

## 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.

We enjoy in Madeira a perpetual spring, in which the thermometer never falls in the shade lower than sixty-four, but often rises to seventy-four. It is to be feared that on my return to Ireland, I shall suffer severely from the cold.

As for myself, the only wish I have for improved health, is that it may enable me to resume my labours for the few remaining years of my life, in the sacred cause of temperance. Should it be the merciful will of the great God not to restore my health, I fervently pray that the Almighty may, in His goodness, call me to Himself, that I may not be a burthen to my friends.

If he could have freed himself from the care and anxiety that perpetually haunted his mind, and that, like a shadow, dimmed the beauty of that lovely island, he might have had a chance, not of recovery, but of prolonging his life for some years. But he chafed at his forced inaction, and was impatient to be again at work. To die in harness seemed to be his destiny, and it certainly was his desire. There was no necessity for him to preach temperance to the abstemious people by whom he was surrounded, but he contrived to find amongst the poorest of the islanders constant objects for his bounty. By the residents, as well as the visitors to the island, he was treated with the greatest consideration, and the regret was general when his intended departure was announced.

While in Liverpool, on his way to and his return from Madeira, the invalid received many evidences of respect and veneration; but the kindness of his steadfast friends, the Rathbones, whom he then saw for the last time, was as affectionate and generous as ever.

Believing that he had derived much benefit from his visit to Madeira, he again undertook duties for which his shattered health rendered him wholly unequal, and he was once more compelled to return to his brother's house at Lehenagh, where he resumed the old routine. Day by day he became more feeble and helpless; still he would totter down the steps, and limp along the avenue to meet a poor drunkard half way, or to anticipate the arrival of a friend whom he had recognised

from the window or the door. Many were the sweet words of counsel that fell from his lips during the last year of his life. Sweetness, humility, and holiness, marked every hour of his declining days. Even while surrounded by his brother's family, he was constantly engaged in silent prayer; and when he spoke, his words breathed the very spirit of devotion. When reference was made in his presence to his services to his fellow creatures, or to his acts of goodness, he would say with the greatest earnestness—'Oh! do not, do not, my dear, give me any merit for what I have done. How I wish my motives had been always pure in the sight of God!'

Throughout his life as a priest it afforded him the greatest consolation and happiness to offer up the Holy Sacrifice. It was to him the most solemn moment for communing with his God; and though at all times his manner at the altar was in the highest degree edifying, towards the close he appeared wholly absorbed in his devotions. On each of the two Christmas days preceding his death, he celebrated three masses, the greatest number a priest is allowed to celebrate, and only on that solemn festival. About ten months before his death, he was observed to stagger at the altar, just after the consecration. The clerk at once came to his support; but the priest made a strong mental effort, and so far rallied as to go through the ceremony to the end. He made no remark afterwards as to what had happened, but he accepted the warning, for he never ventured to say mass again. To one of his fervent piety, this was a sad privation; he however accepted it with his usual resignation.

Frequently the cloud, which had been so long gathering, would settle on his brain, and shroud him in a kind of mournful apathy. Every artifice which affection could suggest would then be resorted to, to cheer him, but in vain; and the sadness that seemed to hang like a pall upon his brow, would communicate its gloomy influence to the group

around him. Few could recognise, in that drooping figure, and mournful and dejected countenance, the Father Mathew of other days. Where was now the elastic step, the vigorous frame, the clear bright eye, the smile so full of charm? Disease and affliction had effected the painful transformation. Loving hearts ached at that sad spectacle of human decay.

The knowledge that his death could not be far removed was constantly present to his mind. So long as he remained at Lehenagh, he would before retiring at night shake hands with his brother and sister-in-law, and kiss the younger members of the family; and did he happen to leave the sitting-room without having done so, he invariably came back, even from the bottom of the stairs leading to his bed-room, to give them this salutation. The earnestness of the manner in which this nightly leave-taking was gone through, excited the surprise of his brother and Mrs. Mathew, who made no remark at the time; but afterwards, while at Queenstown—where he died—the priest explained what had appeared so strange from its impressiveness. ‘I feared,’ said he, ‘that I might die before the morning, and it was as if I were every night taking my last farewell of those I loved.’

