

Father Mathew more to us, and have united him closer to our affections, than have all his previous labours and splendid triumphs.

The pleasing theme was thus enlarged upon by Frank Walsh, or, as he was popularly designated, 'the Counselor':—

What your Chairman has told our American friends of the last nine months' labours of Father Mathew, would be imperfect if we did not also add this to it,—that, while attending with an extraordinary vigilance, with indefatigable watchfulness, with intense care and eager anxiety to the distribution of the food in every petty detail, watching that no official should counteract, no mean minister should frustrate, no petty motives should restrict the value of the bounty, or diminish it to those on whom it was intended to confer relief, he has been in the midst of pestilence, in the most frightful dens, where fever exhibited its most awful and pestilential effects, hanging over the bed where not one but three were stretched, in a room where not one but sixteen were in disease together, perishing of fever. He has risked his life hourly and daily. Bift in the midst of all his cares, and labours, and toils, it is right to let the world know, as we in Cork do, that besides being one of the most distinguished men of our time, he is one of the most hard working, patient, zealous Catholic priests with whom God has blessed mankind. He had been in Cork, his selected and adopted city, before his name became so justly celebrated, so beloved and honoured for his devotion and anxiety to the poor, that he was one of those most revered as a Christian clergyman; and now, independently of the glorious movement which he represents, by his personal virtues, his charity, his amiability and goodness, he is at present a link of union between Christians of all denominations.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

His Influence with the People of Ulster—A strange Question and a laconic Reply—The incurable Cancer—A poor Breakfast—The disgusted Devotee—Christmas-boxes—The Great Duke.

SO long as there was a necessity for his presence, Father Mathew remained in Cork, whose people had, as he thought, the first claim upon his exertions; but the moment he could safely quit his post, without desertion of duty, he was again off to some distant part of the country, on his temperance mission. In the month of August he was entertained at a soirée in Londonderry, in which city he was hailed with enthusiasm by men who hated his church and not occasionally misrepresented its principles and its teaching; and in the following October we find him in Coleraine, in which thoroughly Ulster town the priest from Munster was received with a respect which was as sincere as it was, in many instances, involuntary. 'Why did you kneel to him?' asked one of the 'True Blues' to another. The answer was a testimony to the influence of the man—'Who the d—l could resist him?—who could help it?—no one could refuse him anything he asked.' Some came to their doors in a spirit half bitter half jeering; but, strong Protestants and Presbyterians as they were, they yielded to an unaccountable impulse, and, falling on their knees, humbly received the blessing of a man of God.

It was in Dublin, some years before, that he said rather an amusing thing in reply to a person to whom he was in the act of administering the pledge. He was hard at work,

going rapidly through a large batch, making the sign of the Cross on the foreheads of his postulants, when the man whose brow he then touched said, 'Father Mathew, here am I, an Orangeman, kneeling to you, and you blessing me.' 'God bless you, my dear, I did n't care if you were a *Lemon-man*,' was his reply, as he rapidly passed on, amidst an audible titter from the batch.

Father Mathew had been severely censured by the leading London journal for having dared to stop Her Majesty's mail in the High Street of Athy. On that occasion there were some thousands of solid reasons against the possibility of stirring the coach, in the shape and substance of a dense crowd of people eager to take the pledge. On another occasion, however, the mail was arrested, though for a short time, and from a different motive. The guard had given the signal, the coachman had flourished his whip, and the horses were in motion, when a cry was raised of 'Stop the coach!' A respectable-looking lady, well known as a leading Methodist, was seen running after the vehicle, her bonnet held on only by its strings, and her hair streaming wildly about her face. At so strange a spectacle, the guard was much surprised, and ordered the coachman to pull up. 'I have special business with Father Mathew,' said the lady, as soon as she had sufficiently recovered her breath to make herself intelligible. Father Mathew put his head out of the window, and enquired what the special business was. 'Father Mathew,' said the excellent woman, 'I pray daily that the Lord may preserve you in humility; has He done so?' 'Yes, ma'am,' was Father Mathew's laconic reply, as the coachman, who had overheard the brief dialogue, laid his whip rather smartly on his impatient team.

