

## CHAPTER XXIII.

The Parish Priest of Blarney—The Water-party at Blarney—Father Mat's ingenious Device—The Antiquaries—The Ogham Valentine—The enchanted Stream—Death busy with the Antiquaries—Killarney—Fidelity of the Boatmen.

THE two most remarkable meetings attended by Father Mathew during the year 1844, were held in the parish of Blarney, and amidst the matchless beauty of Killarney. To mention Blarney, and not to refer to its famous parish priest, the Rev. Mathew Horgon, or 'Father Mat,' as he delighted to be styled, would be a treason to friendship; for the writer knew and loved the simple-minded priest, and stood by his grave in the humble parish chapel while his coffin was covered with the sacred mould.

Father Mat, whose name was known to every Irish scholar of the three kingdoms, was as homely in his appearance as he was simple and kindly in his manner. Innocent as a child in the ways and wiles of the world, he was also as credulous in his guileless vanity. He regarded himself as the highest authority on all questions appertaining to the science of agriculture; and, without disparagement of any other man, he held himself to be possessed of a more thorough and comprehensive knowledge of the principles of architecture, sacred as well as secular, ancient as well as modern, than any architect of any age or country. He was as conversant with the Cyclopean as with the Phœnician style—with the fire-pillars of the Persian, as with the cavern temples of the Egyptians.

From various styles, he derived a new style of his own, which might be termed Horgonian. Father Mat was not content with being a theorist; he was a practical propagandist as well. As ready to superintend the erection of a cathedral as the building of a school-house, he was ever on the look out for the opportunity of undertaking one of those great works, through which the name and fame of the erudite and accomplished Pastor of Blarney were to be transmitted to future ages. I cannot pretend to say how many are the now existing proofs of the architectural genius of Father Mat; but there is, still extant,\* a church which he was permitted to adorn externally, by the addition of an excrescence, partly of the nature of a tower, and partly of the nature of a spire, which has scarcely its equal in the world for elaborate incongruity and perplexing novelty. It is one of those marvellous works which bewilder the mind. Of this sublime effort of his inventive genius Father Mat would speak with intense enthusiasm; but it was on another work—his Round Tower—that he proudly rested his claim to the imperishable gratitude of posterity. This was his darling work, the very apple of his eye. The enraptured tourist may behold it as the train passes the village of Blarney. This rival of the fire-pillars of the Persians was partly erected with his own hands; for Father Mat would lay aside the eloquent pen, with which he had encountered Valencey, Petrie, or O'Brien, in refutation or in defence of some hated or cherished theory, respecting the origin and use of the Round Towers of Ireland, in order to don the apron and assume the trowel of a mason. As this hideous structure rose, course above course, so did Father Mat's exultation swell in proportion. This monster of stone and mortar was his child—the offspring alike of his reverence and his enthusiasm—which was to refute false theories, convince the

\* Happily, the entire structure is doomed. Ere long, a noble church will be erected its on site.

sceptic, and confound the scoffer. This 'celestial index' was to endure for ages, as the most splendid evidence of the antiquarian faith and erudition of the priest of Blarney. It has been irreverently, but not inaptly, described, no doubt by people without faith, as 'an architectural churn;' and really, if the great people with whom Gulliver was made acquainted in his travels, could have seen it, they might possibly have appropriated it to the humble use which the name implies. The shallowest impostor could wind Father Mat round his little finger, were he to speak of the Horgonian Spire of Queenstown, or the Round Tower of Blarney, with becoming admiration.

