

Dr. Marshall again went forward from the table to the front of the platform, but the Lord Mayor still remaining standing, the meeting rose up *en masse* and a scene of deafening cheering, mingled with loud cries for Dr. Marshall, ensued. The most intense excitement prevailed for a considerable period. At length order was restored, and the Rev. Mr. Marshall resumed. Well, said the Rev. speaker, I shall proceed, but I shall not mention names. (Laughter.) A certain person, whose name need not be mentioned, since it appears to be objectionable to some in this meeting—(cries of "No")—well, then, this royal gentleman, when making his speech at this festival in returning thanks for a complimentary toast, spoke as I shall read for you. The Rev. Dr. Marshall then read the following extract:—

"When our ancestors purified the Christian faith, and shook off the yoke of a domineering Priesthood, they felt that the keystone of that wonderful fabric which had grown up in the dark times of the middle ages was the celibacy of the Clergy—(groans and hisses)—and shrewdly foresaw that their reformed faith and newly-won religious liberty would, on the contrary, only be secure in the hands of a Clergy united with the people by every sympathy—national, personal, and domestic. (Renewed hisses from the meeting.) Gentlemen, this nation has enjoyed for three hundred years the blessings of a 'Church' establishment which rests upon this basis, and cannot be too grateful for the advantages afforded by the fact that the Christian Ministers not only preach the doctrine of Christianity, but have among their congregations—an example for the discharge of every Christian duty as husbands, fathers, and masters of families—themselves capable of fathoming the whole depth of human feelings, desires, and difficulties." (Cheers.)

Now (resumed the Reverend speaker), I wish to speak with all respect of a Prince and of one who stands so near to the throne as the Prince whose name I must not mention. (Laughter.) I join not only in paying homage to his rank, but also in speaking with approbation of many virtues in his character, vouching him to the estimation which he is now about to forfeit, perhaps. (Cheers.) Prince Albert—I beg your pardon, my Lord Mayor, I should have said 'this certain gentleman,' or rather 'this right royal personage'—(laughter and cheers)—may claim from us the performance of certain duties; well, let us perform them; but if we have duties to perform towards him, he also has duties towards us, which he is bound to fulfil—"hear, hear," and loud cheers)—and let it be known, and manfully and honorably spoken out, despite of let or hindrance—let the warning be given to this royal Prince—a warning which may be useful to him—a warning taken from past history, which records how when certain dangerous meddlers behind the throne were punished by exile from the land—(great cheering, which was continued for several minutes)

The Lord Mayor again rose and said—I must really interpose again. I cannot—(Here his lordship's voice was lost in the tremendous peals of cheering, mingled with calls for Dr. Marshall.)

The Rev. Mr. Marshall—No matter; I have said all I wished to say on that peculiar subject. (Renewed cheering.)

The Lord Mayor—I must entreat that order be preserved. (Renewed cheers and excitement, during which the Rev. Mr. Marshall seated himself on the front of the platform, and awaited his time to resume his address to the meeting, meanwhile the cheering and interruption still continuing.)

Mr. John O'Connell, M.P., stood upon the table, and, on being recognised by the assemblage, was greeted with loud cheers, which were repeated, accompanied by waving of hats, handkerchiefs, &c. Mr. O'Connell essayed for some time to obtain a hearing, but in vain.

The Rev. Mr. Marshall again stood up, and seemed determined to assert his right to continue his speech.

The Lord Mayor—I shall break up this meeting if the Reverend gentleman does not sit down. (Renewed interruption.)

Rev. Mr. Marshall—I insist on my right to continue my speech. [Loud cheers.] If Mr. O'Connell sits down, I will sit down until the Lord Mayor be heard. ["Hear," and cheers.]

The Lord Mayor—I must adjourn this meeting. [Great confusion, and cries for Dr. Marshall.]

The Rev. Dr. Marshall to Mr. John O'Connell—If you resume your seat I shall sit down.

Mr. Serjeant O'Brien suggested to Mr. John O'Connell to sit down.

Mr. John O'Connell courteously consented, and the Rev. Dr. Marshall, seeing Mr. O'Connell seated, resumed his seat, after stating that he reserved his right to conclude his speech.