His prediction that he would suffer from the cold on his return from Madeira, was painfully realised. Fires had to be kept up at Lehenagh even during the early summer; but the rooms were large, and the poor invalid sighed for the warmth of Funchal, or thought with regret of those genial cities of the Southern States, in which for a time he had forgotten his bodily infirmity. Another voyage to Madeira was then out of the question, and he resolved to try the milder atmosphere of Queenstown.

Thither he would go, in spite of the earnest entreaty of his relatives, who desired to have him near them, and to watch over him to the last; but he was not to be moved from his purpose once that he had resolved upon it. It was shrewdly suspected that one of his reasons (his chief

reason) for quitting Lehenagh for Queenstown was to avoid giving further trouble to his family, to whom he felt he had been so long a cause of anxiety and solicitude.

Tender and sad was his leave-taking of his affectionate relatives, with whom he had spent most of the happiest days of his life, and who rejoiced when he was glad, and suffered when he was oppressed with sorrow or with care. Beneath those spreading trees what happy groups had assembled at his bidding! Upon that lawn how many a time were witnessed the innocent sports, and were heard the joyous shouts, of the young people whom he had invited to holiday and to feast! Before that door how often had he beheld the beloved banner flutter at the head of some faithful society, and listened with delight to strains which were ever harmonious to his ear! Tenderly and sorrowfully he bade a long adieu to a spot consecrated by countless memories of happiness and affection, of pleasure and of pride; for he knew in his heart that he would never see it more—he was going to Queenstown to die.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

Has Father Mathew's Work survived him?—The Spirit lives.

AND now, before the curtain falls, and we catch the last glimpse of him whose character and career I have endeavoured, however feebly and imperfectly, to depict, I would say a word upon a question which has been put to me repeatedly, and which will naturally suggest itself to the mind of the reader—namely, has Father Mathew's work survived him? Conscientiously speaking, I feel convinced *it has*. Nay more, I believe it is impossible to destroy and undo that work. Father Mathew taught his generation this great lesson,—that, as a rule, alcoholic stimulants are not only unnecessary but injurious to the human being—that drunkenness is an odious and disgusting vice—that poverty and misery and disease and crime are born of this vice—that the man who altogether abstains is safer than the man who is moderate in his enjoyment of that which is so full of risk and danger; and that not only is there no possible safety for those liable to excess, and unable to resist temptation, save in total abstinence, but that there is redemption—social, moral, and physical—to be found in the pledge for the most confirmed and abandoned drunkard. This is a grand lesson to have taught; and this lesson, which has become part of the world's wisdom and experience, cannot be obliterated—certainly not from the memory of the Irish people. In so far, then, he has left his work as a great lesson and legacy to posterity; and whenever again the vice against which he

waged so vigorous and successful a strife for many of the best years of his life assumes a formidable aspect—dangerous to society and perilous to morality, industry, peace, and order—there is no fear that the lesson will not be applied, or that Providence will not inspire, or even raise up, those who will put it into practice as Father Mathew did, for the sake of religion, humanity, and country. If they will not preach total abstinence, they will at least counsel and promote temperance for the mass, and rigid sobriety for those who know not how to limit themselves within the bounds of moderation.\*

