

## CHAPTER XXXV.

Resolves to visit America—Leaves in the 'Ashburton'—The Voyage out—Arrives in America—His Reception in New York—His Levees—The Daughters of Erin—New York his Headquarters.

THE Apostle of Temperance now, in 1849, thought it time to fulfil his long-standing engagement to visit America, to which country his thoughts had of late constantly been directed. The enterprise, so full of risk to one who had been seriously affected by his attack in the Lent of 1848, was undertaken quite in opposition to the wish and remonstrance of his physician and friends. In his interesting communication to the author, Dr. O'Connor refers to Father Mathew's condition at this time :—

Though a cloud had passed over his mind, and he was no longer the animated brilliant advocate of temperance—though his gate was every day more enfeebled, and intellectual labour became a struggle—still he worked with more ardour than at any time previously, as if he were the more anxious to utilise a life which he felt was now drawing to a close. He was always most punctual in obeying the instructions of his physicians, as far as referred to taking medicines, or submitting to very painful operations, such as cupping, blisters, and setons, which he had to endure. But if the physician attempted to control him in the performance of what he considered to be the duty of his life, he became powerless. A proof of this was soon exhibited, when Father Mathew resolved to go to America to propagate the principle of temperance. His physicians, and those of his friends and relatives who were thought to have most influence with him, waited on him, and urged on him the madness of encountering such labour in the then state of his health. But it was all in vain; he persevered and accomplished his object.

Having taken an affectionate leave of his family and friends, whom he felt he might never meet again in this life, he left for America in the summer of 1849. After a brief stay in Liverpool, as the guest of his devoted friends the Rathbones, he embarked in the ship 'Ashburton,' accompanied by his secretaries Mr. O'Meara and Mr. Mahony, and sailed on his memorable voyage to the shores of the New World.

The voyage was long and tedious, but otherwise favourable. For the first few days, Father Mathew suffered from that malady which is no respecter of persons, and which makes victims alike of the occupant of the state cabin and the steerage. As soon as he gained his sea legs, he was to be found in every part of the ship, but chiefly among the poor emigrants from Ireland, of whom there were some hundreds on board.

There was not one of the entire number with whom he was not at once at home; for there was scarcely a parish in Ireland with which he was not thoroughly familiar, and with respect to which he had not something to say. It was a comfort to those poor people, whom poverty and misery had driven from their native land, to be spoken to of their home, from which every hour was separating them by additional miles of ocean.

The fore part of the vessel was made the scene of his mission while in the 'Ashburton'—hearing confessions, administering the pledge, lecturing and giving good advice, and occasionally replenishing a too scanty purse out of his own not over-abundant means. The monotony of a voyage without any incident, not even a storm, was very trying to a man who longed for action, and who preferred bustle and excitement to repose. To a family from Tipperary he was indebted for a welcome present of 'milky' eggs, which were most acceptable, as the fresh provisions were every day falling rather short. A fog of three days' duration did not tend to render the voyage more agreeable. At length, after

a trip fully three times as long as is now made by a 'Conard,' the ship reached Staten Island; and before Father Mathew well knew where he was, he found himself swinging over the side in a chair, and placed in a boat belonging to Mr. J. P. Nesmith, who laid hands on the Apostle of Temperance, and bore him off to his mansion, in which everything had been prepared for the reception of the illustrious visitor. It was a kindly act; for it afforded him an opportunity of recruiting after the fatigues of the voyage, and gathering a little strength for the labours consequent upon his public reception, which was to take place the next day.

