

Supplement to the True Witness.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1851.

AGREGATE MEETING.

Mr. Moore's speech continued from fourth page.

cheers.) But I proceeded far enough to be able to declare that more melancholy evidence of the possible perversion of the human intellect was never placed upon human record than can any day be extracted from the public reports of those disgraceful exhibitions (hear, hear.) From the Lord High Chancellor of England, who undertook to trample on a Cardinal's hat for the entertainment of a city banquet, down to the indignant Londoner, who announced to his sympathising fellow-citizens the desecration of Windsor Castle by a Popish dancing-master—from the infuriated preacher, who, from a Liverpool pulpit, demanded the blood of every Priest who might administer a Catholic sacrament, down to the brutalised populace who insulted charity itself incarnate in the Sisters of Mercy—from the scurrilous ruffian, who, amidst the applauses of an Oxford audience, impugned the chastity of the venerable mother of an illustrious Prelate, down to that heathen populace, who publicly burned in effigy that Mother whom all generations of Christians call blessed, there appears to be no intellect so elevated that this agitation has not had power to lower—no capacity so mean that it has not tended still further to debase and degrade—no goodness so pure that its coarse vulgarity has not insulted—no human feeling so pious that its unmanly ferocity has not outraged—no reverence so holy that its sacrilegious rancor has not violated (great cheering.) From this seething caldron the popular vapor reeked up into the House of Commons, and the result was, the production of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. And yet, in passing this Bill, the three estates of the realm were compelled to appeal to the Irish Bishops to allow their act to pass muster as law; and this is what they call resistance to Papal aggression—to lay themselves prostrate at the mercy of a score of men in Ireland whom they call Popish Priests, and rely upon their prudence, dignity, and forbearance, not to hold up the law and the legislature of the country to contempt, but to allow the sham to pass current that half-a-thousand men in England can nullify and invalidate the whole religious worship of the Irish people. Why, we “defy, deny, spit on, and scorn” their enactment (tremendous cheering.) Our Prelates will continue to be Bishops of our Irish sees, all statutes of this country to the contrary notwithstanding (continued applause.) These parliamentary wags have been only bantering and befooling the people out of doors, who were hallooing them on, in attempting to persuade them that they are doing aught but strengthening Catholicity in England by challenging it to meet them in Ireland on such an issue as this (cheers, and cries “hear, hear.”) On the whole, therefore, I do not regret the passing of this bill. It will bring to an issue the old question of right and wrong that has been long pending—it will lay bare an old ulcer that has long required a surgeon; and by hurrying on a great crisis it will necessitate the adoption of a great policy (loud cries of “hear.”) Those valorous champions of the garrison Church of this country, who imagined that this bill would be a bulwark to their tottering establishment, will find, or I am greatly mistaken, that this bill will be what we call in Ireland a sore sight to it (loud cheering.) A twelve month ago, it lay hid from pursuit, safe in congenial darkness, and overtopped by kindred calamities—the people of Ireland had begun to forget that they were still wronged and plundered, in the fond belief that they were no longer to be insulted (hear, hear.) This new insult has drawn their indignant attention to the extent and enormity of the old wrong (renewed cries of “hear, hear.”) Religious toleration had begun to create religious apathy amongst us—religious intolerance has blown into a flame that religious fire which had been suffered to slumber ere the peace offering was half consumed—(prolonged cheering)—but which this day sees again rising bright and pure from our altars, on which will, one day, smoke, in national expiation, the holocaust of complete religious justice (enthusiastic applause.) We have met here to-day, therefore, not to protest against a single wrong, but to demand our entire religious rights (hear, hear)—not to protest against an Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, but to resist and overthrow that old Anglican aggression against our Church, which we believed to have sunk into a torpid necessity, oppressive by its dead weight alone, and living on in a kind of prescriptive dotage—(cheers)—but the inherent and mischievous vitality of which this last spasmodic convulsion compels us to recognise (hear.) Now, of all the poor and mean misapprehensions of the real bearings of the late crisis, there is none that appears to me more utterly mean and unworthy than that which would represent the late attack of Lord John Russell—(groans)—and his followers, as the interruption of a state of things perfectly safe and satisfactory, and a millennium of religious peace and concord, in which perfect religious justice reigned in the zenith, and perfect religious content and concord dawned in the horizon (hear, hear.) What was the real state of things that this aggression interrupted? An insulted people and a plundered Church, the national Faith tolerated and undermined, a contemptible nuisance seated in its holy chair, and decked in its spoils—and, in the midst of all, the flaunting old harlot of Irish representation plying her miserable trade amidst ruined hearths and violated shrines (cheers.) I regard the state of things which this ebullition of pent up intolerance interrupted as far more fatal, infinitely more disgraceful, than the position which we assume under this new indignity. (“Hear,” and cheers.) We were more oppressed before, because we were not ashamed of our oppression; we are now degraded less, because we swear before God that, willingly at least, we will no longer suffer the degradation. (Loud cheers.) And I thank God, therefore, and Lord John Russell, as the instrument under God of awakening Irish constituencies and Irish representatives to the greatest degradation under which a nation ever slumbered, and the greatest duty that ever a people was called upon to perform. (“Hear,” and prolonged cheering.) I believe the religious policy of England towards this country, which we are this day assembled to declare that we will endure no longer to be at the root of every evil—political, social, moral—aye, and material—which has made Ireland an exception to the peace and prosperity of the empire, and a dangerous anomaly in the history of its legislation. (Prolonged cheering.)

The Lord Bishop of BIRMINGHAM came forward to propose the next resolution, and was received with the most hearty applause. His Lordship said that the resolution with which he was honored, by its having been entrusted to his care, was as follows:—

“That for the above objects, we deem it necessary to establish a Catholic Defence Association, and that the same be and is hereby established.”

Looking around that illustrious assembly—illustrious for the number of eminent names of those who called them together—illustrious from the character of him who presided over it—(great cheering)—and made more illustrious, inasmuch as their chairman had been made the especial mark of malignant calumny—illustrious from the number of learned and distinguished men who stand on this platform—illustrious from the feeling of those who came there that day for the purpose of recording, and hearing others record, their sentiments on that occasion—(Hear, hear)—looking to the great objects that meeting contemplated, he could not doubt—and every hour he sat there confirmed him in that opinion—that those objects would be accomplished before that society which they assembled that day to form would reach anything like an advanced period of age. (Hear.) In England—whose Church he had that day the honor to represent—in England the question has been often asked, what would become of the English Catholics were it not for the Catholics of Ireland? Why, they would be swallowed up in the abyss of that excitement if they had not the Irish Catholics to sustain them. (Hear, hear.) It is in Ireland their strength was to be found. Their force in England consisted in uniting their strength with that of the Irish Catholics; and in looking to Dublin as the great Catholic centre and capital of the British empire, and making their voices heard through the Irish press, and which was so difficult to be made heard through the press of England. (Cheers.) As they had already listened to so many distinguished and eloquent men, he would be brief, and speak as much as possible to the point. (Cheers.) However, before he turned to that subject, there were one or two facts in explanation, which he conceived it as well to take that opportunity to put forward. It had been industriously and laboriously put forward, that the origin of the opposition to this so-called aggression was in the manner in which the Catholic Hierarchy in England had been established—that but for the putting forward of the Apostolic Letter in a way deliberately designed to give offence and to provoke, this aggression on our liberties had not been heard of; that this tumult which had so long rung in their ears would have failed to be raised. Now, in opposition to that he had one or two simple facts to communicate, which he could state from his own knowledge. The first was this: the Apostolic Letters did not reach England—there was no authentic copy of it in the hands of any English Prelate until full a month after the letter of Lord John Russell had appeared. It was a document not intended to have been formally brought forward and promulgated throughout the country, but, by an accident which they had altogether failed to trace in England, and which even in Rome had not been traced, a copy of it was published in two French newspapers, and seized upon from them by the English press fully six weeks before any authentic copy reached England, or could, therefore, be carried into effect. (Hear, hear.) And now, a word respecting the Pastoral which had become so famous, and which deserved to be famous. (“Hear, hear,” and loud cheers.) When his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster penned that Pastoral, as he (Doctor Ullathorne) had every means of knowing, he contemplated but the congregations under his own jurisdiction. He couched it in language perfectly intelligible to them, though, by a little garbling, it might be made unintelligible to others. He penned it in Rome, utterly unaware that there was that voracity on the part of the English press for Catholic documents, and when it was brought forward in parliament the prime minister could not deliver an extract from it to the house without omitting words which showed the spiritual objects which alone that document contemplated. (Hear, hear.) Let him now ask whether the Catholics of Ireland had any connection with either the Pastoral or the Apostolic-Letter, or whether they deserved to incur persecution on account of them—(hear, hear)—and yet in England, Ireland, and Scotland, the Catholic Bishops were outlawed, and they being the essential foundation of the Catholic religion, did not necessarily follow that by the outlawry of their Bishops every particle of their religion was persecuted, proscribed, and outlawed by that penal enactment? (Hear, hear.) The qualities of a law, as they had been taught, were that it should be in the first place honest, in the second place just, and in the third place possible—that was to say, the law should not controvert the Divine worship—it should not contradict human reason or natural law; and, lastly, it should be possible of execution—that is to say, that it should not stand opposed to men's conscience. However, it was not his purpose to quote now to them Catholic authorities, or any of the illustrious legists of the Catholic Church. Every Bishop in England had now, of course, to mark out a course for himself, and therefore it was necessary for them to consider what was justifiable to be done, and what to be left undone. There could be no doubt that this law could not be acted upon in Ireland. [Loud cheers.] But they had in England before them the possibility that its weight might fall upon them, and, therefore, it was their duty to examine carefully the entire of this enactment, and consider what course they should adopt in case of its being put in execution against them. Blackstone, in his Commentaries, said that the legislature in all its acts was subservient to the laws of the great Law Giver, and that no human law shall be suffered to controvert the law of human reason and revelation—nay, says that great Protestant commentator on the laws of his country, “we are bound to transgress that law, or else we must offend both the natural and the Divine laws.” The question then arose—Was the establishing of Bishops of the Catholic Church, which depended on the exercise of the supremacy of the successor of St. Peter—was this a power that depended on the state or not? If it depended not on the state, as a necessary consequence they could not submit to this enactment without abandoning the fundamental constitution of the Church. Having to consider the question rather as a Catholic Bishop than as a politician, he had come to the conclusion that it would be impossible for him to

