

erving the public tranquility amidst such terrible trials, were to be selected by our rulers as the first victims of a bigoted prescription (hear, hear)? It is fortunate that our holy religion continues faithful to the peaceful lessons of its Divine Founder; and that the allegiance of the Catholic people is ever regulated by a higher and a holier sanction than can be derived from any human legislation (loud and continued cheering). And why this unrelenting hatred, with which the ancient Catholic Hierarchy of the people of Ireland are pursued? To propitiate and keep in temper an alien establishment, sprung from the secular power and fostered by its patronage, and, like every such petted offspring, continually appealing to its indulgent parent for extraordinary support to prolong its expiring existence (hear, hear, and cheers.) It is to this establishment, forcibly planted in Ireland, and maintained by the same force with which it was first planted, we are indebted for the uninterrupted series of penal laws by which we are continually aggrieved. To the reduction of this overgrown and cumbersome establishment, and the regulation of its titles, all derived from the state, the minister may well and consistently apply himself; and surely that establishment cannot complain if reformed and re-reformed by that secular power to which it owes its existence (hear, hear.) For the Protestant church it may well legislate, incumbered as it is with enormous temporalities, the Catholic Church is too attenuated and spiritual to endure the pressure of penal fetters. It is a curious coincidence that it is on the same great festival which celebrates the miraculous junction of the chains with which St. Peter was bound by Herod and Nero this penal measure received the royal seal, reminding us that as the apostle was released from their pressure, their successors, too, if thrown into prison, will walk forth from their bondage, leaving their fetters behind, and enabling some future pilgrims to Ireland to compare the rusty bolts of 1829 and 1851 with the penal relics of the Esquiline in Rome, and draw the conclusion of the impotence of senatorial despotism against the omnipotent power of our Lord and the vicegerent to whom it was delegated (loud cheers.) But I must have done. This is not a meeting of one district, or province, or of Ireland itself; it embraces the Catholics of the three united kingdoms. Here we have the learned bishop of Edinburgh, who is restoring the fallen temples of his country, and kindling with the heat of his own eloquence the sacred fire which in times of persecution was concealed by his predecessors, and lay since so long hid amidst the valleys of Scotland (vehement cheering). Here, too, we have the distinguished Bishop of Birmingham, who, when employed on the mission of the distant regions of Australia, felt for the sufferings of the exiles from Ireland, and recorded his horror for oppression. Here, also, we have the prelates of the distant east, as well as those from beyond the great Atlantic—drawn to Ireland, some by those affections which the land of one's nativity must ever possess for a generous mind, and all by that purer and holier devotion which makes us forget our earthly kindred in the attachment to that parent Rome, which unites in the bonds of spiritual brotherhood the most distant members of the human race, by that holy and mysterious influence which, more sure and rapid than the electric telegraph, vibrates to the remotest boundaries of the world (loud and repeated cheering.) On so extensive a surface, contracted to the narrow dimensions of the Rotundo, it is but natural that ordinary objects, such as those on a map on a small scale, should be scarcely visible, whilst those magnificent objects that lose not their broad proportions on any scale must always command attention. You must, therefore, be anxious to hear those champions of our country's rights and religion, who have recently filled such a space in the public eye (hear, hear, and cheers)—on whose wrestling with tyranny in the great parliamentary circus the grateful admiration of Ireland was fixed (renewed cheers); who not with silent tongue, yet with tranquil scorn, received on their ample shields the burning shafts of rage and bigotry which were hissing from every quarter, and on whose ears, fatigued and torn with continued abuse and blasphemy, the music of their country's applause must now fall with peculiar sweetness (cheers)—men from whose gallant bearing and Fabian tactics of delay, the impetuous persecutor was only able to wrest a tardy and equivocal triumph, scarcely worthy of the name, and which must recall amidst his troubled dreams the ominous sentiment of the King of Macedon, that another such triumph would involve his own disgrace and discomfiture. (His grace resumed his seat amid a storm of applause, such as, amid the enthusiasm of an Irish assembly, has been rarely equalled and perhaps never exceeded.)