The three following paragraphs will show that in the months of November and December 1847, he was as active and energetic as at any previous period of his career. The first appeared on the 3rd of November :—

## FATHER MATHEW

Leaves town this evening on a Temperance Tour. He is to preach and administer the pledge in Derry, on Sunday the 7th; in Sligo, on Wednesday the 10th; and in Strabane, on Sunday the 14th. He will return to Cork on Thursday the 18th inst.

The second appeared on the 25th of November :—

## FATHER MATHEW

Left town last night to preach and administer the pledge at Omagh, county of Tyrone, and also to attend a grand Temperance Soirée at Strabane. He will return to Cork on Saturday, the 4th of December.

And the third on the 31st of December :—

## FATHER MATHEW

Left town this morning for Limerick, where he is to hold Temperance meetings, and to administer the pledge on New Year's Day, and Sunday. He will return on Tuesday next.

There was one visit he never failed to pay every day during which he remained in Cork: it was the last which he made ere he set out on his journeys, and it was the first which he made on his return. It was to the bedside of a once beautiful girl, who was slowly dying of an incurable cancer. Some years before, she had been confided to his care by her friends in a neighbouring county. When she arrived first in Cork, and gave herself up to his spiritual charge, she was joyous and light-hearted, and her artless gaiety of character lent an additional charm to her uncommon beauty. She was placed in a respectable establishment as an assistant, and was happy and contented with her situation. One day—a sad day for her—a fellow-assistant, who happened to be near her, was tearing a piece of some strong material which a customer had purchased, and in the effort to tear this article, he struck the poor girl violently in the bosom. It was a fatal but an innocent blow. Soon cancer began to spread its deadly fibres through her system, and then commenced the

long martyrdom which prepared her for the crown that was to reward her sufferings and her fortitude. Father Mathew, who had watched over her with a father's solicitude, at once came to her assistance, and saved her from the hospital or the workhouse. He supplied her with every necessary, and surrounded her with such comforts as her miserable case was susceptible of; but the sweetest consolation which he afforded her, was when he sat by her bed of pain, and read for her, and prayed for her, and wiped away the drops of agony that stood upon her transparent brow. Sickness imparted an ethereal character to her beauty; and the sweet smile of patience that triumphed over the weakness of poor human nature, had in it something wondrously touching. The light of heaven seemed to chase away the shadow of the grave from that gentle face, whose look of resignation haunted her faithful friend in his journeys, and inspired him with fortitude to bear up against many a trial and many a care. How earnestly she longed for his return! how her large eyes brightened, and her wasted features flushed, as she caught the first sound of his eager step upon the stairs!—for, no matter what the distance he had to come, or the toil he had undergone, he neither changed his dress, nor allowed himself a moment's rest, until he had seen 'his poor Ellen.' The end that was inevitable came at last, and he had the consolation of closing those loving eyes in the holy rest of a happy death, and of laying her in a grave shadowed and perfumed by fragrant shrubs.

A little incident, which occurred in one of his journeys after the fury of the famine had passed, touched him greatly, insomuch as it evinced the poverty and privation still endured by the working classes. While proceeding on his way, he observed a pretty little girl, not more than ten years of age, trotting lightly along the road, carrying on her arm a small basket carefully covered up. With her light quick trot she was keeping pace for some time with the horses. His attention

being attracted to the child, he ordered the driver to stop, and called her towards him. 'Where are you going, my dear, in such a hurry?' enquired Father Mathew. Dropping a courtesy, the little girl said, 'Down beyant, sir, with my father's breakfast.' 'And what have you got for your father's breakfast, my dear?' 'Pittaties, sir.' 'Have you nothing with the potatoes—not a drop of milk?' 'No, 'indeed, sir, an' he's glad to get that same,' replied the child. 'Have you not even a pinch of salt with them, my dear?' said Father Mathew. 'Salt, sir!' exclaimed the little girl, opening wide a great pair of hazel eyes, in amazement at the suggestion of such a luxury—'why then cock him up with salt!' 'Then, my dear, here is something to buy salt with, and here is something for yourself too,' said Father Mathew, who left the child radiant with delight at her good fortune in meeting so liberal a benefactor.

