which had occurred, to illustrate his temperance discourses, and render them more forcible through the influence of example. The following, though spoken many years since in the village of Blackrock, a short distance from the city of Cork, is applicable at this moment, not to one locality, but unhappily, to almost every locality; and its good sense is as apparent now as it was then:—

Were you, my friends, to remain in my house where I administer the pledge, from morning to night, while I am in Cork, you would see examples before you of the fearful consequences resulting from the use of strong drink, that would congeal your blood in your veins. Is it not awful even to think on the numbers, once respected members of society, degraded and ruined—all the victims of one besetting habit? I was going to call it a passion, but it is no passion. It is no passion arising from our nature—for we have no natural propensities that could make us delight in the use of intoxicating liquor. It is merely a habit, brought on by ourselves, like any other bad habit, like the habit of smoking tobacco, or taking snuff. This very morning, a young man came to my house from a remote part of North Tipperary. I saw him only a few weeks ago, sober, respected, and happy. He came to me a miserable object, capable of exciting compassion in the hardest heart—he was but a wreck of what he had been a short time ago. He had broken his pledge—spent in a few weeks the fruits of many years' saving—and left behind him a young wife and a helpless family. He returned there this morning, setting out on his journey without a coat to shelter him from the rain, and was obliged to beg for money to support him on his way. Will any one tell me that it was better for him to drink, to beggar his family, to run the risk of losing his life from the inclemency of the weather, to which he is this day exposed? No, my friends, do not let any one thus deceive you. It is not better for any one, either man or woman, to drink intoxicating liquors—it is far better for all to be total

abstainers. Show me any one in the wide circle of your acquaintance, who was ever benefited, either in body or in soul, by the use of intoxicating liquors. I allow there is some enjoyment—some sensual gratification—to be found in the use of those liquors; but what is that enjoyment to the frightful risk that is encountered? Ought any man blight his prospects in life, and those of his family, for the sake of that wretched indulgence? How many are there whose fathers, had they been teetotallers, would have been able to have given them the blessings of a liberal education, and who might now fill some of the highest situations in the land. There are many who, twenty or thirty years ago, were in the receipt of large sums of money, who are now miserably poor, and whose children are in rags—idle, and straggling, like vagabonds, through the streets; and all this owing to the criminal neglect of their parents, who spent in intoxicating liquors the money which should be expended in properly training and establishing their children in life. Show me the man who ever advanced in life, who was addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors. Some may have risen high in life, who were not actually total abstainers, but they were invariably men who had a constitutional dislike to strong drinks, and were examples of temperance; but show me any man addicted to habits of intemperance who ever gained an advanced position in life.

It is not necessary to follow the temperance leader step by step through his extraordinary labours, or to weary the reader by descriptions of scenes which, from their very nature, must partake not only of the same general features, but even of similarity in detail. I prefer to say something of the results of those incessant labours, and the beneficial effects which followed from the more extended adoption of the temperance pledge.

Those results and effects were public as well as private, alike influencing the community and the individual. They were to be seen in the diminution of crime, and the improved moral tone observable throughout the country, notwithstanding the frequent pressure of severe poverty, and the existence of provocations to outrage arising, in a great measure, from various circumstances and conditions of the law, which do not properly enter within the scope of this work. Judges, in

their opening addresses to Grand Juries, congratulated the counties which they visited upon the spread and progress of temperance, and distinctly attributed the lightness of the criminal calendar to the sobriety of the mass of the population. Many such valuable testimonies might be quoted, as proofs of the good accomplished by one man. Baron Richards was not content with a public reference to the fruits of Father Mathew's mission; but having heard that he was then—in July 1842—holding meetings in the county Kerry, he sent his registrar specially to him, to express his congratulations on the great success which attended his disinterested labours, and on the improved condition of those who had taken the temperance pledge. Indeed such was the estimation in which sobriety was now generally held, and the disgust which habitual intemperance excited, that the appearance of a medal on the breast of a witness in a court of justice had no small weight with judge and jury in favour of its wearer. The medal was of its self *primâ facie* testimony to his good conduct and trustworthiness.

