

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

selves before the nations of the earth, and solemnly covenant, to secure for evermore, within the boundless extent of your once envied Union, the rights, property, and lives of men. O Philadelphia, thou city of brotherly love, how art thou fallen!

Under existing circumstances, I must postpone for a few months my intended visit to the States, and I feel confident that you will approve of my resolution. To you and the proprietors of the 'Ashburton,' I feel deeply indebted for your great kindness, of which I shall ever cherish the remembrance. I have looked forward with anxious expectation to the happiness of making a Temperance Tour through the States, and of being privileged to be instrumental in diffusing more widely the blessings of Total Abstinence from intoxicating drinks.

The disappointment is indeed a bitter one; but it would be uncandid of me, were I to attribute it solely to the dismal doings at Philadelphia. The claims of my own poor country to another year of my labour, had partly determined me to remain in Ireland for that period. I am now firmly resolved to devote the ensuing twelve months to the consolidation of our glorious society in my dear native island, and then, God permitting, the United States will be my destination, where I confidently hope for a continuance of the Divine Blessing.

I am, with high respect, my dear Sir, yours sincerely and devotedly,
 THEOBALD MATHEW.
 Thurlow Weed, Esq., Albany.

Father Mathew had always contended, that he sought rather to multiply and enhance the pleasures and enjoyments of his followers, than to lessen or diminish them. He encouraged innocent amusements and harmless recreation of every kind, and promoted whatever had a tendency to improve and elevate his followers, especially his young friends of the middle classes of his own city. With this object in view, he established the Temperance Institute; an institution at once social and intellectual—in which tea-parties were given, meetings were held, music was studied, books were read, and debates on literary and other subjects were encouraged. The rooms were elegantly and tastefully embellished; and the library, presented by Father Mathew, was well stocked with books suited to all capacities. In the principal apart-

ment of the Institute were frequently given the most agreeable parties, to which many of the leading citizens were invited; and very few of those who so readily availed themselves of these invitations, that did not enjoy the entertainment provided for them on such occasions. The speeches were short, and few in number; but the music, both vocal and instrumental, was really excellent, and the proceedings were invariably wound up with the pleasant dance, into which the young people entered with never-failing spirit. The nominally responsible committee were at times rather troubled to know how to make the receipts meet the expenditure; but difficulties of the kind were dispelled by Father Mathew's thoughtfulness and liberality. 'It is all right, my dear,' he would say to the perplexed Chancellor of the Exchequer, as that functionary was bewildered in his unavailing attempts to strike a satisfactory balance in favour of the Institute, after some more than usually brilliant and successful soirée. 'It is all right, my dear—you must not be responsible in any way; you did your best, and I am more than satisfied. And the creditors would at once be settled with, and all liabilities wiped off.

A flourishing debating society arose in the Institute, under Father Mathew's auspices; and there are now at the press and in the professions, many who were then members of that Institute, and of that society. Others are scattered over every region of the globe; and not a few, like their loving and beloved President, sleep the sleep that knows no waking. This Institute was, in Father Mathew's esteem, the apex that crowned the pyramid erected by his hands. In the improved material comforts of the mass of the people, he recognised the practical advantage of sobriety; but here were elegant accomplishments and intellectual pursuits grafted upon the moral training of the youth of the middle and higher classes—and those who saw his work, congratulated him upon its success.

A little incident that occurred at a very critical stage in the existence of the debating society, comical as it may appear, is mentioned as a proof of the good sense and tact for which no man was more remarkable than the Apostle of Temperance. It was on the night of a grand debate, when a subject of special interest was to be stoutly contested by the crack speakers of the Institute. Great things were expected from the encounter of the rival orators, whose admirers and backers had assembled in full force, to support and cheer their respective leaders. Nor were grace and beauty wanting to crown the conqueror in the intellectual tournament. In the chair sat Father Mathew, his handsome face beaming with pleasure, as he glanced around his young followers, the parents of most of whom had been his earliest friends. The debate was opened with marked success by the appointed member, amidst the applause of his exulting partisans. Then rose his oponent, who proceeded to show how utterly deficient in historical information, and how destitute of the slightest claim to common sense, was the honourable and learned gentleman who opened the debate. The spirits of the orator's partisans exhibited a marked improvement as the hits told on the opposite party, who seemed to stagger under their weight and rapidity. But as the speaker was delivering a trenchant blow, his memory suddenly failed him, and though the sword was held aloft to strike, he could not strike. Was it an oratorical artifice?—was the blow suspended for a while only to descend with deadlier force on the casque of his oponent? Alas! no, it was an intellectual paralysis of the most hopeless kind. A mocking cheer greeted the speechless one, and his dismayed partisans; and a decided titter was heard from the ladies' gallery. Then followed a dead pause. The torture of the poor bewildered orator was at its height, when Father Mathew interposed, to the relief of the vanquished party, by saying, in a cheering voice—'Ladies and gentlemen, perhaps our