W. KNOGH, Esq., M.P., next presented himself, and was received with most enthusiastic cheering. He said—I am not at all surprised at the difficulty which so humble an individual experiences on rising to try and obtain your attention, after the brilliant, after the magnificent address which has been delivered to you by the venerated Prelate who has just resumed his seat (cheers). I think it is right that I should offer (if your Lordship's will permit me) a few observations relative to the unexampled and extraordinary contingency, which, for the first time, has dragged forth our venerated Prelates from their retirement—not a retirement from toil or anxiety, but a retirement in which they have been diffusing the blessings of their sacred Ministry, and dispensing the consolation which is from on High to the needy and suffering (hear, hear). Our pious Prelates have not come forward from out that retirement for the attainment of any worldly end; they have not come forward to gratify ambition, or to seek any gain for themselves. No; but they have been dragged forth from their retirement by this act of a base minister (groans and hisses). I say, under the correction of my Lords the Prelates who are here to-day, that if the Penal Law Act is carried into operation, they cannot administer a single office of their religion without violating this law (hear, hear). And having aroused your attention to the atrocity of this measure, let me show you with what reckless haste and with what reckless indifference this penal bill against the religious liberties of eight millions, not of the Catholics of Ireland, for unfortunately it neither eight millions, nor seven, nor six, nor, perhaps, five remain, but against eight millions of the Catholics of the empire over which her Majesty rules, was carried. (Cries of hear.) Am I not reminded that there are here Prelates from the remotest regions of the earth? Is there not a venerated Prelate from that portion of her Majesty's dominions—India—where millions of persons, professing every form of belief—the Hindoo, worshipping the Seikh, the Buddhist—all the races of that great peninsula—are permitted to worship, although it may be in idolatry, after the fashion of their fathers. But you,