On Monday, the 2nd of July, 1849, the City of New York bade Father Mathew welcome in the name of America. The Municipal Council, accompanied by deputations from various public bodies and societies, proceeded in the Sylph steamer to Staten Island, to conduct him to the Castle Gardens, where his arrival was awaited by one of the largest assemblages ever seen in that famous city. The Bay of New York presented a noble picture to the eye of the stranger; its bright waters, which were stirred by a smart breeze, being crowded with the ships of almost every nation of the world, whose flags streamed to the wind in honour of the illustrious man who had come to the New World covered with the renown which he had so well earned in the Old. All was bustle and animation, activity and life, betokening the power and progress of a great country in the first flush of its youthful energy. Strains of music floated in the air, and cheers were heard from many a vessel, as the Sylph steamed on her way to Staten Island. On arriving at the island, the municipal authorities were introduced to Father Mathew, who was thus welcomed by Alderman Hawes in the name and on the part of the Common Council of New York:—

REVEREND FATHER,—As the chairman of the committee charged with the arrangements for your reception, the pleasing duty devolves upon me of bidding you welcome, and in the name of the Common

Council of the city of New York, to tender to you its hospitalities. Though now for the first time you tread our shores, be assured, sir, you are no stranger to us. Your well-earned fame—destined, we trust, to be as enduring as that of the noblest and best of heroes and statesmen—has long since preceded you; while your efforts for the amelioration of the condition of your fellow-man, and the results which have hitherto crowned those efforts with such signal success, claim both the admiration and gratitude of our whole people. Not only in the cottage of the peasant, but as well in the mansions of the wealthy and refined, have your labours and influence been exerted, and successfully blessed; and you now stand forth, modestly and unpretendingly, we know, but not the less preeminently, among the chief of the public benefactors and philanthropists of the age. There lies before you in this, our highly favoured country, a wide and extended field of usefulness in the great cause of temperance, in which you have been so long distinguished at home; and while we doubt not the prayer of every sincere patriot and Christian will invoke the blessings of Providence upon your labours—as Americans, holding dear to us the welfare and happiness of our fellow-countrymen, we rejoice in the prospect that here, as abroad, your labours may be alike successful. Congratulating you, sir, on your safe arrival, I again bid you welcome—a cordial, heartfelt welcome to America.

Father Mathew replied in a subdued tone; everything which he saw and heard, the joyous sights and the glad sounds that hailed his arrival, contrasted so strikingly with the gloom and misery which he had left behind him in his own country. The man was not what he had been three years before, just before the famine burst upon the affrighted land. Then he was full of energy and hope; now he was broken down, his heart filled with sorrow and care. There was no time, however, on a day like this, to devote to melancholy retrospect, for there was much work to be gone through before New York was done that day with Father Mathew; besides, a mournful countenance would have been treason to such eager welcome. There were addresses to be received and replies to be delivered without number; for no sooner had one body presented its address, than its place was occupied by a successor, and so on till the honoured object of

all this enthusiasm must have been bewildered in his efforts to say something different in reply to each new form of welcome.

The Sylph steamed along the shores of the Bay, which were crowded with dense masses of the population, nearly the whole of whom had turned out, in holiday attire, to receive the Apostle of Temperance. The wild ringing cheer of the Irish might be heard above all, as they occupied every vantage ground that enabled them to catch a glimpse of their beloved countryman, from whose hands many thousands among them had received the pledge in the old country, and from whose hands likewise hundreds of them had received the bread of life in the famine time.

It was considered, by those who were present when Father Mathew entered the Castle Gardens, that never, on any occasion, was the multitude of people greater, or the enthusiasm more intense. New York is, *par excellence*, the city of ovations; but it seemed as if it were resolved to outdo itself in honour of the moral conqueror. The formal welcome was offered to him by his Honour Mayor Woodhull, who invited him to accept the hospitalities of the city. The Mayor happily referred to the special claim which Father Mathew's services to humanity gave him to a public reception on that historic spot:—

