

wherever members of our Church are to be found; nay, are unquestionably the object to which, whether at home or abroad, they eyes of all are turned who have any interest or care for the concerns of religion." I wonder whether the Bishop himself fasts on a Friday. [Laughter.] I ask any man whether this is not directly the reverse of Protestantism and Protestant practice, and whether Oxford and its bishop are not proclaiming the one and rejecting quietly the other? In another part of his address he says, "And let no one think this is an imaginary evil, or that there is no danger at the present time of a secession from our ranks to those of Rome." Of course there is; did he not know that that which had happened once may happen again, and there would be no very eminent danger if it was not about to happen again? [Applause.] "I do not mean that I anticipate any defection, my reverend brethren, from those of our own profession; I trust and believe that the clergy generally are too fully persuaded in their own minds, that the church, in which they exercise their ministry, has all the marks of a branch of the true church," ay, a branch rotten and broken off. [Cheers.] It did belong to the true church, and, with the blessing of God, it will belong to the true church again. [Applause.] "My fears, however, as I have already observed, are not with respect to the clergy, but to the rising generation." He is afraid of the rising generation, and so he may be. "They see on all sides a spirit at work which nothing human can quell"—they are right, the hour of mercy is approaching this great land; the horrors of 300 years' desolation have fallen over her—300 years of the bitterest and most treacherous persecution—300 years has she been afflicted. Oh! the Bishop of Oxford is right: here is the movement that nothing can stop, and the fixed time (I hope I am not too bold in saying it) is arrived, and we will all hear high mass in Westminster Abbey. [Immense applause.] I looked over the meetings of the great Protestant Reformation Association, with all the other *ations* and *bolherations* [laughter] and I never felt any thing to disappoint me so much; I was so vexed, there was not any one good bouncing lie to be found to grapple with. [Laughter.] Last year the Reformation Society announced that after being 16 years in operation, they had influenced 11 Catholic persons of whom some had shown a *disposition*, others an *inclination*, to be converted; but it ended with one real convert; and who was that? why a *French lady* [loud laughter]; and now this time I looked over the account of its operations, and there is not even a "French lady." [Applause.] No, there is not one this time. [Continued cheers.] I remember a friend of mine who had been for 13 or 14 years constantly fishing in a pond; and on being asked whether during that time he had had good sport, "Yes," said he, "I have had three nibbles and a bite" [laughter]; but there is neither a nibble nor a bite for reformation folks. [Continued laughter.] It appears they said something about Ireland,—and what rejoiced them much was

that there is no Catholic Institute in Ireland: why, all Ireland happens to be a Catholic Institute. [Great cheering.] Well but they had something to boast of; there was Lord Kenyon, the man who is called "the last of the pig-tails" [laughter], and Mr. Plumptre—what is he a branch of, I wonder! and there was Dr. Stowell, and these three held a great meeting [much laughter], and they told their mournful ditty to one another. Lord Kenyon began by saying that he looked at the dangers to which Protestantism was exposed, but one consolation was that a Protestant Bishop, with his wife [laughter], had been sent out to Jerusalem, and another that the King of Prussia had come over to assist them.

Of the King of Prussia it was said at this meeting that he had "shown by the whole course of his life that the cause of Protestantism is fixed in his heart, and that there was nothing within his power that he would not do to promote its interests." It showed the ignorance of the Plumptre's and parsons to call the King of Prussia a friend to Protestantism. What his father began, the present king completed. Protestantism in Prussia was split into some 18 or 19 classes, when the king determined that, as his regiment had but one uniform, the same should be the case with Protestantism in his dominions. [Laughter and cheers.] Accordingly, as the regiments wheel round at his bidding, so the Calvinist, and every other *ist*, at the word of the king, turned round and became "Evangelicals." [Laughter and cheers.] Why these excellent friends do not like even the name of *Protestant*. [Cheers.] As regards education in Prussia, he would give them Mr. Laing's opinion, observing by the bye, that as man is more a creature of the heart than the head, unless education is based upon morality, it often only enables a man to be the more mischievous. [Cheers.] Mr. Laing says of education in Prussia, "The great proof of the deteriorating working of the Prussian educational system upon the public mind is, that the public mind lay torpid and unmoved when the religious establishments of the Protestant churches were abolished by a royal edict, and a third thing—a new Prussian church, neither Lutheran nor Calvinist—was set up and imposed by the edict of civil power upon the Protestant population. The abolition of the religious observances and modes of public worship in which they had been bred was quietly submitted to by an educated population of eight millions of Protestants, as a matter of policy, not of conscience; as a matter quite as much within the right and power of their government as a change in their custom-house laws—so low has this educational system reduced the religious and moral sense in Prussia, and the feeling of individual right to freedom of conviction. And except from the few villages in Silesia, which refused to abandon the Lutheran liturgy and observances, scarcely a murmur was heard at a measure not only destructive to the Protestant religion, but the most arbitrary and insulting to freedom of mind and conscience that has occurred in modern

