

CHAPTER XVII.

His Charity extends itself abroad—He visits Glasgow—His Doings in that City—Excitement in Cork—An Irish Ovation—Acknowledges the Welcome—His annual Holiday—The austere Teetotaller—Found in the Fact—The Tins—No Whisky in Father Mathew's Plum-Pudding.

HAVING now fully done his work in Ireland, he consented to think of other portions of the United Kingdom. His charity, while properly commencing at home, was now inclined to extend itself abroad. There were, besides, his own societies and his own country people thickly scattered over the manufacturing districts of England and Scotland; and from the Irish and their clergy, the most pressing invitations had been constantly addressed to him for more than two years, praying that he would visit them, even for a day, and representing the great and lasting benefit which he would thereby confer on the Irish populations of the Scotch and English towns, and the service which he would thus render to religion and to the country. Father Mathew well knew to what temptations the working populations of those great towns were of necessity exposed, and how habits of intemperance not only degraded the poor impulsive Irish, but altogether obscured those virtues which had full play whenever they were rescued from a brutalising and debasing vice. He longed, then, for the opportunity of coming to their rescue, and liberating them from a bondage which destroyed the individual, and dishonoured the country that gave them

birth. To Glasgow, where there was a vast Irish population, he first turned his practical attention.

His brief visit to Glasgow was most successful, not alone on account of the service which he rendered to many thousands of his own country people in that great city, but of the influence which his presence and addresses had in breaking down prejudices, and extending his popularity amongst those of other communions. He had received many and pressing invitations from various parts of Scotland, and from various bodies; but that which he had formally accepted was from his friend the Catholic Bishop of Glasgow. He arrived in Greenock on Saturday, the 13th of August, 1842, and reached Glasgow the same evening. He was received with affectionate reverence by the good bishop and his clergy, the greater number of whom had come from Ireland, and who on that account felt a deeper interest in their honoured guest. On the next day, he preached in the new church of St. Mary, to an immense and overflowing congregation, and commenced, as soon after as possible, to administer the pledge, principally to those of his own country and faith. During the next day he was occupied for a considerable time in the duties of his mission; and the following day, Tuesday, his arrival in Scotland was formally celebrated by a public procession.

The staid and sober Glasgow papers of that day indulged in glowing descriptions of the imposing splendour of this demonstration; which descriptions were read in Ireland with gratified pride, and tended, if possible, to elevate the illustrious leader of the temperance cause still higher in the esteem of his own countrymen. When the carriage in which Father Mathew had joined the procession reached the hustings on the Green, it was found, to the disappointment of the vast assemblage, that he was not in it; the fact being, that, to accommodate the people from Edinburgh, who should return by a certain train, he had slipped quietly away to the

Cattle Market, and was there hard at work, administering the pledge to thousands.

At five o'clock, a banquet was given to him in the City Hall, by the Committee of the Scottish Western Temperance Association, which, as the Chairman of the evening stated, embraced nearly all the teetotallers of the West of Scotland. He added, that they were met from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, to do honour to their guest, the most unwearied and devoted champion of temperance. An address, from the pen of Robert Kettle, was read to him by its author, amid the plaudits of an assembly consisting chiefly of members of the National Church of Scotland. It was highly eulogistic, but written with good taste, and thus concluded :—

May you be long spared, sir, as a blessing to your country, and a benefactor to our common humanity; and having already learned, may you long enjoy, 'the luxury of doing good!'

Father Mathew's reply, in which he, as it were, bares his breast, and discloses the feelings of his heart to his new friends, is too valuable to be omitted. In acknowledging the address, he said :—

He received with unbounded pleasure the address from the members of the Western Scottish Temperance Union. He felt very much indebted to the writers of this address that they had spoken the truth, and had not given him credit for qualities which he did not possess, or for services which he had not performed. On this head he might appropriately quote the words of sacred authority, and say that Providence always selected the foolish things and weak things of this world to serve his purposes, 'that no flesh should glory in his presence.'

