

that it will neither strengthen her Throne within nor add to her power without, to stand by and suffer Austria to absorb the states of the Pope. My hope is, that the assurances of this sort, which are registered from day to day, are well founded, and that the intervention of the great Powers will prevent Austria from overwhelming Italy in a single campaign. (Hear, hear.) But these Powers move slowly—(cheers)—and while they are thinking how little intervention will effect their own immediate purpose, and how much crime is compatible with their own interests, the Pope requires, and should receive encouragement and support from those who are not shackled by the slow progress of official arrangements. [cheers.] Meanwhile the power of Austria is at the gate; the danger is imminent; the safety of the Pope lies in delay; and he ought to be supported by every practicable means to enable him to meet Austria at the threshold; to dispute with her every inch of the territory she threatens and invades; until she herself begins to tremble at the consequences of her aggressive policy, and sees even within the circle of her empire that very spirit called forth to her own discomfiture which she now wishes to crush and to subdue. (Loud cheers.) I think there can be no doubt that if the contest be protracted even for a short time, the spirit that is now showing itself, not only in Catholic States, but in those where Catholic and Protestants are mixed together, will acquire sufficient strength to enforce good conduct on the part of the Governments, and to make even Austria recoil before the power of a just popular will. These considerations are interesting to us in common with men of whatever creed or religion who love justice and hate iniquity. (Hear, hear.) The Holy See, indeed, has peculiar claims upon our sympathy and affection, but even if this were only an ordinary case of gross and vile oppression, I am sure our hearts would burn with indignation against the wrongdoer, and with an enthusiastic desire to strike down the oppressor and the oppressor in the dust. (Cheers.) If the country in question were the most remote; if the people were wholly unconnected with us; if the cause were one about which we felt supremely indifferent; if the invaded land were the dwelling-place of our enemies and the invaders were our friends and kinsmen—to put the case as strongly as I can against us—even then we should recoil with horror from this portentous iniquity, by which Austria, without provocation, without public complaint, without declaration of war, moved only by the terrible prospect of good government and by the labours of a noble and heroic Prince to assure and perpetuate the happiness of his subjects [cheers], has basely and treacherously overstepped his frontier; with lighted matches and loaded guns—prepared as for a public butchery—has entered the gates of a peaceful city; has fired upon its unarmed citizens scattered in the full security of peace through the public streets; and has laboured with diabolical ingenuity to create disturbance in order by an after crop of blood to justify the precedent aggression. [Cheers.] But are these the only grounds of our indignation and sympathy? Most assuredly not. [Hear, hear.] The country is not so remote; the people are not wholly unconnected with us; the cause is not a matter of indifference; the invaded land is not the abode of our enemies; nor are the invaders our friends and kinsmen. [Hear, hear.] On the contrary, the land in which this foul crime has been perpetrated—or rather, in which this foul crime is being now perpetrated—is Italy—Rome—the Eternal City—the city from which seven or eight hundred years ago, at the request of a British King, the first Christian monarch recorded in history, missionaries were sent to baptize the royal convert and to receive into the Church as Christians his subjects, the inhabitants of this isle; [loud cheers] the city from which, fourteen hundred years ago, St. Patrick was

sent to convert Ireland; that city from which, more than twelve hundred years ago, St. Austen was sent to Canterbury; [cheers] that city from which these islands and our whole empire have derived whatever of Christianity they at present possess [loud cheers]; that city which, in the times of persecution, preserved for us the seeds of the true Faith and saved us from being trodden down to utter annihilation; that city which at the present moment sends through our towns and villages and fields missionaries of austere lives, of saintly hearts, of apostolic zeal, inflamed and driven forth by the charity of God, to burn up the transgressions of this people and to kindle in their hearts the flames of eternal life. [Continued cheering.] Yes the country and the people are alike dear to us, for we are bound to them by ties both new and old—venerable from their extreme antiquity and strong with the freshness of perpetual youth. [Cheers.] Nor is the present case merely that of a country to which we are bound by ties of gratitude. The land which is menaced by an Austrian invasion and is polluted by the actual presence of Austrian brigands is not, to us, a foreign land—it is our own country—our own dear land, the home of our dearest affections; the seat of the highest and noblest Government to which in this world we can be subject; the metropolis of that spiritual kingdom of which, thank God, we form a part. [Great cheering.] In every country on the face of the earth men hold in reverence their homes and altars, their hearths, their firesides, and those holy places, whether of turf, brick, or of marble, in which the bodies of their dead repose. These all are sacred to them; and for these, almost as much as for their liberties, men unsophisticated by the cold, the false, the barren, the sceptical philosophy of the present day are willing cheerfully to lay down their lives. [Hear, hear.] If this be so, and if it be so worthily, I would ask what tombs, what burial-places, what altars, in these our native islands, are dearer than the tombs, the burial-places and the altars of Rome [cheers]; the tombs of the Apostles; the pavement of St. Peter's crypt, so often bedewed with the tears of the first martyrs; the catacombs in which these were buried; the bones and relics they have left behind them; the table on which St. Peter offered up his first mass in the Eternal city; the altars of that ancient temple of God, the Church of St. John Lateran, which is our parish church and the parish church of the whole world, the mother and head of all the other churches! [Loud cheers.] England, Scotland and Ireland have no memorials either of the past or of the present which we regard with more awful veneration or more affectionate attachment than these. [Cheers.] And yet these, even these, are by no means the holiest or the dearest memorials of Rome; for she contains not merely the relics of men, however saintly, but the relics of God himself;—the crib of Bethlehem, in which our infant Saviour found his first earthly resting place; the remains of the cross on which he died for our sins; the lance which pierced his side; the steps of Pilate's palace, which he twice ascended and descended twice, wetting the marble with his sacred blood and tears;—These all are at Rome—Rome, our Teacher, our Guide, our spiritual Ruler—Rome, the burial-place of our Fathers in the Faith—Rome, filled almost to overflowing with the holiest memorials of all the nations and of ours among the rest—Rome, the treasure-house of whatever men esteem most sacred upon earth—Rome, which by all the ties of spiritual birth, of gratitude, of reverence, is our—our home, our birth-place, our sacred city, the object of our loves, our hopes, our prayers, our sorowfuls, our daily benedictions;—this, our home it is which Austria invades, which she threatens with the barbarian vengeance, which it designs to pluck and to wrest from us and to degrade into a German town. [Loud and continued cheers.] Against us, against us therefore, her proclamations of war are made; against us her threats are vomited forth; against us her insults are directed; and if our bodies are safe from her brutal invasion, not the less does she strive to plant the dagger in our souls. [Great cheering.] If then we be men, if we be Christians, if we have within us one spark of generous and manly feeling, let us not tamely endure this foul wrong, nor allow the Pope to struggle alone and unaided against his enemies who are ours. The help which we can give him may be small, but the example may be mighty and may spread itself over the uttermost corners of the earth.—