\* As an instance directly in point, I would refer to the extraordinary work accomplished in his arch-diocese, by the Most Rev. Dr. Leahy, Catholic Archbishop of Cashel and Emly. He has succeeded in inducing the publicans within the limits of his episcopal jurisdiction to close their houses, and not to sell anything spirituous, on Sundays; and this he has effected with the most beneficial results to the morality and good order of the arch-diocese. Dr. Leahy is favourably known to the English public for his successful suppression of stupid feuds and wicked faction fights, and for the public and solemn reconciliation of two of the most powerful factions that existed in Tipperary. In a public letter addressed 'To the Very Rev. John Spratt, D.D., and James Haughton, Esq., of Dublin,' Dr. Leahy describes the means by which he enforces his Sunday-closing law, and which, no doubt, requires similar circumstances for its enforcement and success in other places. The principal of these must be that the people, as throughout the district in question, should be of one religious faith. The letter from which this extract is quoted, is dated 'Thurles, 23rd of April, 1863,' and was repeatedly referred to in the House of Commons, in the debate on Mr. Soames' Bill, on Wednesday the 2nd of May. The extract is as follows:—

'Now, what are the means by which we have been enabled to enforce this law? The authority of the Bishop, the cooperation of the Clergy, who from the first threw themselves into the cause with commendable zeal, the influence of religion coupled with the frequentation of the Church's sacraments, the people's strong religious sentiments, their respect for the ordinances of their Church, their deep reverence for their clergy, especially for the word of their Bishop—with them sacred;—these, and these only, are the means by which we have enforced this law, and enforced it so effectually, that in a few years it has acquired all the stability of a time-honoured ordinance, and is observed by the people as exactly as any law of Church or State in this realm;—observed, too, let me add, not as an unpleasant restraint, but most willingly by those on whom it imposes the sacrifice of appetite, nor less willingly by those of whom it requires the sacrifice of a gainful trade—observed by the poor and by the rich alike, by the small hard-struggling publican all the same as by the wealthy merchant, in the village and at the cross-road just as in the populous town. It is to myself a marvel how the people observe this law.'

That the mass of the Irish people have not adhered to the pledge, is true ; but, assuming the possibility that they would have done so, had Father Mathew retained for some years longer the same vigour of constitution and physical activity which he enjoyed in the height of the temperance agitation, and had he been able to devote his undivided attention to the completion of his work—is it within the bounds of human possibility that any moral movement could have withstood the combined influence of such discouraging causes as those which the temperance movement had to encounter ? Let us be just to Father Mathew, and to his followers ; and let us remember the succession of events which pressed with disheartening effect upon the temperance cause and the Irish people,—the terrible and protracted famine—the political disturbance of 1848, and the reaction which necessarily followed the impaired health of Father Mathew—his long absence from Ireland, extending over a period of two years and a half, from June 1849 to December 1851—his gradual decay, which admitted but of feeble and intermittent efforts on his part—and the depression and want of public spirit, which the poverty and misery of the country induced. What human cause—what cause which relied for its sustainment upon a high moral tone and pride of spirit, individual as well as national—could have resisted influences such as these ? The wonder is, not that they acted so injuriously as they did,

It is but fair to the Archbishop to quote a preceding passage, where he describes the manner in which he dealt with his flock previous to his attempting the reform that secured their sobriety on the Lord's Day.

'As I went the round of the diocese from parish to parish in performing the duty of visitation, seldom or never did I omit to make temperance a subject of exhortation to the people, following up exhortation with the practical work of administering a pledge, sometimes to individuals, generally to large groups of persons gathered around the sanctuary rail. The pledge was—not to get drunk at any time, nor to frequent public-houses on Sundays or holidays—and bound for no longer a time than three years, or say, till the Bishop's next coming to the parish. A pledge for life, except in rare instances, or of total abstinence, except in the case of confirmed drunkards, I have seldom, if ever, administered, preferring easy temporary pledges as more likely to do good to the mass of the people.

but that they did not act more fatally than they did ; for, in spite of all that has happened to discourage and depress, the organisation is not destroyed. In every city, in every town, in every parish, there are still numbers who have remained faithful to the practice of total abstinence, and there are everywhere to be found the ready elements of future revival. Living examples of the value of sobriety—its value to character, to position, to worldly prosperity, to domestic happiness and public esteem—are to be found in every part of the country ; and these examples preach a lesson more eloquent than words can frame or tongue can utter. I personally know, not a few, but many men of worth and respectability, who owe all they possess and enjoy to temperance, and who glory in proclaiming their undying gratitude to the author of their happiness and independence. They are to be found in every rank of life ; and their fidelity to the cause is the more resolute and enthusiastic from the memory of the misery and degradation from which they were rescued and redeemed.

