



# CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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## SPEECH OF DR. CAHILL AT LIVERPOOL.

At a meeting for the purpose of raising a fund for Mr. John O'Connell, M.P., the Rev. Dr. Cahill was called upon to address the assembly—

Dr. Cahill, on coming forward to speak, was received by the entire assembly amidst cheering, waving of hats and handkerchiefs, which lasted for several minutes. When silence was restored he said—  
Mr. Chairman, ladies, and gentlemen, there is not a nation under the sun able to shout with the Irish Catholics. (Laughter.) Being bound so long hand and foot, so long in national chains and penal servitude, and being prevented from speaking by the Attorney-General, the eternal, undying Attorney-General of Ireland, there was no way left to express our feelings except by national shouting, and hence there is an eloquence, a poetry, a patriotism in the Irish cheer which is more tragic than Shakspeare, more burning than Demosthenes, more inspiring than Milton. (Loud and continued cheering.) And if ever that cheer rose up into the regions of divine fancy itself, it is when the Irish soul is stirred up from its feelings by the magic sound of the immortal name of O'Connell. (Here the entire assembly rose and cheered again and again.) When, in the beginning of the present century, he commenced his political career, he could procure only thirteen persons to attend a meeting in Dublin to petition for Catholic Emancipation. He was then, if I may so speak, a mere ensign in politics, but he rose from rank to rank with a brilliant name and with unexampled success, till he took, by universal consent, the supreme command of the national force; and in numberless skirmishes and one hundred battles he met the foes of Ireland foot to foot, and shoulder to shoulder, and by courage that never quailed, a perseverance unsubdued, and a genius without a comparison, he struck off our national chains, conquered ancient oppression, and won the emancipation of Ireland—(cheering)—and when we w ourselves into his mind and examine his heart, we learn that the injustice inflicted on his country did not rouse the great energies of his being in half the mightiness as when he concentrated his power against the wrongs perpetrated on his creed. No one ever heard him address a jury who did not find his feelings enlisted for his client; it was impossible to listen to him for five minutes in an assembly of his countrymen, as he poured forth from his burning bosom his own flood of melting eloquence over the woes of Ireland, without resentment for our rational degradation; but when the insults to his religion awoke his passion with legitimate anger, his whole soul glowed with brilliant fire, and as he directed the flashing torrent against the opponents of his Church, his consuming words resembled the rapidity and terrors of the lightning. (Tremendous cheering.) He was the impersonation of Ireland's own child; he was the son of Ireland's own heart; he possessed the tongue of the true genius of his country; other men have had an evening of life, he had none; other great characters were seen to descend to the horizon of their career and gradually set; his sun stood fixed in the meridian in full dazzling splendor, without a motion to the west, and when he departed from amongst us, it was the whole span from midday to night, leaving his country covered with a sudden darkness and mourning, after burning skies during half a century of patriotism that never has been surpassed, and national fame that perhaps never can be equalled. (Vehement and enthusiastic cheering.) But if ever a memory could be said to be palpable it was his; and if ever the instructions of a master could assume a living form, his lessons are still breathing and calm all over the world. He was not merely the teacher of Ireland and his own age, he is the master of all ages, the patriot of every distinguished nation.—(Cheers.) When the present representatives of Ireland defend our country and our creed in the British senate, I think I hear his words in their mouths; they are children, to be sure, compared with the aged father of Ireland; but when they speak with energy, and honor, and patriotism, I think I recognise the accent, hear the voice, and feel the enthusiasm of the ancient orator of my country. (Loud cheers.) I fancy he is still alive in Ireland when I read in the newspapers the success of the poor Irish tenantry to return to parliament a friend to the poor, and when I dwell on the speeches at elections, the orations at public dinners given to the tried advocates of our national rights, I recollect well that they are only repeating the language they once heard from him, retailing the arguments which he once flung from his great mind, and rekindling the fire which once blazed on his electric lips. (Enthusiastic cheering.) And that fire burns in America at this moment with a brilliancy that will yet send its glorious illuminative beams back again across the Atlantic to the old poor mother land. Many a fervid heart along the rapid St. Lawrence and the swollen Mississippi, who has learn-