acquiesce in this penal enactment without, at the same time, committing the crime of heresy and incurring the guilt of schism. [Vehement cheering.] It was heresy to maintain that the establishment of Bishops or the marking out of dioceses belonged to any other than to the successor of the Apostles, in whom was concentrated the whole plenitude of Apostolic power. It was heresy to say that the Church, in the exercise of her spiritual powers, could be made subject to the supremacy of the state. Witness this the blood of all the martyrs! [Cheers.] For what else did they die but that they could not submit their consciences—they could not submit their Faith—they could not submit their obedience to their spiritual superiors—to the temporal power. Therefore, the Catholics of the empire could not acquiesce in the recent enactment without betraying the fundamental constitution of the Church—that supremacy which Cardinal Fisher, the illustrious Archbishop Plunkett, and Lord Chancellor More died to maintain. If they acquiesced in the principle that the state could intrude itself into the domains of the Church, what would it be but to join themselves to that great apostasy, which its authors had called the Reformation? The Pope himself could not retrace his step on the ground of a right in the state against his act without incurring the charge of heresy, and without surrendering that sacred power which had been committed to him from St. Peter and his illustrious successors; and they all knew the Pope would not do it. [Loud cheers.] The Pope, were he to yield before this act [as it was predicted he would,] and were the Catholic Bishops to yield before it [as it was promised they would,] would deprive the Church of England of one-half of its power and its usefulness, and would be submitting themselves, their Faith, and the discipline of the Church to the power of England. Considering, therefore, the penal act from this temporal point of view, it would be clearly seen that whatever might be the consequences a Catholic Bishop could not acquiesce in it—nay, he was bound to do something to show that he could not acquiesce in it—he was bound to protest against it; in the words of Blackstone, he was bound not to obey it. [Enthusiastic applause.] Daniel the Prophet was commanded by the authorities of the state that he should not pray unto God. The Prophet Daniel could not obey that law; he continued to pray to God, and took the consequences. The three Hebrew children who were commanded to worship the golden calf in the plains of Shinar, could not obey so impious a command; they disobeyed it, and took the consequences. Elisha was told to eat forbidden meats; he could not obey, and took the consequences. Therefore, when the Apostles went forth to preach the word of Christ, and the civil power said “you must preach no more in that name,” their answer prepared for their successors in any similar emergency was in these terms—“Whether we shall obey God or man, judge ye.” [Loud applause.] At the same time, averse to any opposition to the civil power—averse to any tendency to insurrection or insubordination—bound as they were to sustain all honest, just, and righteous laws—bound as they were to support the government of the country in everything in which they could conscientiously do so—it would become their duty to consider what precise course they should adopt in reference to this act. [Cries of “Hear, hear,” and cheers.] He [the Bishop of Birmingham] had no difficulty whatever in telling them that having most carefully and deliberately considered this question, the line which he had marked out for himself was plainly and simply this:—In the first place, it was not for a Bishop of the Church of God, whose character should be charity, meekness, and humility, to pitch pride against the pride of state, or to respond to bravado by bravado. (Hear, hear.) It was his duty by every consideration to avoid the slightest conflict with any enactment, however penal or severe it might be; but when his duty stood in the way—when his conscience was summoned—when the Divine law spoke—it was his duty, looking to the great lights of the Church in former days, calmly and deliberately, without passion or excitement, to take his course, and the course which he intended to take was this. He could not withhold his signature (that was the signature connected with his office), and at the same time, perform its functions, give those documents, or furnish those certificates which were necessary for the ordination of Priests, the dispensation of marriages, or other acts of an Episcopal character. He could not renounce that signature without becoming a great recreant to the Church of God, and an apostate to his high office; and, therefore, when it was absolutely requisite—when he could not otherwise fulfill his duties—the act must be done, and it shall be done. (Applause.) He had considered the consequences, and in the event of their coming upon him, he had determined upon the course which he would pursue, and which it would be his duty to follow. (Hear, hear.) He (the Right Reverend Bishop) had no more to say than, raising up his eyes and heart to pray to the Almighty being who out of all evil brings good, and who, even out of this unjust penal law has drawn good results—first, it has been the means of striking deeply into the popular mind a recognition of the power of the Catholic Hierarchy. The providence of God had, by means of this bill, unmasked the false amongst ourselves—(hear, hear)—and when once they were known, it would be comparatively easy to avoid or repel their assaults. (Hear, hear.) Besides, there were other advantages arising out of this oppressive enactment. (Hear, hear.) In the first place, one great effect of such a sweeping injury, levelled at the religious freedom of Catholics, would be the coalition for mutual defence and protection of the Catholic people of both countries. (Hear, hear.) It would tend to promote a better understanding and fusion of feeling between Irish Catholics and their brethren in the Faith in the sister country. (Loud cheers.) They would now be one in feeling and in spirit; and in proof of the disunity with which this coalition was looked upon by their enemies, it was merely necessary to advert to a certain article, which had recently appeared in a leading English journal, notorious for anti-Catholic prejudice, and for its tendency of honing on the enemies of the Catholic Faith in their career of bigotry and oppression. (“Hear,” and hisses.) The tendency of that article was, if possible, to prevent the union between the Catholics of England and their Irish brethren—(hear, hear)—proving how important the fact of that union was considered by those who sought to prevent its consummation, in order to effect their object of persecuting and laying prostrate

