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A LIFE

OF THE

RT. REV. EDWARD MAGINN,

COADJUTOR BISHOP OF DERRY,

WITH

Selections from His Correspondence.

BY

THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE,

AUTHOR OF

"A HISTORY OF THE ATTEMPTS TO ESTABLISH THE REFORMATION IN IRELAND,"
DISCOURSES ON "THE CATHOLIC HISTORY OF NORTH AMERICA;"
"THE IRISH SETTLERS IN AMERICA," ETC., ETC

SECOND EDITION, ENLARGED.

"It is the duty of a Bishop to judge, to interpret, to consecrate, to ordain, to offer, to baptize, and to confirm."—*Form of Consecration of a Bishop according to the Latin Rite.*

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TO

HIS SURVIVING RELATIVES AND FRIENDS,

"AT HOME" AND ABROAD.

I Respectfully Dedicate this Memoir

OF

THE LATE RIGHT REVEREND DR. MAGINN,

COADJUTOR BISHOP OF DERRY.

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PREFACE.

THE restoration of her ancient Church, and the maintenance of its liberties against all the intrigues of the Imperial power, is the chief glory of Ireland in the XIXth century. It is quite glory enough ; it is a triumph without parallel in the ecclesiastical history of our times. That national churches (if the phrase can be correctly used by a Catholic) may be extinguished in blood or destroyed by schism, the ecclesiastical history of Western Asia, of Northern Africa, of some of the German States, of England, of Scandinavia, all instruct us. That the total extinction of the Irish Church was the darling design cherished by generation after generation of the greatest ministers of a great Empire, British history exists to prove. The heroic constancy of the Irish Catholics is the very epic of chivalrous resistance to arbitrary power, and one of the freshest episodes in that epic, is the life of the late able and apostolic Bishop of Derry, which I have undertaken, at the request of his nearest surviving relatives, to write.

The part taken by that courageous churchman is much enhanced in importance by recollecting the Province in which it was played. Old Ulster had resisted "the Reformation" with iron fortitude, and had paid the penalty ; its six fair counties were confiscated by one stroke of the first James' pen ; its nine venerable cathedrals were given over to the new sectaries ; its once famous schools of Armagh and Bangor were overthrown and obliterated. Presbyterian communities were chartered and privileged, to hold the passes and ports of the Province ; the Kirk, struggling for its existence in Scotland against kingly theories of conformity, was a recognized and favored step-child of the State from its first plantation in Ulster. Its rigid discipline and economical ministry were not ill suited to a half mercantile, half martial

population, so fond of thrift and of its profits, that they would almost begrudge to God the decorations of His temple. Its ministers, however, sprung from the ranks of their own hearers, and bound to them by the double ties of authority and dependence, have always shown themselves in the day of danger in the front of the popular battle. Against King James II. they fought as in Cromwell's time, marshaled the multitude, and gallantly partook of all their dangers. It was a stirring and affecting sight, however we may view it—those two small towns standing out against a people in arms. They held out long enough to give King William an immense material and moral advantage, to demonstrate the military incapacity of King James, and to enroll their obscure names among the most famous localities of Irish or of Imperial story.*

The silence of death succeeded the din of that dreadful struggle. The remnant of the natives who could not emigrate deserted the open country, and courted the safer obscurity of the remotest woods and glens. The only sound which breaks the fearful stillness is the din of an infant Trade within the walls of the victorious towns, the monotonous chants of the Kirk, or the imperative accents of the garriscus. From monkless Mellifont to dismantled Donegal, there is neither native church nor native chief. The Erne and the Bann flow on through peaceful valleys—peaceful as death. In the halls of Dungannon, upon the towers of Shane's Castle, there is neither warder nor servitor, neither hospitable nor martial fire, neither sound of harp nor clang of trumpet. Nothing remains for the protection of the hapless remnant of the Gael, outlawed on their own soil, but the fame of their struggle, or the wild vengeance of the maddened Raparee, pouncing by night on his long-watched Presbyterian prey. Neither Scot nor Saxon fully believes his own boast that the spirit of the old race is broken. The cautious drysalters and cordwainers of Derry, making their way in cavalcade from town to town, put up at every turn in the road the timorous petition, "From wolves and woodkerne, good Lord deliver us!"

This fearful and chilling peace gradually gives way to one more stirring and lifelike. Both parties multiply and grow stronger—the

* One of the preliminary measures of the Defenders of Derry in 1689 was to turn the few Catholics out of the town, together with a Convent of Dominicans, lately tolerated within the walls.—*DR. K. CANE'S JACOBITE AND WILLIAMITE WARS, PART I.*

natives most quickly. As the Protestant population increases in number and wealth, so does its power and pretensions. The Parliament fosters its linen trade with bounties ; the State Church connives at its non-conformity ; the Sovereign enlarges its charters. Plain old Derry becomes Londonderry, a royal regiment is named after Enniskillen, and the "Apprentice Boys" annually flatter themselves that they, and not the British Whigs, made the Revolution. Jaundiced egotism becomes Orangeism, for in worshipping the deliverer they glorify themselves—a ceremonial they cultivate to their hearts' content. From every northern steeple, on the 1st and 12th of July, the yellow flag is spread and the church bells ring out ; from every loyal terrace, loud guns proclaim the invidious triumph of the favored few over the landless many. On those days the enthusiasm of the pulpit in the morning prepares men's minds for the enthusiasm of the tavern at night. Panegyrics on bloody deeds delivered in the name of religion, stimulate to those deeds of blood, without which the night seldom passes away. Some poor stray Papist or obnoxious neighbor is often the selected aim for an undischarged musket and a drunken bigotry. Still, the descendants of the victors of 1689 have not had everything their own way in Ulster these many years back. The older population multiplied in virtuous poverty, and learning economy in adversity, spread gradually back into the fields of their fathers and the towns of their enemies. They toiled, they bore, they suffered much. The value of labor rose in the Province with the increase of its staple trade ; that trade expanded into a commerce, that commerce ; gradually liberalized those engaged in it. The borderers of the two races partially intermixing, or at least reciprocally influencing each other, produced that powerful compound character known in the United States as "Scotch Irish," which asserted its individuality not less conspicuously at Philadelphia in '76 than at Dungannon in '82. But the majority of each kept apart, and till this day continue apart, separated by a hostile historical inheritance ; by deep-seated social disparities and irreconcilable religious differences.

The policy of the chief governors of Ireland at last yielded a partial toleration to the Catholics. Thatched chapels succeeded to dripping caves, and the precarious pilgrimage of the poor scholar gave place to the more regular and respectable education at Maynooth. From the political fountain of the capital, the new and juster spirit

spread slowly over the provinces. The landed proprietors of the second and third generations, having the fear of the grim Sir Phelim no longer before their eyes, began to rival in prodigality the old chiefs they had displaced, and whose praises were still sung around them. The tuneful Jacobite, Thurlogh O'Carolan, was a guest as welcome at Moneyglass and Castle Archdale as at Alderford or Castle Kelley. The new lords of Cavan and Fermanagh were proof to his politics but not to his poetry; they might dislike him as a Catholic, but they were proud of him as a countryman. The fairest hands in their halls brought the matchless harp and filled the consoling cup for the Bard, whose errant ways and blinded eyes aptly illustrated the mental condition of a country where the old civilization had been extinguished before the new one was born, whose altars were down, whose traditions were lost, whose ancient paths were obliterated, and for which there seemed no escape, no deliverance out of the vicious circle of clear-headed injustice and incapacity entailed. Socially, the new gentry had grown more tolerant and tolerable, but politic ally, as the last years of the Irish Parliament proved, they hated the religion of the vast majority of their fellow countrymen as intensely as ever did the Walkers and the Wolseys during the war of King William and King James.

In this Province, in this state and period of society, about the commencement of the Catholic Restoration, the late Dr. Maginn's lot was cast. He was born of an orthodox stock; he grew up among a gallant and pious, but rash and much-abused peasantry; he retired from amongst them for a time, to reappear again with the highest authority, upon their altars. We will see him planning and laboring in lakebound Innishowen, and within the walls of "the maiden city," as Priest and Leader, for a quarter of a century. All who have patience to peruse—

"The short and simple annals of the poor,"

will witness how truly he approved himself the father of his flock. His public spirit, his moral courage, his thorough identity with the country, his fervid eloquence, his unwearied industry, his application to details, made him, in some sort, the judge and legislator of his people. His external influence was limited by his enjoyment of the episcopal dignity to three short years. Yet in these three years he undoubtedly did arduous and honorable things, never sparing mind

or body, purse or person, where duty called or conscience pointed. In the prime and height of his life, he sank suddenly into the grave, lamented by his own nation, and regretted by all those throughout Christendom who take any interest in the Catholic affairs of Great Britain and Ireland.

Of the works and days of this excellent person, I have told in the following pages all I could glean, from the very interesting papers committed to me for that purpose, by the surviving members of his family

NEW YORK, ST. BRIDGET'S DAY, 1857.

LIFE OF RT. REV. EDWARD MAGINN.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH AND FAMILY OF DR. MAGINN—HIS FIRST TEACHER—STUDIES AT THE IRISH COLLEGE, PARIS—ORDAINED IN IRELAND—APPOINTED CURATE OF MOVILLE — BRIEF ACCOUNT OF INISHOWEN — “THE DERRY DISCUSSION”—CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION—MR. MAGINN APPOINTED PARISH PRIEST.

At the beginning of the present century there lived in the parish of Fintona, county Tyrone, Ireland, a Catholic farmer named Patrick Maginn. He married in early life Mary Sievin, by whom he had already seven children, when, on the 16th day of December, 1802, an eighth was born to them. To this child they gave in baptism the name of Edward.

The Maginns and Slevins were commonly spoken of, in that country, as “levitical families.” For many gene-

rations each had given Priests to the altar, and teachers to the collegiate chair. When the dense clouds of the penal days rested on Ulster, the youths of those houses, unterrified by the cheerless prospect of such a life, traveled to the continent to store their minds with divine knowledge, and to fit themselves for Holy Orders. Our subject's granduncle, Rev. Patrick Maginn, was for fifty-three years Parish Priest of Monaghan; his uncle, Rev. John Maginn, was Parish Priest of Fahan and Desertegny for forty years, and in his latter days Archdeacon of Derry; another uncle of Maginn's died a Priest in France, having obtained the degree of Doctor of Sorbonne at a very early age. Among his maternal relatives, vocations were equally common. It is sufficient to mention Rev. Patrick Slevin, Pastor of the ancient Dromore, and Dr. Nicholas Slevin, one of the first and most eminent Professors of Maynooth College.* The blood of these two favored families, rich in holiness, was destined to meet and mingle in the capacious heart and brain of the future Bishop of Derry. That the name he bore and the traditions which made it so dear, exercised a powerful influence on the whole career of Edward Maginn, we may infer from the glowing words of the letter to Lord Stan-

* A third uncle Slevin, after finishing his ecclesiastical studies in the Irish College at Rome, fled from the city on the seizure of Pope Pius VI. by the French. He became a Medical Doctor, and "was considered one of the most universal scholars of his day." He finally settled near Quebec, Canada, where he died at an advanced age.

ley in vindication of the Confessional, which he wrote in the second last year of his life. Speaking of the loyalty of "confessing Catholics" to the Stuarts generally, and to Charles II. in particular, he demands:—"Who, my lord, was among the first to welcome the royal refugee to the shores of France?—an Irish friar, my own namesake, afterwards chaplain to the queen-mother, Henrietta. The hard earnings of a long life, which he kept by him for the pious purpose of educating for the holy ministry his proscribed race at home, on bended knees, with the generous devotion of an Irish heart, he poured into the lap of poor exiled royalty. So much, my lord, for an Irish, denouncing, confessing, secret-keeping Christian friar. The same was afterwards the founder of the Irish College of the Lombards, which supplied Ireland for centuries with priests and martyrs, who kept the faith, and mark you, my lord, loyalty alive, in spite of the united efforts of the powers of darkness and of your non-confessing Christians to extinguish both." This generous "Irish friar" is further stated to have been "one of his own family,"* and we will by-and-bye see the author of this tribute to his virtues, enjoying the fruits of that far-seeing charity which provided, in the evil days, a school for the education of outlawed Irish students in the capital of France.

While yet a child of four years old, the parents of Edward Maginn removed from Fintona to Buncrana, on

* Letter of Rev. John McLaughlin, of Derry.

the romantic shore of Lough Swilly, and at the same time he became domesticated with his granduncle, the aged Pastor of Monaghan. At the knee of that venerable teacher, spoken of as "one of the most accomplished scholars and gentlemen of his time,"* he learned his first lessons. He had for a fellow-pupil, and retained as a life-long friend, Dr. McNally, the present Bishop of Clogher. It is hardly necessary to remind the Irish reader that in these comparatively recent days the houses of Priests and Bishops were the only Diocesan seminaries, their masters the only teachers of postulants for the Priesthood, and the well-worn school-books which had, a century earlier, served the purposes of one generation, survived to supply the wants of a second and a third.

The young Maginn, after seven or eight years with his Monaghan uncle, rejoined his parents in Innishowen, and pursued his studies until his sixteenth year with a Mr. Thomas McColgan of Clonmany, near Buncrana, a graduate of the University of Paris. Fortunate, but not singular in that singular land, was his lot in meeting with such a teacher! In that stormy region where the song-bird gives place the greater part of the year to the sea-bird, and the deep boom of the minute-gun is a frequent sound by night, who would have looked under the thatch of an Innishowen cabin, for a graduate of Paris? Yet so it was. The honored "master" who taught

in that sea-side hut had won many a prize in the halls of the most famous University of Europe. He had labored in the mine of the ancients and in the depths of the sea of science for ten long years, until his eye grew wild and his memory clouded and confused. Subject to occasional fits of insanity, he could not, of course, be admitted to Holy Orders, and as the most suitable second choice, he chose the part of a classical teacher in his native regions, where the reverence of the poor was his best protection. In his enthusiasm for learning, which survived every shock and battle of the brain, he might, without much extravagance, have fancied himself another Fintan of Moville, from whom the new Saint Columba, in the person of the docile, eager, spotless youth of Fintona, was to imbibe all human and divine learning.*

At the age of sixteen, our subject left Ireland for Paris, and entered the Irish College, on the maintenance known in that institution as "the Maginn bourse." The College was then presided over by the Rev. Dr. Ryan, who styles himself "Administrator of Irish ecclesiastical establishments in France." Of its faculty were the Abbe Kearney, who, with the better known Abbe Edgeworth, had escorted the unfortunate Louis XVI. to the scaffold, and whose reminiscences of the first revolution, when he

* Mr. McColgan "could reckon among his students almost all the distinguished clergy of Derry and the neighboring dioceses; among them the late Dr. Montague, President of Maynooth College.—*Letter of Rev. P. Devlin, before quoted*

chose to indulge in them, are pronounced by a recent writer to have been most ample and interesting.*

The Irish College at Paris possesses many claims to the affectionate remembrance and respect of all Irishmen. Originally founded with the sanction of the exiled Stuarts, under the auspices of the Bourbons, it was necessarily a very loyal and legitimist institution. It possessed, from the accident of its location, a patriotic as well as a royalist influence. Every Irish soldier in the service of France some time or other came to see its inmates; every Irish tourist, especially if a Catholic and a patriot, was desirous to be introduced to its faculty. In its library were deposited some valuable relics of our Celtic literature, carried abroad in the Jacobite exodus, and destined to be resorted to, after many days, by such zealous students as the Abbe McGeoghegan and the Chevalier O'Gorman. In 1792 it shared the fate of all the ecclesiastical institutions of France—was confiscated and closed; with the consent of the Consuls it was reopened as a secular academy, having the Abbe McDermott for principal, and Eugene Beauharnais and Jerome Buonaparte among its scholars. The studies were wholly unlike those designed for its inmates by the original founders. The practice of religion had not yet "been tolerated." Voltaire and Rousseau were more read than sacred history. On the

* "Reminiscences of an Emigrant Milesian," (New York, Appleton & Co., 1855,) p. 247.

restoration of the Bourbons this school was fully restored, and has ever since remained sacred to theological studies. Its importance in that respect, to the insulated church it recruited and sustained in the worst of times, can hardly be exaggerated.

In this College the young Maginn spent seven laborious years. Of the faculty at that time very little is known, except that they were frequently changed. The first class of students was small, but several of them were afterwards distinguished. Dr. O'Higgins, subsequently Bishop of Ardagh, was among the Professors; Archdeacon Hamilton of Dublin, Dean Gaffney of Maynooth, Dr. Kirby, and Dr. Maginn were students. As a scholar, Dr. Maginn was remarkable for ardor and application, frequently sitting up all night to conquer a difficulty.* The usual theological treatises he mastered easily, but his curiosity would seem to have led him both in classics and history far beyond the prescribed range of acquirement. In the years 1823, '24 and '25, he received successively from the hands of Monseigneur Louis Hyacinth de Quelen, Archbishop of Paris, tonsure and minor orders; but his health failed him in the last named year, and he was not immediately ordained Priest. From the same cause he declined the earnest invitation of the Bishop of Meaux, to accept a benefice in his diocese.†

* Letter of the Rev. J. McDevitt, of Culdaff.

† Letter of the Rev. J. McLaughlin, of Derry.

His ill health continuing, he left Paris, in June, 1825, for his native country, bringing with him a highly honorable testimonial, addressed to the Rt. Rev. Peter McLaughlin, of Derry. "His conduct," wrote Dr. Ryan, "has been most exemplary, and his talents conspicuous."

On visiting his uncle, Professor Sievin, at Maynooth, the latter strongly recommended his return to Paris, to contest a chair in his *Alma Mater*; but the Bishop whose subject he was, took a different view of his duties—raised him to the Priesthood the same year (1825) and appointed him to the curacy of Moville, on the Lough Foyle side of Innishowen.

The barony of Innishowen covers that remarkable peninsula of the north of Ireland, flanked by Lough Swilly and Lough Foyle, and terminating in the lofty double landmark of Dunaff and Malin Head. If Ulster may well be called the most persecuted Province of Ireland, Innishowen may contend for the honor of being the most persecuted portion of Ulster. A natural military base, easily occupied and supplied from the sea, it plays an important part throughout all the religious wars of Ireland. Culmore, on the opposite entrance to the Foyle, Derry, at the head of the harbor, and the several strong castles of Innishowen, were vital points of attack and defence for twenty years of Elizabeth's reign. Its hardy population adhered, through that unequal contest, to the gallant Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnell, the joint

leaders of the Catholic forces. The minute-guns of the storm-tost Armada echoed among their rocks and caves, and when, at last, nothing was left the veteran Tyrone but ignoble submission or sudden flight, it was from Lough Swilly he sailed away in search of aid from allies whose policy he had served, but who refused, in turn, to subserve his. In this same rocky angle of the north, in the reign of King James I., the youthful Sir Cahir O'Doherty rose, at the head of his clansmen and kinsmen, in 1608, to resist the wholesale confiscation of the Province. For five months he was completely successful, driving Sir George Paulet from Derry, and seizing Culmore; but in an unguarded hour, the bullet of a Scottish settler struck him down, and his disheartened followers dispersed to seek such safety as their fastnesses afforded them. This earlier Emmett left a memory not less dear among his native hills and glens. Deserted by his young Norman wife in the hour of his adversity, a victim to the assassin's aim at three and twenty, his story was complete in all those romantic details which attract the fancy and take hold upon the hearts of a simple and intrepid people. Though their firesides, on long winter nights, had many another tale of Orange and Cromwellian conflict, the favorite topic, even still, is the death of Sir Cahir.

The only other story of the scene which approached it in fearfulness of interest, was the martyrdom of a former Catholic Dean of Derry,—an incident we must let Dr.

Maginn relate in his own language. Addressing himself to Lord Stanley, in defence of the character of his people:—"I write to you," (he says,) from a diocese in which, although there be in it 230,000 Catholic souls—more than twice as many as of any other creed—and also 100 Priests instructing this number, there has never been hitherto, to my knowledge, a single murder of any proprietor. I write to you also from a parish where the Catholics are twelve to one, and where there has been much suffering among a Catholic population of 10,000 spread over an area of 60,000 acres—all of course savage Irish, or vermin, if you please; and yet there has not been among them, in the memory of man, a single murder. The only one that tradition hands down to us is the murder of a parish Priest of this union, and Dean of the diocese of Derry, Dr. O'Hegarty. He was dragged from a mountain cavern—his hiding-place by day (by night only could he appear in those times, commune with his flock, instruct the living, console the dying, and bury the dead), and was butchered on a rock on the banks of the Swilly, which shall ever be memorable from this bloody tragedy. The perpetrator of this murder was a Captain Vaughan, the son of an English colonel who served in the army of Oliver Cromwell (as Carlyle would say) of blessed memory. The good Captain believed he was doing the work of God, when imbruing his hands in

the blood of Popish Priests, as many now believe they are doing the same holy work in calumniating them."

For such a people the young Missionary Priest was well qualified by nature and education. Enthusiastic by temperament, fearless in danger, no respecter of persons, official or officious, an impassioned patriot, an ardent lover of the faithful peasantry, fond of oral controversy, of simple and accessible habits, well versed in the traditions of the soil, partial to the ballads and the innocent amusements of his flock, he soon became the darling of the romantic old Barony. All his cotemporaries speak of his personal intercourse and his priestly labors, from the very beginning, with thorough admiration. "A series of controversial sermons," writes one of these venerable men, "preached in the chapels of Moville, where he had been recently appointed curate, first brought him before the public. There it was I first saw him, and saw with admiration the boldness and self-reliance manifested even in the placards published to call the people together. I never heard any of those sermons, but from all I have heard from others they were probably his very best efforts."* "Here he continued," writes another, "until the year 1829. His labors, his zeal, his sermons during this interval were very great."† In the same strain

* Letter of the Rev. C. Flanagan, of Coleraine.

† Letter of the Rev. J. McLaughlin, of Derry.

speak all who knew and heard him in those days, while his scholastic armor was yet bright from the forge, and his maiden sword turned aside from no encounter, whatever the odds arrayed against him.

Between the years 1824 and '28, Ireland was visited by one of those angry squalls of controversy which spring up so suddenly in the troubled recesses of the Protestant conscience, and rage for a season with such irrational violence. A formidable attempt was made—for the hundredth time at least—to overthrow the Church of Saint Patrick, and to establish the Church of England in its stead. The mistaken benevolence of English sectarians and the blinded zeal of the Irish landlords combined to supply the funds, and Exeter Hall furnished or equipped the missionaries. The principal of these were Captain Gordon, a descendant of the lordly rioter of 1780, the Rev. Messrs. Irving, Baptist Noel, McNeile, Stowell and Wolff—all English; the Hon. and Rev. Sir Harcourt Lees, Rev. Mr. Pope, and Rev. Messrs. O'Sullivan and O'Phelan, Irish. Among the Irish landlords, Lords Roden, Lorton, and Farnham were their most active patrons. In the cities, the Corporators being exclusively Protestant, extended to them every indulgence and protection. To sustain the crusade with funds and tracts, "Bible Societies" and "Reformation Societies" were established in the principal cities of both kingdoms; periodical returns were made and given to the public,

with many confident assurances of the speedy conversion of Ireland.

The Irish Prelates on whose dioceses these vaunting Propagandists first entered, forbade their clergy to meet them in public discussion. They reminded them that the doctrines of the Church were not, for Catholics, fit subjects of debate; they cited the dictum of Saint Augustine to the Pelagians—*Causa finita est*; they showed there was no earthly tribunal to decide in such controversies, except that which the impugners at the outset ignored; they therefore recommended that no notice be taken of the ostentatious challengers who paraded the country. This was the course recommended by the Archbishop of Armagh, by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Doyle, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Murphy, Bishop of Cork, and other Prelates. At Cork, the missionaries were encountered, not by the Clergy, but by O'Connell and Shiel, then in the heyday of their popularity and reputation. At Carlow, the Rev. Messrs. McSweeney, Maher and others, felt justified in openly confronting them; at Monaghan a few uneducated laymen—taken from the humblest of the peasantry—maintained the discussion, with amazing natural ability, for several days, and were finally awarded the victory by a bench of Protestant judges. In Cavan the missionaries boasted of their highest success, while in Ulster, generally, they looked for “a walk-over.”

The rage for proselytism had continued in Derry for

two or three years, and the Episcopalian gentry and clergy openly proclaimed their triumph. The Catholic Bishop, swayed by the reasons which had influenced his brother Prelates, recommended his Clergy not to notice the defiances daily issued to them. But the circumstances of the locality were peculiar, and considerations all-powerful elsewhere, were thought by many to be but secondary in Derry. Four generations had passed away since Catholic and Protestant had combatted on that ground. The material victory had been with the Protestant, and his descendants gloried in the inheritance of their conquest. The descendants of the vanquished had multiplied and regained a part of their old inheritance; social ambition began to stir in their breasts, and it was no longer quite safe to treat them with indignity. There was need of a triumph for them; there was need of a lesson to the Ascendancy. The Bishop's Pastoral threw a gloom upon their path, and murmurs, not loud but deep, were heard in every chapel-yard. A Priest of the diocese, writing at that time, remarks:—

“The Protestant ministers took occasion, from a slight incident at Maghera, between Rev. J. McKenna and Rev. Spencer Knox, to challenge the Priests of this diocese to a public discussion, which challenge Dr. McLaughlin prevented the Priests from accepting. The sensation produced in the minds of Catholics and Protestants by this prohibition, was such as I would not wish ever to witness again, and rendered it imperative on every Priest who could open his mouth to come out in defence of the faith. This was an occasion such as Dr. Maginn loved,

and the young preacher appeared in his glory."—*Letter of Rev. Mr Flanagan, of Coleraine.*

The particular events which brought up this discussion are related in the Preface to the Authenticated Report, published by Coyne (Catholic) and Curry, (Protestant) booksellers of Dublin, soon after its conclusion. This introduction, so characteristic of the self-restraint imposed by the parties on themselves, deserves to be given unabridged. It reads thus :

"The causes which have given rise to any publication, may in general be supposed to claim an interest in the public attention, commensurate, at least, to that which the work itself is calculated to produce. But in a more especial manner, those circumstances will surely not be thought unworthy of record, which have suddenly drawn forth, from the quiet walk of professional duty, so many Ministers of the long severed churches of Rome and of Ireland, which have led persons, hitherto of retired habits, to stand forward in the public eye and ear, to contend on those great elements of faith and hope, on which they differ. In addition, however, to the desire of gratifying a natural curiosity respecting the origin of the following discussion, the publishers are anxious to give some statement on the subject, because the incidents connected with its commencement have impressed it with a character, and marked the conduct of it with peculiarities which, without this previous knowledge, it were difficult to account for. The suddenness and unpreparedness with which the parties were drawn into this collision, have evidently deprived the discussion of that order, symmetry and proportion in the disposition of the subjects, which a little pre-arrangement could so easily have given to it. At the same time, this very defect of previous order and limitation of subjects may have been the means of presenting a more varied and interesting field of inquiry, and thus compensating the want of regularity by unfolding a more free and excursive view of the whole controversy.

"The circumstances in which the discussion originated were simply these. A public meeting having been called in the city of London—

derry, by the Reformation Society, on Tuesday, the 11th of March, 1828, to consider the propriety of establishing a branch of the Society in that place, Captains Gordon and Vernon attended as a deputation at the court-house on the day named, for the purpose of carrying this object into effect. A very large number of persons assembled on the occasion, and among others, some of the clergy of the Established Church, favorable to the institution, and some of the Roman Catholic clergy of the city and neighborhood determined to oppose the formation of the Society, from a persuasion that the effect of its establishment would be evil. The consequence of all this was a very tumultuous assembly, insomuch that it was deemed advisable to adjourn the meeting until the next day, and then to limit the numbers admitted by issuing tickets, and charging a small sum on each. On the next day the high Sheriff, T. Kennedy, Esq., was called to the chair, in which, for several days, he continued most courteously, and to the satisfaction of all, to preside. Notwithstanding all the precautions, however, adopted on this day, a still greater crowd of persons seemed to have collected within the great hall of the court-house, in which a platform had been erected for the accommodation of the deputation and their friends, and as the same opposition was still given to the formation of the Society, and on the same grounds, a similar scene of tumult to that on the preceding day was the consequence.

It was in the course of this very unpleasant conflict of opinion, that a charge having been thrown out by one of the deputation, and repeated by one of the Protestant clergy present, as that the Roman Catholic clergy, in their opposition to the Society only wished to avoid discussion, a distinct declaration was made on their part, that their objection was to the formation of such Societies as that contemplated; but that if the question of the establishment of the Society were once disposed of, and the Protestant clergy were still anxious for discussion, the Roman Catholic clergy were ready to enter on it immediately. This was met on the part of the Protestant clergy by a frank and ready avowal that, as their only interest in the Society arose from the hope it offered of promoting such a discussion, they would willingly accede to any arrangement of the kind. A motion to the above effect having been made by Dean Blakely, and put by the Chairman to the meeting, and the general feeling seeming to be in favor of the proposal, it was finally arranged that the meeting of the Reformation

Society be now adjourned *sine die*, and that a discussion on the respective merits of the two Churches should immediately commence between six of the clergy of the Church of Rome, and six of the clergy of the Established Church of Ireland.

Protestants.—Rev. Messrs. Alexander Ross, William Smyly, Robert Collis, Mark Bloxham, Archibald Boyd, Robert Henderson,

Catholics.—Rev. Messrs. Patrick O'Loughlin, Francis Quin, Alexander J. McCarron, Edward Maginn, Neal O'Kane, Simon McLeer.

