

laughter)—for repelling the aggression; but as to the means and means of defence which ought to be adopted, that being a subject upon which great differences of opinion may exist, it is a subject that ought to be studiously avoided. (Renewed cheering and laughter.) But there is one subject to which I would call your special notice:—There are some very able officers in our corps who have thought it right and proper to accept commissions from the enemy—(laughter and cheering)—and who at the present moment are warmly exerting themselves in their favor. I hope nothing will be said against the feelings of any of these gentlemen—(laughter)—but that, on the contrary, every advice they give us will be received with the most respectful attention. (Great laughter.) Would you not believe that any man capable of listening to such admissions as these were doomed to destruction? (Cheers.)—Would you not say they deserved this fate? (Cheering.)—Now, this is exactly our case—we met together to repel an aggression upon our religious liberties—from ruthless, organised, determined foes, whose plans are preconcerted and arranged; who are all united, while we are divided; and we are told to confine ourselves to the declaration of general principles, to the enunciation of undoubted rights, but carefully to avoid the discussion of the means by which those principles are to be advanced, or those rights achieved. (Hear, hear.) But, although I bow to that opinion, I presume I shall not be in any way infringing upon it if I call your attention to a great and glorious precedent in resisting a religious aggression—too recent and too grand to be forgotten. (Great cheering.) It is but three years ago that we were called upon to resist another aggression upon our religious liberties—(hear)—an aggression arising, not from the bigoted old womanism of England—(laughter)—but from the jealous, watchful, and proud intolerance of the whole English people; brought forward, not by a self-seeking Old Bailey lawyer, but by the Prime Minister of the crown—(cheers)—supported, by reluctant and disguised votes that can scarcely be compelled to muster a house for its discussion, but by majorities, earnest, resolute, and overbearing, that were counted by hundreds in every division. (Cheering.) Now, out of what circumstances did that religious aggression arise?—under what circumstances was it that the Prime Minister of the day thought himself justified, thought himself safe in insulting the Irish people?—it was through our own submission and subservency—through our own purchase and sale—and through our own deep and bitter degradation. (Hear, hear.) We have it on the naturally reluctant and unwilling testimony of Mr. Ford before the Corruption Committee—(cheers)—that Lord John Russell—(hisses and some cries of "Question?")—that the minister of the day told Mr. Sheil that he thought himself safe in introducing the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, because he believed the Irish Catholic members and the Irish Catholic Clergy were friends to the administration. (Groans.)—These are words which ought to be branded upon every chapel door in Ireland; these are words that should be written on the hearts of all sorrowing Irish Catholics. (Hear, hear.) and loud cheers.) The appropriation clause was abandoned, the Established Church allowed to continue. (Hear.) The Irish people were coerced and insulted because the minister of the day thought the people and their Clergy were friends to the administration. (Hisses.) The Irish people were starved because the minister of the day thought the Irish members and the Irish Priests were friends to the administration. (Groans.) The Ecclesiastical Titles Bill was introduced, and our Church attempted to be uprooted, because the Minister of the day thought the Irish members and the Irish Priests were friends to the administration. (Groans.) And how was the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill resisted and defeated? That vast and fearful outbreak of intolerance—let no one now attempt to underrate its importance—shrunk into insignificance—humbled itself into the dust when the people and the clergy of Ireland, within these walls assembled, declared that they were no longer friends of the administration.—(Great and continued cheering.) Twelve Prelates of our Church, the flower of our Clergy, and thousands of our people, within and without these walls, passed resolutions, from which, I am sure, the Irish people will not shrink—(cheers)—and which, I am sure, no one within these walls will attempt to oppose. (Loud cheers.) At that meeting, presided over by an illustrious Prelate, whom some call "Archbishop Cullen"—(laughter and hisses)—but whom the Irish people with me properly style the Archbishop of Dublin, and who signs himself to this resolution as "Paul, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland"—(tremendous cheering)—that meeting, under that presidency—under that illustrious sanction—passed a resolution which I will take the liberty of reading to the meeting—(cheers):—

"That all our hopes of redress under Divine Providence, are centred in the creation and sustenance of an Irish parliamentary party, ready to defend, at all hazards, with an independent spirit, our civil and religious liberties."