The Lord Mayor then rose, and was about to address some observations to the meeting, but was interrupted by tremendous peals of cheering, accompanied by cries for Dr. Marshall. The Lord Mayor was a considerable time before he obtained a hearing. The noise having subsided, his lordship said—Gentlemen, it has been my painful duty, in consequence of Dr. Marshall making some observations which I thought unbecoming and unnecessary—(cries of "No, no")—to call him to order. I called him to order, and Dr. Marshall did not obey that call, and I now refuse to hear any further observations from him. [Loud cries of "Hear Dr. Marshall," from all parts of the meeting.]

The Rev. Dr. Marshall then presented himself again before the meeting, and was received with loud and enthusiastic cheers.

The Lord Mayor—I will break up the meeting. [Cries of "No, no," and "Hear Dr. Marshall."] Dr. Marshall—I insist on finishing my speech; I insist on my right to be heard. [Loud cheers.]

Mr. Serjeant O'Brien—I think the Lord Mayor has a right to allow you to finish. [Cheers.]

The Rev. Mr. Marshall then proceeded amidst great cheering to continue his speech. He said—I

am a little put out of my argument—I have lost my brief. [Laughter.] But I will endeavor to go on, and ask you to see what mean: you will adopt to defend yourselves from the injuries with which you are threatened, and to protect those whom it is our dear interest to defend. [Cheers.] This bigotry has been fanned up in England, and do not suppose that I am taking the part of my countrymen, or am here to defend them when I say that that bigotry has been fanned by Irish Parsons. Exeter Hall would be a very lame affair, and the performances there hardly worth encoring were it not for a reverend firebrand of Ireland, who goes from this country, where he receives his money, to get a congregation at the other side of the water. [Laughter and cheers.] In the pulpit and on the platform you will always find that it is some member of the Irish establishment who flatters old maids and beguiles his silly listeners into the hatred of our religion; and at the present moment we have proof that it is from the establishment that mischief comes—from that very person who is the chief dignitary of that establishment in this city [hisses]—he who my good friend the Lord Mayor called the Archbishop of Dublin—[renewed hissing]—but whom I declare to be no more Archbishop than Zozimus, the ballad-singer. [Loud laughter and cheers.] He is our enemy—he has slandered our Nuns, and invented stories against them—and when, in the most respectful language I could possibly use—when I even gave him that title for which I was obliged afterward to make an act of contrition—[laughter]—that title which is given to him by law—when I addressed him, I say, upon his calumnies against our holy Nuns—what did I get from him but a shuffling and evasive answer, but which proved positively that he told that which in his heart he knew to be false. [Cheers.] I have occupied you too long. [Loud cries of "No, no."] I wished to finish what I intended to say, and will condense my argument by expressing my belief that the source of all our troubles is the Protestant Establishment. You will have your Nuns continually assailed, and your faithful people ever exposed to injurious temptations until by a strong effort you rid yourself of that establishment—until, throwing aside points of difference, you earnestly determine to free yourself of this source of injury and affliction to this country—until you rid yourselves of those chains which brand you in Christendom as a nation of slaves—[cheers]—until you are in earnest on that point, I tell you I for one am convinced that you will suffer and will be persecuted. [Loud cheers.] If you are willing to tolerate this iniquitous establishment—if you are willing to be the victims of this nefarious system—if you are willing to do this, then in God's name I give you welcome to your chains. [The Reverend gentleman resumed his seat loudly and enthusiastically cheered.]

Mr. Thomas Ball seconded the resolution in eloquent and appropriate terms.

Mr. John O'Connell, M.P., came forward to propose the next resolution, and was received with loud and enthusiastic cheering. He said—Before I thank you and express my gratitude for this warm and generous reception, allow me to tell you why I rose and appeared on the table before. I beg to assure the Rev. gentleman that it was not out of any disrespect to him—

Rev. Dr. Marshall—You need not name me.