The pious women who were accustomed to attend the Friary on Christmas morning, were usually edified by a sermon from Father Mathew, appropriate to the festival of the day. His discourses on those occasions breathed the spirit of peace and holiness with which his own soul was filled. The disappointment at his omission of the customary sermon was a source of much discomfort to his devoted followers, the regular attenders. One morning he was expected to preach at the early Mass, and the little church was filled with worshippers, a considerable number of whom held lighted candles, to enable them to read their prayer books on that dark winter morning. There was one old lady, who, with spectacles on her nose, was devoutly reading her book, and awaiting in calm contentment the appearance of her favourite preacher. At length there was the flutter of a white surplice seen at the door of the sacristy, and the clergyman made his appearance; but, instead of the noble countenance of Father Mathew, to whom the robes of his ministry added new beauty, the congregation beheld the commonplace features of a fat little

gentleman, whose ability as a pulpit orator was of the humblest kind. The moment the full consciousness of her disappointment broke upon the old lady, the candle fell from her relaxed grasp on the floor, and, with a voice in which disgust and bitterness were blended, she audibly exclaimed, 'Why, then, 'tis *you* that are welcome to us this blessed morning !'

Christmas-boxes were in Father Mathew's esteem a time-honoured institution, as all his young relatives and many of his young friends could testify. It, however, occasionally happened that some pressing claim of poverty, some more than usually pathetic tale of widow or of orphan, even of repentant profligate, either altogether blighted the full-blown hopes of his nephews and nieces, or reduced the expected present, from being something highly acceptable, to being something, in their eyes at least, very contemptible. Thus, on one occasion, the promised pony was represented by a book ; for the money intended for the purchase of the pony had gone to release from the army the only son of a miserable widow, who had been forsaken by her boy for dreams of glory, and visions of fame and fortune, to be won at the bayonet's point. The nephews were indignant with the widow, for having a son who could think of 'listing,' or who, having embraced the profession of a soldier, could sneakily permit himself to be ignominiously bought out. Now though many a recruit 'took the shilling,' under the influence of drink, it was to the Apostle of Temperance the disconsolate parent of the would-be hero appealed in her distress. On one of these occasions the recruit was the only support of an aged mother, and the father of six helpless children. Father Mathew's exchequer was at its lowest ebb at this time—it was in 1847 ; so that between the mother's lamentations for 'her darlin' boy, who was the comfort of her ould heart, and the light of her two eyes,' and his own empty pockets, the priest knew not what to do. At last, the idea

of appealing to the 'Great Duke,' flashed on his bewildered mind. He did so, on the impulse of the moment, and met with a prompt result ; for the noble Duke thus replied by return of post :—

Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to the Very Rev. Mr. Mathew : he could not refuse his application, and has directed the discharge of the soldier he desired.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

He is attacked with Paralysis—His Fortitude and Resignation—  
His Recovery hailed with Enthusiasm.

IN the year 1848, which, as we have seen by the paragraphs recently quoted, he began so auspiciously, he suffered the heavy penalty of his ten years of unparalleled exertions. His rigorous fasting had also much to do with the catastrophe which occurred. When remonstrated with respecting this severity of life, and implored to relax his austerity in some degree, his answer was—'I am the strongest man in Ireland.' The time was now at hand when that boast could never be repeated.

During the Lent of 1848, which he observed with his customary strictness, and during which he devoted himself with even more than usual fervour to the various duties of the ministry, he was suddenly struck with paralysis. This was the commencement of a sad tribulation, which lasted, with more or less intermission, to the hour of his death, which took place in eight years after. When about rising, as was his invariable rule, at an early hour in the morning, he fell on the ground at his bedside. The noise of his fall at once roused his Secretary, who rushed to the room, and found him stretched on the floor. He was assisted back into bed, and Dr. O'Connor—who, besides being his physician, was also his attached personal friend—was sent for. Alarmed at the intelligence, the doctor hastened to attend him. 'I was sorry, sir,

to have heard that you were ill—what has happened?' said Dr. O'Connor. 'My dear doctor,' replied Father Mathew, in the calmest voice, and with the sweetest smile, 'I am paralysed.' 'Paralysed, sir!' 'Yes, my dear friend, I am paralysed in one side; and when I tried to stand this morning, I fell on the floor.' The doctor had never met with such a patient; for here was a man who spoke of a grave calamity as if it were a matter of the very smallest importance. The calmness, which was genuine, was the result of high moral courage and Christian resignation. The blow was great, but the fortitude was still greater.

