

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-

riage turned the corner of the street, and the two men never again saw each other in this world. The drunkard died as he had lived—in misery and shame.

About the same time, a beggar, who had accosted him in the usual way, imploring his charity—‘for the love of the Lord and for all the souls that ever left him’—was surprised and overjoyed at finding his appeal responded to by the bestowal of half-a-crown. ‘That’s an immense sum, sir, to give to a mere beggar, who would be well content with a penny,’ said the nephew. ‘Oh, my dear,’ replied Father Mathew, ‘I delight in relieving the poor. It is my great happiness. I scarcely ever met a beggar in America—for months together I could not see one; and it was a privation to me to have no one to relieve and make happy for a moment.’ The good man did not do himself justice when he thus spoke; for though he rarely met a professional mendicant in the United States, he was in the daily habit of relieving distress, and making many happy by his bounty.

His altered appearance, as he returned to Lehenagh, inspired his family with sorrow and apprehension. But however striking the change in his health, his nature and disposition were still the same,—the same benevolence and kindness—the same thoughtfulness and consideration for the wishes and feelings of others.

One cannot be absent for two or three years from his home without finding, on his return, that changes have taken place, or that Death has been at work, even in his own family circle. Father Mathew had not to deplore the loss of any member of his family; but there was one long-familiar face which he was never to see more. That was the sour visage of his man John. It was against John’s most solemn warning and appalling prophecy that the priest resolved on going to America. To John’s accurate conception of that country, it was the abode of blacks and ‘wild Ingins,’ and tomahawks and scalps were constantly associated with his ideas of its civilisation.

‘Do n’t leave your own fine country, sir,’ pleaded John, ‘and I will never desert you. The boards will carry me out of this house.’ ‘What does John mean by “the boards” carrying him out, sir?’ asked his nephew. ‘He means his coffin, my dear,’ said Father Mathew, who was intimately acquainted with the figurative style which in moments of strong emotion his venerable domestic indulged in. ‘Do n’t, sir, do n’t go to them bloody-minded savages,’ were John’s parting words. But his master went, and John remained behind, well provided for. But having been abandoned by its leader, what had John to do with temperance? Nothing. With bitter disdain, John flung off the mask he had but partially worn, and celebrated his liberty in a series of wild and prolonged potations. When the tidings of his master’s illness reached home, John’s grief was to a great extent softened by the triumph of his predictions. He always knew how it would be, and he told *him* what would happen; for sure a country of blacks and ‘Ingins’ was no place for a Christian. Sourer and more saturnine became John’s temper—deeper and deeper his potations; until one day death surprised him in a sickness which John solely attributed to his intense grief at the continued absence of his master, but which others, including the doctor who attended him, accounted for on very different grounds. However, the little man was carried in ‘the boards’ to his last resting-place, a considerable time before the return of the priest from the land of ‘blacks and Ingins.’ Father Mathew thought of John as Prince Hal spoke of Falstaff—he could have ‘better spared a better man.’ The very weaknesses of the cross-grained little sinner only the more endeared him to his tolerant and indulgent master.

No sooner was it generally known that Father Mathew had taken up his residence at Lehenagh, than the quiet of that secluded home was at an end. His old friends the beggars flocked to visit the benefactor who had never troubled them with searching examinations to test the truth

of their story, but who relieved them at every risk—even of his donation being converted into the fiery devil against which he waged incessant war. Under the shade of a spreading tree in summer, or on the door-steps, the beggars mustered; and the same impostors frequently received the dole three or four times in the same day. Nor was Father Mathew obliged to anyone who exposed the imposition. It afforded him happiness to bestow charity, and he did not care to enquire too minutely into the merits of each case. The proof of their imposture would only have caused him pain.

Soon the clatter of the drum and the braying of the trumpet scared the rooks in the old avenue, as some temperance band, which had survived the famine, roused him with its familiar strains; and soon, too, the spacious hall became redolent of strange odours, of which that of bad whisky was the most marked and the most easily discerned. So long as he remained at Lehenagh, he had constant visits from repentant drunkards, whom he received with unfailing benignity. He appeared to think everything else secondary to the reclamation of an erring mortal, and the sooner he could devote himself to this duty, the greater his satisfaction. To the last, he rose at an early hour, and, until his strength utterly gave way, he said mass frequently on weekdays, and always on Sundays and holidays—the household forming his congregation. No excuse would be taken by him for the absence of one of the young people, who were obliged to be most punctual in their attendance.