There is then the improved moral tone of society, and the change in the public sentiment. Formerly, drunkenness was regarded rather as a fault for which there were numberless excuses and palliations ; now, drunkenness is looked upon as a degrading vice, and the drunkard finds no universal absolution from the judgement of society. Whatever opinion may be held as to the necessity of total abstinence, or the wisdom of moderation, there is but one opinion as to excess—that is, one of just and general condemnation. Formerly, there was not a circumstance in one's life, or an event in one's family, or in the family of one's friend or acquaintance, that was not a legitimate excuse for a poor fellow 'having forgotten himself,' or 'being overtaken by liquor ;' but a sterner verdict is now pronounced upon the delinquent—and that sterner verdict, which evidences a higher tone of public wisdom and morality, is another of the

results of Father Mathew's teaching. And in this way, too, his work has survived the mortal life of its author.\*

\* James Haughton, of Dublin, writing from that city on the 1st of May, 1863, says:—

'I am happy to say that Father Mathew's influence for good is still extensive in this city, where many who took the pledge from him have since lived happy and blameless lives. I cannot give you the least idea of the number of teetotallers in Dublin. Father Spratt is constantly enrolling members, but he does not keep any record of them. Every Sunday evening we hold a meeting in Cuffe Street, where from one to three hundred persons constantly take the pledge.'

In Cork a healthful spirit of revival is manifesting itself—the result principally of the efforts of a few earnest men, more distinguished by their zeal than by their social position or personal influence.

The temperance cause is deeply rooted in other portions of the United Kingdom; and wherever Father Mathew preached, in the Old World or in the New, there are to be found propagandists of his doctrine, and living examples of its practical utility and advantage to the human race.

#### CHAPTER XLV.

In Queenstown—His Christian Humility—The ruling Passion strong in Death—His last Moments.

**D**URING the autumn of 1856, a white-haired venerable man, of a countenance noble in outline and sweet in expression, might be seen slowly creeping along the sunny places of Queenstown, his tottering steps assisted by a young lad, on whose shoulder one hand of the invalid rested for support. This was Theobald Mathew, the Apostle of Temperance, whose voice, a few years before, rang in the crowded hall, and was heard far above the heads of listening multitudes, and whose physical energy then seemed almost indestructible. There was not one who did not bow to him with respect, as he passed slowly by; and no eye glanced at that halting gait and that shattered frame, without a look of the deepest sympathy. Hour by hour, step by step, that martyr to the public good was on his way to his last resting-place. Hour by hour, too, the cloud darkened around him, rendering him more sad and silent than at any former period of his malady. Occasionally he rallied out of this gloom and depression, when visited by one of his old friends in the ministry, or by his faithful followers in the temperance cause.

One day an attached friend called to pay him a visit. The visitor ascended the stairs, and, finding everything quiet, pushed in the door of the sitting room, which was partly open, and entered. There he found Father Mathew on his knees, buried in prayer, wholly abstracted from things of the earth. Not wishing to disturb him at such a moment, the

