

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.

**L**ORD MORPETH, when Irish Secretary, thus referred, at the annual diuner 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.

Maria Edgeworth, the celebrated novelist, whose descriptions of humble life in her own country are the happiest because the most natural ever written, thus exhibits, by the testimony of her village of Edgeworthstown, the practical effects of the temperance reformation on the habits, manners, customs, and comforts—in a word, on the daily life of the Irish peasantry. Miss Edgeworth's letter was written in reply to one addressed to her by Mr. Allen of Dublin, with a view to elicit so valuable a testimony in favour of the cause. The distinguished writer says:—

In our village of Edgeworthstown the whisky-selling has diminished *since* the pledge has been taken, within the last two years, so as to leave public-houses empty, and to oblige the landlord to lower house-rent considerably. This we know to our pecuniary loss, I need not add to our moral satisfaction.

The appearance of the people, their quiet demeanour at markets and fairs, has wonderfully improved in general; and to the knowledge of this family many notorious drinkers, and some, as it was thought, confirmed drunkards, have been completely reformed by taking the pledge.

They have become able and willing to work, and to take care of their farms and business—are decently clothed, and healthy and happy, and now make their wives and children happy, instead, as before their reformation, miserable and half heart-broken. I have heard some of the strong expressions of delight of some of the wives of the reformed drunkards. One wife said to me, 'Ma'am, I'm the happiest woman now that can be: sure *he* says he is wakened from a dream, and now *he* goes about his business so well—and, ma'am, he can eat more, and he can bear the noise of the children, which he never could formerly.'

I have heard of many instances where the health has been improved even where the 'total abstinence' began late in life, and after habits of daily intemperance.

I have not known of any in which the health has suffered. Very few, scarcely any, instances of breaking the pledge have as yet come to our knowledge. But some have occurred. The culprits have been completely shunned and disgraced, so that they are awful warnings to others.

So long as public opinion is upheld in this manner, and so continues to act, we may hope that this great power—this inestimable moral blessing to Ireland in particular—will continue; and most earnestly I hope and pray that it may.

Beyond all calculations—beyond all the predictions of experience, and all the examples from the past, and all analogy—this wonderful crusade against the bad habits of nations, the bad habits and sensual tastes of individuals—has succeeded and lasted for about two years.

It is amazing, and proves the power of moral and religious influence and motive beyond any other example on record in history.

I consider Father Mathew as the greatest benefactor to his country, the most true friend to Irishmen and to Ireland.

The following additional testimonies to the great reformation accomplished by one individual were borne by two distinguished men—Cardinal Wiseman and Dr. Channing. The former was then the Catholic Bishop of Birmingham; and it was on the occasion of the consecration of St. Andrew's Chapel, Dublin, that, in his dedication sermon, Dr. Wiseman thus referred to Father Mathew's preaching, and its marvellous results:—

Long ago, a Pilgrim came from the East, and described the sufferings of the Christians under the galling Infidel yoke, and beseechingly called upon their brethren to relieve them; his words sank deep into the hearts of many, and numbers of rich and poor put on their breast the Cross of the Church, and devoted themselves to the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre. The resolution and harmony with which so many obeyed his call, and the unspeakable success of his mission, seemed to give it a Divine sanction, and his cause was declared to be the cause of God. Actuated by motives as inspiring, an humble son of St. Francis has travelled your land, preaching against a vice which was the greatest bane of your domestic happiness and spiritual welfare; calling upon you to take up the Cross of the Church and place it in your hearts, and not on your garments. How has this mission succeeded, and how was that call obeyed? It has been obeyed beyond all human calculation; and the adhesion, not of thousands, but of millions, has proved the *authority* that sanctioned it. Has God not thus extended his blessing even to the most despised amongst you? Yes, my brethren, and when you see the reproach of intemperance, formerly, and perhaps not unjustly, cast upon you, now removed—when you see the humble family that was cold and helpless now warm and comfortable—when you see the children of the poor not neglected, not illiterate, and destitute of clothing, but decently clad, and educated and supported, and the young people sober, and industrious, and virtuous; and when, in fine, you see the happy and contented family

sitting round a well furnished board, do n't forget him who, through God, has given those blessings, and blessed the peasant as well as the prince, the cottage as well as the palace. Those blessings will soon be the familiar words of the country; the traces of your feuds will soon be extinguished, education will be brought to every home, the prevalence of temperance will open new ways of industry for honourable ambition; and the period is not far distant when the neighbouring nations will point to you as a country God has specially favoured, and munificently blessed. Peace and prosperity are in your path.