Father Mat was the soul and essence of hospitality. To behold the 'little boys and girls'—meaning thereby full-grown men and women—enjoying themselves, either at dinner or dance, was to him an indescribable pleasure. In his esteem, money was but dross. 'What good is it for money?' said Father Mat. What good, indeed, but in giving it away to those who want it, and spending it in entertainments to one's friends. When his exchequer was at the lowest ebb, then his state of mind was most serene; but when a 'fat wedding,' or a good christening suddenly swelled his coffers, Father Mat began at once to suffer from a state of extreme excitement. The pound notes burned his pocket; they lay on his breast at night like a nightmare; in the day they assumed all manner of fantastic shapes, and danced before him as he walked abroad; they robbed his hand of his cunning, as he assisted his masons on the immortal 'index;' and they spluttered his pen, and confused his ideas, as he toiled at one of those tomes, which he truly believed, were to find an honoured place in the public libraries of all civilised countries. The money was a disturbing demon; and the way in which it could be exercised most effectually, and its evil influence got rid of, was by its speedy transmutation into rounds of beef, legs of mut-

ton, plump turkeys, loaves of sugar, and jars of the best Cork whisky. When that process had been gone through, the fever left Father Mat, and he was at peace with all mankind. Summonses were then sent out to town and country, to gentle and to simple. The barn—his brother's barn—was converted into a spacious banqueting-hall; and the tables, which were borrowed or knocked together for the occasion, were arranged in mathematical symmetry, under Father Mat's superintendence.

Resolving to do special honour to his dear friend the Apostle of Temperance, the Parish Priest of Blarney invited him to administer the pledge to his people, and to a grand banquet, with which the proceedings were to be fittingly concluded. The dinner was to be on strictly temperance principles. Not the faintest odour of Wise or Murphy, Hewitt or Daly,\* was to offend his guest. Water, and nothing but water, was to be the order of the day; and, as will be seen, care was taken that there should be no lack of that pure and wholesome element. Now Father Mat's own ideas on teetotalism, personal and in the abstract, may be gathered from the speech which he delivered at the meeting, and which was marked by his characteristic quaintness of style:

I always patronise temperance wherever I am; and it is no matter at all whether poor old Father Mat is a Teetotaller or not, but he is a sincere friend to the cause. Oh, I am never so happy as when I have a score of the fellows about me, they are so religious, and so loyal. There are a thousand blessings in this temperance. There is one thing I cannot help being proud of, and that is, that no matter what character strangers may have given our country, still no one ever asserted that the females of Ireland were ever guilty of excess. How could it be!—for if they were guilty of excess, how could they be such good mothers, such good wives, and such good daughters? Let all girls be teetotallers, and then the men will be so happy (laughter). I am delighted that you all laugh at my speech, for I am then certain that you like it greatly; for wherever the people

\* Eminent Cork distillers.

look like so many philosophers when a body is talking, you may be sure that he is making but a poor hand of it. I also recommend my people to stick to the honest, decent industry, and always to wear the work of their own hands.

The welcome hour of dinner arrived, when the proud host conducted the great man to the banquet hall, whose rude walls were shrouded beneath a verdant drapery of laurel, to which the demesnes of the neighbouring gentry had contributed. A goodly company followed in the wake. Town and country had about equally supplied the guests; and sects and parties were fully represented, as well as harmoniously blended, at the hospitable board. The majority present patronised teetotalism somewhat in the fashion of their host, and were rather dismayed at the formidable array of huge water-jugs with which the tables were adorned. Father Mathew was in his glory. It was the kind of public entertainment he had so longed to see—abundant, substantial, and no description of strong drink whatever.

The first chill of disappointment got over, the guests did full justice to the good things so lavishly provided. During the repast, the ears of the fastidious citizens were regaled with the most vigorous efforts of a local band, whose merits, at that period of their existence, were entirely of intention. The host was naturally proud of his accomplished parishioners; and the Temperance Leader, who, as we already know, had 'no ear,' was quite enchanted with this performance; but the greater number of the strangers would have preferred that the musicians were ten miles off. In the mean time, the great jugs were in constant requisition, and soon the cry of 'more water' was heard on every side, to Father Mathew's inexpressible satisfaction. Every precaution had been taken by the considerate host to supply this want; for, along the side of the wall, might be seen a row of churns, tubs, and crocks, which, before dinner, were