Mr. O'Connell—I never in my life was guilty of disrespect to a Clergyman, and I never will. [Cheers.] A Clergyman has me at his mercy; he may say what he likes of or to me; he may be certain that I will venerate his holy office, and venerate the virtues which he doubtless possesses to fill it; he may be sure that as a woman would be protected, if he struck me, I would not return it. The reason I rose was to explain the point of order; because I saw other lay gentlemen come forward to the front of the platform and attempt to address the meeting, I did not know on what topics—

Rev. Mr. Marshall—Name, name.

Mr. O'Connell—Because I saw other gentlemen come forward I thought I had as much right to speak on a point of order. I hope that our enemies will not have the gratification of seeing any differences among us; at any rate I will do all in my power to prevent such. I hope that we shall not have the affliction of having our movement rendered null and void; that we shall not earn the ridicule of our opponents. [Hear.] I regret that we have been compelled once more to assemble as a separate portion of the community in defence of our rights, and that we are not laboring with Irishmen of every creed for the common good of our country. [Hear, hear.] But we can say to our Protestant fellow-countrymen—to those Liberals who stood by our side in many a well-fought field, that it is not our fault—that it is not we who have provoked this or thrown away the chances of Ireland at this juncture. [Hear.] If we were a united people now, what is there that we could not wring from England at this moment. If Protestant, and Catholic, and Presbyterian were pulling heart and hand together, England, even now—at this first hour of strife, when she is in all her undiminished pride of place—in all the glory of the mighty strength she has put forth in so wonderful a manner to combat the enemy of civilisation—even now she would listen to us. [Cheers.] How much more, then, would she do so when the thousand chances that are always inseparable from the most successful war shall occur? [Hear, hear.] In 1788 the demands of the Catholics of Ireland for religious freedom were refused with contumely—in the following year, 1789, the French and Spanish fleets riding triumphantly in the Channel, a different feeling was induced, and a concession was made by English statesmen, who found that the claims put forward by a united and single-purposed body of men were too strong to be resisted. [Loud cheers.] We can now, if we like, present ourselves as a united people. [Cheers.] It

is in our own hands so to do. Why, then, should we not do so? [Cheers.] Can we not appeal to England? Can we not say to her, "Look at the manner in which the pride and boast of our youth are pouring into your fleets and armies as enthusiastically as yourselves to fight for the cause of freedom?" [Cheers.]

A voice—Tell them not to go.

Mr. O'Connell continued—Will you tell these men that whilst they are away you will insult their wives, their sisters, and their daughters. [Hear, hear.] I cannot enter fully into the subject of these convents, I feel my want of power to do so—my want of eloquence fit for the task. I can only say that every throbb of my heart, every sensation of my being is lost in one profound and absorbing sentiment of deepest reverence and reverent affection for the admirable Religious Orders that are so cruelly and so infamously assailed. [Loud cheers.] What pretext is there for the present persecution? Do I not almost mock you by asking that question? [Cheers.] I appeal to any dispassionate Englishman, and among Englishmen there are many with sound, sensible heads and good hearts—I say to them, is it fair play to do as you are doing—using the power of a tyrant majority which, by an unhappy arrangement, dating many years back, you have in the legislature to insult us? The mover of this assault declared in his place in the House of Commons, not only that he had no grounds to proceed upon, but that he had not what would be deemed in law even a valid reason to give for granting the inquiry which he proposed. [Groans.] But he went further. He went on to say that, as I understood him at least, the motion was based on surmises, and that he was quite sure when those surmises came to be inquired into they would be—verified by facts, I suppose you think—no, but that they would prove to be unfounded. But Mr. Chambers, I am sorry to say, is aided by some amongst our own countrymen. [Groans.]—Thank Heaven, they are but few in number. Whilst on our side we have Messrs. Gould, Heard, Burke, Roche, Kirk, and others, Protestant members, who have nobly stood by the Catholics on this occasion. We have asked many of the English members why they did not vote against the bill, and the reply we always got has been, "Oh, we would gladly do so, but we are afraid of our constituents." But whilst many have acted in that way there are many English and Scotch members who have nobly stood out and have resisted the pressure of their constituents, to the danger, and almost certainty in many cases of losing their seats. [Cheers.] I have alluded before to our soldiers and sailors in the service of the Queen. What will be their feelings when they hear of these assaults on their religion and its institutions? When fighting side by side with the French soldier, whilst sailing in the same division with the French seaman, what, I ask, must be their feeling in thinking, under such circumstances, of their families and their children, whom they have been forced to leave behind to seek a precarious subsistence? He is not insulted at home. He has his Priest with him, on the field and on the deck to administer spiritual consolation to him when struck down. Now let me here—and I do it with hearty alacrity—do justice to a gentleman from whom I differ on some political grounds—and perhaps unhappily differ somewhat too widely—I mean the honorable member for Meath. [Loud and prolonged cheering.] I am happy to pay him the tribute, which is no more than his due. There are other members who have also endeavored to follow in his track, and to assist him in his endeavors. I will not particularise them; but I can bear personal testimony to the efforts that have been made for the soldiers—perhaps they are not so necessary here—for the British government have conceded the magnificent privilege that 5,000 or 6,000 Irish Catholics should have four or five poor Priests to attend them; but the Catholic sailors have not a Priest at all. [Mr. O'Connell then described a visit he had paid recently to a French ship of the line, and the respectful and deferential manner in which he saw the Catholic Chaplain was treated on board those vessels.] He continued—Was not that a contrast to the case of their own unfortunate sailors on board the English fleet—and does not England think the men will remark these things? It is idle to talk—there must be a change in this, and our poor sailors must have the benefit, and the blessing, and consolation of the spiritual assistance of their own Clergy. They shall have them if we can, and we will show we are not split up by disunions—that we can be united, and can meet, as we do here to-day, to make one grand and determined protest against this continued injustice. [Cheers.] I have a resolution to propose, and it is one my heart goes with. It is as follows:—