For the sake of order, it was agreed that each speaker should be limited to three quarters of an hour, and that Protestant and Catholic should be heard alternately. Accordingly Mr. Collis opened the discussion and Mr. O'Loughlin closed it. From the Court House it was adjourned to the old Cathedral, which continued crowded for twelve successive days by men of all creeds, listening to arguments *pro* and *con.*, on the Real Presence, on private judgment, on the canon of Scripture, on Purgatory and the marks of the true Church. Mr. Maginn spoke *nine* times during the twelve days, and on every branch of the subject. The spirit of the debate may be judged by a passage from the third day's discussion, in which Mr. Maginn, in replying to the Rev. Mr. Smyly's argument of the day previous, said:

“What sayeth Christ? If he heareth not the Church, let him be unto thee as a heathen and a publican.

“What sayeth Mr. Smyly and his law Church? Whosoever heareth the Church is even worse than those who are sitting in the darkness and in the shadows of death.

“What sayeth Christ? Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, and lo, I am with you all days, to the consummation of the world.

“What sayeth Mr. Smyly and his law Church? Every man shall teach himself, and for fifteen hundred years and more, Christ has abandoned his Church to the most superstitious practices and to the most damnable idolatry.

“What sayeth Christ? On this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

“What sayeth the Rev. Mr. Smyly and his law Church? The Church founded on a rock has yielded to the mouldering hand of time, and the powers of darkness have razed its very foundation.

“What sayeth Christ? I shall send you another Paraclete, the Spirit of Truth, who shall teach you all truth, and remain with you forever.

“What sayeth Mr. Smyly and his law Church? The Spirit of Truth has long since abandoned the Church’s teaching to the spirit of lies and of error, and Satan, and not the Holy Ghost, even now sits at the helm of the religious bark, and guides it in the storm.

“What sayeth Christ? Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whatsoever sins ye forgive they are forgiven them, and whatsoever sins ye retain they are retained to them.

“What sayeth Mr. Smyly and his law Church? It is rank blasphemy to assert that any man has received, or could receive, the power of forgiving or of retaining sin.

“What sayeth Christ with respect to the Holy Eucharist? This is my Body, which is delivered for you, and this is my blood which is shed for you.

“What sayeth Mr. Smyly and his law Church? No, it is not your body, but the figure of your body; it is not your blood, but the figure of your blood.

“What sayeth Christ again? While the bridegroom is with them they should not mourn. But the day shall come when the bridegroom will be taken away from them, and then they shall fast.

“What sayeth Mr. Smyly and his law Church? Fasting is a dead work, opposed to the all-sufficient merits of Christ, a Popish practice in a word, unworthy of the true believer.

“What sayeth Christ by the mouth of his beloved Apostles? It seemeth good to us and to the Holy Ghost not to impose on you any other burthen than these necessary things, that you abstain from fornication, and from things suffocated, and from blood.

“What sayeth my friend Mr. Smyly and his law Church! Abstinence from meats is the doctrine of devils and the suggestion of the spirit of lies.

“What sayeth Christ by the lips of the Apostle of nations? He that marrieth doeth well, but he that marrieth not doeth better. She who is married mindeth the things how she may please her husband; she who leads a single life careth for those things how she may please her God and save her own soul, and she is not divided.

“What sayeth the Rev. Mr. Smyly and his law Church? Whosoever marrieth not doeth evil; a vow of celibacy solemnly made before God and before man is not worthy of notice; he that breaks it performs a meritorious act, while he who keeps it sinneth.

“What sayeth Christ? If you wish to enter into life, keep the commandments; faith without charity availeth nothing; love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and thy neighbor as thyself; do this and thou shalt live.

“What sayeth the Rev. Mr. Smyly and his law Church? Believe and you shall be saved, for by faith alone you are justified.”

On both sides the most obsequious courtesy, backed with the most decided self-reliance, or reliance on the cause espoused, was exhibited. As evidence, we may give Mr. Collis's closing remarks on the third day of the discussion.

“My Roman Catholic friends, if we could only, by the Spirit of God, put this truth into your hearts; if we could get you to lean on Jesus Christ, and him alone, for salvation; if we could get you to confide solely in that blood which cleanseth from all sin, then would your fondly invented, expiating purgatory go to the wind, and we should hear no more of the sacrifice of the mass, indulgences, extreme unction, prayers for the dead, and those other fond things unchristianly introduced, and which have no foundation or warranty in the Word of God; then would there be an end of these and such like discussions among you forever. The doctrine of justification by faith alone, in the atoning righteousness of right, I now then propose, as the great feature and bulwark of Protestantism, in contradistinction to the doc-

trine of human merit, works of supererogation, &c., as taught by the Church of Rome. I say that we Protestants put no trust in good works, as tending to justify the sinner, or to assist the atoning righteousness of the Saviour ; why, sir, should we endeavor to light up the poor farthing taper of human merit, where we have the Sun of Righteousness shining in meridian brightness in the Gospel.

“ The golden beams of the great luminary of nature are now shining resplendent upon us, could we think of assisting the illumination, by putting a lighted taper on our table here? would any of us think of holding up a candle to the sun? But it may be said that by such statement of this doctrine, do we not open the door to licentiousness and immorality?—I deny that we do ; for the Protestant doctrine is, that the Spirit that gives faith also sanctifies ; justification and sanctification go hand in hand in the Protestant system. Protestants do not look upon any as possessing the faith that justifies, unless this faith produces holiness. Such, then, are some of the leading and characteristic doctrines of Protestantism ; such are the striking features and differences of the two churches ; and I now appeal to you as thinking, rational, wise men, which of them should be considered as the true Church of Christ, and which, as that which is schismatical and heretical, and which has departed from the faith once delivered to the saints. I would now narrow the whole question within this one point: The Apostle Paul wrote an Epistle to the Romans. There was, my friends, a Church of Rome in Paul’s day ; not, indeed, the Church of Rome as she exists and is constituted now—for, alas ! “ how has the gold become dim, how is the much fine gold changed ? ” The Church of Rome now-a-days existing has departed, we Protestants strenuously maintain, from the faith as preached to the Church of Rome by Paul in his day. We Protestants will be satisfied to build our whole doctrine on the Epistle of Paul to the Romans in his day ; and we declare that if we had only this one Epistle, we could derive therefrom what would refute Popery, and give the saving knowledge of the truth, as it is in Christ Jesus, to the soul.

“ If Popery stand the test of this Epistle, and if Protestantism doth not stand it, we shall give up the question.

“ To confirm and establish my positions here, I shall now beg leave to give a rapid outline of this Epistle, leaving it to your judgment, as scripturally enlightened, to determine whether my view of the Epistle be correct or not.

“The great design of the Apostle in the Epistle to the Romans, is to show the need all mankind had of a righteousness to justify, the nature of that righteousness which justifies a sinner, and the consequences and results of embracing and laying hold of such justifying righteousness; accordingly, in the first chapter the Apostle is principally occupied in showing that the Gentile world, by reason of their horrid wickedness and total moral apostacy, had need of this righteousness. In the second chapter and the opening part of the third chapter, he shows that the Jews, though possessed of greater external privileges, were just in as bad a way as to the attainment of anything like a personal justifying righteousness before God. In the latter part of the third chapter, he explains at large what that righteousness is which justifies the sinner; even the righteousness of Jesus Christ—his perfect obedience unto death, as God manifest in the flesh, and which, being embraced by faith by the sinner, becomes his by imputation. In the fourth chapter Paul proves or evidences his doctrine by the case of Abraham as the father of the faithful, or the justified. In the fifth chapter he shows the consequence of embracing this doctrine, as relates to inward Christian experience, or the communication of peace, and joy, and hope to the believer. In the sixth chapter Paul shows that this blessed doctrine does not tend to licentiousness, as might at first sight appear, and as its enemies have oftentimes represented, but one directly and necessarily tending unto holiness of life. In the seventh chapter he shows that the justified are renewed in the right spirit of their minds, yet are they, at best, but renewed in part; that in the most regenerate there is, through life, a perpetual conflict kept up between the flesh and spirit. But though sin thus harrasses and oppresses them, yet doth it not condemn them, for they obtain the victory over the body of this death through Jesus Christ; so that, as is said in the opening part of the eighth chapter, there is now no condemnation, and therefore no Purgatory, &c., for them that are in Jesus Christ, and who walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit. (Rom. viii. 1, &c.)”

Strictly speaking, we have only to do with Mr. Maginn, and to his part of the controversy we shall confine our extracts.

On the fourth day Mr. Maginn, “lest his reverend

friends should want employment during the remainder of the day," proposed to them the following list of objections:

"**QUERIES.**—First: How can the receiving of the tenths of the poor man's labor, be reconciled with that principle which is considered as fundamental in the Church of England, viz.:—That every man is capable of judging, and should judge for himself, on all occasions in religious matters?

"Secondly: If the Bible, interpreted by individual reason, be your sole rule of faith, why saddle us with the galling burthen of pampered and avaricious preachers and ministers?

"Thirdly: If Protestants of all denominations be one, as Mr. Smyly has stated, why brand with the name of schismatic, the Dissenter true to his principles?

"Fourthly: If Protestants of all denominations be one in faith, in hope, and charity, why set up conventicles apart? Why do they worship in different temples?

"Fifthly: In the name of common sense, how can you assert that any man differing from you in opinion, is wrong—you, who admit that every man is right in judging for himself in matters of faith?

"Sixthly: On what principle would you refute an Arian or Socinian, who taking private judgment and Scripture for his sole guide, would interpret the following texts:—'There is one Mediator, the *man* Christ Jesus,' or 'my Father is greater than I;' of the non-consubstantiality or inferiority of the Son?

"Seventhly: How can you reconcile the universal apostacy of Christendom, as it is asserted in your Book of Homilies, with this perpetual truth—the unchangeable object in the symbol of a Christian's faith, viz.: 'I believe in the Holy Catholic Church;' or, as it is in the Nicene Creed, 'I believe in one Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church?'

"Eighthly: The articles which separate you from your Presbyterian brethren, and from the Dissenters of all denominations—they are either essentials or non-essentials. If essentials, why have you the absurdity to state that you are one with them? If non-essentials, why, therefore, 'n the name of heaven, divide the peaceable inhabitants of the City of Sion?—Why tear the seamless garment of Christ asunder, by causing hem for a non-adhesion to indifferent and nugatory articles, to retire

branded with the name of excommunicated from your law Church!—

Whosoever shall separate themselves from the communion of the Saints, as it is approved by the Apostles' rules in the Church of England, and combine themselves in a *new* brotherhood, accounting the Christians who are conformable to the doctrines, government, rites, and ceremonies in the Church of England, to be profane and *unmeet* for them to join with in Christian profession, let them be excommunicated, &c.'—(Canon 9th.)

“Tenthly: Why do you admit a supreme head in spirituals, whose supremacy is not sanctioned by any warrant in the written Christian dispensation?

“Eleventhly: Why do you say, as you have said, that Scripture bears testimony to itself, when its author, Christ Jesus, says, that even his own living and established testimony of himself would be fruitless and vain. ‘If I bear witness of myself, my witness is not true—you sent to John, and he gave testimony of the truth?’—(St. John, chap. 5, ver. 31 and 33.)

“How do you prove to this mixed assembly, that you are not guilty of the sin of Schism—a sin which the Apostle of nations testifies, excludes from the kingdom of heaven—equally guilty, I repeat it, with the Arians, the Nestorians, the Euticheans. They also called themselves Reformers of the Church of Christ. They also separated themselves from the See of Rome. What they have done, you have done in like manner!—So much for the Queries.”

On these queries the subsequent discussion mainly turned. On the fifth day, Mr. Maginn gave utterance to the following noble words, in reply to the pseudo-prophecy that the Church would shortly perish:

“My friend Mr. Smyly has told us that the Catholic Church, viz, the whore of Babylon, will shortly perish. In this prophetic cry of his, I recognize the language of the seers of past ages: ‘The Catholic Church, says a Simon Magus, shall shortly perish, for she denies that the Holy Ghost can be purchased for money. The Catholic Church shall shortly perish,’ says a Menander, ‘for she is so absurd as to teach that I am not the light for the revelations of nations, nor the glory of

the people of Israel.' The Catholic Church shall shortly perish, says an Ebion and a Marcion, for she defends the blasphemous error of Christ being God, whereas he is no more than a mere man. The Catholic Church shall shortly perish, says a Montanus and a Novatius, for she dares to assert that the pastors of the spouse of Christ have the power of forgiving all sins, even the sin of apostacy. That idolatrous Church shall perish, says an Arius, which makes the creature a creator, and has the boldness to assert that Word is eternal and consubstantial to the Father. The Catholic Church shall perish, says a Pelagius, for she admits that original sin is communicated to us, and that the faculties of man are weakened by inherited corruption—that of himself, without grace, he is incapable of observing the law of God. The Catholic Church shall perish, says Nestorius, for she admits only one person in Christ, and reveres the Virgin Mary as the mother of the living God. The Catholic Church, viz., the whore of Babylon, shall shortly perish, says an Eutyches, for she believes in the blasphemous doctrine of two natures in Christ, whereas there is only one, the human nature being absorbed in the divine nature, as the dewdrop disappears in the ocean. The Catholic Church shall shortly perish, says a Donatus, for she professes to believe that the children of heretics are not to be re-baptized, and that pastors in the state of sin can validly administer the sacraments. The Catholic Church shall shortly perish, says a Lucidus, for she rejects the necessary influence of grace. The Catholic Church shall shortly perish, say the Monotholites, for she admits two wills instead of one in the Redeemer. The Catholic Church, in fine, shall shortly perish, says a Gotescalus, for she admits predestination to good and not to evil; she is so nonsensical as to deny that the will of man is like to a saddle-horse, doing evil necessarily if the devil be the rider, doing good necessarily if God be seated on it. The Church shall perish, has been the language of every innovator from the days of Christ until the present day; time, however, has proved them, and shall prove my reverend friend Mr. Smyly to be links in that chain of false seers to whom an angry God hath said, 'I have not sent you, yet you ran; I have not spoken to you, yet you prophesied.' The Church has survived their fanciful predictions, and shall survive them until the end of time. The very nothingness of these near-sighted prophets has borne and shall bear testimony to her duration and stability; yea, even the he

retical cry, *she shall shortly perish!* has only served and will serve to convince the world, by calling its attention to the miraculous preservation of the Church; that it is an edifice which God hath built up, and which no man can throw down, against which the winds and waves may beat in vain, around which, uninjured, the elements may crash, the heavens change as a garment, and all created nature tottering on its foundation, dwindle into its original nothingness; God in the midst of her, she shall not be moved."

On the sixth day, one of the Protestant disputants introduced, in evidence of the corruption of the Church, a well known spurious work, called the *Taxe Cancellariæ*, in relation to which, on opening the seventh day's proceedings, Mr. Maginn said:

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, when an agreement had been entered into to discuss the respective merits of the Churches of England and of Rome, I flattered myself that we would proceed calmly and dispassionately to the investigation of truth; I find, however, to my sorrow, that I have vainly indulged this hope, for the lowest scurrility and misrepresentation have taken the place of reason and of commonsense; forgeries and calumnies have been substituted for revelation, and Religion's sacred name, with every kind of religious veneration, has been turned into a farce—has become a subject for mimicry and for mirth.

"On seeing yesterday's exhibition, methought myself at one time in a Drury Lane or in a Covent Garden, witnessing the performance of Sheridan's School for Scandal; at another time, I imagined myself in the Theatre Francaise, an amused spectator of a Talma in the Tartuffe.

"It was not, however, in all its scenes a comedy, it partook rather of the nature of a melo-drama. The audience, I am sure, was forced to smile and to weep: to smile at the folly which it displayed, while the tears of sorrow, yea, and of indignation too, were shed over the low designing malice—over the wily subterfuges of the hero of the piece, to support a bad and a tottering cause.

"The impression, I am convinced, which the introduction of the *Taxe Cancellariæ*, that pretended Romish production, must have made on your minds, is too deep to be easily effaced. Long shall you remember

how lenient Popes were in the days of old towards *parricides*, how severe they have been towards *priest strikers*.

“So gross an imposition as this book is, were it not for the advantage of my Protestant friends, I would not even deign to notice. The abominable doctrines it contains, the abuses it appears to sanction, are too well known to Catholics not to constitute any article of their religious symbol, nor ever to have received the sanction of the Catholic Church, that they need no information on this head. For the instruction, therefore, of my dissenting friends, and for theirs only, I shall first give you a few extracts from the celebrated Doctor Lingard, bearing on this subject, and invalidating its authenticity. I shall then give you my own reasons for considering it one of the vilest fabrications ever invented by interested, designing, and faithless men.”

After quoting Lingard, and exposing the forgery of this book from internal evidence, Mr. Maginn proceeded to defend the doctrine of purgatory as taught by the Church, and expressly laid down in the Old and New Testaments. On the eighth day Mr. Henderson attempted an answer to that argument, but certainly failed to shake it in the least. He was followed by Mr. Maginn, the first part of whose address was devoted to an explanation of Luther's conduct, in permitting polygamy to Philip of Hesse, and the conclusion of which was a rejoinder to the attempted answer of the opponents of the doctrine of purgatory. On this day he excited a good deal of merriment, by referring the Rev. Mr. Smyly to his Rev. Bro. Henderson for “the self-evident distinction which exists between miracles and mysteries.” On the ninth day he continued the same subject—purgatory and prayers for the dead.

On the eleventh day Mr. Maginn, with his accustomed readiness and humor, detected an argument on the wall of the old Cathedral in which the discussion was had. The authentic report thus relates the scene :

“Again ; I gladly congratulate my reverend opponents on their adopted image worship. [Here the Rev. Mr. Maginn espying behind the communion table, a Gloria having a small cross in the centre, with an inscription I. H. S., pointed to it.] *There, Gentlemen, is an ‘Idol which you have raised in the house of the living God,’ with an inscription on it too in an unknown tongue. You also have violated the second commandment ; you have made to yourselves the figures of things which are in the heavens above and in the earth below. You are accustomed in like manner to bow down before them. The idol, it is true, before which you worship, is void of proportion and coloring. Were you to adopt the motto, ‘*fas est ab hoste doceri,*’ I would feel happy to recommend one to you, which, while it would evince your good taste, would tend at the same time to ornament your Church and to instruct your people. I would then advise you to place above your communion table, a picture representing a Jesus crucified, with the forefinger of his right hand pointing towards the Church depicted in the back ground, with this appropriate inscription, ‘this is my beloved spouse, the Church, for whose sake I bleed, that I may render her without *spot or wrinkle* ; lo, I am with her all days, even to the consummation of the world.’ In his left hand you may place, if you please, the keys of the kingdom of heaven ; hard-by, St. Peter kneeling on his right knee and receiving them from him, while the Saviour will seemingly address him, as he has done really, in these words : ‘Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven ; whatsoever thou wilt bind in earth will be bound in heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, shall be loosed in heaven.’ In the same tablet, by enlarging it somewhat, you may have the Virgin Mary and the twelve Apostles, with appropriate inscriptions. Opposite the blessed Virgin, ‘Behold your mother ;’ opposite the Apostles, ‘Behold your children.’ Should the remaining parts of this Chapel of Ease require further useful ornament, I would recom-*

mend to you to borrow a few saints from us, and have these side wall embellished by their representations. The amiable St. Francis of Sales, the zealous and apostolic Xavier, and the charitable St. Vincent of Paul, would be mighty lessons of practical virtue for the Sunday-sainted visitors of this house of prayer. They would remind them, that not only a Man-God, but weak mortals, like to themselves, scaled the rugged heights of a Calvary, drank of the bitter chalice deeply, yet patiently, made their works shine before men, were, in fine, the true disciples of the Just One, by 'taking up their cross and following him.'

At the close of his remarks, he related the following anecdote:

"A French general was induced through curiosity to come to the metropolis of Great Britain; being invited by a certain nobleman of his acquaintance to visit St. Paul's Cathedral, as he was admiring the various perfections of that noble and majestic edifice, he was asked by his companion what he thought of it, and if he considered it superior to Notre Dame, at Paris. He answered that the shell of the building did honor to its projectors, that it was in many respects superior to Notre Dame, but that the religious embellishments of the latter much surpassed those of the former. When you enter, said he, into Notre Dame, at every step almost a crucified Saviour or his disciples meet your eye: here, said he, I see nothing but the vestiges of those devastators of the human race. Here indeed, said he, I see everything emblematic of the god of war; there nothing is to be seen but the trophy of the God of virtue. Here I see the statues of those who conquered by the effusion of the blood of their brethren; there is to be seen the representations of those who triumphed through the blood of the Lamb, and died the victims of their benevolence. Here, said he, I see those worldlings who prevailed by terror, by cunning, yea, perhaps by treachery too, and the violation of the sacred principles of faith, honor and justice over their less designing, more upright, and more virtuous neighbors. There you may see those saints who only vied in doing good; who gained a victory, it is true, but it was with the sword of patience, with the helmet of salvation, and with the all-protecting shield of fraternal charity."

On the twelfth and last day, he made his ninth argu-

ment. In opening for the Catholics, he thus replied to the expressions of good will with which Mr. Boyd had opened on the other side. He said :

*“ Mr. Chairman :—*My reverend friend, Mr. Boyd, opened this day's proceedings by stating that he had nought but good will towards Christians of every denomination ; I heartily concur with him in this charitable sentiment to which he has given utterance, and am glad to find that, though we widely differ in many other respects, our opinions on this head do perfectly harmonize. As far as I am concerned, I confidently assert that I would be a traitor to those principles whose truth I advocate, were I to bear any feelings of personal hatred towards any of my dissenting brethren. Compelled by circumstances to come forward and to defend, and give reason for that faith which is in me, I brought no animosity with me to this discussion, and I trust in my God that I shall bring none away with me from it. Weak as my understanding may be, I have sufficient discernment between the man and his errors—sufficient acquaintance with the doctrines of my own Church to perceive that while, as a minister of the God of truth, I am called on to impugn falsehood, I am in duty bound to revere, respect and love the victims of delusion. In the Protestant communion I recognize many of my warmest friends ; the opposition of our respective tenets has not hitherto, nor shall it, I hope, in future, tend to sever the ties of mutual benevolence and love.”

After a few summary remarks, he then returned to the queries he had advanced on the second day, and the replies they had elicited :

“The queries which I proposed at the commencement of this discussion, if I except a few to which Mr. Henderson has endeavored to reply, remain unanswered. I shall, therefore, propose them again, and having glanced at the evasive answers given to ten of the difficulties proposed, I shall leave them before the public.

“Quer. First : Was it a figure of Christ's body which was delivered for us ? Was it a figure of Christ's blood which was shed for us ? Mr. Henderson answers and says, that it was a figure of Christ's body that

was given to us in the Sacrament ; but he denies that it was the figure of Christ's body that was delivered for us. In this, his reply, he appears to me to contradict the express saying of the Redeemer, who informs us that that body which was given for us, was given to us.

“ Quer. Second : How, on Protestant principles, can this clear text, ‘ *this is my body,*’ announced by Christ in peculiar circumstances, written in different Gospels, at different periods, and in the same words, by three Evangelists, and by the apostle of nations, how, I say, can its literal meaning be invalidated, except by a clearer text, bearing on the same subject, viz by such a one as the following :—‘ This, which I give unto you, is by no means my body ;’ and where in sacred writ do we find this more clear and explicit text? My reverend friend, Mr. Henderson, replies that that more clear and explicit text is to be found in Matt. 16 chap. 29 v., where it is called after the consecration, the fruit of the vine ; and by St. Paul to the Corinthians, chap. 11, 26 v., where the Sacrament is also called bread after the Benediction. His answer, however, does not appear to me sufficient, for first, according to St. Luke, 22 chap. 18 v., the fruit of the vine there spoken of, was the wine drank with the paschal lamb. Moreover, even were I to admit that Christ Jesus called it the fruit of the vine and bread, after consecration, it would by no means make against the Catholic doctrine, nor serve my reverend friend ; for in many passages of sacred writ do we find the thing transubstantiated, called after the name of the thing from which it had been transubstantiated ; as for example, in the 2 chap. of Genesis, 23 v., Eve is called Adam's bone, because she was formed out of his bone. Again, chap. 3, v. 19, where Adam is called dust, because he was taken out of dust ; ‘ for dust thou art, and unto dust thou wilt return.’ Again, in the Book of Exodus, 7 chap. 12 v., where Aaron's rod is called a rod even after it became a serpent ; ‘ for they cast down every man his rod, and they became serpents ; but Aaron's rod swallowed up their rods ;’ finally, we find in the Gospel of St. John, 2 chap. 9 v., that the water, after it was changed into wine, is called, by the Evangelist, water ; ‘ when the ruler of the feast had tasted the water that was made wine, and knew not whence it was ; but the servants which drew the water knew, the governor of the feast called the bridegroom.’

“ Thirdly : Why did not St. Paul, when writing to the Corinthians in Greek, and that too, for their immediate instruction, aware, as he must have been, that there were many words in that language to ex-

press the *sign*, why did he use the same language as our Saviour did, who, as my reverend opponents assert, had no word in the Hebrew to express the sign, and say *Τοῦτο σημαίνει μου τὸ σῶμα*, and not as he expressed it, *Τοῦτο ἐστὶ μου τὸ σῶμα*, this *signifies* my body, and not *this is* my body. My friend, Mr. Henderson, replied to this query, after the Irish way, by proposing a question; why, said he, in the 25th verse of the same chapter did he not use the word *signify* when speaking of the cup, instead of *is*, to this Irish answer I reply, that the Apostle was not so ridiculously absurd as to say, that the cup signified, or was the sign of his blood. The evident meaning of St. Paul's words is, 'In this cup is my blood of the New Testament,' &c.

"Fourthly : Has Christ a different body from that which was born of the Virgin Mary? if not, how reconcile these words of the Book of Common Prayer, 'The body and blood of Christ is verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful in the Sacrament,' with the absence of a corporeal presence? My friend, Mr. Henderson, to reconcile this irreconcilable difficulty, has introduced Cranmer and many others of the same tribe; but I am sure that all his efforts have proved unsuccessful, for there are none here of so acute an understanding as to be able to perceive how one and the same individual can receive the body and blood of Christ, *verily* and *indeed*, and not receive it *at the same time*.

"Fifthly : How can a man be said to be guilty of Christ's body and blood, who by no means receives *his* body and blood? Mr. Henderson says, that we become guilty of Christ's body and blood, though we by no means receive either the one or the other, in the same manner as the sinner crucifies Christ in his flesh; now, as my reverend friend admits all sins to be equal, it would evidently follow from his solution, and the difficulty proposed by me that the unworthy receiver of the holy Eucharist, is no more guilty of Christ's body and blood, than he who takes a pin from his neighbor.

"Sixthly : Will a man be damned for not discerning Christ's Body, if the Lord's Body be not beneath the sacramental veils? My friend answers, yes, if he does not discern it with the eye of faith. I would here ask my reverend opponent, should not faith have a real, and not a chimerical object? Does it follow, because I believe God is here present, that he is thereby absent; that he is not in heaven, because I believe him to be in it?

"Seventhly : On the night of the institution of the blessed Sacrament, the Jewish rite was abolished. On this night, it is not reasonable to

conclude that the substance succeeded to the shadow, and unreasonable to assert that a mere figure succeeded to a figure. My reverend friend states that the paschal lamb was a figure not of the Eucharist, but of Christ Jesus himself, who was immolated on Mount Calvary. Granting that the paschal lamb slain, was the figure of Christ *really* slain on Mount Calvary, I would ask Mr. Henderson, why should not the paschal lamb eaten, be the figure of Christ *really* eaten in the Sacrament?

“Eighthly : Did Christ, who led captivity captive, give real or imaginary gifts to men? My friend answers he gave real gifts. If he has done so, the Eucharist, being his last gift or legacy, must even in Mr. Henderson’s principles, contain something more than the mere figure.

“Ninthly : In what consists the superiority of the Eucharistic bread in the new law, over the Manna in the old, (which superiority Christ specified in the 6th chapter of St. John) if the Sacrament be barely figurative? Mr. Henderson in his answer to this asserts, that there is no comparison made in the 6th chap. of St. John, between the Manna and the Eucharistic bread. This reply I shall place in juxtaposition with the words of truth itself, and leave it to the public to determine. ‘Our fathers did eat manna in the desert; as it is written he gave them bread from heaven to eat.’ Again, ‘your fathers did eat Manna in the wilderness, and are dead; this is the bread which cometh down from heaven, that a man may eat thereof and not die. And the bread that I will *give* is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world.’ St. John, chap. vi., 31, 48, 49, 50, and 51 verses.

“Tenthly : Christ came to fulfil, and not to make void the law; to perfect that which was written. Where in this hypothesis do we find the accomplishment of the various and bloody offerings made under the Patriarchal and Mosaic dispensations, if the Eucharist be merely taken in remembrance? My friend, Mr. Henderson, replies, that there was no such thing as unbloody sacrifice before the coming of Christ : my friend I am sure forgot the fruit of the earth offered by Cain—the bread and wine by Melchisadech—the wine, oil and flour, the incense, the scape-goat, &c. mentioned in the book of Leviticus. As to the eleventh query which I proposed, it appears to have awed my reverend opponents into a kind of solemn silence; they did not even deign to notice it, though the twelfth day of the discussion has now almost elapsed. I shall now again propose it, and beg the attention of the most respectable assembly to its purport.

“Eleventh : Should not the learned and pious, who lived during the

seven centuries subsequent to the redemption, should they not know the meaning of the Apostolic words, 'This is my body,' much better than we of the present day? If common sense avow it, I challenge the reverend gentlemen here present to determine the question of a real, substantial presence, by placing in juxtaposition the quotations of the Holy Fathers of the seven first centuries of the Church of Christ, and by permitting them to go, uncommented, before the public. As I mentioned above, the reverend gentlemen on the other side did not deign to notice this challenge, and why? because they were fully persuaded that the voice of antiquity would be raised against them—that the Austins and the Cyrils, the Chrysostoms and the Ambroses, with trumpet tongue, would cry out against their innovations, and upbraid them with having made void the covenant of the Lord, and having changed the substantial gifts of the Redeemer into mere beggarly elements!