friend was about retiring, when the servant said—'Mr. — is here, sir.' Father Mathew rose from his knees, and, tottering towards his visitor, warmly embraced him. 'Pardon me, sir,' said the gentleman, 'for disturbing your devotions.' 'My dear friend,' said Father Mathew, beseechingly, 'you must join with me in my prayer to God. Pray for me, dear —.' 'For you, sir!' 'Yes, my dear—I was praying that God would prepare me for leaving this world, and would forgive me for the sins I have committed.' Taking his visitor by the hand, he again asked him to kneel with him. 'What necessity is there for my praying for you, Father Mathew?' 'Oh! my dear, who can be pure in the sight of God!' was the reply. 'But you have done so much good for mankind.' 'No, no,' said the humble man, in still more earnest tones; 'I have done nothing—and no one can be pure in the eyes of God. Kneel with me, my dear, and pray with me to the Father of Mercy.' His earnestness could not be resisted; and by the side of that true Christian, the strong man knelt, overwhelmed with emotion. When both rose from that solemn prayer, the face of the priest was radiant with a holy light; that of the strong man was bathed in tears. 'Promise me, promise me that you will remember me in your prayers during the Holy Sacrifice,' were the last words which Father Mathew uttered, as the two men parted for ever in this world; and when next that face was beheld by the friend who loved him in life, it was when it reposed in the sleep of death.

For more than two hours every day, he was to be found in the church, absorbed in prayer and meditation; and whatever time he could spare from visitors, and the exercise which he endeavoured to sustain, were devoted to the great purpose of the brief remainder of his life—preparation for a holy death.

But even in these his last moments, the ruling passion was strong as ever. About six weeks before his death, his brother Charles came to see him; and on entering the sitting-room,

he was surprised to perceive a rather large table elaborately laid out for several guests. Charles expressed his surprise, and remonstrated with his brother, saying—'Surely you ought not to take such trouble on yourself, now that you are so delicate. Who are to dine with you?' Father Mathew was not at all pleased at being thus caught in his old habit of feast-giving, and he never ceased hinting to Charles that 'he would most certainly lose the train if he remained much longer;' and though Charles had really come to spend the evening with him, he could not find it in his heart to interfere with an enjoyment in which the invalid took such intense delight, and he left the poor feeble host to dispense his last hospitality. The explanation of the dinner party was this—his young attendant pursued his studies during several hours of the day at a school in the town; and Father Mathew, to afford him pleasure, gave him permission to invite a number of his companions to dinner. This little feast recalled, no doubt, the happy joyous days of old, when he entertained the Josephians in his house in Cove Street; and his anticipation of the gratification of the young people, at the good things prepared for them, dispelled the heavy cloud for a time. His brother was surprised at what he considered to be an improvement in his health; but it was only the result of momentary excitement.

That one so good and gentle, and so considerate to others, should inspire the warmest interest in every member of the household amid which he spent the concluding days of his life, is what might naturally be expected; and nothing was wanting on the part of the excellent man in whose house he lodged\* to render him as comfortable as possible. The very desire which he always expressed, to avoid giving trouble, only made those around him more anxious to anticipate his wants; and the care and solicitude of this kindly man and his family were unceasing to the last.

\* Mr. John Sullivan, of Queenstown.

There is little more to be told. The curtain was soon to fall. Some days before his death, he received the final shock. When dressing in the morning, he fell heavily to the ground, without however losing his senses, except for a short time. He was placed in his bed, speechless and powerless, save for some slight motion of his fingers, and with partial loss of hearing. He rallied somewhat during the day; but it was apparent, even to an unprofessional eye, that his days were numbered. His faculties were not however more dim than they had been hitherto, or at least for a year previously. He made signs that he desired to have a clergyman sent for, and his wish was at once complied with; and the clergyman who had acted as his spiritual director during his residence in Queenstown, was quickly at his bedside, and afforded him the consolations of religion. Thus fortified, he lay tranquilly and in peace, without pain, but with an expression of great sadness upon his countenance. As the members of his family came about him, he could only smile and press the hand of each with feeble grasp. He at first made efforts to speak to them; but the voice which had moved the hearts and awakened the consciences of so many, which had comforted so many a bruised and broken spirit, which had soothed so many death-beds, was never more to be heard by mortal ear. He intimated, with sufficient significance, his wish that any one who desired to see him should be admitted to his room; and even those who had come to take the pledge, before the news of his severe attack had spread abroad, were brought to his bedside. By that dying couch they knelt; and they themselves repeated the well-known formula, after which he contrived to make the sign of the cross on their foreheads with his palsied hand. And this was the last act in the life of Theobald Mathew, who, if he were the Apostle, was also the Martyr of Temperance.