"That we appeal to all the friends of civil and religious freedom to aid us in resisting measures conceived and carried forward in contempt of the entire Catholic people, whom alone it affects, calculated to create deep discontent in Ireland, and to perpetuate sectarian animosities, and thus to imperil the best interests of the empire."

After some further observations, Mr. O'Connell concluded amidst applause.

Mr. Wilberforce seconded the resolution, and said that the resolution spoke of all the friends of civil and religious liberty. There were two ways in which they might have religious peace—first, the one of times past—of men being all of the same way of thinking in matters of religion—and therefore having no differences to make; the other—the only way he feared they could have it now—was by men, while being earnest in their own religion, being content to let the religion of other men alone, except so far as charitable persuasion. (Hear, hear.) Mr. O'Connell spoke a deal about France. Let them remember that there was in France a handful of Protestants—but no Protestant was forced to pay a single farthing to the support of the Catholic Church. (Cheers.) They had no tithes to pay, and yet French Protestants were

fewer in proportion than in Ireland. They had as full civil and religious liberty as any of the Catholics who constituted the great mass of the French nation. They would have no liberty in this country until the Catholics were left in the same position that the Protestants were in France—that was, until they were left alone, and not interfered with in the exercise of their religion. He was not going to praise his countrymen—(laughter)—but he could not expect that a great assembly of Irishmen should in any way be able to feel the deep love—the compassionate love—he felt for his country; compassionate, because, as he saw it, in a state of the greatest prosperity in worldly affairs, it was, nevertheless, suffering under three hundred years of falsehood and error (cheers.) It had been said—and he perfectly agreed to it—that there was no way to stop those attacks on convents but by first of all obtaining real equality in this land. (Cheers.) He entirely and heartily agreed with the Rev. Dr. Marshall in what he had said about the monstrous injustice of the Protestant Establishment—(groans)—that until that incubus was swept away they could not attain their rights. (Cheers.)

The Chairman then put the resolution which was carried amidst loud cheers.

Mr. Deasy, Q.C., who was received with applause, proposed the following resolution:—

"That we call upon our representatives in Parliament to use their utmost power, and influence for the prevention of intrusion on the sacred privacy and interference with the free action of our conventual institutions." (Cheers.)

Mr. Mackey, barrister, seconded the resolution in an excellent speech.

The Lord Mayor was about putting the question, when G. H. Moore, M.P., presented himself, and was greeted with enthusiastic cheering.