He was convinced that, though differing in features, opinions, customs, or religion, they were the same people. He had seen nothing in Scotland to make him think that they were not natives of Ireland. At all events, they were the children of one common father—born to the same rights—redeemed by the same Saviour—believers in the same blessed gospel; and oh! that the sweet and beneficent spirit of

the gospel of Jesus were diffused from pole to pole, uniting and making all happy, pure, and guileless. The world would then be a pleasant habitation, and its children worthy of heaven. Though naturally timid and desponding, he felt new vigour arise within him to see so many of different religious professions—for it was not likely that they could all have unity of faith, but they could all meet in unity of affection—banded together in behalf of so great and good a cause. However, he thought he heard some one saying, 'Now, Father Mathew, this is making fine speeches to delude the people of Glasgow: perhaps these are not your sentiments in your own country.' For five-and-twenty years he had entertained these views, and if any man could say that his heart had been shut against his neighbour because of differences in religion—if any man could say that the needy had been turned from his door in consequence of an opposite belief—that the tenant had been dismissed from his holding, or the servant from his place, because of a difference of religious belief—he would allow them to say that his actions did not correspond with his words. In that time he had done what lay in his power to reconcile and harmonise the warring principles of factions—to sweeten the cup of woe—to exalt the down-trodden and unfortunate, and if another voice were required at his hands, still he would repeat, 'A new commandment I give you, that ye love one another.' He ought, perhaps, to apologise for thus alluding to himself, but Heaven forbid that he should do so from a spirit of paltry egotism, but for the glorious cause in which they all laboured. It was for this purpose that he wished to exhibit to them the inmost recesses of his heart, and to show it glowing with love for the whole human family. This was a cause in which they should all unite; it was the cause of their common humanity, the cause of their common country, and the cause of God.

The *Argus* thus describes his operations in the Cattle Market, the principal scene of his labours; and let it be remembered that, whether it were a city in Scotland or a village in Ireland which was the scene of those labours, the amount of exertion, of hardship, of physical and mental wear and tear, was about the same in either instance :—

On Monday, Father Mathew administered the pledge to from 1,000 to 1,500; and on Tuesday, after the great procession was over, not fewer than 10,000 to 12,000 people were enlisted in the teetotal cause. Yesterday (Wednesday), however, the number of applicants was so

immense that all attempts at calculation must be set aside. In the morning Father Mathew celebrated mass in the Catholic Chapel, Clyde Street, and afterwards proceeded to the Cattle Market, where a vast concourse of people were assembled. Indeed, the great square of the market was at one period of the day so crowded that it was scarcely possible for the most vigorous to push their way through; and many who ardently longed for an opportunity of kneeling before the great Apostle of Temperance, and taking the pledge from his lips, could not get even a sight of his face. Late in the afternoon, we saw females who had anxiously waited the whole day in the hope of being able to get near his person, but were disappointed; and we understand that great numbers were similarly circumstanced at the close of the proceedings. From ten o'clock A. M. till six o'clock, Father Mathew was laboriously employed in administering the pledge; and, as the day was excessively hot, his exertions must have been attended with great fatigue. Group after group was pledged during the whole of the day, to the number of many thousands; but as, from the pressure, it was impossible to keep any account, it is impossible, as we have already remarked, even to guess at the gross number. Such of the people as were previously in possession of tickets or medals put them into his hands, and he returned them, throwing the ribbons by which they were suspended over the necks of the owners. In the Catholic Chapel yesterday morning, he distinctly informed the audience that he arrogated to himself no miraculous power of curing diseases, and that anyone who approached him under such a delusion must be signally disappointed—the power of performing miracles belonging alone to the Supreme Being. He, however, stated that he was ready and willing to bestow his blessing on all who chose to seek it. Notwithstanding these disclaimers, however, crowds of diseased persons were taken to the Cattle Market. At the close of the proceedings yesterday, Father Mathew appeared to be quite exhausted by his labours.