(Tremendous cheering, which was again and again renewed, with waving of hats and handkerchiefs.)—Is there a man in this vast assembly who will gainsay this resolution? (shouts of "no.") Let all who approve of that resolution hold up their hands. (Here the entire meeting, and the great bulk of those on the platform, held up their hands amid loud cheering.) If there be a man here—whose hands are so soiled with ministerial corruption that he can hold it up against this resolution, I should like to see that filthy palm. (Laughter.) Well, then, this resolution I have put and carried. (Loud cheering.) This resolution I solemnly propose to the chairman to put it or not as he considers best, but it is already carried by the unanimous voice of this meeting. (Here Mr. Moore handed the resolution to the Lord Mayor.) That is the resolution which an Archbishop of Ireland, falsely styled "Archbishop Cullen," put his name to, and that resolution I cannot believe will now be rejected by even one man in this whole meeting. (Loud cheering.) I have but one word more to say, and that is with reference to a sentence uttered by Mr. John O'Connell, with which in one sense I entirely concur. (Hear, hear.) He has said that he hopes to see the day when Irishmen of all denominations, and of all creeds will unite together for their common country. (Loud cheers.) But when we unite, we will do so as equal men. (Cheers.) As long as the Protestant is the master, and I am the slave—as long as we stand before the law on anything but a position of equal rights and equal honor with our own countrymen, I will unite with any man. As long as we stand separated by the law from the position which we have a right to hold in our native land, so long will I unite. (Loud cheering.) That which we have a right to is,

that which we are determined to achieve with our own swords, beneath our own banners, and beneath the shelter of our own shields. (Great cheering and applause.)

Mr. Cashel Hoey—My Lord Mayor, I beg to second the resolution proposed by Mr. Moore.

The Lord Mayor—The original resolution can have no amendment, for it is already put and carried.—(Cheers and counter cheers.)

Mr. Stritch, I understand the honorable member for Mayo—

The Lord Mayor—I can't hear you; Mr. O'Hagan is in possession of the chair.

Mr. Stritch—I am perfectly willing to give place to Mr. O'Hagan, but that which ought to be done has yet to be done, and I stand on my rights; the resolution has been proposed.

The Lord Mayor—I can't hear you, and I advise you to sit down.—(Hear, hear.)

Mr. Stritch—My Lord Mayor—Cheers, cries of "Chair, chair," "Sit down," and "Hear."

The Lord Mayor—I won't listen to you. (Cheers.)

Mr. Stritch—I will bow with the utmost respect.—("Chair, chair," "sit down," and cheers.)

Rev. Dr. Marshall—I move the adjournment of the meeting. (Great cheering, counter cheers, and cries of "Chair, chair.")

The Lord Mayor—Mr. O'Hagan is in possession of the chair. (Cheers.)

Mr. Stritch—I do protest against—(Loud cries of "Chair, chair.") I want to have a decision of the Lord Mayor on this point—if he decides against me I will bow to him. The resolution has been proposed, and if it be contrary to order to second that resolution, then I am out of order.

Alderman John Reynolds—Allow me to say—("Sit down," "Chair, chair," "Hear.") I don't intend to speak on a point of order. This resolution is moved and seconded. And I intend to speak against it. (Cries of "Sit down," "Chair.")

Mr. Hoey—May I ask—This resolution, seconded by me—

Mr. John O'Connell—It is not seconded; it is objected to on a point of order. You can't second the amendment until the point of order is settled—

Rev. Dr. Marshall—The Lord Mayor won't allow any one to speak in favor of it, but he will allow Mr. Reynolds to speak against it. (Cheers and confusion.)

