



# CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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## IMPORTANT MEETING OF THE CITIZENS OF DUBLIN.

A most numerous and influential meeting of the citizens of Dublin, of all religious persuasions, was held on Tuesday, April 22d, in Conciliation Hall, to "petition parliament against the persecuting measure now in progress, and to adopt an address to the Queen, praying her Majesty to dismiss from her councils any minister who shall propose the enactment of measures infringing on the religious liberty of her Majesty's subjects." For a considerable time before the hour appointed for taking the chair, the Hall was densely crowded in every part; the reserved seats were thronged, and a large number of ladies occupied seats in the galleries.

The proceedings were marked by the utmost earnestness and determination; and the manner in which the sentiments of the several speakers, in favor of religious liberty, were received and responded to by the entire meeting, evinced a firm resolve to maintain that invaluable right, at any and every sacrifice. Altogether, the meeting was one of the most numerous, enthusiastic and significant that has been witnessed in the city for some time.

At shortly after one o'clock, on the motion of Sir Simon Bradstreet, seconded by Mr. James Moran, the chair was taken, amid loud cheers, by John Reynolds, Esq., M. P.

Mr. James Burke, (barrister) was requested to act as honorary secretary to the meeting. Mr. Burke then read the form of a petition to the House of Commons, against the ecclesiastical titles bill.

Mr. Henry Grattan, M. P., having been called on, came forward amid loud cheers, to propose the adoption of the petition. He said—This honor he did not seek. He had been called at a moment when he had no idea that he would be selected for such a task. He accepted the offer, however, and he would discharge his duty (cheers). What, he would ask, must be his feelings, what his emotions, when he took the liberty of assuring them that that was the first day he had ever set his foot into that hall since the departure of his lamented friend? He had not the courage to do it. He had often stood outside the door, and looked with grief and sorrow at that building, which had been ornamented by a tongue of fire, and by sentiments of Irish patriotism (loud cheers). He had not courage to enter, for well he remembered the long days and evenings they had passed fighting the battle of their country in that hall, while honest, virtuous, and patriotic men stood together, and did not suffer themselves to be distracted (hear, hear). These were the feelings with which he had entered the hall that day, and when he was asked to take so prominent a part in their proceedings, he felt that he could not decline. He spoke on that occasion, not as a Catholic—for that was not solely a Catholic assembly—he spoke for his own creed, and he spoke for the Presbyterians as well. In their names he protested against this bill—not because it would lead to a repeal of the Union, but to a total separation of the two countries (loud cheers). If he were a republican he would support the bill. If he hated the connection between the two countries he would support it (hear, hear). If he had ever read that Englishmen stood forward in arms in defence of their civil and religious liberties, as Protestants, he should be for the bill; because he claimed for his fellow-countrymen the same rights which Englishmen had exercised, namely, to stand up to the death for their religious liberties (hear and cheers). On that ground he would meet any Englishman and challenge him to produce one of the title deeds under which he lived, which prevented him from asserting his religious rights (hear hear). It was the duty of the Irish people to send deputations to Rome, to submit to the head of their Church the manner in which this country was treated. That inherent right has been derived from the principles asserted in 1668, which entitled them to send to every Catholic court in Europe to seek for sympathy under this persecution (hear, hear, and loud cheers). There could be no doubt that the people of the country could succeed, as they did in 1829, if they were united; for no minister would be able to trample on six millions of people (cheers). If the ministry persisted in their persecuting course, he would subscribe to send delegates to every Catholic country in Europe, to seek sympathy for the oppressed people of Ireland (loud cheers).

Mr. Mackey, barrister, seconded the motion, and said though the Catholics of Ireland and England had postponed taking an active part on this question, while their opponents had been heaping on them and their clergy and religion, all manner of abuse and misrepresentation, through the press and from the platform; they did not feel the less alive to their duty on the occasion, nor had they anything to fear in the struggle (hear, hear).

The question was then put from the chair, and the

petition was adopted amid loud and prolonged cheering.