Though he rose at five o'clock, he did not usually leave his room until it was time for breakfast. The intermediate hours were occupied in prayer and meditation, and in religious exercises which he never omitted to perform. But he would at any time leave his breakfast or dinner if he happened to catch a glimpse of a 'case' which he thought

demanding his immediate attention; and the family were compelled to adopt various precautions against intrusion during those hours. Once, however, that the breakfast—with him a scanty meal—was despatched, he was from that moment on the look-out for his unfailing beggars and his repentant profligates.

Many an absurd and many a painful scene was witnessed before that hall-door, as some tattered creature broke away from his wretched wife, and was captured and brought to Father Mathew, who had witnessed the flight and capture with intense interest, and tottered down the stone steps and along the avenue, to meet the prize half way. Once within his influence, opposition was out of the question.

Even the great dog, to which a beggar was an object of profound mistrust, seemed to take kindly to the pledge-seekers and the pledge-breakers; for he would thrust his nose amiably into the hand of some poor fellow who had not spent the Saturday night and the Sunday in the most creditable manner.

'Dan, that's a fine dog,' remarked a teetotaller to an erring friend whom he had in charge. 'He is, Maurice, a fine baste, and a mighty friendly one, too.' 'Dan,' resumed his sober friend, 'I'm thinking that dog has more sense than you.' 'Wisha, that would be aisy for him, the Lord knows,' was the humble reply. 'See, Dan!—there's that dog, and the devil himself would n't make him take a taste of sperits; but the devil can't keep you from it—and that dog, we're tould, has no raison, and you have.' 'I ought to have it, Maurice, sure enough; but when I take a drop at all, I'm bothered completely.' 'Right, my dear,' said Father Mathew, who had heard the dialogue with delight, 'we lower ourselves far below the brute, when we indulge in a degrading passion, that robs us of our most glorious birthright—our reason. The Great Being who made us, did not render us dependent upon a vicious stimulant for our

health and happiness. We do n't require it, and we are better without it. Do not mind anyone who says to the contrary.'

The men were not always the most difficult to deal with. Women were brought to him by their husbands, whose means they had destroyed, and whose happiness they had wrecked. Some were dogged and stubborn, others insensible to every feeling of shame or compunction, and more were labouring under the influence of that terrible malady, *delirium tremens*. 'There is a devil in me—there is a devil in me!' shrieked out a young woman, whose flushed face, wild stare, and frantic gestures proved that she was suffering from the insanity of drink. 'Yes, indeed, the devil of drink possesses you, my poor woman,' said Father Mathew. 'There! he says I'm a devil—that the devil is in me! I knew it—I knew it—I'm damned!—I know I'm damned—the devil is dragging me down to hell! There! there! there!' Wilder and wilder grew her shrieks, as the paroxysm of the madness increased in intensity. The poor husband's dejected appearance, as he gazed upon the fury with a look in which shame and affection were blended, spoke a volume of domestic misery and disappointed hope. When the paroxysm subsided, Father Mathew brought his influence to bear on her; and ere many weeks had passed, a modest, blushing wife fell on her knees before him, kissed his hand with passionate fervour, and thanked him, amidst sobs and tears, for the peace of heart and home which she then enjoyed. The husband's fervid, 'God bless your reverence!' was fully as expressive in its gratitude.

As long as he could, he kept up his visits to old friends; and, with that purpose, he frequently drove into the city, which was about two miles distant from Lehenagh. One day he returned unusually animated. 'Something must have pleased you very much, sir?' remarked Mrs. Mathew. The priest then told how he had been invited to dinner by the little son of a respectable mechanic whom he met in the

street. 'Father Mathew,' said the little fellow, 'do come and dine with us—we have such a nice dinner.' 'What have you, my dear?' enquired Father Mathew. 'We have a fine leg of mutton, and we have turnips, and we have potatoes,' replied the child. 'Have you no cakes, my dear?' said Father Mathew. 'No, sir,' answered the little fellow, with an abashed air, as if he had no right to have given an invitation under such circumstances. 'Then, my dear, you must have them,' said Father Mathew, putting a half-crown into the hand which he held in his own.

The next day he returned from the city with a more than usually depressed air. 'What is the matter, sir?—has anything annoyed you?' enquired his sister-in-law. 'My dear, I received a hundred invitations to dinner from a hundred little boys, to-day!' was his reply, in a mournful tone of voice. He could not for a time enjoy the amusement which the story evidently caused to his listeners.