history." These were the *staunch* Protestants upon whom Kenyon and Plumptre relied. Poverty brought them acquainted with strange bedfellows. [Laughter.] They boasted of these Prussian Protestants, but how long would they keep them. [Laughter.] Why, perhaps till the next edict which ordered them to wheel about again. [Laughter and cheers.] The right hon. gentleman said he had now shown enough of Prussian Protestantism, and what a prop it was to the Kenyons and the Plumptres. [Laughter and cheers.] Mr. O'Connell next referred to what, he said, was really a mockery. He meant the sending out, under the commission of that admirable little lady the Queen, a bishop to the Holy Land. They had made him bishop of no place, and he was to be bishop over what stray Protestants he could catch in Palestine. [Laughter.] It was said the King of Prussia had contributed £10,000 towards the fund for sending this bishop out to preach the 39 articles, one single word of which the King of Prussia himself did not believe. This comical left-handed marriage between the King of Prussia and the Archbishop of Canterbury, was enough to excite a laugh, if it did not give rise to higher thoughts. It showed that the whole system was going to decay; that inquiry leading to truth was abroad; and that many good and virtuous persons had entered or would soon enter the one fold—the only haven in which, when the tempests of passion of error, rise, they harm not the sheltered bark, but pass it by and leave the pious christian in security. [Loud cheers.] He [Mr. O'C] was there to rouse them to proper exertions. They had made rapid advances, but he wanted them to go further. They were now on the sliding scale. [Laughter.] Providence would not help those who did not help themselves. England, after having been tossed for three hundred years upon the waves of error, was now about to settle on the Ararat of truth. They would be guilty if they did not use the means to aid the restoration.—Sixty years after the Reformation, Protestantism ceased to expand. But in that sixty years it got great power, and circumstances occurred to uphold it. But now it was on the decline. It was growing less to the eye, and diminishing to the touch on the one hand, and, on the other, both by those whose confidence in it was diminished and by those who had already been received with welcome into the Catholic church. The learned doctors of the Protestant Church were explaining Catholic doctrines, and convincing others, though they would not be convinced themselves. [Hear, hear.] Who now would dare at Oxford to treat with ribaldry the real presence? [Hear.] He would be immediately met by the Tractarians, who, though not belonging to us, are defending our doctrines. [Hear, hear.] This, then, was the time for exertion.

If, continued the Rt. Hon. gentleman you had but churches enough—if you had but priests enough—you would be realising my day-dream, and we should soon be hearing high mass in Westminster Abbey. [Applause.] Where is there a

priest settled, or where is there a chapel established, that a flock does not rush into that chapel and surround the priest? [Hear, hear.] You want nothing but resources. I may be told you are not rich enough;—look to Ireland, [cheers], she is poor—the poorest of the poor,—why she supports a church which she does not belong to; it is a complete incubus upon her—it does her no good, and she expects none from it. [Cheers and laughter.] Is she content with this? no, but she is obliged to endure it. Yet is there another church; there are four archbishops, twenty-three bishops—in all twenty-seven; a thousand deans and archdeacons; four five, or six thousand parochial clergy, and many convents, both of nuns and clergymen, who support that hierarchy glorious and unbroken: it never was trenched upon from the days of St. Patrick to the present time. [Loud cheers.] A man of a philosophic mind might contemplate this as a traveller does the ruins of Palmyra in the desert—there are the splendid columns reaching towards the skies—there are the magnificent palaces—there remains everything of architecture that can be exhibited most beautiful—there they remain in the midst of the desert, and the unbroken columns of Catholicity stand in the moral desert of Ireland: there they are with their bases on earth, and their heads in heaven, uncontaminated, and undefiled. [Great and prolonged applause.] But who supports the clergy and supports them in comfort? Why the poor of Ireland. You may say there is a secret and some magic by which they are enabled to do this; I tell you it is a secret, and as there are enough of you here to help to keep that secret I will tell you. [Laughter.] It is that every body contributes; there is the secret; there is the magic: let everybody in England contribute, and you will soon have the same result. [Hear.] One shilling a year is all the poor Irish people can give; a farthing a week, a penny a month, and four weeks in the year for nothing. [Laughter.] Thus they support the clergy in comfort, having no wants but the wants of others; having no regret but that they have not more means of affording more relief to the poor and destitute. They do so, and why should not Englishmen do so! Tell us what that thing is that England cannot achieve? [Great applause.] Tell me of anything that other nations have done which England cannot equal? and why should she keep back in the great question of salvation, when the millions of human beings are concerned who are to re-people England with saints? One of the finest characters the world ever produced was that martyr to liberty and religion, Thomas a Becket: he was an Englishman.—What sacrifices ought not his countrymen to sustain in order to erect again a shrine where God will be invoked by his patronage and his prayers? I have seen the steps that lead up to that shrine, and they are worn to shreds (though they were hard as granite) by the congregated thousands that frequented that shrine; again that shrine will echo with the name of the Lord of Truth and Verity! [Cheers.] I have knelt down and kissed with enthusiasm the spot where he shed his blood,—that spot which shall again re-echo with the hymn of praise, and where God shall again be invoked in the sanctuary to bring blessings. [Continued on page 363]