"12th. How can the fundamental principle of Protestantism—namely, that every man is capable of judging, and should judge for himself, be reconciled with the exaction of the tenths of the poor man's labor, by teachers, preachers, and ministers?

"13th. If Protestants of all denominations be one, as my friends confidently state they are, why brand with the name of schismatic the dissenter true to his principles?

"14th. If Protestants of all denominations be one, in faith, in hope, and in charity, why set up conventicles apart; why worship in different temples?

"15th. How, in the name of common sense, can my reverend opponents unblushingly state, that any man differing from them in opinion is wrong—they who admit that every man should *judge* for himself and that in judging for himself he is *right*?

"16th. On what principle, I here ask my reverend friends, would they refute the Arian, who, taking private judgment and Scripture for his sole guide, would interpret the following text of sacred writ:—'My Father is greater than I;' and again, 'there is one mediator, the *man* Christ Jesus,' of the nonconsubstantiality or inferiority of the Son?

"17th. How can the universal apostacy of Christendom, mentioned in the book of Homilies, be reconciled with this truth, the perpetual *object* of a Christian's faith, 'I believe in the holy Catholic Church?' or, as it is in the Nicene Creed, 'I believe in the One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church?' A Church always holy, is at all times void of Idolatry, and of doctrines perniciously erroneous.

"18th. The articles which separate my reverend opponents from

their Presbyterian brethren, and from dissenters of every denomination, are either essentials or non-essentials—if essentials, why say that they are one with them—if non-essentials, why, in the name of heaven, tear the seamless garment of Christ asunder?—why divide the fold of Christ, and disturb the peaceful mansion of the City of Sion, by prescribing non-essential articles as conditions of communion, and by forcing the non-conformists to retire, excommunicated from their law Church?

19th. Why do my reverend friends admit a lay supreme head in spiritual and ecclesiastical matters, whose supremacy is not sanctioned by any warrant in the written Christian dispensation?

“20th. Why assert that Scripture bears testimony to itself, when its author, Christ Jesus, says, that even his own living and established testimony of himself would be fruitless and vain. ‘If I bear witness of myself, my witness is not true;’ again, ‘You sent to John, and he gave testimony of truth.’ (St. John, 5 c. 31–33 v.)

“21st. How will my reverend opponents of the Church of England prove to this learned assembly that they are not guilty of the sin of schism—a sin which, as the Apostle of Nations attests, excludes from the kingdom of heaven—equally guilty, I repeat it, with the Arians, the Nestorians, the Eutychians; they also called the Church of Christ corrupted—they also gloried in the name of Reformers?

22. According to the law of the land, which is supposed to speak the sense of the nation, it is declared that no man is capable of managing his temporal concerns, before he has attained the twenty-first year of his age. Common sense should then move us to believe that no man is capable of judging for himself in religious matters, or of selecting his own symbol, before he has reached that period of his life. I here, then, ask my reverend friends, can that religion be the religion of Christ, which supposes that a man must have attained his twenty-first year before he can give his reasonable assent to the doctrines which it inculcates, or, in other words, make an act of faith in its divine revelation?

“23d. Can a Protestant of the Established Church reasonably believe any tenet peculiar to his creed, when he is quite aware that the Eastern and Western Churches are opposed to this doctrine?

“24th. Christ Jesus established his Church on and by the word preached, and not written. ‘Preach the Gospel to every creature, Go, teach all nations,’ &c. I will require a clear text of Scripture, bearing on this subject, which will go expressly to invalidate the un-

written first rule of faith, and make known to us the exact period of its suspension."

His closing remarks on this day are necessary to complete the relation :

"I might here repeat many other queries, to which my reverend friends, though frequently called on, have not condescended to give answers, and for this reason, because they were convinced that in *their* principles they were unanswerable. They acted, in this respect, a prudent part; for knowing as they must, the weakness of the system which they advocate, they chose rather to fly before the difficulties proposed, than by a fruitless struggle in attempting to uphold it, further expose before the eyes of the world, its consumptive and tottering condition. I am sorry to perceive here that my time is almost expired, as I came armed with substantial documents, which would prove to the satisfaction of this assembly that Protestantism, as it is now professed by the Church of England, is nothing more than a patched coat, made up of the different heresies of the days that are gone by; my sorrow, however, is somewhat alleviated by the conviction I feel, that enough has been done to point out to my Protestant friends the way that leads to life—to show them that they are sheep of another fold—that, to enjoy that holy and religious peace of soul, which transcends all human understanding, they must return to the bosom of that Church from which their forefathers, in an evil hour, separating themselves, took refuge in the Babel of Schism.

"As this is the last time I will here have an opportunity of addressing those who differ from me in opinion, I beg leave, before sitting down, to crave their indulgence, if throughout the discussion, where, unfortunately, retaliation too often became necessary, I should, in their eyes, have permitted my zeal for the house of the Lord to burn rather intensely, and to say that the kind attention with which they have heard me, and the liberality evinced in general by all denominations of Christians throughout this city, have made an impression on my mind which no time can efface."

Rev. Messrs. Bloxham, Ross and Smyly spoke in the closing debate, as did Rev. Messrs. Quin and O'Kane;

the whole was wound up by Mr. O'Loughlin in a rapid synoptical review of all that had been said on either side. His peroration could hardly help touching both parties among the auditors :

“ I wish to direct a few words to my Protestant brethren, as it is probably the last opportunity I may have of addressing them. They have had, during this discussion, an opportunity of knowing what they did not heretofore know, the doctrines of the Catholic Church. You must now perceive that she is not that erroneous, superstitious, idolatrous Church which you were led to believe she was, but that One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church with which Christ will remain to the end of days. If there be among you one from whose mind divine grace has removed the veil in which it has been enveloped by prejudice, harden not your hearts against the divine influence, but humbly exclaim, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do, and follow the directions of the holy admonition, To you, also, my Catholic brethren, I address myself ; you must be filled with consolation and holy joy on hearing a reason for the faith that is in you. You have heard how groundless are the misrepresentations so unsparingly used against our holy Church, of superstition, error and idolatry ; on the contrary, that she is pure, holy, Catholic and Apostolic ; that she is directed by her divine founder, *Jesus Christ*, who speaks to you by the voice of her pastors—never deviate from her decisions ; they are the decisions of the Holy Ghost, who preserves her doctrine pure and undefiled. She is always armed against every error, and all the powers of earth and hell will not prevail against her. Be therefore firm and constant in the faith ; be strengthened by the divine aid against all impostors and the ungodly ; in the words of St. Paul, ‘ Watch, stand in the faith, act manfully and be comforted.’ (Cor. 16 : 32.)”

Never was text of Holy Writ more applicable to a people, than that sentence of St. Paul to the Catholics of the North of Ireland,—“ Watch, stand in the faith, act manfully, and be comforted,” was not cited to them in vain. They had borne for a hundred and forty years

with every civil and social deprivation, but at last their "emancipation" was at hand. They were lifting up their hearts to God, and their heads among their fellow-men. It is no exaggeration to say that the resolute stand made by their six consecrated champions at Derry, increased their confidence in themselves, in their clergy, and in the faith of their fathers. The temper, the scholarship, the firmness of Fathers O'Loughlin and O'Kane, McCarron, McLeer, Maginn and Quinn, filled them with courage to act manfully. It is evident from the challenge that it was not only a religious controversy, but an exhibition of the reasoning powers and native gifts of the old race against the new. The Rosses, Bloxhams, Boyds and Hendersons were not deficient in talent or acquirement; some, or all of them were graduates of Trinity College, one of the best endowed Universities in Europe. Their opponents were mainly the young *alumni* of Maynooth, then struggling into celebrity. But neither their College nor the Irish Church had any need to be ashamed of its champions in the famous Discussion at Derry.*

Cotemporaneously with these oral discussions, the Catholic Association continued its political agitation for the abolition of the remnant of the Penal Code. Under the

* As stated above (in the text), the authenticated Report of the Discussion was published in 1828, simultaneously by Curry, of Dublin, and by Coyne of the same city. It forms a thick volume of over 500 pages, but each day's debate is numbered separately

wise guidance of O'Connell and his brilliant colleagues, his voluntary society had almost grown into the importance of a Provisional Government. It comprised a fair representation of the old nobility and gentry, all the Catholic clergy, and almost all the laity. It had its foreign allies in France, Bavaria, Rome, the United States, Brazil and India. At home its proclamations were more effectual than the Viceroy's; abroad, its debates were read with as much interest as those of the Imperial Parliament. For five years that unparalleled and menacing spectacle overawed the empire, striking fear even into the lion heart of Arthur, Duke of Wellington. At last, in April, 1829, the British government capitulated to the Irish Association, and the second "Catholic Relief Bill" became the law, not only for Ireland, but for one-fifth of the human race. During the last years of the contest, O'Connell had no more zealous agent in the northern province than the popular young curate of Moville. The name of Inishowen had not even then lost all its terrors for Dublin Castle, and he kept it continually *in terrorem* over the parties in power. His speeches at the Baronial meetings previous to "Emancipation" (as the act of '29 is popularly called), are said to have been like his early sermons, full of pith and power. Unluckily they have shared the same fate, and we must, therefore, accept their merits upon hearsay. What is more to our purpose is, that Mr. Maginn, amidst all these exciting

scences, political and polemical, had so thoroughly retained the confidence of his Bishop, that on the death of his uncle, in the memorable year of Emancipation, he was appointed to succeed him in the united parishes of Fahan and Deysertegny.

CHAPTER II.

THE MISSION OF THE NEW PARISH PRIEST—STATE OF THE CHURCH IN GENERAL—LOCAL EXERTIONS OF DR. MAGINN—HE SUPPRESSES SECRET SOCIETIES—FOUNDs SEVEN NATIONAL SCHOOLS—HIS CONTROVERSY WITH THE NATIONAL BOARD OF EDUCATION—HIS INCREASING INFLUENCE—HIS PREACHING AS DESCRIBED BY A CONTEMPORARY.

AT the comparatively early age of twenty-seven Mr. Maginn was thus placed as Pastor over a community of ten thousand souls. He took up his residence at Bun-crana, a little watering-place of about a thousand inhabitants. His mission extended over a country which as early as the seventh century had been covered with cells and schools. In the annals of Ulster, mention is frequently made of Fahan-Mura and the miracles of its patron. The noble house of O'Neil invoked him as their special intercessor; on his Gospel some of the most solemn treaties of the northern tribes were ratified, and his crozier (for he was a Bishop or Abbot) was preserved with awe and veneration down to the destructive era of "the Reformation." From that dismal date no diocese suffered more severely than Derry. Successive Bishops and Abbots were put to death as fast as discovered; others fled into exile and there died; the Prior of Cole-

raine, in Cromwell's time, was flung into the Bann and stoned to death by the Puritan soldiery ; a Bishop who returned, at the peril of his life in the reign of Queen Anne, hired as a common shepherd on the uplands of Magilligan, renewing in his own person the experience of Saint Patrick, who, from having been an enslaved shepherd of sheep, became a spiritual shepherd of souls.

The year in which Mr. Maginn became a Parish Priest of his diocese, was, as we said, the same in which "the Emancipation Act" became the law of the land. A new policy towards Catholics was thus initiated by the State ; and new relations must needs be established between the Church and State. With Catholic peers and commoners in Parliament, Catholic judges on circuit, and Catholic magistrates in every neighborhood, the necessity for a wider range of observation, a higher tone, and an enlarged legislation, naturally devolved upon the Hierarchy.

The Irish Church did not want for learned and prudent prelates in that emergency. Dr. Doyle, Dr. Murray, and Dr. McHale, were by acquirements and position the most influential of their order. Each had borne a patriotic part in the contest just closed, each sincerely desired the good of the church and the country, but each differed widely from the other, as to the best means of promoting their common objects. It would seem that Dr. Doyle placed his chief hope in the education of the people, Dr. Murray in conciliating the government, and

Dr. McHale in prolonged agitation. In a very few years the gifted "J. K. L." was removed from the scene ; while many new measures were proposed, and many new dangers began to menace the lately emancipated Church. Between 1830 and '40 the Tithe question was compromised ; the corporations were thrown open to Catholics ; the national school system was introduced ; the new Poor law went into operation ; official intercourse with Rome, and a state provision for the clergy, were discussed and dropped, resumed and postponed. The Hierarchy though not recognized by their titles were treated very ceremoniously ; the least advance on the part of any of them, was graciously received ; drafts of " government measures " were more than once submitted to their judgment ; and a constant anxiety was shown to attach them to the interest of Imperial parties. Three or four of the Bishops were supposed to be so propitiated by these attentions, as to overlook the continued disregard of popular demands by successive ministries and Parliaments. The National School system was found on trial to be very defective, and by some, absolutely mischievous ; the Poor law had many cruel drawbacks in the eyes of a proverbially charitable people ; the Irish representation was shamefully disproportionate to that of the Empire at large ; and the power of the landlord class remained as absolute over the tenantry, as before. The great body of the Bishops continued on these grounds to mingle in

public affairs, following with unabated zeal the lead of Mr. O'Connell, who in turn, was equally willing to be advised and led by them. The second order of the clergy were almost to a man of the same party; and none of their body more entirely so, than the new Parish Priest of Fahan and Desertegney.

The peculiarities of his position, not less than his ardent temperament, brought the Rev. Mr. Maginn frequently before the public. The Catholics of the peninsula were "twelve to one" against all other denominations. They were still distinguishable into clans, and still spoke Gaelic. Their market and court-town was Derry, the *Urbs Intacta* of a hostile race and creed. The proscriptive Protestantism of the maiden city had withstood the gentle influence of Dean Berkley, the zealous liberalism of its famous Bishop-Earl, and the fraternal spirit of the volunteers and United Irishmen. Proud of its notoriety as the city which repulsed King James, it looked down with scorn not unmingled with apprehension on the gigantic Innishowen men who came to mingle in its markets, and sometimes to settle within its walls. On the northern bank of the Foyle, an Irish town had arisen, such as grew up without the walled Norman boroughs of the Leinster pale; in its midst the hated cross was lifted on high, Catholic rites were constantly celebrated, the Bishop took up his permanent residence, and thus the citadel of religion, like another Santa Fé, con-

fronted its powerful rival, entrenched and "established" on the opposite hill side. It was not without grief and indignation that the citizens and apprentices of Derry beheld these alarming encroachments of the Papal power, and many a bitter local controversy marked the progress of the revolution. To the Catholics in those contests a ready pensman and a prudent chief were necessary, and these Providence supplied them in the person of our subject. Mr. Maginn's first organ of communication with the public was the *Derry Chronicle*, edited by Sheehan, a native of Celbridge, County Kildare, afterwards better known as editor of the *Comet*, a satirical and national Dublin newspaper. After the *Chronicle's* decease the *Journal* was always open to him, as was subsequently, when he became more influential, all the local press. In these papers he appeared anonymously under a great variety of titles, and when the matter was too personal or too tempting for satire, a friendly local printer was always ready to issue his pasquinades in broadsheet form.* The multitude of local questions on which he wrote either to the press or officials it would be impossible to enumerate; the principals were against the appointment of an exclusively Protestant magistracy in Innishowen; in favor of calling to the bench the Doherty's of Glen, and others of the old Catholic families; against the violence

* Some of those, such as "The Troubles of the Kirk" are in verse, but they would not add to the reputation of Dr. Maginn's abilities.

exhibited in '33 and '34 in the collection of Tithes, against the removal of an impartial stipendiary magistrate in 1837; and against the removal of a lieutenant of police who had won the confidence of the people; against frequent proceedings of the magistrates at quarter sessions, which he represented to the Lord Lieutenant as likely to bring the administration of justice into contempt. In all these communications, whether to the press or the castle, he takes without apology the tone and position of a protector of his poor people—a character which admirably harmonizes with that of a Priest, in such a state of society as then existed in the North of Ireland.

To root out and totally destroy secret agrarian societies, was a favorite task of the Pastor of Fahan. In his neighborhood it was one of no ordinary difficulty, because there such societies were bound up with an extensive popular interest—illicit distillation and smuggling. “Innishowen,” as every one knows, is the name *par excellence* for genuine whiskey. In the wild recesses of the peninsula, where the goats alone could find their way, the daring defier of London law guarded his busy worm and his well-stocked crypt. A special “revenue” police, trained to all sorts of wiles and adventures, was at length established to hunt down the *stills*; but some intrepid followers of the forbidden calling, if fame may be believed, still hold out in their fastnesses, despite all the forces and all the ingenuity of her Majesty’s excise.

Against all oath-bound associations, Mr. Maginn, whether in the pulpit or on his visits to the homes of the people, waged incessant war. One of his controversies relating to this subject accidentally became public. In '37, O'Donnel, an approver or crown witness, residing at Buncrana, deposed that Mr. Maginn's servant named James Doherty, had asked him if he would take ten pounds to shoot a landlord who had ejected his (Doherty's) mother from her holding. After lodging this information the approver sent word to the accused to quit the country, "for he had done his job," an advice which the latter, having slim faith in landlord justice, forthwith did. The local enemies of Mr. Maginn, that Orange magistracy which he had never spared, did not hesitate to hint in conversation, that he had been a harbinger of ribbon-men, and privy to the escape of his servant. These allusions being given to the public in 1840, by a Mr. McClintock Spence, occasioned an animated correspondence in the *Derry Journal*, of two years' duration. In his letters, Mr. Maginn proved that he had been the most effective enemy of all illegal associations in his barony; that he had handed over to the police in his own chapel-yard, one Walch, a suspected agent of such societies; that there was not then in his entire mission a single Catholic engaged in any way in such lawless combinations. He challenged the most rigid inquiry into this latter statement, a challenge which was not accepted by the other

side. He does not directly deny being privy to the escape of his servant Doherty, though he does wholly disclaim all knowledge of his complicity with the ribbon-men, if he were really guilty. As a curious illustration of the "administration of justice" in Ireland, we have given below, his summary statement of the provocations systematically offered to the Innishowen-men, with which the Spence correspondence opened.

BUNCRANA, April 7, 1840.

To the Editor of the Londonderry Journal :

SIR,—On Saturday, the 5th inst., an article appeared in the *Sentinel*, headed "Incendiarism," which more or less affects the character of this neighborhood. It will not, I would fain hope, be considered obtrusive in me to set the public right on this subject of the *Sentinel's* communication. Newspapers, like individuals, are subject to be misled ; and never did any correspondent impose further on any paper or any person, than the *Sentinel's* correspondent did on that occasion.

"On the night of Friday, the 27th ult. (states the *Sentinel*) about the hour of 11 o'clock, an attempt was made to burn the house of a man named O'Donnell, who lives in the Pound-lane, Buncrana, by setting the thatch in the rear of it on fire. O'Donnell was in bed, but fortunately made the discovery in time to preserve his dwelling, and hastened, almost in a state of nudity, to apprise the police."

That an attempt was made to set O'Donnell's house on fire we cheerfully admit ; but the question is yet undecided by whom the coal was put into O'Donnell's house. The general impression is, and was at the time, that the coal was put into it by O'Donnell himself. The strongest circumstantial evidence is at present in the hands of Capt. Roberts against O'Donnell. It was sworn by an aged and respectable woman, his door neighbor, that she saw him cross the wall from the rear of his house not ten minutes before he called on the police ; secondly, that when she saw him cross the wall, he had his clothes on, and that, a few minutes afterwards, she saw him return with the police in a state of nudity. She furthermore declared on oath, that from the time she

saw him coming from the rear of his house, it appeared to her almost impossible for him to have had sufficient time to take off his clothes. Bradley the whitesmith, in the Pound-lane, O'Donnell's intimate friend, when questioned on oath with respect to the circumstances, corroborated her testimony.

When the police arrived, there was scarcely a handful of the thatch burned. Connecting, sir, the circumstances of this case of O'Donnell's burning with the circumstances of another equally infamous case, I am induced to believe that those paid informers of the government are setting every engine which human ingenuity or the malice of hell can invent, to enhance their own value by disturbing the peace of the country, and blackening the character of the peasantry of these parishes.

Five or six threatening notices were, as these gentlemen approvers say, served on them ; these notices were handed to the police, sent forward to head-quarters ; the county represented in a state of rebellion ; strange magistrates brought to adjudicate on the rebels of this district ; the constabulary privileged, without reading the riot act or anything else, to beat the peasantry on their way home ; and lately, when a foolish boy threw a stone, who had been maltreated, orders were given by a subaltern to charge and fire on the people. Many of the peasantry were severely injured, and one of them was stabbed and left weltering in his blood. When summonses were issued for the aggrieved by the aggressors, it comes out, after their trial and acquittal, that these threatening notices were fabricated by their paid approvers—those very persons privileged to insult and annoy the people—the patronized of the police and the government. * *

It is worth pausing to consider how such an inevitable opposition between a popular clergy and an unpopular aristocracy, must have affected all Irish ideas of subordination, of duty, and of justice. In a society where the privileged class are worthy of their rank, the clergy would naturally be their associates and allies ; the people would as naturally yield them a willing and reverential obedience. In Ireland—in Ulster more especially—

this happy harmony of interests and influences was totally impossible. It was almost invariably the duty of the Pastor of souls to set himself against the lord of the soil, of the teacher of obedience to become a leader in resistance, of the preacher of peace, to take a tone of opposition, even of menace. Thus society went wrangling on; the clergy denouncing the vengeance of heaven on the more obdurate gentry; the vindictive among the gentry inflicting all the local annoyances they could invent upon the heads of the clergy. In this conflict of interests and positions the uninformed rural mind was shocked and confused, and but for the stay and prop of religion might easily have fallen into the last stage of anti-social savagery. Mr. Maginn's letters after his appointment as Parish Priest, are largely made up of appeals to the Castle against the abuse of power by the neighboring magistrates, and other controversies with them and their class. His vigilance and fearlessness are conspicuous in every instance, but the details of these local affairs could hardly interest the general reader.

A more congenial object of his activity was the foundation of new Schools. He felt instinctively from his love of the country that she was passing out of one cycle of existence into another. He discerned on the face of the land those patches of pitchy darkness, which the statist depicts on the map of comparative education. He thoroughly adopted the maxim of Dr. Doyle, that

“next to the blessing of redemption, and the graces consequent upon it, there is no gift bestowed by God, equal in value to a good education.” Before the National Schools were introduced, he had visited many parts of England and Ireland, soliciting the aid of the charitable and benevolent, to enable him to erect a school-house and chapel for the accommodation of four hundred and ten families, hitherto destitute of the means of instruction.”* The introduction of the new school system in 1834, presented him with unexpected facilities for following up his favorite project. The theory of this system was very far indeed from perfection, and its mixed Board of Commissioners looked more like a compromise of essential truths, than a natural or desirable co-operation. Yet whatever the shortcomings of the system, its administrators gave practical safeguards to parents and pastors, which in Mr. Maginn’s eyes compensated for its defects. The Board appointed by government could alone decide what was to be taught during school-hours; the Board could refuse its quota to the teacher and practically close the school; but then the resident heads of families were to be joint founders of the school and paymasters of the teacher, with the Board; the local clergyman could become the patron of the school, could visit it and supervise every detail of its management. As the system could not succeed without the sanction of the

* Extract from Mr. Maginn’s Circular, dated March, 1833

Catholic clergy, the Pastor of Fahan was looked upon by the Board as a valuable ally. In the course he took he had with him the majority, not all, of the members of his order. The distinguished Archbishop of Tuam and a powerful minority continued for years, and a few of their survivors still continue, hostile to the whole system. It cannot be denied that special facts—such as the introduction of Dr. Whately's Arian lessons into the schools—went far to justify their hostility. On the other hand, the experience of twenty years has dissipated the worst apprehensions of the first opponents of the schools, since it is well-known that the young men and maidens educated on their forms have come out into the world not less Catholic or less Irish than the generality of preceding generations. It was natural that the patriots of '34 should fear the gift of the Greeks, especially when presented by the hands of a Stanley; but it was no small evidence of statesmanship to foresee at that time how the gift might be used for the common good, agreeably to the highest requirements of religious duty.

Previous to 1840, we find the money orders of the Commissioners of Education made payable to Mr. Maginn as Patron of the National Schools (male and female), situated at Dumfries and Cristagh, also of the schools of Meenagh, and upper and lower Illies. Towards the first-named schools the Commissioners contributed eighteen pounds per year, to the second sixteen

pounds, to the third ten, and the last eight pounds. They granted in each case to start the school a gratuitous stock of books, and engaged to supply their standard works afterwards, on the patrons' and teachers' joint order, at half price. In return, they stipulated that the schools should be open to the inspectors appointed by the National Board, should teach according to their system, and should put up their title on the outside of each school-house. This necessity of the Board working through the local pastor, placed Mr. Maginn in the enviable position of the educator of Innishowen. With his accustomed energy, he discharged the onerous duties of his self-imposed office. His success, and the sacrifices he made to compass it, naturally gave him a strong claim on the Board, and a right to take the high tone which we find him assuming in the controversy which arose in 1840. In that year the Synod of Ulster, which had previously opposed the national system, agreed by a majority to co-operate in its dissemination. As a consequence, the Moderator (Dr. Henry, we believe) was added to the Board, which at once entered into a correspondence with all the friendly Presbyterian ministers. The same year a circular of the Commissioners, complaining that the school-houses were suffered to fall out of repair, and inviting the local trustees to transfer the deeds by which they were held from the local patrons to the Board, excited in Mr. Maginn serious apprehen-

sions. Having occasion to address their secretaries on a local matter, he wrote the following decided letter in relation to these innovations.

REV. MR. MAGINN TO THE SECRETARIES OF THE NATIONAL BOARD
OF EDUCATION.

BUNCRANA, *July 22, 1840.*

DEAR SIRs,—I have written twice to your office within the last eight weeks, relative to the aid we require from the Commissioners to erect a national schoolhouse at Ballymacarry, in the County of Donegal. In your letter dated the first October, 1839, you promised that whenever your funds should be replenished by the government grant, our application on said subject would be taken into consideration. I beg leave to refer you to your letter to me of said date of the first October. It is rather strange, and I must say, unaccountable, that you did not think proper to reply to my two last letters, the more pressing, as the season for building is far advanced, and this is the only time in which the peasantry of the country can co-operate with us without loss or inconvenience to themselves. I am convinced that a rumor that is here in circulation cannot be founded in fact, viz., that a Catholic clergyman is not, for the future, to expect any attention, even the ordinary courtesies of life, from you, since your establishment has become the betrothed of the Synod of Ulster. I would say at least, no matter how you may feel, that it would be rather imprudent to throw off at once your old friends, who made many sacrifices for your sake, to press to your bosoms your new adherents, even before the echo of their sweet voices, styling you "infidel," "impious," "mutilators of the Word of God," &c., had died in the distance. Rather strange things have occurred in this neighborhood and that of Derry; National Schools and opposition National Schools—schools founded on the broad principles on which you set out, and never, in a single iota, deviating from the same, neither honor, honesty or truth violated in their management, and schools founded on exclusive principles, in every respect sectarian and bigoted—schools established for no other purpose but to dissociate the members of the same community, because it would not suit their bigoted and persecuting spirit, or their views of Orthodoxy to have us, the unclean thing, reading, writing, &c., in the same apartment with the predestinated, now all under the same, your patronage. I

have many more things to say on that subject which I will reserve for another time, when, perhaps, it may be necessary for me to lay the same before the Commissioners or the public. You would oblige me by at once informing me how far we can rely on you for aid towards the erection of the Ballymacarry schoolhouse. I have neither time nor leisure to be constantly writing on that subject. I am anxious, it is true, to have the poor people educated, but it shall not be at the sacrifice of any principle. No man now-a-days need flatter himself that the Catholic people or clergy can be made, as heretofore, the dupes or slaves of any sect or party. We are anxious to live at peace with all men; to carry out your system upon fair grounds; to bring the children up together in amity, and thereby promote the future prosperity and happiness of our common country; but believe me, Sirs, they are far deceived who think that we are so degraded in spirit as to submit to have the rights of the great body of the people filched away by the most grasping, griping and intolerant religionists that ever cursed any nation. The new aspect which the workings of your system in this diocese present has made deep impressions on the warmest advocates of the Board in this quarter, and I am much afraid that ere long, patriotism, and principle and truth will compel them, however reluctantly, to join Connaught in its protest against a system which raised their hopes, only to end in the most bitter disappointment. I regret that I have had occasion to write this much. I consider, however, honesty and candor the best and safest policy. Anxiously awaiting your reply, I have the honor to be,

Your obedient servant,

EDWARD MAGINN, P. P. of Fahan, &c.

Messrs. Cross and Dowdall, Joint Secretaries of the National Board
Office of Education, Marlborough Street, Dublin.

P. S. In your letter of the 1st October, you stated that the applications of the years '37 and '8 should be first disposed of, before any new ones could be entertained. In last report of Commissioners, it is stated that the applications of said years were disposed of, so that ours being made in the year '39 should now come under the Board's consideration. The aid already afforded in this quarter was, I admit, considerable, but you are not to forget that in said aid three extensive parishes were contemplated, and taking into account extra parochial places over which we have the spiritual superintendence, including in all over twelve thousand of a poor population.

E. M.

And fearing that his private remonstrances, however emphatic, might fail to arrest the dangers which he foresaw, he addressed to the press many urgent arguments against the transfer of the trusts from the local guardians to official hands. When, in addition to these changes, the Board proposed to erect a certain number of model schools in the chief cities, Mr. Maginn drew up a series of resolutions for a meeting of the supporters of the schools founded by him, more fully expressive of his opposition. As stating the whole question at issue, we give the resolutions from his manuscript.

