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## SPEECH OF DR. CAHILL

AT THE ROTUNDO, IN DUBLIN, ON THE 8TH ULT.

The Reverend gentleman's health having been proposed he returned thanks as follows:—

I am gratified for the kind allusion made on the address read by the secretary to the success which has attended my lectures in England and Scotland. (Loud and long continued cheering.) Yes, my lectures have been successful—(renewed cheers)—and, I have to add, that many of those who might have been naturally classed amongst the ranks of my enemies—I mean various sections of the Tory press—many of these, I say, have proved themselves my most able and strenuous supporters. (Cheers.) During the period when I was engaged in writing those letters which were published, and of which I believe you have heard—(loud cheers)—at that period I mixed much and intimately with the people of England. I also mixed much in the society of Irishmen resident in England. They conferred upon me a thousand marks of kindness and regard. (Cheers.) They liked me, I believe, because I was a big fellow like many of themselves. ("Hear" and loud cheers.) I said to them—"My fellow-countrymen, here is the growth of Popery for you. (Cheers.) The Tory papers in England tell you that Popery is going down in Ireland; but I tell you do not believe one word of it." (Loud cheering.) And whilst I thus proudly acknowledge the enthusiastic regard evinced towards me by my fellow-Irishmen in England, I feel it a duty to seize this opportunity of declaring my grateful sense of the true courtesy and cordial friendship which I experienced at the hands of the English people—(cheers)—yes, the noble English people, Clergy and laity, vied with one another in conferring upon me marks of their kindness and regard—(cheers)—and in whatever I may have to say in this my address in well-deserved denunciation of a heartless and corrupt government, I do not mean to speak unkindly of the truthful, the noble-hearted English people. (Cheers.) I distinguish them from their government. (Cheers.) I never met men possessed of more sterling qualities. I was met and received as a brother by every member of the English Clergy. (Cheers.) Such kindness, such generosity, and such a perfect union of hearts it has never been my good fortune before to witness. This had not been the case previously. The English people were long without feeling the scourge of persecution; but since the pranks commenced of Lord John Russell they began to feel what suffering was, and they learned consideration for the feelings of others—(loud cheers)—and now I am bound to say that the ties of mutual endurance have created feelings—from the humblest English Catholic up to the illustrious Cardinal Wiseman—which do honor to Catholicity in England. (Loud cheering.) Cardinal Wiseman—that gifted man—that prince of the Church—has often wept over the sufferings of the Irish people. (Loud cheers.) He was born in Spain—his mission is in England—and he has many relatives in Ireland, and he partakes of the characteristic of all those races. He has the high honor and chivalry of the Spaniard, the truth of the Englishman, and the warm and generous enthusiasm of the Irish nature. (Cheers.) I repeat I cannot too highly express my gratitude for the unvarying kindness conferred upon me by my Clerical brethren in England, and also by the honest-hearted English laity. (Cheers.) Since the Rev. Mr. Sheridan, of Liverpool, and the Rev. Mr. Donohoe, both my dear and valued friends, first introduced me, one in England and the other in Scotland, I have met nothing but kindness, cordiality, and brotherly love amongst the people of those countries. (Cheers.) The Catholic Hierarchy both in Scotland and England recognised the importance of my mission. The Scottish and English Prelates received me with marked and distinguished kindness, and conferred compliments upon me which I must believe were intended as much for the nation I represented as for myself. I am delighted at having this opportunity of putting on record my grateful recognition of the thousand kindnesses which I have received at the hands of Prelates, Clergy, and laity both in Scotland and in England. (Cheers.) And the cheer which shall emanate from this crowded and influential meeting of my fellow-countrymen, when I shall call for it to be given, for the Catholic Bishops, Clergy, and laity of England and Scotland, will prove that my dear fellow-countrymen appreciate every kindness shown to me as a compliment to my country. (Loud cheering.) A cheer, then, for the good and illustrious Prelates, the pious Clergy, and the true-hearted laity of England and Scotland. (This call was responded to by repeated and enthusiastic cheering.) The Rev. gentleman resumed and said—I have had no opportunity for a long time of laying before you in detail the progress of English outrage and injustice towards this country. (Hear, hear.) In the address so kindly and cordially pre-