ed his patriotism at the feet of Ireland's orator—many a patriot there who has been trained in the lessons of national independence in our populous assemblies in Ireland, and many a thousand hearts in time to come will be ready, when necessary, to lend a suitable aid (when Ireland shall most need their succors) to the cradle of their faith, the scene of their patriotism, and the theatre of their national struggles. (Rapturous cheering and waving of handkerchiefs.) Wherever an Irishman is placed all the world over he boasts of the name of O'Connell; that name is raised higher in our national history than the eternal mountains of our country, and it will last as long in imperishable existence; and when the Romans talk of their Cicero, and the Greeks of their Demosthenes, we point to the Irish forum and to the British senate, to a name that has recalled the one in classic eloquence, that has equalled the other in patriot fire, and that has surpassed both in national virtues. (Renewed and vehement applause.) And not alone has Ireland learned from him the science of freedom and the art of national independence; he has taught all the nations of the earth, the science of reform—by a moral and peaceful combination. He placed himself at the head of ideas—not soldiers; he took the command of intellect—not cannon; and by the triumph of reason he gained victories such as no conqueror ever achieved by the flashing sword or the thunders of the artillery. (Loud cheers.) Twenty-three French peers, with Count Montalembert at their head, presented to him an humble address, in which, after offering to him their homage, they acknowledged that he had invented a new political strategy; that he was the author of a new principle of national reform; that he had discovered a mighty plan by which the greatest advantages to man could eventually be acquired by the steady application of the primary laws of God; and that by carrying out his ideas the combination of men's hearts would be in the end more successful than the united terrors of the sanguinary steel. (Loud cheers for several minutes.) From Ireland, as from a professor's chair, he delivered his lessons to universal mankind. All the nations of the earth were his people. His voice was heard from east to west, from north to south, and, for half a century, along the boundless horizon. No man can ever again take his place. He filled the whole world with his fame. He was the light of our skies; the undying creation of our age; the ornament of our race; and the imperishable monument to the name and character of Ireland. (Loud cheers, waving of hats, kerchiefs, &c., &c.) There can be no doubt that he has placed all mankind under an obligation to him which they never can repay, and his name will go down through each successive generation of his countrymen, gathering accumulated honor as it is heard through coming time. The poor Irish did endeavor to prove their devotion to him while living. The poor man contributed his mite, in his yearly duty to the national gratitude. But whatever the nation gave, the nation received back again; donation was annually repaid; what they bestowed on the patriot, the generous patriot refunded the same year; and thus our nation stands at this moment charged with the whole debt due to the imperishable success of O'Connell. (Loud cheers, and cries of "It's true.") If Ireland purchased an estate in fee for O'Connell, and that his children's children inherited it and lived on it, I could place a graven plate on the gate of the family mansion to commemorate the success of the departed orator, and the honor of my grateful country. But I protest, when I consider the disinterestedness which returned the gift each year to the poor who bestowed it, I place the nobility, the honor, the pride of this act above the highest point of the patriot's fame, and his memory stands before me unsullied in its purity by one stain of selfishness, and unclogged in its elevated flight by retaining for himself one penny of the money of the nation. (Loud applause.) Yes, O'Connell died without being indebted one shilling to our nation; and consequently we still owe to him the full amount of his services. He lived in comparative poverty on his own account, and we, therefore, stand indebted to him for his sacrifices. Not one of his sons or his family wear a single glove or ribbon purchased with the donation from Ireland; and never, while I value his success, while I am grateful for his sacrifices, while I venerate his patriotism, while I admire his genius and worship his eloquence, there is one point higher than all, and that is, the lofty pride of his heart, by which he descended to his honorable tomb without one nail in his illustrious coffin purchased with the money of Ireland. (Loud and rapturous cheering.) The only act in his glorious life with which the future historian will find fault is, that he deprived his own family of the large resources of his profession, and, in fact, that he robbed his sons of their just hopes, their expected fortune and merited position, in order to devote his whole life and re-