RESOLUTION CONCERNING THE NATIONAL SYSTEM OF EDUCATION IN
IRELAND.

Resolved, Firstly, That as one of the reasons assigned by His late Holiness, Gregory XVI., for a toleration of the National System of Education, was the supposition that especial care would be taken to have the trust of the National School-houses *exclusively* vested in the Catholic bishops and clergy, we cannot view without alarm the pretensions lately put forward by the Commissioners of said National Education, to have the trusts, already vested in the Catholic bishops, clergy, or Catholic people, transferred from them to the Commissioners, and the determination of said Commissioners not to allow any grant to be made to any school-house to be erected, unless the premises be henceforth vested in themselves, we look upon as pregnant with danger to the best interests of religion, as it must have been thereby intended, to remove altogether the direction and control of the education of the Catholic people from the hands of the Catholic clergy and laity, to their inspectors or officers, irresponsible to Catholic ecclesiastical supervision, and for that reason unworthy of Catholic confidence.

Secondly. That it is a duty incumbent on the Catholic prelacy of Ireland to prevent, by all justifiable means, the trusts vested in them, their clergy or people, from being transferred to the Commissioners; and to discountenance any National School so transferred, and to

withhold their approbation from any school-house or school henceforth to be erected or established, subject to these new and insidious regulations of the National Board.

Thirdly. That we view as traitors to the trust reposed in them the Catholic Trustees of National Schools, who have allowed or will allow the trust to pass from their hands, and thereby sacrifice to their own ease the interests of the Catholic community, of which they have been constituted the guardians.

Fourthly. That the plea put forward by the Commissioners for the withdrawal of the trust-deeds from the local Trustees of the National Schools, viz., "that the school-houses were not kept in sufficient repair, and that, by the new arrangement, they would be repaired at the expense of the Board," we believe to be a crafty device to induce the Catholic public to acquiesce, without opposition, in the transfer of their trusts, patronage and management of the National Schools; since the Commissioners could as well have repaired the school-houses at the public expense under the former arrangement, as under their new regulations.

Fifthly. That the Model Schools about to be erected in the principal towns of Ireland, being altogether conceived on the same plan, are made subject to the same regulations as the Infidel Colleges, and apparently projected for the same sinister purposes, ecclesiastical supervision being wholly excluded from them, we hereby enter our solemn protest against them, and pledge ourselves to discountenance them, unless the principle of proper ecclesiastical control be recognized in their management, which we cannot renounce without relinquishing our duties.

With this controversy—in which he was so far successful as to arrest the alienation of school titles in his own and the adjoining diocese—we naturally connect his course upon the government system of academic education, introduced by Sir Robert Peel in 1843.* Of

* In 1847, when the Catholics of Derry, having met in their school house to present Dr. Maginn with a carriage, as a token of their regard, the Commissioners threatened to withdraw their grant (£15 per year) from the school. This led to another unpleasant correspondence

this, however, the better place to speak will be under the head of "relations and correspondence with Rome," farther on in the narrative.

These various displays of his ever-ready resources naturally drew towards him the confidence of the people and the deference of his own order; and his manners captivated all whom his fame attracted. During the

between the Board and the Bishop, from which we give an extract on his part :

"If I be not misled by the information I have received, there has been no transfer made of this room to the National Board. A salaried teacher under the National Board has been permitted to teach in it by the Catholic people, whose property it is, and I beg to inform the Commissioners, on the part of the Catholic people of Derry, that they recognize no title to this school-room to be in any way vested in the Commissioners." * * *

"I would most respectfully suggest to the Commissioners to inquire of their superintendents in Derry and Coleraine, how many Bible meetings, prayer meetings, and sectarian meetings of every cameleon hue, and even worse meetings than these here specified, are being held weekly and monthly in this and the neighboring counties, even in *schools built by the National Board*. It may be that such meetings in these National Schools are in harmony with the feelings of the Commissioners, and not prohibited by their rules; but that it is only in such schools as have been built by the Catholic people and under Catholic patronage and management, that the Commissioners' rules prohibit meetings of the Catholic clergy and their people for the most inoffensive and non-sectarian purposes. * * *

"I have had much to do with the National System and the Commissioners for many years back. I can safely say, without fear of contradiction, that I did more to give that system a fair trial and a respectable footing at great personal expense and inconvenience, than any other individual in the province. To have the Catholic inhabitants of Derry thus insulted in my person is anything but the gratitude I expected at the hands of the Commissioners or their underlings."

summer season, his cottage at Buncrana was the home of the clergy who resorted to that watering-place. His hospitality to his brethren was only inferior to his charity to the poor. His genial disposition, his conversation ranging through a wide field of acquirement, or fraught with poetic fire, or bursting into brilliant sallies of wit and humor, gave a charm to his entertainments which mere tasteless wealth never can command to its dull festivals. "Amid the wild mountain scenery of Innishowen," says one of the journalists who poured out his tribute of sorrow at his grave, "his heart was wont to expand with hopes and aspirations of future happiness and glory for Ireland. Here it was delightful to listen to him, in the language and spirit of Ossian, pour forth his soul in alternate accents of tenderness and indignation, describing the unhappy condition of his native land; and many, very many, whose privilege it was to enjoy his hospitality, as they read these lines, will remember the truly happy hours they spent at that saintly and hospitable retreat." "His pre-eminent quality," says a Derry editor, "at least in the minds of those who did not participate in his religious or political opinions, was an extreme sensibility, an almost womanish tenderness of heart, which was not sterile, as it is with some, but was manifested, not ostentatiously, in corresponding acts. His charity, and also his hospitality, whether as parish priest or coadjutor bishop, had no

limits but in his means; and we believe that of the Protestants who had the honor of his acquaintance, there is not one, however much opposed to his views, who is not prepared to acknowledge that in the exercise of those virtues he recognized no distinction of creeds. He felt ardently on all subjects. As is usual, however, with persons of that temperament, he was remarkably placable after having taken offence; and it has been observed to us by one who knew him well, that he was apt to restore friendship which had been withdrawn, with more warmth than it had been at first bestowed. In all the moral relations of life he was as blameless as a human being could well be; and if he had personal enemies, which is very questionable, no man could have had fewer."

With such personal gifts, superadded to a reputation almost national, it is not difficult to imagine the influence he exercised throughout Donegal and Derry. He was consulted on all difficult cases by his diocesans, and even by those from a distance. He was the leading spirit at the Conference, and on the public platform. The gentry feared and courted him according to their consciousness of his determination of character and their own deserts. The poor brought their grievances to him, and he was seldom without needy clients and cases of oppression at his gate. All he had he gave; what he wanted for the poor he asked fearlessly of the rich, and

he was seldom refused. For himself, he took no heed of to-morrow, remembering always the parable of the lilies of the field, and who He was who uttered it. Though no man was bolder in God's cause, none was ever more modest in his own.

His brother priests manifested their regard and admiration for him on all public occasions. Invitations to preach abroad on great festivals poured in upon him. He rarely accepted these beyond the limit of his own diocese, but within it he felt every parochial necessity almost as keenly as his own. One who heard him in the prime of life, and who exhibits respectable talents in the portrait he then drew of him, has thus described his style and effect as a preacher :*

"The last time I heard him was on the 27th of November, 1831, when he preached a charity sermon in aid of the funds for erecting a chapel, in a district where such an erection was grievously required. The celebrity which he has obtained as a preacher, the circumstances under which he was about to speak, and the subject which he had chosen, all conspired to give extraordinary interest to this discourse. My own expectations were sanguine, and yet they were more than realized. There is something irresistibly prepossessing in the first appearance of this man, which secures your attention even before he has said anything fine. The senses are the avenues to the heart ; and his strik-

* This sketch was written by Mr. Peter McLaughlin, a divinity student, who was obliged by sickness to quit College, and died young. He was a near relation of the Bishop of Derry of the same name, and during his wanderings through his native province in search of what he did not find—better health—wrote sketches of several noted clergymen for the *Belfast Vindicator*. This of Dr. Maginn is headed "Pulpit Sketches, No. VII.," but I am not aware that it was published

ing mein, graceful manner and mellowcy tones insensibly captivate two of them, by the time he has rounded his first period. The contour of the countenance is Byronic, without any of the harsher lineaments with which we sometimes see Byron portrayed. The first feature that takes your attention is the lofty, intellectual forehead, thrown in rich relief by a profusion of sable locks, short, thick, crisp and curling; then the eye, well set, lucid and mind-lit; while the nose, of a middle order between Grecian and aquiline, gives a statuesque correctness to the profile; and there is an air of winning amenity in the smile of Maginn, which plays around his mouth, and of which no change of countenance can altogether divest it. The outline belongs to a high order, the features are strongly marked and regular; yet when unexcited, expressing more placidity than ardor, they are pensive, pale and passionless, but when he addresses himself to speak, they brighten at once into animation and intelligence, and when thoroughly excited, passion corrugates his brow, and burns upon his cheek, and flashes from his eye, but still the lower features, indicative only of the milder feelings, seem unwilling to be stern, and contribute nothing to a frown. His discourse on this occasion was masterly and emphatic; and with all the embellishments of high finish and elaborate preparation, it possessed the singular advantage, so essential to a sermon, of being so exactly adapted to the understanding of all his audience, that all seemed perfectly to understand him; and while it astonished by its eloquence and the brilliancy of its illustrations, it instructed by the profundity of its research and the perspicuity of its details, it warmed and edified the heart by its piety, while it captivated the attention by the terseness and originality of its diction, and all the varied graces of pure, natural, glowing eloquence. He seems to know that his business as a clergyman is to persuade rather than to convince, and accordingly he does not make a useless expenditure of his powers, in proving what requires no proof, namely, that charity, virtue, religion and truth are good things, or that impiety, irreligion and infidelity are detestable in their nature and ruinous in their consequences; but he labors to make others feel these solemn truths with the same ardor and intensity as himself; in short, to add feeling to conviction, and action to feeling. His manner is so earnest and impressive, or he possesses the '*magna ars celare artem*' in such a degree, that his most elaborate periods seem but the spontaneous effusions of the moment—the warm overflowings of the heart—rather than the matured and de

liberate productions of the head, and you cannot accuse that of ‘*smelling of the lamp*’ which seems to come free, and fresh-flowing and unpurchased as the fragrance of the morning. His views are clear and vivid, and he has a full, distinct and absolute possession of his subject; a warm heart and a cool head give him the very rare combination of cool, strong, practical common sense, superadded to a brilliant and excursive imagination, and, if I mistake not, a vigorous poetic fancy, combining thus “with the flash of the gem its solidity too;” having read much and reflected more, he ranges authors in files and classifies them, and quotes them not individually, but in groups, and seems as conversant with the Jeromes and the Augustins, the Bossuets and the Bonaventures of bygone times, as with the more modern lucubrations of contemporary genius. He has thus stored his mind with an immense accumulation of general and diffusive knowledge, from whence he draws at pleasure an imagery bold, various and peculiar, generally brilliant, always correct, sometimes striking, never inappropriate, he is not the man to pause upon a possibility, to dissect a doubt, or calculate a contingency; he does not willingly descend to the trifling minutiae of frivolous detail, and to this contempt of trifles, more than to his foreign education, may be traced some peculiarities of pronunciation which seem to have escaped correction through their *imputed* insignificance. He delights in splendid generalities; and armed with these he dashes through a sophism, or marks a sentiment, or delineates a character, or transfuses a passion by one masterly, inimitable stroke. “Words that breathe and thoughts that burn” are not the ornaments, but the staple material of his oratory, and he is not felicitous or impressive only in particular passages; but, through the whole arrangement and tissue of his composition, he never loads his strong conceptions and magnificent imaginings, with any useless verbosity. Manly, terse and nervous, there is no ostentatious amplification of common sentiments, no prolixity, no redundancy; everything is plain, concise, condensed. His periods are as solid, as complete in themselves, and as nicely fitted to each other as the columns at the Giant’s Causeway, and like them, too, they form one majestic whole, of which you can hardly say whether art or nature has done most in the formation.

“There is an eternal spring of fresh-blown images, that seem warmed into existence by the very glow of his emotions; the loftiest tones of his voice are the best modulated and most heart-thrilling; his most vehement gesticulation is by far the most graceful and commanding.

Aided by all these natural and acquired advantages, he manages the loftiest and strongest passions of our natures, and wields, with a giant's arm, the pride and the fears, the raptures and the agonies of our nature, the very air and fire of our human element ; in short, if that be the finest composition which contains the greatest number of the choicest beauties ; if that be the noblest oratory which leaves the deepest and most indelible impression ; if its effects on the heart be the test of its excellence, Rev. Edward Maginn may fairly be allowed to rank superior to many, and inferior to none, of his most distinguished contemporaries."

CHAPTER III.

O'CONNELL'S LAST EFFORT FOR REPEAL—MR. MAGINN'S ZEAL IN THAT AGITATION—HIS CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE MARQUIS OF NORMANBY—HIS CONFIDENCE IN O'CONNELL'S TRIUMPH—HIS ELEVATION TO THE EPISCOPACY—CONGRATULATIONS THEREUPON—NATIONAL POLITICS—HIS OPINION OF THE YOUNG IRELAND PARTY—HIS SUCCESS AS AN ADMINISTRATOR.

THE great domestic question in Irish politics, from 1840 till 1848, was the repeal of the Act of Union. In '34 this question had been raised in the country and in Parliament by Mr. O'Connell, who was sustained in his motion by forty-five members of the House of Commons.* In the following session "The Liberator," as the Catholics fondly and justly called him, abandoned the question for an experiment of "justice to Ireland," which he hoped to obtain from the new reform administration of the Empire. This "justice" he sought for in a series of measures which would raise Ireland in religious freedom, in representation, in commerce and in patronage, to an equality with the imperial island. Discovering, after five years support of the British whigs, that the prospect of such equality was annually grow-

* Forty-four Irish and one English member (Sir Joshua Walmsley) voted for the Repeal of the Union in '34.

ing less, Mr. O'Connell in 1840 set on foot the "Loyal National Repeal Association," and invited all good Irish men to follow him.

In the Catholic provinces, this invitation was responded to with considerable unanimity. It had been the natural result of former agitations to bring out a local leader in every town and barony, each a small O'Connell in his sphere, and these magnates naturally took the lead in the new combination. In Ulster, however, it was different. Except the *Belfast Vindicator*, Repeal had no organ north of Newry. The Primate, Dr. Crolly, consecrated in 1834, cordially fell in with the Archbishop of Dublin's policy of conciliation, and his negative influence had its effect.

In January, 1841, Mr. O'Connell, to test the north, made his somewhat celebrated visit to Belfast, where a Presbyterian mob was excited to interrupt and assault him by the Rev. Dr. Cooke, the principal spokesman of that sect. On this occasion, he was met at Belfast by the Bishop of Derry and several of his clergy, including the Rev. Mr. Maginn, whose national enthusiasm was always on the alert. They were witnesses to a scene of popular commotion far from honorable to the Unionists and Orangemen, but which unquestionably proclaimed that the worshippers in the Kirk were opposed to the restoration of the Irish Parliament. They could see in it only an attempt at Catholic ascendancy; and having

long known what it was to exercise exclusive authority, they could not imagine that Catholics in power would not retaliate. In the scale of the Empire they were secure though insignificant; and as they had not yet learned to trust those who so recently escaped their persecutions, they resolved to lend their influence to perpetuate the provincialism by which both classes were bowed down.

In 1843 and '44, the repeal agitation was at the full. "Monster meetings" of half a million, three-fourths, and even a million men, obeyed the beck of O'Connell. He gathered them on the historic hills at Lismore, at Mallow, at Mullaghmast, at Tara—to show the world that Ireland, after forty years of the Union, declared it null and void. He spoke mainly words of peace, though a muttered menace sometimes broke the tenor of his speech. It was a singular spectacle; and looking back, at this distance, on the multitude, the man, and the cause, not without its glory. Where O'Connell could not possibly attend in person, it was thought necessary to complete the demonstration of the national will by drawing out the whole able-bodied population, and in their name and presence, denouncing the iniquitous Union. Such a gathering was held in Innishowen, on Monday, the 7th day of August, 1843. Mr. Maginn was the leading spirit throughout the proceedings; the resolutions evi

dently are his; the cast of parts his; he moved the chairman; his was *the* speech of the day; he presided at the concomitant banquet in the evening. Thirty *other* priests were present; from 50,000 to 100,000 men formed the auditory. As illustrative of the spirit of the times and the people, we quote from the account of a local paper, not committed to the national cause:—"This meeting," says the *Derry Journal*, "which took place yesterday in the central town of Innishowen, nineteen miles from Londonderry, was preceded on Sunday by the arrival here of an immense number of Repealers from near and remote parts of the counties Derry, Tyrone and Donegal, some of them from the latter county having come from the remote barony of Boylagh. The temperance musical band of Letterkenny were among the arrivals, but we presume that the other Repealers of that town, or most of them, found their way to the place of meeting by the ferry at Rathmullan, by which ferry, we understand, very large numbers were brought across Lough Swilly to Runner-raw Point, within a few miles of Buncrana, on the same Sunday. The parties who arrived at Derry remained in Bishop-street, outside the walls, during the day, and a pledge was given to the Mayor that there should be no music, which was duly observed. To quiet all alarm, the constabulary were in readiness; but there was not the slightest occasion for

their services, the peace having been undisturbed throughout the whole day.”*

At this meeting, a petition to the sovereign, drafted by Mr. Maginn, was adopted, and ordered to be transmitted to the Marquis of Normanby, for presentation. The prayer of the petition was that “her Majesty might deign to exercise her royal prerogative” by calling together the Irish Parliament. Mr. Maginn, who had, half a dozen years before, presented an address of congratulation from the inhabitants of Innishowen to the Marquis, (then Lord Lieutenant), conveyed to him the request of the Carndonagh monster meeting that he should present their prayer to the Queen. The Marquis, in rather a

* Mr. Maginn’s speech on this occasion is not otherwise remarkable than for betraying the usual retrospective habit of his mind. In one place, speaking of the loyalty of Catholics, he said: “Abroad, at home, in every country and clime, Irish Catholics stand conspicuous for loyal and enthusiastic attachment to their kings and princes. It was an Irish Catholic priest who accompanied the unfortunate Louis to the scaffold, and who, whilst death was flinging its shadows around him, and the guillotine in action before his face, had the boldness to cry out, in the hearing of the Jacobinical butchers, to the illustrious victim, “*Fils de est Louis montes au ciel* ;” and a namesake of my own carried the consolations of our holy religion to the unhappy Marie Antoinette, in spite of the bloodthirstiness of the guards and the vigilance of her jailers. At home we lost our all except our holy faith, by our loyal adhesion to the unfortunate and ungrateful Stuarts. It is a fact Sir, that cannot be controverted, that the good Ever McMahon, Bishop of Clogher, was fighting to the death for a Charles I., at the head of the Ulster Catholics, near Enniskillen, at the very time that the same Charles was signing the Scotch covenant to exterminate the Catholic name! Shall we, then, Sir, who have been faithful to our royal enemies, prove faithless to a royal friend?” &c., &c.

lengthy reply for an official letter-writer, acknowledged the receipt of the petition, but explained his unwillingness to present it, on the ground that it contained advice "which no minister, even if favorable to the repeal of the Union, could give a constitutional sovereign." In explanation, Mr. Maginn assured his lordship that the petitioners, in using that special form of words, strictly meant "to pray her Majesty to have the Union repealed in that way only, which the laws and constitution sanctioned." He then proposed, on behalf of the Committee, to modify the address so as clearly to express that intention. Thus modified, we believe, it was finally presented by the Marquis of Normanby. This theory of the royal prerogative, it may be necessary to add, seems to have been seriously held by O'Connell and other Irish patriots; but it was never, so far as the present writer knows, elaborated with sufficient research to attract the attention of constitutional writers.*

Mr. Maginn's reliance in O'Connell's wisdom, disinterestedness, and resources, was implicit and complete. His admiration for that illustrious man inspires his most private correspondence. He was none of those insincere adherents—too commonly found in the train of great men—who criticise and condemn in private, what publicly they applaud and eulogize. In 1844, writing to a

* The letter of the Marquis, as a document of those times, is given in the Appendix from his autograph.

near relative in New York, he thus expounds O'Connell's policy, at home, towards England, and the United States :

"You will of course expect that I would say something on the political aspect of our country. Our prospects are much better than they have been. The agitation for Repeal has forced the Minister into measures of conciliation. The policy of England is not now to coerce by brute force, but to endeavor to seduce us from the love of independence by smiles and favors. You have heard of the Maynooth grant, and of the excellent manner in which it was made. The manner was as important as the matter. It was gracious and conciliatory. The Bequest Bill and the New Academies Act have been proffered as boons. In both there is much good, and perhaps as much evil. The country, and especially our hierarchy, are unfortunately divided on these subjects. The great majority of the people and clergy are against them, a few for them, but not of that class in whom the *patriotic portion of the people have confidence*. The general belief is that they were intended, notwithstanding their plausibility, as apples of discord, to divide the strength, and waste by battles the energies of the great Irish party. My own opinion on this subject is, in unison with Mr. O'Connells, that they are 'dead sea fruits, to tempt the eye and turn to ashes on the lips.' At any rate, England and England's Minister, thanks to Repeal Agitation, are no longer the rattlesnakes of old, carrying with them, in their noisy and deadly track, terror and dismay. They may be, however, not less dangerous in their pretended friendship than in their open and outrageous hostility. The venom of the asp is not less subtle or deadly, though its approach be noiseless and its sting be wreathed in flowers. It was quite natural for you to feel hurt, as an American citizen, at the repeated attacks of Mr. O'Connell on your adopted country. His language, I am convinced, must have been prejudicial to the Irish exiles, and capable of strongly exciting the native American population against them. Many in Ireland blamed him much, and considered his language rash, wanton and ill-timed. I am sure no American citizen could have felt more strongly on that subject than numbers of the Irish people. The Young Ireland Party did not hesitate to express their dissatisfaction in language warm and vigorous. My own opinion is, that there was very little hu-

man policy in Mr. O'Connell's intermeddling with a question so complicated as the slave question must be, in consequence of its long continuance in many of the states of the Union. There may be, however, a plea of justification put forward for Mr. O'Connell, which, to the reflecting Christian mind, would be deemed satisfactory. I don't think that Mr. O'Connell, at his time of life, is much influenced by what we would call worldly wisdom. His views may be, and I think are, of a more sublimated nature—more Christian, and more *in accordance with his supposed mission*. He considers himself the chosen apostle of liberty, and that he would be deviating from his high and holy vocation were he to sanction, by word or deed, slavery in any shape or in any country. He considers the condition of the negro a disgrace to your Republic; and being solicitous that the *great experiment which man is making in the way of self-government in the new world*, should not suffer in the eyes of the despots of the old world by that foul, dark spot on its otherwise glorious escutcheon, he should like to see, as we would all like to see, the proud American eagle—the noblest bird of the feathered tribe—pursuing its exalted, onward course on its full-spread pinions, with steady gaze on the brilliant sun of its destiny, without being obliged to droop its wing in shame, or with downcast look to meaner earth, show that it still retained something in common with the grosser birds—the harpy brood—whose lusts are fleshy, who prey on filth, and riot in the ruin of their making. Hers should be the duty to teach the young eaglets of the earth, as they burst the shell of their thralldom, to fly upwards and onwards, and preserve their steady, undeviating course towards the orb of freedom, and not to induce them, by bad example, to shrink back again to the shells from which they had been invited by the proud daring of Franklin's bird of freedom. She should not forget the sublime maxim of her illustrious parent, "*De cælo eripuit fulmen, septimumque tyrannis.*" Mr. O'Connell, being anxious that the ends of Providence should be thus fully and fairly carried out; that the new world which God provided for man as a refuge from the bondage of the old—as a land of promise where freedom's ark would securely and forever rest—should not present to the eye of the European despot God's free and rational creatures, *even there in a state of bondage*—the free republican, the refugee from slavery, turned the oppressor and taskmaster of his fellow-creatures in that chartered soil of liberty. To achieve the objects which Mr. O'Connell has in view, his reliance is on God, and only on man

when his co-operation is in accordance with God's ordinances. He believes that he has a mission from the Divinity to redeem his country and that he will be successful, even if the world were against him. The slightest deviation from the path of Christian rectitude would, he believes, compromise his mission and make it abortive. He therefore denounces slavery wherever he knows it to exist, and unsparingly lashes the tyrant wherever he finds him, making no distinction between the *crowned Bear of Russia* and the *crownless Bear of Kentucky*. My own opinion is, that the Czar of Russia, whom he hates with a perfect hatred, is still less odious in his eyes than the American slaveholder, as the one acts from principle, and the other against it—the one being a despot among tyrants and slaves, by birth, breeding and custom, the other a slaver from avarice among professed freemen, where every surrounding institution proclaims liberty as the natural and inalienable birthright of every child of Adam. Not to raise his voice, then, against such a prostitution of the name of freedom, would be deemed by Mr. O'Connell a betrayal of his trust, and sufficient to provoke the vengeance of heaven against the sacred cause of his country. Moreover, Mr. O'Connell knows from experience that Ireland hitherto relied too much on foreign aid. He knows that *nations are selfish, and seldom proffer the hand of friendship without a selfish motive*. France and Spain were relied on by Ireland, when Ireland should have relied on herself. She failed with the *selfish, doubtful and hesitating* aid they afforded her. Mr. O'Connell firmly hopes that *with Irish hearts*, Irish exertions, and Providence as his protector and guide, he shall achieve, by *purely Christian means*, *Ireland's independence*, and he, for this reason, declines or does not seek any assistance not proceeding from the *honest, the upright, and the virtuous*, who love freedom for its own sake, and sympathise with Ireland because her cause is just. The Repeal movement is going on calmly and triumphantly. There are new and important accessions to it every day. There is less noise and more dignity. The people are as resolved as ever, but not impatient. They bide their time and God's leisure, assured that Ireland's day of prosperity must come in England's hour of adversity, and what John Bull now holds *with a tiger's tenacity*, he shall then yield with the meekness of a lamb. *As Christians bound by the tie of allegiance to the Crown*, Mr. O'Connell and the Catholic clergy could not conscientiously seek a separation from it. Beyond a domestic and independent legislature they could not go. This is another reason why Mr. O'Connell is so regard-

less of the sympathies of other nations, who *would not hesitate to urge the over-ardent and the less scrupulous beyond the path of duty.*

The same year, during O'Connell's imprisonment, he wrote to his sister, a resident of Montreal :

"I have said so much of your friends, that I have scarcely left myself space in order to say a word about poor Ireland, and Ireland's immortal Liberator, Daniel O'Connell. He is now, as you already know, immured in a prison for his patriotism, while his indignant countrymen are forced to look on, as if they were apathetic or indifferent to his fate. They have now, thank God, much prudence and political wisdom ; they will not risk Ireland's future freedom, happiness and prosperity by any rash or fruitless struggle for the present. They bide their time, leave vengeance to the God of justice, and calmly yet confidently await the day when He, in his goodness, will enable them safely and securely to claim their rights, or, if you please, assert them. Mr. O'Connell is the apostle of peaceful regeneration ; he is anxious to set an example to the nations of the earth that war is no longer necessary to achieve the liberties of mankind. He has been hitherto successful, and will yet, we fondly and firmly hope, live to see this patriotic and Christian problem solved, in the perfect redemption and regeneration of his native country. He is now, to be sure, in prison, suffering in the cause for which others bled he is not, however, the less powerful by being in chains. Dan in the lion's den or fiery furnace is still more terrible to Ireland's enemies, than he has been on the heights of Tara-hill or Mullaghmast. The rent goes on accumulating since his imprisonment, until it has reached last week £3,400. The ministry that imprisoned him is tottering to its fall. All the political parties appear to be in confusion. The Lord appears to have confounded them and reduced them to a chaos, before he makes the light of freedom break upon our country. They seem to be blinded and running headlong to their ruin, like the tyrants of Egypt before the deliverance of the Israelites from their bondage. Never were the Irish people in better hopes, nor more dismay among their political opposers."

In 1845, the parish clergy of Derry, according to a time-honored and ennobling custom in the Irish Church,

had presented three names to Rome as candidates for Coadjutor Bishop of the Diocèse. The incumbent, Dr. McLoughlin, being afflicted with a serious mental ailment, the whole administration would naturally fall into the hands of the Coadjutor. For this great trust, Mr. Maginn was almost unanimously named *Dignissimus*. Writing to an old friend and schoolfellow, in August of that year, he deprecates (and who can doubt with what sincerity?) this new dignity :

"I have hitherto passed over your very kind congratulations, bearing on a recent nomination. The reason is, I did not consider that I had any occasion to congratulate myself on that event. It came upon me by surprise, and completely unnerved me. I would have much preferred to remain with my good, kind flock, to any dignity which the Church could offer, and it would have served me better to have taken down a pair of long beads, which have been enjoying, through the bustle and annoyance of a laborious mission, their *otium cum dignitate* for the last twenty years. and to have busied myself with them for the time to come, than to grasp with an enfeebled hand a crozier, or to have my already too much belabored brains encumbered with that uneasy kind of head-dress, called a mitre. Whatever view, however, Providence may have with respect to us, it is our duty to submit, and under all circumstances to do our best ; no more will be expected from us than that little."