In a discourse delivered in Boston, Dr. Channing describes that marvellous moral revolution which was being then accomplished at the other side of the Atlantic:—

At the present moment, it is singularly unreasonable to doubt and despair of the improvement of society. Providence is placing before our eyes, in broad light, the success of efforts for the amelioration of human affairs. I might refer to the change produced among ourselves within the last few years, by the exertions of good men, for the suppression of intemperance, the very vice which seems the most inveterate, and which, more than all others, spreads poverty and crime; but this moral revolution, in our own country, sinks into nothing when compared with the amazing and almost incredible work now in progress on the other side of the ocean. A few years ago, had we been called to name the country of all others most degraded, beggared and hopelessly crushed by intemperance, we should have selected Ireland. There, men and women, old and young, were alike swept away by what seemed the irresistible torrent. Childhood was baptized into drunkenness; and now, in the short space of two or three years, this vice of ages has been almost rooted out. In the moral point of view, the Ireland of the past is banished—a new Ireland has started into life; five millions of her population have taken the pledge of total abstinence; and instances of violating the pledge are very, very rare. The great national anniversaries, on which the whole labouring population used to be dissolved in excesses, are now given to innocent pleasures. The excise on ardent spirits has now been diminished nearly a million sterling. History records no revolution like this; it is the grand event of the present day. Father Mathew, the leader in this moral revolution, ranks far above the heroes and statesmen of the times. However, as Protestants, we may question the claims of departed saints, here is a living minister, if he may be judged from one work, who deserves to be canonised, and whose name should be placed in the Calendar not far below the Apostles. And is this an age

in which to be sceptical as to radical changes in society, as to the recovery of the mass of men from brutal ignorance and still more brutal vice?

This beautiful passage was first called to the attention of Father Mathew by the Rev. Mr. Hort, a venerable Presbyterian minister, then—in January 1842—dwelling in Swansea, who writes to his reverend friend in a strain honourable to both:—

Every day of my life I offer, at the throne of grace, my prayer for continued support to your soul and body in your labours of Christian love—for continued efficacy to be imparted to your glorious and benevolent efforts; and I think I know you well enough to be sure that you will not esteem as presumptuous that prayer and blessing of a very aged fellow-disciple of the Saviour, trembling and tottering on the brink of the grave. I rejoice most sincerely in that honour with which God has been pleased to crown you; and in the reputation, so well sustained and so widely extended, which envelops you as a white and lustrous robe of real dignity. As a testimony of the extension of the report of the wonderful work of divine grace which is now being carried on by your efforts, I take the liberty of sending you a transcript from a late publication of the illustrious American writer, Channing, pointed out to me by Mrs. Huxham, daughter of mine, living in the vicinity, who, together with Mrs. Edgar, in Cork, share their father's respect, admiration, and high esteem for you.

The two additional testimonies to the practical benefits conferred on the community by Father Mathew's mission belong to the year 1842. The one was spoken by Lord Louth, the other was written by a Catholic priest.

The following brief report of his lordship's speech at a temperance festival in the assembly-room of Tallanstown, and at which many of his tenantry were present, is taken from an Ulster newspaper:—

Lord Louth complimented the members of the teetotal association, and said that, in whatever clime or country he should travel, he would be ever found the staunch advocate of the teetotal system. He had seen many societies, but a pleasanter sight he never saw than the present, where all was sobriety, harmony, and cheerful good order. He knew they had many enemies, who would rather have them

fighting, cursing, and breaking each other's heads. As a magistrate, what had he or the bench to perform? scarcely anything except fining the poor people for their animals (pigs and goats) trespassing on the road; and the police had nothing to do than to watch them, and right glad would they be to catch them—for they had no other employment. A teetotaller never was brought before him accused of crime; and he was sure none of the present company would take one hundred guineas and break their pledge. He concluded by stating that, wherever he would be, he would be happy to see such a sight.

The writer of the pregnant note now given was then officiating in the parish of SS. Peter and Paul, in the city of Cork, and has been for several years parish priest of Blackrock, the beautiful peninsula which forms so fine a feature in the scenery of the Lee. Writing to Father Mathew on the 9th of April 1842, the Rev. Mr. O'Sullivan says:—

I hope your journey will be productive of much good in the parish of Killavullen. The change already effected there by your apostolic labours is almost miraculous. Quiet and order prevail in the little town, which two years since was the continued scene of riot, drunkenness and blasphemy.