There were other visitors to Lehenagh beside beggars, impostors, and people to take the pledge. These were persons who had come in the hope of being cured of their bodily ailments.

CHAPTER XLII.

Father Mathew's alleged Power of effecting Cures—General Belief in this Power—The chronic Headache—Dr. Barter's Testimony—Instances of his strange Influence—Pilgrimages to his Grave.

WHATEVER may be the opinions entertained as to Father Mathew's reputed power of effecting cures in certain cases of disease, the subject, however delicate, is one to which I cannot avoid alluding. Were I to refrain from noticing it, I should appear as if shrinking from the risk of hostile criticism; and I would moreover fail in adequately representing the veneration in which he was held by the Irish people. The subject is one which occasioned much interest during his lifetime, and since his decease.

That Father Mathew was the *cause* of cures being effected, I cannot deny myself the belief. That he *effected* cures, is what many persons, in every way trustworthy as to character and intelligence, have repeatedly asserted. The belief in this alleged power appears to have been entertained even before his connection with the temperance cause; but from that time to the hour of his death, it certainly existed very generally throughout Ireland. Even on his first visit to Dublin, in 1840, he was besieged by crowds of afflicted people, suffering from different ailments, who imagined that his touch and his blessing would prove more efficacious to them than all the ministrations of science. Farther on I shall prove, from evidence which, to me at least, seems conclusive as to the fact, that Father Mathew conferred instantaneous relief, and in some instances permanent benefit, on persons labour-

ing under various bodily affections; and I shall now endeavour to represent the manner in which those who had no doubt as to the *fact*, accounted, or sought to account, for what was to them, as to others, a subject of wonder and speculation.

Those who suffer from any physical malady are naturally impatient of their affliction, and are generally willing to adopt any means of relief which they are assured, or which they imagine, will serve them, whether those means commend themselves to their reason, or are reconcilable to their good sense and judgement. Indeed, it would seem as if the sick or afflicted person becomes more or less of the nature of a child, and unreservedly surrenders reason and judgement to the physician, whether that physician be a mere pretender, or a man of approved ability and experience in the treatment of disease. We know what an effect is produced through the mind upon the body, and how the most harmless and simple medicine—the coloured water, or the bread pill—can be made to play an important part in the cure of disease, and the restoration of health.

It is not difficult to conceive how a naturally religious people should believe in the efficacy of a good man's prayer, and how, enfeebled and suffering from one malady or another, they should implore his interposition in their behalf. There are very many who, believing in the power and mercy of God, equally believe that, even in these times, as in days of old, that power and that mercy are wonderfully manifested; and that good and holy mortals are now, as then, selected as the fitting instruments through which blessings are dispensed to individuals and communities. Those who sought Father Mathew's aid were profoundly impressed with the conviction of his goodness and holiness. They looked upon him as a man of God, one chosen by Providence for the accomplishment of a great work. This they were told by bishops and by priests, who constantly spoke of the Apostle

of Temperance in this spirit. Even those of another faith did not hesitate to speak of him and to address him in language of the same nature. Thus the conviction of his goodness and holiness was general—indeed, universal; and this conviction was most favourable to the idea of his being able to work some benefit for those in whose behalf he petitioned Him whom he so faithfully served, and whose honour and glory he so zealously laboured to promote. With this conviction and this belief firmly rooted in the minds of persons suffering from a malady in which the mind could in any way become a useful agent in assisting or effecting a cure, it is not surprising that many returned from Father Mathew considerably improved, if not wholly cured. That they *did* so return, I can state on authority which I cannot question; but what was the exact cause, or mode, or means of cure, is what I shall not venture to explain, save in so far as I have already indicated.

Father Mathew persistently represented to those who came to him in the expectation of relief, that he had no power whatever to effect cures, or to work miracles. It was to no purpose that he shewed them his paralysed limbs, saying, 'Surely, I would cure these if I could; but I have no power to cure anyone.' His patients were ready with an answer, saying—'It is because you took the sickness of others on yourself that you are so afflicted.' That he could not cure himself was no proof to them that he could not cure others; and, frequently, he was accused of insensibility to sufferings, which those afflicted with them believed he could relieve, if he only earnestly set about doing so. Having declared that he had no such power as that attributed to him by his petitioners, he never refused to bless them, or pray for their recovery, if such recovery were pleasing to God. He naturally thought that his blessing could do them no harm, and besides he would not refuse to grant that which was so earnestly implored.