Towards the close of the year, the Bulls arrived for his consecration as Bishop of Orthosia* and Administrator of Derry ; and the ceremony was fixed to take place early in January. Congratulations poured in upon

* *Orthosia*, a seaport of Syria, thirty miles north of Tripoli, was a famous Christian fortress in the Middle Ages. It is supposed to be identical with the modern Tortosa.

the Bishop-elect from every part of the kingdom. Dr. Cantwell, Bishop of the royal Diocese of Meath, addressing him from Dublin, on the 15th of December, wrote: "Now that the Bulls for your consecration have arrived, permit me to congratulate not yourself, but the Diocese of Derry and the Irish Church, on your elevation to the Episcopal dignity. A mitre seldom adds to earthly comfort or happiness. Its thorns will, I hope become gems in your eternal crown."

The Primate, Most Rev. Dr. Crolly, though not so thoroughly national as Dr. Maginn, cheerfully consented to assist at his consecration, while Dr. MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam, the most constant patriot among the Prelacy, added his congratulations at the first opportunity. Dr. O'Higgins, Bishop of Ardagh, his old Professor in the Irish College at Paris, was not in the country at the time the ceremony took place, but in April following, on his return home, he addressed him a very hearty letter, explaining the cause of his absence from the consecration:

"Owing to my absence from this diocese for a considerable time," he wrote, "it is only now that your lordship's esteemed letter of the 2d January reaches me. Be pleased to accept my warmest thanks for the valued invitation which that letter conveys, and believe me, there is no Irishman in or out of the Episcopacy who rejoices more than I do at your lordship's elevation.

"I am far from congratulating yourself on your appointment, for your cares will be augmented and your worldly happiness diminished, but I do sincerely congratulate the body to which you now belong, on receiving, in these trying times, so valuable an accession."

The consecration took place on the 18th of January, 1846, in the cathedral, at Waterside. The Most Rev. Dr. Crolly, the Primate, officiated, assisted by the Bishops of Meath and Clogher. The Bishop of Down and Connor, Dr. Denvir, was also present. Rev. Philip Devlin read the Bulls; the Rev. Dr. Murray, the very distinguished Professor of Maynooth, preached on the occasion, from Matthew xvi. In the evening, according to hospitable custom, the new Bishop entertained the Prelates and clergy at dinner, when the honors of the table were rendered by host and guests to "His Holiness the Pope," "the Queen," "Daniel O'Connell," "His Grace the Primate," and the Rev. Preacher. The Primate proposed "the new Bishop," and then the ordinary sentiments on such occasions were offered and honored.*

To the people of his native province, and the faithful of the diocese, this event gave the greatest satisfaction. The inhabitants of Derry, the Waterside, Moville, Fahan, Buncrana, Maghera, Cloughcorr, Carndonagh, Malin, Clonmany, Coleraine, Faughanvalle, Omagh, Strabane and Cappagh, contributed a purse of £200, to present him with a testimonial of their regard and gratification. Among the contributors were the best and most patriotic of Innishowen, as well as the principal Catholic traders of the towns. But what must have

* Battersby's Catholic Directory, for 1847

gratified the new Bishop more than all the rest, was the cordial co-operation in this testimonial of the Rev. erend Messrs. McLeer, McCarron, Quinn, O'Kane and O'Loughlin, his associates in "the Derry Discussion" of 1828. The presents—a carriage and jaunting car—were presented in the school-room of St. Columba's, on the Friday following the consecration. Wm. McLoughlin, M. D., the Secretary, in the presentation address, referred, in these terms, to the personal merits of the distinguished recipient. He said :

"The united parishes he is about to leave—and I may add the diocese at large—can bear ample and honorable testimony to his enthusiastic and persevering exertions in diffusing among his people the advantages of a good and moral education. He has succeeded in erecting in his own parish, at great inconvenience, anxiety of mind, and considerable personal expense, fourteen of the largest and most splendid schools to be seen in any district in Ireland, the average daily attendance at which is between sixteen and eighteen hundred children. The answering and general proficiency of these children in all the ordinary branches of education, and even in some of the most abstruse sciences, has been the subject of admiration as well as delight to every one who has had the felicity of witnessing their public examinations. In addition to this, he has built a magnificent chapel in Fahan, and begged throughout the three kingdoms to realize the means by which he accomplished that noble and praiseworthy undertaking. He had also purchased ground in the neighborhood of Buncrana, and was about to proceed with the erection of a second house of worship (which is now rapidly progressing) at the time he was elected by his brother clergymen to fill the important and responsible office of bishop of this diocese—and elected, too, with a unanimity, I believe, quite unprecedented in the history of episcopal elections—conduct that was creditable alike to the judgment and discrimination of the independent clergy of the diocese, as it must have been highly gratifying to the feelings of the distinguished individual himself whom they so cordially

and unanimously supported. These are only a few among the many services he has rendered religion and education in his own immediate locality ; but when we come to view his character as a public man, what do we find ? We have seen him, in every instance, identifying himself with the people in all their struggles for civil and religious liberty—invariably standing by the side of the oppressed against the oppressor, and using his gigantic exertions to elevate the moral character, and ameliorate the wretched and impoverished condition of his fellow-countrymen. Although he never acted the part of the sycophant, nor courted the smiles of the magnates of the land, but, on the contrary, asserted his principles fearlessly and without compromise ; still, I have no hesitation in saying that there never was a man more universally esteemed by his dissenting brethren in his own neighborhood. They have always lived together on the most friendly and intimate terms ; and, although differing widely from him, and no doubt sincerely and conscientiously, at the same time they admire, and give him credit for his candor and independence. The majority of you, gentlemen, remember well the celebrated discussion that was held in this city in the year '28. You know the origin of that discussion—you are well aware that the country, at that time, was overrun with persons deputed to revile, blacken and calumniate your country and religion, and that a deputation had actually arrived here with the view of establishing a branch of their society. Who, I ask you, was among the foremost on that occasion, to come forward and oppose these itinerant fomenters of sectarian animosity ? It was no other than the man whom you have met to honor this day ; and, when provoked into that discussion, he took his stand manfully (with the rest of his brother clergymen), and never will the people of Derry forget the learning, the research, the tact, the talent, the powerful and matchless eloquence he displayed in that memorable debate. He did not rest satisfied, either, with the celebrity and popularity he so justly earned on that occasion, and retire from the world to enjoy the *otium cum dignitate* ; no, Sir, onward was still his motto. No student has ever read with greater enthusiasm and assiduity than he has done since that period. You will be always sure to find him, several hours each day, occupied in that magnificent library bequeathed to him by his uncle, the lamented and illustrious Doctor Slevin, formerly professor in the college of Maynooth, and the result, gentlemen, is as it should be—learning and virtue and piety have received their reward ; and you

have now placed over you one of the most enlightened and exemplary men in the Catholic Church, an honor to your diocese and an ornament to the hierarchy of Ireland."

In his reply, the patriot Bishop spoke, among other things, these:

"I barely did my duty. He could not claim the character of the minister of Christ, who did not preach charity to all made in the image of God the Father, and redeemed by the blood of his Son, Christ. He would not be the minister of him who was given as a 'light for the revelation of the Gentiles' and the 'glory of the people of Israel,' who would not have recourse to all the means in his power to endeavor to enlighten the youth entrusted to his spiritual care. Ireland was deprived of knowledge that she might be made a slave. Instruction was made penal, that her faith might be filched from her in her ignorance. The duty of the Catholic priesthood, who can approve only of moral means to redeem their country, is to make her free by knowledge, and encircle her ancient faith with those lights without which half its beauties become invisible. The groundwork, I fondly hope, has been laid not only in the narrow sphere of my weak action, but elsewhere throughout the length and breadth of Ireland, for a new people who will know their rights. and as men and Christians enforce them—know their social duties and practice them; who will know their religion, and be able, with reason's arms, to defend it. I will always consider it a sacred duty to co-operate everywhere in the advancement of knowledge, but of knowledge under the guidance of religion, which shall tend not only to enlighten the mind, but to form the heart to virtue. To my humble advocacy of the perfection of temperance, it would be uncandid in me not to say that I look back with some pleasure, as I had an opportunity of witnessing the good results to society, as well as to individuals; and, to the credit of our people be it spoken, that of the many thousands who, in my presence, pledged their faith to total abstinence, I have not known more than six or eight, at most, who proved faithless to their engagements. The same holy and sacred principle which made their fathers renounce titles, dignities, honors, wealth, their estates, liberties, and even life itself, sooner than take an oath which conscience did not approve, makes, in spite of inveterate habits, and that weakness and fickleness for which

mankind are so remarkable, their simple word of promise inviolable. For such a people God has surely in store a glorious destiny! You were kind enough to say that I was only stern when defending the poor against oppression. Believing the poor to be the 'treasures of God's Church,' I must have proved false to my vocation, had I stood on the side of the powerful against the weak, or of the oppressor against the oppressed. The rich seldom want advocates—the poor often. My sympathies, I own, have been always with the poor and lowly. In this I have had a bright example in His conduct, who refused to go to the ruler's daughter, and went with all alacrity to the centurion's servant. I am happy to be able to record that my defence of the supposed rights of the poor has not hitherto lost me a friend, or made me a single enemy; even those to whom, for the poor's sake, I was in a few instances opposed, on a proper understanding of my motives, are now amongst my warmest friends. You complimented me on my patriotism. If it be a virtue, I confess I felt and feel its influence. If it be a crime to prefer Ireland, her honor and happiness, to that of any other country on earth, I plead guilty to that soft impeachment. I in all sincerity pity the Irishman, bred and born in Ireland, who could love with equal fervor any other land on earth. Ireland is our second mother; her soil is sacred for us; her honor, her glory, her independence should, after God and his holy faith, enlist all our sympathies, excite our warmest affections, and, to promote them, concentrate all our energies. Difference in religious belief should not make us forget the duty of loving our common country, which not to love would be as unnatural as it would be monstrously singular.

"If I forget thee, Jerusalem, let my right hand be forgotten.
 Let my tongue cleave to my jaws if I do not remember thee;
 If I make not Jerusalem the beginning of my joy.
 Remember, Lord, the children of Edom, in the day of Jerusalem.
 Who say, raze it, raze it, even to the foundation thereof.
 Oh! daughter of Babylon miserable; blessed shall he be
 Who shall repay thee the payments which thou hast paid us."

Such was the song attuned to a sacred lyre by the man after God's own heart. If such holy and deep devotion to country pervaded the breasts of all Irishmen, Ireland's tale of misery would only appear on the page of history, and her career of national independence and happiness would date from that blissful hour. The nature of your invaluable presents, coupled with your too flattering and complimentary ad-

dress, shall, I trust, plead my apology for this lengthened and tedious expression of my feelings regarding both. Much as I esteem your gifts and good opinion of me, I esteem your prayers to the throne of mercy for me more. I cherish the hope that you, on your part, will be unceasing in your orisons to the Giver of all good gifts, that I may know and efficiently discharge all the duties I owe to a clergy so pious, and a people so generous and devoted. It will be my highest ambition and not less my duty, aided, as I trust in God's goodness to be by his grace, to devote myself and all my energies to your service and that of our holy religion, making up by single-mindedness and untiring zeal what I want in ability. My earnest and constant prayers will be to God, that he may, from the treasures of his mercy, recompense your pious liberality; and as you have *neared* for me the distances and made my labors lightsome, that he may *near* to you his mercy, and 'enrich you in all utterance and in all knowledge, as the testimony of Christ is confirmed in you, so that nothing be wanting to you in any grace, waiting for the manifestation of our Lord Jesus Christ,' (St. Paul to Cor., 1st chap.), so that we may all one day come to embrace each other in holy charity in heaven, and recognize each other as the lovers of the same amiable Lord, met there to be inseparable companions in the love of our Saviour Jesus, face to face, for ever and ever. Amen.

Such were the sentiments with which, in one of the darkest and most melancholy days of Ireland's fortune, the new Bishop of Derry assumed his high duties; and such were the feelings with which his neighbors, his subjects, his countrymen, and his brethren of the Hierarchy beheld his well-deserved elevation.

As the views of Dr. Maginn in relation to the unfortunate division of the Irish national party, in 1846, have been often mistaken and sometimes misrepresented, it is our duty to give those views here, in his own emphatic language. In December, 1846, writing to the Most

Rev. Dr. Hughes, of New York, he expresses himself in these terms of the Young Ireland party :

"We have now a Young and an Old Ireland ; Young Ireland half crazy, strutting with not less pompous folly than distinguished Smollet's Sir Launcelot Greaves, armed capapie with a rusty sword and gun, harnessed with steel and bristling with fury ; talking of war and revolutions, of deposing leaders, and taking the whole management of our concerns into their prudent, steady hands. Old Ireland sticks, of course, to its old experienced leader, Mr. O'Connell, and is stupid enough to imagine that he alone is capable of steering the vessel through the stormy sea and against the adverse winds with which now, more than ever, she has to contend. Mr. O'Connell is too *pious*, too *Catholic* and too *cautious* for the young blood of Dublin. Religion must be divorced from Irish politics, and heaven's blessing disregarded, or there is no hope for Ireland."

To a near relative in the same city, he wrote, under the same date :

"The curse of Division is still on Ireland's children. Some of our young men, forgetting the saviour of their country and blaspheming the hands that struck the fetters from their own limbs and those of their parents, would wish to be leaders, whilst they should still be, as every man of sense avows, in their mammas' leading-strings. I was sorry to find from your letter to me, that you feel with them and for them. Your distance from us prevents you from seeing matters as they really are. The ashes and smoke which the Young Irelander in his fury occasions are seen in America, whereas the impure elements from which they have been emitted are concealed from your view. Pride, petulance, reckless ambition and the intoxication of a little learning, the fruitful parent of impiety and irreligion, mixed up with a little enthusiasm and a large ingredient of treachery for filthy lucre's sake, are the component parts, the fuel of this new rabid and fiery opposition. Mr. O'Connell, as you may perceive, has lately put them wholly in the wrong, and put you, I fondly hope, right on the subject."

At the beginning of the year 1847, in forwarding the annual subscriptions of himself and several of his clergy,

to the Repeal Association, he wrote a letter to Mr. John O'Connell, of which the following is the principal passage :

“ It is a pity, in this year of Ireland's misery, when we should altogether hold up the shield of hope to the city of Hai, when the whole people of Ireland should have only one heart and one soul, pressing forward in serried ranks to their country's rescue, to find some of the young blood of Ireland desecrating those talents with which God invested them for the benefit of their race, to the unhallowed cause of dissension, thereby weakening the national strength, and affording a triumph to her enemies, by exhibiting to them what has always been Ireland's ruin—a divided people.

“ We cherished the hope that the sincere and earnest among them would have listened to your Father's counsels, and once more ranged themselves with him under his peaceful national banner. The hope, it seems, was vain ; they have denounced conciliation, preferring the fond idolatry of their youthful visions to their country's good. Among the seceders, I believe there are many more deluded than deluding, the dupes of crafty and designing men, who have practiced on their generous natures, and made them subserve their own treacherous or ambitious purposes. They should know well that their present course may produce much evil, but cannot eventuate in any good. If they conceived that they could substitute, in the affections of Irishmen, another leader, or encircle that leader with the confidence of the Irish people, they grossly deceived themselves. They will find themselves, after having fully made the experiment, in the situation of other separatists, who warred with another Liberator in almost parallel circumstances—for between the ancient and modern liberators and the people liberated, there are striking features of resemblance—all alone in their glory, their rods without bud or blossom, and scathed by the burning anathemas of an injured nation. I would, Sir, hate my race, and curse it with more bitterness than a David did an Edom, could I think it capable of such base ingratitude as to desert your venerable father in his now onward course to his crowning triumph, victorious, as he has been in a thousand fights, after having strangled the serpent of bigotry with a Titan's strength, and forced haughty England to unbar her Senate to the hated Catholic Celt—made the slave the lords of our cities or the colleges, ermined judges on our bench, and what we

prized above all, as for them we suffered all, made our altars free. When in Dublin lately, I saw him for the first time ; I touched that hand which tore to pieces the penal code ; I hung on that voice which so oft thrilled the soul of Ireland, sweeter, softer than the tones of a lute, and drank with avidity the words dropping from his lips, gently as the flakes of descending snow, and more refreshing than the dews of a summer's night. I gazed in raptures upon that countenance mellowed with age and religion ; I thought of that big heart which only beats for his country's good, and looked on the whole man as if, as such, formed by God to be the *dux populi*, as the mountain was created by Him to break the rain-cloud, and convey its refreshing waters to the valleys ; and I shuddered at what I knew to be a sad reality, that his fair fame, whiter, purer than the ermine's fur, was attempted to be sullied by the foul aspersions of even those whom he pressed to his bosom, taught at the school of his wisdom, and held up to the honor of his country with a more than parental solicitude. Of my own impressions delicacy prevents me from saying more, as I am writing to the son of this venerable father ; but this I would advise, if there be any Irishman wickedly forgetful of the deep debt of gratitude he owes him, let him go and spend a few moments in his company, and if he be not cured of his infidelity after having looked upon that venerable oak which bore the brunt of the warring elements for nearly half a century for his sake, with all his well-earned honors upon him, I would say that he is incurable, and unworthy to be associated with such a benefactor. For the Young Irelander, with all the enthusiasm of youth about him ; impatient of the wrongs which his country suffers, with feverish dreams of glory to be won for fatherland, anxious for one bold stroke that would forever prostrate the Saxon, and disenthral his race ; for him to forget his parent's order, and in his fiery zeal, like a young Manlius, rush from the ranks of his prudent, experienced leader, because he moved with over-cautious step towards the same goal ; an excuse, if such there be for any, might be found for him in his wayward course. But what excuse can be found for the ungrateful Levites for turning away from this modern Moses, by whose indomitable energy the fetters were struck from his limbs, his creed, temple and order emancipated from a thralldom worse than that of Pharaoh, and going over to the house of some Michas, to serve him and his silver god, and with the venom of asps on their lips, and their throat a gaping sepulchre, to immolate, at this new idol's shrine, the character of his liber-

ator. Were I sure that such were accountable beings, with the ordinary feelings of men, having the power, as they have the will, to wound, I would say to them, in sober earnestness, no matter at whom you aim your battle-ax,

‘Oh! woodman spare that tree,
Touch not a single bough ;
In youth it sheltered thee,
Thou shouldst protect it now.
That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are famed o’er land and sea—
Say wouldst thou hack it down?’

“The justice of your father would not be, as it is, Platonic, if it had not such trials to encounter, and did not meet with ingratitude even at the hands it most befriended. But, as hitherto, every tongue that speaks against him shall not prosper. He has with him the common sense of Ireland. Religion covers him with her sacred mantle, and those who love that daughter of heaven more dearly than life, will never permit the image of O’Connell to be severed from hers in the sanctuary of their hearts.”

It is apparent from his letters in 1848, that the Bishop had greatly modified his views of the personal character and qualities of the principal Young Irelanders. This also, in justice to his memory, we shall have to show from under his own hand. But it ought to be known, and will now be put beyond dispute, that that member of the Irish Hierarchy, supposed to be constitutionally of most martial character, wholly disapproved from the outset, and until the end of his life continued to disapprove, the deplorable “secession” of 1846. For the seceders personally, we will bye and bye find him expressing a high personal regard, and something nearly akin to admiration. As for their principles, their policy, their political system, none of the documents he has left expresses any

other sentiment than regret, or pity, or condemnation. —A few words in this place on the energy of Dr. Maginn's administration of Derry. For six years previously the diocese might be said, in consequence of Dr. McLaughlin's affliction, to be without a Bishop. But now Mr. Maginn was no sooner appointed than new life was poured into every Catholic enterprise. Six new churches were dedicated, and about eleven thousand children and adults confirmed, in the first year after his consecration. Societies of the Living Rosary, Sunday-schools, and parochial circulating libraries, were established in almost every parish. The diocesan collection for the "Society for the Propagation of the Faith" was considerably augmented. Simultaneously, the Sisters of Charity and the Christian Brothers were introduced, and a spacious building known as "the County House," adjoining the Protestant (confiscated) Cathedral, was purchased for a Seminary, and dedicated to that holy object, under the title of St. Columba. Here, when in the city, the Bishop resided, often encouraging and mingling with the students, who were destined to be the future pastors of the churches committed to his care. With these as with his clergy "he was more like an elder brother than a Bishop," setting to all the brightest example of vigilance, piety, labor, and disinterestedness. In his attention to national affairs he never lost sight of the paramount claims of his own diocese, to his daily care and hourly exertions.

CHAPTER IV.

DR. MAGINN'S EVIDENCE BEFORE LORD DEVON'S "COMMISSION ON THE OCCUPATION OF LAND IN IRELAND"—FREQUENT MALADMINISTRATION OF THE POOR LAW—THE FAMINE AND THE OFFICIALS—HIS INDIGNATION AT THE DESTRUCTION OF HUMAN LIFE—HIS INCESANT EFFORTS TO RELIEVE THE POOR—STRONGLY OPPOSES THE PROPOSED WHOLESALE EMIGRATION TO CANADA—"SOCIETY FOR THE CONSERVATION OF THE FAITH."

THE Latin rite for the consecration of a Bishop prescribes an examination of the postulant, in which among other questions, it is demanded of him, "Wilt thou be affable and merciful to the poor, to strangers, and to all indigent persons on account of the name of the Lord?" And the Elect answers, "I will." Perhaps no Bishop of modern times ever made that solemn affirmative more ardently than Dr. Maginn. All his life long he had been affable and merciful to the poor, their advocate, adviser, protector, friend, in all their afflictions and privations. We have purposedly omitted in the previous chapters some of the evidences of his loving and watchful care of the poor, which were before us, and to which we now

beg the reader who is resolved fully to understand this noble character, to lend his patient consideration.

Of Dr. Maginn's attention to social questions, we have already spoken. Among these by far the most important in Ireland, is that which involves the tenure of land. The question itself is old as "the Reformation," and quite as deplorable. It was the fruitful source of wars, confiscation, legislation, and agitation for three centuries. Dr. French and Dr. Swift had plied their pens upon it; a Bacon, a Strafford, an Ormond, a Chesterfield, a Bedford, had acknowledged its paramount importance. When, therefore, in 1844, the Imperial Parliament for the first time since the last confiscation under William III., ordered an Imperial commission to inquire into the "Occupation of Land in Ireland," every reformer saw reason to expect some prospective good. The Province of Ulster, as the home of the usage or custom called "Tenant-right" was likely to occupy a great deal of attention, and there Mr. Maginn, among many others, prepared himself to be examined before the commission. He issued a circular to his brother clergymen, and to others throughout the diocese, asking for answers to a long series of practical questions, and the information thus obtained he carefully digested for public effect. His examination occupied more time than that of any other witness in his county, with a single exception, and for its intrinsic interest, as

well as being his, deserves to be given entire—as it is, at the end of this volume.*

Another subject which never left his mind, was the administration of the new Poor Law. The operations of this law, unheard of in Ireland, introduced new relations and a new machinery into its social life: the relations of the rate-payers to the poor, of “the paupers” (an abominable term!) to their guardians, of the guardians to the clergy of the people, of the government to the clergy and the guardians, were all to be established and regulated by experience rather than by statute. The patriot Pastor and Bishop could well remember the time ere Irish mendicancy had expanded to imperial proportions; when the honest beggar was welcome to every kitchen corner and every peasant’s table; when destitution, though never accounted a crime, was never confessed until the last resource of long, patient penury had failed; when, if an honest man was driven to beg, he crept out in the grey of evening, and stood, with averted face, in the shadow of some house or street corner, silently pleading for the morsel of food he could no longer earn. As a man of heart and of head, the new provisions for the poor, established by law, continually occupied Mr. Maginn’s attention. In 1847, when the failure of the potato crop flung one-third of the peasantry into the gulf of abject pauperism, the new Bishop had ample

* See Appendix

opportunities for the exercise of all his energies in their behalf. Some transactions of this year, connected with the administration of the Poor Law at Newtownlimavady, at Omagh, at Waterside, and at Cardonagh, were brought by him to the knowledge of the Lord Lieutenant and the public. The following remonstrance we give, as a specimen of his energetic correspondence with Dublin Castle, at that period :

LONDONDERRY, Jan. 22, 1847.

May it please your Excellency :

In consequence of a report having been made to me of great numbers of the poor dying off daily in the Omagh workhouse, I considered it my duty, as said work-house is within the precincts of this diocese, to have the strictest inquiry made by one of my clergymen into the facts of the case as submitted to me. I regret to have to state to your Excellency that the result of this inquiry more than confirmed the appalling communications I had from that quarter. During the month of last December, one hundred individuals fell victims, in this work-house, to dysentery and scarletina. From the first of this month till the 17th, more died of the same diseases. I have not been made aware that any special means were resorted to to stay this mortality. I am, on the contrary, led to believe that the perishing multitudes scarcely excited any particular notice from the guardians. May it please your Excellency, there is no civilized country in the world where such an appalling event would not at once be brought under the notice of the proper authorities, and receive from them immediate attention. Believing in your Excellency's humanity, I leave this case in your hands, with all confidence that you will not allow Her Majesty's subjects to die off in hundreds in an establishment benevolently designed for the preservation of their lives, without having an investigation ordered into the causes which may have caused this mortality.

I have the honor to be, with most profound esteem,

Your Excellency's most obedient servant,

✠ ED. MAGINN.

I beg most respectfully to submit that it would be in accordance with the wishes of some of the most respectable and humane in that

neighborhood, were some eminent and trustworthy physician in your Excellency's confidence to be sent down with powers to examine into the aforesaid deaths, and the kind of treatment they receive during their illness.

Unfortunately, the extraordinary machinery erected by the Irish government in that year, to meet the urgencies of the case, was placed, for the most part, in utterly incompetent hands. Sir John Burgoyne, Sir Harry Jones, Sir Randolph Routh, and other imbecile officials, many of whom have since betrayed their gross incompetency on the more conspicuous, but not more fatal fields of the Crimea, were placed at the head of the system. Their local appointments were made, for the most part, from partisan or sectarian partialities. In Innishowen this was notably the case, as we find Bishop Maginn writing to the new Lord Lieutenant, in the month of March. We give this letter :

BUNCRANA, March 21, 1847.

To His Excellency the Earl of Besborough :

My Lord,—As this is the first intrusion on your Excellency's precious time which I have made, it will, I fondly hope, be looked on with special indulgence. I should not even have made this trespass, were I not urged to it by a deep sense of the duty which the position I hold, relatively to the suffering poor of this barony, has imposed upon me. I might, my lord, add to this my anxiety that your Excellency's administration should escape the odium which must be attached by the Catholic public to certain acts said to be done under your high name and sanction. I therefore respectfully solicit your Excellency's attention to statements made to us by J. C. Deane, Esq., inspecting officer under the Relief Commission for the Innishowen Union. The first that your Excellency had appointed, George Young, Esq., Culdaff, John Harvey, Esq., Malin Hall, Mr. Corbitt, ex-inspector of the butter-mar-

ket, Derry, and Mr. Moore, doer for Mr. Attorney Rankin, with a few acres of land in the neighborhood of Carndonagh, whose son has been lately elevated to the clerkship of the work-house, at a salary of £30 per annum, to act as finance committee under the 10 Victoria C 7, and superintend the distribution of the relief intended by that benevolent enactment to be imparted to the starving thousands in this barony. I assure your Excellency that I could scarcely believe my senses on listening to this statement made by Mr. Deane, and I am sure there is not a Catholic in this barony who will not feel amazed on being made aware of the constitution of the finance committee. I consider it a duty to inform your Excellency that the aforesaid gentlemen have not, nor should they have the confidence of the Catholic community—the nine-tenths of the inhabitants of Innishowen. They are by no means such individuals as we could, with any feeling for our poor, recommend or confide in under the appalling circumstances of these times. I do not take any exception to their religion, Presbyterian and Protestant, as a man's religion in such cases should not be questioned. Our want of confidence in them is based on altogether different grounds. They have ever been politically opposed to the great majority of the people. Some of them were conspicuously intolerant in religious matters, and in some instances disregarding the rights of conscience, and anything but respectful to the creed of their neighbors. Some of them made more Catholic exiles from the homesteads of their fathers than any in this county, and substituted in their stead persons not less offensive or bigoted than themselves. Your Excellency will perceive that it is not wonderful such appointments could not be justly expected to meet with favor in our eyes. What appears to us passing strange is how, in a barony where the Catholics are as ten to one, many of them large proprietors, with more real wealth and more unencumbered property than any others of any sect in the barony possess, the afore-mentioned gentlemen could be selected, and Catholics vastly their superiors in mental culture and intellect, as well as opulence—who at all times abetted Whig principles, gave their votes to Whig candidates in the county, met and presided at large baronial meetings to keep in Whig ministries, whilst the members of our finance committee were arranged on the opposite side, only remarkable for their virulence and unmeasured hostility to Whigery, and everything bearing the character of liberality—have been passed over unnoticed when such a committee of surpassing trust and awful responsibility

was constituted. I say it, my lord, with all deference, would it have been too much for the Catholics of Innishowen to expect from your Excellency the appointment of some one or two of their body on that finance committee, in whom they could have faith as taking an interest in the preservation of the lives of our poor people? There was in Mr. Moore's neighborhood a young man, heir to a considerable property—John Doherty, Esq., of Carndonagh—whose dying uncle contributed more this year to the relief of the poor of this barony, than the entire proprietors, perhaps, of the whole County Donegal, and who, during his life-time, gave more in charity to the poor than the half of the Tories in the county—a young gentleman of intellect and mental adornments vastly superior to any of the squirearchy in this union. Was it seemly to have passed him over, and to have appointed such a man as Mr. Moore, with no mental culture and with only a ten or twenty-acre farm of land. Believe me, my lord, no other reason will be assigned for it, but that one happened to be a Presbyterian and the other a Catholic. If this be the way of establishing religious equality, and inspiring us Catholics with confidence in the equity of British rule, I fear much that it will not have * * * a most solemn duty—a duty I owed your Excellency, myself and the Catholic community.

I have the honor to remain, my lord,

Your Excellency's obedient servant,

✠ E MAGINN.