sented to me allusion has been made to the effusions from my pen in vindicating the claims of Ireland, and in laying bare the miserable system of deceptive and traitorous policy pursued towards our poor country. (Cheers.) Well, I believe I did endeavor to drag my Lord John Russell from the seat to which he adhered with desperate tenacity. (Laughter and cheers.) This reminds me of a story I once heard of an attempt to dislodge a philosopher of the schools from the seat of dignity which he had long usurped. So tenacious was he of that seat, and so desperately did he cling to it, that when he was dragged from it at last by main force, he left his sitting part behind him still fixed to the seat of dignity. (Loud laughter.) Thus it was with the Russell ministry; when dragged at last, despite of all their efforts, from power, their adhesive extremity remained behind clinging to office in the person of Lord John Russell. (Shouts of laughter.) There can be no doubt that England planned the double stratagem of revolutionising southern Europe and overthrowing Catholicity. From the hour when she placed Louis XVIII. on the throne of France, she virtually wore the Gallican crown, and from the Tuileries she then dated her first despatch of political conspiracy and Papal degradation. England sowed the seeds of revolution in the very heart of Spain and Portugal—she corrupted Sarlinia—dug a mine in Switzerland—planted rebellion in Austria—acted Voltaire in France—sattered America—bowed to Naples—reverenced the Pope, and thus, with all the same arts by which she robbed Ireland of her parliament, and left the Irishman without a home, she fawned on one nation, bribed a second, bullied a third, deceived a fourth, and enajled the rest. She prepared her disastrous plans and matured her accustomed perfidy. Her statesmen fraternised with expelled refugees in Berne, pitied the slavery of the Hungarian in Pesth, spoke of Austrian tyranny in Turin, praised republican institutions in Washington, dined with assassins in Rome, raised the rebel flag at Naples, and advocated treason and plunder in the Peninsula. For five-and-twenty years she played the rebel, the revolutionist, the traitor, the sycophant, the hypocrite; and by this terrific admixture of political poison she diseased the blood of Christian society, which spread itself in due time over the entire continent of Europe, producing in its ultimate development a scene of universal terror, such as has no parallel in modern history, disputing royalty, shaking thrones, staining the sword in civil strife, and threatening to bury the ancient crowns of Europe and the Faith of the Apostles beneath the ruins of nations. (Enthusiastic cheering.) I call from this place on every king in southern Europe to say if I am right in my impeachment of English government, and seven kings, and seven cities, and seven armies reply from seven kingdoms, in the loud roar of their defensive artillery, that England is the public disturber of European policy, and her late statesmen the convicted traitors to every pledge of international honor—(loud cheers)—and the very men who advocate unbridled liberty abroad enact tyranny at home; they frame laws for us, which they condemn in foreign countries, and they bind poor ill-fated Ireland in the chains which despotism has forged in other nations. This has ever been the perfidious art of England, to loudly condemn abroad the very conduct which she practises at home—thus by appearing in the dress of liberty in foreign society, and advocating the cause of the oppressed, she raises there in her favor a shout of public applause, which drowns the faint cries of her bleeding victims at home. (Cries of "True, true.") Thus, while Lord Palmerston bullied Greece with her Majesty's three-decker, in order to redress the private wrongs of Messrs. Findlay and Signor Pacifico, and thus publish before the world his ministerial justice, he looked on quietly at the wholesale extermination of whole thousands of poor Irish at home. Again, while young Sir Robert Peel joined in reviewing the Swiss troops which sacked colleges, killed Priests, forced convents and committed scenes of cruelty and debauchery unheard, our Clarendon was employed in preaching "law and order," and finding men guilty to be drawn hanged, and quartered in Ireland. (Loud and angry murmurs.) Again, when Lord Minto and Lord Palmerston were sending ships of war to carry revolutionists from Italy, the Ionian Islands, and Constantinople, in order to show sympathy with the distressed, the same gentlemen looked on quietly while the poor emigrants from Ireland were smothered or starved, or wrecked or drowned—leaving their whitened bones in the fathomless deep to mark the cruel hypocrisy which could send convoys, and officers, and surgeons to protect foreign assassins, and refused to appoint even an officer to inspect the ocean hearses which spread their mournful canvass to invite the forlorn children of Ireland to a foreign clime, and then to sail into the deep, deep sea, to bury their skeleton frames in a tempestuous, unpitied, watery grave.