On this spot we have been accustomed to receive the most distinguished men of our own and other lands. The statesman, bearing the highest honours of his much loved country, and the victor, fresh from the field of his proud triumphs, have here been greeted with the salutations of the most elevated in authority, and with the general welcome of the citizens of this metropolis. But you, sir, come among us with a highly different and peculiar distinction. The honours which you wear have been accorded to you by those who revere you for your deeds of love and benevolence. Your titles are written on the hearts of the uncounted masses whom your heroic perseverance in the humble acts of mercy and good will have saved from a fate even more dreadful than the grave. Your victories are not made up of the dead and dying left behind in your path, but of living thousands, whom you have rescued from a fate more remorseless than the

conqueror's march. Your trophies are seen in the smiling faces and happy homes of the countless multitudes whom you have won from the deepest abyss of wretchedness and despair. The enemy with whom you have grappled is one of the direst to the human race. Frightful are the ravages of plague, and vast the preparations to stay its desolating curse; but the destroying angel of Intemperance has entombed more victims than any pestilence which has ever afflicted the human family. All seasons are its own, and no physician can baffle its downward progress. Quarantines and sanitary precautions cannot check its career. Yet there is one human power that can subdue the enemy of man. It is the moral power of a persuasive, earnest, and benevolent heart, that summons all its affections, and with heroic sublimity concentrates all its energies to the single work to be accomplished. It is this power which you have so successfully exercised, and by which you have attained such astonishing results.

We shall not ask the reader to follow Father Mathew through the pleasing toils of the remainder of that day, and shall leave to the imagination of each to picture to the mind the brilliancy and splendour of the procession which wound its glittering way through the crowded thoroughfares of New York. Bringing him to the Irving House, we shall allow the reporter of the 'Herald' to describe the manner in which the city had provided for the reception of its guest:—

As you enter the hall, a life-like painting of Father Mathew meets your eye at the farther end, right over the bar; and in the lobby window, immediately behind and a little above these, is a beautiful white satin blind, with the inscription, 'Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace to men of good will;' then immediately underneath, the word 'Temperance.' At the foot of this is an exquisitely painted wreath of flowers, with Father Mathew's autograph, in large hand, in the centre. The suit of rooms are on the second floor, and consist of four—a reception parlour, a drawing-room, and a bed-room all on the same range, and communicating with each other, and a dining-room at the other side of the hall.

These rooms are all furnished with the newest and richest furniture, and in the most modern style of fashion. The tables, chairs, and sofas, of the finest massive rosewood; the carpets, tapestry, velvets, and everything else in keeping. The bedstead is also of rosewood, and has a magnificent lace canopy.

At eight o'clock in the evening, the Common Council entertained Father Mathew at a public dinner, at which healths were drunk in glasses of pure 'Croton.' 'There is as much sincerity,' said the temperance leader, 'in water as in wine; and I beg to give, in a full bumper of this pure liquid, the health and prosperity of the Mayor and citizens of New York.'

Gladly did the wearied object of all this enthusiasm avail himself of the first moment to retire to his apartments, and seek in rest new strength for the toils and labours of the morrow—though not in the grand bedstead of rosewood, and beneath the 'magnificent lace canopy,' but in the bed appropriated to Mr. O'Meara, which was in a back room, and away from the noise of the street.

For the next fortnight, Father Mathew held levees in the City Hall, which was daily thronged with visitors of every class and condition, and representing every sect and party in the States. So great was the inconvenience from the crowding on the two first days, that it became necessary to have one day set apart for the reception of ladies, and the next for the reception of gentlemen. And side by side with the belles of New York, or the darker beauties of the Southern States, were the daughters of Erin, from the highest to the humblest—the wives and daughters of the distinguished soldier, the successful physician, the leading lawyer, or the prosperous merchant—or the young girls who had won by honest toil the grand clothes with which they proudly ruffled it amongst the best of them. Father Mathew was delighted and amused with the appearance and manners of these young girls. The dress was grand in the extreme, the accent a beautiful blending of Irish and American, and the language replete with the salient peculiarities of both countries. Their greeting of the priest of their Church, while it was affectionate and reverential, had strong dash of independence in its tone; and they who, in their old home, might have been

