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## SPEECH OF THE REV. DR. CAHILL AT LIVERPOOL.

At a meeting of the Catholics of Liverpool held on the 26th of July, to take steps for securing a local journal to advocate the rights and interests of Catholics, the Rev. Dr. Cahill delivered the following powerful and eloquent speech:—

The Rev. Dr. Cahill, on making his appearance at the front of the platform, was received by a burst of Irish feeling, which it would be impossible to describe. The Rev. gentleman, after some preliminary observations, proceeded as follows: There never was a time in Irish and British history when it was more necessary to collect all our scattered forces, and combine in one glorious invincible expression the burning indignation of the Catholic population of our country. Our liberties are threatened, our Faith is proscribed, and our race marked out for political and social annihilation; by union alone we can defeat the blow aimed at our ancient national records, and by union, depend upon it, we will succeed. The swollen ocean is not more resistless in its imperial sway than the deep anger of the nation, when lashed into fury by the rage of public opinion; and your children's children will yet wear the fetters of oppression, and curse your name and memory, if you do not, one and all, raise your loud voices, and pronounce your omnipotent will against the oppressor's chain. For the first time in my life, therefore, I stand up to advocate a union between England and Ireland—not the parchment union, which is stained with perjury and fraud—but the union between Englishmen and Irishmen in a strictly constitutional and legal brotherhood (loud cheers.) Many of the misfortunes of Ireland may be traced to our national disunion. We have exhausted our strength during the last seven hundred years in unnatural contention with each other; and the ever-watchful enemy seizing each moment of our weakness, has successively robbed us of our senate, our protecting laws, our commerce, and our national prosperity. They have sunk a shaft in Downing-street, and by political tunnelling they have sapped the foundation of my country and left it a tottering ruin. The London palaces present their gorgeous architecture and gilded ceilings to the proud Englishman; the swelling canvass of England's commercial fleet, flies before the gladdened breeze through all the seas; the meteor flag of her unconquered navy floats in triumph in every clime; the busy hum of her happy population in universal employment, is heard in all her cities, and towns, and hamlets; the face of the entire country bears the stamp of prosperity; and equal laws, and the impartial administration of justice, give permanence and security to the national peace. I don't wonder at an Englishman to be proud of his country; it is a country which protects and supports him. But surely he cannot be angry with me, if I complain that England has made my country the political, and commercial, and social antipodes of Great Britain. Our factories are fallen—our trade is gone—our commerce ruined, and our artisans starving—our rivers are silent—our harbors deserted—the foreign sail has forgotten to anchor in our unrivalled roads, and the swelling tide foams in and out all round our island in useless and idle power; our fields lie waste—our villages are demolished—our peasantry in exile or in the poorhouse—the whole country is a desert—the living poor are naked, and tens of thousands of the persecuted and the abandoned children of Ireland lie in a shirtless and coffinless grave (sensation.) The aristocracy have disappeared—the petty landlords are beggars—the country shops are bankrupt, and Dublin is a mere Assizes town—all, all is gone save the rich Irish soil, and England's cruel, unceasing persecution; and Ireland to this moment, though reduced to a skeleton, and a helpless captive, not only fails to move the heart of her relentless keeper by her national sufferings, but, on the contrary, it is intended to bind her down with a more galling and a heavier chain (enthusiastic cheering.) I don't complain of the English people—I complain of the English cabinets—I complain of the partial administration of the laws—and I arraign the systematic stratagem which, in the name of justice and union, robs and murders the living, and dishonors the dead. I complain of the deceit which pretends to remedy our national injuries while inflicting additional wrongs; which pretends to feel sympathy in our misfortunes while increasing our afflictions; and I complain of the withering insult, the galling hypocrisy of the fiends who pretend interest in our lives while converting the island into an appalling pit for the dead; who profess an anxiety for our agriculture while exterminating the peasantry; and who feign a desire for our education, and, forsooth, for our religion, while they brand Catholic charity as robbery, make holy orders a misdemeanor, spit on the cross, proscribe the chalice, and make the Bishopric a felony. Englishmen who hear me, surely you cannot be angry with me for resisting the policy which has blotted out the ancient people of