Dr. O'Connor's description of that morning's professional visit is interesting:—

On further enquiry (says the doctor) I found that the leg and arm of one side were paralysed, but not entirely powerless, and that he also had suffered pain in the head for some days previously. I remained with him whilst leeches were being applied to his temples by his friend and faithful disciple, A. F. Roche. He entertained us during the time with anecdotes of his temperance travels, and never appeared more cheerful, though conscious that he was labouring under a visitation which more than any other brings terror to the mind of a patient. He remarked 'it was not much matter to him how it terminated. If a priest had done his duty, and was prepared, the time of his death was of little consequence.' Of all the community, among whom the news of his illness soon spread, he was the only one that appeared unconcerned.

With consternation was the sad intelligence received by the local community; and wherever it was heard, it evoked the deepest feeling of sympathy and regret. Crowds surrounded his door, and exhibited, by their awe-struck and mournful aspect, the dismay and sorrow which pervaded every breast. In a few days, however, the anxiety of the public mind was relieved by the glad tidings of his gradual recovery. Day by day he mended, and about the second week in May he seemed to have got over the effects of this his first attack. His recovery was hailed with universal delight, and numerous

addresses of congratulation proved to him how strong was the hold which he had upon the affections of his countrymen.

'His mind,' says Dr. O'Connor, 'was not apparently affected by this attack, and the weakness in the limbs soon diminished so much, that the entreaties of friends or physicians could no longer prevent him from resuming his labour in the temperance cause.'

On the 19th of July he left Cork for Dublin, and did not return until the 1st of August. And during the period which intervened between that date and the time of his leaving Ireland for America, he divided his time between his temperance mission, his priestly duties, and his efforts to relieve distress, promote industry, and assist every good work.

Previous to his attack, he had visited the Irish metropolis for the purpose of giving his testimony in favour of Charles Gavan Duffy, who was then about to be placed on his third trial for alleged political offences. Father Mathew entertained a sincere respect for the truth and earnestness of the Young Ireland party, and he naturally admired the ability and eloquence of their writings and speeches. Besides, he was grateful to Mr. Duffy, who had afforded valuable aid to the temperance cause, and had written and spoken of the Apostle of Temperance in the most enthusiastic terms of praise. 'I consider Mr. Duffy a man of the highest integrity and principle. I would not think him a man likely by any means to entertain or favour any project of anarchy or spoliation of property,' said Father Mathew, when giving evidence for his friend. Had he lived to witness the honourable and distinguished position taken by Mr. Duffy, as one of the ablest and most influential public men and ministers in the colony of Victoria, Father Mathew would have greatly rejoiced.

As will be seen by his letter to Judge Lumpkin, he was not insensible to the sufferings of his country; but though he ardently longed for her happiness and prosperity, he

sedulously abstained from taking any part whatever in politics. In his earlier life, when questions affecting the liberty of his Church were at stake, he sympathised with the efforts by which Catholic Emancipation was eventually won, and did not fail to exercise his undoubted right as an elector to secure the return of a candidate favourable to a liberal policy; but having on one occasion induced a number of poor voters to risk the consequences of supporting the popular candidate, and having been disappointed in promises made to him in their behalf, he abstained from that hour from taking any part in elections, or mixing himself up in any way with politics or with party. This was a fortunate circumstance, as it removed one formidable barrier to the success of his temperance mission.

It would be a dreary task to follow him through the misery which met him at every step, and surrounded him on every side, during the period that preceded his departure. This misery depressed his spirit, and sickened his very soul, though he courageously fought against its influence, and spared no effort to mitigate it, by relieving it. What man could do, he did—more, indeed, than any ten other men could have done; but his heart died within him as he found how little was the result of all his zeal, his energy, and his self-sacrifice. The movement, too, had lost its former spirit. Many of the rooms had been closed in the terrible famine year; and the bands had, in several instances, been broken up, in consequence of the death, the poverty, or the emigration of their principal members. The pledge was, on the whole, fairly kept; but not a few had yielded to the deplorable influence of evil times, and had sought in the maddening draught temporary oblivion of their sorrows. The banner which once proudly floated in the air, now drooped on its staff. The famine had struck the cause as well as decimated the ranks of its followers.