The total abstinence which the pledge imposed, really did effect what seemed to be miraculous cures; and the sound advice which he frequently imparted to those who applied to him for relief, greatly assisted the operation of nature. Then, in not a few instances, it was at the very turning point of the disease that his aid was implored; and pious gratitude readily attributed to the effect of his touch, his blessing, or his prayers, what was about to happen as the natural result of a favourable change. Mothers, in the frenzy of a mother's alarm, brought him their children, upon whose marble features the seal of death seemed to be impressed; and there are letters to which I could refer, in which, in spite of his earnest disclaimer, the writers persisted in attributing the recovery of the beloved ones to his holy intercession.

The reader may account for the following, which I give because it is within my own personal knowledge, in any way he thinks best; all I desire to do, is to state that which I know to be a fact. A young lady, of position and intelligence, was for years the victim of the most violent headache, which assumed a chronic character. Eminent advice was had, but in vain: the malady became more intense, the agony more excruciating. Starting up one day from the sofa on which she lay in a delirium of pain, she exclaimed—'I cannot endure this torture any longer; I will go and see what Father Mathew can do for me.' She immediately proceeded to Lehenagh, where Father Mathew was then sick and feeble. Flinging herself on her knees before him, she besought his prayers and blessing. In fact, stung by intolerable suffering, she asked him to cure her. 'My dear child, you ask me what no mortal has power to do. The power to cure rests alone with God. I have no such power.' 'Then bless me, and pray for me—place your hand on my head,' implored the afflicted lady. 'I cannot refuse to pray for you, or to bless you, my dear child,' said Father Mathew, who did pray for and bless her, and place

his hand on her poor throbbing brow. Was it faith?—was it magnetism?—was it the force of imagination exerted wonderfully? I shall not venture to pronounce which it was; but that lady returned to her home perfectly cured of her distressing malady. More than that—cured completely, from that moment forward.

I might quote letters from persons who thoroughly believed that Father Mathew had cured them of various affections—that he had instantaneously restored sight to eyes almost blind, and power to limbs altogether helpless; but I prefer, in a matter so full of delicacy, and respecting which opinion is so certain to differ, to rely on the written testimony of a gentleman above all suspicion, and to whom it is impossible to attribute what may probably be designated 'the credulity of superstition.' Besides, as will be seen, he attributes what he saw to a very different cause from that which is so readily accepted by those who believe in the efficacy of prayer, and the miraculous power of faith.

The writer of the following statement is a Protestant gentleman—Dr. Barter of Blarney—whose hydropathic establishment of St. Anne's, is one of the best known in the United Kingdom. This statement is the result of a conversation which I recently had with Dr. Barter, as to the alleged power of working cures attributed to Father Mathew, and in which the doctor mentioned such facts—which came under his notice in the summer of 1853—as induced me to request that he would be good enough to reduce them to writing. This he willingly did, at the same time giving me permission to make the fullest use of his name. The following is the document written by Dr. Barter, and bearing his signature:—

As a resident for months in my establishment, to which Father Mathew had come for the restoration of his health, I had ample opportunity of studying his character and habits; and well do I remember his unceasing labour in the cause of suffering humanity.

The crowds that came daily from distant parts of the country to seek his aid were legion; yet to every one, from the highest to the lowest, he was ever accessible, and never seemed tired of doing good. I often remonstrated with him on the injury which must follow from such severe physical and mental labour, but to no purpose; his love for his fellow-man, and his goodness of heart, banished from his noble breast every selfish feeling, and he disregarded my repeated warnings.

Several came to be cured of painful disease; and I often witnessed great relief afforded by him to people suffering from various affections, and in some cases I was satisfied that permanent good was effected by his administration. Such satisfactory results, on so large a scale too, made him the more earnest in his purpose, and gave the recipient unbounded faith in his power; and the result, from such a favourable combination of circumstances, could not be otherwise than beneficial to the patient. *Father Mathew possessed in a large degree the power of animal magnetism*, and I believe that the paralytic affection from which he suffered, and which brought his valuable life to an untimely end, was produced by an undue expenditure of this power. His nervous power was lowered by imparting his health and vigour to thousands. I have often seen injurious results from such a cause, and have experienced them in my own person. Ought not this to endear his memory to us, and more particularly to those who have received benefit from the exercise of his power?