In April, an aged woman, named Elizabeth Byrne, having died of destitution near Buncrana, from being refused the usual out-of-door relief, (nine pence per week) the coroner's jury returned an inquest accordingly, and Bishop Maginn made their verdict the text of an animated correspondence with the Poor Law Commissioners. Sometimes, as in this case, the local officials succeeded in defeating the ends of justice; but more frequently, as in the cases at Newtownlimavady, Omagh and Waterside, inquiry being granted, the

Bishop and the chaplains were gratified at finding unfit employees dismissed or better regulations made, in consequence of their remonstrances.

The sufferings of the Irish poor, in that terrible year, drew from the most distant nations spontaneous offerings of pecuniary assistance. The United States deserve the first place among the benefactors of that nation. France, Italy and Germany were not insensible to her cries. Mr. Maginn was usually made the agent of this benevolence for his part of the island; and perhaps we cannot do better than give here his eloquent acknowledgment of donations from the Paris Committee. The following letter on this subject is without date, but was evidently written in the summer of 1847:

Dear Sir :—I may, I presume, address these friendly, familiar terms, after the kind acquaintance that I have formed with you by your extreme attention to us in the hour of our need. I beg to acknowledge two golden favors from you, the one conveying £160 sterling, the other—the last I had from you—£200 sterling.

To you and the charitable contributors who made you the channel of these remittances, I beg to express the assurance of our undying gratitude, and the unceasing prayers and benedictions of our numerous poor relieved by them. Out of the evils that have befallen our country, God is working this good. He is exhibiting to those that are without, the loveliness and beauty of Catholic communion, with all its endearing practical sympathies. The remotest members of the mystic body, so interested in the common weal, well-being, feeling for and communicating to the wants of their distant brethren, and illustrating by these sweet manifestations of soul of charity that pervades each and all the beneficent sentiments of the Great Apostle of Nations, “who is on fire with whom I do not burn; who is suffering with whom I do not suffer.”

France, as became her, being the heart of Catholic Christianity through her magnanimous prelates, the ornaments of the Church of God, not less by their learning than by their charity, has been pre-eminent in this work of beneficence. In olden times she was the refuge of our exiles for conscience' sake, now she is the benefactress of our starving poor—still the same France to Ireland that she was in the days of the illustrious Vincent de Paul. She then shared with them the bread that was necessary for her own starving poor; she, during the present year, came again to the rescue of our famishing people, even when her own children were suffering from the severest visitations. If ever, in the councils of God, it be decreed for our country to become an independent, prosperous nation, may she forget her right hand's cunning if she forgets her Catholic-Irish France. It is with much pain, dear sir, that I have to inform you that our miseries do not seem to have passed away with the last year's awful catastrophe. No. The present forebodes to us even a more direful story. Last year we had many resources, at home and abroad; this year they are all, I may say, exhausted. The little means the poor people had by them were last year expended to preserve life. They were enabled to seed their grounds and feed themselves. Their crop, therefore, their only hope of subsistence, falls far short of the usual produce.

The landlord, whose rapacity was stayed, stunned as he was by the sudden calamity that befel us, and trembling for the results, the monitor conscience upbraiding him that he was the principal cause of the misery of the Irish peasant, suspended for a season his exactions. Having had, however, time to take breath, and being encouraged by a promise of support from our kind government, to enable him with safety to extort the last morsel of bread from his famishing tenant, he has not awaited even the gathering in of the harvest to force his rents, but, like a hungry tiger, pounces on his victims while collecting the fruits of the earth that God sent them to feed upon for another year, and unrelentingly carries away the small produce of their toil and labor, leaving themselves and their naked, shivering, starving families, in the comfortless cabins to die; or if they cannot find a sufficiency to pay their back rents, regardless of the bitter blast of the coming winter or of the sufferings of the ejected poor forced to wander, without home or shelter, over the land of their fathers, they leveled to the earth their cottages and turned to sheep-walks or pasture-grounds for their oxen, the sacred spots in which beings made to the image of God dwelt, they

and their fathers, centuries before these alien monsters came to fatten on the spoils of Ireland.

To give you some idea of the extent of the misery that is nearing to us with the dark clouds of winter, I beg to submit one or two facts: In the diocese of Derry we have a Catholic population of 230,000 souls; of these, at the present time, there are at least 50,000 in actual starvation. Before the first of March, in consequence of the landlords having forced their tenantry to pay at least, each and all, a year's rent out of the crop of the season, 100,000 more will be in the same destitute condition.

We have, it is true, a poor law. Its principle is excellent. I say it in justice to the Whigs; the excellency of this principle is theirs. The Tories, however, took such care to clog the principle with so many ingeniously devised obstructions, that the law has become inoperative and nearly useless as a mode of relief. They took care to have the victims of oppression handed over to the keeping of their oppressors, making the very persons the guardians of the poor who made them poor. The shorn lamb is being entrusted to the wolf's protection; the helpless dove is being remitted to the falcon and the vulture for the grain of corn that must keep it from starving. This, Sir, is British legislation for Ireland. We are now about to have a coercion bill from them. We cry for bread, and the aid they give us is in thumbscrews, racks and tortures. We call upon them as responsible for the lives of the people they govern, to come at once and feed our famishing poor, and they answer our petitions with a No, as Britain has ever done, and an intelligible hint that they have in readiness for us, instead of provisions, bayonets and musket-balls. They seek their justification for this treatment in a few murders that have taken place in the south—murders which as Christians we deplore, and as Irishmen deeply regret; but that all Ireland should be calumniated, her poor neglected and allowed to die of starvation, because a few in one or two counties, driven to despair by oppression and want, in seeing their wives reduced with hunger to hideous skeletons, and their children dying for want of food in the arms of their famished mothers, their cottages in ruins and themselves deemed an encumbrance on the land of their birth, in their reckless despair, looking on earth and heaven as their enemy, they forget the command, "Thou shalt not kill"—a commandment they see disregarded by those who should most feel its obligation and set to them the example of forbearance—cast themselves upon

those whom they believe to be the cause of their misery, hurling them before them into their graves, which they saw had been dug and prepared for themselves. Why not trace these murders to their proper causes, and supply the only remedy for the redress of wrongs that have become unbearable? They cry out, "O these Irish murderers!" If they had any other nation under heaven but Catholic Ireland to deal with, schooled by its clergy into patience which has no example in the history of the world, not even among the Christians in the catacombs—for the rule of Nero or Dioclesian was nothing to the rule of Ireland—they would have long since experienced that there was a point beyond which humanity does not endure, and the tyrants would have been taught a lesson which would have appalled the earth, making the strong without mercy tremble in the high places. Virginius killed his own daughter sooner than allow her to live a blasted flower of disgrace and misery, and with the bloody dagger at hand, appealed to Rome for his justification. Any other nation but Ireland, ever full as she has been, of faith and of hope, big with immortality, the recompense of patient endurance, would have arisen like one man, and felling with their chains and fetters their oppressors, or perishing in the attempt, would have exclaimed with the ancient Roman, "A day, an hour of liberty, is worth an eternity of bondage!"

Anxious to oppress the people, or allow them to perish through destitution, they wish to silence their clergy by the vilest vituperation against their character. To get at the sheep with impunity, they wish to muzzle the shepherd, knowing well that they will not suffer the oppression of those who are so dear to them without reclamation, without an appeal to the sympathies of the world. By their atrocious imputations they expect to blacken them before men, so that their cries to humanity in behalf of their flocks might pass unheeded and unattended to. They would blacken the whole Irish race, that they might be victimized without commiseration, seeking the justification of their inhumanity or barbarity in the depravity of the race they immolated. Like the alconda of Ceylon, which is wont to lick over with its forked tongue, and cover with its poisonous slabbet the prey it intends to devour, our enemies besmear us with their foul-mouthed slanders, that they may the more easily swallow us down.

When I reflect on the unhappy state of our country; on the wrongs she endured for ages in every locality; on the utter helplessness of our poor, and when I consider that man's rule and not God's was the cause

of this ruin, I have been oft almost forced to forget the character becoming a Christian bishop, and yielding to the feelings of outraged humanity, to cry out to the God of justice, "How long, O Lord, how long?" or to say with the royal prophet, contemplating in the distance of time, something similar to our condition, Babylon's sway in his own beautiful Palestine, the temple raised by his own son a hideous ruin, his own Jerusalem plundered and racked by the heathen invader, the sons and daughters of his people bending down beneath the weight of their slavery, and in their sorrow hang their harps on the banks of the Euphrates, far, far away from the hills of their fathers, and from their own placid, beautiful Jordan, whose banks had so often echoed with their songs of joy, "*Beatus qui alidet parviculos eorum in petram.*" The religion of mercy and forgiveness, however, forbids the aspiration and invites us to bow our head in resignation to the will of that God who is patient, because he is eternal, and who has reserved a day for all things, when the just and the wicked shall be judged. You will, I am sure, sir, find an apology for the length of this letter in the feelings that gave occasion to it. It is the outpouring of a heart deeply sympathizing with its suffering country, and naturally resenting the wrongs it endures and has endured for centuries. After God, there is no consolation so sweet to the wounded spirit as to have friends into whose bosoms we can confidently pour the secrets of our grief—friends who feel with us and for us, and whom we know to be ready to wipe the tear from sorrow's cheek, and pluck, as far as in them lies, the sword of tribulation from the heart.

Permit me, Sir, again, in the name of the destitute of the diocese of Derry, and in my own name, to express to you, in the most deepfelt and warmest emotion of Irish hearts, our thankfulness to you, all the members of the Irish Relief Committee at Paris, and to all the charitable throughout France, who in any way contributed to the relief of our poor. May the God who is charity repay them one hundred fold for their beneficence to us—make them happy on earth, and the co-heirs of his own Divine Son in that kingdom, the sure inheritance of all who scatter and give to the poor, who are merciful, compassionate and just, is the fervent, heartfelt prayer of your most faithful, obliged and devoted servant,

✠ E. MAGINN.

From Boston, New York, and Montreal he also received and acknowledged, with his usual eloquence,

handsome donations for the use of the poor. From his correspondence at that period, we shall give here one other letter, referring the reader to the Appendix for further correspondence relating to the Famine. It is from Dr. Cullen, then President of the Irish College at Rome.

IRISH COLLEGE, March 16, 1847.

My Lord,—I beg to forward to your lordship a bill for £20, to be applied by way of charity to the relief of the poor. The person who contributed this sum—the Rt. Rev. Dr. Murphy, Bishop of Hyderabad—expressed a wish that it should be sent to your diocese.

The accounts we receive here of the state of poor Ireland are most heart-rending. Our good, holy Father the Pope feels most intensely for the afflictions of his long-tried and faithful children. He inquires about them every day. All the good Romans enter fully into the feelings of the Pope. Their sympathy is great for Ireland, and they are sending most fervent prayers to the Most High to beg of him to spare our country, and to avert the calamity which is weighing so heavily on it. Your lordship has heard before now that His Holiness contributed, last January, the munificent sum of one thousand dollars, to be applied to the relief of the poor Irish. Ere yesterday he told me that he would give as much more in a few days, out of his own slender means, and that he had also determined in the same way to supply two or three thousand dollars, which some pious ladies had collected, to be devoted to charitable purposes, and which they put at the Pope's disposal. This fact will speak volumes for the Pope's charity, and his attachment to our poor people. What a blessing of Providence to have such a man in the chair of Peter, in these times of misery and calamity! I hope that the Catholics in every part of the world will become more and more attached to their chief pastor, that they will glory in having so much virtue in so exalted a situation, and that all will vie in imitating the example of charity which has been given by the centre of unity. May we not also hope that those who shook off the paternal authority of Rome, and wandered away into the path of error, will at length open their eyes to their misery and spiritual destitution, and return to the house, and acknowledge the authority of so good a

father? They ought to know that where true charity resides, there also true faith is to be found. With what facility would not distress be relieved, if all Christians were united in professing the same faith, and if all were obedient to the voice of the holy successor of St. Peter—if there were but one sheepfold and one pastor?

I am sorry to inform your lordship that there is great want in Italy this year. Here in Rome provisions are scarce and dear, but the charity of the rich is so great that there is no destitution and no starvation. The nobles here treat the poor with the utmost kindness; they do not think it beneath their dignity to distribute alms with their own hands, to visit the abodes of the poor, and to find out and console those who are really in need. You would be surprised to see how comfortably the very poorest people here are clad, though clothing cost at least twice as much as in Ireland. The spirit that prevails here in regard to poverty, is quite different from that which is dictated by the cold lessons of political economy. In the public establishments here for the poor, the boys and girls are draped in a most respectable manner, and their diet is very nearly the same as that which is given in colleges. They are treated as members of Jesus Christ, not as slaves or as a burden to the earth. The Pope has visited all the public establishments in Rome, and his kindness and affability to the lowest of the poor have added greatly to the affection which all classes entertain for him. I hope the poor in Ireland will unite their prayers with those of the good Romans, to obtain from God, for so good a Pontiff, a long and happy reign.

I forgot to mention that we had public prayers in Rome for Ireland. These few days back we have had a novena in the church of St. Agatha in honor of St. Patrick, to beg of him to intercede for the country which was the theatre of his labors, and where he gained that crown of glory which distinguishes him. We had the rosary each evening, an English sermon, the litanies of the saints, the prayers prescribed by the ritual in time of famine, and in the end Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament. I hope they have had public prayers in every part of Ireland, and that they will persevere in them. The calamity is so great that it is to God alone we should look for relief. I trust that his mercy will be moved by the powerful intercession of the help of Christians and the consoler of the afflicted—the most holy Virgin—to whom our poor were always devotedly attached. If she do not obtain temporal relief, she will certainly secure for the poor that which

is infinitely more important, the grace of dying a happy death. How many of them will pass from the miseries of this vale of tears to eternal happiness, if they put themselves under her protection!

I have the honor to remain,

Your lordship's humble servant,

PAUL CULLEN.

The continued negligence of subordinates, indifference of superiors, and insensibility of the government to the wholesale destruction of Irish life, at last inspired Dr. Maginn with that deep-seated abhorrence of English misrule, which he carried with him to the grave. In a letter of this year to Mr. Poulett Scrope, M. P., he frankly proclaims his indignation against the government. "For myself," he says, "as a Christian Bishop, living as I am, amidst scenes that must rend the heart of any having the least feeling of humanity, though attached to our Queen as much from affection as from the duty of allegiance, I don't hesitate to say to you that there is no means under heaven that I would not cheerfully resort to to redeem my people from their present misery; and sooner than allow it to continue, like the Archbishop of Milan, I would grasp the cross and the green flag of Ireland and rescue my country, or perish with its people."

His noble anger was no less aroused against the cruel, prodigal aristocracy of confiscation. Some of their number having addressed him a circular letter, asking his co-operation in a system of wholesale emigra-

tion to British North America, he thus passionately replied to them :

“ Employ the Irish Catholic peasant anywhere, say you, but not in Ireland. Join us in removing the carrion people from before our eyes beyond the seas, or anywhere, that we may forget the misery we created, and banish the apprehension of retributive justice which God always reserves for the tyrants and oppressors of the people, through the instrumentality of the oppressed. The murderers would wish to hide their victims, lest their mangled frames should rise in judgment against them. It will not, however, gentlemen, do. The bulk of the Irish Catholic people will stick to their native soil, were it for nothing else but to haunt you in your dreams of pleasure. Since you would not let the peasants live as Christians, you will be forced to look on their spectres—they will stick to you like the ‘ man of the sea on Sinbad’s back ;’ and since you would not raise them up, they will have the gratification of bringing you down to their own level. You may shudder at the thought of being brought into association with the filth and rags of these skeletons of your own making, as Satan shrunk back when he saw the hideous forms of Sin and Death which he himself had created.”

In that miserable time, not only the bodies but the souls of the people, were in imminent danger. The Pharisees, “ who compass sea and land to make one proselyte,” could not resist the opportunity of tempting the famished poor to swap their immortal souls for sectarian soup. In Derry as in Dingle, in Innishowen as in Achill, the Apostle of Famine was abroad, presenting his bread and butter done up in Bible leaves ; offering, with the same hand, potatoes and publications. How much printed piety went with a peck of potatoes, to what extent a stone of Indian meal ought to be leavened with godly exhortation, these apostles were thoroughly

instructed. They carried with them a theological tariff, a sectarian sliding scale, by which their charities (forgive the profanation!) were measured out and regulated. Against such wolves in sheep's clothing, Dr. Maginn was constantly on the alert. In the Poor Houses, in the famished districts, in the back lanes of towns, he set watchers and traps for them. Finally, he founded throughout his Diocese "THE SOCIETY FOR THE CONSERVATION OF THE FAITH," in humble imitation of the illustrious and encyclical "Association for the Propagation of the Faith." This Society, composed of catechists, visitors, and subscribers, exercised a most salutary influence in those seasons of fearful temptation, and continued to flourish during the life-time of its founder. Whether it still exists, we are not informed.

CHAPTER V.

DR. MAGINN'S VIEWS OF CHURCH POLITY IN IRELAND—THE CHARITABLE BEQUESTS ACT—THE QUEEN'S COLLEGES—DIFFERENCES OF OPINION AMONG THE HIERARCHY ON THE COLLEGES ACT AS AMENDED—ACCESSION OF THE WHIGS TO POWER—THE NEW POPE—EPISCOPAL MEETINGS IN 1846—THE APPEAL TO ROME—OTHER EPISCOPAL MOVEMENTS—PROPOSED NATIONAL ADDRESS TO POPE PIUS IX.

DR. MAGINN'S system of church polity was, in some of its combinations, wholly his own. With Dr. Crolly and Dr. Murray, he favored and fostered the national schools; but he separated from them on the Charitable Bequests Act, and the subsequent scheme of academic education. A Derry editor, writing after his death, has said: "It has been to us an enigma that he who so largely patronized national schools within his parish and elsewhere, should have joined in the opposition to the Queen's Colleges, which are founded on precisely the same principles as those schools. If there be differences, in point of principle, between the two sets of institutions, by which the interests of particular creeds are to be effected, we confess that we cannot discover them."

The essential difference between the two institutions—

a primary parochial school and a college controlled by the State—seems to us clear enough. In the former, rudimental knowledge only was taught; in the latter, history, philosophy, geology, all studies which include views or questions of revelation, were to form the course. In the schools, the pastor was entitled to be a visitor, and if he chose, a patron; while the colleges were to be governed exclusively by their own superiors, appointed directly by the Crown, and subject only to the visitations of a royal commission. The Derry journalist continues his criticism in these words:

“We have sat down, not to compose an indiscriminate eulogy upon an eminent individual, but to express our candid sentiments with regard to him, as the most fitting tribute due to his worth. We would say, then, that it has occurred to us that, of late years, the scenes of misery which he had to witness, operating on his extreme sensibility, united to an erroneous view of the ability of government to relieve the whole wants of a famishing land, rendered him morbidly suspicious of government and its acts, and disposed him to concur with Dr. MacHale in his general views of ecclesiastical polity. One prominent trait in the Right Rev. Dr.’s character was a most intense feeling of nationality—a feeling which is the basis of patriotism, one of not the least bright and useful of human virtues; but it has been remarked by several persons, besides ourselves, that his nationality, associating itself too constantly with ancient griefs, inclined him to be harsh, at times, in judging whatever was English, and we can imagine that it veiled from his mind’s eye what appears to us the undesirableness and the impracticability of a certain popular measure. There was no witness examined here by the Devon Commission, whose evidence gave more satisfaction than Dr. Maginn’s; and we have reason to think that his belief then was that by imperial legislation the country might be brought to a satisfactory condition. Unfortunately, there is a tardiness in that legislation which does not suit Celtic impatience. By some of his friends it was lamented that, in politics, he assumed the

attitude which latterly he did, but we presume that it had the approbation of many more. No one, however, could suspect the perfect sincerity and disinterestedness of the course which he took. It is the privilege of every man to impugn the soundness of opinions from which he dissents ; but no man of a well-ordered mind would deny honor to another on account of the depth and strength of his convictions."

It is certain, from his correspondence, that he had decided against the Bequests Act and the new colleges, as he did in most other matters of conduct, on independent grounds. It nowhere appears that he had any personal intercourse with the Archbishop of Tuam before his consecration ; the opposite, indeed, seems implied in his letters of that time. With the Bishop of Meath, Dr. Cantwell, one of the best and wisest of his high order ; he was in frequent communication, from the time he was nominated for the administratorship. Through him, and through his old Monaghan classmate, Dr. McNally of Clogher, he was kept informed of the views of the Prelates who acted with Dr. McHale, but he did not catch up his opinions from his correspondents. While humble as a monk and open to advice as any child, the fruitfulness and vigor of his own mind, naturally led him to take decided steps in advance, even of his intimate associates. We shall see additional evidences of this before we close the narrative.

In opposition to "the Bequests Act" of 1844, we find in Dr. Maginn's handwriting the resolutions adopted by the Bishop and Clergy of Derry.

CHARITABLE BEQUESTS ACT.

At a meeting of the Catholic Bishop and Clergy of the diocese of Derry, held in St. Columb's on Wednesday, January 22, 1845, to take into consideration the Charitable Bequests Act and the Concordat, said to be in contemplation between the courts of Rome and England, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted :

1. Resolved, That at this eventful crisis, when the civil and religious liberties of the Irish Roman Catholics are being attacked by all the craft and cunning of British diplomacy, it is imperative on all, clergy and people, to express their decided hostility to such baneful and insidious policy, and publicly avow their determination to resist, by every legal and constitutional means, any attempt made or to be made, no matter from what quarter it proceeds, to invade their ecclesiastical immunities or curtail those natural rights which they justly deem imprescriptible and inalienable.

2. Resolved, That having duly considered the Charitable Bequests Act in all its bearings, in the benefits it pretends to confer and the evils it purposes to inflict, and maturely and impartially weighed the arguments put forth for and against that measure by its ablest defenders and opponents, we have at length come to the conclusion, that it does not contain a single clause conferring an unmixed good, whilst it clearly purports to inflict distinct and positive evils. Its benefits are delusive—its disadvantages real. The commission, from the manner of its appointment, cannot be trustworthy, depending for its constitution on the honesty of the minister of the day ; its most conspicuous element is the old leaven of ascendancy ; the majority, even at the present moment, includes the ill-omened names of the sworn libellers of our faith and most inveterate enemies of our freedom. Under such a tutelage, where the least even of our civil liberties would be insecure, Catholic charities could not be safe. The very nature of its duties supposes a violation of Episcopal rights. The most revered and sanctified of Catholic institutions are directly attacked by this Act, and their extinction insured. Justice and charity, so necessary to the dying penitent, it arrests and binds in its legal fetters. It insults and calumniates the Irish priesthood, even in the awful ministration of their holy rites at the bedside of the expiring Christian. This Act, in a word, we denounce as an old penal law, dressed up in a new garb—a rusty weapon drawn from the timeworn armory of the Star Chamber, polished, edged and fashioned anew, in the ministerial smithy, to suit

the taste and temper of the enlightened times we live in, and to insidiously stab religion in its most vital parts—its charities.

3. Resolved, That the petition now read—a petition for the repeal of said iniquitous Act—be forthwith signed by the Catholic Bishop and clergy of the diocese of Derry, and forwarded to Daniel O'Connell, Esq., M. P., for presentation in the House of Commons, and to Lord Camoys for presentation in the House of Lords.

4. Resolved, That we recognize with feelings of heartfelt gratitude, the finger of God, in the preservation of the life of Daniel O'Connell, to detect and expose the mischievous schemes of the enemies of our country and creed; and that we hereby pledge ourselves, in the temple and before the altar of our Redeemer, to stand by him, through good report and evil report, in the face of foreign and domestic foes, and to assist him with all the zeal, temper and Spirit which the Gospel inspires in the cause of suffering humanity, in every legal and constitutional effort he may make to secure our holy religion against the wiles of its enemies, or to restore the rights and redress the wrongs of the ever faithful but deeply injured people of Ireland.

5. Resolved, That we have heard with alarm that a concordat between the courts of Rome and England was in contemplation. Convinced of the evil consequences which resulted from similar negotiations to the liberties of the Catholic church in other countries, we cannot view, without strong feelings of apprehension, any proceeding having a tendency to affect our ecclesiastical liberties, and that we hereby enter our solemn protest against any concordat, unless it be solely for commercial or international purposes, which may directly or indirectly infringe on the usages, customs or immunities of the Catholic Church in Ireland, and in the face of heaven declare, that we will consider it a conscientious duty to resist, by all justifiable means, any such aggressions on our holy religion.

6. Resolved, That however uncongenial it may be to our feelings as His ministers, who said, "My kingdom is not of this world," to be in any manner mixed up in matters purely temporal, such is the anomalous condition of Ireland, with nearly three millions of her people the victims of a misrule—conceived in bigotry and still fostered by the most bitter sectarian prejudices, in a state of utter destitution and misery shocking to humanity, and making the lot of the negro slave enviable—it would be inconsistent with our duties, bound as we are to them by every tie, divine and human, not to use those weapons which

charity ordains and religion approves to ameliorate their condition and carry out the views of God towards them, in making them free and happy in the land he gave them. With these convictions, disposed to faithfully discharge the threefold duty imposed on us, we will, as subjects, bear strict allegiance to our gracious sovereign in civil matters ; as Catholic Christians, undeviating attachment and submission in faith and morals to the center of Catholic unity—His Holiness the Pope ; as Irishmen, undying devotion to the rights and interests of the Irish people, who never changed their faith from their God or from their priesthood ; in the words of an immortal Irish prelate, "Like the Levites of old after returning from their long captivity, we will employ one hand to defend them against the aggressions of their implacable enemies, and with the other we will cleanse our holy places, rebuild our sanctuaries, make new vessels for the sacrifice, and worship with them at our half-raised altars," ready to retire altogether within the chancel and the sanctuary, when our country is a nation and our countrymen prosperous and free. If condemned for our patriotism we will console ourselves with the reflection that we contend in the same ranks with the amiable Las Casas and the immortal Lankton, and that He was not insensible to this feeling, who said, "*Miserior superturbum*," and who did not refuse a tear to His beloved Jerusalem, when he saw in the distance her Sion in ruins, hunger howling within her walls, her children a prey to the Gentile, her liberties extinct and her ancient glories departed.

That measure was, however, become the law of the land, and until this day such it remains. One or two remarkable cases have been decided under its provisions ; that no more have been litigated is the most convincing proof that the clergy of Ireland have not generally encouraged death-bed bequests. To deny by statute to the dying Christian such a consoling privilege—to subject religious bequests of any kind to the administration of a crown commission seems cruel, unchristian and despotic. The opposition of the Irish Church and people

was to the principle of the measure ; that it has not been found in operation as oppressive as its capacity of interpretation would permit, is no merit in its authors.

The contest with government on the Queen's Colleges was more protracted and eventful. The establishment of such colleges at Cork, at Galway, and at Belfast—to possess collectively the dignity and privileges of a University, was a favorite project of Sir Robert Peel's last administration. The proposition was moved early in 1845, and received the sanction of Parliament, with what were called Sir James Graham's amendments, the same session.

The history of this measure and the opposition to it is highly instructive. On its first appearance the Primate summoned a special meeting of the Irish Bishops, at a week's notice, in Dublin. It was there unanimously condemned in the language of the Primate's circular "as dangerous to faith and morals," and a memorial to the Lord Lieutenant (Heytesbury), containing their objections and demands agreed upon. As showing the spirit and resolution of the Bishops, this document is worth preserving.

THE MEMORIAL OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC ARCHBISHOPS AND BISHOPS
OF IRELAND.

"HUMBLY SHOWETH—That Memorialists are disposed to co-operate on fair and reasonable terms with Her Majesty's Government and the Legislature, in establishing a system for the further extension of Academical education in Ireland.

"That the circumstances of the present population of Ireland afford

plain evidence that a large majority of the students belonging to the middle classes will be Roman Catholics, and memorialists, as their spiritual pastors, consider it their indispensable duty to secure to the utmost of their power, the most effectual means of protecting the faith and morals of the students in the new colleges, which are to be erected for their better education.

“ That a fair proportion of the professors, and other office-bearers in the new colleges, should be members of the Roman Catholic Church, whose moral conduct shall have been properly certified by testimonials of character, signed by their respective prelates. And that all the office-bearers in those colleges should be appointed by a board of trustees, of which the Roman Catholic prelates of the province in which any of those colleges shall be erected, shall be members.

“ That the Roman Catholic pupils could not attend the lectures on history, logic, metaphysics, moral philosophy, geology or anatomy, without exposing their faith or morals to imminent danger, unless a Roman Catholic professor will be appointed for each of those chairs.

“ That if any president, vice-president, professor or office-bearer in any of the new colleges shall be convicted, before the Board of Trustees, of attempting to undermine the faith, or injure the morals of any student in those institutions, he shall be immediately removed from his office by the same board.

“ That as it is not contemplated that the students shall be provided with lodging in the new colleges, there shall be a Roman Catholic chaplain to superintend the moral and religious instruction of the Roman Catholic students belonging to each of those colleges ; that the appointment of each chaplain, with a suitable salary, shall be made on the recommendation of the Roman Catholic bishop of the diocese in which the college is situate, and that the same prelate shall have full power and authority to remove such Roman Catholic chaplain from his situation.

“ Signed on behalf of the meeting,

“ † D. MURRAY, *Chairman*.