but too humble, and even servile, now evinced in many ways—in word, in air, in manner, and in carriage—the consciousness of being citizens of a country in which all stood on an equality—at least, in the abstract. 'From what part of the old country are you, my dear?' would Father Mathew enquire, as some unmistakably Irish face presented itself; and when he was told the county and the parish whence his visitor had come, he had something to tell her in return, which brought the colour to her cheek, and the tear to her eye, and perhaps a sob to her throat. What visions of bye-gone happiness or sorrow—alas! generally the latter—which his gentle and familiar words conjured up to the memory of those exiles, who looked back with tender regret, even from their hardly-won prosperity and independence, to the humble home and the lowly lot in the land of their youth!

Father Mathew had to make visits and return visits, as well as to receive them; and then, after sufficient time had been devoted to sight-seeing, or sacrificed to courtesy, there was his mission to prosecute. The month of July was one of incessant labour and excitement; but the excitement, though drawing largely upon the resources of a constitution grievously impaired, rendered him insensible to fatigue, and enabled him to go through his work without faltering for a moment. Rising at an early hour in the morning, he said mass in one church or other, and lectured and administered the pledge; and after breakfast, there were visits or visitors, meetings and pledge-giving—and so on till a late hour in the evening.

Thus, before he quitted New York for Boston, he had administered the pledge to a vast number, principally Irish, and had done much, both by exertion and by influence, to add strength and vigour to the temperance organisation of the great city by which he had been so nobly received.

After having remained the guest of the city for some ten days or fortnight, he then retired to the hospitable residence of Archbishop Hughes, whose letter of invitation had been one of the chief inducements to his coming to America. New York he frequently visited during the next two years, and generally made it his head-quarters, from which he travelled in various directions, according either to the state of his health or the engagements he had to fulfil.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

The Slavery Question—The Abolition Party—Necessity for Prudence—Scylla and Charybdis—Correspondence with Judge Lumpkin—Coming Events casting their Shadows before them.

IN Boston, which city received him with every honour and distinction, he was subjected to much annoyance, from the unthinking zeal of a partisanship which would make no allowance for the peculiarity of his position and the exclusive character of his mission. It is necessary that his conduct with respect to the question of slavery should be placed in its true light, as being highly creditable to his judgement and good sense. Had he acted in any other manner than as he did, he would have been open to the gravest censure, and justly amenable to the charge of having sacrificed a great cause to a wanton intermeddling in a question full of complicated difficulties, and exciting passions which, though then slumbering in the hearts of the American people, have since, as the world but too well knows, burst forth in fierce and desolating flame. Father Mathew did not visit America to accomplish the emancipation of the negro, but to advocate and promote the cause of temperance; and any attempt to play the part of the abolitionist would have been in bad taste and in worse judgement.

Scarcely had Father Mathew arrived in Boston, when he received a letter of invitation to be present at a meeting to celebrate 'the anniversary of the most thrilling event of the nineteenth century, the abolition of slavery in the West Indies.' In this letter of invitation he is reminded of the

fact that, in 1842, he had signed an address from the people of Ireland to their countrymen in America, in which the latter were called upon to treat the coloured people as their equals, to hate slavery, and to cling to the abolitionists. He is also asked 'to improve every suitable opportunity, while he remained in the country, to bear a clear and unequivocal testimony, both in public and private, against the enslavement of any portion of the human family,' and more to the same effect. This letter was handed to him on the 26th of July; and on the next day Mr. William Lloyd Garrison, accompanied by Dr. Bowditch and another gentleman, waited on him, in order, says Mr. Garrison, in his account of the interview, 'to obtain an introduction to Father Mathew, and to be sure that the letter of the Committee, inviting him to participate in the celebration of that great and glorious event, the entire abolition of British West India slavery, failed not to be put into his hands.' These gentlemen were determined, if possible, to make their own of so famous a 'lion' for their approaching celebration. It was nothing to them, or to those whom they represented, if Father Mathew, by complying with their request, annihilated his influence on their platform, and thus rendered necessary his speedy and ignominious retreat from the shores of America. In 1849 the Northern States were divided on the question of slavery, and the abolitionists were neither popular nor influential in any one of those States; and the very name of an abolitionist was odious in the South. Yet into a subject of the kind, which evoked such bitter hostility and such fierce passions, the Apostle of Temperance was invited to plunge headlong! Partisanship is indeed as exacting as it is inconsiderate.