Mr. Hoey—I wish, as the seconder—

Alderman Reynolds attempted to address the meeting, but could not obtain a hearing.

Dr. Marshall—I move the meeting do adjourn, and that the Lord Mayor do leave the chair. (Cheers and counter cheers.) The truce is broken. He allows Alderman Reynolds to speak against the resolution—

Mr. John O'Connell—It is on a point of order Mr. Reynolds is speaking. ("Chair, chair," "No, no.")

Mr. Hoey—Mr. Reynolds denies that. (Cheers.)

Dr. Marshall—Mr. Reynolds said he was going to oppose the amendment, and the Lord Mayor lets him go on. (Loud cheers and great confusion.)

Alderman Reynolds again attempted to address the meeting, and after some minutes succeeded. He said that during the five years—(laughter)—that he had the honor of a seat in the House of Commons as representative of Dublin—(great laughter, and "Hear, hear.")—he had learned some facts which were worthy of being recollected; the first was that there were certain hours in the House of Commons at which it would be extremely dangerous to address the Speaker, at the dinner hour—and it was not far from that hour then—and just as the clock approached the hour of twelve at night. He held in his hand the letter of Archbishop Cullen—(Cries of "oh, oh.")

Mr. Hoey—Oh, oh. Why not the Archbishop of Dublin?

Alderman Reynolds (pointing to Mr. Hoey)—Here is a gentleman groaning me when I mentioned that name—

Mr. Hoey—Why not say the Archbishop of Dublin? (cheers.)

Rev. Mr. Marshall (to Mr. Reynolds)—He was quite right; why not say the Archbishop of Dublin?—(cheers.)

Alderman Reynolds—He was speaking to order; and as regarded the original resolution, he held in his hand the letter of that venerated Prelate, who was the real Archbishop of Dublin in his estimation (cheers.) He would read that letter. (Alderman Reynolds then read the Archbishop's letter, and proceeded.) He would first ask them to give three cheers to the memory of the great Emancipator who was then in his grave (cheers)—and then he would ask them, as Catholics come there to vindicate their holy Nuns, whether they would obey the mandate of their Ecclesiastical superior, or whether they would lend themselves to the introduction of matter which did not belong to the proceedings of the day [hear, hear.] He would ask them to give three cheers for the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin [loud cheers.] Let them stand by the Catholic Archbishops of Ireland, no matter how eloquent the man might be who would urge a different course (cries of "order," and "question.") Had Mr. Moore come to propose a resolution which was prepared for the adoption of a special meeting called for the purpose, he would have supported him. The resolution Mr. Moore now called upon them to adopt was carried at a meeting called in 1851, and he [Alderman Reynolds] was then in the place where he would be again [cheers and cries of "order."] He held in his hand the *Freeman's Journal*, which contained a resolution, signed by James Burke, secretary, and passed unanimously at the meeting of the committee held to arrange the preliminaries for that meeting [Alderman Reynolds read the resolution, which was to the effect that the meeting should be devoted to the single object of protecting the convents, to the exclusion of all political topics.] The resolution proposed by Mr. Moore was very good; but he would ask, supposing a man brought in a resolution and offered it to the Lord Mayor for the repeal of the Union, although he [Alderman Reynolds] was a Repealer—

Mr. John O'Connell—And so am I. ["Order, order," and some confusion.]

Alderman Reynolds—He would ask, would it be in order to put such a resolution? [continued uproar.] He insisted his lordship would not put such a resolution, having in view the object for which that meeting was called. He would not charge Mr. Moore with having come from London to propose a resolution which might catch the feelings of the meeting; but he called upon them, laborers, tradesmen, and merchants then assembled, not to tolerate a proceeding so irregular, and which could not be permitted.

Dr. Marshall—The resolution has been passed.

Alderman Reynolds—It has been moved and seconded.