full to the brim. Those who never in their lives drank more than one glass of water in the four and twenty hours, now consumed several—'out of the mere habit of drinking something,' as they afterwards apologetically explained, when talking of this innocent debauch. Of course there was abundant speech-making, in which strong drink was vehemently denounced, and nature's wine, which had been so profusely supplied from the well, was lauded with corresponding enthusiasm. In sheer desperation, the non-teetotalers called lustily for additional jugs of the pure element, which Tim, and Biddy, and Norry, supplied from the now failing churns. Some of the speeches were delivered under circumstances of extreme difficulty; for the cocks crowed, and the ducks quacked, and the geese gobbled, and the cows lowed—and one calf, gifted with a fearful contralto, stationed itself on the grassy roof of a neighbouring shed, and indulged in a series of performances which were terribly embarrassing to the orator, utterly destructive to flights of fancy, and absolute death to every attempt at poetry or pathos. A mournful and disconsolate animal was that calf, and most persistent in its lamentations. When the guests rose from the tables, the water vessels had been drained to the bottom; it being computed that no fewer than *nine churns* of the refreshing beverage had been consumed by a company, the majority of whom best liked the fluid when it was used as a mild diluent of a stronger liquid.

The temperance party was at an end. But, having done all possible honour to his illustrious guest, the hospitable host was determined to indemnify his more select friends for their long abstinence and compulsory libations. It was rather too delicate a matter for him to say roundly—'Come, boys, let us have a little drop of good whisky punch,' so soon after the departure of the Temperance Leader; therefore, as a little tact was necessary in introducing the subject, Father Mat had recourse to an ingenious expedient, which saved him

from the grave inconsistency of *asking* any one to take punch, and thereby desecrating the close of a day which had been specially dedicated by himself to the honour of the great Apostle, and the promotion of the sacred cause. Turning suddenly to his dearest friend, the learned and accomplished Windele, the chosen companion of many an antiquarian ramble, and the one who treated his theories on the Round Towers with the greatest tenderness, Father Mat enquired—'John, what are you looking at me so hard for?' 'Looking at you, Father Mat!—I assure you I am not looking at you at all,' replied his friend. 'I know you are, John,' rejoined Father Mat. 'I assure you I am not, Father Mat.' 'I tell you, John, I know better; and, more than that, I know what your look means, too,' persisted Father Mat. 'Well, Father Mat, I can't help you, if you don't believe me; but—' 'Oh don't tell me, man; sure I know what's in your mind as well as you do yourself.' 'Then if that be so, what did that look of mine mean?—as you *will* have it that I was looking at you.' 'I tell you what it meant. It meant to say—' 'Father Mat, there is a little key in your left-hand breeches pocket, and that key opens the door of the side-board, and there is a jar of the finest Cork whisky in that side-board; and if you would only tell the little girl, she'd get the glasses and the kettle, and we could have a decent tumbler of punch, after all that cold water, and their long speeches in praise of it.'" 'Oh! I see,' said the now fully convinced friend—'that is what I must have meant; and as so ardent a promoter of temperance as you are, would never think of *offering us* a glass of punch, why Father Mat, we must rob you of that key, and get the materials for ourselves.' Father Mat submitted to the larceny of the key with the cheerful composure of a philosopher.

Surrounding the erudite Parish Priest of Blarney, was a group of zealous antiquaries, who devoted many a leisure hour to pleasant excursions—to the exploration and inspec-

tion of ruined abbeys, Danish Forts, Round Towers, cairns, Ogham inscriptions, and matters of similar interest. Their more serious labours were diversified by social intercourse of the most agreeable kind, in which were drawn forth the convivial talents and harmless peculiarities of the learned brotherhood.

Amongst them was Windele, the author of more than one work of merit, and one of the safest authorities on all subjects connected with the laws, customs, literature and history of ancient Ireland.

Then there was Kelleher, the Librarian of the Cork Library, whose chief interest in antiquities lay in the amusement which the enthusiasm of his friends afforded him, and the opportunities for ridicule, and fun, and practical joke, of which their discoveries and speculations were the constant occasion. The 'fort,' which the other members of this society approached with interest, and penetrated with awe, was, according to him, an abandoned fox hole; those mysterious writings on slabs or blocks of stone, through which Father Mat or Windele, or other illustrious pundits, read the epitaph of a hero or a bard, or the record of some striking event in the annals of a royal race, were, with the irreverent Librarian, nothing more wonderful than milk-scores; and those upright stones of great size, which were pronounced to have been 'Druidical altars' by the most famous Celtic scholars of the day, were, in the esteem of the unbelieving Kelleher, conveniences considerably erected for the gratification of cattle, to enable them to enjoy the luxury of a good scratch.