Ireland; and brother Irishmen, I return to the point with which I commenced—namely, to preserve union among yourselves, and to stretch your Irish hands across the Irish sea, and join your poor Irish countrymen in a peaceful, legal, constitutional brotherhood, for the maintenance of our just political rights (loud cheers.) I want you to give me a pledge here on this evening; hear me—will you promise me to be united amongst each other in Liverpool?—(loud cries of "We will, we will.") Will you promise me that you will rival each other in continuing to violate no law?—(loud cries of "We will, we will.") And now hear me again, will you promise me to join your poor persecuted countrymen in sending a loyal, constitutional petition to our beloved Queen, against the threatened insult and injustice of the infamous bill before parliament? (loud cheers.) I know my countrymen at home very well, and before I leave England I hope to become acquainted with the Israelites in this country, and I feel quite convinced that our united petition, worded in loyalty, signed by one million of men (between the ages of twenty and forty-five,) and presented to the Queen, in imploring humbleness and national confidence, there can be no doubt at all of our success at the foot of the throne (cheers.) Cork, Waterford, Kilkenny, Clonmel, Galway, and Meath, have already sent in assurances of their readiness at any necessary moment. We shall have about seven hundred thousand men from Ireland; and from what I already know of this country, I hope to have three hundred thousand men from England. The Catholic Clergy have assured me of their willingness to appeal to the Queen; and they promise me a decided expression of Catholic loyalty and determination from almost every town in England (loud cheers.) In getting up this petition, I am actuated by the love of national peace, and by the desire of checking the universal ill-feeling which must be necessarily produced by making Catholicity illegal, and ignoring in Ireland the Pastoral staff of St. Patrick (loud cheers.) I am influenced in the part I am taking by the most decided feeling of wishing to preserve the Irish allegiance to the throne, and of stifling, in its birth, the furious, unmitigated national revenge, which would necessarily burn in the Irish heart, through all the coming generations, if the Whig Premier was applauded for burning the Virgin and breaking the crossier. There can be no doubt of the eternal indignation of Ireland, if the English parliament successfully jeered, and sneered, and jibed our Faith, during five months of foaming, and slandering, and obscene bigotry; and Ireland will present increased difficulty to England if they ultimately pass a law (against the dutiful prayer of one million of men) to drive fresh nails into the cross of Christ—to fetter His sacred limbs with new ropes, and to put over His head a new galling inscription—namely, the sacrifice on this Cross is illegal by the third clause of the Russell bill (great sensation.) Oh! what a resemblance exists between the present Premier, with his parliamentary majorities, and Pilate with the Jewish rabble. "The Jews cried out, 'Away with him, away with him, we have no king but Caesar.'" while the lordly and belted Christians in the British Sanhedrim exclaim, in the third clause of the Christian bill, in order to please the Whig successor of Pilate, "Away with him, away with him, the Whigs worship no God in England" (great cheering.) I tell the Whigs, humble as I am, that their bill is not passed yet, and will never receive the royal assent. We have statesmen in the House of Lords who will not bring back the reign of Elizabeth, re-erect the gibbet, and whet the rusty edge of "the reformed" Whitworth's axe. We have men of honor there, and who will not give themselves the lie, by reversing their own pledged word in 1829. We have men of liberal notions there who will not stain the history of England by making the building of the Crystal Palace, and the hospitable reception of all nations in London, the co-existing and accompanying event with the crucifixion of Ireland, and the martyrdom of the unoffending Irish Hierarchy (cheers.) There are men of spirit enough in the Lords who will not permit their votes to be inoculated with the virus of a peevish bigot, and who will not refuse to the last moments of an expiring people the ancient rights of their Church; but, above all, there is one name amongst the Lords, which is dear to British fame—there is one brow in that house which is encircled with a wreath of laurels, plucked from the Indus to the Ganges, from the Douro to the Rhine—there is one signature in the contract made between the throne and Ireland in 1829; and Ireland will never believe that the honor of the soldier and the conqueror of 1829, will become the voice of the traitor and the perjurer of 1851; and I speak within the limits of public opinion when I proclaim aloud that bleeding Ireland does hope that she will not receive an additional wound from the child to whom she gave birth; and from Cape Clear to the Giant's Causeway, from Galway to the Hill of Howth, we will raise a shout of joy, if the Duke of Wellington, with the