Dr. Marshall—And passed [cheers.]

Alderman Reynolds continued—He had served his apprenticeship to Daniel O'Connell [cheers and laughter.] They were now in the twenty-fifth year of this Emancipation, and he asked them was it by division of discord—by scolding each other that that great measure was carried? He took a leading part in politics in 1851; and while he sat at the committee over which the son of Lord Gormanston presided—[cries of "question, question," and continued uproar.]—There were men in that room who would listen to them until morning. He [Alderman Reynolds] was there to cry breakers ahead—the wolf was amongst them.

A Voice—Aye, there you are in your sheep's clothing!

Alderman Reynolds continued amidst great interruption—Mr. Moore had said nothing about the anti-Catholic tirades of Gavazzi, nor about Dr. Kelly, nor about the persecution of Mr. O'Callaghan, nor about the wide-spread conspiracy that was in Great Britain against them—but, instead of dealing with the real question at issue, he disintegrated that resolution, and said he would do nothing unless he could throw that apple of discord among them [loud cries of "order, order."] They had the Lord Mayor presiding, and they had the presence of the son of Daniel O'Connell [cheers]—but although he was a humble man, he was the oldest of that body-guard which received its instructions from that great man [cheers, and cries of "oh, oh."] He had never given a vote they censured; he never did any act they censured ["oh, oh," and "yes, yes."] He would now ask where was the gentleman who was once a Quaker and now a Catholic? [Mr. Lucas here stepped forward, and proceeded to the front of the platform beside Mr. Reynolds, and was received with loud and enthusiastic cheering.] He found fault with no man on account of his religion, and not only found no fault, but rejoiced. [Mr. John O'Connell here jumped on the table, and called upon Alderman Reynolds to conclude, amidst cheers and counter cheers.]

Alderman Reynolds continued to say that above all things they should avoid division and resist every attempt to create disorder, no matter by whom made [loud cries for Mr. Lucas.] If this resolution were passed it would create disorder, and therefore, he was arguing against it. There was a declaration on the table signed by all the Archbishops and Bishops of the Church save one; it was signed by both Orders of the Clergy and by all the Catholic Prelates except one.

A Voice—John Archbishop of Tuam [loud and enthusiastic cheering.]

Alderman Reynolds—There were 200,000 names to that declaration. It was drawn up at the desire of the committee by one of the ablest Catholic lawyers, Mr. O'Hagan, Q.C., and it was revised and corrected by his Grace the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin [cheers.] But what did Mr. Lucas say in his paper? He said that no sensible man, and he doubted if any honest man, could sign it; if they believed Mr. Lucas it could only be signed by knaves or fools. Though he did not use the words, he used words bearing the same meaning [cries of "oh, oh."] He said that the document drawn up by Mr. O'Hagan, and revised and corrected by the Archbishop of Dublin, was a document that no honest or sensible Catholic could sign. Whether they would believe Mr. Lucas or Dr. Cullen, the Archbishop of Dublin, he would leave to their consideration.

Mr. Lucas—Dr. Cullen told the Rev. Mr. Marshall that he had nothing to do with the document [cheers.]

Alderman Reynolds—It was sent to Dr. Cullen by direction of the committee.

The Rev. Mr. Marshall said the Archbishop denied that he revised or corrected the document.

Mr. Lucas, who had placed himself beside Alderman Reynolds when he introduced his name, then came forward to address the meeting, and was received with loud cheers.

The Lord Mayor rose and said he was going to give a choice as regarded the meeting. If the next resolution was not allowed to be proposed by Mr. O'Hagan, he would dissolve the meeting [cries of "oh, oh."]

Mr. Lucas—Can I not be heard, after I have been assailed? [cries of "yes, yes," "no, no," and cheers.]

Lord Mayor—Hear me. I will give you the option? There is only one other resolution to be proposed. Mr. O'Hagan is in possession of the chair to move it, and if you do not allow him to do so I will dissolve the meeting [hear, hear, and calls for Mr. Lucas and Mr. O'Hagan.]