“ DUBLIN, *May 23, 1845.*”

At the regular meeting of the Bishops in June, at Maynooth, they reiterated their determined opposition, and again in September, the Board of Bishops, Trustees of the College, repeated it a third time, “ lest our be-

loved flocks should be apprehensive of any change being wrought in our minds." Such a change was reported to have been wrought in the mind of Dr. Crolly and those who usually coincided in his judgment. In August, at a popular meeting in Armagh to secure the Provincial College for that neighborhood, he was publicly reported to have declared the amended act to be unobjectionable to Catholics. This drew out an emphatic statement to the contrary effect from the zealous Bishop of Meath, addressed to Mr. O'Connell. At the annual November meeting of the Bishops, the literal recondemnation became a test question between two sections of that illustrious body; the Archbishops of Tuam and Cashel, with eighteen Bishops, voting for the old exact terms, "dangerous to faith and morals," and the Archbishops of Armagh and Dublin, with Drs. Ryan, McGettigan, Browne (of Kilmore,) and Denvir, voting simply that "the Bill in its amended form be submitted to the Holy See for its consideration and decision." The prelates who were in the majority also resolved "to lay before the Holy Father our former resolutions, and their application to the act in its present form, together with the grounds on which those resolutions were founded, in order that we may all receive the decision of his Holiness, and recognize the voice of Peter in the person of his successor." To this resolution, and that taken at Maynooth two months before, Dr. Maginn, then only Bishop

elect, gave in his formal adhesion as soon as consecrated.

The laity were not more unanimous at first than the Bishops. By its advocates it was represented to be the complement of the National School system. Assuming the bane of the soil to be sectarianism, they proposed as a remedy "mixed education." They pointed out, justly enough, the inadequacy of Trinity College, to supply the wants of the middle and professional classes. They painted in the glowing colors of Irish fancy the healing, strengthening and ennobling effects of such institutions on the provincial mind. They treated with impatience or incredulity the refined reasoning of the opposition, whose motives as usual were exposed to the unfairest interpretations of the less scrupulous among the advocates. It was a strange combination of views and interests—Dr. Murray and the party of conciliation, with Mr. Davis and the party of revolution, the Catholic aristocracy of the Blake and Bellew order, with the Unitarian rationalists of the Remonstrant Synod. Against these unusual allies, O'Connell and his friends maintained that the higher education could not safely be divorced from religion; that the Catholics of Ireland could never consent to send their sons to "godless colleges;" that to put "all religions" on an equality, as the phrase went, was to do infinite injustice to the one true faith, and to offer a premium, not on liberality but on laxity,

to secure a growth not of good will and brotherly love among different denominations, but of chilling skeptical indifference to all religion. They pointed to the fruits of a similar system in Germany, and in France at that moment under Louis Phillippe; in the literature of materialism and infidelity which had covered France, Switzerland and Prussia, with seeds of lawlessness and unbelief; which spoke by the mouths of Michelet, of Eugene Sue, of Louis Blanc, and of Strauss, uttering the wildest chimeras, the most poisonous sophistries, and the most horrid blasphemies. They declared the old "hedge schools," with all their shortcomings, to be infinitely preferable to the introduction of so dangerous a system, however modified it might be, in details. Of this mind was Dr. Maginn, and we have evidence enough to claim for him the honor of being one of the most effective opponents of the new academical system.

A draft of the Maynooth declaration had been sent to each Bishop by its immediate authors, with the exception of the old Bishop of Derry, who was laboring under mental affliction. In a letter to the Rev. Dr. Maginn, dated September 22, the Bishop of Meath explains that in this the promoters were influenced by a feeling of delicacy, arising from the painful and peculiar circumstances of Derry; adding immediately the expression of their thorough conviction, "That the Irish Church will be sustained in the present eventful crisis by the active

co-operation of a clergy, who have been always prominent in defending her rights and promoting her interests." The clergy of the Diocese of Derry accordingly met to express their "entire and cordial concurrence in the decision and declaration of the synod, held in Dublin on the 18th of last November."

Their noble *pronunciamento* of this year, suggested probably by this letter, is Dr. Maginn's composition, with the exception of the paragraph *sixthly*, which was inserted by Archdeacon McCarron. As agreed on it runs thus :

"We object to the proposed system :

"Firstly. Because it affords no sufficient guarantee against the corruption of faith and morals, nor any adequate warrant for their inviolability.

"Secondly. We object to it, because it makes no suitable provision for religious instruction, inasmuch as any national system of education for Ireland, to be perfect, should not only not interfere with the religious opinions of any, but should secure the religious instruction of all.

"Thirdly. We object to it because it violates the canons of the Catholic Church, taking the entire control over the education of the Catholic youth from their divinely-appointed guardians and instructors—the Catholic prelates—and transferring it to purely secular and ministerial officials.

"Fourthly. We object to it because it violates the law of nature, by giving to the president of each of these academies the legal privilege of allocating the students where he pleases, against the natural and inalienable rights of their parents, whose duty it is to provide them with proper lodgings, and place them under the vigilant superintendence of persons identified with them in religious feeling and principle.

"Fifthly. We object to it, because whilst Trinity College, enriched by the foul spoliation of our plundered abbeys and Catholic forefathers, is to remain under the sole superintendence of the Protestant

Episcopalian Church in Ireland, and whilst the Ulster College is to be connected with the Belfast Academical Institution, over which Presbyterian synods have the preponderating, if not exclusive control, the Parliament of England injures and insults the Catholic body, comprising the overwhelming majority of the Irish nation, by refusing to place the colleges to be erected for the use of the Catholic community under the protection of the Catholic hierarchy, in utter disregard of the almost unanimously expressed feelings and wishes of the Catholic clergy and Catholic people of Ireland.

“Lastly. We object to it, because experience has taught us that the continental models on which it was designed and formed are the nurseries of infidelity, in which religion is a by-word, Christianity an absurdity, the science of the material preferred to the science of the spiritual world, and the flickerings of a demented reason to the revealed knowledge of God and his divine dispensation.

“A good educational system we would hail as the greatest boon from Heaven to our country—such a system as would afford secular knowledge its full development, combined with sound instruction in religious principles—a system that would form the Christian and the scholar, but a system still that would give the knowledge of God and man the first place, and to purely human sciences that subordinate station which even the very pagans, guided by the light of reason, justly assigned to them.

“Believing that a simple protest against the contemplated system of academic instruction would be as foolish as it would be unprofitable, if the Catholic clergy and people rested there, and did not evince their readiness to provide for the Catholic youth such a system as conscience sanctions and the times require, we, the Catholic clergy of the diocese of Derry, pledge ourselves to co-operate with the Irish priesthood and people, to the utmost limit of our humble means, towards the establishment of provincial academies, where the faith and morals of the rising generation shall be secured against the inroads of infidelity, where religious instruction shall be zealously and efficiently promoted, and human knowledge be afforded its widest range; where the name of Ireland shall receive all due respect and honor; where, in a word, the records of her ancient fame, her wrongs, her trials, her persecutions and patience, shall be fearlessly evolved, read and taught; and where, next to the love of God and his revealed truth, the love of country shall be deeply and indelibly engraven on the heart and mind

of the Irish student. [Here follow the signatures of twenty-nine Irish priests and forty-nine curates—the whole clergy of the diocese except eight.]

The ministry of Lord John Russell which succeeded Sir Robert Peel's in June, 1846, adopted with zeal and clung with tenacity to his Academical scheme. The same month an event of the utmost importance to the Catholic world—the death of a Pope—took place. Gregory XVI., raised to the Pontificate in February, 1831, was in his 66th year, and had nearly completed the 16th year of his reign. During his time, the Church of Ireland had risen from civil subjection to the Protestant state, to possess power in the empire, and reputation throughout Europe. He was familiar with its long struggles to reach that position, without sacrifice of principles, and he cherished an affection for the Island of Saints, enlightened and increased by the remembrance of what he had heard and known during his cardinalate. Pope Gregory expired on the 1st of June, and Cardinal Mastai-Feretti was elected his successor on the 16th, and enthroned on the 21st. On that day began a Pontificate which will be memorable throughout all climes and times, not only for great events, but for the greatest of modern events the definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. At its outset the world feigned to lie down and lick the feet of the Pontiff, but all the while it was busy conspiring to undermine his throne and to

overturn his authority. Hollow professions of attachment were poured forth by worldlings and progressionists, mistaking the zeal of a new and vigorous ruler for an homage paid to their theories. But soon came a change; a storm sprung up darkening the fair face of Italy, and saddening all hearts throughout Christendom, a storm in which Ireland saw her hereditary oppressor playing Prospero's part, not concealing his design of engulfing in the general wreck, the liberties and the prospects of the Irish Church.

The first Episcopal Synod, held in Ireland under the pontificate of Pious IX., and the first in which Dr. Maginn sat, assembled in the Presbytery, Marlborough-street, Dublin, on the 10th of November, '46, and adjourned on the 14th. It was the most important meeting in the variety and importance of the business transacted, which had been held for many years. All the Bishops were present but two. The decision of the Holy See on the Queen's Colleges had not then been received, so that no new step was taken in that matter. A petition to Parliament was unanimously agreed to, "for such changes in the Bequests Act as would render that statute—now so obnoxious—acceptable to the Prelates, Clergy and People of Ireland;" the repeal of the Mortmain clause was especially asked for. Such alterations in the Marriage Act of 1844, as would relieve the Catholic Clergy from penalties incurred by marrying a Protestant and Catho-

lic, were the subject of another petition. A third was on behalf of the children of Catholic soldiers, and the soldiers themselves, asking that they might not be compelled, under the army orders of 1844, to attend Protestant schools or Protestant worship, or read the Protestant version of the Scriptures; that the Douay Bible should be given them instead, and liberty to attend at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, on Sundays and holidays of obligation. The Vicars Apostolic of England and Scotland subsequently signed this memorial, but though its prayer has since been frequently renewed, it has not yet been granted. An address to Pius IX., to be signed by all the clergy of Ireland, was also ordered, and committed to the hands of a committee in Dublin, but we find Dr. Maginn complaining in a letter to Dr. MacHale, the following September, that these parties had "altogether neglected" it, thereby causing the proposers, "to cut but a poor figure at Rome." He was naturally impatient at this disheartening delay.

"It would have been much better had your Grace, who could have done these matters so well, not allowed a task of such high moment to pass into other hands, either incapable or unwilling to act, when your own ever ready resources could be largely drawn upon to meet this or any other emergency. I have had letters lately from Rome, stating that there is much surprise there at our silence, or rather at the silence of the Irish nation, including both clergy and people. The general expression of our gratitude for favors received at His Holiness' hands, the strong attestation of our sympathy in his present sufferings, the testimony of our marked indignation against the sacrilegious aggressors of his rights, are the very least gifts we could offer him, beset as he is

by enemies, foreign and domestic It would be well (I say it with all due deference) were your grace, without further waiting for the Dublin concoction, to come out with a form of address for Catholic Ireland breathing your wonted fire and eloquence—with your very soul in every word, to be subscribed to by us all and sent off in all haste, to console him in his difficulties and to encourage him to present a bold front to the encroachments of the Austrian infidel. I think you may offer him, in the names of the Irish Catholic clergy and people, their hearts, their hands, their all. If to die for our country be a beautiful duty, it cannot be less delightful, were it necessary, to risk life and all to preserve the chair of Peter intact, and Rome, endeared to us by a thousand recollections, the anchorage of Christian hope, the sacred centre of Christian unity—inviolable. Whatever is to be done should be done speedily, and by none other will it be done if your grace omit to do it We live in truly awful times, and charity must indeed be cold upon the earth when Catholic Christendom can stand with folded arms and look on tamely and unresistingly whilst the Redeemer of the world is outraged in the person of his Vicar, and attempts are being made by a hoary diplomatic Judas to strip the chair of the fisherman, of rights hallowed by centuries and consecrated by the dearest interests of piety and religion. The day was when a St. Bernard or a Peter the Hermit would, with words of fire, have convulsed Europe and gathered around the guilty heads of the ruthless invaders the accumulated vengeance of every follower of the cross, from the Danube to the Shannon."

We shall see in the next chapter, how thoroughly he felt that veneration and love for Rome, which he thus endeavored to demonstrate on a national scale, and which he did so much during his short episcopate, to feed and foster in the hearts of his people.

CHAPTER VI

PONTIFICATE OF PIUS IX.—ENGLISH INTRIGUES IN ITALY—LORD MINTO'S MISSION—LORD SHREWSBURY'S VISIT TO ROME—LORD CLARENDON'S PROPOSITION TO ARCHBISHOP MURRAY—THE IRISH BISHOPS OPPOSED TO THE GOVERNMENT SCHEME OF ACADEMICAL EDUCATION, SEND TWO OF THEIR NUMBER TO ROME—THE AGENTS AND INFLUENCES EMPLOYED AGAINST THEM—SUCCESS OF THE MISSION OF DRS. MACHALE AND O'HIGGINS—DR. MAGINN'S PART IN IT—INSURRECTION IN ROME—THE POPE IN EXILE—ELOQUENT PASTORAL OF DR. MAGINN ON THAT EVENT—ITS RECEPTION AT ROME, AND BY THE HOLY FATHER.

WE have now to take a glance at the diplomacy of the Irish Church, as opposed to the Protestant state, and the part our subject was called upon to bear in it.

The accession of Pius IX. to the Pontificate and the first political acts of his reign were received with loud acclamations by the British press and people. One of his first acts was an amnesty to political offenders, granted on the sole condition that they should not "abuse this act of sovereign clemency" by undertaking thereafter anything against the State. This amnesty seems to have been accepted by the majority if not all of those

who availed themselves of it in anything but good faith. They made their very professions of attachment to the Holy Father occasions for marshalling and drilling their demagogic forces. They began by mingling cries of reform with their "vivas," and proceeded to threaten the ministers, the cardinals, and especially the Jesuits. Secret societies, those nurseries of every anti-social vice, undermined the Eternal City, and had their spies and tools about the very person of the Pontiff. Brunetti, Sterbini, and other chiefs of these sons of darkness, were the real rulers of Rome, and merely tolerated Pius IX., until their conspiracy was complete. The rising of Sicily against Neapolitan oppression, the insurrections of the Lombard cities against their Austrian garrisons, the propagandism of Gioberti and Mazzini—causes good, bad, and diabolical—were all at work to throw the peninsula into ferment and confusion.

This state of affairs presented to Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston too tempting a field for intrigue to be left unoccupied. The panegyrics of their press and their parliamentary orators on the Pope as a reformer, were preliminary to their experiments on the Pope as Head of the Church. The embassy at Florence was the cover for the first approaches, and as the dangers of the Papal government began to excite the hopes and fears of friends and enemies, Lord Minto, father-in-law to the British Prime Minister, was sent on a special secret mission,

nominally to all the Italian States, but principally to Rome. The alarm as to this mission was communicated to the Irish Hierarchy by an English Prelate—Dr. Briggs, the venerable Bishop of Beverly. Of all the hierarchy of the imperial island, he was the most constant in his friendship for the sister nation. Towards the close of the year '47, the visits of Lord Minto to Rome became known, and on the 16th of December, Lord Lansdowne, in reply to a question in the House of Lords, indicated very significantly the objects of that mission. "My Lords," he said, "I believe there is no court in Europe in which it would be more useful for the British Government to explain the nature of our transactions, or to induce that court to use its *peculiar sources of influence in certain parts of Her Majesty's dominions*." Immediately on the appearance of this declaration, Dr. Briggs addressed a circular letter to the Bishops of Ireland, proposing that they should join the Prelates of England and Scotland in a memorial to His Holiness, setting forth the true relations and intentions of the civil government to the Church, and preventing false impressions from being produced or *ex parte* suggestions adopted at Rome. At the same time the English Bishops appointed the Rev. Dr. Grant (since Bishop of Southwark) their agent at Rome, while the Rev. Dr. Cullen, the present Archbishop of Dublin, discharged similar duties for the Irish Hierarchy. The joint memorial proposed by Dr.

Briggs, was duly signed and sent, and forwarded to the Pope by Dr. Grant, "through the proper ecclesiastical channel."

The Academical Education Act, as at first proposed, had been condemned at Rome in 1847, and the Hierarchy recommended to undertake, in imitation of Belgium, a Catholic university. The Prelates who opposed it throughout, rested content with their victory, many sinking into apathy towards all public affairs. The fearful famine of that year occupied almost exclusively the attention of the Episcopal Synod, which assembled in October. The Irish government, at the head of which was now placed the astute Lord Clarendon, seemed to suffer the public discussion to drop, but the college buildings at Belfast, at Cork and at Galway, gradually went up. It was apparent that, though baffled, the ministers did not consider themselves beaten, and looked forward to a renewal of their struggle with the Bishops. Lord Minto's mission naturally awakened anew the anxieties of the latter, especially when it was found that Lord Shrewsbury, a supposed favorer of the college scheme, and a person of the greatest influence at Rome, appeared simultaneously in the Eternal City. This conjunction of influences produced one effect; a letter from Cardinal Frasoni to the Irish Bishops recommending moderation and unity—thus apparently censuring their previous line of conduct. Dr. Crolly, Dr. Murray, and their friends chose to interpret

this "admonitory document" into an approbation of their views, and their interpretation was ostentatiously paraded in the government organs, the *World* and *Evening Post*.

A new combination of hopes and influences was now suddenly brought about by the French revolution of February, 1848. The sudden inflation of Young Ireland, and the threatening aspect of English and foreign affairs, obliged the viceregal administration to make fresh concessions and advances to the Hierarchy. On the 19th of March, 1848, Lord Clarendon addressed to the Archbishop of Dublin the following extraordinary letter, a copy of which found its way into the press, and created the liveliest sensation throughout the kingdom.

COPY OF THE LETTER OF LORD CLARENDON.

(Private.)

Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin.

My dear Lord,—Your Grace had the goodness to promise me that you would convey to Rome, for the consideration of the Pope, the Amended Statutes of the Queen's Colleges in Ireland, as the British Government has no official organ of communication with the Holy See.

I was happy of having the opportunity to consult your Grace before any alteration was made, because, as a Catholic Prelate, you well knew what guarantees and provisions were requisite for ensuring religious instruction to the Catholic youths who might frequent those colleges, and I was anxious that such securities should be given with the most entire good faith, and in a manner perfectly satisfactory to the Irish Prelates, who, like yourself, desired to see the true interests of morality and the Catholic religion promoted by these new Institutions.

I regret very much the delay that has taken place in the revision

of the statutes ; but I need hardly tell you that the attention of the Government was last year wholly devoted to alleviating the calamity with which it was the will of Providence that this country should be visited ; moreover, this delay was of no importance, as the colleges will not be ready for occupation before the end of the year 1849.

The whole of the statutes are at your disposal now or at any future period, that your Grace or any other Bishop may wish to see them ; but as they are very voluminous, and relate entirely to the course of instruction and the duties of the different officers of the colleges, I propose at present only to trouble you with the religious portion of them.

Accordingly I herewith send all that part of the statutes which affect, as to religious points, both professors and students, as well as an extract from the Report of the Board with reference to religious instruction.

The list of visitors is not yet settled, but I can have no hesitation in saying that it will include the Catholic Archbishop of the province, and Bishop of the diocese in which the college is situated, and that, moreover, in the council, professorships and other posts of each college, the Catholic religion will always be fully and appropriately represented ; for these colleges are instituted for the education of the middle classes, and the government would fail in its object of training up the youth of Ireland to be good men and loyal subjects, if their religious instruction and moral conduct were not duly provided for and guarded by every precaution that the most anxious solicitude can devise.

As I entertain a profound veneration for the character of the Pope, and implicitly rely upon his upright judgment, it is with pleasure that I now ask your Grace to submit these statutes to the consideration of his Holiness, believing, as I do, that they may be advantageously compared with those of any other similar institution in Europe, and that by exhibiting the care and the good faith with which they have been framed, they will furnish a simple but conclusive answer to those misrepresentations which have been so industriously circulated, and which, if they had been founded in truth, would have justly excited the alarm and called forth the reprobation of His Holiness.

I have the honor to be, with great esteem, my dear lord,

Your Grace's very faithful servant,

CLARENDON.

To His Grace Archbishop Murray, of Dublin.

Several weeks before the appearance of this letter of Lord Clarendon's, and perhaps as an improvement on Dr. Briggs' proposal, Dr. Maginn had circulated among his correspondents the suggestion of a deputation to Rome, and at a meeting of some of the Bishops and Clergy in Dublin, early in February, Dr. O'Higgins had been persuaded to act as one of the deputation. At that time Dr. MacHale positively declined, but after the appearance of Lord Clarendon's letter he consented. Both were anxious to have Dr. Maginn's company, but the poverty of his diocese, and the pressure of its long accumulating cares prevented his acceptance. The two patriot Bishops started after Easter, and on the 12th of April Dr. O'Higgins writes in high spirits, from Marseilles, that they had arrived safely the previous night, were to leave next day for Civita Vecchia, and hoped to be in Rome by the following Sunday afternoon. He pays a high compliment to Mr. Lucas of the *Tablet*, with whom they had dined in London, on the way, and who is pronounced by Dr. O'Higgins to be "real gold." The abettors of the government among the English and Irish clergy—and truth compels us to confess it—were not less energetic. Among them at that time, one reads with deep regret the illustrious name of Wiseman, whose personal treatment at their hands, a few years later, was but a new illustration of the old maxim, "put not your trust in princes." Acting with Dr. Wiseman, and ap-

parently under him was Dr. Nicholson, Archbishop of Corfu, the British capital of the Ionian Islands, whose annual income was derived from the British treasury. The Irish Hierarchy beheld with special indignation the intermeddling of this foreign dignitary in their domestic affairs, and loudly complained of his officiousness to the Roman authorities. The Rev. Dr. Ennis, a highly respectable Parish Priest of the diocese of Dublin, reached Rome early in May, to represent the views and wishes of Dr. Murray and the minority of the Bishops. Thus there were present, knocking at the gates of the Propaganda, representatives of all classes of British and Irish Catholics, as well as of the civil government of the empire, each hanging with breathless suspense on the lips of the Sovereign Pontiff. The college question was the one then uppermost, but it was plainly one of a series; had the civil power succeeded in that, farther encroachments on the independence of the Church would have inevitably followed; hence, the wisdom of those who defended so desperately that first fortress on the line of attack. It is an inspiring and a glorious sight to see the Irish Bishops checkmate and defeat at Rome, to the edification of all Christendom, the wildest plans of British diplomacy. In the natural order they were the sons of peasants; without any other wealth than the free-will offerings of their flocks; theologically educated indeed, but all untrained in those courtly arts by which even the good cause is

often best served; against them were the Russells, the Temples, the Elliotts, men in whose houses the lessons of diplomacy were taught from earliest youth; men who could speak with all the authority of the greatest modern empire; men who had grown grey and historical in the management of public affairs. And the Judges of this appeal were worthy to decide any cause. The new Pope, the very impersonation of benignity, charity and justice; the profound Lambruschini, the beneficent Gizzi, the venerable Frasoni, the sagacious Antonelli, were among his High Officers of State. Before these illustrious men and their colleagues, the case of the Irish Church against the British Government, of freedom of education against the intellectual despotism of state control, came in a form of appeal demanding decision, in the troubled and momentous year of 1848.

Rome is proverbially slow. The Church, says De Maistre somewhere, being for all time, is never in a hurry—or some such expression. The various parties to the appeal were detained in Rome, or came and went, from April till October. In this interval Dr. Maginn, Dr. McNally and Dr. Cantwell, seem to have had the management of “the home department” of the opposition. Dr. Maginn especially was the “chief secretary” throughout this business. In the spring and early summer, while engaged in a visitation of his diocese, during which he confirmed about 6,000 souls, he found time for letter after

letter, to the authorities and the Irish agents at Rome. In one of his Latin letters to Cardinal Frasoni, he gave with his usual energy, a character of Dr. Nicholson, which was supposed to have some effect in procuring the order for that dignitary to withdraw from Rome to his own diocese. Writing in May, to the Bishop of Clogher, Dr. Maginn expresses great pleasure at the result of that skirmish. "I gave the Cardinal in my last letter," he says, "an account of that gentleman, which may have done some service in the way of having him ordered home to mind his own business." The contest proceeded during six months with various fortunes. A pamphlet printed in the Eternal City, containing some extracts from extreme speeches or writings of the Patriot Bishops—especially the two who were in Rome—was industriously circulated. A sharp correspondence between Dr. MacHale and Lord Shrewsbury, and a formal complaint of Mr. J. R. Corballis, of the Bequests and Education Boards, were also presented to the prejudice of their cause. Against these Dr. Brigg's address and Dr. Maginn's powerful letters, were chiefly relied on. In May, Dr. O'Higgins wrote in sanguine spirits to the Bishop of Clogher; in June the prospect was thought to be gloomy; finally, Dr. O'Higgins wrote on the 14th of September to Dr. Maginn: "we have at length left our final *expose* in print, with the Pope and the Cardinals. The case will be discussed on the 25th of this month, in

a full congregation, and the opinions of their eminences will be laid before the Pope on the following Sunday.”* Accordingly, on the expected day, the Pope issued his rescript to the Irish Prelates, renewing the condemnation of the Queen’s colleges, exhorting them to erect a Catholic university, as the Belgians had done at Louvaine, directing that the meetings of the Prelates should be held in due synodical form, and requiring accurate reports of the state of each diocese. On the 10th of November, the Primate communicated the substance of these documents to Bishop Maginn, who seized on the occasion with his usual quickness of perception.

“I wrote him,” he reports to Dr. McNally, “in reply to his favor, a rather ingenious letter, in which I congratulated him and the body on the prospect of perfect union of mind and purpose among us for the future. I insinuated the powerful effect it would produce upon the sectaries; the beneficial influence it would have upon religion and country, were his Grace to give his public approval of the decision of the Holy See by his laying in person amid the assembled prelacy and people the foundation stone of our new university. You will, I am sure, be surprised to hear—agreeably surprised to hear—that his Grace has consented, as soon as we can have the plans of our new university arranged, not only to assist at laying but to lay, *in propria persona et propriis manibus*, its foundation stone.”

“This,” he adds, “I think is a victory enhancing the triumph at Rome, and which will be the occasion of spreading consternation among our enemies.”

Although Dr. Maginn did not live to see the actual commencement of that great work of which he had been

* For this and Dr. Maginn’s other Roman correspondence, see Appendix.

so early and so judicious an advocate, it is due to his memory to give this extract—though evidently thrown off in a moment of private confidence—as entitling him to be reckoned among the founders of the Catholic University of Ireland.

While these affairs were occupying all minds in Ireland, the position of the Holy Father, who had thus rescued the cause of Catholic education from imminent danger, was becoming daily more intolerable at Rome. During the very days when the Irish Church was exulting over its great deliverance, the august Pontiff had to behold the assassination of Count Rossi, his minister, and of Monseigneur Palma, one of his secretaries. He himself remained a prisoner in the hands of the radical faction, from the 15th of November. His faithful Swiss were dismissed, and the Civic Guard, the creatures of the demagogue Sterbini, became his jailors. On the evening of the 24th, assisted by the Duke d'Harcourt, ambassador of France, and the Count Spaur, ambassador of Bavaria, he escaped from the Quirinal, in the disguise of an attaché of the Bavarian embassy, under the title of "doctor," and in a few hours was safely lodged in Gaeta. On the 16th of July following, his authority was restored in Rome by the French, under General Oudinot. His exile, therefore, may be said to have lasted precisely eight months.*

* For some interesting details of these events, consult Dr. Cullen's letter in the Appendix

The Bishop of Derry, duly informed of all that took place at Rome, rose from a sick bed on the intelligence of the Pope's flight reaching Ireland, to prepare that pastoral letter, which of itself would embalm his memory in the undying charity of all Catholic hearts. Hitherto he had addressed Rome on the wrongs of Ireland—now he was to address Ireland on the wrongs of Rome. And not only Ireland; for, since the admission of the Catholics to civil rights in the British empire, it is the privilege of the Irish Church to make her notes of challenge or of warning heard throughout the earth. There is, perhaps, no division of the Church militant whose word goes so far or strikes so deep. Her great living writers know this well; her Doyles and her Maginns also proved it in their day. We have seen in Roman newspapers long extracts from the letters to Lord Stanley; the Paris, Belgian, American and Catholic journals spread the sentiments conceived in the quiet cottage at Buncrana over two continents. In his Pastoral on the Pope's exile, Dr. Maginn felt the height of his position, and his voice went forth with immense effect. His English is more smooth and compact than usual; his high heroic spirit soars above the *orbis in urbis*, like its own eagle, with an eye that penetrates to the east and the west, to the dawn and the sunset, through ancient days and modern events.*

* See Appendix for this Epistle entire

This pastoral conveyed and read to the Holy Father at Gaeta drew forth his warmest approbation. A previous letter of the Bishop's received before His Holiness' flight, had the honor of a direct acknowledgment from the illustrious object of it.* It is hardly too much to say that in those eventful days no Irish Prelate stood higher at Rome than Dr. Maginn, and that the personal influence thus honorably obtained promised the best results for the future relations of the Irish Church with the Holy See.

* See Dr. Cullen's letter of September 5, 1848. Appendix.

CHAPTER VII.

INFLUENCE OF THE FAMINE ON PUBLIC SPIRIT—DR. MAGINN'S LETTERS ON "TENANT-RIGHT"—HIS LETTERS TO LORD STANLEY—HIS POPULARITY—EFFECT OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION ON IRELAND—PATRIOTIC ATTEMPTS TO RE-UNITE THE NATIONAL PARTIES—THE PROTESTANT REPEALERS AND MR. SHARMAN CRAWFORD, M. P.—EXTRAORDINARY CIRCULAR OF THE EARL OF SHREWSBURY—THE YOUNG IRELAND CATASTROPHE—DR. MAGINN'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE CASTLE IN RELATION THERETO—HIS SYMPATHY WITH THE DEFEATED PARTY AND THE STATE PRISONERS.

