

had foreseen my illness, I would not have incurred debt, which makes me miserable, and detains me in exile. But apprehending no impediment to my career, and having well-grounded pecuniary expectations, I imprudently yielded to my feelings, and, to uphold the teetotallers, and to feed the hungry during the famine, I unhappily incurred liabilities which can only be liquidated by my death—an event which in any case cannot be far distant.

## CHAPTER XL.

Politeness to a Female Slave—Her Reply—An impressive Lesson—Jenny Lind—Barnum—New World Notions—Another Attack—Embarks for Europe—His Farewell Address—Advice to his Countrymen—His Mission in America.

FOR nearly three months of the year 1831, Father Mathew made New Orleans his head quarters. He frequently stopped with attached friends, whose acquaintance he had made or renewed on his first visit—for he had known not a few of them in Ireland. Among the most devoted of these was Colonel Mansel White, who had emigrated years before from Tipperary, and who then held a high position in his adopted country. While enjoying the hospitality of this devoted friend, Father Mathew, who, as a true gentleman should be, was always kind and considerate to servants, apologised to a coloured woman for the trouble which his visit had caused her. Her answer much amused him;—‘I do n’t consider it any trouble at all; besides, we can’t get along any how in this world without it.’

Though Father Mathew was received with the greatest kindness by slave owners, and though slavery did not present itself to his view in abhorrent colours, he still maintained the same aversion to it as an institution which he had ever expressed. Yet he fully appreciated the difficulty of dealing with a question so vast, and with interests so complicated; and he could not but think that wisdom, not passion, was essential to its solution. Nor, it must be said, was he much impressed with the feeling evinced to the Negro in the Free States. A single circumstance will often produce a stronger

effect upon the mind, than the grandest professions of liberality. He was one day in an omnibus in New York; and as the vehicle was dashing along through a crowded thoroughfare, it knocked down and rolled over a coloured man. To Father Mathew the African was really a man and a brother, and he got out of the vehicle and assisted to raise the poor fellow from the ground. 'Lift him in,' said the Samaritan, 'and we can take him to the nearest doctor.' 'No, no,' said the passengers—among whom perchance there might have been an abolitionist—'we can't travel with coloured people.' The rejection of the insensible and wounded fellow-creature from that carriage was a lesson which Father Mathew learned in the Broadway of New York, and which he held in his recollection so long as he remained in the United States.

During his stay in New Orleans, Father Mathew made the acquaintance and admired the extraordinary powers of the Swedish Nightingale, the celebrated Jenny Lind, who was at that time creating a sensation in that fair city of the South. Father Mathew found her simple, unaffected, and unspoiled, natural in manner and interesting in conversation; for even then she spoke English fluently, though with a foreign pronunciation. On two occasions he heard her sing. Declining to attend her concerts, which were held in the evening, he was invited to her rehearsals; and from a private box in the St. Charles theatre, Father Mathew and his enraptured Secretary heard the nightingale to the best advantage. His Secretary was in an ecstasy; but we doubt much if the Apostle of Temperance, who in other days nodded so approvingly to the wildest efforts of the village band, and so cordially thanked the artists of a month's teaching for their 'beautiful music,' did not think much more of her kindness than he did of her execution. Mr. O'Meara began to speculate as to what must be the nature of heavenly melody, when, as he remarked in his diary, 'we are

so fascinated with the charms of the voice of one of our fellow-creatures.'

Barnum—*Mr. Barnum* is altogether out of place—who was the manager of Jenny Lind's musical engagements in America—was polite and kindly to Father Mathew; but, curiously enough, he delivered a lecture on temperance, of an hour's duration, and never once made mention of the name of the leader of the movement, although he was then in the same city! Surely this was an illustration of the play of *Hamlet* without the character of *Hamlet*.

Frequently, in his rambles through New Orleans, as well as in other cities which he visited, Father Mathew recognised, in rather menial capacities, and engaged in the very rudest labour, young men who at home in the old country would have disdained the idea of work. But there they should work, or go to the wall; and many, who had been reared tenderly, and whose education had cost what would then be a grand capital to commence the world with, resolutely fought their way, by sturdy industry, to the social position which they had lost in the miseries of their native land. The doctor, the lawyer, the son of the country gentleman or of the respectable shopkeeper, might be seen serving as a waiter at the bar, toiling as a workman on the quays, or acting as a porter in a grocery store; but those who held on, and exchanged the Irish 'spirit' for the American notion, were sure to change places ere long—that is, to employ instead of being employed. One accustomed to the old world notions would have been amazed, as Father Mathew was, to know that the young fellow who waited on him while at the Hot Springs, had been elected Justice of the Peace the day before; and that the unassuming looking person who drove two of the boarders in a wagon to Little Rock, was the Sheriff of the County! When the Irish caught the American spirit and set to work, and when they combined steadiness with energy, they were sure to go ahead; and Father

Mathew was delighted to find his countrymen filling positions of honour and credit in every part of the States which he visited. How many he redeemed from a degrading and enthralling vice—how many he assisted to rise in the world—how many owed their future independence to his visit—it would be hard to say; but when it is computed that he administered the pledge to more than 600,000 persons in the United States, it must be admitted that his footsteps were followed with blessings, for the good which he did to the children of his race in a strange land.