Mr. Burke then read the following petition against the "religious houses bill."

"To the Right Hon. and Hon. the Knights and Burgesses in the Commons House of Parliament assembled.

"The Petition of the Citizens of Dublin.

"SHEWETH—That we have heard with grief and surprise that a bill has been introduced into your honorable house, having for its pretended object the prevention of forcible detention in religious houses, the provisions of which, if allowed to be carried out, would be harsh and unjust towards a most useful portion of society.

"That there is no such thing as forcible detention in such houses, and that every precaution is used to prevent any person from embracing the religious state without the full assurance of conscientious feeling of a vocation to such a state.

"That the religious establishments which are to be subjected to be visited, according to the proposed measure, are communities of ladies, who spend their lives in instructing, visiting, and feeding the poor, taking care of the orphans, training the young to virtue, and affording consolation to the sick and afflicted.

"That the proposed measure will render the inhabitants of these establishments liable to be visited, without notice, by men who may enter any part of their dwellings, and some of them to be interrogated at pleasure, or may take them from their home and consign them to the matron of the workhouse, thus violating the rights of the inmates of religious houses, by depriving them of the protection enjoyed by their fellow-subjects, whose abodes cannot be entered without a charge of crime, and an express warrant, which is manifestly in contradiction to the spirit of the British constitution.

"That we deprecate the proposed violation of the liberty of unoffending subjects of the realm—the infringement of domestic rights, and the insulting interference with the retirement of religious ladies living together in community.

"That, therefore, we earnestly beseech your honorable house will refuse to sanction the proposed measure.

"And your petitioners will ever pray."

The Rev. Dr. Cahill came forward to propose the adoption of the above petition, and was received with loud and enthusiastic cheering, which was continued for several minutes, the entire meeting standing, and evincing every mark of admiration and respect. The applause having subsided, the rev. gentleman said—Mr. Chairman and beloved fellow-countrymen—I have examined all the prose and poetry of ancient and modern Europe, trying to discover something like Lord John Russell, in his character of the enemy of the Pope, and I have found out the image I wanted. It is taken from Milton, in his delineation of Satan making war against God, after his fall (cheers and laughter). The image of both characters seems very like; but Milton makes Satan more dignified than I can artistically draw the political features of the Premier:—

"There went a fame in heaven that he, ere long, Intended to create, and therein plant A generation, whom his choice regard Should favor equal to the sons of heaven. Thither if but to pry, shall be, perhaps, Our first eruption. Highly they raged Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped arms Hurling defiance towards the vault of heaven: Pandemonium trembled, and all sat mute, Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each In other's countenance read his own dismay; Astonished; none among the choice and prime Of those heaven-warring champions could be found So hardy as to proffer or accept Alone the dreadful voyage, till at last Satan rose, and unmoved, thus spoke:—

"Neither do the spirits damned Lose all their virtue"  
"Nor close ambition varnished o'er with zeal To which they all assent, and nod their votes:

Oh shame to men!—devil with devil damned Firm concord holds, men only disagree."

Fellow countrymen—I could get nothing like him on earth, nor, of course, in heaven: and then Milton conducted me to a remote place, where, fortunately, his like can be discovered (loud cries of hear, hear). On hearing this description of Satan sitting in Pandemonium, and surrounded by his fallen companions, planning in deceit the temptation of beautiful, spotless, peerless Eve, and the ruin of her descendants, do you not think you behold the old serpent of the English Pandemonium, sitting on the treasury benches, surrounded by Lacy, Inglis, Drummond, and Walpole, planning the degradation of our pure consecrated virgins, and the final ruin of the coming generations of Ireland? And when Milton describes the union of devils in evil, as contra-distinguished from the

disagreement of men for good, do you not think Sir, that the poet had in prophetic view the present divisions of our great but unfortunate country, where the united English parliament has done more mischief through our disunion, than has ever been inflicted on any nation or people on the face of the earth (hear, and cheers). Oh, how applicable is Milton's quotation—

"Oh shame to men!—devil with devil damned Firm concord holds, men only disagree."