For several days he continued free from physical suffering, as far as could be judged. He observed everything that

occurred in the room, and looked his thanks for any little friendly office, in a way that was deeply affecting. The Sisters of the Queenstown Convent watched and prayed constantly by his bedside. 'Theobald, would you wish to be buried with Frank and Tom?' his brother Charles enquired of him, as the last hours were approaching. The dying man signified a negative. 'Is it in the cemetery?' 'Yes,' was plainly indicated. 'Is it under the Cross?' A sweet but faint smile, and fainter pressure of the almost lifeless hand, was the only reply. This was the spot which he had many years before marked out as his resting place. There was no violent convulsion, no mortal agony, no awful struggle of nature, in his last moments. Death stole upon him as gently as sleep upon a wearied man. He died in peace, without the slightest movement. But it would seem as if, in some inexplicable way, an expression of pain moulded itself upon his features. It was like the lingering shadow of the sorrow which had long brooded over his spirit, and which, for some years past, had been so rarely and so briefly dispelled. 'Ah, surely, somebody is vexing him,' said an old and loving follower, when admitted to the bedroom. And yet if one may predicate such of mortal, he must have been then, after a life of fever, toil, and pain, experiencing that happiness which is promised to those who on this earth walk in the light, and imitate the life of the Lord. Thus passed away, in the 66th year of his age, and in the 42nd of his ministry, Theobald Mathew, the Apostle of Temperance. The 8th of December 1856, belongs to history as the date of that event.



## CHAPTER XLVI.

Feeling caused by his Death—Expressions of Opinion respecting his Character—Protestant Testimony—His Funeral—His Statue.

THE knowledge that Father Mathew had been for some years declining in health, and that the event of his death could not possibly be far off, did much to prepare the public for its announcement. Had he been struck down in the vigour and activity of his life, the effect upon the mind of the country would have been for a time overpowering, so much was he loved by all classes of the people of Ireland; but even as it was, and prepared as the public were to receive at any moment the sad tidings of his death, the announcement that he was no more, was received with a feeling of genuine and universal sorrow. That sorrow was however mitigated by the consciousness that he had been released from a state of pain and misery, and that his weary spirit was at rest. Though the people of his own city mourned for him as for a father whom they had lost, they derived a holy consolation from the conviction that he was then 'a saint in heaven.'

The tidings of Father Mathew's death elicited a strong and general expression of public opinion in his favour. From every quarter came earnest and eloquent testimonies to his character, his services, his motives; and the public press of the British Empire faithfully reflected the feeling entertained towards the illustrious dead by every class of his fellow subjects.\* No harsh word was uttered against

\* Testimonies from the public press might be given in great number, but the space remaining is too scant for their quotation. I shall therefore content myself

one whose happy fortune it had been to disarm hostile criticism, and convert enemies into friends. The few shades in his character were absorbed in its brightness; and none thought, but with tenderness, of the self-will which had evinced itself at times, or of the jealousy which had been rarely displayed: these two were easily accounted for by the earnestness and ardour of his nature, and his long habit of authority and leadership. It was of his large heart, his great soul, his tender and compassionate nature, his intense love of his fellow creatures, his generosity, his self-sacrifice, his nobleness of spirit, his devotion to the poor, his long life of toil and labour spent in the service of God—it was of these men thought, and not of the specks upon the sun.