But there was one member of the body, whose good nature, gaiety, and childlike simplicity, rendered him the delight of his learned brethren. This was Abraham Abel, a Quaker of literary tastes and antiquarian tendencies. Abraham was far advanced in years, but as lively and agile as a boy. His neat dapper little figure, and his vivacious temperament, gave one the idea of a mercurial gentleman.

of thirty; but Abraham had approached his sixtieth year. In the matchless simplicity and the marvellous credulity of this guileless human being, his waggish associates possessed a never-failing source of enjoyment. The wonderful discoveries to which Abraham stood godfather, would, if proved authentic, have upset the theories and speculations of all the great writers on Irish antiquities; but such discoveries were invariably the result of some well laid plan of his friends, to whom his exultation at these fortunate elucidations of long existing causes of perplexity, was a delicious treat, of which they never tired. Abraham Abel once received a Valentine written in Ogham (oum) characters; at which his wonder was very great. He immediately brought the prize to his friend the Librarian, for the benefit of his translation of characters which, to the object of the epistle, were a profound mystery. 'My dear William,' said Abraham, in a whistling voice, and wagging his little chin, on which grew a small pointed beard, 'I never received a Valentine in all my life before. And is it not most strange that the first should be written in Ogham!' The document was gravely investigated by the Librarian, while his little friend stood by, in a fever of expectation. 'You are a happy man, Abel,' began the learned decipherer; and thereupon he favoured him with a free translation of the Valentine, which disclosed a burning, long-concealed, and unrequited passion, expressed in language of so intense a character as to suffuse the face of the venerable bachelor with blushes, and even make him question his identity. 'Dear me, dear me! Poor creature, poor creature!' was the sole commentary of the commiserating Abel; but it was almost enough to give the translator an attack of apoplexy, from his efforts to control his laughter; for, of course, the precious document was the result of a deliberate conspiracy. It might be added that the translator knew as much of Ogham as he did of Sanscrit.

A more amusing hoax was practised on the little man's

credulity, and with the aid and co-operation of an innocent-looking countryman. This artless peasant, to whom Abraham Abel was well-known from his frequent excursions to Kilcrea Abbey, which was periodically visited by the brotherhood, came to Cork to see the Quaker on special business—to tell him something of the most extraordinary nature. 'Faith, sir, I declare I do n't know if your honour will believe me, but 'tis the quarest thing that ever come across me.' 'What is it Daniel?—is it a new discovery?' 'Discovery, sir, indeed!—Faith then, it's a discovery entirely, such as you and me never heard of before.' 'Dear me, Daniel, what can it be?' 'Well sir, here is the way of it. You know the little strame that runs through my farm?' 'Of course I do, Daniel—I saw you jump across it the other day.' 'True for you, sir. But what would your honour say if you could n't hear a person spakeing at the other side of it?' 'You do n't say so, Daniel! Why it is not above eight or nine feet broad.' 'There's where all the wondher is, sir. To make a long story short, I must tell your honour, I went down a few days ago—by the same token, it was a Friday, of all the days in the year—to call the boys into their dinner, for the praties were biled. Well, sir, I come down within a couple of spades of the little strame, and I says—"Jerry, the dinner is ready—tell Paddy and Mick." But, saving your honour's presence, the divil a one of Jerry appeared to notice me, though he's a fine warrant for the "pink eyes." I thin come nearer to the brink of the wather, and I says, "Jerry! do you hear me, ye omadaun?" But it was the same as if Jerry hadn't an ear in his head. "Bad cess to ye, ye bosthoon," says I, "I'll make ye hear me;" and with that, I takes a running jump, and I clears the strame. "Jerry," says I, "what the dickens ails ye?" "Me, masther?" says he. "Oh you can hear me now, can you? but how come you not to hear me before?" says I. "Sorra a wan of me ever heard ye, sir," says Jerry. "What