sources to the succor of Ireland. (Loud cheers.) But, when Ireland has followed his example for fifty years, there is one part of his character in which our nation will not take a part in his career, and that is, Ireland will not rob John O'Connell of the just debt which Ireland owes him. ("Hear, hear," and cheers.) No; I thank you for this rapturous cheering. No, no, no; Ireland is too honest, too grateful, to rob John O'Connell on his own account; and on this evening and in this place we shall begin one instalment of the debt which Ireland will certainly discharge. (Here three loud cheers were given for John O'Connell.) John O'Connell need not point to the statues of his ancestors to prove his claims on his country; he can show his own achievements in the field, already the tried champion of nineteen years; and in every battle on Ireland during this eventful period he stood by his father's side, and wherever the heat of the fight raged most violently, there might be seen the unflinching, fearless son, with his sword drawn, standing in front of the lofty plume and glittering armor of the giant father as he repulsed the advance of the enemy. (Loud and rapturous cheering.) I am delighted to find that you are in such good humor. (Laughter.) They tell a tale of an Irishman once in France; on being asked by a Frenchman what kind of looking man was the great O'Connell, the Irishman paused for a moment, and then said, "Why, then, I'll tell you that; he is for all the world like the Lakes of Killarney." (Roars of laughter.) Now, if any one here has not seen my friend Mr. John O'Connell, I must tell them he is descended of the Lakes of Killarney, and that if you remove his father out of view while you are looking at him, his political honesty and national probity will not suffer by a close comparison with any one of his age or standing. (Cheers.) Since he commenced his political career many a recusant betrayed our cause. John O'Connell never. (Cries of "Never, never.") Many a man left our ranks, and sold Ireland for gold, but John O'Connell never. (Renewed cries of "Never.") And if the creed of St. Patrick and the religion of Ireland be maligned, listen to the raising voice, observe the boiling anger, and look in his face, and see his father's passion, as it mantles his indignant brow, while with all his mind, and with the whole of his father's heart, he defends his country's faith against the malignant assaults of their enemies. (Loud cheering.) But this meeting is not a political assembly. If it were political I should not have attended, lest one word might escape my lips that could give offence to any one of the advocates for the rights and the liberties of Ireland.—(Cheers.) I like every one who struggles for Ireland—I love all who maintain the political interests and defend the religious creed of Ireland. (Cheers.) One man may labor to advance the civil rights of my country—another person may strive to strike off the chains that bind the Cross of Christ—but give me the man who labours for both. I respect all the others, but him I love with my whole heart.—(loud cheers)—and all my sympathies are with the poor, the ever-abandoned, persecuted Irish peasant. When I go aboard your emigrant ships (which I do whenever I am in your city), and when I see the poor old grandfather, with his worn frame, and haggard look, and white scattered locks of tangled hair, carrying his little granddaughter on his back—and when I behold the poor tottering old grandmother, without a bonnet or a cap, with her little grandson on her back—when I look at them carrying the children to the ship my heart melts to see the miserable looks of our poor Irish children, their little bare legs hanging in front in the pelling snow and the biting frost; I weep for these poor little exiles when I think of their being wrenched at such a tender age from the fostering care of a mother and borne from home. It is a heart-rending sight to see three generations—the grandfather, the son, and the grandchild—crawling in hunger in the gangways of the emigrant ship, doomed never again to kiss the Irish primrose and lay their feet on the green turf of their country. (Sensation.) I always bid these poor exiles a last farewell with my eyes full of tears and my heart bursting with unmingled feelings of Irish sympathy and legitimate political anger; and when I take my place on the shore and see the ship weighing her anchor, swell her canvass, and move slowly on through the foaming deep, I hear my heart foretelling as she clears the river that she is a large ocean hearse, and that before the sun sets twice she will bury her living cargo in the foundations of the sea amidst the crashing horrors of the yawning abyss and the mourning terrors of the midnight tempest. (Renewed sensation.) How grateful I felt on reading the speech of Mr. John O'Connell to see the feelings he entertains for his poor country. It is what I expected from his generous heart, and gives an additional evidence, if such were wanted, of his devotion to his country. But I must say that, as all my sympathies are with the poor, ba-