who are co-religionists with three-fourths of the Christian world—who profess a religion handed down to you from the days of the Apostles—you are not permitted to worship your God as your fathers have done (hear, and cheers). But yet, although the hand of the minister was reckless and powerful for evil, to show you it is not given to him and his colleagues to be mischievous and clever of fence at the same moment, here is the act which has come forth; after five months labor, from the imperial legislature; and what would the philosopher say of an act which forbids, on the one hand, the Catholic Bishops to assume their titles, but which allows every man in the community to confer these titles upon them. Every single man in this meeting, even if the Attorney-General were here—and I am sorry he is not, to see so great an assemblage—could stand up and style our chairman as Lord Archbishop of Armagh, without violating one tittle of the act. Nay, every corporation in the country can address them by those titles, which I say the act of parliament has not deprived them of; still further, every member of parliament, every peer of the realm can address them by their titles; and this is the handiwork of the British parliament (loud laughter and cheers). I will show you still more the absurdity and bungling of this reckless administration (hear, hear). I, in the discharge of my duty, gave notice of a clause to be added to this bill, and it is the only clause which was added to it by any one opposed to the bill. There is an act called the Charitable Bequests Act, passed for this part of the United Kingdom. Now, to the clauses and working of that act there are many objections. But there is a clause in it which recognizes in terms "the usages and discipline of the Catholic Church in Ireland." There is another clause which says there are Archbishops and Bishops presiding over certain districts in this country. And now, the very last clause in the penal act says—nothing shall repeal, amend, alter, or in any manner affect what is contained in the Charitable Bequest Act. Thus you have seen the Bequests Act recognizing the usages and discipline of the Catholic Church. You have seen a section saying there are Archbishops and Bishops presiding over districts in Ireland, while you have another act of parliament utterly denying and abrogating all the usages and discipline of the Catholic Church, and making it unlawful to assume the titles of Archbishops and Bishops of any districts of the country (cheers). What is the remedy we propose for this—and to suggest that remedy is, perhaps, the most important part of our duty here to-day? (Loud cries of hear, hear.) Let it not be thought by any one that we have come here merely for the purpose of addressing you, or having our speeches reported through the public press. All will be of no avail unless you are prepared, as Sir Piers Mostyn said, to realize in the legislature a strong body of faithful and determined Irish representatives (hear and cheers). It will not do to have the representatives of this country going over to parliament to act obedient to the beck of any minister or leader of opposition; and when justifying themselves to their constituents to say they voted against the penal bill, when there were twenty to one against them. (Hear, hear.) But if you send to parliament forty, or even thirty, representatives determined to stand together as one man, and to say to the minister of the day, we require such and such measures for the people of Ireland, and we require, above all and before all, the repeal of this penal measure—(vehement cheering)—if your representatives say, "we will have no terms with any minister, no matter who he may be, until he repeals that act of parliament, and every other which places the Catholic lower on a platform than his Protestant fellow-subjects"—(loud cheering)—believe me, if you send representatives into parliament determined to act after the fashion in which some twenty-five of us have acted already, they will return to you after another session able to tell you that they have succeeded in repealing this act, and that they prevented the passing of any other measure restrictive of your religious independence. ("Hear," and cheers.) You will not, then, have a letter addressed to the universe by the Prime Minister declaring that the Catholic religion is calculated to confine the intellect and enslave the soul. (Hisses.) He will not thus speak of a Church, whose ministers have poured the balm of comfort upon the parched lips of the dying sinner—(hear, hear)—a Church which dispenses its benefits equally alike to the palace of the peer and the hut of the peasant—(loud and continued cheering)—a Church which pointed the pen of Fenelon, and inspired the tongue of Bossuet—(cheers)—a religion which for 1800 years—(vehement cheering)—has been the religion of three-fourths of the Christian world—(renewed cheers)—has sent its Missionaries over the whole face of the earth in obedience to the word of Him who told them to go forth and preach the Gospel to all mankind—(cheers)—You will obtain for yourselves the liberty which you have lost, to worship your God as your fathers before you worshipped. Be united for that common purpose. Be determined. We may be met as we were met before, by obloquy and calumny—(hear, hear)—by the self-satisfied air of every genuine political rogue—(hear, hear)—but if we are united we will be able to overcome every opposition, even though we should be compelled to bear that Cross upon which the Author of Truth suffered, but from which He redeemed a world. (Vehement and continued cheering, amid which the honorable gentleman retired.)

His Grace the LORD PRIMATE then put the resolution from the chair, and it was carried amid loud cheering.

The Right Rev. Dr. GILLIS then rose, and was received with enthusiastic cheers. He said—My Lord Primate, agreeing as I do in everything with this meeting and its objects, I am sorry to be obliged to begin with a protest. (Laughter.) I have been introduced to the meeting as the Lord Bishop of Edinburgh. Now, I regret to say that there is no such personage in existence even for Lord J. Russell to protest against. (Hisses.) I am but the humble Coadjutor of the venerable Prelate whose letter was read at the opening of the meeting, Dr. Carruthers, of Edinburgh, who is himself one of the few remaining specimens in these realms of that now apparently much-lamented Ecclesiastical functionary—the Vicar-Apostolic. But I trust the day is not far distant when even we shall be dug up as the fossil remains of an antiquated form of Episcopacy, no longer in harmony with the present wants of the country. (Loud cheering.) Much, my Lord, as I could have wished that the duty which now devolves upon me had been entrusted to more able hands, I cannot but candidly acknowledge that, representing as I do here to-day what I know to be the feelings of my own venerable Bishop, as well as those of the great mass of the

Catholic Clergy and laity of Scotland, I do deem it a high and valued privilege to be permitted to take any part, however humble, in the proceedings of this august, I had almost said, sacred assemblage.—(Cheers.) Yes, we have gathered here to-day, I shall not say from the most distant parts of the United Kingdom, but from the ends of the world, for the furthering of an object doubly sacred in its nature—sacred to the cause of human justice, the rights of which have, of late, been so wantonly and insultingly trampled upon, in reference to one-third of the whole population of the British Isles—("Hear, hear," and loud cheers)—but sacred, above all, to the cause of our ancient Faith and time-hallowed altars—to the great cause of that Divine Being, whose name is never blasphemed, in vain, and who has solemnly sworn that He will not give His glory unto another. (Loud cheering.) I rise, my Lord Primate, to submit to the approval of this meeting, the resolution that follows:—

"That we hereby solemnly pledge ourselves to use every legitimate means within the constitution to obtain a total repeal of that act (the Ecclesiastical Titles Act,) and of every other statute which imposes upon the Catholics of this empire any civil or religious disability whatsoever, or precludes them from the enjoyment of a perfect equality with every other class of their fellow-subjects." (Cheers.)

I was the more emboldened, my Lord, to take charge of this resolution, that I felt certain its mere announcement would elicit a true and hearty response from every lover of human equity, and of religious freedom; and whither could I have come to find such men with greater confidence than to this very Rotundo of Dublin, the walls of which have so frequently re-echoed the burning words of genuine patriotism, as they fell from the gifted lips of Ireland's Catholic and faithful children. (Cheers.) We have already learned, my Lord, from your own venerable teaching to-day; from that remarkable letter of the Prelate, whose many high attainments and virtues have brought back to us once more the honors of the Roman purple; we have already been told by his Grace the Archbishop of Tuam, and by Mr. Keogh, in strains too eloquent for me to emulate, that the passing of what is called the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill is a practical violation of the compact contained in the Catholic Relief Act of 1829, and, as such, subversive of the great principle of religious liberty, as established in this empire. As a Scotchman, I shall take the liberty of adding, that it is not a less open infraction of the articles of the treaty of Union between England and Scotland, the maintenance of which every sovereign of Great Britain is bound to swear on the day of his or her coronation. (Hear, hear.)

We have agreed, moreover, that in thus betraying the cause of civil and religious liberty, the ministers of our beloved Queen have forfeited the confidence of the Catholics of the United Kingdom. (Hear, hear.) What then, I ask—what under Heaven remains for us now to do, but humbly to appeal to that higher and ever-impartial tribunal, of which the judgment seat is above the skies; and then, banded and united as the sturdy brothers, as the great and imperishable family of men, over whose devoted hearts the storms of the last eighteen centuries have broken and wasted their energies in vain, determine at once to take an open stand in the face of our oppressors, and never to lay down our arms (the arms of peaceful agitation, of Christian charity, and Christian forbearance, those arms which triumphed of old over three whole centuries of Pagan persecution), never to rest satisfied until we shall have swept away from the statute book of England, not only this disgraceful encroachment upon our common liberties, but every other enactment that may preclude the Catholics of this great empire from the enjoyment of a perfect equality with every other class of their fellow-subjects. (Loud cheering.) It is not, then, my Catholic friends, of many words from me that you now stand in need; you require but to will the deed, and you will do it. To insure your triumph you need but perseverance amidst every difficulty in the noble resolve that has brought you here to-day; unanimity of action as well as sameness of purpose; a firm determination to stand or fall together; and, take my word for it, fall you will not. (Cheers.)

Press on, then, as one man, towards the stronghold of religious liberty—for, like the Kingdom that is above, it also suffers violence, and you will carry it by storm (cheers.) For once and for ever, let every paltry consideration be banished from our counsels, and all personal differences buried in oblivion, and let us turn our whole thoughts towards the emancipation of that holy Church in which are already centred all our hopes for this world and for eternity (loud cheering.) And who, I should like to know, are entitled to censure us for thus openly asserting what is our unquestionable right? Why is the Catholic Church to be for ever branded amongst us with a note of infamy?—(cheers)—while every fanciful believer in conventicle or street preaching may put in his claim for the keeping of his Sovereign's conscience, take his seat upon the woolsack, and sport a Chancellor's wig? (Laughter and loud cheers.)

If it be true that we are really, and not in name only, a free people, why are there still chains amongst us for the Catholics of these kingdoms? (hear, hear.) Are we felons? Are we rebels to the cause of religious or civil liberty? Who made proud England's boasted freedom but the Catholic Church and her devoted Prelates—the fathers of their country as well as of its poor? (loud cheers.) And are we now to be forbidden to give an honorable name to the successors of their Priesthood? (loud and long-continued cheering.) Are we, for instance, to be told that we are to see no longer in the holy Prelate, who graces this meeting to-day, as its chairman, the legitimate delegate of that deservingly-beloved, and high-souled Pontiff, who, in the face of this arrogant nineteenth century, wears so nobly the tiara of St. Peter? (loud cheering.) Gentlemen, depend upon it, whoever says nay, all Catholics will persevere in seeing in Doctor Cullen the true Archbishop of Armagh, and the Primate of all Ireland. (tremendous cheers.) If I may be permitted to introduce here, in confirmation of what I have just said, what I heard reported the other day only in his Grace's archdiocese, it will afford us a beautiful instance of that poetry of nature, of which the secret is ever to be found in the rich depths of the Irish heart. They are the words of a simple peasant when speaking of his Archbishop. "Forbid me," he exclaimed, "to call him his Grace? No!—no man shall forbid me to call him his right name. If they prevent me from doing so when awake and in public, I'll dream of him in my bed, and I'll call him so in sleep" (laughter, and loud cheering.) Yes, there lies here (pointing to his breast) an inward sanctuary, too sacred for the intrusion even of an act of parliament; and in that sanctuary of the heart the conscientious Catholic must ever remain free to obey the dictates of the Church he knows to have been built upon a rock;