young friend Mr. James Traynor would favour us with a song, as an agreeable variety, after those admirable speeches?' The suggestion meant a command, to which Mr. James Traynor promptly responded; and very soon both sides of the house were united in harmonious efforts to do full justice to the lively chorus of 'Old Dan Tucker.' It was, no doubt, a somewhat incongruous feature in a grand historical debate; but it solved the difficulty of the moment, and saved a young fellow from poignant humiliation—which was quite sufficient justification, in Father Mathew's opinion, for even a more daring innovation than the refrain of 'Clar de Kitchen!'

Detesting anger and bitterness, and suppressing every attempt at a sneer or a sarcasm, which he termed a 'gibe,' he appreciated wit and humour with the keenest relish, and enjoyed honest fun with the delight of a child. And no school-boy relished a practical joke more thoroughly than he did, always provided that no one was injured or seriously pained thereby. The writer was present when an instance of this kind occurred. Some dozen of his young friends dined with Father Mathew one day in 1845, on which occasion John's soup and coffee merited and elicited the highest encomiums, which that grim individual received with lofty satisfaction. The dinner was excellent, the sweets were from the first artiste in the city, and the dessert was choice and abundant. The guests enjoyed the good things, to the intense gratification of the host, who also enjoyed their 'good things;' for wit, and jest, and pleasant anecdote, and sallies of humour, lent a charm to a repast which did not require the stimulus of wine to heighten its pleasures. The youthful spirits of the party were quite sufficient for that. The coffee was being discussed, when the conversation happened to turn on mesmerism, and much discussion arose as to its claim to scientific recognition. One of the party stoutly asserted his full and entire belief in the truth of the science, and the extraordi-

nary nature of its phenomena ; and he concluded by saying, that he had himself performed wondrous feats as a mesmeriser. 'Try what you can do with me, then' said another of the party. 'Bravo, bravo!' cried the delighted youths, who, so they could elicit some amusement out of the experiment, little cared whether it succeeded or failed. The challenge was accepted. The subject of the intended operation seated himself in a chair, which was surrounded by the entire party—Father Mathew among the most interested of all. The operator proceeded to go through the usual process, making 'passes' according to the established rule, and doing everything with all the gravity and solemnity of a regular professor. 'Faith, you have him, my boy! There he goes off!' said one of the youngest and most impulsive of the group. 'Hush!' remonstrated the mesmeriser in a solemn whisper, as he multiplied the passes, and, as he thought, overwhelmed the patient with the mesmeric fluid. The patient did certainly seem to be overcome—his eyes became heavy, and as if sightless, and the muscles of his face assumed a strange rigidity. 'Didn't I tell you, sir! exclaimed the mesmeriser, addressing himself with triumphant disdain to a confirmed sceptic. 'I do n't believe a word of it. Let me stick a pin in the fellow,' said the sceptic. 'No, my dear,' said Father Mathew, 'we must not try experiments of that kind.' The patient now appeared to have fallen into a state of coma, and to be no longer conscious of anything passing around. 'Now I shall raise his arm, and stiffen it like a bar of iron,' announced the operator, who did what he said—the limb being stretched out, like a pump-handle or a finger-post. 'God forgive us!' cried John, who firmly believed that the watchful enemy of mankind had an active share in the enchantment. The spectators became really impressed with the conviction that there was truth in the science, that it was wrong to doubt the evidence of one's senses, and that the operator knew his business thoroughly. 'Observe me!

said the operator, 'while I relieve him from the overpowering influence of the fluid.' The profoundest interest was now felt by the hushed and awe-struck spectators, who followed every movement of the great magician with breathless attention. But just as the interest was at its height, and the silence became almost painful, the patient winked several times with extraordinary rapidity, screwed his mouth to a most unnatural shape, and cried 'Boo—boo—boo!' in the very face of the mesmeriser, and finished his performance by jumping from the chair of operation, and dancing the first bar of the Sailor's Hornpipe. The company roared with delight at the amazement and confusion of the discomfited operator; but not one of the young people enjoyed the joke with greater relish than Father Mathew, who sank on a chair literally exhausted with laughter. The mesmeriser had a capital voice, of which he was not a little proud; and in the hearty plaudits with which his best song—for which his host specially asked—was received, he was fully compensated for his failure as an operator.