The doctor's theory is, that the magnetic power controls and directs the nervous power, thereby substituting a healthy for a morbid action of the system. Upon this theory or principle—whether it be sound or erroneous, I offer no opinion—Dr. Barter accounts for what he himself witnessed during a period of some months at his establishment in Blarney, and of which many others were equally cognisant. I value his testimony on this account—that it furnishes the evidence of an intelligent and unprejudiced witness as to the *fact* that, from whatever cause, or through whatever means or agency, Father Mathew did afford relief to persons suffering from disease.

From a long letter, overflowing with gratitude to the memory of Father Mathew, written by a man of good character and credibility, who states that he had received his

education in the school which his benefactor had established shortly after he commenced his mission in Cork, I extract the following passage, merely adding that *I know* the writer to be that which I have represented him:—

I could tell you of people that he cured, only it would occupy too long, but I can tell you what happened to myself. My eyes got very bad, and I was afraid I was going to lose my sight entirely, which would have brought me to ruin. I was obliged to stay away from my business in the market, I became so blind, so I said I would go over to Cove Street and see his reverence, which I did. I was so bad that I got a boy to lead me in the streets. Father Mathew was there before me, and was glad to see me and shook hands with me, as he always did; he was kind to simple and gentle, and there was no sort of pride in him at all. So I told him how bad I was, and sure he saw that, for he asked me how did I get so bad. I knelt down, and he prayed for me and put his hand on my head, and made the sign of the cross on my eyes, and he said it would n't signify, and that I would be well shortly; and sure I was, for I walked home without the boy helping me, and I was as well as ever that day. I brought my wife to him another day, and he cured her of a sore bosom, as all the neighbours know.

Not only were those afflicted with bodily ailments brought to him, but those likewise who suffered from mental infirmity. A young man was being taken by his friends to the Lunatic Asylum of Cork, and the treatment which he received at their hands was not such as to improve his condition. Bound on a car, his limbs tied with cords, and his head exposed to the rays of a fierce sun, he was thus being conveyed to the Asylum, when the conductors conceived the idea of first taking him to Father Mathew. The idea was fortunately acted upon, and they turned the horse's head towards Lehenagh. Father Mathew's heart was filled with compassion at the spectacle of a human being bound like a wild beast, uttering strange cries, and foaming at the mouth. He spoke to him kindly and gently, and thus soothed his chafed spirit; and he then desired his friends to loose the cords that bound

him, and to protect his head from the sun. The effect of the kind voice, the gentle words, and the soothing touch, was marvellous upon the patient, who had suffered violent paroxysms shortly before. The poor fellow recognised Father Mathew, in whose power to serve him he seemed to have confidence, and he promised that if he were brought back home, he would do everything that he was asked to do; and upon Father Mathew's intercession, he was brought back, instead of being placed in the Asylum. In a month afterwards, a fine handsome young man, well dressed and well-mannered, came to Lehenagh, to return him thanks for 'what he had done for him.'

Another case, which I shall mention, was that of a young girl from Macroom, who was brought to him by her parents, who were afraid that she would die of starvation, as she had obstinately refused to eat anything for a number of days, or to utter a single word. Her head was seriously affected, and she could not sleep. She was taken three times to Father Mathew. Through the first visit some good was effected, and after the third visit she was perfectly restored to her natural appetite and sleep. Before she left Lehenagh, she ate and drank what was offered to her, and spoke rationally, and without reluctance.

Another girl, whose hands were tightly clenched, and the nails of whose fingers were buried in the flesh of her palms, was also brought to him by her parents. For weeks she had been in that condition; and though the physicians who had been consulted endeavoured to open her hands, they tried in vain. 'Allow me, my dear,' said Father Mathew, in his winning voice; and taking her hand in his, and gently unlocking and extending her fingers, he brought it into its natural form. This was a case of pure hysteria affecting the limbs, such as is frequently seen in the hospitals.

Cases such as these—which will be accounted for in various ways—confirmed the people in the belief of his

power to cure. When he was asked by members of his family, or by his more intimate friends, how he could himself account for some cures which were too patent to be denied or doubted, his invariable reply was—'It is faith—the great faith of the people.'