Testimonies such as the foregoing, which might be multiplied, had a most beneficial effect upon the mind of the country. They assisted to impart to the public feeling of the nation a higher moral tone, and to inspire disgust and hatred of the vice which had neutralised so many fine qualities, and entailed so deep, if not so deserved a reproach upon the character of a whole people. If strangers, too, thought so much of what had been done, and what might still be accomplished—if those from a distance described in such glowing colours and in such lofty terms that moral revolution which was making Ireland famous throughout the civilised world—why should not her own children feel proud of the virtue and self-denial through which those great things were achieved, and of that bright and glorious vista opened to the aspiration of the moralist and the patriot? These testimonies, so full of generous sympathy, had, upon a susceptible

and impulsive race, the effect of a trumpet blast—they stirred the heart, roused the spirit, and strengthened the resolution of the leaders as well as the more intelligent of the rank and file of the army of temperance. They also tended to deepen into something akin to idolatry the feeling of mingled respect, veneration, and affection, in which Father Mathew was held by the mass of the Irish people. The speeches, the addresses, the poetic effusions of that day, partook of a character which would seem absurdly inflated and exaggerated, if one did not make fair allowance for the circumstances of the hour, and the hopeful exultation of the ardent and the eloquent—who perhaps had been themselves rescued from danger or misery through the agency of Father Mathew, and who thus spoke from the fervent gratitude of the heart.

Comical, too, were many of the speeches delivered from the platform, and at 'festivals,' as tea-parties in the temperance rooms were usually termed. Here the members were occasionally induced to narrate their own experiences, and describe, for the advantage of the younger portion of the audience, the miseries which drunkenness had entailed upon themselves and their families, and the benefits, to mind and body and worldly interests, which sobriety had conferred upon them. Frequently, such addresses were full of homely good sense, of heart-moving pathos, and also of genuine humour; and to a more favourable or sympathetic audience than an assembly of Irish teetotallers, who had just enjoyed a plentiful but simple meal of true temperance fare, it would be almost impossible for an orator, practised or unpractised, to address himself. They were always in good humour and good temper; and neither a flash of wit, or fun, or humour, nor a happy bit of description, nor a brilliant sentence, nor an animated appeal, failed to elicit the appropriate response—a hearty laugh, or a rousing cheer. But if the orator had no experience to narrate, no lesson to inculcate, or no moral

to draw—in that case he had only to indulge in unlimited praise of Father Mathew, and he was sure to succeed. That name was never referred to without applause following its mention; and with any assembly of teetotallers, praise of Father Mathew would alone have been sufficient to impart vivacity to dullness, or interest to the most rambling and inconsequent nonsense. The love of the people for their 'moral leader,' as they so often heard him termed, was intense, and manifested itself at every possible opportunity. The more grandiose orators heaped upon him all kinds of attributes, and ransacked history, both sacred and profane, for names which they might befittingly apply to him. Moses and Maccabæus, Judith and Joshua, as well as Julius Cæsar, Brian Borhu, and the Great Napoleon, were not rarely impressed into the service of the ambitious orator; and the innocent people applauded, and Father Mathew beamed with benevolence, while the speaker proved, to his own satisfaction, and most generally to that of his audience, the happy fitness and appositeness of the most outrageous 'parallel.'

The writer remembers an occasion on which a village schoolmaster, of high repute for a style of eloquence lofty and incomprehensible, but not the less prized on that account, compared Father Mathew to a 'solicitous mother holding up her tender babe to her lacteal bosom.' Eloquence of that sublime order required a somewhat specially cultivated audience to appreciate its merit; but a narrative like the following, delivered with appropriate gesture, and comical winks and nods, was sure to bring down the house.

After such really clever and brilliant speeches as were heard on these occasions from the accomplished and scholarly lieutenants of the temperance leader, droll addresses had all the effect of broad farce after genteel comedy. Tim —, the orator whose speeches were at all times received with delight, especially by the younger portion of the audience, had an incorrigible propensity for pronouncing 'this,' 'that,'

or 'the,' as if it were spelled 'dis,' 'dat,' or 'de,'—and this tightening process was applied by him to every other word that admitted of its application.

After much persuasion—for he, at first, affected the bashful—Tim was induced to step into the narrow space left for the speakers. Having bowed to Father Mathew, nodded to the rest, and taking one or two prefatory scratches at his red poll, Tim thus delivered himself:—