The practical result of this visit, in the improvement of his own countrymen, is thus indicated in the 'Scottish Temperance Review,' of September 1848. The testimony is the more valuable, as coming from a clergyman of another creed:—

When distributing tracts after this on the Sabbath, amongst the prisoners, we seldom met with a person from Ireland, either charged with intemperance or theft. But the result of the good man's labours was still more visibly seen in the lower parts of the city. In the district we visited, for example, as a city missionary, there was a close

off High Street, which contained about eighty families, the majority of whom were Catholics. The people were so uproarious that they almost required a policeman constantly amongst them. On a Wednesday morning, however, most of the adults, and a number of the juveniles, set off in a body to the Cattle Market, and took the pledge from Father Mathew. From that day till May 1845, when we left the district, there was not a quieter close, considering the number of inhabitants, in the city. A number are still adhering to the pledge, and their orderly demeanour is an agreeable contrast to several of their tippling Protestant neighbours.

Before quitting Glasgow, Father Mathew presented a costly chalice to the Church of St. Mary. In acknowledging this act of thoughtful munificence, Dr. Murdoch said that that chalice would remain in St. Mary's long after its donor had gone to heaven, a memorial of his piety and generosity. But, save in whispered thanks and fervent blessings, there were no acknowledgments of the sums which he lavished on the many objects of his compassion during those few days in that busy and flourishing city.

The teetotallers of his own city were flung into a fever of excitement by the account of his doings in Scotland; and that being the season of enthusiasm, and the spirits of the people being then high, it was determined, as if by an impulse, that the beloved leader should be received on his return as a moral conqueror fresh from his field of glory, and surrounded with the spoils of his bloodless conquest. It was resolved to meet him in grand procession, and to testify, by a suitable address, the exultation which his new achievements had inspired in the breasts of his own special followers, amidst whom the cause had had its first and perhaps greatest triumphs. Tuesday, the 23rd of August, was the day which Father Mathew had himself appointed for his return to Cork; and that day was accordingly fixed upon for his public reception by his fellow-citizens.

A few years more, and sorrow, and suffering, and death, too, were in the streets and highways of the same city which

now resounded with cries of joy and shouts of welcome; and the population that now pressed on in happy crowds, confident in the present and thoughtless of the morrow, were soon to learn the true meaning of the terrible words, Famine and Plague.

The following sketch, written by one who was in the midst of the people, and had a part in the proceedings of the day, accurately represents this remarkable manifestation of popular enthusiasm:—

Short as was the notice afforded for preparation, the spectacle was really magnificent, not from decorations or trappings, but from the mighty masses who poured forth at a nearly hour from the city towards the appointed place of meeting the Apostle, and hailing him on his triumphant return from Scotland. The day was exceedingly beautiful, the air cooled by a gentle breeze, and the whole face of nature brightened under a glowing sun that shone upon many a rich garden, and many a field of golden wheat ripe for the sickle of the reaper. Every face looked happy, and every step was buoyant, as young and old, men and women, parents and children, cheered on by the strains of numberless bands, advanced to meet their best friend and benefactor. The road was literally alive with gay groups, with bands and banners, with carriages, gingles, low cars laden with well-dressed females, and with vehicles of every possible description. The members of the different Temperance Rooms wore either scarfs, sashes, or rosettes, together with their medals, and nearly all bore wands decorated with white or pink ribbons. Mostly all the bands were dressed in uniform, some remarkable for richness, others for lightness and exceeding taste; and many, especially those who received the advantage of good instruction, played the finest pieces of music in a manner which clearly evidenced the vast intellectual capability of the humbler and hitherto most neglected classes of the Irish people. But their gaiety, their good temper, and their excellent conduct were by far more delightful to behold. Long before the arrival of the Limerick mail at the appointed place, the different societies, headed by their bands, were formed into line of procession, and also the private and hired carriages, the cars, and other vehicles. As the time drew near, the excitement became intense; and a stranger hearing the eager and longing exclamations of the multitude, and seeing them rushing forward to catch one glimpse of the Apostle, would be inclined either to think Father Mathew was returning after an absence of years, in-