do you mane," says I, "saying ye couldn't hear me, and I standing on the other side of the little river?" Then out it come that the man was telling the born truth, and that a body can't be heard across it.' 'Daniel, you literally amaze me. Can this be true?' said the philosopher. 'True, sir; I wish I was sure of having a hundred pounds in my fist to-morrow next day,' said Daniel, with an air of great sincerity. 'It is very marvellous, indeed. But, Daniel, have you told any one of this phenomenon?' 'Phee what, sir?' 'This strange occurrence, Daniel?' 'No sir, not to mortal man.' 'Well, then, Daniel, keep it a strict secret, and I will go with you early to-morrow morning to the place, and we can then severely test the thing ourselves.' 'Nothing better, sir,' said Daniel.

On the following morning early, Abraham and the farmer were on the ground, each standing on the opposite side of the rivulet. The farmer opened and shut his mouth, and gesticulated and waved his hands wildly, and, as Abraham was convinced, made the most desperate efforts to render himself heard; but not a sound crossed the stream! 'Most wonderful!—most astonishing!' said the philosopher. The farmer continued to make mouths and gesticulate, until, overpowered by his unavailing efforts to render himself audible, he at last sank exhausted on the bank! Abraham was in an ecstasy of amazement. Here was a discovery! Here was something to communicate to his friends!—to Father Mat and the scoffing librarian. Here was matter for the *Gentleman's Magazine!* 'Daniel, can you at all account for it? what do you think of it?' enquired the enraptured *savant*. 'Well, faix, if the ould monks of the Abbey hav'n't something to do with it, it would go hard with a poor man like me to tell a scholar like your honour, who knows everything.' 'The monks, Daniel?' said Abel with a look of enquiry. 'Why, sir, I've heard tell that the monks used be taking their walks up and down the banks at both sides, and repeatin' their prayers to themselves—and they dar'nt as

much as say "Good morrow, Father Bernard," or "God save you, Father Pat." 'Tis the pennince the holy men would be doing, sir.' Singularly enlightened by this attempt at an explanation, off rushed the delighted Quaker; and as soon as he reached Cork he proceeded to the house of a friend, who had often characterised Abraham's discoveries in rather strong language, and who, indeed, was an infidel on all matters connected with Irish antiquities. 'Well, Joseph, now you will be convinced,' began Abraham, who then told his tale of wonder. His friend looked at him in amazement, believing him to have suddenly gone mad. But no; Abraham was perfectly collected, and undoubtedly sober. 'Joseph,' said he, 'if I did not see it with my own eyes, perhaps I would not believe it.' 'Faith, you would, Abraham.' 'Well, Joseph; but I saw the man speaking, and I could not hear the slightest sound.' As a personal favour, Abraham besought his friend to accompany him to the charmed stream; and as a pleasant drive of nine or ten miles on a fine day was a thing rather agreeable than otherwise, Joseph consented to accompany the philosopher, 'in order to be convinced.' Joseph took his position on one side, and Abraham on the other. 'Now for it!' thought Abel, as, lifting himself on tiptoe, and raising his voice to the highest pitch, he cried out, 'Joseph? do you hear me?' 'To be sure, I do, you goose. I tell you what it is, Abraham Abel, you are a downright fool. Do you hear that?' 'Indeed, I do, Joseph,' meekly replied the little man, who was rather crestfallen at the failure of the experiment, but who got out of the difficulty on two suppositions—either that there was something peculiar in the atmosphere on that particular day; or that it not being Friday, the day on which, according to Daniel, the monks were enjoined to silence, the charm would not work. As to any notion to the prejudice of his 'trusty and honest friend' the farmer, no such thing ever entered the head of Abraham Abel.

For a time, Abraham stoutly maintained the theory that at an early period of the world man went on all-fours; and on one occasion he displayed remarkable agility in illustrating his theory by practical experiment. A field near Blarney was the scene of this illustrated lecture on the antediluvian mode of human progression.