Mr. Lucas again attempted to address the meeting, but was interrupted by a small but noisy portion of the meeting, who would not allow his voice to be heard.

Mr. O'Hagan then came forward, and said it was his opinion that Mr. Lucas had a right to be heard, and, that being so, he begged of them to hear that gentleman, and he would afterwards himself offer a few observations [hear, hear.]

Mr. Lucas again attempted to address the meeting, but was interrupted by the same parties.

The Lord Mayor then came forward, apparently with the intention of speaking to the meeting, but retired without having done so.

Several gentlemen in the neighborhood of the chair stated that his lordship was about to take down a hearing for Mr. Lucas, but that Alderman Reynolds told him not to interfere [loud cries of "unfair."]

Mr. Lucas—I have been assailed, and I only ask for a fair hearing. Will you give me the fair play which your worst enemies give me in the House of Commons? Will you give me the fair play which even the worst Tories give me in the House of Commons? [hear, hear, and cheers.] I come forward here because I have been attacked, and in common fairness you should hear me. I don't want to keep you long, but I ask you to hear a few observations from me in my own defence [hear, hear, and interruption.] You heard the attack on me, and you should hear the reply [no, no, hear, and cheers.]

Rev. Mr. Marshall—Will you hear Mr. Lucas? I only ask you one question. Is it a custom in your country to allow a man to be attacked, and not permit him to reply? [hear, hear.] If you are freemen and really lovers of fair play, hear Mr. Lucas [cheers.]

The Lord Mayor called upon the Rev. Mr. Marshall not to interfere, else he would dissolve the meeting. ("No, no," and "Hear, Dr. Marshall.") His lordship also called upon the reporters not to take down observations he could not bear, as he would not be responsible for them.

Mr. Lucas again endeavored to obtain a hearing, but was met with renewed interruption, and was loudly cheered by the great body of the meeting, who desired to hear him.

The Lord Mayor—I pronounce you out of order, and cannot hear you.

Mr. Thomas O'Hagan, Q.C.—Gentlemen, one moment; in my opinion as the matter stands Mr. Lucas should be heard on the point of order. (Hear, hear.) When he has been heard I shall move a resolution.—If you don't hear Mr. Lucas, the meeting must be dissolved in confusion. (Cheers.)

A voice—A groan for Reynolds. (Groaning.)

Mr. O'Hagan—If the meeting be not proceeded with in consequence of this confusion the Catholic cause will be destroyed for the next 25 years. (Hear.)

Mr. Lucas—Gentlemen, I have been called to the front of this platform by an attack made on me by Mr. Reynolds.

Mr. Reynolds—You made the attack yourself first. ("No, no," and great confusion.)

Mr. Lucas—I did not make the first attack. (Cheers.) I have been attacked by Mr. Reynolds in a manner which I pronounce to be wholly untrue and unjustifiable. He has stated that I said that a document signed by his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Dublin was a document which none but knaves and fools could sign. I am here in the presence of Mr. Reynolds to pronounce that assertion to be a gross and shameless untruth.—(Loud cheering.) I said nothing of the sort. (Hear, hear.) It is utterly false, and if it came from other lips than such as are not particularly careful about the truth, I should feel such an accusation very much indeed. (Loud cheering, intermingled with a few hisses from a small number of persons distributed throughout the meeting, and who seemed at this as at other periods of the proceedings, to be acting in concert on signals from an individual on the platform.)

Alderman Reynolds (in a state of great excitement)—I rise to call the speaker to order. He is after saying that what I said was false. (Loud cries of "Hear, hear," and some confusion.)

A Voice—So it is. (Cheers.)

Mr. Lucas—I appeal to you, my Lord Mayor, against this interruption. In common justice, I should be heard in my own defence. (Cheers.)