On his way from New Orleans to Nashville, and while steaming up the Mississippi, he experienced another attack of his old malady. This occurred one day preceding the thirteenth anniversary of the commencement of his mission,—his twelve years of incessant labour—of heart, brain, and body—such labour as not one man in a million could endure, or would think of undertaking. Shattered, broken down, worn out, he was; but he had done a great work, and won a great fame; and let us hope that the consciousness of the good which he had wrought for his fellow-man soothed his pillow of pain.

We must not follow him further in his American tour; nor is it necessary that we should. We should have to recount much of the same which has been already presented to the reader,—the same wonderful triumph of the moral over the physical man—the same holy zeal in the cause of humanity impelling him to efforts beyond his strength—the same unconquerable resolution—the same boundless charity—the same tenderness and compassion for the erring and the sorrowing. We shall not speak of the honours that were offered him wherever he went, the reverence which the highest and the proudest in that great confederacy of free States repeatedly testified to him, or of the friendships that followed him through the few remaining years of his life: we shall rather allow the touching words spoken in reply to an ad-

dress which he delivered in Cincinnati, in a few months after his last attack, to conclude our account of his long, laborious, and memorable mission to America:—

In the protracted warfare which I have waged against the widespread evil of intemperance, and which, I trust, has ever been conducted in a spirit of Christian charity, I have had many serious difficulties to encounter, and much interested hostility to overcome. The growing infirmities of age, aggravated by repeated attacks of a dangerous and insidious malady, now demand retirement and repose. At the close of a long, and thank Heaven, a successful campaign, I find myself, it is true, enfeebled in health, shattered in constitution, and destitute of this world's wealth; yet, with the Apostle, 'I glory in my infirmity,' contracted, as it has been, in the noblest of causes, and I still feel, that no sacrifice, whether of health, of property, or of life itself, is too great to save from ruin and perdition the humblest of those for whom our divine Saviour has willingly shed His most precious blood.

On the 8th of November, he embarked on board the 'Pacific,' one of the Collins' line of steamers, on his return to Europe. Previous to his embarkation, he published his 'Farewell Address to the Citizens of the United States,' from which a passage or two may be appropriately quoted. It thus begins:—

My mission amongst you closes to-day. I cannot take my final departure from the shores of your great and generous country, without publicly recording my deep and grateful appreciation of the generous sympathy, the delicate attention, and the unremitting kindness, which I have experienced in every section of this vast Union. The noble reception which you have spontaneously tendered to a stranger, known merely as an humble missionary in the cause of moral reform, proves the devotion of your people to the interests of humanity, however feebly championed, and has endeared America and her people to me by a thousand ties too sacred for utterance. Though the renewed attacks of a painful and insidious malady have rendered it impossible that I could (without imminent danger to my life) make those public exertions which were never spared by me in the days of my health and of my vigour, I yet thank Heaven I have been instrumental in adding to the ranks of temperance over 600,000 disciples in America. I have been much cheered during the past week, by the

receipt of letters from all parts of the States, bearing unimpeachable testimony to the strict fidelity with which this voluntary obligation is observed. I need scarcely add, that virtue, and the duties which religion inculcates, together with peace, plenty, domestic comfort, health, and happiness, everywhere followed in its train.

Having borne grateful testimony to the aid which he had received from the public press of America, and the kindness and friendship which had been shown to him by many distinguished individuals, he then addresses his own countrymen:—

To my own beloved countrymen I most affectionately tender a few words of parting advice. You have, my dearly beloved friends, relinquished the land of your birth, endeared to you by a thousand fond reminiscences, to seek on these distant shores that remuneration for industry and toil too often denied you at home. You are presented here with a boundless field of profitable employment, and every inducement is held out to persevering industry. You are received and welcomed into the great American family with feelings of sympathy, kindness, and friendship. After a few years you become citizens of this great republic, whose vast territorial extent abounds in all the materials of mineral, agricultural, and commercial wealth; the avenues to honour and fame are liberally thrown open to you and to your children, and no impediment (save of your own creation) exists to prevent you attaining the highest social and civic distinction; and will you any longer permit those glorious opportunities to pass unimproved, or, rather, will you not, by studying self-respect, and acquiring habits suited to your new position, aspire to reflect honour alike on the land of your birth and of your adoption? I implore you, as I would with my dying breath, to discard for ever those foolish divisions—those insensate quarrels—those factious broils (too often, alas, the fruits of intemperance) in which your country is disgraced, the peace and order of society violated, and the laws of Heaven trampled on and outraged.