The following letters, addressed to his devoted friends the Rathbones, afford a last glimpse of the state of the country in

1848, and the profound interest which he took in the hopes and disappointments of its unhappy people :—

Cork : February 7, 1848.

MY DEAREST MADAM,—In compliance with your expressed wish, I would have immediately stated to you my impressions as to the prospects of unhappy Ireland, and what appeared to me most advisable in the present destitute condition of our wretched people: but as nothing can be accomplished without pecuniary assistance, I could not reconcile it to my feelings to address you on such a subject. As you have again condescended to apply to me for information, and have stated the benevolent source whence relief can be obtained, without adding to the already too numerous appeals to your private funds, I shall not longer hesitate to lay my sentiments before you.—

The British Association has devoted its supplies of food and money to the relief of destitution in twenty-two poor-law unions, which were pointed out to them by the poor-law commissioners as unable to pay rates sufficient to feed the starving multitude. The children are the peculiar objects of this supplemental charity. There are in the unions not favoured with a portion of this British charity, many thousands who crave a share of this blessing. The unhappy Gregory Clause in the new poor law operates cruelly on the cottier tenants. All tenants of this class who hold more than a quarter of an acre of land are excluded from poor law relief, unless they give up their little farms. Horrified at the prospect of being paupers for ever, they cling to their cottages and farms, and perish by slow starvation rather than abandon their homes; for the moment the tenant leaves his house to enter the workhouse, it is levelled to the ground. Many parents would be able to keep themselves from the workhouse, if a little assistance were given in the way of food to their helpless children. Widows and unmarried females could support themselves, if knitting, plain work, &c. &c. were supplied them. To meet these pressing wants, and to train up the rising generation in habits of industry, has long been my anxious desire. To its accomplishment I have devoted my strenuous efforts. Supplying small farmers with cheap seeds, such as turnip, flax, and potatoes; and assisting industrial schools, in which the children, male and female, are instructed and supplied with the material for remunerative labour, such as weaving, spinning, gardening, &c. &c. In all these efforts for the improvement of the habits of our people, I have succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations. As the destitute of the city of Cork have multitudinous resources, I have extended my exertions to various

parts of Ireland, especially Tipperary, Limerick, Galway, the King's and Queen's Counties. The progress of improvement is slow, and much misery must be endured. But we are, I confidently believe, in a transition to a better social condition. We will soon see a new Ireland.

The recent special commission in Limerick, Clare, and Tipperary, bloody as the issue has been, has proved that, guilty as our wretched people have been, they were not as desperately wicked as represented. That there was not a conspiracy amongst them to murder the landed gentry. That their own class were generally the victims, and that the struggle for the possession of land was the dire cause of the shedding of human blood. The commission has also shed additional lustre on the great temperance movement. *Not a single teetotaller, out of the millions, was implicated in the guilt of blood-shedding. The convicts were all whisky drinkers.* It is to be believed that Ireland would be the most moral country on the face of the earth, if all its inhabitants were total abstainers.

With highest respect,

Dearest Mrs. Rathbone,

Your most devoted and affectionate friend,

THEOBALD MATHEW.

Mrs. Rathbone.

Cork : May 5, 1848.

MY DEAREST MADAM,—Though not an advocate for the extensive cultivation of potatoes, I am of opinion that, to enable our destitute people to recover from the effects of the late calamity, no other food could be so easily had to supply their many wants this season. I know of no object more worthy of your and dear Mr. Rathbone's benevolent sympathy, than the assisting our industrious cottier tenantry to cultivate their little farms, by giving them seed. The generous gift of fifty pounds,\* which you have so considerately confided to me for distribution, has been very timely. Now that the season is fast advancing, it will be the means of employing the hitherto desponding farmer and his family in the cultivation of ground that would otherwise remain as waste, and of restoring them to comparative comfort and happiness.