That this faith took rather a wide range of latitude at times, a trifling incident, which occurred during the early days of the temperance movement, will show. A poor woman having a little boy in her arms, came towards him, saying—'Oh wisha, yer reverence, put yer hand on this little gossoon; he's the divil intirely! 'Surely, my good woman,' said Father Mathew, 'that poor child is not a drunkard?' 'No, yer reverence,' replied the anxious parent, 'but he's the divil at the pipe; and I want you to take the "shaugh" out of him.'

To Father Mathew's own words, spoken in Dublin, in the year 1840, and quoted at page 140 of this volume, I would refer the reader—those words being an authentic exposition of his ideas and feelings on this delicate subject.

I shall conclude my allusion to it with the mention of an appropriate fact,—that, in accordance with the time-honoured custom of praying at the graves of holy men who had been remarkable for the sanctity of their lives, numbers of people—most of them afflicted with ailments of various kinds—constantly come to pray at the tomb of Theobald Mathew. The sexton of the cemetery relates many instances of relief being obtained, or cures being effected, through visits to his grave. One thing is certain—that people who entered as cripples, supported by crutches, have left their crutches inside the railings of the tomb, and returned without aid or assistance to their homes. Votive offerings of this description have been frequently found in the same place, but have been invariably removed, by order of the clergymen to whom the charge of the cemetery belongs. I mention the fact of such visits being

made, and of such testimonies being offered, by pilgrims to the tomb of Father Mathew, as an evidence of that belief in his holiness and sanctity which exists—and which no doubt will long continue to exist—in the minds of a grateful and religious people.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Another Attack of Apoplexy—His Visit to Madeira—Getting worse—Goes to Queenstown.

WHILE at Lehenagh, after his return from America, he was seized with a fit of apoplexy, which demanded the most active treatment. On the 1st of February 1852, at five in the evening, he fell in a fit while alone in his bedroom. The noise of the fall was heard by the family, who were apprehensive, from their knowledge of his condition; and on entering the room, they found him lying senseless on the floor. It was for a time feared that he would never recover from the insensibility in which he was plunged; but his friend and physician, Dr. O'Connor, was soon at his bedside; and by that bedside his attached and faithful secretary, Mr. O'Meara, watched during the entire night. The patient passed from insensibility into a profound sleep; and so entirely unaware was he of having been ill, that, on awaking at early dawn, his first words were, 'This is the Feast of the Purification. David, I must prepare to say Mass.' He recovered very rapidly from this attack, and could not be restrained from immediately resuming his wonted duties.

In a letter addressed to the 'United Kingdom Alliance,' dated Cork, February 21, 1853, Father Mathew gave his warmest adhesion to that association. He says:—

My labours, with the Divine aid, were attended with partial success. The efforts of individuals, however zealous, are not equal to the mighty task. The United Kingdom Alliance strikes at the very root of the

evil. I trust in God the associated efforts of the many good and benevolent men will effectually crush a monster gorged with human gore.

It would be a painful task to trace the sure and steady progress of the malady which had marked as its victim this best friend of his country. Alike sanguine as desponding, he looked upon freedom from pain, or a faint improvement in his limbs, as the forerunner of certain recovery. As soon as he felt strong enough to resume his functions as a clergyman, he took up his abode on Charlotte Quay, near his church of the Holy Trinity, which had been consecrated during his absence in America. But the labour which, in spite of every remonstrance, he would impose upon himself, soon developed worse symptoms; and he was recommended to go to Madeira, as much for the climate as to rid him, even for a time, of the toil which he daily underwent, and which no entreaty could induce him to relinquish.

He left for Madeira in October 1854, and did not return until August in the following year. From a letter which he addressed to Dr. Hayden of Dublin, dated from Funchal, January 22, 1855, the following extract is taken:—

As I flatter myself it will afford you pleasure, I inform you that, under the influence of this genial climate, my paralysed limbs are much improved. I still suffer from lameness, which prevents me from exercising on foot, the streets being so steep. I lament this, as we have no vehicles except cars drawn by oxen on the hills by which the little city of Funchal is encompassed. I am almost prevented from taking the air, as the charge for the ox-cars is too expensive—two shillings and three pence the hour. There are vehicles called palanquins, and others named hammocks, carried by two men, which are more expensive than the ox-cars. I have never suffered myself to be carried in those lazy palanquins and effeminate hammocks. I do not deem myself feeble enough (thank God) to be carried by my fellow-creatures. These vehicles are generally used by delicate ladies, or gentlemen in deep consumption. It is frightful to meet in the narrow streets these awful vehicles, in which the miserable sick are extended at full length.