It was upon this innocent and guileless little man that Father Mathew fixed his hungry eye, determined to have him as his own. Not that Abraham had, to use the phrase of the day, any occasion to take the pledge, for, had the rest of the world been like him, there would have been no necessity for total abstinence; but Father Mathew liked and respected the amiable and kindly Quaker, and longed to invest him with a silver medal. Father Mathew took every opportunity of working on Abraham's susceptible feelings, and Abraham was much inclined to yield; but when this alarming state of things became known to his friends, through casual observations which he let fall, as to 'people being bound to afford an example to their weaker brethren,' and 'to make a sacrifice of their own inclinations for the public good,' they took him resolutely into their own hands, and watched over him, as one would over a pet pigeon when a hawk was on the wing. On the day of the Water Party at Blarney, Father Mathew was several times seen in dangerous propinquity to Abraham, who was much impressed by the proceedings of the open air meeting; but his vigilant friends were constantly on the watch, and ready to interpose and effect a diversion, when strategy became necessary. Indeed, at one moment things had gone to such a length, that Abraham was within a hair's breadth of enrolment, when one of his guards, rendered desperate by the prospect of losing the very life and soul of their pleasant society, boldly dashed in between the moral mesmeriser and his victim, saying, 'No, Father Mathew, Abraham Abel does not require the pledge: there is not a more temperate man living. You

have sufficient in your society, and you will have many more; but we can't let you have our Abraham.' Poor Abraham fluttered back to the protection of the Antiquaries. But Father Mathew turned away in high dudgeon, and it was not for many months after that he quite forgave the 'uncalled-for interference' which robbed him of one who would have followed such a leader with the most devoted enthusiasm.

Few, indeed, of that cheerful band are now left. The Quaker, the Librarian, and the Parish Priest of Blarney, have all passed away, as well as the Apostle of Temperance; and those who survive are advancing far into the vale of years. Father Mat died on the 1st of March, 1849, in the seventy-third year of his age, and the forty-sixth of his ministry, thirty-four of which he devoted to the duties of parish priest of Blarney and Whitechurch. At his death a sum of *three shillings* was found after him, as his sole earthly possession. It was his wish to be buried in his beloved Round Tower, and he left elaborate directions for this ceremonial; but the wish was disregarded, and he reposes at the foot of the altar at which he long and faithfully ministered. His friend Mr. Windele, when lately editing a metrical legend written by Father Mat in Irish, and translated by Edward Kenealy, thus truly describes the good old man:—

Although humble and unpretending, with a character of great simplicity and naïveté, he was no ordinary man, and whilst he lived filled a great space in the affectionate regards of a large and discriminating public; truly was he 'a man to all the country dear.' One more racy of the soil and more singularly lovable seldom existed; a warm and sincere patriot, an enlightened friend of civil and religious liberty, he was an advocate of whatever tended to advance and benefit his country and promote the welfare of the people. He was foremost in every movement calculated to better their condition. Although no teetotaller, for his genial and hospitable nature would not suffer him to shackle his social tendencies, yet no man advocated the cause of temperance more earnestly. He preceded his flock in every procession, lectured the people in their places of assembly, and was foremost in their soirées and réunions, addressing and encouraging

them. In all their innocent gaieties and amusements he participated. No man better knew or understood the 'dulce est desipere in loco.' His hospitality was unbounded and almost indiscriminate. His doors were ever open to his friends without distinction of sect or party, and his reputation procured him the visits of many of the celebrities who from time to time visited his world-renowned neighbourhood of Blarney.

In the same pages Mr. Windele touches off with quiet humour the character and habits of his lost friend Abraham Abel, who died on the 12th of February 1851, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. The following, however, will suffice to exhibit some of the harmless peculiarities of the innocent mortal whom Father Mathew so earnestly desired to secure as a follower:—

His toilet was peculiar. He commenced by cleaning his own boots and shoes, performing the operation in a condition of entire nudity. Then he sponged and brushed his body, after which, ascending an isolated stool, he threw in as much electricity, by the friction of a silk handkerchief on the heels, as sufficed for the day.