(loud and prolonged cheers). Fallen from the ancient authority of the Church, England has warred against the Catholic name during the last three hundred years, and has employed all the weapons which power and malignant revenge could supply, in order to retaliate on Rome for the anathemas poured out on the rebel children of Calvin (hear and cheers). No phase of stratagem has been neglected, no combination of forces omitted, to malign and overthrow the imperial, Pontiff and his followers. The rope, the rack, the gibbet, the axe, the pointed steel, were the auxiliaries of the Saxon; while prayer, hope and suffering, were the victorious shield of the Roman (loud cheers). Our demolished temples and crumbled altars are the melancholy evidences of the terrible conflict. The faithful ivy that crowns the old age of their standing, shattered columns, proves the antiquity of their descent; the bruised bones of the old churchyard are the mute and thrilling record of the courage of our fathers; and we are not the legitimate offspring of those mouldered heroes, unless we are prepared to follow their example (loud and enthusiastic cheers). And I ask you solemnly here this day, are you prepared, if necessary, to die in defence of your faith if wantonly assailed (loud cheers, and cries from the entire assembly of, we are, we are)? The English cabinet oath, since the days of Thomas Cromwell, is the extermination of our race, the annihilation of our creed; and cabinet after cabinet will agree in giving liberty to the black slave, emancipating the Jew, and promoting colonial prosperity and commerce amongst the Snake Indians; but, amongst the faithful Irish, they blast our commerce, render husbandry impossible, tear from our warm hearts the affections of our country and of home, and drive the children of forty generations to seek a shelter from cruel inhuman laws in the hospitable forests of the American stranger.

The capital that rises from our green fields, and the gold that flows from our national revenue, feeds the English appetite and fattens the cherished English artisan, while our poor millions are starving in naked destitution in their unroofed hovels, or crawling through the putrid poorhouse to a coffinless grave (sensation). The dogs of the English kennels are fed with sympathy and care; the wild game have a secure retreat, and are protected by law; the unlawful death of a fox is followed by a penalty, and his life is protected by the British constitution (hear, hear). But, alas! my beloved country, the poor Irish Catholic, the child of God and man, is left to feed upon briars and thorns—perishes of hunger by the wayside—the coroner's inquest need not record the case: the handwriting of England is traced in the protruding bones of his skeleton frame, and publishes in red capital letters, "starved to death by English law," (this sentence produced the most thrilling effect upon the entire meeting). When England passed her laws of free trade, the merits or demerits of which I do not mean here to canvass, she saw at a glance the sanguinary results upon the whole tenant population of Ireland (hear, hear). She contemplated the death struggles of the poor ejected tenantry, and she should have introduced the measure by a slow successive process, and not by a sudden wrench; or she should have met the disastrous results of the law by abundant resources from national development (hear, hear). It is no excuse to call the consequences by the name of law; it only aggravates the national woes by sanctioning, in the name of law, the wholesale extermination and murder of the people (hear, hear). Parchment cannot change the nature of things; starvation and death cannot become legal by a speech from the woollen sack; nor can murder become lawful by a majority of the House of Commons (hear, and cheers). The grave cannot be disarmed of its terrors by the nomination of a poor law guardian, nor can the water porridge of Kilrush workhouse ever possess the properties of meat by the royal signature (loud cheers). Yes, law—English law has sanctioned at different times crimes against God and man (hear, hear)! What alleviation is it for a man thrown upon the coast of New Zealand to tell him it is the law of the country there to bleed him, and skin him, and roast him, and eat him? Hunger is hunger, and starvation is starvation, and death is death, and murder is murder in Ireland whatever the law says to the contrary. And if any one contradict me, and proclaim the advantage of free trade (in its rapid legislation) for Ireland, I point to the waste, tenantless lands of our country (hear, hear)—