'I never saw a man,' said the venerable Thomas George French, of Merino—a Protestant gentleman of high rank,—'so untainted by the world as Father Mathew. He was the model of what a Christian clergyman ought to be. I never

with a single testimony from the *Cork Constitution*, the well known Protestant organ of the South of Ireland. It is the more valuable because of the source from which it emanates, as well as from the daily opportunity which the writer had of thoroughly understanding the character and career which he depicted:—

'Yesterday passed from among us a man who filled a large space in the eye, not of Cork only, but of the world. His reputation was not Irish or English, but European and American. By multitudes in every land his name was syllabled and his memory revered, and by tens of thousands will be hallowed both for resolutions inspired and for benefits enjoyed. We speak not of Mr. Mathew as a friar or as a priest. Whatever our objections to his creed, his motives, we believe, were single, his humanity was genuine, and his benevolence was great. Great, too, beyond precedent was the revolution he wrought in the habits of a people given beyond precedent to the excesses of "strong drink." He laboured honestly and energetically, sparing neither health nor time, deterred by no difficulty, confronting with cheerfulness opposition where he ought to have had cooperation, and persevering humbly but earnestly until obstinacy was overcome and incredulity convinced, and until not a parish in the country could refuse to receive as a benefactor one whom it at first regarded as a cheat. . . . Dislike as we may the accessories, it is a great thing to see drunkenness giving place to sobriety, slovenliness to cleanliness, sloth to industry, discord to content; and to see parent and child, wife and husband, going forth in the hours of relaxation to enjoy together the comforts acquired by release from the brawls, and bondage, and beggary of the public-house. It is for his agency in this desirable consummation that we bestow this brief notice on a man whose health was broken, if not his life shortened, by his efforts to achieve it. For some years he has been in a state of debility which everyone witnessed with regret; for, apart from his amiability of disposition, his unassumingness of deportment, and his abstinence from participation in political or polemical contention, there is something melancholy in the visible day-by-day decay of powers and faculties which but lately were instinct with life and energy; and that possibly from a consciousness of our own liability to a similar visitation, disposes us to look with a sympathising eye on any on whom the afflicting hand has thus heavily been laid. Such, at all events, was the feeling with which professors of all creeds regarded Mr. Mathew.'

heard a word from him that ought not to emanate from a man of good heart and pure mind. If one were likely to be influenced by a clergyman of another persuasion to change his creed, it would be by such a man as Father Mathew—not because of any peculiar talent he possessed, but from his manner and the example of his own life.

'Father Mathew was always engaged in good and charitable works, and in trying to serve and benefit his fellow creatures. I never knew a more benevolent man or a more perfect gentleman' said John Cotter of Cork, a man of patriarchal age, and whose own benevolence had become a proverb—'as charitable as John Cotter.'

This is the manner in which he was spoken of by Protestants who had known him intimately, long before he became connected with the temperance movement.

For myself (wrote Smith O'Brien,) whether he be or be not canonised as a saint by the Church of Rome, I am disposed to regard him as an Apostle who was specially deputed on a divine mission by the Almighty, and invested with power almost miraculous. To none of the ordinary operations of human agency can I ascribe the success which attended his efforts to repress one of the besetting sins of the Irish nation. If I had read in history that such success had attended the labours of an unpretending priest, whose chief characteristic was modest simplicity of demeanour, I own that I should have distrusted the narrative as an exaggeration; but we have been all of us witnesses to the fact that myriads simultaneously obeyed his advice, and, at his bidding, abandoned a favourite indulgence.

Long before the time of his death, even the most sceptical had admitted that the Apostle of Temperance had no selfish object in the promotion of a movement to which his own family were among the first victims; and the fact that he died in poverty—that, save his watch and altar plate and sacred vestments, which belonged to him as a priest, he had nothing to give or bequeath—dispelled the last lingering suspicion which had its origin, years before, in ignorance and misconception. His death paid the debts for

which he had heavily insured his life; and, with the exception of members of his own family, who had more than once generously made large sacrifices to assist him in his pressing difficulties, there were none whom the insurance did not satisfy.