And lastly, while we see Lord Stanley, in the year 1838, raise twenty millions of money to purchase the liberty of a handful of slaves in our obscure petty islands of the West Indies, we cannot avoid drawing the bitter contrast in the same man, in the same senate house, never raising his voice to raise the same amount to purchase, not the liberty of slaves, but the lives of the faithful Irish, from the terrors of famine and the appalling shroudless and coffinless grave. (Deep sensation.) From these red graves I impeach English statesmen with a cruelty, a perfidy, and an injustice which, sooner or later, will bring a curse on their name and their nation, and which will raise up enemies to execute the will of Heaven in the avenging scourge of public national retribution. (Cheers.) The logic of a just Providence is slow in arriving at its conclusion from the premises; its premises, like those of Babylon, are often forgotten by men, but as sure as the chill blast of winter withers the summer leaf, heaven will draw the avenging conclusion; and the voice of all history informs us that the fate of a wicked nation is as certain as the fate of a wicked individual, and the ruins of the ancient cities of former greatness and guilt is the warning handwriting of a just God, publishing the certain chastisement which, sooner or later, redresses national wrongs. Liberty and religion were both given by the Almighty ruler of this world and the next; one rises up from the soul, like the eternal hills on the bosom of the earth, and the other is the light of life poured from the skies. We cannot part with the one without tearing away part of our essential being; nor can we extinguish the other without a culpable future of permanent darkness. Everything round us may change, but these two principles never can. Creeds, and tongues, and names, and thrones, and powers may be altered, or forgotten, or lost, without a stain in peoples or nations; but the man who forfeits liberty, or betrays religion commits the suicide of his own being, is a traitor to men and a perjurer to God. And although success in the struggles of a nation may be attained by a remote generation, or never attained, it is still the duty of a man to risk all things, and even life itself, in the maintenance of principle true and unchangeable as God, and as immortal as the human soul. (Loud cheers for several minutes.) Oh! if he, whose memory we celebrate on this evening, if he were alive to witness the terrors to which Ireland has been exposed since '47, he would make his giant voice be heard in the ends of the earth; he could enlist the sympathies of all mankind in our favor; he could concentrate universal public opinion in one angry flood; and, like the ocean collected in its swollen strength, and tossing the combined imperial navy like a shuttlecock, he, and he alone, could, by his lip of fire, accumulate the irresistible power of the national will, and scatter before the public legitimate anger the attempt which has been made against the liberties of our country and the freedom of our altars. Who that ever saw him for an hour who was not moved to pity as he took off the bandages from the wounds of Ireland, and wept over the consuming cancer that has eaten for centuries into the very heart of our fallen country—who that ever heard him who did not feel his bosom swell whilst he portrayed the fatal legislation which has plundered our nation, withered our manufactures, exhausted our soil, and beggared our commerce—who that ever read his electric orations who did not burn with his own rage as he shook the British senate with the thunder of his Irish eloquence against our national wrongs—and who can help, alas! now heaving a deep sigh of sorrow, as he misses his name from the members for Ireland—as he thinks on the countless brave hearts that have fallen since '47—as he passes the modern silent ruin of Conciliation Hall, and gazes on the tomb of Ireland's Liberator—and who can avoid shedding a tear of bitter grief when we read the cruel jibes of our enemies over prostrate, bleeding Ireland, while the giant arm is withered, and the burning tongue is silent, that were wont, in the front of the battle, to give the inspiring word of triumphant command, and to strike to the earth the advancing relentless foe? (Loud cheering.) But that old battle shall again be renewed with redoubled courage by the trodden-down children of Ireland. Better to fall in the ranks of liberty than to live as slaves—better to die for principle amidst the perils of death than to live in ease by the cowardly sacrifice of national honor—better to sleep in a patriot tomb than fill a traitor's grave. The suns of the last three hundred years have risen and set in storm over our struggling liberties, but the sacred flame of freedom has burned on and on, and has never yet been extinguished. Our fathers have been banished and put to death for their love of truth and for their devotion to their country. They died in their chains uttering the cry of liberty, and their whitened bones and mouldering hearts lie beneath our feet without a stain on their memory. (Loud cheers.)