Mr. Reynolds—I will not allow him, nor any man like him, to state that what I say is false.

Mr. Lucas—It is a falsehood. (Loud cries of "It is, it is," and great confusion.)

Alderman Reynolds—I hold his Tablet in my hand; and say again what I said before, that this document met the entire approval of Dr. Cullen.

A Voice—The Archbishop of Dublin. (Cheers.)

Alderman Reynolds—Well, then, the Archbishop of Dublin. (Hisses and great confusion.)

Mr. Lucas—the charge Mr. Reynolds has brought against me is utterly without foundation. (Loud cheers.) I charge him with base, deliberate, and malicious falsehood, and I will prove it, if an opportunity be afforded me. (Renewed cheers.)

At this period, the knot of persons who had been interrupting Mr. Lucas pressed in upon the reserved seats and created such clamor and terror that a number of ladies took refuge upon the platform, when the utmost confusion ensued and prevailed for some minutes.

Mr. Lucas, seeing this, said he would rather withdraw than that such a scene should be prolonged.—The hon. gentleman then retired.

A Voice—You are quite right. (Cheers.)

Mr. Reynolds, in a most excited manner, jumped on the barrier of the platform, and said—He withdraws now; what do you think of that—hurra!—(Great confusion, hisses, and loud cries of "Order.")

The Lord Mayor—Now, if you please, hear Mr. O'Hagan.

Mr. Hoey—will you now put the resolution proposed by Mr. Moore? (Hear.)

Lord Mayor—No, I will not; the original resolution has been carried.

Mr. Hoey—No, it was merely put; but it was not adopted by the meeting.

The Lord Mayor having declined to put the resolution from the chair,

Mr. Thomas O'Hagan, Q.C., in an able speech, proposed the adoption of a petition to parliament, which was agreed to.

The meeting then broke up.

IRISH NATIONAL SYNOD.—The Prelates of the kingdom having been duly convened according to the mandate of his Holiness Pius IX, by his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin, Primate of Ireland, and Apostolic Delegate, met on Thursday 18th ult., at the Presbytery, Marlborough-street, and, at the hour of 12 o'clock, proceeded to hold the National Synod without the solemnities of the ceremonials usually observed. His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen presided. The deliberations of the Synod, we understand, were to be directed principally to the important object of immediately opening the Catholic University of Ireland.

After a lapse of nearly four centuries, a Synod of the Catholic Church has been held in the ancient town of Drogheda. The first public session took place on Wednesday week, and the second on Monday last, his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Dixon, Primate, presiding.

The *Drogheda Argus* says that the Very Rev. Doctor Leahy, O.S.D. of Cork, has been appointed on the recommendation of Dr. Cullen, Coadjutor Bishop to the Right Rev. Doctor Blake, the venerated prelate of Drogheda.

CONVERSION.—Mrs. George M'Gee, of Culmore, was received into the Catholic Church, on the 3rd ult., by the Rev. James M'Laughlin, C.C., of Iskaheen, diocese of Derry.

STATE OF THE IRISH LABOR-MARKET.—It is stated as a "sign of the times" that there is not at present a single able-bodied pauper in the poorhouse of Ballina, county of Mayo—the entire inmates consisting of aged and infirm persons, with young children, the latter chiefly orphans. Application was made last board-day by several farmers for lads able to work, but none were to be had, the few in the house of that class having been sent on a short time previously. The demand for agricultural laborers is great, and wages have consequently risen more than double what they were a few years ago. Thirty-one girls have been sent out this season to Canada from the Ballina work-house.

"We have the best authority," says the *Limerick Chronicle*, "for stating, that the Irish militia will be called out next year. The bill which has already passed the House of Commons includes this force."

We regret to learn from a correspondent (says the *Kilkenny Moderator*) that Asiatic cholera has manifested itself in Castlecomer, the first victim being Mr. Thomas Hanbridge, victualler.