

ording to the Report of the Supervisors, there was paid in the county in 1852, for the support of pauperism and crime \$18,743 67, and that of this \$14,017 76 was for the direct results of Intemperance.

FATHER MATTHEW.

Another champion is gone! On Monday, Dec. 8th 1856, the Rev Theobald Matthew closed his useful career. For some time past he had been compelled to cease from active labour. A visit to the Island of Madeira was advised, as likely to restore health and strength, but the hope proved delusive, and the venerable man returned to his native land. He took up his residence at Queenstown, Cork, where he died. The following sketch is from the pen of William Howitt, well known as a poet and an author.

"He was a member of an ancient Welsh family, said to be descended from the Kings of Cardigan in the fabulous days of early Cambrian genealogy. His ancestors had settled in Ireland some 250 years ago, and by marriage, or by some other means, had acquired a large portion of the property and estates belonging to the Duke of Ormonde. Father Theobald Matthew was born at Thomastown, county Tipperary, Oct. 10. 1800, and being left an orphan while still a child, was brought up by a distant relative, the late Lady Elizabeth Matthew, only surviving sister of the last Earl of Llandaff, which title became extinct about twenty years ago. By her he was sent to a provincial school in the south of Ireland, and afterwards to St Patrick's College, Maynooth. Having been ordained to the Roman Catholic priesthood, he spent a year or two at Kilkenny, and afterwards settled at Cork, where he carried on the work of a priest with great labour and zeal, and gained popularity far and wide by his indefatigable exertions in the cause of the poor and the fatherless, to whose temporal and spiritual wants he ministered alike. He also built a magnificent church at Cork, at the cost, it is said, of £150,000, and bought the City Botanical-gardens, which he converted into a cemetery, where he buried the poor of Cork without fee or reward. The great and crying vice of the Irish at this time, was that degrading habit of drunkenness, and so far had this vice extended in the southern and western parts of the sister isle, that the Mayor of Limerick, on one occasion, declared that nearly 80 out of 150 suicides within the past year had been traceable to intoxication. Some members of the Society of Friends were the first who endeavoured to mend this state of things, so far as concerned the city of Cork. Finding, however, that they made but little or no progress in arresting the march of drunkenness, early in the year 1838 they applied to Father Matthew for his advice and assistance. Setting aside his own peculiar views and opinions as a Roman Catholic priest, he readily joined his Protestant friends, and threw himself heart and soul into the work of forming a Temperance or Total Abstinence Association. For a year and a-half he found that his efforts made but little way; when suddenly the conversion of some notorious drunkards in Cork spread far and wide his fame among the excitable and enthusiastic people of Cork, Kerry, and Limerick. By the close of the summer, 1839, the

agitation began to spread, and during that autumn, in his progress through Ireland, Father Matthew had the happiness of witnessing the success of his efforts, several hundred thousand of his countrymen having taken the pledge at his hands. In 1844 he visited England, and was received with proportionate enthusiasm in London and several of the manufacturing towns, more especially in Liverpool, where he counted his converts by thousands. The death of his early friend and patroness, Lady Elizabeth Matthew, which happened in 1842, deprived him of a great portion of his resources, inasmuch as she bequeathed her property, a considerable portion of which had been, up to that time, at his disposal, to a foreigner and an utter stranger. It is but fair to add, that by his advocacy of the total abstinence cause, Father Mathew not only brought to ruin his brother, who owned a large distillery in the south of Ireland, but also what remained of his own patrimony, thus showing the disinterested character of his crusade against intoxicating drinks. A pension of two or three hundred a-year, settled on him a few years since by her Majesty, shows how deeply the good that Father Mathew wrought among the lower classes of the Irish poor was felt and appreciated by her Majesty and the members of her Government."

In an account of the funeral, the *Cork Examiner* says:—

"The streets of the city and the roads leading to the cemetery were lined by thousands of anxious spectators, and as the head of the procession slowly appeared in sight a like anxiety and excitement were exhibited to obtain a glimpse of the coffin of one who, in town and country, had won the dearest affections of the people. For hours before the procession left the chapel the graveyard was being rapidly filled, and when the *cortege* entered the cemetery, there could not positively have been less than from 40,000 to 50,000 persons present. Every alley and avenue of this beautiful burial-ground was filled with the people, and as the coffin was borne into the yard every head was uncovered, and many a face was suffused with tears."

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE. PRESENTATION OF PLATE TO THE HON. M. CAMERON 9TH OCTOBER, 1856.

The Committee upon whom had devolved the task of providing a Testimonial to the Honorable Malcolm Cameron, availed themselves of his presence in Quebec on the evening of the above day, to carry out the intentions of the subscribers to the fund raised.—The articles presented are, a beautiful table-plated Coffee Urn, manufactured purposely in England, bearing the following inscription;

PRESENTED
to the

HONORABLE MALCOLM CAMERON,
by the Temperance Societies of Canada,
as a small token of their appreciation
of his services in the cause of Total
Abstinence from all Intoxicating Drinks,
for upwards of 20 years.
Quebec, 1856.

And a very handsome Water Kettle and Stand, more directly the Quebec share of the testimonial. The two articles are valued at \$250.

The Temperance Lecture Hall was well filled, the audience highly respectable; un-

numerous friends of "the guest of the occasion" were present, and the Sons in regalia, with the neat decorations of the Hall, rendered the whole scene truly interesting.

The Rev W. B. Clark, of the Free Church, presided. After addresses by Dr Marsden, Mr Healy, and Rev D. Marsh, the Chairman presented the Testimonial, accompanying the presentation with some very appropriate remarks.

We give the substance of Mr Cameron's reply.

Those only who have been loaded with undeserved kindness, and have had their efforts over-rated by partial friends, can feel as I do upon this occasion. The beautiful gift just presented to me in so handsome a manner by yourself, is one of which any man might well be proud, no matter what services he might have rendered to his country or society. How, then, must I feel in receiving it for having done but a common duty in a very common way, and by the performance of which I have always received very uncommon advantages. This I am not ashamed to say, that I have been an unflinching advocate of Temperance for twenty-three years. I have never failed, I never doubted the propriety, nay, the duty of my course; and I have, as you all know, been placed in many circumstances of what is thought trial and temptation. The Cholera season—visiting and administering to the sick—the Cholera itself, attended by Dr Stewart, of Kingston, who desired me to take brandy, when in most excruciating cramps, and I refused, well satisfied the remedy was a fallacy! In fatigue and hardships on rafts in rapids and ice—in which circumstances I have ever had the best evidences that the idea, that intoxicating drinks will enable men to endure fatigue, is a mistake—let any man testify who has seen a body of men work in cold water and ice, if it was not a kind of barometer,—an exact test of how much men drank. The cold water man standing it without injury, the moderate drinker feeling cold, and requiring renewed drafts, the hard case or drunkard shivering like a dog. I have travelled in the coldest weather in all parts of Canada, and in the wettest in Scotland and England, never have resorted to either beer, cider or wine, or so much as thought of spirits, well aware that by taking them I would reduce the internal heat, and suffer if I did. Try an experiment with a thermometer, put the ball in your mouth on a cold day; then take a glass of brandy, and apply the thermometer again, and you will find the silver go down 8 or 10 degrees; renew the experiment in the dog days, and it will rise. But, my friends, physical trials are but trifles compared to the mental. A man may brave the snows of Russia, may ascend Mount Blanc, or cross the Continent on snow shoes to the Hudson Bay, kill his grizzly bear, the Bengal tiger, or even an African lion, who nevertheless becomes an arrant coward before the frown of a flirt or the leader of fashion. A man may feel his duty to his fellow-man, his interest for himself and family, his obligations to his God; induce him, yea and compel him to join our ranks, and while he is in a certain position maintains its requirements with dignity and consistency; but advance him in society, take him from where he leads or rules a little circle, and place him in a position of honor in church or state, and his weak little fluttering soul feels at once its imbecility; it must succumb to