Yer reverence, ladies and gentlemen, de dickens a one of me knows how to make a speech at all; so ye all must excuse me, if ye plaze; but it would be a mane ting in me to be after denyin' de goodness of God; an' shure 't is I was de boy dat see de two sides of de shillin'—de bad an' de good. I've nottin' to boast of in de way of hought; an' dough I say it that should n't say it, dere were few boys ov my inches dat would bate me in hurley or football—dough dat is n't neider here nor dere—but, small as I am, I could put a gallon of porter out of sight wid de best ov 'em; and as for whisky, why 't was like mudder's milk to me—I'd lap it as de cat laps crame. Ov course, dere ar'nt people standin' in de middle ov de road wid pints ov porter in dere hands, sayin', 'Good man, will ye be plazed to drink a drop dis hot day, or dis could mornin'!—for wheder 't is hot or could, 't is all de same—one drinks to be could, and anoder drinks to be hot—an' 't is mighty could it is in de end. No, yer reverence, an' ladies and gentlemen, little ye gets for nottin' in dis world—and fait' 't is myself had such a druthe upon me, dat 'twas just as if I swallowed a lime-burner's wig. I had n't aise or pace so long as I was n't turnin' the bottom of a pint or a naggin' to the ceilin'—an' so long as I had a fardin', I melted it in drink. Dere are many here dat knows me, an' knows dat I was a good hand at earnin' money; but if one tinks of nottin' but drinkin', de divil a good 't would be to him if he had de bank of Ireland to call his own, an' de banker houldin' on be the raipin'-hook up in de moon, like Daniel O'Rourke. So you see, ladies, de poor wife soon had n't a fardin' to bless herself wid, and de childer, de craychers, often went to bed could, and me blackguardin' and gladiaterin' about de town, drinkin' here an' drinkin' dere, until one 'ud tink I'd burst, savin' yer presence; for de dickens a one ov me knows where I put it all—I was like a punchin on two legs. Yer reverence, I'm puzzled entirely to understand why one does n't take half nor

quarter de tay dat one does ov porter or punch; but if de tay we had here dis evenin' was punch, an' I in de ould times, 't is n't de tay cap, but de big jug, dat 'ud be my share dis blessed night. Well, ov coorse, dis kind ov ting could n't go on widout bringin' me, 'an de poor wife and childer, to sup sorrow. I first drank my own clothes into de pawn—den I drank my wife's cloak off ov her back—den I drank her flannel petticoat and her gound—den I drank de cups and de sawcers out ov de cupboard—den I drank de plates and dishes off ov de dresser—den I drank the pot an' de kittle off ov de fire—den I drank de bedclothes from de bed, and de bed from under meself an' me wife,—until, de Lord bless us! dere was n't a mortal haport dat was n't turned into gallons ov porter, an' glasses ov whysky, an' dandies ov punch! Well, what brought me to my sinses at last was de could flure, and de empty belly, and de poor childer cryin' 'Daddy, daddy, we're hungry.' I remember de last night ov my blackguardin', dere was n't a bit to ait, or a sup to taste, for de poor little tings, an' I tould dem to go to bed, an' to hould dere whisht, an' not bodder me. 'Daddy, daddy, we're hungry,' says de biggest fellow, 'and our mudder did n't ait a bit all day, an' she gave all she had to Katty and Billy!' 'Daddy, daddy,' says de littlest of de boys—dat's Billy—'I can't go to sleep, I'm so could.' 'God forgive yer onnateral fader!' says I; 'for 't is he's the purty boy intirely! wid his drinkin' and his blackguardin'. Hould yer whisht,' says I, 'an' I'll make ye comfortable;' an' wid dat, savin' yer presence, ladies, I takes me breeches—'t is no laughin' matter, I tell ye—an' I goes over to de craychers, an' I sticks one of de childer into one of de legs, an' anoder of de childer into de oder leg, an' I buttons the waistband round dere necks, an' I tould dem for de life ov dem not to dare as much as sneeze for de rest ov de night—an' dey did n't, poor childer. But be cockcrow in de mornin', Billy, who was a mighty airly bird, cries out, 'Daddy, daddy!' 'What's de matter?' says I. 'I want to get up, daddy,' says he. 'Well, get up, an' bad scran to ye,' says I. 'I can 't,' says de young shaver. 'Why can 't ye, ye kantankerous cur?' says I. 'Me an' Tommy is in de breeches,' says he. 'Get out ov it,' says I. 'Daddy, we're buttoned up,' says de little fellow, as smart as you plaze. So up I got, an' unbuttoned de craychures; an' I says to meself 't was a burnin' shame dat de children ov a Christian, lave 'lone a haythin', should be buttoned up in a breeches, instead ov lying in a dacent bed. So I slipped on de breeches on my own shanks, and off I goes to his reverence, an' I takes de pledge; an' 't was de crown-piece dat yer reverence, God bless you! slipped into de heel ov my fist, dat

set me up again in de world. Ladies and gentlemen, me story is tould; an' all I have to say is dis—dat I've lost de taste for whysky an' porter, an' for dandies of punch foo. An' dough I do n't be for standin' trates or takin' trates, still, an' all, if a friend comes in de way, he's welcome as de flowers ov May; and, glory be to de Lord, and tanks to his reverence, dere 's a clane place to resave him, an' a good leg ov mutton an' trimmins on de table, and *cead mille failtha* into de bargain. Dat is what I calls de two sides ov de shillin'—de bad an' de good,

The reader may imagine the applause amid which Tim, proud of his oratorical success, retired to his former corner, where he was received by his blushing but happy wife, and listened with complacency to the congratulations of his friends. Father Mathew heartily enjoyed Tim's description of the novel use to which he applied his small clothes.