As a conclusive proof that the diminution of crime was one of the necessary consequences of the spread of temperance among those classes of the community most liable to be tempted to acts of violence or dishonesty, some few facts from the official records of the time may be quoted here. They are taken from returns of 'outrages specially reported by the constabulary,' from the year 1837 to the year 1841, both included. The number of homicides, which was 247 in 1838, was only 105 in 1841. There were 91 cases of 'firing at the person' reported in 1837, and but 66 in 1841. The 'assaults on police' were 91 in 1837, and but 58 in 1841. Incendiary fires, which were as many as 459 in 1838, were 390 in 1841. Robberies, thus specially reported, diminished wonderfully—from 725 in 1837, to 257 in 1841! The offence of 'killing, cutting, or maiming cattle' was also seriously lessened; the cases reported in 1839 being 433, to 213 in

1841! The decrease in cases of 'robbery of arms' was most significant; from being 246 in 1837, they were but 111 in 1841. The offence of 'appearing in arms' showed a favourable diminution, falling from 110 in 1837, to 66 in 1841. The effect of sobriety on 'faction fights' was equally remarkable. There were 20 of such cases in 1839, and 8 in 1841. The dangerous offence of 'rescuing prisoners,' which was represented by 34 in 1837, had no return in 1841!

Without entering further into detail, the following return of the number committed during a period of seven years—from 1839 to 1845—must bring conviction home to the mind of any rational and dispassionate person, that sobriety is good for the individual and the community:—

Year.	Total Number.
1839	12,049
1840	11,194
1841	9,287
1842	9,875
1843	8,620
1844	8,042
1845	7,101

The number of sentences of death and transportation evidenced the operation of some powerful and beneficial influence on the public morals. The number of capital sentences in eight years—from 1839 to 1846—was as follows:—

Year.	Number of Sentence.
1839	66
1840	43
1841	40
1842	25
1843	16
1844	20
1845	13
1846	14

The sentences to transportation during the same period—from 1839 to 1846—exhibited the like wonderful result:—

Year.	Number of Sentences.
1839	916
1840	751
1841	643
1842	667
1843	482
1844	526
1845	428
1846	504

The figures already quoted are most valuable, as they prove, beyond the possibility of doubt, that national drunkenness is the chief cause of crime, and that national sobriety is, humanly speaking, one of the best preservatives of the morals of a people. The figures which are to be now given exhibit the marvellous change effected by father Mathew's preaching in the drinking habits of his countrymen. These figures show the number of gallons of Irish spirits on which duty was paid, and the amount of duty, from the year 1839 to the year 1844, both included :—

Year.	Gallons.	Duty.
1839	12,296,000	£1,434,573
1840	10,815,709	1,261,812
1841	7,401,051	936,126
1842	6,485,443	864,725
1843	5,290,650	904,908
1844	5,546,483	852,418

It has been seen that, even in the year 1842, the consumption of Irish spirits was reduced to one-half of what it had been in the year 1839. And though the Famine, which had its origin in the partial failure of 1845, and was developed into frightful magnitude by the total failure of 1846, produced a baneful effect on the temperance movement, by impairing its organisation, closing the temperance rooms, and inducing the people to seek in false excitement a momentary forgetfulness of their misery ; still the consumption of spirits

did not recover from the effects of Father Mathew's mission, and for years exhibited the result of his influence, as the subjoined returns will show :—

Year.	Gallons.	Duty.
1845	6,451,137	£860,151
1846	7,605,196	1,014,026
1847	7,952,076	1,060,276

The figures which we have quoted exhibit, it is true, most important results ; but an extract from the trade article of the *Freeman's Journal*, for February 1842, will indicate, in an equally striking manner, the happy influence of the temperance movement upon the comforts of the Irish people. The writer says :—

