

blythe looks and gay adornments—the air of manly dignity and honest self-complacency, which many of them exhibited—added to the beautiful banners, and spirit-stirring music by which they were invigorated—formed a scene both pleasing and attractive, and which must have left the best impressions upon the thousands of on-lookers \* \* \* \* Taking into account the number of tee-totalers present on this occasion, the unanimity and good feeling which characterised the greater part of their proceedings—the towns represented by deputation—the numbers who received the pledge from the hands of the great apostle, we must acknowledge that it was truly a great day for the cause of tee-totalism, and one well calculated to gain converts to their cause."

#### THE BANQUET.

A Banquet was given in the City Hall by the Executive Committee of the Western Scottish Temperance Union, on Tuesday at five o'clock, in honor of Father Mathew. Mr. Ebenezer Anderson filled the chair, and was supported on the right by Father Mathew, and on the left by Robert Kettle, Esquire. On the platform we observed the Rev. Messrs. Harris, Esmaght, Brewster, Patterson, and Mason; Messrs. Shanks, Murray, Gallic, Bruce, Richmond, Melvin, Wright, Winning, Weir, Cuyler, Maclean, and other friends of the cause.

After tea, the Chairman introduced the business of the evening, and stated that they were met from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, to do honour to the temperance cause, and to one of its most devoted champions. He had, himself, been a tee-totaler ever since he knew its benefits, and he loved the cause not more because it combined kindred spirits of all classes of opinions, than because its object was the greatest they could engage the attention of humanity. It was indeed a pleasant thing that they could meet together, having left their little opinions behind, to unite in one great effort to relieve their native land from the curse of intemperance. (Loud cheers.)

Robert Kettle, Esquire, after a few remarks, then read and presented Father Mathew with the Address.

[We regret its omission here, unavoidable for want of space.]

Father Mathew, in acknowledging the address, spoke nearly as follows:—He received with unbounded pleasure the address from the members of the Western Scottish Temperance Union—a body to which Ireland, and Temperance in Ireland, was deeply indebted. Indeed, he might say, they owed a debt of gratitude to the whole of Scotland, from the different bodies of which they had received the most cordial co-operation, and at a time, too, when their helping hand was more necessary than at the present—(cheers.) For these services, as well as for their very fraternal reception of him that day, he was exceedingly grateful; and for the sentiments expressed in this beautiful address, which for purity and piety, could scarcely be surpassed, he returned them his heartfelt thanks. He indeed felt very much indebted to the writers of this address that they had spoken the truth, and had not given him credit for qualities which he did not possess, or for services which he had not performed. On this head he might appropriately quote the words of sacred authority, and say that Providence always selected the foolish things and weak things of this world to serve his purposes, "that no flesh should glory in His sight."—(Loud cheers.) This address gave to him the merit of originating the great temperance movement in Ireland: to this he was scarcely entitled. He had been solicited and importuned into the cause by members of the Society of Friends in Cork, and only at their pressing solicitations had he taken it up. It was not that his heart did not go with the cause, but that he felt a diffidence—a constitutional timidity—to stand forward prominently before his fellow-countrymen. It might be that he feared also the obloquy that he might have to encounter. (Hear, hear.) At one of the meetings in Cork, however, he had taken the pledge—and there was sown the grain of mustard seed that had now grown up a great and mighty tree, which had shot its roots so deep into the earth, that the blasts of hell could not prevail against it. (Cheers.) Its branches were now extending in every corner of the earth, and millions of souls enjoyed peace and social happiness under their shade. They had witnessed that day a magnificent spectacle, and though thousands and thousands were congregated on the occasion, nothing had occurred to wound the feelings of the most sensitive, or to mar the general joy. It was, indeed, the work of the hand of the most high God

—it was the cause of God and morality, and it was wonderful in our eyes. The kindness he had received since he came amongst them, throughout the day, and on the present occasion, almost rendered him incapable of adequately expressing to them his feelings. It was only three days since he had landed on their beautiful and highly cultivated country; he was a stranger, and his manner, his phraseology, his sentiments, might appear strange to many of them. (No, no.) But it was unkind and uncandid in him to say he was a stranger. He had received the right hand of fellowship from almost every being with whom he had come in contact—and theirs was indeed a kind and happy greeting, and many times yesterday and that day he had forgotten altogether that he was out of his own native Ireland. (Loud Cheers.) He (Father Mathew) had almost thought he was one of themselves, and he did not see why it should not be so. He was convinced that, though differing in features, opinions, customs, or religion, they were the same people. (Cheers.) He had seen nothing in Scotland to make him think that they were not natives of Ireland. (Laughter and renewed cheering.) At all events, they were the children of one common father—born to the same rights—redeemed by the same Saviour—believers in the same blessed gospel; and oh! that the sweet and beneficent spirit of the gospel of Jesus Christ were diffused from pole to pole, uniting and making all happy, pure and guileless. (Cheers.) The world would then be a pleasing habitation, and its children worthy of heaven. Though naturally timid and desponding, he felt now vigor arise within him to see so many of different religious professions (for it was not likely that they could all have unity of faith, but they could all meet in unity of affection,) banded together in behalf of so great and good a cause. (Cheers.) He thought he heard some one say,—"Now, Father Mathew, this is making fine speeches to delude the people of Glasgow; perhaps these are not your sentiments in your own country." For five-and-twenty years he had entertained these views; and if any man could say that his heart had been shut against his neighbour because of differences of religion—if any man could say that the needy had been turned from his door in consequence of an opposite belief—that the tenant had been dismissed from his holding, or the servant from his place, because of a difference of religious belief—he would allow them to say that his actions did not correspond with his words. In that time he had done what in his power lay to reconcile and harmonize the warring principles of faction—to sweeten the cup of woe, and to exalt the down-trodden and unfortunate, and if another voice were required at his hands, he would repeat—"a new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." (Immense cheering.) He ought perhaps to apologise for this, alluding to himself, but heaven forbid that he should do so from a spirit of pelted egotism, but for the glorious cause in which they all laboured. (Loud cheers.) It was for this purpose that he wished to exhibit to them the inmost recesses of his heart, and to show it glowing with love for the whole human family. This was a cause in which they should all unite; it was the cause of their common humanity, the cause of their common country, and the cause of God. (Cheers.) If those who had not already embraced the principles of tee-totalism were conscious of the woes unutterable brought upon his own poor country, in consequence of intemperance, they would make every exertion in their power, even to the shedding of their blood, for the doing away of the monstrous evil. If they could take in at one view all the effects of this crying iniquity, the blood of the martyrs to intemperance, that stained her green fields, the widows and orphans which it had made, the unparalleled misery it had produced, the picture would be too frightful to gaze upon. He rejoiced, however, that a great change had been produced in Ireland. Their jails and bridewells were now nearly all empty, and their workhouses were not nearly filled. In Ireland, at the present day, the passenger might witness old castles crumbling to decay. Whatever use these barbarous relics had at one time been to the generations of the past, now they only served as the mouldering monuments of violence and strife. He trusted, also, that their jails, and bridewells, and prison-houses, would be reduced to the same useless condition, and that they might only remain tenantless memorials of the crime, and drunkenness, and suffering, which once existed in our country. (Loud cheers.) Ireland—a country that had groaned and bled with the woes of centuries—had now left behind her a long and dreary