Occasionally he fasted the whole twenty-four hours to keep down corpulency, to which he had no tendency; but his father had been a remarkably obese man. On one occasion his left arm vexed him by evincing rheumatic symptoms, and he determined to chastise the insubordinate limb. He said the fellow was a sinecurist and waxed wanton, whereupon he made him work, imposing the duties of brushing clothes, shoes, &c., until he found the beneficial consequences. When in business he sometimes sat at his desk with a cat at either side of him, and frequently with a favourite tom-cat on his back; their friendly purring, he would say, made a cheerful music to soothe him in his labours.

Beautiful is Killarney at all times, under all circumstances, and at all seasons of the year. Beautiful, when the glittering peaks of the snow-clad mountains rise above the brown woods that clothe their rugged sides. Beautiful, when the tender green of early summer softens the stern aspect of those guardian giants, beneath whose shadow sleep the lovely lakes. Beautiful, when autumn flings its varied hues over the foliage of that favoured clime. Beautiful, when not a breath of air

stirs the leaf, and the water resembles an unbroken mirror, in which every charm is doubled by reflection. Beautiful, when the surface of the Lower Lake reminds one of an inland sea, and the waves roll and pitch, and the white-horse exhibits its angry crest; for then the wind-driven clouds fling their changing shadows over land and water, mountain and lake, tree and shrub, thus producing a succession of effects such as delight the eye of the beholder, but baffle the utmost art of the painter to reproduce on canvas. Even when the rain descends in torrents—which it often does in Killarney—and volumes of mist shroud the lofty Toomies or the jagged Reeks, and float along like mighty spectres,—even then this region of beauty is not divested of charms. But it is when the storm has passed, and the blue sky looks out from the riven clouds, and the sun flings a slanting beam over the mountain side, lighting up the moistened leaves till they glisten like emeralds, and the waters catch a stray sparkle, that the witchery of Killarney is most potent; for then the torrent dashes and foams over its stony bed, the cascade springs from its rocky ledge in mightier strength and with bolder leap, and every hill-side is musical with the murmur and the gush of tiny rivulets. Killarney is then as a beautiful but passionate woman after the storm of emotion has passed over her fair brow, and tears still glisten in her eyes, veiling the brightness of her glance.

Such was the day, in June 1844, when a grand excursion on the lakes was given in honour of Father Mathew, who, amongst his other miracles, had worked a complete moral reformation in Paddy Blake's Echo. Fortunate was the tourist who beheld the gay flotilla leave the pier at Ross Castle, and shoot out into the waters of the Lower Lake, amidst joyous shouts and strains of music. Banners of silk floated from bow and stern of each of the boats of the little fleet which accompanied the stately eight-oared barge of the Church Street Society, in the stern-sheets of which Father



Mathew was seated. There were gentlemen with the Apostle, who, residents of the locality, could fittingly introduce him to every fairy islet and enchanting bay, and pour into his ear the legends with which each spot was deathlessly associated. The fleet first steered for 'Sweet Innisfallen,' the loveliest isle that gems the Lower Lake; and, landing, the party roamed over its velvet turf, and enjoyed from various points unrivalled glimpses of the glorious panorama. Embarking again, the joyous company were borne across the lake to Glena Bay; where, when the waters are at rest, they sleep most calmly, and where the arbutus assumes its brightest tint. Round by Dinis' Island steered the flotilla, which then entered Torc Lake, deemed by many the loveliest of the sister lakes. The band was unusually good; but no language could give an idea of the magical effect of its music, as the boats slowly glided by those spots consecrated to Echo. The sounds were caught up by the spirit of the mountain, and were given back upon the enchanted ear from different points, in murmurs faint and more faint, until melody expired in the sweetest sigh that ever reached the ear of mortal. And what thunders the peals of the drum awakened amid the mountains! From hill to hill, from peak to peak, the sounds crushed like volleys of artillery, as if a hundred guns had been hurling their iron rain upon an enemy. After paying a visit to 'O'Donoghue's Wine Vaults,' and casting a pitying glance at the wave-washed semblance of the enchanted butler, the party quitted Torc Lake, and again rowed out on the island-studded bosom of the Lower Lake. It had rained occasionally during the day, with sufficient intervals of bright weather to allow of Father Mathew visiting many places storied in wild legend, or charming for their intrinsic beauty. But just as the boats were well out of Glena Bay, the rain burst from the clouds which had been gradually enveloping the mountains as in a shroud, and poured down in a glorious deluge. Fortunately, however, the capricious-

