

requisition numerously signed, to elicit the feeling of a Catholic body on the subject of the Catholic schoolmistress and her expulsion. He felt bound, he said, to attend the meeting as a Catholic Lord Mayor, but he would have come forward with equal alacrity to a meeting of the Protestants of Dublin if any inroad were attempted upon their religious liberty. He would, he said never be a party to any effort at ascendancy over his fellow-countrymen of any creed, but at the same time he would rather forfeit his life than suffer any inroad on the rights and liberties of his religion. (Cheers.)

Mr. STEELE stood forward to move the first resolution. He read it as follows:—"Resolved—That religious persecution, under whatever pretext, and whether direct or indirect, open or covert, is alike disgraceful, execrable and unchristian." (A burst of acclamation.) Why (said Mr. Steele) should not the wretched garbage of Orangeism feel themselves privileged to flout, insult and annoy you Catholics so long as the Catholic subjects of the Sovereigns of England are denounced by those very Sovereigns in the House of Lords as an accursed race, their religion is denounced from the throne as superstitious and idolatrous, and leading to the eternal damnation of their souls in hell fire. Twenty years ago, I, as a Protestant denounced this lie; this transcendent absurdity. The Queen, the Pontiff of the Church of Englandism, the Archbishop of Canterbury as little understand the mystery of the Trinity or of the Incarnation as Tom Steele does; and why should the Catholic Lord Mayor of Dublin be forbidden to believe in the Real Presence, or in any other mystery of his faith which he does not pretend to understand? He was in Belgium at the Queen's succession, and he had read an article in a French paper there which commented on the outrage the gracious Queen of England had been compelled by the "glorious Constitution" to commit upon her Catholic kissmen and allies; her subjects of the Catholic Faith, and to four-fifths of the Christian world who are Catholics. Yet this awful declaration of the damnation of believers was made by that gentle girl in the presence of the Earl Marshall of England, the Duke of Norfolk, of Daniel O'Connell and other Catholics. (Hear.) My Lord Mayor (said Mr. Steele), the present meeting resembles those of the Catholic Association, and I, as a Protestant whose first public act, while yet a scholar at the University, was signing a petition for Catholic Emancipation, will have great pleasure in moving that a committee be formed under your Lordship's presidency to prepare a petition to the Imperial Legislature for the eternal abolition of those diabolical oaths and declarations.— (cheers.) Until these declarations are abolished

and tithes for Protestant purposes, or the rent charge in lieu of tithes, levied upon you, let me tell you, Catholics of Ireland are unmanumitted slaves. But allow august O'Connell still to wield your powers, and you will yet be freemen, not of a Province of England, but of a nation, equal with her, and over both reign the Imperial diadem of our benign Queen.

Mr. J. REILLY, T.C., seconded the motion.— He would not have believed six months ago that a public meeting of Catholics exclusively, could have been again required to assemble. He was not there to interfere with his Protestant fellow-countrymen, nor find fault with any religion. He was merely there to protect his fellow countrymen who professed the same religion as himself—he was there to protect the poor from being proselytised, from having to sell their souls for paltry food—and he was there to prevent men who had shown the cloven foot of bigotry from persecuting those who were disarmed by their poverty. (Loud cheers.) He was there on the bright and blessed path of duty, of peace, of concord, and of pure religion. He was there to uphold perfect liberty of conscience, and freedom of action, and to destroy nothing but bigotry and intolerance— (cheers)—and all good men—Catholic, Protestant, and Presbyterian—should unite in crushing the curse of Ireland—religious bigotry. (Loud cheers.) There was no man present, however high his position in society, that might not be reduced to the wretched condition of taking shelter yet in a poor-house. Richer men than any on that platform had been so reduced, and therefore they should look at this question as it might come home to themselves. It was a terrible thing that those unfortunate beings who were obliged to go into that Bastile, the poor-house—bereaved of all earthly joys—separated from their families, and who had nothing to sustain them but the hope of a bright hereafter—it was a terrible thing to think that the demon of bigotry should be permitted to cloud their bed of death; and that the repentant sinner would not be allowed to make his peace with God, undisturbed by the unseemly intolerance of men who called themselves Christians. (Oh, oh.) The demon of discord had been again at work, and he could only repeat in the words of Moore, when he described the Spirit of Erin weeping by the Boyne Water, and apostrophising the demon—

"When shall this end, ye powers of good
She weeping asks—forever?
But only hears, from out the flood,
The Demon answer, 'Never!'"

(cheers.)

Mr. M'LOUGHLIN, whom the chairman introduced as one of the oldest and truest friends of