

## J. B. GOUGH AT ST. CATHARINES.

The darkest night will sometimes usher in and precede the brightest and warmest day. So it is in the moral world also. So it has been with us in St. Catharines. For some time past we deplored, and kept before community, in our columns, what we feared was going to ruin us—namely, drinking usages. It is now our pleasing duty to say, that a change has come “o’er the spirit of our dream,” and instead of the “ruin and decay” that we saw approaching, we now announce the pleasing fact, that the people of St. Catharines have come to “right about face,” and are prepared to make an onslaught on drunkenness, positive and incipient. The visit of J. B. Gough, to St. Catharines has had the happiest effect on our community. Some six or seven hundred signatures have been obtained to the Total Abstinence Pledge. Among those are to be found some of our most respectable and influential citizens; also, many of our young men—the latter of whom met on Saturday evening to form themselves into a Young Man’s Total Abstinence Society. God speed the Society, is our ardent prayer. A division of the *Sons of Temperance* will be formed in a few days; and we are in hopes that in addition to these movements, a cold-water army will be formed by the children. Hurrah for Temperance! Our town may yet be saved from the curse and degradation of drunkenness. As we never concealed our progress to the consummation that seemed to await us, but held up the warning voice without fear or favor, so now will we be found far more willing to announce our recovery and fair prospects.

Wednesday night was Mr. Gough’s last night with us, and it will be long remembered by us. Oh! it was a sight to see the audience crowded into the Methodist Church, but painful to see the crowds obliged to go away for want of room.—There were no tickets issued but for what the house would contain, nor so many; yet we have reason to believe, that many persons holding tickets did not get in. This, however, was not the fault of the Committee. The approach to the doors was blocked up at an early period of the evening, by persons not having tickets, which induced many holding tickets to go away in despair. The committee could have sold any amount of tickets, but they scrupulously confined the sale within at least one hundred of what the house held, which additional number was not admitted while a ticket was to be found. It is to be regretted that the constables were not at the doors at an earlier hour, to keep back those not holding tickets, and to facilitate the approach of those who did. None can regret any personal disappointment more than do the Committee. Sanguine as we were, we did not calculate on such a rush, especially as notice had been duly given, that no money would be taken at the door.

Well, the comet has passed over us, but not without leaving traces of its path. Well has J. B. Gough maintained his popularity, by his visit to Canada. This inimitable and zealous advocate of Temperance, we hope to see among us once more. But when? He is engaged up to next fall, and all through next winter he is engaged for Virginia. His engagements are all in advance, and the demands for his services are more in one year than he can fill in two. He came among us a stranger, unattended: he left us with a *cortege* of new friends. We can assure Mr. G. that he has seldom visited any place where his labors have been more appreciated than in St. Catharines. On the morning of his departure, the Committee of the Temperance Society—the Mayor of the town, and several other gentlemen, waited on Mr. G. An oral address was delivered to him by the Editor of this paper, and a handsome present by the Committee. He was then accompanied some distance from town by most of those present, and to Manchester by two gentlemen of the Committee. We have delivered back again to the Committee, on the American side, the treasure loaned to us, and they bare our best thanks for the reciprocity practised in this in-

stance. J. B. Gough don’t forget his English origin, and we are of opinion, that highly as his services are appreciated in the States, and deserving as they are of those services, Mr. G. will have no personal objection to come among us, when time and opportunity will admit.—*St. Catharines Journal*.

## PORTRAIT OF FATHER MATHEW.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

*(From the Cataract, Standard, and Dew Drop.)*

Father Mathew is nearly sixty years of age, but owing to his austemious habits, he appears younger than many persons who have not passed the meridian of life. He has a well balanced temperament. Perhaps phrenologists would say he is constitutionally more sanguine than nervous,—more nervous than bilious. His head is large and indicates more than mediocrity of common sense. The animal organization, (which is to the mind what steam is to the engine) is sufficient to propel him onward in the performance of his duties.

The moral and reflective faculties doubtless predominate over the selfish propensities. His strong desire to please all with whom he associates, might be mistaken by some persons, unfamiliar with the history of human nature, for a lack of dignified independence. The unparalleled success which crowns his mission of mercy, is owing to his influence as a Catholic clergyman,—his undeviating perseverance,—his integrity of purpose,—his republican simplicity,—his polite and pleasant address, and the sincere smile which lights up his benignant countenance.

He is not eloquent, though his language is chaste, classical and full of sentiment.—Owing to a paralytic shock, which threatened his life sometime ago, he is occasionally troubled with a spasmodic motion of the muscles of his face, which renders it exceedingly difficult for him to speak. One of his secretaries informed me, that when he first commenced agitating the subject of total abstinence he was an able and eloquent speaker. His home in Ireland is in an obscure street, in a small house, where he occupies two or three plainly furnished, uncarpeted rooms. His labors are most successful amongst the Catholic classes of his own countrymen,—these men who dig our canals—make our railroads—hew down our forests—build our cities, and fight our battles.

Although he is a welcome guest at the tables of presidents and princes, and both hemispheres delight to do him honor,—and his tour is a march of triumph that might excite the envy of kings and queens,—he is as modest and bashful as a country boy unaccustomed to the gaze of the elite and literati of society. He is mighty in the use of moral suasion to promote the advancement of our common cause. He will administer the pledge to the sot, stepped in liquor as readily and as cheerfully as though he, (the sot,) were a sober man without a vitiated appetite to contend with.

Father Mathew, when young, must have been remarkably handsome. In fact his rosy face, fair complexion, large bright eyes and harvest of brown hair (now tinged with the frost of age) render him good looking even now for a man of his years. He has an ample chest, a stout, straight built frame, square shoulders and strong limbs. He is fond of children and frequently stoops down to kiss those who wear clean and pretty faces. If this hasty and imperfect sketch of the great apostle of temperance is of sufficient importance to warrant its publication, you may give it to your readers.

G. W. B.

Boston, Oct. 1849.

## A THRILLING SCENE.

One of the most frightful scenes that the wildest imagination can picture is that related of a cavern in Dauphiny, in France, a sort of subterranean Niagara: