

cheers and laughter.) But I have more heroic comfort still in store for you. The better to carry those instructions into effect, an act, in the following year, reviving three statutes for the punishment of heresy—of the preamble—a true *expede hereticum*—runs as follows:—"For the preserving and avoiding of errors and heresies, which, of late, have risen, grown, and mouche increased within this realm; for that the ordinarys have wanted authority to proceed against those that were infected therewith; be it therefore ordered, enacted, and enacted by the authority of this present parliament, that the statute made, &c. Now, Mr. O'Connell, please chew and these two legal mouthfuls. (A laugh.) Yes, chew them well, and I will venture to affirm, that never was there a more bitter and more disappointing than will Daniel cheer when he has swallowed the two bitter pills I have now administered. (Loud cheers.) But, passing from crabbed law, I shall now select for Mr. O'Connell's historic study, a leaf out of my Lord Plunket's "old almanac"—historic. And this shall bring us to period the second of Popish power in Ireland, subsequent to the Reformation—the never-to-be-forgotten year 1641. (Hear.) In that year the Romanists again assumed political power—acting, as they then asserted, and as it is now certain they did, under the commission and order of the unfortunate King Charles the First. Who has not heard of Phelim Roe? (Hear, and a laugh.) Aye, "of Phelim Roe, and his slaughter?" (Hear, hear.) Who has not heard of his march upon Belfast, and who was compelled to call a halt, by the gallant men of Lisburn? (Hear, hear.) And surely this great meeting will permit me to indulge an honest joy, when I mention the historic fact, that the first effective resistance to his invasion, was headed by the gallant Lawson, of Derry, who was a Presbyterian—(loud cheers)—a Presbyterian, not actuated by the miserable prejudices of a repulsive sectarianism, but bound to the cause of the Protestant establishment, by the attractive and uniting impulses of common principles, and of common danger. (Loud cheers.) The Romanists, as I have said, had their royal authority and political power—and gently and tenderly did Phelim employ it! But Mr. O'Connell, in his hurry in consulting authorities, must have skipped over this page, of Irish history, or, perhaps, some one had cut out the page, and so Daniel could say, with an unprepared schoolboy, "that's not in my book,"—(a laugh)—or perhaps,—for there is no end to possibilities where Daniel is concerned—perhaps some printer's familiar, had parted the leaves together;—secondly,—your eyesight, thirdly,—your memory; fourthly,—your eyesight is failing—(a laugh)—and to that cause we must attribute his short coming; and, undoubtedly, his memory is gone—and no living man has need of a better—(a laugh)—for he cannot "recollect" a *liar* in his own person, although the files were courteously offered to be laid on his table, and we might expect had leisure enough during four long nights, and three short days, in the *lock up house*, Donegal-place, to have made the important discovery. (Loud cheers, and laughter.) I tell you, Mr. O'Connell, in more seriousness than the subject seems to warrant, that, in this your northern tour, like Madam Pizzoni's old man, "you've had out three sufficient witnesses; first,—your memory; secondly,—your eyesight; thirdly,—your memory; fourthly,—your eyesight; fifthly,—your bulging; for though the House of Commons were roused when you called them ruffians, they quailed beneath an apology, that doubted the insult; still, your skulking from a personal encounter, through your "gentle talent of invention," will not only encourage others to assail you, but will furnish them a weapon from which even "triple brass," will not be sufficient to defend you. (Loud cheering.) With these warnings, Mr. O'Connell, it is full time you should prepare for your change. As to your natural life, I pray, it may be long and happy. I pray that you may have grace to see all your errors;—in good time, to arrange this scene of turbulence, for the rest and peace. But, in the full time, I call you to a better change—put off that painted mountebank coat, in which you gear your poor countrymen to buy and swallow your nostrums. (Hear, hear.) Put off that false profession of mercenary patriotism in which you utter alike for shouts and for halloo—above all, put that visor of hypocrisy off, beneath which, while you profess religion, you practise untruth—(hear, hear)—and put away that lip-loyalty by which you would flatter a Queen while you would rend her empire—(loud cheers)—and stand forth, what you are, a venal disturber of your country, a traitor to your Queen, and a liar to your God. (Vehement cheering.) Yes, Mr. O'Connell, I call you by your proper name; and I take the brand of unquenchable history to stamp it deep upon your forehead. (Hear, hear.) You say the Ireland, during the reign of Charles the First, invited to their shores, and fostered and protected the Protestants. Now, lest you should hold parley with me about 1641, I shall return to 1553, the era of your beloved Mary, in whose auspicious reign Taylor's seventy-three apostrophal houses were opened by the Romanists in Dublin for the reception of the British Protestants. In June of that memorable year Mary ascended the throne, and in the following month she died, either commenced or was completed the persecution of Bale, bishop of Ossory, one of the brightest ornaments for learning, piety, and zeal, that ever adorned the Established Church of Ireland. Five of his servants were murdered in one night, and he was forced to fly for protection of his life to Kilkenny. Here he remained for some time, in the faithful attendance of his testimony, but being in daily danger of his life, he obeyed his Lord's injunction, and "being persecuted in one city, he fled to another;" and, after many difficulties and dangers, succeeded in reaching the continent. And never, Mr. O'Connell, did the Established Church, or any other Church in Ireland, possess a nobler son, a brighter ornament, than Bale; and, as once I did travel a pilgrimage of some miles, that I might stand by the tomb of Bedel of Kilmore, as many, ye may, would stand by the tomb of Bale of Ossory—the man justly characterized as *the prince among the martyrs* of the Reformers, and ranked above Luther, Platina, and Vergerius, in his faithful exposure of the heresies and usurpations of Rome. (Hear, hear, and cheering.) There, Mr. O'Connell, is an example for you of the manner in which the Romanists treated an Irish Protestant Bishop in the reign of the mild and tolerant Queen Mary—(hear, hear)—and if you wish to know on what authority it is founded, I refer you to Reid's History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, pages 40 and 41. We now revert, Mr. O'Connell, more particularly to the second period of Popish ascendancy in Ireland, 1641. (Hear, hear, and cheering.) Yes, you do well to cry "Hear," and let the Court and the people hear; but, while, contradicted by the testimony of unquestioned history, Mr. O'Connell stands elevated on the pillars of public condemnation—"the bad, bad eminence" from which he will never descend, unless he break off his sin by repentance, and fly to the mercy of an offended God. (Cries of hear, hear.) And here, Mr. O'Connell, allow me a word of apology for the heavy sentence and portentous denunciation I have just uttered against you. You have often delighted to call yourself "the abused man in the kingdom," but you have always forgot to tell you were yourself the most abusive man in the universe. (Hear, hear.) I state not this oversight of yours to vindicate myself for any severity of language I may have applied, or intended to apply to you. No, I remind you of it, that I may, in the full time, feel the sting of sentimentality, that will not distinguish between abusing the man and denouncing his sins. (Hear, hear.) As a sinner I speak, knowing the grace of God in his Son—and I speak of your sins but as I desire to speak of my own. I abuse you not as a man, but I do denounce you as a sinner—a man whose very "trade" is sin—sin, the first that beclouded Paradise—sin, the meanest practised on earth—sin, the last condemned in the lake that burneth—where is every thing that "loveth or maketh a lie" (Hear, hear.) I lead you back, accordingly, not in anger but in pity, to your speech in Dublin, where you twice denounced me as a liar. Have you apologized for the injury you have repented for the first time? I know you have not done the first, and till that plea you cannot have attained the other. (Hear, hear.) I have led you to the reign of Queen Mary, and exhibited you, by irrefragable documents, as a willful perverter of the history of that reign, and now I offer, through you to the public, some means of further testing your truth when you assert that toleration, nay, kindness, was extended to Protestants during every post-reformation period of Popish ascendancy in Ireland. And here, my Lord, I shall read to the meeting a few brief extracts from Dr. Reid's History, as specimens of the mercy, toleration, and kindness enjoyed by the Irish Protestants, during that disastrous period of their history—a period which, I solemnly believe, Mr. O'Connell is either intentionally or practically labouring to reproduce—(hear, hear)—and from which my God in his infinite mercy protect this meeting from being a second time a witness to the same scenes of blood and traited had! (Hear, hear.) The extracts which I now read in brief, I have noted on the margin of the books before me, and shall afterwards furnish to the newspapers in full detail. Now this being the second post-reformation period of Popish ascendancy in Ireland, it must be the second period, during which, Mr. O'Connell says, Protestants were not persecuted. Lest it should, however, be called ill manners, I will not accuse Mr. O'Connell of telling an historic lie: but I must say with the good-natured Scotsman—"He's a great consumer of truth!" (Cheers and laughter.)

The constitutional administration of the lords justices were universally popular; and a new era of national improvement and civilization appeared to be opening on this long distracted country. "But these anticipations were awfully disappointed. 'The hopes conceived from a peace of forty years, from the gradual improvement of the nation, from the activity of its parliament, from the favourable disposition of the king, from the temper of the English parties, were in an instant confounded; and the calamities of former times revived in all their bitterness.'"

"In Ulster, the rebellion broke out at the appointed time; and, owing to the defenceless state of the Protestants, and their concentration at so sudden and simultaneous an attack, it met, for a time, with no effectual resistance."

"On the 23rd of October, 1641, and within a few days after, the Irish rebels made slaughter of all men, women, and children, which they could lay hands on, within the county of Antrim, that were Protestants, burning their houses and corn."

"Sir Con Magennis took possession of Drogheda, and treated with wanton and unprovoked cruelty the few Protestants who had ventured to remain. Having burned the town, he fell back to Newry, where he effected a junction with Sir Phelim O'Neill, who, finding himself placed, without control, at the head of a much more formidable force than he had ever anticipated, immediately abandoned what may be called the royal, and prosecuted the original, scheme of the insurrection; and henceforth openly aimed at the extirpation of the entire Protestant population, whether of English or Scottish descent. He therefore, encouraged his infuriated followers to give vent to the direful passions of hatred and revenge, which the Roman priesthood had for years been fostering in the breasts of their people, against their Protestant neighbours. The insurrection was speedily converted into a religious war, carried on with a vindictive fury and a savage ferocity, which have seldom exceeded. Through the enterprise was now formally discovered by Charles, and though Sir Phelim, by his brutal excesses, had disgusted some of the more ardent of his original associates, yet urged on by Ever Mahon, Romanist bishop of Down, he plunged into the deepest atrocities."

"The shocking tale of the cruelties perpetrated by the undisciplined and blood-thirsty levies of O'Neill, during several months, has been often told; by none more effectually than by the female historian of England (Mrs. Macaulay). An universal massacre ensued; no age, no sex, no infancy were spared; all conditions were involved in the general ruin. In vain did the unhappy family appeal to the sacred ties of humanity, hospitality, family connection, and the tender obligations of social commerce; companions, friends, relatives, not only denied protection, but dealt with their own hands, the fatal blow. In vain did the pious son plead his devoted parent; himself was doomed to suffer a more premature mortality. In vain did the tender mother attempt to soften the obdurate heart of the assassin in behalf of her helpless children; she was reserved to see them cruelly butchered, and then to undergo a like fate. The weeping wife lamenting over the mangled corpse of her husband, experienced a death no less horrid than that which she deplored. This scene of blood received yet a deeper stain, from the wanton exercise of more execrable cruelty than had ever yet occurred to the warm and fertile imagination of Eastern barbarians. Women, whose feeble mind received a yet stronger impression of religious frenzy, were more ferocious than the men; and, children, excited by the example and exhortation of their parents, stained their innocent age with the blackest deeds of human butchery."

"The persons of the English were not the only victims to the general rage; their commodious houses and magnificent buildings were either consumed with fire, or laid level with the ground. Their cattle, though now part of the possession of their murderers, because they had belonged to abhorred heretics, were either killed outright, or covered with wounds, were turned loose into the woods and deserts, to abide a lingering, painful end. This bitter, unexpected scene of horror, was yet heightened by a *hater's* *revenge*, *impressions*, *threats*, and *insults* which everywhere resounded in the ears of the astonished English. Their sighs, groans, shrieks, cries, and bitter lamentations, were answered with—"Spare neither man, woman, nor child; the English are meat for dogs; there shall not be one drop of English blood left within the kingdom." Nor did there want the most barbarous insults and exultation on beholding those expressions of agonizing pain which a variety of torments extracted."

"Nor was the rage of the rebels confined to the unoffending Protestant clergy. Every thing which could be considered in any way identified with Protestantism was wantonly destroyed. The Bible, in a particular manner, was an object on which the Romanists vented their detestable rage. They have torn it in pieces, and the commissioners in the remonstrance presented by the agent of the Irish clergy, to the English Commons, scarcely four months after the breaking out of the rebellion, 'they have kicked it up and down, treating it under foot, with leaping thereon, causing a bag-pipe to play while it lay; and also the leaves in the kernel, leaping and trampling thereupon; saying, 'a plague on it, this book hath had all the quarrel, hosed within three weeks, all the Bibles in Ireland should be so used or worse, and that none should be left in the kingdom; and while two Bibles were burning, saying that it was hell-fire that was burning, and wishing that they had all the Bibles in Christendom, that they might use them so.'"

"The devastations committed during this second period of 'tender mercies' is now impossible, accurately, to ascertain, but the following are some of the various calculations which the writers nearest the melancholy period have left upon record:—

"The following is a brief summary of the calculations of the more eminent Protestant writers. May (p. 81) estimates the number slain at 200,000 in the first month. Temple makes it 150,000 in the first two months, or 300,000 in two years. Rapin (i. 343) gives 150,000 in about four months. Lord Clarendon (i. 299) says, that above 40,000 were murdered at the first outbreak before any danger was apprehended, and he is followed by Hume. Sir William Petty, a very expert and accurate calculator, computes that 37,000 perished within the first year."

I come now to what I suppose Mr. O'Connell's third period—that of the ill-fated James II. I doubt not I am addressing the descendants of some who were driven under the walls of Derry. I know I hold the card of one honoured individual whose ancestor acted a conspicuous part in its defence. And I wot of another who had no name to be either honoured or recorded; but, at the first outbreak of the rebellion, all his family was murdered, but one little child, driven from a distant part of the county, was the only survivor of a family of Protestants, he carried his child in his arms to Derry; but when he mounted guard at night he had no nurse for his little one, so carried it with him to the wall, and placing it between the embrasures, where the cannon frowned defiance on James and slavery;—(cheers)—Providence protected him in the midst of famine and death—and when, in after years, he was questioned how he fared at night for shelter, "Well enough," was the reply, "I had the shelter of my father's gun." (Cheers.) Yes, God protected that motherless and helpless boy, and he'll now address you as that boy's humble descendant. (Enthusiastic cheers.) Repulsed from the walls of Derry, James hastened to meet his meek parliament in Dublin, and then proceeded to military, but in Mr. O'Connell's true and legal title, the third specimen of Popish ascendancy tolerating and fostering Protestants. But how? Why, by the most barefaced act of wholesale robbery ever put on record; and what renders the robbery still more execrable, under the royal hypocritical mask of liberty of conscience, and respect for property. (Hear, hear, hear.) By one dash of the royal pen, the Acts of Settlement and Explanation were repealed,—(hear, and a laugh)—and all Protestants who held their estates under these acts, whether as original grantees, purchasers, or by mortgage, were deprived of them in the style of O'Connell's slap-dash. (Hear, hear.) Yes, O'Connell is the boy for a slap-dash. (A laugh.) He promised to breakfast in Newry, and at seven o'clock, 50,000 strong, and to give an hour and a half, to deploy and march, "the green flag waving in the wind." But he passed through at a slap-dash,—(loud laughter)—and silence smiled at sleeping echo, in Trainor's lonely hayloft. (Loud laughter.) By slap-dash he was spirited through Hillsborough, and looked sadly askance upon the valley, where the army of William reposed, on their glorious march to the Boyne. (Great cheering.) Through Lisburn, another slap-dash, with colours flying. (A laugh.) It is true; but they were the colours of his rosy face, for a danger that existed but in his own heart. (Hear, hear.) And by a final slap-dash, he "invaded" his hotel, and speedily bivouacked in his bed-room. (Laughter and cheers.) And there he lay *perdue*, like a hare in her form, without one ray of comfort, even from the ghostly consolations of Donegal-street. (Cheers.) Now I shall not have to trouble you with this "tedious brief history."—(a laugh)—of Mr. O'Connell's talent for slap-dash or coup de main, were it not that every article of his Repeal project, is borrowed from the slap-dash Parliament of King James. (Hear, and cheers.) In that Parliament, Protestant property was—what shall I call it? Annihilated? No, no, that cannot be. During Popish ascendancy in Ireland, Protestants were always fostered! Bravo, Daniel—(cheers)—when you say it, it must have been so; aye, and it was so; with a witness; for witness the king's hand, the Protestants were so cherished, that they were delivered from the intolerable trouble of managing their estates—(cheers and laughter)—and the labour both of recovering and spending their rents, most generously undertaken by the ascension. (Laughter and cheers.) And this doubtless, is what Daniel calls fostering the Protestants. Had James prevailed, we should not to-day have been surrounded by the Hills, the Chichesters, the Needhams, the Loftuses, and the Watsons; they would have been foster-nursed with a vengeance (cheers) *ala Dandini*; and the next time he sits to H. B. for his picture, I trust he will consent to be represented in the character of an Irish nurse, with Protestantism as a baby, which he is rocking with his own hand, while stealing his pinafore and frock with the other. (Roars of laughter, and cheers.) Mr. O'Connell has given us three periods of Popish ascendancy, and he can say—himself—with the benevolent Uncle Toby, "I'll treat him to a fourth—the very days we live in—*A voice, you forget Scullabogue.*" Oh! I thank you;

I had indeed thought of that period, but it would have escaped me but for this refresher. Yes, yes; there was a time when the people of Ulster were nearly ruled between the Scylla and Charybdis of disaffection and rebellion, and the genius of Popery was the siren that sung them amidst the breakers, the whirlpools, and the rocks. (Hear, hear, and cheering.) But the time will never come when the Presbyterian vote will be found at the head of the Scylla. (Hear, hear, and cheering.) He tells of 73 houses charitably provided in Dublin by Romanists for the persecuted Protestants of Bristol. I would his antiquarian search would tell where they were situated. He knows what house was provided for them at Scullabogue! (Hear, hear, hear.) The burning roof above, and the bristling pikes without—(hear, hear)—where the helpless infant, whose cries might have moved some pity, was cast back into the flames it had escaped, a victim to the Moloch of a fiendish and perennial intolerance. (Hear, hear, hear.) And does he know the house prepared for them at Wexford? the heavens their only covering, the bridge their kneeling-place, the demi-savage and his pike their only judge and executioner. (Hear, hear, hear.) Why, Mr. O'Connell, do you force us, self-defence against you, fabrications of history, to revert to those evil days? Already we have forgiven: why will you not permit us to forget? I tell you, Mr. O'Connell, the unhappy men and women who fell victims at Scullabogue Barn and Wexford Bridge have been the political saviours of their country. [Loud cheers.] Though they perished, they live. They live in our remembrance—their deaths opened the political eyes of the many thousands of Ulster; and the names of Wexford and Scullabogue form an answer to all your arguments for Repeal. We have heard some days ago from Dublin, that the Presbyterians are great Reformers. With this I agree, for they wish to reform Mr. O'Connell; but that they are reformers in any other sense, I prove by the fact, that they lately assembled in Belfast, and who, in the genuine spirit of a precursor society of reformers.

Resolved, we never resolve again.—[Laughter.] No, no. The time will never come when the mass of Presbyterians, now united in the General Assembly, will become sharers in any department of the present conspiracy against the Queen, the country, and the constitution. (Cheers.) I come now to the fifth period of Popish ascendancy—for two more have grown out of Daniel's three—(a laugh); and the fifth period is, the reign of King Daniel himself—(cheers and a laugh)—and lately crowned in "Kinnegadilly" by the "Peaceful Convention." Now, Mr. O'Connell, your own method of cherishing Protestants, I can say no more than that he takes great pleasure in starving them—(hear, hear); but that, I may presume, is merely to initiate them in his own art of "fasting." (Cheers and a laugh.) But of the manner in which his loving subjects cherish them, I can speak more distinctly. They, when they can, just kill them for kindness. (Hear, hear.) I recollect once, in an argument on establishments of religion, I was taunted with the assertion, that no established Church had ever produced a martyr. I immediately retorted upon my antagonist by a list of many recently produced by the Established Church in Ireland; and, when I now repeat to Mr. O'Connell the names of a Ferguson, a Houston, or a Whitey, whose martyrdom of the murdered ministers of Protestantism render him utterly ashamed of the assertion, that ascendant Popery has always been mild and tolerant? Yes, Mr. O'Connell; and it ought to render you more than ashamed—for, no matter by whose hands these victims fell, upon your soul rests the original guilt, for you planned and fostered the agitation from which these murders sprung—(hear)—and if ever there comes a time when your darkened eyes shall be enlightened, and your hard heart softened, the phantoms of the sheeted dead, whom your agitations consigned to early and bloody tombs, will fit before you, whether in walking or in sleeping hours, and become the means, in mercy, of leading you to repentance, or the means, in judgment, of plunging you in despair. (Hear, hear.) By this, Mr. O'Connell, that Protestants can ever forget, that to you they are indebted for the cherishing project of extinguishing some hundreds of their churches in Ireland? I lent my feeble aid to extinguish that most wicked proposal; and look back with grateful satisfaction to the day when our combined efforts in Exeter Hall expunged the disgraceful record from the journals of the House of Commons. (Cheers.) I rejoice in recollecting the scathing ridicule—ridicule, never a test of truth, but an inexhaustible consumer of imposture and hypocrisy—what ridicule Providence enabled me to cast upon the guilty project and the enslaved projector. My proposal was, to institute a Society for the extinction of Lighthouses, and an estimate of the boundless judgment of merchants and sailors, and widows and orphans. Never was I apparently so unable to speak; but God strengthened me mightily; and I was one of those who were privileged to give a death-blow to your cherishing kindness, and to deliver the country from the guilt of extinguishing the light in the dark places just where it was most needed. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) I can pardon you, Mr. O'Connell, when you call Usher *superficial*, and I, I think, will pardon me, when I pronounce you *profound*. (Cheers.) Usher *superficial*? Mr. O'Connell being the judge! Usher *superficial*? The man whose historic memory embraced all time—the man whose research no record could escape—the man who had digged into every darkest mine of learning, and returned to upper air, not merely like him that returns with precious ores, but like him that ascends with the gems that lend ornate to beauty, or splendour to crowns!—Above all, the man whose mildness won every heart to cling to him, and to love him—the man whose eye of faith, and wing of devotion, looked and soared—yes, lived in heaven—*he superficial*! I can only answer, Daniel, Daniel, you are certainly profound, and "in your lowest depth, a lower still." (Cheers and laughter.) Another of Mr. O'Connell's Repeal propositions must be understood to declare, that his efforts are not "sectarian," and that a man without "tolerance" cannot be a Christian, yet, in his last assertion—the man who had digged into every darkest mine of learning, and returned to upper air, not merely like him that returns with precious ores, but like him that ascends with the gems that lend ornate to beauty, or splendour to crowns!—Above all, the man whose mildness won every heart to cling to him, and to love him—the man whose eye of faith, and wing of devotion, looked and soared—yes, lived in heaven—*he superficial*! I can only answer, Daniel, Daniel, you are certainly profound, and "in your lowest depth, a lower still." (Cheers and laughter.) 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