And we, their children, through every peril, shall follow their example—we never shall yield till every mark of national inequality shall be effaced from the statute book of England. Why should Ireland hold down her head and bow to national injustice. Why should Ireland submit to the brand of national inferiority? No, Ireland never will—Ireland never shall. (Cries of "No, never.") During the last eight years England has been employed in forging new chains for us. The history of the whole world has no parallel of the shameful speeches, the galling lies, and the unendurable injustice, which her statesmen have spoken, forged and enacted since '47. The worst days of Elizabeth have scarcely equalled the perfidy and the legislation of the Whigs; and amidst the voluminous records of these years of insult there is scarcely one page where the eye of the historian can read even one truth to soothe the resentment of our calumniated race. Let us here utter our honest feelings without fear. Are not the last seven years one unbroken record of calumny, lies, and a code of laws which Protestant Prussia condemns—which republican America has publicly reprobated—which the Turkish Divan has authoritatively rebuked, and which for ever will justly alienate the affections of Ireland till a wise senate will order their total repeal, and wash out the foul stain which it has hitherto sought to cast on the virtue, the Faith, and the loyalty of Ireland? It is vain, it is insane, to attempt, after the experience of three hundred years, to purchase our freedom or to corrupt our religion. The most renowned of England's statesmen have tried this policy by successive and varied stratagems, and after shedding rivers of blood and expending millions of gold, they are at this moment more removed from their malignant hopes than when they began. Here we are this day celebrating the first great national commemoration of our great patriot, laying the basis of a union which shall last as long as these penal laws are unrepented; and when Ireland shall recover from the sick bed, where Providence and human tyranny have placed her, she will present her rising children more healthy, and more combined, and more irresistible than at any former period of her history. When that day shall come, which is not far distant, we shall again call on the world to mark our past loyalty to the throne, our long suffering degradation, our blameless faith; and we shall demand our full rights, our perfect equality, and we shall be grateful for ever for this national justice. But if our prayer be denied as heretofore, mark what I tell you, and you may rely on the high probability of my statement, that an hour will and must soon happen, when this obdurate injustice of ages, this inflexible hatred of Ireland, may cost England her present sway and lower her imperial crown. Here is my case—let one shot be fired at her from America or France, which is not impossible and let foreign nations, by steam, and iron, and coal, which they possess, rival England's machinery and England's trade, which they certainly will do—and let her millions of cotton-hands become idle for one year, which is not an improbable fact, from war, from advancing foreign competition, and from new textile discoveries—and let the Protestant Church continue to malign, disedify, plunder, and infidelise the empire, which course they certainly will follow, as an outrage on the patience of men and on the sanctity of God—take from the Chartists their dinner for one day, while the nobles and the Bishops drink their aristocratic champagne and Apostolic claret—and let the glorious national debt add another tax, which it certainly will do, to the nine hundred and eighty-six millions sterling which England owes at present to her own subjects—and let the same national insult, the same mad bigotry, the same lies of the Protestant Church be annually exhibited, which will undoubtedly take place—and, lastly, let Ireland understand and believe that England essentially fosters the growth of millions of sworn internal foes, and that the seeds of revolutions and downfall are sown deeper in the heart of England than in any other country that has ever existed at any period of human history—that the payment of the national debt, will yet cost her her life—and let Ireland stand firm for a little while, a few years obey the laws, demand equal liberties, abide our time, form a constitutional brotherhood with our maddened kindred in America, with our countrymen in all the towns in England, and, come what will, let us ask what belongs to us as human beings, and as Irishmen, and as honorable subjects—let us demand nothing more than our just rights, and let us take nothing less—and as sure as to-morrow's sun will rise our full liberties are perhaps nearer to us than most people think. If we all, and altogether, sing with united courage the hymn of liberty or death—if we all cry out together—

By oppression's woes and pains—  
By our sons in servile chains,  
We shall drain our dearest veins,  
But they shall be free.

(Here the whole assembly rose and cheered.) But