stead of days, or that he was one upon whose features and person they had never looked before. At length, from man to man the cry was passed—'He is coming!—he is coming!' And then there arose one wild outburst of feeling—one prolonged shout of joy, as the coach drove up, and, passing through a living lane of human beings, stopped at the usual place for changing horses for the last stage. Again and again did the heavens echo with the shout, as the Apostle descended from the coach, and, escorted by a number of gentlemen, entered the carriage of his Worship the Mayor. Mr. Mathew looked fresh, healthy, and untired as ever, and as if he had never encountered the wonderful fatigues to which his mission of charity and love so constantly exposes him. No sooner did the Mayor receive him into the carriage, than the people pressed forward with eagerness to see him, to touch him, or to hear his voice. The bands struck up with great spirit, and again the multitude sent up their cry of welcome to the moral emancipator of their country. After a few moments spent in necessary arrangement, the word to march was given, and gradually the several societies, with bands playing and banners waving, filed past the carriage in which stood the hero of the day.

The address was read amidst frequent bursts of applause, as its sentiments and expressions were ratified and endorsed by the approval of the mighty mass that thus took part in its presentation.

The address, after expressing the warmest congratulation and welcome, briefly referred to his labours at home, and thus proceeded:—

Having achieved so singular, so miraculous a change in five millions of the Irish nation, you have shown the world that your exertions were not confined to any particular clime, country, or religion—that you were the friend of mankind—in every grade—in every land—under every circumstance—that your mission was for the whole human family; and that where good was to be done, there was your station—every country being for you a field to sow the moral seed, no matter under what aspect, or with what degree of intensity, the bright and fostering light of Christianity shone upon it.

We were proud to witness your success amongst the religious and intellectual people of Scotland. It was gratifying to see one hundred thousand of that gifted nation assembled around you, and pledging themselves to you that they had the fortitude by restraining themselves and abandoning long existing habits to elevate still more the

character of their country; and it has added to the interest of the great scene at Glasgow, to witness the railways—those mightiest achievements of art and science—employed to bring before you the populations of Edinburgh and other more distant towns.

Henceforth we shall look upon the people of Scotland as bound to us by other and peculiar ties. We cannot forget that both nations sprang from one common ancestry, and it increases the interest we have ever felt in that country to think, that as it was from Ireland the Scots first came, so it was from Ireland they obtained, through the Apostle of Temperance, a share in those lasting blessings which this moral movement has produced.

In conclusion, very reverend and esteemed sir, let us entreat of you to persevere and complete the glorious undertaking. You have always acted on the principle of considering nothing done while anything remained to be effected; and though many years of your less conspicuous life had been spent in the exercise of good works—in relieving the needy—in administering to the sick—in comforting the unfortunate—in spreading the mantle of charity over the distressed of every class, creed, and country—still an inward impulse prompted you to even higher, because more enlarged efforts, and we now see in you, our kind, mild, unostentatious fellow-citizen, the most remarkable man of the present day—whom no fatigues can tire—no opposition daunt—or no incense of praise, or human applause, change from being the humblest and meekest amongst you.

That you may continue for many years in the enjoyment of health and strength, perfecting your great work, and, in the fulness of time, that you may obtain the reward which alone you desire, is the ardent prayer of your sincere friends and devoted admirers,

THE TEETOTALLERS AND OTHERS,
INHABITANTS OF CORK.