same lip which at Waterloo gave the electric command, "At them, guards," and won undying victory, will utter to the Peers a more thrilling command in the words, "Protection for Ireland." And he will gain on that spot a victory over an enemy far more invincible than the French battalions—namely, the gigantic bigotry of England. And, if he will render this last service to his bleeding country, when his brilliant star, traced all along through the broad arch of his dazzling career, shall descend to the west, and calmly sink behind the crimson clouds that will solemnly float above that setting luminary in gilded majesty, the Irish heart shall follow him to the very verge of their own western ocean, and in sorrow offer one parting prayer for the foremost hero of Britain, and a friend of unfortunate and faithful Ireland (loud cheers.) As I have you in such good humor, I must tell you an anecdote, and through you I wish to tell it to the Irish people. It is this:—During the late insane infidel meetings, encouraged by Lord J. Russell, it was arranged that the Blessed Virgin should be burned in effigy, in a certain public square which you know. The Irish having heard of the scene to be enacted, assembled in great force near the appointed spot, bringing short thick sticks, thrust up the sleeves of their jackets; and when asked for what purpose they carried those sticks, one of them replied, "Why, then, to tell you the truth, avourneen, we were afraid they might not have wood enough to burn the Virgin out and out, and we brought these little kippens, asthove, to keep up the blaze." (roars of laughter.) I need scarcely say that the confagrators suddenly changed their mind, and the Irish had to carry the kippens home without making any additional blaze on the square, saying to each other as they returned, "Nabocklish, avic." (continued laughter.) My case, in the petition which we shall have presented, is this:—The Pope has committed no offence against the legal rights of the English nation, or against the allegiance due to the English throne; the Catholic Bishops have committed no offence by yielding spiritual obedience to the spiritual commands of their chief spiritual leader; the people have committed no offence by following the spiritual advice of their legitimate Prelates; and when charged by the present Whig cabinet with violating the rights of the crown, we all raised our voices, and on our oaths before God we have disclaimed the infamous anti-Catholic calumny. We have assembled in parochial meetings—we have met in provincial gatherings—we congregated in an aggregate demonstration, and the Priests and the Bishops have been summoned in Ecclesiastical convocation, and we have put forth one united, solemn sworn protestation from all classes and all orders that we have been calumniated and grossly misrepresented. Our members of parliament have, during four months of unexampled courage and fidelity, stood before a hurricane of bigotry and slander, and with rare talent and untiring labor, disputed every inch of ground with an infuriated host of assailants; and we have demonstrated from all quarters that the English cabinet has not been able to defend the infamous bill by the principles of British justice, historical truth, or national equity (loud cheers.) We have appealed to the impartial decision of history, if Catholicity was ever guilty of the charges ascribed to us by Whig slander, and the history of all Christian time emphatically declares in our favor. I have myself convicted Lord John Russell of historical falsehood in all his leading speeches. We have appealed to Catholic loyalty in all ages and countries, and Catholic allegiance to monarchical government, and we have proved that Catholic obedience to law is a principle graven on the cross which we worship. We have appealed to living Europe, and Europe answers with one voice that our church is innocent, and that England is treating us with tyranny. We have appealed to America, and a shout comes from Bunker's Hill and New Orleans, and is wafted across the Atlantic, and bursts over the British senate in the majesty of thunder, proclaiming aloud that the day may yet arrive, when an Irish Washington will again teach proud Albion an additional lesson on the insolence of power, and the mistaken folly of tyranny (loud and long continued cheering.) We have appealed to the English people, and have asked if any act can be adduced to prove the baneful effects of the modern establishment of the British Hierarchy? In a word, Whig deceit and Whig ingratitude, and Whig bigotry, have indicted our Church, and we have defended her by the history of her life, and her public character in all ages and nations; and the whole world have pronounced judgment in our favor, and have cried shame on the Premier and the adherents of the Whig plaintiff. This is, therefore, the first part of my case; and I conclude my statement by observing that while the Whig cabinet tolerates and rewards the denial of the divinity of Christ, pays courtesy and honor to the total disbelief of Christianity, and gives hospitality and fetes, and pensions, and royal favor to the repub-