The Corporation of his adopted city only expressed the public feeling when they resolved on honouring the memory of their illustrious fellow citizen by a public funeral. The body was brought up on Thursday from Queenstown by a number of his oldest and most attached followers, and placed in the Church of the Holy Trinity, which was another monument of his priestly zeal for the glory of God's House. Thousands crowded the sacred building so long as an opportunity was afforded to the public of taking a last look at those beloved features, which were exposed to view for some time before the funeral. With timid step and bowed head the poor entered the Church, which was shrouded in sombre drapery, and approached the coffin in which lay all that was mortal of their friend and benefactor. As they gazed with tearful eyes on that face, so calm, and pale, and rigid, as if chiselled out of marble, sobs broke from their labouring breasts, and they gave way to passionate bursts of sorrow. Noble and beautiful was that countenance in the stillness of death; and though the traces of suffering and care were discernible in its worn and wasted lineaments, there was still, as strikingly visible as in life, the same expression of benevolence, which was the most marked and unchanging characteristic of his nature.

On Friday the 12th of December, 1856, Cork poured out its population in the streets to pay the last tribute of respect to the memory of its greatest citizen; and through a living mass the funeral cortège—extending nearly two miles in length—wound its slow and solemn way. Every class, every rank, every party, every creed, had its full representation in that sad procession, which was closed by the truest mourn-

ers of all—the poor. Never before were there so many persons assembled in the cemetery to which its founder was now borne. It was computed that more than 50,000 mourners—for all that day were mourners—crowded the adjoining roads, and filled every avenue and walk, and covered every available part of that beautiful burial place, as the Catholic bishop and the attendant clergy—more than 70 in number—received the body at the entrance. The impressive solemnity of the sublime service for the dead hushed for a time the convulsive sobs that broke from that vast assemblage; but as the precious remains were deposited in the tomb prepared for their reception, the great sorrow burst forth again, telling how deep and strong was the feeling which the people bore to one whom they had so much reason to honour and to love. Amidst the tears and prayers of his fellow citizens, who that day represented a mourning nation, the body of Theobald Mathew was consigned to the grave for which his spirit had long yearned; and there, in that chosen spot, beneath the cross which his own hands had reared many years before, his ashes now repose.

In a few weeks after the grave closed over the mortal remains of the Apostle of Temperance, the citizens of Cork assembled in the public Court-house, to consider the most appropriate means of paying a tribute of respect to his memory. That meeting was of itself a tribute to his memory, no less than an evidence of his teaching,—it was a happy fusion of class, of party, and of creed; and in a spirit of harmonious concord, inspired as it were by the lessons of the sainted dead, all united for the performance of a duty which was at once an honour and an obligation. The Protestant and the Dissenter vied with the Catholic in the eloquent expression of affection for the man, and veneration for his character; of sorrow for his loss, and of pride in his

citizenship. Never was feeling more harmonious, never was testimony more unanimous. In obedience to the almost universal wish, it was resolved that a statue of Father Mathew in some way typical of his temperance mission, should be erected in one of the public thoroughfares of the city—thereby affording the most gratifying consolation to the people whom he loved as a father, and amongst whom he had lived for more than forty years. An unavoidable delay, occasioned by the death of Mr. Hogan, the eminent sculptor to whom the task of executing the statue was originally confided, prevented the committee from carrying out their delegated trust as soon as could have been desired; but ere the close of this year (1863) a statue by Foley—replete with the charm of life and grace which genius can alone impart to marble or to bronze—is to be erected in the most public and conspicuous position. And while this statue will faithfully represent those beautiful and long-familiar features, and recall that mission to which he devoted many of the best years of his life, and to which he sacrificed his happiness and his health, it will visibly associate the memory of its most famous and illustrious citizen with the city of his adoption,—that city which was the scene of his holy labours as a minister of religion, and the birth-place of that great moral reformation which has conferred, and which will long continue to confer, countless blessings on mankind.