the Catholic religion in both countries. Now, it only remained for him (the Right Reverend Bishop) to offer his humble prayer to the Almighty Giver of good that, in His mercy He might be pleased to sustain and uphold this association, and that He might guide its leaders in the light of His Divine wisdom, and, if it were His Holy will, to enable the Priests of His Church to defeat all the designs and machinations of His enemies. (Loud cheers.) His Lordship then concluded by again reading and moving the resolution, and resumed his seat amidst loud cheering.

Mr. JOHN REYNOLDS, M.P., then came forward to second the resolution, and was received with vehement and reiterated peals of applause. He could assure the reverend and gifted Lord Primate who filled the chair on this great and important occasion, as also his Grace of Nam, and other Prelates, who honored this meeting by their presence, together with his fellow-citizens and countrymen present, that in rising to fulfill the pleasing duty of seconding this resolution, he felt doubly honored in being selected to perform that highly gratifying task. (Cheers.) Two hundred millions, all acknowledging spiritual allegiance to the Chair of Peter, now filled by his Most Holy Father Pope Pius IX. (cheering) Were they to be told by a parcel of designing fanatics that they should not rally round that Chair, filled as it was by a sainted Priest of the living God? His (Mr. Reynolds) learned, venerated, and very eloquent friend, if his Lordship would permit him (Mr. Reynolds) to call him so—the Lord Bishop of Birmingham—(loud cheers)—said he would obey a higher law—namely, the law of God—a law before which the law of the Commons crumbled into dust—as superior to the law of England as the most majestic castle was to the meanest pigsty. (Laughter, and cheers.) He (Mr. Reynolds) was proud to hear that eminent Prelate declare that, even at the risk of suffering incarceration within the walls of a dungeon, he would refuse to turn his back upon the solemn commands which it was his duty to obey. But no Irish Bishop who acknowledged the Divine law would ever appeal to the people in the manner alluded to by the Bishop of Birmingham. If pence were subscribed in this country to liquidate whatever fines might be imposed upon a Bishop, he (Mr. Reynolds) believed the money would be converted to other and more unpleasant purposes. (Laughter, and cheers.) He would leave Lord John Russell, Lord Clarendon, and their Attorney-General along with them, to discover the meaning of that sentence. (Loud cheering.) The government would incarcerate no Bishop in this country—they would not dare imprison any of the Lord's anointed here. (Vehement cheering, and cries of “Never.”) He would, if necessary, repeat this declaration in the House of Commons, as he had already made it to Lord John Russell over and over again. (Loud cheering.) Having said so much by way of preface—(loud laughter) he would take the liberty of calling their attention to the objects which had called them together. His reverend friend the Lord Bishop of Edinburgh has modestly pleaded not guilty to the charge of being a territorial Bishop. It was to be regretted that he was not a territorial Bishop. (Hear, hear.) He had pointed out the way in which he thought this law ought to be violated. Bishops, however, had one way of disobeying things, and