The Chairman said the resolution was passed, and that the gentleman in possession of the chair was Mr. O'Hagan, who was to move the next resolution.—(Shouts of Mr. Moore, and some confusion about the chair.)

Mr. Moore—I wish to say a word to the question of order, and when I have done so, if your lordship decide against me, I will sit down. (Cheers.)

The Lord Mayor—Gentlemen, hear Mr. Moore.—(Great cheering.)

Mr. Moore then proceeded—I think the Lord Mayor, if he had been aware of the circumstances of the case, would not have prevented my speaking at the present moment. (Hear, hear.) If, after hearing the reason I have to give why I should be now heard, the Lord Mayor should notwithstanding decide against me, I will, of course, implicitly bow to his decision. ("Hear, hear," and "No, no.") I communicated to the Lord Mayor, through my friend Mr. Burke, some time ago, that, as a member of parliament—(loud cheering)—especially alluded to in this particular resolution—

The Lord Mayor—Mr. Moore is quite right. I was a little wrong. I thought Mr. Moore was to speak to the petition, but it appears it is to this resolution.—(Cheering.)

Mr. Moore resumed amidst loud cheering. I have been travelling all night for the purpose of attending this meeting—(cheers)—I have come here at great personal sacrifices, for which I care little; but I have come here also postponing some public duties, for which I care much—(hear, hear)—for the purpose of attending this meeting, and being somewhat exhausted by a night's travelling, I hope you will accord that indulgence and that silence to my infirmity which perhaps neither my abilities nor my services would have a right to claim. (Loud cheering.) And I confess that I should not have, perhaps felt myself called upon to make the sacrifices I have mentioned, to postpone the duties to which I have alluded, for the mere purpose of making what is called a speech in vindication of our conventual establishments—(hear, hear)—or merely to indulge in idle declamation against Mr. Chambers or his miserable inquiry. (Hisses.) I should have thought that my countrymen did not require me to come across the Channel to impress upon their minds the indignity and the insult of establishing a Protestant inquisition into the lives and acts of our Catholic sisters and daughters. (Loud cheers.)—Nor should I have thought it necessary that I should have come here merely to declaim against that English intolerance which you have felt for ages in tones of servile expostulation or mendacious menace.—(Cheers.) You know British intolerance—you know Mr. Chambers's motive as well as I do, and you are prepared, like me, to resist both the one and the other by every mode, by every means, and by every weapon with which men defend their honor, and their country. (Loud cheering.) This is all I have to say with regard to this unscrupulous old Bayley lawyer—(hisses and laughter)—and his wretched inquiry.—There is another subject upon which I did wish to address you, but a subject which I find by advice, to which I bow with implicit submission, I am precluded from entering upon as I should wish to do. I did think that we were here to-day assembled in a council of moral warfare, not to indulge in abstract declamation against this measure or that, but to take counsel together as to the best mode—(vehement and continued cheering)—of resisting aggression—(renewed cheers)—to take counsel as to the best means of repairing our past errors—of defending our present rights—and of establishing and consolidating upon a solid basis our future liberties, civil and religious.—(Great cheering.) But I am told that that which I thought the most relevant subject—(cries of "Hear, hear")—that could possibly come before this meeting, is the only subject which I am precluded from discussing—that when met here in self defence we are to be precluded from considering any defensive operations! Now, while I bow implicitly to this decision, I hope I may be permitted to say in vindication of my own opinions, that it is a decision and an advice that my understanding does not enable me to comprehend. ("Hear, hear," and loud cheering.) Suppose that, instead of this being a moral warfare against convents, it was a real war in which we were engaged. Imagine a body of soldiers surrounded, besieged, hemmed in, by organised, disciplined, and ruthless enemies—imagine that body of soldiers assembled in a council of war together, and the president of the council thus addressing them—"Gentlemen, the enemy is about to attack us; they are ruthless, unparrying, determined—they are strong in numbers—they are united in purpose—we are in circumstances of extreme peril. I hope that any gentleman addressing himself to these circumstances will confine himself to protesting with his whole might against the atrocious attacks of the enemy—(great laughter and cheering)—to declaring that he is prepared to take every measure, consistent with his own interests—(renewed