I trust, however, that Government will do something for us, either to assimilate our condition with England, or grant other salutary concessions.

I am, with profound esteem,

Dearest Madam,

Your devoted and affectionate

THEOBALD MATHEW.

Mrs. Rathbone.

\* American funds.

Cork : July 21, 1848.

MY DEAR MR. RATHBONE,— . . . You will learn with much gratification, that I have been enabled by your last remittance from the funds of the good people of Boston to wind up in a satisfactory way the affairs of the different charities with which I was connected. They are now able to support themselves by the fruits of their industry.

I saw last week, as I passed through the country, many luxuriant fields of potatoes and turnips, from seed I was enabled to distribute. But, what I deem of more importance, I have witnessed habits of cleanliness, economy, and industry, which promise to be permanent, and to diffuse themselves gradually through the most neglected and the rudest portions of the peasantry. We are, I trust, on the eve of better times for poor Ireland. May God requite all who have contributed to do her good. Presenting affectionate remembrance to the family at Green Bank, believe me,

My dear Mr. Rathbone,

Your most grateful

THEOBALD MATHEW.

W. Rathbone, Esq.

Cork : August 13, 1848.

MY DEAR MR. RATHBONE,—I regret that the melancholy task of announcing the *total destruction* of the potato crop has devolved upon me. The blight appeared three weeks back; but it seemed confined to particular places, and affected only the stalks; since then wet weather has been so constant, the blight has become general, and the tubers are rotting with frightful rapidity.

The labouring poor, thank God, are not involved in this calamity, for they have abandoned the *con-acre* system, and depend upon money wages, or the poor law; but the small farmers made a last effort to retrieve their almost desperate affairs, and risked their all upon this season's potato crop. Thousands, who have endured every privation rather than surrender their little farms, and consign their wives and children to the hopeless support of a workhouse, are now in despair. I am grievously disappointed myself. In every way I encouraged the propagation of potatoes. The large sum I received from you, and all that I could beg or borrow myself, I expended in the purchase of the, I now believe, doomed potato. In travelling through the country, that but a few days ago bloomed with a luxuriant harvest, I found the atmosphere everywhere tainted with noxious vapours from the putrefying vegetable, and the wretched people bathed in tears. I could only mingle my tears with theirs.

May the God of all consolation console them in this their great

tribulation. Well may they exclaim, with the Prophet Jeremiah, 'All you that pass by this way, attend and see if there be any sorrow like my sorrow.'

With regard to myself, I have only to say, that my health is improving, and if I were free, I would gladly abandon this land of horrors and misery.

Presenting affectionate remembrance to Mrs. Rathbone and your beloved family, I am,

My dear Mr. Rathbone,

Your most grateful and devoted friend,

THEOBALD MATHEW.

W. Rathbone, Esq.

The consequences of the famine are matters of history, and are to be found principally in the sale and transfer of a vast amount of property, and that wondrous emigration which has flowed from the shores of Ireland in a continued stream to this hour, though with more or less diminished volume.

From October 1849 to August 1859, the gross amount realised by the property sold in the Court of Encumbered Estates reached to the prodigious sum of 25,190,839*l*. The sacrifice of property during the first years of the operation of this Court was sad to contemplate. It ruined many and enriched others. It annihilated the owner, robbed the later encumbrancers, and conferred estates for half their real value on purchasers lucky or daring enough to speculate in land at such a period of general depression and alarm.

The famine imparted an extraordinary impulse to Irish migration and emigration. It is ascertained that for the ten years previous to 1841, about 630,000 persons had left Ireland permanently, either to go abroad, or to settle in some other portion of the United Kingdom. From 1841, to 1851, including the Famine years so called, the number of persons leaving permanently, was 1,640,000. From 1851 to 1861, the number was 1,250,000. And if we add 200,000 between 1861 and 1863, who quitted their country ostensibly for ever, we shall have a total of 3,720,000. The great bulk of this



enormous subtraction from the population of a single country, emigrated to the United States, Canada, and Australia. A considerable number established themselves in the manufacturing districts and great towns of England and Scotland. It is now computed that the contribution of population from Ireland to the United States, has given to that vast continent the largest portion of its present inhabitants—that is, that the Irish, and the descendants of the Irish, constitute, if it may be so expressed, the largest of the various nationalities which go to make up the whole of its existing population. In England and Scotland, according to the Census Commissioners, there were in 1861, no less than 805,703 of Irish, born in Ireland—to say nothing of their children who were born in those countries.