lican cut-throats, and insurrectionists, and rebels, and branded apostates of the whole world—the enemies of order, religion, and monarchy throughout Europe—that same Whig cabinet, at the same moment, and in the same place, and with the same breath, and by the same law, and in the face of God and assembled mankind, calumniates, and condemns, and proscribes the Faith which has bled at the foot of the throne in every country, insults the Catholics who, in every age, have fallen in defence of royalty, under the standard of the king of their nations, and is preparing to forge new chains for the suffering, broken-hearted, faithful, loyal Catholics of Ireland. Oculsenbein and Mazzini, the propagandists of Red Republicanism, are caressed by England, while the Catholic nobility—who would die for the honor of the British crown—are branded as conspirators. Straus and the apostles of blasphemy, public corruption, and shocking obscenity, are applauded, while the Irish defenders of religious education are gibe as medieval and Monkish blockheads; and Gavazzi, who stands forth as the consecrated advocate of rebellion, and publishes political heresy in a Roman surplice, is honored by official patronage, while the illustrious Irish Bishops, who have taken the oath of allegiance, are declared felons by law (loud and prolonged cheers.) England, therefore, has wronged and calumniated our religion, and our national character. She has not been able to establish one point of Ecclesiastical culpability against us. We have gained a verdict against her from the decision of the entire civilized world; and therefore her present position in reference to the infamous bill is marked by misstatement, calumny, despotism, bigotry, and tyranny. We have only one point untried, and that is, an appeal to the Queen; and hence we shall present a loyal petition from one million of Irishmen and Englishmen, combined in an imperial protest against the injustice of the Whigs. The petitioners will not be the aristocracy, or the Bishops, or the Priests—this point has already been tried and lost—but the petitioners will be the working men—the honest and unpurchasable working men of Ireland and England, the brothers of the army and navy, and the police—the men who live in the heart of all the English towns and cities—the whole population of Ireland—emphatically the people. We shall have at least 25,000 from Liverpool; 25,000 from Manchester; and at least 40,000 from London; and the proportionate ratio from all other points of the empire. And there can be no doubt that when royalty hears the loud cry of "injustice, injustice, injustice," raised from the swollen voice of the burning indignation of the most devoted and loyal men in the world, there can be no doubt of the success of this last resource of our persecuted race and our hated creed (cheers.) But if this resource fail, we shall struggle to the last moment of the sanction of the Queen; and if we are to be chained, we will leave an example of courage and inextinguishable freedom to the coming generations of Ireland—we will leave a burning record behind us of the cruelty and the injustice of the English laws; and sooner than surrender in cowardice the Irish bark in which our liberties are carried, we shall come upon deck, and, with hearts of oak, give three cheers for Ireland, and perish with the sinking vessel, sooner than tamely submit to be captured by the enemies of our race, our Faith, and our country. (The Rev. gentleman sat down amidst an applause and cheering which it would be impossible to describe.)

(From the Tablet.)

As Catholics, we are resolved to withstand any aggression on the perfect independence of the Church of God; but as members of a political society we are also resolved to resist to the utmost any aggression on our civil liberties, any law which inflicts on us a lower social position before our neighbors, and tends to degrade or humble us in the estimation of that society of which we are members. Even if by such acts as those we are describing the independence and the discipline of the Church were left untouched, we would not endure the insolence and the insult involved in them; we are not likely to be more docile to the hand of the oppressor because, besides an invasion of our social rights, his acts tend to cripple the Church of God, and subject it to profane control. Our reply, then, to the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill is in part to be read in the Catholic Defence Society which is now forming. But what is that Society to be? What are to be its functions? What the ends at which it is to aim? What the spirit by which it is to be animated? We ask, therefore, as laymen, what are to be the objects taken by the Defence Society? We know of and can imagine no objects but one—and that is, to remove, not only from the statute-book, but from the practice and administration of the law, everything, whether great or small, which interferes with the perfect independence of the Church and its freedom of operation on the one hand, and with the perfect