The letter of invitation is again thrust into his hand, and he is told to read it at his leisure, and answer 'as he may think duty requires.' Taking the letter 'with some agitation and embarrassment of manner,' he answered in language

which ought to have satisfied any fair man, but which disgusted the disappointed abolitionists.

'I have as much as I can do,' said he, 'to save men from the slavery of intemperance, without attempting to overthrow any other kind of slavery. Besides, it would not be proper for me to commit myself on a question like this, under present circumstances. I am a Catholic priest; but, being here to promote the cause of Temperance, I should not be justified in turning aside from my mission, for the purpose of subserving the cause of Catholicism.'

What other answer could Father Mathew have given? Or, what other answer would have been worthy of the man who, of all others in the world, was the one most responsible for the success of a cause which recognised no difference, whether social, political, or religious? Of course, in that interview, Mr. Garrison delivered a very eloquent discourse, and taunted Father Mathew in a manner quite satisfactory to the feelings of the speaker; but what gave him, as he said, 'special surprise, and inflicted the deepest wound upon his spirit,' was Father Mathew's apparent lack of all sympathy for the slave, of all interest in the Anti-Slavery movement.

Father Mathew had been invited to the South—was, in fact, to visit it in the course of a couple of months, with one object, and one object alone; and yet he was expected to commit himself to the expression of sympathies, opinions, and a policy which would have either rendered his visit wholly impossible, or, should he have the hardihood to persevere in his intention, would have closed every door in the South against him, and irretrievably damaged the cause which it was his first duty to promote and protect from injury.

In bitterness of heart, Mr. Garrison concludes his account of the memorable interview—'Not a syllable fell from his lips, expressive of pleasure that the American slave has his faithful and devoted advocates—or of joy at the emancipation

of eight hundred thousand bondsmen in the British Isles. It is with great sorrow of heart that I lay these facts before America, Ireland, and the world.'

Father Mathew had, like every Christian man, rejoiced in the emancipation of the bondsmen to whose freedom Mr. Garrison accused him of being insensible; but he thought of the thousands of his own race and country, who, in the cities of the South, were the victims of a still more deadly slavery; and, with a prudence and reticence that did him honour, he resolved that no word should drop from his mouth which could prevent him from coming to their rescue, and effecting their freedom.

From among several letters which Father Mathew received from home, expressing a just approval of the course which he had taken, in not allowing himself to be ensnared into the meshes of the abolitionists, one may be quoted, inasmuch as it was written by an enthusiastic friend of the slave, and one of the most zealous supporters of the abolition cause. Miss Jennings of Cork, whose name, because of whose services to the Anti-Slavery Society, was well known in Boston, thus wrote to Father Mathew:—

MY DEAR MR. MATHEW,—Although I feel that I would gladly lay down my life, were it needed, in the Anti-Slavery cause, yet I also feel that you would injure the temperance cause were you to devote any of your time to the Anti-Slavery question. One great philanthropic object you have devoted your mind to try and accomplish; and, if you succeed in destroying intemperance in the Slave States, you lay the axe at the root of slavery. . . . By devoting your whole mind to temperance, you will do far more good than if you allowed yourself to be distracted by any other great philanthropic movement. Slavery, it has been truly said, demoralises the slave, and demoralises the master. *I know you abhor slavery in your heart*, and I trust that its hideousness will not purposely be concealed from you, as it is too often done.\*

\* Even in the year 1862, an enlightened and kind-hearted gentleman, Mr. James Haughton of Dublin, spoke of Father Mathew in the following words, which he afterwards published in the form of a tract, for general circulation. In a paper

Mr. Garrison published his account of this famous interview on the 10th of August, and with it the letter presented to Father Mathew, as well as the address of 1842, from the Irish people to their countrymen in America. This publication was the source of new troubles to the man who honestly endeavoured to maintain a position of complete neutrality.

The Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, in their Annual Report of 1850, are obliged to admit that the American press almost universally justified Father Mathew, and condemned the conduct of the abolitionists, 'as uncalled for and impertinent.' The abolitionists, however, consoled themselves with the assertion, that in the British Islands there was but one opinion entertained of Father Mathew's conduct—that of 'unqualified condemnation.' An assertion, we verily believe, which owes much to the imagination of the compilers of the Report in which it is made.

This was the Scylla. There was also a Charybdis.

Father Mathew had received an invitation to visit Georgia through Governor, or Judge, Lumpkin, President of the Temperance Society of that State; which invitation he had gratefully accepted. But no sooner had the account of the interview in Boston and the Irish address been published,

entitled 'Ireland and Father Mathew,' read for the International Temperance and Prohibition Convention, held in Hanover Square Rooms in September 1862, Mr. Haughton thus refers to one of the 'few dark passages in Father Mathew's life, which,' as the writer remarks, 'serve to show us that even the best men have serious imperfections of character:—

'When he proposed accepting the invitation to America, I entreated him not to go, for I knew the danger; and he fell beneath the wiles of the slaveholder. He failed to maintain in the South the noble principles of freedom for the coloured race which he had always advocated at home. Like the great Kosuth, he, too, was unable to withstand the blandishments of American men stealers, and both sunk, not a little, in the estimation of the world for this false step. Such is the righteous judgement which follows glaring deviations from the path of rectitude—Father Mathew never recovered his health and spirits after his return from America.'

Father Mathew's health was broken before he left Ireland—sacrificed to his superhuman exertions in the famine years. His health was further injured by the excitement which he underwent in New York; and the reader will see how his marvellous labours during his stay in America utterly ruined an already shattered constitution.

than indignation was excited in the minds of the pro-Slavery party, who, overlooking the admirable prudence displayed by Father Mathew on the 27th of July, 1849, condemned him for having signed the address of 1842. Writing from Athens, on the 4th of September, Governor Lumpkin says :—

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—Your favourable response to the invitation of the Temperance Convention of Georgia to visit our State, caused a throb of joy to fill every heart. All looked forward with delightful anticipation to the time when we should take you by the hand, and welcome in our midst the friend of humanity and deliverer of his countrymen from the most galling servitude that ever cursed our race. In the full fruition of these happy hopes, the following document has found its way into our newspapers, purporting to be a circular addressed by the late Mr. O'Connell and yourself, together with 70,000 other inhabitants of Ireland, calling upon 'Irishmen and Irishwomen' in this country, by all the memories of their native land, to cling to the abolitionists in America, and to unite with them to put an end to slavery here, by all peaceable means in their power. Duty to you, sir, duty to ourselves, and to the common enterprise in which we are embarked, constrains me to bring this publication to your notice, and to enquire respectfully whether or not it be genuine; and if so, to ask whether you still cherish the same sentiments which are there embodied? And to say to you, in all candour, that on your answer to these interrogatories will depend your capacity for usefulness in the South. Justice to our families, our firesides, everything dear to us, forbid that we should call any man 'brother' who unites with our enemies in waging an unprovoked and most relentless warfare upon our hearths and homes, our peace and prosperity.

I will only add, in conclusion, that the pain which I feel in making this communication is greatly aggravated by the consciousness that it is calculated to inflict a wound on a generous heart, which I would most gladly shield at any sacrifice, save that of the interests involved in this matter.