The rush from Ireland to England during the year 1847 assumed the character of a panic—an unarmed people flying before the face of a pursuing enemy. From the 1st of January to the 1st of November of that year, 278,000 persons landed in Liverpool alone; and of these, 123,000 sailed from that port to foreign countries—the remainder scattering themselves over various parts of England. The total emigration abroad for that year was 215,444. It increased to 249,721 in 1851.

To two very opposite influences were principally owing this extraordinary Exodus—namely, compulsion and persuasion. Hunger and evictions on the one hand—inducements and assistance on the other.

From 1846 to 1848, both years included, the number of ejectments brought in the various courts was 32,193, and the number of persons evicted was 140,835. From 1849 to 1853, both years included, the number of evictions was 47,115, and the number of persons evicted was 239,000. Which would give a total of evictions, during the periods specified, of 79,308, and of persons evicted, 379,845. In 1850, the number of persons evicted was 74,000.

Among the inducements to emigrate, including labour and employment of different kinds, were the invitations from relative to relative—from the son or daughter, to the father and mother, or to the brothers and sisters; and these invitations were accompanied by large remittances, money saved from hard honest toil in a strange country. In 1847, these remittances amounted to 200,000*l.* In 1848, they rose to 460,000*l.*; in 1850 and 1851, they were about 1,000,000*l.* each of those years; and in 1853, they amounted to the enormous sum of 1,490,000*l.* It is officially ascertained that the total remittances from the Irish emigrants to the States, to Canada, and to Australia, to their relatives in Ireland, amounted up to 1863 to 12,642,000*l.* But this does not represent the entire. The Emigration Commissioners, in their report for 1863, thus refer to these remittances:—

It is necessary to repeat that these returns are very imperfect, as they contain none of the remittances through the post or through private hands, or through any of the banks or mercantile houses, which decline to furnish us with information. It would scarcely be unreasonable to estimate *the amount of which there are no returns at half as much again as that of which there are returns.*

According to this statement, the gross amount received by the Irish at home from their kindred abroad, cannot have been less than 19,000,000*l.*—a sum almost fabulous in its magnitude.

In the history of the world there is nothing to surpass this, for generosity, self-sacrifice, and attachment to family and race. If the Irish have their faults—as what people have not?—they nobly atone for them by the most exalted virtues.

Among the results brought about by the great national calamity, was the creation of a better feeling between persons of different religious belief, who became oblivious of doctrinal distinctions in a moment of common peril, and who caught from the very nature of their sacred work the sublime spirit

of Christian charity. There were some miserable exceptions, it is true, in which the mortal agony of the destitute was sought to be availed of for the promotion of unholy triumphs over conscience; but such disgraceful attempts were reprobated by every man of sense and feeling in the land, and only assisted, by the contrast, to render more pure and exalted the devoted and disinterested zeal exhibited by those who ministered to their afflicted neighbours as men to men, as brethren to brethren. Mr. Trevelyan, in the article in the 'Edinburgh Review,' to which I have before referred, bears testimony to the harmonious cooperation of the clergy of different Churches:—

Those (he says) who had never before exchanged words or looks of kindness, met to cooperate in this great work of charity, and good men recognised each other's merit under the distinctions by which they had been previously separated. The Protestant and Roman Catholic clergy vied with each other in their exertions for the famishing and fever-stricken people, and in numerous instances their lives became a sacrifice to the discharge of exhausting, harassing and dangerous duties. To the priests, all were indebted for the readiness with which they made their influence over their flocks subservient to the cause of order; and the minister of religion was frequently summoned to the aid of the public officer, when all other means of restraining the excited multitude had failed.