He thus eloquently concludes:—

Friends and fellow-countrymen,—I now bid you a reluctant, a final farewell. A few hours more will separate me from the hospitable shores of America for ever. I carry with me, to the 'poor old country,' feelings of respect and attachment for its people, that neither time nor distance can obliterate.

Citizens of the United States,—I fervently pray that the Almighty Disposer of human events, in whose hands are the destinies of nations, may continue those blessings and favours which you have so long enjoyed—that your progress in every private and public virtue may keep pace with your unexampled prosperity—that you and your children's children may be ever true to the great destiny that awaits you, and to the spirit of those institutions under the fostering care of which you have so rapidly progressed. May your country still extend the hand of succour to the helpless exile, afford an asylum to the persecuted, and a home to the oppressed—and thus inseparably connect her future destiny with the interests of universal humanity.

The 'New York Herald,' of the same date, bears the following most interesting testimony to his mission in America:—

On reviewing his exertions for the past two years and a half. we are forcibly struck with the vast amount of physical fatigue which he must have undergone in the discharge of his onerous duties. Over sixty years of age, enfeebled in health, and shattered in constitution, he has yet, with all the ardour of his former zeal, vigorously prosecuted his 'labour of love.' He has visited, since his arrival in America, twenty-five States of the Union, has administered the temperance pledge in over three hundred of our principal towns and cities, has added more than half a million of our population to the long muster-roll of his disciples; and, in accomplishing this praiseworthy object, has travelled thirty-seven thousand miles, which, added to two voyages across the Atlantic, would make a total distance nearly equal to twice the circumnavigation of the globe. Though labouring under a disease which the slightest undue excitement may render fatal, never has he shrunk from his work of benevolence and love. North and south, east and west, was he to be seen, unostentatiously pursuing the heavenly task of reclaiming his fallen brother, welcoming the prodigal son back into the bosom of society, uttering the joyful tidings that no man is past the hour of amendment; dealing in no denunciation, indulging in no hypocritical cant or pretensions to pharisaical sanctity, by quietly and unobtrusively pursuing his peaceful course, and, like his illustrious sainted prototype, reasoning of 'temperance, justice, and judgement to come.' When his physicians recently recommended absolute repose, in the midst of his labours in a crowded city, as indispensable to his recovery from the last attack of paralysis, 'Never,' replied the venerable man, 'will

I willingly sink into a state of inglorious inactivity; never will I desert my post in the midst of the battle.' 'But your life,' replied his physicians, 'is at stake.' 'If so,' said he, 'it cannot be sacrificed in a better cause. If I am to die, I will die in harness.'

He returned to Ireland in the month of December. 1851.

## CHAPTER XLI.

Returns to Ireland—The confirmed Drunkard—Glad to see Beggars again—The last of John—His Visitors at Lehenagh—Insanity of Drink—The hundred Invitations to Dinner.

WHILE in Dublin, he spent some days in visiting friends whom he desired to see once more. Going out one morning with this intention, he suddenly said to his nephew, by whom he was accompanied—'Tell the driver to stop, my dear. There is poor ——,' mentioning the name of an unhappy artist whom he had often befriended, and whom he had ineffectually endeavoured to redeem from confirmed drunkenness. The driver pulled up; and there, on the side-path, stood a shabby-looking battered man, bleary-eyed, red-nosed, dirty and uncombed, his coat buttoned up to conceal the want of a shirt. The recognition had been mutual. Though Father Mathew's hair was now grey, and gradually approaching to white, there was no mistaking that well-known countenance, which preserved its nobleness of outline and unchanging sweetness of expression. As the miserable creature approached the carriage he burst into a kind of drunken cry, and, seizing the hand of his old benefactor, he kissed it passionately, his emotion depriving him of the power of articulation. Tears streamed down the face of Father Mathew, who could only murmur, 'Poor child, poor child!' as he slipped a bank note into the hand of the prodigal. So long as he could keep him in sight, Father Mathew's glance was fixed on the unhappy being, who remained motionless in the same spot, a miserable object to contemplate. The car-