Father Mathew was not always as successful in satisfying his guests as when he thus entertained his chosen followers, as an instance will prove. Two old friends from his beloved Tipperary having business in Cork, paid him a visit, and readily accepted his warm invitation to dinner. These worthy gentlemen admired temperance in the abstract, and were proud of the fame of their illustrious countryman. But at this point they stopped. 'Temperance,' according to their opinion, 'was a fine thing for people who could not control themselves; but so long as a man could enjoy himself in moderation, and take his five or six tumblers of whisky-punch without turning a hair, surely no one would be fool enough to say that such a man required to take the pledge.' That was their doctrine, and they did not care who knew it. These respectable individuals were received with the utmost warmth by their host, with whom they had a pleasant talk about

Tipperary and their mutual friends. There were but four at the table—the two strangers, one of the lieutenants of the temperance leader, and the host. The dinner was excellent, as usual, and the gentlemen from Tipperary enjoyed it thoroughly, having been much about the town during the day. But they thought it rather strange that they were not asked by the servant if they preferred porter or ale to water, which they conscientiously detested. They were however too polite to make a remark, or to ask for their favourite—indeed their invariable—dinner beverage; and they sipped the 'Lady's Well' water with as decent a show of relish as they could possibly affect. It was also strange, they thought, that there was no wine on the table; but they supposed it was reserved until the cloth should be removed. 'Here it comes now,' thought they, as a fine dessert replaced the dinner, and the host desired John to 'bring in the tray.' In Tipperary, in the hospitable homes of the two gentlemen, to bring in the tray at such a moment meant the advent of 'materials;' but their disgust was unbounded when they found that coffee was the substitute for 'honest whisky-punch.' They looked at the sideboard, to discover if any hope lay in that quarter, but in vain. They glanced at John, who returned the glance with a vicious gleam from his bright little eyes, and then they looked at each other in blank despair. In vain their host helped them to the most delicious fruits of the season; in vain they were urged to try another cup of the fragrant coffee—in vain were old friends referred to, and early associations conjured up by their kindly host. There was but one indignity remaining which could be inflicted upon the martyrs, nor was that long wanting; for, seeing that his guests did not relish the coffee, their host suggested in the most persuasive manner—'Perhaps, my dear sir, you would prefer tea?' 'No, no!—many thanks to you, Father Mathew,' replied his friend, with a look of horror. 'Then, perhaps, gentlemen, you would like a little lemonade after

your dinner?' Lemonade! That was the crushing blow, the crowning indignity. The Tipperary men rose, as if by an impulse, and muttering some kind of apology, in which the words 'pressing engagement,' and 'lawyer,' were alone audible, they literally rushed from the room; and betaking themselves to the nearest public-house, they amply indemnified themselves for the outrage done to their palates by the coffee, and to their nationality by the hateful suggestion of lemonade. Five tumblers formed the lowest standard of their notions of rigid moderation; but after such a trial as they had just passed through, eight or ten they considered to be a fair and reasonable allowance. When these worthy men had occasion to visit Cork again, they, to employ their own expressive words, 'gave Father Mathew and his house in Cove Street a wide berth.'

As a host, and as the temperance leader, it afforded Father Mathew a double gratification to know that his guests enjoyed his abundant but simple fare, and did not feel the want of the customary wine and the orthodox whisky-punch to be found either on their own tables, or the tables of their friends. His gratification was still greater when he elicited the admission from one who thoroughly enjoyed 'the good things of this life,' that the dinner was all the better without the stimulant. 'Now, B——,' said he, one evening, to a jovial friend, whom the pledge would have robbed of half his jollity, 'do 'nt you feel much more comfortable without your usual tumbler of punch than if you were taking it?' This was asked in the most persuasive tone of voice, and with the most benevolent expression, as he laid his hand softly on B——'s shoulder. 'Then, indeed, Father Mathew, to be candid with you, I do not; for I have a most extraordinary feeling without it,' was B——'s honest reply, which, as was invariably the case, was wound up by a pleasant laugh. 'Oh, B——, you are incorrigible; I can make no hand of you,'

was all that Father Mathew could say to his good-humoured friend.

The advocates of social reforms and humane ameliorations of the law found a ready and influential supporter in Father Mathew, who sympathised in whatever tended to render their hard lot in this life more tolerable to the poor and the afflicted. In like manner did he hold in abhorrence the idea that one man could possess property in his fellow-man; and the expression of this feeling, which he did not conceal, was to him, as the reader will see in time, the source of much anxiety, and no small embarrassment, during his tour in the United States.

Frederick Douglas, known as the 'Fugitive Slave,' describes in a letter to the 'Boston Liberator' his reception by Father Mathew, whom he visited in Cork, in October 1845. Men of the highest rank and greatest eminence constantly visited at that humble house in Cove Street; but neither to noble nor to statesman, to poet nor to orator, to painter nor to sculptor, did Father Mathew offer a heartier welcome than to the Fugitive Slave, who thus records his impressions of that reception:—

On the 21st inst., Father Mathew, the living saviour of Ireland from the curse of intemperance, gave a splendid soirée as a token of his sympathy and regard for friend Buffum and myself. There were 250 persons present. It was decidedly the brightest and happiest company, I think, I ever saw anywhere.