Father Mathew's reply—which was brief, earnest, and brimful of affection to his adopted people, and of modest exultation at the success which had just crowned his labours in a new sphere of action—is part of the history of that day; and the manner in which his allusions were received represents the tone and feeling of those whom he addressed. The speech is therefore given here as it was reported on the occasion of its delivery:—

Mr. Mayor, brother teetotalers, and dearly beloved friends, citizens of Cork, I feel my bosom swell with rapture at this moment (cheers),

Feelings unutterable throb within my breast, not through the gratification of any personal vanity, but for the sake of the glorious cause in which my feelings are wrapped up (loud cheers); and for whatever toils (as this excellent address states) I might have undergone, or labours endured for the last twenty-seven years, that I have lived amongst you, as a humble minister of religion, I feel myself rewarded at the present moment—(loud cheers)—a reward far superior to any desert of mine (loud cries of 'No, no,' and renewed cheers that lasted some minutes). The feelings that fill my bosom at this moment are so great, that I cannot find language to convey them (cheers). The honour is so great and unexpected—for, until this very morning, I had no idea that such a spectacle as this would be presented to my eyes on my approach to the city, not of my birth, but of my adoption (tremendous cheering and waving of handkerchiefs). I should, had I been aware that such an address as this would be presented to me, be better prepared; however, you will receive the plain sentiments of my heart instead of eloquent language (loud cheers). I thank you for this welcome (loud cheers). I assure you that whatever may be my toil, my feelings are those of love for the whole human family (loud cheers). I have come from Scotland with a far humbler opinion of myself, and of my feeble efforts in the great cause, but with feelings far more exalted than before (loud cheering). I never witnessed such a sacrifice of self to the principles of true virtue, as was displayed by the people of Scotland (great and continued cheering). I felt proud, my friends, of the affection displayed (in my person) for the people of Ireland (loud cheering). I was in Scotland the representative of the people of Ireland (cheers), and, as such, received the great greeting of more than two hundred thousand persons on the Green at Glasgow (renewed cheering). We had persons assembled there from the most distant parts—Edinburgh, Ayr, Stirling, and distant Aberdeen; to swell the number on that great occasion (loud cheers). It is unnecessary for me to allude to the great effects that followed that day's proceedings—they speak for themselves (cheers). And here, the vast assemblage, the presence of the high, the moral, and the good of our city to grace this proceeding—speaks trumpet-tongued for our society (tremendous cheering). At this late hour of the day I will not detain you longer, than to renew my assurances of gratitude to you, and to tell you that I will devote the remainder of my life to your service, and to that of the community at large (renewed and repeated cheering). I have made it the study of my life, without distinction of creeds or politics, to do good to all (hear, hear, and cheers); for I never conceived why we

should feel enmity to any man, no matter what his religion; I do not say this from any miserable egotism, but rather from a desire to bare the feelings of my heart before you, (hear, hear, hear). We may differ on controversial points; but we should all value the lesson of the holy Gospel—'A new commandment I give unto you, that you should love one another.' I trust that as temperance has made us a great people, that it will also—and I have seen an instance of it here this day—persons of all creeds and politics uniting—prove a bright and golden chain, uniting all persons in one bond of union, and by this means making all happy (loud cheers). Once more, I beg to thank you sincerely (cheers).

During the whole evening the city was in a state of happy commotion; and, to a late hour at night, thousands of people filled the streets adjoining the humble residence of the great man, who witnessed their innocent gaiety with delight, and heard with gratified affection the enthusiastic cheers that followed every mention of his name.