nished, persecuted, exterminated tenantry, I feel all my soul engaged in the place that I can give to Ireland such a law of tenant right as will protect her poor from the cruel law of wholesale extermination; and the men who struggle to procure such a law for the poor deserve the admiration of their country and the gratitude of posterity—(loud and continued cheering)—and I feel great pleasure in stating here that in a communication I have had in London with one of the first (I may say the first Catholic Irishman) of our present Irish party in the House of Commons, he stated to me that if a national testimonial of ten thousand pounds were decided on for Mr. John O'Connell, he would be found at the head of the list, and by his fortune and exertions carry out the work to its fulfilment. (Loud cheers for Mr. Moore.) I did not name Mr. O'Moore, but, I suppose, as I said he was the first, you have selected him. (Loud cheers.) Well, as you have named him I shall leave it so from my respect for your opinions. (Cheers for Mr. Moore.) You all recollect the tale of the Queen having, during her stay at Balmoral, asked a Scotch girl what a clock it was; the girl replied,—"Whate'er you please, Ma'am." (Laughter.)—Now, I say to you in reference to Mr. Moore, whatever you please; but when I have a good thing to say between friends, I like to say it. I wish I could make up the breach in the ranks of our gallant Irishmen. I would willingly go on my knees to implore of all our friends to bury private opinions, and unite in one compact body for the protection of the poor. (Great cheering, and cries of "You are the man who can bring them together.") I have only one word more to say, namely, that Dr. Yore, the Vicar-General of Dublin, is the treasurer of this O'Connell tribute, an additional reason why I am here this night; and as I act under Dr. Yore, and Dr. Yore under his Grace the Delegate Archbishop, and so on, you have a regular pyramid of living Ecclesiastics as a model for your conduct in this national testimonial. (Loud cheering.) Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, I am now done. I thank you exceedingly for your overwhelming kindness and your warm enthusiasm. We shall reward Mr. O'Connell for his past political career and his faithful services in the cause of Ireland, and we shall do an act of justice which we owe to a true patriot, which we owe to the cause of our country, and which we owe to the feelings of our own hearts. I thank you on my own part, as the private friend of the O'Connell family; I thank you on the part of John O'Connell, and I thank you with all my heart on the part of my country.

On bowing and retiring, the Rev. and eloquent gentleman was greeted with loud and prolonged cheering.

## THE PERSECUTION IN BADEN—LETTER OF HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

(From the Tablet.)  
The *Univers* of 9th March gives the following most important letter from the Archbishop of Dublin. It is a letter which will command attention in many countries as well as in France. His Grace has very judiciously availed himself of the immense circulation of the *Univers* to proclaim to the Catholic world, with equal strength and dignity, that our religious communities are again threatened with legal persecution, and to denounce the folly as well as the injustice of such a proceeding. Already we take leave to predict that the contemplated wickedness cannot pass into law. Parliament will not be so infatuated as to sanction it. Common sense and care for the public welfare will prevail over blind bigotry and intolerance. Mr. Whiteside may vie with Mr. Chambers in bidding for the miserable popularity of fanatical applause; but we tell these gentlemen that they little contemplate the storm of religious indignation that their efforts, if successful, would awaken.—We should see a dark spot, not on the western horizon, but north, south, east, and west, wherever the Catholic Church extends her empire, and that spot would grow into a cloud which would become darker and larger, and more fraught with danger, until at length it would burst upon Great Britain like a thunderbolt from the hand of an angry God.  
We tell these gentlemen and their numerous party in the House of Commons, that since they will not pause for justice sake, they should at least consider the peace and tranquility of the British empire, and of Ireland in particular. They ought to have sufficient political sagacity to see that at such a critical juncture as the present—in such relation as we now stand with foreign powers, it is downright madness to be exasperating Catholic feeling in its most sensitive parts, and to be estranging from the common weal those who are disposed to be its most devoted friends.  
We say nothing now of the second point to which the Archbishop alludes—the absolute necessity of appointing naval and military Chaplains. After the