ness of the spirit of the mountain and lake had been calculated upon, and precautions had been abundantly taken; otherwise the excursion might have partaken too much of the character of a genuine water party. About six o'clock, the boats reached Castle Loch, a ruin-crowned promontory, the extreme point of the demesne of Denis Shine Lalor, who then resided in a mansion which has since been converted into the Castle Loch Hotel, and who was on this occasion the hospitable entertainer of Father Mathew and a numerous company.

At another time a grand entertainment was given to Father Mathew on the Island of Innisfallen. Here, indeed, the Apostle of Temperance might be supposed to have enough of water; it surrounded him on every side, and no other beverage sparkled on the board save that which sprang from its home in the mountain. A stag-hunt was also arranged for his gratification; but, though the music of the hounds, as it swelled in sublime chorus, or was faintly heard from the depth of a lone valley, was a glorious treat for those who heard it for the first time, Father Mathew was not happy so long as the chase lasted, and only enjoyed real pleasure when the gallant stag plunged into the lake, and was saved from the fangs of the hounds. The stag was not the first, as William Martin might have remarked, that saved himself by 'taking to the cold water.'

In no part of Ireland was the triumph of the temperance leader more complete, than in this region of lake and mountain, as many a tourist has had good reason to appreciate since then. 'I was pleased,' said an English lady, speaking of a visit to Killarney, in 1862, 'to find that our boatmen and our guides were all teetotallers, and to learn from them, that the greater number of their class practically remembered their great benefactor.'

It was at Waterford that Father Mathew gave the following popular definition of the term 'gentleman'—one which

was certainly justified by the conduct and bearing of those who had made a practice of sobriety :—

The spectacle this evening should be, indeed, gratifying to every human mind. All parts of society are here represented, the high and the low ; the chasm which used to separate the classes is filled up ; the poor are made worthy to sit among the princes of the people. Now when the intoxicating cup is dashed away, every man is fit to associate one with another. EVERY FAITHFUL TEETOTALLER IS A GENTLEMAN.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

The Riots in Philadelphia—Promises to visit America—The Temperance Institute—The oratorical Catastrophe—'Old Dan Tucker' The Mesmerist—'Boo—boo—boo!'—The Tipperary men—The crowning Indignity—His Reception of the Fugitive Slave.

IN the following letter, Father Mathew gave expression to the horror with which he read the account of the terrible riots in Philadelphia, of which his fellow countrymen and co-religionists were the principal victims :—

Cork ; June 4, 1844.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Your very kind letter found me reading, my eyes suffused with tears, the fearful accounts from Philadelphia.

The name of that polluted city should be Aeldama. Blessed Jesus! whose dying legacy was peace, peace—whose darling precept was 'my dear little children, love one another,' can such deeds of horror be perpetrated by Thy followers, Thy eternal Gospel in their hands? Horror congeals my blood, my heart dies within me, at the fearful details from blood-stained Philadelphia. 'By this,' says our Divine Redeemer, 'shall all men know you are my disciples, that you love one another.' Delightful words! Though repeated a thousand and a thousand times, they must still charm every humane, every Christian breast. We may apply the words of holy Job, to the day and night, when the cry of brother's blood, and the smoke of the burning temple of the living God, ascended to Heaven: 'Let that day be turned into darkness; let a darksome whirlwind seize upon that night; let them not be numbered in the months.' If fraternal charity, if civil and religious liberty have resting-places upon earth, these should be the breasts of the citizens of America. Well may the mighty population of the States exclaim 'that there was never such a thing done in Israel, from the days that our fathers came up out of Egypt, until this day;' and all your Israel, from Dan even to Beersheba, should gather together as one man, and vindicate your