Which of us is there, from the schoolboy to the minister of state, who does not long for and enjoy a holiday? Father Mathew also had his annual holiday, to which he eagerly looked forward; but it was with him a holiday of the heart and of the affections. It was usually enjoyed in the midsummer, or early autumn, and always in his native Tipperary. For three or four days, scarcely ever for a week, his eldest brother John's house at Rathcloheen was his head-quarters; and the announcement of his arrival was the signal for gladness and feasting to his nephews and nieces, the children of his brothers and his sister. Nor was Father Mathew forgetful of the commissariat, as many a hamper and parcel and jar and box amply testified. The dining-room at Rathcloheen was spacious enough to accommodate the whole of the Clan Mathew, who presented a formidable number, as some five-and-twenty of the seniors sat round the great table, and some fifteen or more were disposed of at the side table. Father Mathew's orders were that *all* should be summoned to the feast; and all, save the infant in arms, were accordingly present. Good conduct, and capacity for managing a

spoon with decent independence,—these were the only conditions necessary for admission to one of those grand family banquets, at which the Priest presided, as the acknowledged and honoured head. And, for the time, there did not breathe a happier man than the giver of that feast, as he sat at the head of that well-provided board, and saw round him those whom he loved most on earth, and in whose every glance he met reciprocal affection; or as he listened to the innocent prattle and the gay laughter of the merry occupants of that side table. In that delightful spectacle, in those joyous sounds, he lived over again the days of his own boyhood; and the ever-present image of his mother—his good and gentle and holy mother—rose more vividly upon his memory, filling his eyes with tears, but tears of chastened happiness. From his burdened shoulders and his weary spirit he flung his heavy responsibility and his grievous anxieties, and for these few brief days his spirits were the spirits of a boy. He played with the young people, entered eagerly into their sports, ran with them, romped with them, and promoted all kinds of novel and enchanting games.

The children were enthusiastic followers of their 'Reverend Uncle,' as they termed him, and cherished their silver medals with commendable pride. But it was not at all certain that the same enthusiasm was felt in the cause by some of the elder members of the family; still, while the Priest was in Tipperary, water was the only beverage that sparkled in the glasses on the dinner-tables of his brothers. John, the eldest brother, preserved a marvellous gravity when the subject of temperance was introduced, and was for some time held to be an austere convert to the cause.

On one of these visits, John Mathew was thus complimented by his illustrious brother:—'My dear John, really I must compliment you on your appearance. I never saw you looking better; your complexion is clear and healthy, and your colour is so youthful. Why, John, I could not have a

better proof than yourself of the virtues of temperance. You have got a new lease of life. It is well known, by your appearance, that *you* drink nothing but water.' John made some modest remark about his brother's kindness, but did not seem inclined to prolong the conversation as to his own merits as an abstainer, and turned it, as soon as he could, to the weather and the state of the crops. 'How good of John,' Father Mathew, thought, 'to give up his little indulgence to please me.' Amiable delusion! Now, if there was a man in all Tipperary who had a conscientious respect for whisky punch, 'of course in reason,' John Mathew was that man. Like many others of the old school, he regarded it as a panacea for the cure of every ill to which the flesh is heir, from the lightest depression of spirits to the fiercest attack of the gout. Not finding it convenient to apply the elixir outwardly, he persistently applied it inwardly, but 'in moderation.'

The Priest invariably retired at an early hour, and silence soon after reigned in the house; and then John, the austere teetotaler, who had never taken the pledge, and who was determined never, 'with the blessing of the Lord,' to do so if *he* could help it, quietly indemnified himself for his forced abstemiousness at and after dinner. The polished brass kettle was placed upon the table, with the decanter, the glasses, the sugar, and the lemon; and John mixed his tumbler, drank the Priest's health, wished the whole world as happy as himself, and enjoyed his punch perhaps with the keener relish because of the concealment which he was compelled to practise, 'out of respect for poor Theobald's feelings.' It was on an occasion of the kind, when the door had long closed upon the retiring Priest, and when John, having finished his first tumbler, had just artistically fabricated the second, with the aid of water 'screeching hot,' that a well known step was heard upon the stairs. Awfully that footstep sounded to John's guilty soul in the stillness of that silent house. Nearer and nearer it came, till it approached the door of the dining-