If any one call this law by the name of protection of the poor, I show them the swelling canvass of an emigrant fleet conveying away the abandoned children of the Irish; and if it be stated that the evicted wretches have a provision in the poorhouse, I conduct them to the putrid poorhouse churchyards, where the ground shakes like a bog above the accumulated rotting masses of human flesh (sensation)? But there is a law, the law of God, which will yet visit on the guilty head of England her wholesale extermination of the faithful Irish (hear and cheers). I think it will be readily admitted that the overflowing graves of Ireland—the thousands who sleep beyond the ocean in Gross Island—the countless wretches who perish by shipwreck—the victims who are smothered in the crowded "hold" during the moaning of the tempest, their cries for relief being unheard or unheeded—the sorrows, afflictions, the agonies of these countless dead, and the cruelty, contempt, and the oppression of the living:—all this crimsoned aggregate of English domination and reckless extermination—all, all, all, this thrilling record of Ireland's deep, unfathomable woes, is, before God, the crime of England's rule; and the Lord of the universe, who daily hears the heavy moan of oppression poured out from the broken hearts of the weeping widow and the starving orphan, will sooner or later take revenge upon the heartless nation which banishes the living from the houses of their fathers, and by shovelling the destitute poor into a shroudless and coffinless grave, even forges chains for the dead (deep and thrilling sensation following this passage). Fellow-countrymen, let us understand the old serpent (hear, hear). This is the burning scene from which he now wishes to turn aside the national indignation, and the national revenge; and, forsooth, he pretends, yes he! that his conscience is deeply wounded by changing the word "district," into the word "diocese"; that the Pope has invaded England by a letter from Rome—or that a single priest will conquer the Queen's dominions in England and Ireland; and that he himself (aided by three ermined barristers) being the only ecumenical source of scripture truth under heaven (as far as the 58th degree of latitude in the north of Europe)—he cannot, consistently with his Poly-Anglican theology, endure, without considerable alarm for the established church, the presence of Roman red stockings in England (loud cheers and laughter)—he cannot bear a Roman red hat to be worn by a Romish priest in England. He owns that the color of modern Whig Protestantism was certainly red in the reigns of Edward and Elizabeth, but that it turned black in the reign of George the First, looked blue in 1829 under George the Fourth, and has, since the tractarian revolution at Oxford, become quite an invisible green (laughter); and therefore he considers red stockings most injurious to the present color of his faith and subversive of the Queen's supremacy (great laughter). On this point I shall only say, that this faith of his is not likely ever to become grey—it does not seem destined to live much longer (renewed laughter). Alas! my own persecuted creed—the universal faith all the world over—it has long since grown white by multitude of years in venerable old age, the one Catholic, apostolic form—the faith of Paul, of Patrick, and of the Gregorians—the imperishable word, which all the coming centuries as they roll through the cycle of time will pronounce to the consummation of the world (cheers). I have never spoken a word of disrespect of Protestantism as a conscientious creed; and more than this, I hope I never shall. I have never identified the Protestant creed with Protestant politics, or with the church establishment in my feelings of respect. But for Lord John Russell's Protestantism I have no respect: it is a piebald aggregate of lies and truth—of bigotry and toleration—of charity and vengeance—of love and hatred—of prayer and slander—of Paganism and Christianity; and it stands before the world such a heterogeneous and incongruous medley of inconsistency, perfidy and venality, that it may most appropriately be called the latest form of modern Whig orthodoxy (great cheering). Fellow-countrymen, you see the trick of the serpent cajoling, deceiving, and really degrading one class of the empire, in order to turn aside the scorn of Europe and the burning curses of Ireland from the crying calamities inflicted on our bleeding and dying country (hear, hear, and cheers). There can be no doubt at all that the present trick of the Whig cabinet is to divert public attention from their sanguinary laws, and to employ the public mind in making an apology for a feigned offence against the prerogatives of the Queen (hear, hear). And as if they wished to goad Ireland into rebellion, they intend framing a law to suspend the act of habeas corpus in reference to the nunneries; and, by the authority of two magistrates, to enter a convent of ladies by day or by night. And this indecency is to be executed without the shadow of an offence, or without the direct or indirect impeachment of any violation of any law. There are