The people, we have abundant proofs, are happier and better, and the nation is more intelligent and prosperous. Perhaps the best proof which can be given of the former is the increase of the Customs revenue, more particularly as regards those articles which are especially consumed by the people. The increase in the Customs revenue of Great Britain and Ireland during the past year was £148,000, of which the increase of those duties levied in the port of Dublin alone was £77,000, or more than one half of the entire increase. The whole amount of this revenue from this port in the past year was £984,000, or very close upon one million. But the articles from which this large amount of increased revenue has been received are those the humbler classes consume most largely ; the increased consumption of *tea and sugar* producing in this port, within that period, an increased revenue of 10 per cent. In the duties on tea and sugar in this port of Dublin alone, the increase amounts to £55,000, or over one-third the whole amount by which those duties in the present exceed those of the past financial year.

The writer adds that the result would appear more striking were not duty paid in England on much of the sugar used in Ireland. The revenue on tobacco decreased to the amount of £3,000 within the year.

Father Mathew made frequent allusions to the injury he had brought upon members of his own family by his advo-

cacy of temperance; and the following words, spoken in December 1842, come appropriately in this place:—

I do not know but that there are distillers or brewers listening to me. I have such in my own family. One member of my family in Cashel, a distiller, now manufactures, I am glad to say, as much in a week as would supply his customers for a year. That is a great falling off from other days. I am rejoiced at this; for when the glory of God is in question, we should not mind the ties of flesh and blood.

A member of Father Mathew's family, connected with him by marriage, thus writes in March 1843:—

Every teetotaller has gained morally and physically by the movement; but my immediate family have been absolutely and totally ruined by Father Mathew's temperance mission.

A writer in the *Dublin Review*, in an article devoted to the temperance movement in Ireland, has the following, in reference to the unselfish and disinterested conduct of Father Mathew:—

We need not, therefore, remark how little consistent with considerations of a worldly nature are the present occupations of the Apostle of Temperance. The brother and relative naturally wrote to him, and said, 'If you go on thus, you will certainly ruin our fortunes.' His answer is, 'Change your trade; turn your premises into factories for flour; at all events my course is fixed. Though heaven and earth should come together, we should do what is right.' This language is worthy of the Messiah.

CHAPTER XIV.

Important Testimonies to the Progress and Beneficial Effects of the Movement—Lord Morpeth—Maria Edgeworth—Cardinal Wiseman—Dr. Channing—Other Testimonies—Their effect—Temperance Speeches—Tim's Oration.

LORD MORPETH, when Irish Secretary, thus referred, at the annual dinner in the Mansion House, in Dublin, to the beneficial effects of the mission of Father Mathew, and the hopes and aspirations to which it gave rise:—

I have already adverted to the gradual diminution of crime; but when I look for the source of this most striking development in this ameliorating process, I own I am rather pleased not to have to refer for it to the acts of policy of any government of the day. It was my lot, in the House of Commons, to hear an humble but sincere tribute to the wonderful efficacy that attended the exertions of Father Mathew; and although I fear, at this moment, we present rather too convivial an aspect for his entire approval, yet I am glad to speak in the presence of so many who, from their personal observation, can confirm the marvellous effects his mission has had in extending—nay, increasing habits of temperance throughout the land. He needs not, and looks not for, our praise—higher motives impel him, and higher agencies befriend him. I will not go into the details of this transformation; but I will ask, considering this pure and lofty renovation of a nation's virtue, is there anything which seems too large to hope for, or too bright to realise? This change which has passed over the people seems to have been anticipated by the poet of a former day, who is never so much at home as when he celebrates heroic or holy actions:—

The wretch who once sang wildly, danced, and laughed,
And sucked in dizzy madness with his draught,
Has wept a silent flood—reversed his ways—
Is sober, meek, benevolent—and prays.