room, which now reeked with the unmistakable odour of whisky punch. What was to be done?—would the roof obligingly fall upon poor John?—or, at least, would the ground open and swallow the now repentant Sybarite? Leaving on the table such damning evidences of his treason as the decanter, the glasses, the sugar, the lemon, and the kettle, John seized the hot tumbler, and, rushing from the table, made several ineffectual attempts to hide it away somewhere, anywhere—all the time being compelled to shift the glass from hand to hand. John was thus engaged, juggling with his tell-tale tumbler, and madly rushing here and there in the hope of concealing it, when the door opened, and the Apostle of Temperance walked in! The appearance of the Commander was not more astounding to Leporello than was this unexpected vision of his reverend brother to poor John. A desperate hope suggested itself to his mind, as he still clutched the tumbler, and then suddenly passed it to the other hand—perhaps the Priest walked in his sleep! But no, John; the hearty burst of laughter that smote your ear was a too convincing proof of the fact that the Apostle was wide awake, and that his eyes were now thoroughly open. Father Mathew made no remark, but quickly retired, having obtained a book for which he had been in search. It is not certain as to what manner John disposed of that luckless tumbler of punch, or whether he soothed his ruffled spirit with a third; but one thing is historically correct—that Father Mathew never again quoted John's improved looks as a signal triumph of total abstinence.

From his own house in Cove Street, the very temple of temperance, the arch enemy was not wholly banished. Thus, one day, at a dinner party in that most hospitable of abodes, the flavour of the water was, to say the least, rather suspicious. The more rigid of the guests looked puzzled, while the younger ones tittered, as they glanced at the little butler, whose nose was more than usually red, and whose eyes shone

with a wild gleam. At last, Father Mathew put his glass to his lips, but at once placed it on the table, saying—'John, what a strange taste and smell the water has! What's the matter with it? You must have had spirits in the jug.' 'Oh, yes, sir, I had to polish the tins, and whisky is very good for brightening them. Unfortunately, I put it into this jug.' The younger guests audibly chuckled at the excuse; but Father Mathew only remarked that it was 'all right,' and that he would not then trouble his butler by requiring a more elaborate explanation of the 'accident.'

Father Mathew honestly believed that his plum-puddings were made without the slightest admixture of whisky or wine; and he was frequently heard to say, 'Now there are some people, and sensible people too, who assert that plum-puddings cannot be made without alcohol; but that is as fine a pudding as I ever tasted, and there is not a drop of whisky in it. Is there, John?' 'Oh, no, sir; not a drop,' was the invariable reply. But had there been a mirror in the room, by which the little man's face could be reflected, as he turned to the sideboard, a grin might be seen upon those puckered features, which would have cast some doubt upon the boastful assertion of his unsuspecting master.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Key to the Father's Heart—The greatest Miracles of all—Red Denis—The Meeting in the Theatre Royal—The Man and the Cause—O'Connell's Speech—A monster Tea-Party—He pays for it—Death of his Brother Tom.

THE greater the success and the wider the triumph of the temperance leader, the more earnest he became in endeavouring to obtain new converts. The spectacle of the happiness of the family of the sober man was as much an incentive to increased exertion, in spreading the cause of happiness, as was that of the misery suffered by the family of the drunken man an incentive to try, if possible, to banish that source of misery from the land. His belief that there was a key to every man's heart, if one could only find it, was one day touchingly exemplified. A Cork workman of the better class had fallen to a deplorable condition, in consequence of his drunken habits, and every day he seemed to sink deeper and deeper in the Slough of Despond. To render the calamity greater, he had a wife and a family of young children; and the madness of the father stripped the clothes from the back of his poor wife, and starved his wretched infants. The wife did all that a good and virtuous woman could do to reclaim the man she had not ceased to love; but a kind of devil had taken possession of him, and he became a savage as well as a confirmed drunkard. Twice, at her urgent entreaty, Father Mathew called at their miserable place, and used every effort to subdue the ferocity of the husband; but all in vain. He did not, however, despair, but