Believe me to be, most respectfully yours,  
THOS. HENRY LUMPKIN.

Never was man placed in a more awkward position than was Father Mathew between these two angry parties. If he proclaimed, what in his heart he felt, hatred of Slavery, not only was the South barred against him, but his influence

in the North was gone; for the abolitionists did not then—whatever they may have since claimed to do—represent the public sentiment of that portion of the great confederacy. If he retracted the opinion pronounced in the document of 1842, and to which he had committed himself by his signature, he would have damaged his reputation for consistency and sacrificed his self-respect, and also have raised a storm about his ears which would have compelled his retirement from the new and important field of his mission. By a letter marked 'private,' he endeavoured to appease Governor Lumpkin without compromising his honour; but the Governor was not to be appeased. In a letter of his, dated the 12th of October, there is this passage :—

Under these circumstances, with a clear comprehension, I trust, of the responsibility thus incurred, and with the most profound regret as to the miscarriage of our hopes, *I herewith*, so long as I have the power, at least, *and with the hearty concurrence and approval of the Executive Committee of the Convention, withdraw the invitation so cordially and sincerely offered.* Viewing our cause as we do, as the chief hope of man, we must not permit it to be wounded in the house of its friends. We will welcome no one, knowingly, among us, who fraternises himself, or encourages others to do so, with a faction which would recklessly shiver the Union into fragments; which would reek its unhallowed hands red as crimson in human blood; which, in a word, seems to combine in one mass all the worst elements of thought, action, and feeling, peculiar to our troublous times.

The very language adopted by Governor Lumpkin, and which no doubt met with the sympathy and approval of the powerful party and vast interest which he represented, only the more clearly demonstrated the danger of the slightest intermeddling in a question so charged with explosive materials.

Father Mathew, in a letter dated Richmond, the 22nd of December 1849, assures Governor Lumpkin, that had he known the high position of that gentleman better, he would



not have marked his former letter 'private,' but would have left it to his own prudence to have acted as seemed best to the cause which was equally dear to both. He then continues:—

The second letter which you kindly forwarded I have never seen, as on its reaching Boston I was confined, at New York, by a severe illness, and my physician, Dr. Frazer, and my secretary, deemed it advisable not to speak to me on such an exciting subject.

I find, with regret, that my single-mindedness in the advocacy of the, to me, all-absorbing cause of temperance is not, in this great country, well understood. In my own beloved country, though groaning under the weight of the heaviest burden of misery that ever a nation bore, I endured every species of calumny, rather than risk the infliction of the slightest injury to the temperance cause, by advocating the Repeal of the Union between England and Ireland. In referring your Honour to the conversation I held with Mr. Garrison, in the Adam's House, Boston, I vainly thought my solemn declaration of *being firmly resolved not to interfere in any, the slightest degree, with the institutions of this mighty republic*, would have been amply sufficient to calm the anxieties of even the most sensitive American. I now, dear and honoured judge, renew this declaration; and I most respectfully urge that no man who himself enjoys freedom in this emphatically free country, can require more from one who has merely come amongst you to advocate the high and holy cause of temperance, bearing in his hand the pure and spotless white banner, with the divine motto inscribed, 'Glory to God on high, peace on earth to men of good will.'

And this letter, which an unbiassed person would pronounce to be creditable to the wisdom and good feeling of the writer, was characterised in the Report of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, as a humiliating production, than which 'the force of servility could no further go.' Such is the blinding influence of fanaticism in any cause, however good it may be.

We shall see, a little farther on, in what manner the Senate received the proposal to grant him free admission to the floor of the House, and how there were then—at the close of 1849—felt the premonitory tremblings of those

passions which exploded in the early part of 1861, and are now convulsing the States in the throes of the deadliest struggle recorded in history. The graver the question at issue, the more commendable was Father Mathew's prudence in holding himself entirely aloof from both parties.