around which, if they will, the storms of this world may howl, but which never can be submerged by the billows of human passion (hear, hear, and cheers.) Gentlemen, I feel that after the magnificent display of Episcopal and forensic eloquence to which we have just listened with such delight, it would be very presumptuous in me, at this advanced period of the meeting, to intrude longer on your attention. (Cries of "No.") Well, then, there is one more observation I would beg to make in reference to this ministerial measure. We read in the life of the great Saint Bernard, that noted agitator of his day, that having incurred much blame for the unsuccessful result of a crusade which he had preached, he on one occasion met his accusers as he was leaving a church; when, finding at the door a blind man, instead of justifying himself in words, he appealed to Heaven for justice, laid his hand upon the blind man, restoring him to his sight, and sent him forth a living miracle to vindicate his own conduct in having preached the crusade. I am not, God knows, another Bernard. I have neither his eloquence, nor his virtues, nor his power—yet, trusting that there may be here a cure for moral blindness, I would say to those amongst us who have hitherto shown themselves over ready to truckle to mere human greatness—who bow, and bow, and bow again to men in high places—nay, who would lay their very necks upon the ground, for the honor of being trampled on by official deceivers; or again, although with very different feelings, I would say to those other men amongst us; who, strong in the deep sense of their own personal honor, simple as doves in the generous confidence they have once bestowed on those whom they deemed their friends, whose charity thinketh no evil, and who are easily forgetful of previously inflicted injuries—I would willingly say to all our blind: Let me set before you at least this one last, monstrous act of political injustice—this outrageous act of insult and of wrong—this act of black ingratitude and of foolish daring—this act which, by one fell stroke of a parliamentary pen, annihilates for ever all the rights we had won in 1829—(cries of "Hear, hear.")—this act which carries us back whole twenty years into the days of religious intolerance and persecution—this act which strikes at the very vitals of our common liberties as British subjects, and as faithful children of the Catholic Church; and if this be not sufficient at length to open your eyes, then your coeity must be great indeed, and you require the miraculous touch of another St. Bernard to remove the scales of your blindness (loud cheers.) There is one feature, however, in this measure, for which we cannot be too grateful to Divine Providence, and that is, that whatever other result may come from it, it is certainly, in the meantime, having the most decided effect in uniting us all together for the one great object that we ought ever to have in view. ("Hear, hear," and loud cheers.) And if this be the only beneficial result of Lord John Russell's measure—(groans for Lord John Russell)—then, I say, notwithstanding the manner in which you have received his name, that man deserves a statue from Catholic gratitude—(laughter)—for if we have ever hitherto failed in any of our common cause, it has been from no other reason than that we have not hitherto been sufficiently united. (Hear, hear.) As a proof that the Catholics of Scotland were determined to act in concert with their brethren in Ireland, his Lordship here handed to one of the secretaries of the meeting to be read, a letter he had received since entering the hall, explaining at the same time the nature of the Association of St. Margaret, from whence it emanated. You see, then continued Dr. Gillis, that if our arms be weak, our hearts, at least, are with you, and we shall be delighted in Scotland to join with you in every measure that shall obtain the high sanction of your Most Rev. chairman. (Hear, hear.) But how, it may be asked, are we to triumph over the difficulties in our way? How are we successfully to war against an act of parliament, passed by such an overwhelming majority? I will tell you what we shall do. St. Paul, when his rights as a Roman citizen had been invaded, appealed to Cæsar. Now, we have in this country a Cæsar whose name is legion—that omnipotent British Cæsar is public opinion. Well, then, we shall appeal from Cæsar drunk to Cæsar sober—from public opinion misled and deceived; as it has been for months past, by the inflammatory outpourings of every species of malignant bigotry, to public opinion better informed; to the more calm and deliberate judgment of a naturally just and generous people; and the day will yet come when they will say to us—We regret that we ever sought to make you slaves; we now come forward to do you justice, and you once more stand amidst us free. If the words, then, were not derogatory to the Apostleship of a St. Paul, I may safely use them here to-day, and with them I shall conclude—*Cæsarem appello!* His Lordship resumed his seat amidst loud and continued cheering.

Mr. MOORE then rose and was received with loud and prolonged cheering. The hon. gentleman spoke as follows:—My Lord Archbishop of Armagh, my Lords Archbishops, and Bishops of God's Church in this empire, and fellow-countrymen, I am rejoiced that it has fallen to my lot to second this resolution—first, because I am in hopes that the brilliant eloquence with which it has been proposed will cover and illumine the humble efforts of him who seconds it, and that my deficiencies, like the dim rays of the planet Mercury, will be lost in the effulgence of the bright luminary with which they are associated. Secondly, I have great pleasure in seconding a resolution which rebuts a dismal delusion, under which, I hope, no man in this meeting labors—that we are met together this day for no other and no better purpose than that of protesting against an Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. (Hear, hear.) Did we confine ourselves to that dull work of supererogation, our protest would be somewhat of the latest in the field. Why, every man and every party that I know of has protested against it already (hear.) Look to the provincial meetings. Is it not consoling to find that the enemies of Catholicity are composed of such beasts as these? Could the enemies of Protestantism desire a lower depth of degradation to their opponent than that in which those opponents placed themselves? For myself, I declare I felt sorrow to see any part of professing Christianity so perverted—pain to see the religion of any great people so degraded. Some time before the meeting of parliament I commenced a compilation of the most remarkable and popular sentences delivered at these meetings, by way of a compendium of the wit, intelligence, good sense, good taste, and feeling that win the applause of Englishmen in their moments of Protestant aberration. I soon recoiled from the dismal task with a feeling that I was standing, as it were, by a fevered bed, and recording the ravings of delirium (hear, hear, and loud: (For continuation see Supplement.)