laymen had another. (“Hear,” and laughter.) Bishops combated misfortunes by prayers, laymen combated them by other and less holy weapons. (“Hear, hear,” and renewed laughter.) Laymen in these countries had engraven upon their minds the wholesome advice of that canting and hypocritical, but clever, soldier—Oliver Cromwell—who, when addressing his men previous to a celebrated battle, he said, “Men of Israel, retire to rest; refresh yourselves by means of balmy sleep; trust in the Word, but sleep upon your matchlocks.” (Great laughter, and cheers.) That was precisely the advice which he (Mr. Reynolds) would give them that day. (Laughter, and tremendous cheering.) Now, this did not mean powder and ball. Although, if he thought the rights of the people could not be attained without them, he would not be guilty of the hypocrisy of telling them that he would not have recourse to powder and ball for their attainment and defence. But there was no necessity for the use of such weapons. (Hear, hear.) They would shed ink and not blood. They would trample upon the Whigs, while at the same time they would maintain the Queen. (Cheers.) Yes, they would trample upon the Whigs, and also upon the Tories. (Loud cheers.) And, he repeated, that while trampling upon both those factions, they would defend their Queen and respect the law. (Hear, hear.) They drew a broad distinction between her most gracious Majesty and those scheming ministers who gave her bad advice, and who diminished, if it was possible to diminish, that love and affection entertained towards the Queen by all classes of her faithful subjects in this country. (Hear, hear.) And was he to forget their services or dishonor the graves of those Protestant friends of civil and religious liberty? (Hear, hear, and great cheering.) What were the Catholic people of the United Kingdom called upon to do now? What was the duty of the advocates of religious freedom at present? To repel aggression, and demand the repeal of an act which some of the most eminent lawyers in England stated would paralyse the functions of the Catholic bishops and clergy, [hear, hear]. He [Mr. Reynolds] then held in his hand the case submitted, and the opinion of one of the most eminent lawyers at the bar in England—he meant Mr. Badely. He would not then read the opinion, which occupied more than three sheets of briefing paper, but it would be published in the *Freeman's Journal*. What, however, did the opinion say? That no bishop of the Catholic church in England, Ireland, or Scotland, could perform one of his ecclesiastical functions without violating the law [hear, hear]—and that for every such act they would be subject to punishment by fine, and to imprisonment for a misdemeanor. Therefore, let the Catholics at that meeting, and in the United Kingdom, see what they were about; let them look each other in the face, and ask if the country was worth inhabiting if such a state of things was to be borne—[hear, hear, and cheers]? Could they call themselves freemen while that atrocious act disgraced the statute-book [hear, hear]? They were slaves, religious slaves, so long as that insulting act was unrepealed, and they would not bear it, if they were actuated by the spirit that should influence freemen [cheers.] A copy of the case that had been submitted to Mr. Badely, had been sent to Mr. Scully, Q.C., whose