Everyone seemed to be enjoying himself in the fullest manner. It was enough to delight any heart not totally bereft of feeling, to look upon such a company of happy faces. Among them all, I saw no one that seemed to be shocked or disturbed at my dark presence. No one seemed to feel himself contaminated by contact with me. I think it would be difficult to get the same number of persons together in any one of our New England cities without some Democratic nose growing deformed at my approach.

On the morning after the soirée, Father Mathew invited us to breakfast with him at his own house—an honour quite unexpected, and one for which I felt myself unprepared. I however accepted his

kind invitation, and went. I found him living in a very humble dwelling, and in an obscure street. As I approached he came out of his house, and met me about thirty yards from his door, and with uplifted hands, in a manner altogether peculiar to himself, and with a face beaming with benevolent expressions, he exclaimed, 'Welcome! welcome! my dear sir, to my humble abode;' at the same time taking me cordially by the hand, conducted me through a rough uncarpeted passage, to a green door leading to an uncarpeted stairway; on ascending one flight of which, I found myself abruptly ushered into what appeared to be both drawing and dining-room. There was no carpet on the floor, and very little furniture of any kind in the room; an old-fashioned sideboard, a few chairs, three or four pictures hung carelessly around the walls, comprising nearly the whole furniture of the room. The breakfast was set when I went in. A large urn stood in the middle, surrounded by cups, saucers, plates, knives and forks, spoons, &c. &c., all of a very plain order—rather too plain, I thought, for so great a man. His greatness, however, was not dependent on outward show; nor was it obscured from me by his plainness. It showed that he could be great without the ordinary attractions, with which men of his rank and means are generally anxious to surround themselves.

Upon entering the room, Father Mathew introduced me to Mr. William O'Connor, an invited guest; though not a teetotaler, an ardent admirer of Father Mathew.*

This gentleman complained a little of his severity towards the distillers of Cork, who had a large amount invested in distilleries, and who could not be expected to give their business up to their ruin. To which Father Mathew replied, in the natural way, that such men had no right to prosper by the ruin of others. He said he was once met by a very rich distiller, who asked him, rather imploringly, how he could deliberately plot the ruin of so many unoffending people, who had their all invested in distilleries? In reply, Father Mathew then told, with good spirit, the following excellent anecdote: 'A very fat old duck went out early one morning in pursuit of worms, and after being out all day, she succeeded in filling her crop, and on her return home at night with her crop full of worms, she had the misfortune to be met by a fox, who at once proposed to take her life to satisfy his hunger. The old duck appealed, argued, implored, and remonstrated. She said to the fox—You cannot be so wicked and hard-

* The merchant-tailor who erected the Mathew Tower in commemoration of his reverend friend's reception in London in 1843.

hearted as to take the life of a harmless duck, merely to satisfy your hunger. She exhorted him against the commission of so great a sin, and begged him not to stain his soul with her innocent blood. When the fox could stand her cant no longer, he said—Out upon you, madam, with all your fine feathers; you are a pretty thing to lecture me about taking life to satisfy my hunger—is not your own crop now full of worms? You destroy more lives in one day, to satisfy your hunger, than I do in a whole month!

CHAPTER XXV.

His Speech on Capital Punishment—The Oriental's Question—His distinguished Visitors—Innocent Festivities—Protestant Sympathy—Sacredness of the Pledge.

AT a meeting held in Cork, in 1845, Father Mathew expressed his views on the question of Capital Punishment, which the promoters of the meeting sought to abolish. It will be seen that he availed himself of the opportunity thus afforded him to urge upon his fellow-citizens the wisdom and humanity of arresting crime by the protection and reformation of the young. In proposing the resolution which he had been solicited to propose, he said :—

I deemed it my duty to take part in your proceedings this day; and if my humble advocacy can in any way tend to ameliorate the condition of the most degraded member of the human family, I consider the violence which I offer to my feelings in thus presenting myself before you to be amply compensated. The resolution handed to me requires no preface; it is simply the enunciation of a great principle, agreed to by all persons—that the prevention of crime and the reformation of the criminal, not vindictive justice, should be the object of all governments. The ministry to which I have been called, and to which I have devoted myself so many years, has given me great knowledge and experience of human nature. I have been for nearly thirty years a calm observer of passing events. Guilt in all its various gradations has appeared before me; and I have very seldom found a case where, by kindness and winning his confidence, I did not succeed in the reformation of the criminal, by holding out to him a pardon through Christ.

Indeed such were the numbers of persons of that description that came to me, that often the finger of scorn was pointed at me, as the