Appalling as had been the suffering of the Irish people, and terrible as had been the destruction of human life, that suffering would have been far more appalling, and that destruction of life would have been far more terrible, but for the noble charity which had been displayed by the people of Great Britain, and the people of America, France, and many other countries of the world. From every quarter of the globe contributions poured in upon afflicted Ireland; and had it not been for that generous cooperation, which linked nation with nation in one common bond of fraternal sympathy for a suffering member of the family of nations, there would have been

more than a million red graves within the circle of the Irish shores. It is difficult to conjecture what was the actual amount of money transmitted to Ireland through various sources and channels; but independently of moneys advanced and granted by Government, or raised by taxation, which amounted in all to about 10,000,000*l.*, there was considerably more than 2,000,000*l.* received and administered through societies or individuals. Mr. Jonathan Pim, who drew up the reliable report of 'The Transactions of the Central Relief Committee of the Society of Friends during the Famine in Ireland,' states that local and central relief associations distributed sums that could not have fallen far short of a million and a half. In these sums are not included the funds received and administered through individuals; nor the money sent by the Irish in America, either to assist their friends at home, or to enable them to emigrate. The Friends had entrusted to their care money and breadstuffs amounting on the whole to about 200,000*l.*; and to their honour be it said, they administered their trust wisely and well. The Society of Friends of England contributed over 42,000*l.* of that amount; the rest principally consisted of contributions from America. The British Relief Association, established in London, sent 391,700*l.* to Ireland. Another 100,000*l.* was sent from England through various religious bodies. These large sums are entirely independent of the vast number of contributions sent by persons of every class to private individuals in Ireland. Nor did the poor country itself display less generosity; for, notwithstanding the untold amount of private relief given—given daily and hourly—of which no one but the donor and recipient was ever aware, the local contributions officially announced for 1846 and 1847 exceeded 300,000*l.*

The Catholic Bishops and Clergy in England and Scotland stimulated to the utmost the willing charity of their flocks in aid of their suffering brethren in the old country; but to no one was Ireland more indebted for solace and succour in

her hour of misery, than to the saintly and venerable Dr. Briggs, the late Catholic Bishop of Beverley, who has since gone to receive the reward of his long life of usefulness and virtue.

It is only necessary to add that the cry of an afflicted people, suffering from a calamity permitted by Providence, for wise purposes no doubt, elicited a response honouring to our common humanity.

There was something still nobler than the charity of those who came to the relief of the starving Irish—that was the sublime Christian resignation with which the stricken people bowed to the dispensation of Divine Providence. 'It is the will of the Lord,' was ever on the lips of the sufferers. 'They died as martyrs died, and God gave them a reward great beyond this world's conception,' was Father Mathew's frequent assertion, when referring to that disastrous period.

From an able and appreciative article on the career and services of Father Mathew, which appeared in the 'Dublin University' of June 1849, and which derived its materials principally from a sketch from the pen of the late Denis Owen Madden, who had been known from his boyhood to the illustrious subject of his brief but brilliant memoir, I take the concluding passage. The testimony is that of a Protestant contributor to the accredited organ of the Protestant Church of Ireland; and on that account it is the more valuable for my purpose:—

But though the teetotal movement has received a heavy check by the social consequences of the famine, a vast deal of good has been effected. A popular opinion has been raised against drunkenness; and the fact that tens of thousands of Irishmen were induced to abandon spirituous liquors, is in itself a great moral fact in the history of our country. No one can despair of extraordinary moral alterations in this country, who calmly reflects on the apparent hopelessness, some years since, of expecting a change in the national love of strong drinks.

We honour Father Mathew as a man who has given us good grounds for not despairing of the social regeneration of our people. We respect him for his moral elevation of character, his freedom from selfishness, and his contempt for all vulgar ambition. We see in him a man who has done great public benefits to his own detriment. His private resources he cheerfully expended in the cause of temperance, and has given up his time and care to the service of his countrymen. Such a man, who never abused his great influence for political purposes, deserves to be honoured and regarded with affection as one of the worthies of our island. Praise he has had in abundance. Statesmen in both Houses of Parliament have acknowledged his public services. Journals of opposite parties have testified to his disinterestedness. He has won at the same time the respect of the rich and the affection of the poor. May his health be still spared by Providence to enable him to pursue his virtuous career; and when, at some distant day, he will be called to receive the reward due to those who toil in their Maker's service, may his example allure many to follow in the footsteps of Mathew the philanthropist!