NOR was Dr. Maginn's attention wholly or even principally directed to Roman affairs and English intrigues, in those eventful years '47 and '48. The condition of the poor, the distribution of the charities of many countries, the niggardliness and maladministration of the government grants, the stealthy ravages of proselytism following famine like its shadow—all claimed his attention. It was in this year, the second of his episcopacy, that by a succession of public services to the country and religion, his talents became familiarly known and widely influential. Of these we shall speak in the order of time.

After O'Connell's death, and the second general failure

of the potato harvest, social questions were forced upon the Irish mind with an emphasis, which in less calamitous times, would have been quite thrown away on that imaginative and immaterialist nation. The question of the land, superceded "repeal" in the hearts of most men not wholly broken down by the pressure of the times and taxes. An "Irish Council" to promote reproductive employment on the soil, taking the government loan as the capital and improved modes of cultivation as the method, sat regularly in Dublin. It contained many patriotic men; Lord Cloncurry, Sir Colman O'Loughlen, Mr. Butt, Mr. Duffy, Mr. O'Brien, Mr. Chetwode, Mr. Monsell, the poet Ferguson, and many more. Its first meeting had been attended by O'Connell, who soon after made a last mournful plea for the poor in Parliament, and went abroad to die. The Young Ireland party endeavored to become practical, and began to study in statistics and political economy. The decaying association contributed its slower impulse to the general current of men's minds. Tenant-right meetings were held in Ulster; throughout the North generally, a fierce agitation sprung up in opposition to the imposition of an average poor-rate all over the island. Sir Robert Peel's dictum that "the property of Ireland should be made to support the poverty of Ireland," was looked upon by the industrious tenant of the North with as much dislike as by the mortgage-ridden squire of the South. They both held that

the calamity being imperial, the relief ought to be imperial; that the taxation of each union should be rated according to its internal condition; that employment for labor, and legal security for improvements on land, was what the country wanted, not alms and an army of fresh officials. These discussions certainly turned the Irish mind into new channels, and although there was a digression to revolutionary experiments in '48, that mind has ever since, it seems to me, kept the direction the famine gave it.

Dr. Maginn, gifted with the intuitive eye of a wise patriot, was one of the first in the new field of discussion. His letters to the Cork Tenant league, to Dr. McKnight of Derry, and to James Caufield, Esq., were among the earliest and the best writings on the land question. Taken in connection with his evidence before the Devon Commission, they form a monument of information and observation on the social state of Ireland.*

At the close of '47, Dr. Maginn considered himself called upon to rebut and refute in a series of letters to Lord Stanley, an intolerable statement made by that nobleman in his place in Parliament against the priesthood of Ireland. The words spoken on the 23rd of November, in the House of Lords, were these:

"In the main," said Lord Stanley, "I think the Roman Catholic priesthood to be untiring in the discharge of their religious duties, de-

* See Appendix.

voting themselves to their faith, and sparing neither pains nor time in the due performance of the functions of their holy office. But I must not conceal the fact, that the Roman Catholic priesthood of Ireland do not lend themselves to the support of the law. There is a fatal breach between the Roman Catholic clergy and the law; the confessional is conducted with a degree of secretness, and carried to an extent dangerous alike to the civil government and the peace of the country. The priest conceals the secrets of the guilty penitent, and is ever ready to denounce the informer. Among recent instances there are many startling proofs of the knowledge or connivance of the priesthood in the sanguinary crimes of the peasantry."

On this text, Dr. Maginn wrote those three right manly and eloquent letters, which will be found in our Appendix, under the title "Letters to Lord Stanley."* Coming out immediately after his brilliant letters on Tenant-right, they crowned his reputation with a religious triumph, and made him almost immediately, after Dr. MacHale, the most popular Bishop in the Kingdom. The name of Derry became familiar where it had long sounded strange; it was gratefully recognized as one of the popular strongholds of the Tenants' cause; everything that bore its date was carefully read and pondered, and men blessed God that he had raised up in those dark, perplexing days, its gifted and courageous Bishop.

Among the new correspondents attracted to him by the letters to Lord Stanley, was the faithful and eccentric Tom Steele, "O'Connell's Head Pacificator of Ireland," as he proudly styled himself. A couple of very curious and characteristic letters of poor Steele's, will be

* Appendix.

found among the documents in this volume.* Other and more important correspondents he also gained about the same time, but we doubt if any accession to his list could have gratified him more than that of O'Connell's most faithful adherent. His own attachment to the deceased leader had been almost as enthusiastic as Steele's. He was one of his sincerest followers living, and one of the most deeply affected of all the immense multitude who followed him to his honored rest, in Glasnevin cemetery.

It had been one of O'Connell's most cherished objects to transfer the party he had formed—if two-thirds of a nation may justly be designated a party—to the leadership of his favorite son, John. Those who were nearest the capital of the agitation early saw that Mr. John O'Connell had neither the gifts of mind, body or temper, necessary to supply his father's place. To throw on him the whole blame of "the secession" of 1846, would be unfair and untrue; there was on the the other side some precipitancy, much self-opinion, and great recklessness of consequences. Had, however, the new candidate for chieftainship possessed the ordinary qualities by which power once created is conserved, there is little doubt that the majority of the present generation would have faithfully followed him. We write with the impartiality

* See Appendix.

of many added years of experience, when we avow our firm conviction that he was wholly deficient in the amenity, generosity, vigor and justice so necessary in the successor to a popular sovereignty. The patriotic prelates who had most heartily entered into the fond father's views, began one by one to make this discovery, as time wore on. In June, '48, we find the Bishop of Clogher, one of the most devoted friends of O'Connell, writing to Dr. Maginn: "Mr. J. O'Connell is pursuing a course which will strengthen his opponents and leave him powerless. I made an effort last week to communicate briefly to him my poor opinion, but my letter, though not marked as such, he has, I suppose, looked upon as 'private,' likewise Dr. Blake's—" the aged Bishop of Dromore. It is plain, from the letters of several Bishops which we have seen, that, though no one could be more obsequiously humble while they were co-operating with him, he could also be petulantly self-willed when they became his catechists or counsellors. Like most small minds he seems to have mistaken obstinacy for firmness, and to have clung the more desperately to his few driftless ideas, as adviser after adviser parted his company. It is impossible to account for his conduct in the first half of '48, on the hypothesis of his political honesty, without admitting the aggravating ill effects of his most unfortunate temper.

The political torpor of 1847 was thoroughly dispelled

by the French Revolution of February, '48, and the stirring events that followed it. Every lover of the country was stirred by the glorious opportunity presented. The high-spirited old peers, Lord Cloncurry and Lord French, who remembered Ireland before the Union, declared emphatically for its "repeal;" Lord Wallscourt, a Connaught proprietor, half French socialist, half feudal chief, joined the Young Ireland party; Lord Miltown returned to the old one. Many patriotic Priests began to agitate the union of both sections, and the co-operation of the Bishop of Derry was earnestly solicited.

Dr. Maginn's relations at that time to each section, may best be stated in the language of his own letters. In '47 he had given in his adhesion to Mr. John O'Connell, in a public letter characterized by all his usual fervor and energy. In acknowledgment of this adhesion, he received the following reply from Mr. John O'Connell :

DALKEY, (GOWRAN HILL,) DUBLIN, *May*, 8, 1847.

Right Rev. my Very Dear Lord :

I am in receipt of the great and kind favor of your lordship's condescending letter enclosing ten pounds, (half note,) your own munificent donation and that of your respected clergy to the Repeal Rent. I say *munificent*, for its actual magnitude is enhanced by the circumstances of the terrible distress and terrible burthens upon you, which the calamity of the country has caused.

I shall of course observe your lordship's injunction as to not giving the names to the papers. How is it possible I can thank you for your generous, your affectionate kindness to my dear, dear father ! Alas, he is in a *very* low state. The *hope* is yet left to us, in addition to our

humble trust that Providence raised him up for a special purpose, and will support him to its accomplishment.

If I want words to thank you for him, how can I possibly hope to express my feelings at the surpassing kindness and generous encouragement of your *too*—I must say *FAR too high* opinion of myself. Would to God I in any way merited it! *Then I might* be of use to poor Ireland; whereas now I can do little more than give her my heart's best wishes, and if need were, its blood.

The attempted conference between "YOUNG" and "OLD" Ireland has failed of good results, and the "Nation" fiercely attacks me upon the *untrue*—most *utterly untrue*—assertion that I contemplated *alliance and place-seeking with and from* the government. In the "Nation" itself they have been obliged to give my correction of this gross mis-statement, although they so furiously attack me. They also attack me because I refused to consent—at least without my father's assent duly had, to the dissolution of the Association, to spare the Young Irelanders the "mortification," as they alleged, of re-joining the body. They want to establish a new body, made up of the old, and of their own confederation; but *OBJECT* to the *spirit*, as well as the *sense* of the peace resolutions, (see "Nation," leading article this day,) although they talk of taking counsel's opinion on the rules of the new body, whatever kind of thing it should turn out to be. They are very indignant at my not at once consenting to give up the association *that weathered the storm* of the state-prosecutions, &c., &c.

Coupling this with the *exceedingly* violent speeches made on recent occasions by Meagher, O'Gorman, Mitchel and Doheny, I do not indeed, my dear lord, see how it is possible, at least at present, to make another advance towards these gentlemen. Their language is getting every day more and more inflammatory, and there is an attempt at fraternization with the fag-end of the *implacable* Orange party, who *delude* them with some fair words, and who really want to gather aid against what they call "priestly encroachments."

We have no immediate letter about my dear father, at least that I have as yet seen—(2 P.M.) but by the newspapers we learn he has been again able to move a little way on—slowly. I fear he cannot possibly go farther than the South of France this summer. Believe me, reverend my dear lord, most respectfully and most heartily your much obliged and very faithful,

JOHN O'CONNELL.

At the end of the previous year, just at the time "the Irish Confederation" was founded, and six months after the secession, he had the following correspondence with Mr. Duffy, Editor of the *Nation*:

DR. MAGINN TO MR. DUFFY.

Dear Sir—I herewith send you a post-office order, amount, £1 6s., due, or 'coming due, for the *Nation* newspaper. You will have the goodness to desist, for the present, sending it to me, lest my continuing a subscriber should be interpreted an approval of a schism inauspiciously begun and mischievously persevered in. Having had the pleasure of an early acquaintance with your respectable family, I do candidly say that I took an interest in everything that appertained to you, and was proud, as a Northman, of the exceedingly able paper which you edited. Since, however, it has become an instrument of dissension, advocating the eternal separation of those whom a common aim and object should unite in the strong sentiments of brotherhood, and aspersing the sacred character of one so justly dear, even had he a thousand faults, to every genuine Irishman, to retain it longer must seem a dereliction of duty. If you were to take the advice of one who wishes you well, I would in all earnestness recommend, for the good of your country, a sacrifice of your own cherished opinions—a forgetfulness and a forgiveness of whatever wrongs you may think you have endured, and a speedy reconciliation with "the Liberator." If nothing else could induce you to take this advice, the fact of your paper becoming the pet of the unblushing haters of your country, should make you perceive that your present course is not a proper one. Believe me, since Mr. O'Connell's proposed reconciliation, public opinion is fast ebbing from you, and the abettors of your party are here merely a few among the dregs of society, whose support of any cause must prove its ruin. To speak thus to you gives me exceeding pain, and were I not your friend I would have been more brief and less candid.

I am, dear Sir, yours truly, ✠ EDWARD MAGINN.

MR. DUFFY TO DR. MAGINN.

January 6, 1847.

My Dear Lord—I am sincerely obliged by your kind letter and by the motives that suggested it; and I am not the less grateful to your

lordship for your personal kindness because you deem it right to discontinue the *Nation* on the grounds stated. But in my own justification I must remind your lordship, that it was not I nor my friends who commenced the quarrel, nor is it our fault that it continues. We would willingly have gone back to the Association, if Mr. O'Connell had consented to a fair audit of the accounts for the future—they have been *unfairly* audited and disbursed hitherto—and to a real, *bona fide*, honest agitation for Repeal. His refusal of those concessions left us no option but to join what appears to us, who have seen the working of the system for years, the mere pretence of a Repeal Agitation, conducted with personal objects alone, or to take the course we have taken.

I am sorry to learn from your lordship that our supporters in Derry are of such a character; but we did not choose these men, and do not communicate with them; while on the other hand, we know that the men of best character and ability, prominent in the agitation, have openly sympathized with us. But in either case, the opinions, not the men, are the questions of importance.

I trust, and indeed feel convinced, that time will convince your lordship that the Seceders had, and have, no other object than the honest service of their country.

Believe me, my dear lord, very faithfully yours,

C. G. DUFFY.

The Right Rev. Dr. Maginn, Bishop of Derry.

Subsequently, we will find the hope expressed in Mr. Duffy's letter fulfilled by the change wrought in Dr. Maginn's mind. It was not, however, a change of principle, but a modification in his estimate of persons, brought about by a closer and more lengthened observation of the principles in "the secession."

Immediately after the French Revolution, the Rev. Dr. Miley, of Dublin, who had accompanied O'Connell in his last journey and closed his eyes in death, believing the time to be propitious, resolved to renew the attempts of the preceding year for a "Union of all Repealers."

In conveying to the Bishop a printed proposition of Dr. Gentili's, that all Ireland should be placed under the special patronage of the Blessed Virgin under the title of the Immaculate Conception, Dr. Miley writes, in March:

While I was absent from home—in England—I saw with reviving hope for our down-trodden Ireland, some statement to the effect that your lordship was occupied on some plan for setting us in motion on the uphill, but still sacred, enterprize of battling BY TONGUE AND PEN for the rights, and against the wrongs, of our country. I beg most earnestly to offer myself as a conscript in this crusade under the *gonfalon*, which I trust ere long your lordship will unfold to the longing eyes of as many amongst us as have not as yet acquiesced in slavery, or been guilty of despairing of a cause which Christianity convinces us must be in the highest favor with the Almighty.

Never were the minds of the empire so intently turned on this country as now. Never, I believe, did there exist such a disposition to be enlightened as to the *mystery* of its misfortunes. Now, my Lord, if some fifteen or twenty good men and true of the clergy, if possible, with your lordship and a few more of our prelates (should that be deemed expedient), were to assemble quietly here in Dublin, and having well digested the case of Ireland in their conference together, and apportioned the subjects to come together with certain lay gentlemen, (if it should be deemed advisable), and by speeches *well prepared and full of facts* and by reports to break out suddenly amidst this silence of expectation, with such an impeachment of the misrule and the grievances to which our misery is to be traced as no one could deny or refute—don't you think, my Lord, that the best results might follow, especially were we to take judicious and effectual measures, by a standing committee, occasional meetings, reports, and deputations to England, &c., &c., to follow up the blow with continuous and persevering exertion? This would rid us of all by-gones, whether leagues or associations, and of all old factious responsibilities; it would lift up hope in the people; it would keep the clergy in their position, that is, at the helm. If your lordship would not, or could not, be present—which Heaven forbid!—would you not commission some one or two

of your clergy to take part in such meeting? It is *another* opportunity which, if not seized, we shall be sure to see when there is no remedy. Of course, to arouse the world to a sense of the despotism, making haste to come in the now, alas! familiar form of famine, and to force the rulers either to do their duty or be disgraced, should form a main object of that meeting. I know your lordship will generously and readily excuse the liberty with which I have written, and believe me to be your lordship's ever faithfully and most respectfully, J. MILER.

Dr. Maginn received this proposition with all the heartiness of his nature, and out of the correspondence sprung those conferences between Young and Old Ireland which, in the month of June following, led to the dissolution of both "the Association" and "the Confederation," and the formation from both of "the Irish League." The share of Dr. Maginn in this coalition, then so promising, was active and influential from the first. A mob in Limerick having been excited to break up a Young Ireland meeting, and offer personal violence to Mr. Smith O'Brien, in April, Dr. Maginn took advantage of the occasion to offer Mr. O'Brien, by letter, the assurance of his personal sympathy and regard. This letter we have not found among his papers, but Mr. O'Brien's reply indicates its cordial character:

MR. O'BRIEN TO DR. MAGINN.

DRUID LODGE, KILKENNY, May 5, 1848.

My Dear Lord:

Your very kind letter, prompted by the most generous emotions, has been productive of the sentiments which you desired, in writing it, to inspire. I need not assure your Lordship that the bodily injury which I have sustained in consequence of the affair at Limerick, has not been deemed by me worthy of consideration, but I confess that my

my spirit is deeply wounded by this occurrence, and that my hopes for Ireland's freedom have been greatly discouraged by it.

The assurances which I receive from every quarter, that the perversity which gave occasion to this proceeding finds no support or approval amongst any portion of the Repealers of Ireland, tend, indeed, to counteract its consequences, both as regards myself and the Cause; and you will believe me when I say that such a manifestation of feeling could emanate from few persons with more soothing effect, than from your Lordship. Accept, therefore, my very sincere thanks for your very gratifying letter.

A circumstance has occurred with regard to your Lordship's letter, which, I trust, will not cause you as much anxiety as it has occasioned to me. I received it to-day when in Dublin, engaged with several visitors, read it hastily, and not perceiving that you were desirous that it should be regarded as a confidential communication, intimated its contents to those present. Upon re-perusing it carefully, when I returned home, I found that you are desirous that your name should not be mentioned in connection with your subscription to the Defence Fund. I instantly dispatched a messenger to the Office of the *Nation* to stop the publication of your name, and trust that I have thus atoned for the inadvertence of which I had been guilty.

Believe me, my dear Lord, your very obliged friend,

W. S. O'BRIEN.

Simultaneously with his entering into communication with Mr. O'Brien, the Bishop had urged the necessity of a re-union on Mr. John O'Connell, Mr. Duffy, and other gentlemen. Their replies will show the spirit in which they received these paternal advices:

MR. JOHN O'CONNELL TO DR. MAGINN.

[*Private.*]

May 31, 1848

My Revered Good Lord:

Duty and respectful attention make me anxious to submit to you the result, so far as yet obtained, of our "*conferences*" with the Confederates.

After our next meeting, Friday, I expect we shall meet no more; but shall each be calling on the country to discountenance the other.

I send a similar document to Dr. Cantwell; and I am, my revered Lord, most deeply, respectfully, and faithfully, yours ever,

JOHN O'CONNELL.

MR. JOHN O'CONNELL TO DR. MAGINN.

DUBLIN, June 7, 1848.

My Dear and much respected Lord:

I am truly happy that your Lordship approves of what has as yet been done.

You may depend on my doing my best to forward the re-union of Repealers so much desired.

I shall do so *heartily* and in earnest, while in my own mind, doubting much the decision the country has made; and fearing the results, I am, my dear Lord, with deep respect, esteem, and affection,

Yours most faithfully,

JOHN O'CONNELL.

MR. DUFFY TO DR. MAGINN.

MORTON RANELAGH. June 22, 1848.

My Dear Lord,—I am exceedingly sorry that I have been deceived into using your Lordship's name in connexion with the Derry meeting. The Confederation were certainly under the deluded impression that the movement was one countenanced by you, and since it is not, I am tolerably sure they will not take part in it.

There is no longer any impediment to the Irish League but mere personal hesitation on the part of Mr. John O'Connell. At a meeting of the "Conference last night, he proposed to retire from politics for some time, to give the League a fair trial; but as it was apprehended that his retirement would deter some of the clergy from going, he was strongly urged not to do so. It is not yet certain how he will act. Believe me, my dear lord, very truly yours,

C. G. DUFFY

The Right Rev. Dr. Maginn.

P. S. I too think Mr. Kenyon's letter most indiscreet and injurious; but we must not allow the escapades of individuals, on either side, to separate the Irish people any longer.

The protraction of these meetings was most perilous and impolitic at such a season of excitement, and truth compels us to declare that the delay was mainly, if not

solely, the work of Mr. John O'Connell. At an early sitting he asked a fortnight's delay, which was granted; at the next he asked a second fortnight, which was again granted. In that eventful month the impetuous Mitchel was arrested, the suspension of the *habeas corpus* was determined on, whole counties were proclaimed under martial law, the Club system expanded with dangerous suddenness, and the country, long accustomed to associated control, was abandoned to the frenzy of the hour. A month's time wasted in indecision, under the circumstances, was a national calamity of the most serious kind, and this calamity the unworthy son of O'Connell brought assuredly upon his country.

While this willful waste of time was made at Dublin, gleams of hope arose and shone for Ireland in most unexpected quarters. A society called "The Protestant Repeal Association" had been improvised in the capital, out of the more advanced members of "the Irish Council." Mr. Vance, Mr. Ferguson, Mr. Ireland—all able and honorable men—were its founders. Greater names were whispered as to come. Mr. Sharman Crawford, the Nestor of Ulster liberalism, was certainly well disposed towards this movement, as the following letter will show :

MR. SHARMAN CRAWFORD TO DR. MAGINN.

LONDON, May 9, 1848.

My Dear Lord,—I did not till yesterday receive your kind letter of the 3d inst., it having arrived at my residence after my departure for

London, it was forwarded after me to this place, and this was the cause of delay in my receiving it.

I am truly thankful for the expressions of confidence which it contains. I can assure you I should feel it the proudest day of my life, if I could lead on the Protestant population of Ulster in an effort for the restoration of a domestic Parliament.

I have always felt that no good could arise from the Repeal of the Union, if carried in hostility to Protestant feeling. If, however, the Protestant interest can be brought to bear upon it favorably, I conceive it to be the only chance of salvation for Ireland. I expect that in a few days you will see my sentiments more fully developed on this point. I was requested to attend a meeting of the Dublin Protestant Repeal Association. It was not in my power to do so. I, however, wrote a letter in terms which, I trust, you will consider calculated to foster the Protestant movement. It will probably be published in the report of the meeting which was appointed to take place this day. I agree with you that an amalgamation of Protestant support with that of your denomination, in this great, and, I think, just cause, is the only escape which we can look forward to from continued and increasing agitation, discord and confusion, and perhaps in the end to that greatest of all evils, *civil war*. You may depend on my using every effort in my power to give effect to Protestant opinion on this question, if a sufficient body of my brethren come forward to indicate it.

Yours, my dear lord, faithfully,

W. SHARMAN CRAWFORD.

Right Rev. Dr. Maginn, &c., &c., &c.

About this time the following extraordinary proposition was sent in circular form from the Earl of Shrewsbury's friend, the Rev. Dr. Winter, to all the Irish Bishops:

LORD SHREWSBURY'S CIRCULAR, RECOMMENDING A NEW REPEAL
AGITATION.

[Copy.]

ALTON TOWERS, April 6, 1848.

Dear Dr. Winter:

Each day the condition of Ireland seems to me more and more alarming. Hitherto I have ever been an enemy to Repeal, because I conceived repeal to be Republicanism, and republicanism to be Communism.

besides which I always hoped for justice to Ireland by some less dangerous process, and was also satisfied that the power of England was capable of maintaining order and subordination in Ireland till that happy day should arrive. But the French Revolution has changed all things, and put at nought all our calculations. Now I begin to feel even Repeal might be a blessing—it might save Ireland from Rebellion and England from Chartism. If all would become Repealers; if the whole Hierarchy of Ireland would embrace Repeal as the last hope of averting the dreadful alternative of civil war—and the certain consequence of civil war, if it were successful, Communism—then, indeed, we might expect to see a less deplorable result. If the whole Clergy of Ireland were united in the cry for Repeal, it would also unite with them a large body of the middle classes, and even a very numerous landed proprietary. In this case they would be able, it is to be hoped, to guide the destinies of the people into a more moderate course, and retain them under the influence of religion. Whereas, if Repeal were the consequence of rebellion, the government of the rabble would be the result, and Ireland would be France on a small scale at the very best.

The present administration is infatuated, and I feel confident that we have no hope from them. Their intentions are equally good, but they have not the energy to carry them out, and give for a reason that the prejudices of Scotland and England are too great to be surmounted by anything less than bloodshed and confusion, both here and in Ireland.

If, then, a sufficiently formidable display of Repealers could be organized, I think the Government would resign their power to Sir Robert Peel, to whom every one looks forward as the probable Saviour of his country. This would be another hope; for, perhaps, *Peel's justice*, and the settlement of the Church question, might even avert Repeal itself; if not, *he* would be far more likely to make the necessary sacrifice to escape that most awful of all calamities, Civil War. In fine, things cannot go on as they are, and any expedient is worth the trial for the safety of the Empire. Ireland, alas! is not like Sicily, but is full of antagonistic races and antagonistic principles; so that unless the whole power of the Catholic clergy were brought to bear upon the conduct of the legislature in case of Repeal, we should soon be involved in a worse predicament than that from which Ireland is now seeking to escape. All, then, will depend upon the assertion of sound principles by the clergy; if they fall into Republicanism,

and Republicanism is to lead to Communism and Infidelity, we had far better fight it out, and leave the issue to God.

I have written to my good friend, Dr. Ennis, much in the same strain. I wish you would see him, and give me your united opinion on the matter.

Believe me, dear Dr. Winter, most truly and faithfully yours,

SHREWSBURY.

P.S.—I think, also, that the present moment presents a more favorable opportunity for Repeal, than any other, because our own difficulties, both internal and external, will prevent us acting the bully. We should be willing to adjust matters upon amicable terms, and put up with inconveniences which, under other circumstances, would cause a collision.

A small but respectable section of the Irish gentry, who did not go quite so far as repeal, began to meet at the eminent Surgeon Carmichael's, and subsequently at the Rotunda, to advocate alternate sittings of Parliament in Dublin, Edinburgh and London. Colonel Robinson, Dr. Grattan, Mr. Chetwode, Dr. Graves, Dr. Carmichael, and Lord Cloncurry were engaged in this advocacy, when the Young Ireland explosion frightened them into retirement.

The knowledge that such elements of strength were, or could be, gathered, made men like Dr. Maginn feverishly anxious for the successful termination of the "Conferences." We shall let Dr. Miley relate the various fortunes of the negotiation :

DR. MILEY TO DR. MAGINN.

METROPOLITAN CHURCH, DUBLIN, May 3, 1858.

My Dear Lord,—Your Lordship's letter of the 29th ult. appeared to me so highly calculated to cheer and confirm the Hon. member for Limerick, in that much of his course which challenges confidence and

approval, and to set him right as to that portion of it in which he may have gone wrong, that I did not hesitate to give it him to read just after I had received it on Monday last. No one can be better disposed than he is, more entirely devoted to the cause, or happier at receiving suggestions and advice, especially from the bishops and clergy. I know that he feels profoundly grateful for your Lordship's sympathy and exertions in his behalf, and I trust that his career henceforward will be such as more than ever to merit this favor.

Although that affair in Limerick is in some respects a very unfortunate one, it is still an unequivocal proof of the constancy of the people, and that no man can induce them to trample on gratitude, even in the enthusiasm of their pursuit after liberty. There is also reason to hope that it may be made the means of bringing about a more satisfactory understanding between the two sections than has as yet been effected. Some overtures have been made to me by leading confederates this forenoon to that effect; and I hope of the Repeal Committee, to which I am just now about to go, that something may be devised to bring about an arrangement by which the recurrence of such collisions may be prevented, and the two bodies brought to some extent into harmony. Without this, success or safety can hardly be hoped for.

Your Lordship will be happy to learn that I have succeeded, quite contrary to the anticipations of my friends, in obtaining permission from His Grace, Dr. Murray, to have the anniversary office for the Liberator in our church here on the 16th of this month. Nothing shall be left undone to make the solemnity everything that it ought to be; perhaps, too, the assembling of the prelates and clergy which may be expected to take place from all parts of the country, would afford a favorable opportunity for putting forth some joint expression of opinion and feeling as to the calamitous condition to which English misrule has brought ourselves and our people. Rev. Mr. Maher, of Carlow, has been induced to devote himself to the preparation of a detailed statement of the horrors of the last two years. Would your Lordship consider the matter regarding which I have already written to Dr. Cantwell, and intend to write to some of the other prelates and clergy. What makes the opportunity particularly valuable in my mind is this that the prelates and clergy who will assemble are likely to be all, or nearly all, of the *right sort*, and therefore that the danger of any split or misunderstanding, in any meeting it may be deemed proper to hold, would be got rid of; and, again, that the occasion of our coming together would be such as to prevent others from taking alarm and at

tempting any counter movement. As to your Lordship's presence, I most earnestly and respectfully entreat it, as also a word of advice as to how the opportunity should be turned to the best account.

The enclosed most extraordinary document will speak for itself. It was to it I alluded in Conciliation Hall on Monday fortnight ; and what gives importance to the views and statements in it is, that it was written after the noble Earl had had a long conference with Palmerston, Russell, Lord Lansdowne and Sir George Gray on the expediency of at once conceding the Repeal of the Union.

Believe me to be, my dear Lord,

Most devotedly yours,

J. MILEY.

Right Rev. Dr. Maginn, &c., &c., &c.

DUBLIN, *May 13, 1848*

* * * We had a meeting last night of the leaders of the three associations, Conciliation Hall, Confederation, and the Protestant Repeal Association. In some respects I have not been cheered by the result. I fear the men will not work earnestly and heartily together. The O'Connells are for loitering, and parry new attempts too much ; the Confederates tend to the opposite extreme ; and the Protestants, keen, well-intrenched and full of intelligence, seem disposed to take up a position of observation. We had, however, some material explanations, which may be useful. Mr. Ferguson having stated, as did Mr. Ireland also, that the Protestants were mainly withheld by the dread that the Irish Parliament would be inundated by representatives from the Catholic clergy, I ventured to assert that such an apprehension was groundless ; that the Catholic clergy were anxious only for the independence and prosperity of their country, and not for parliamentary honors. Messrs. S. O'Brien and the O'Connells said they thought the examples of Belgium and France should not be lost sight of. I differed with them ; and pointing out the obvious difference in the case of Ireland, asserted that in my mind to get rid of opposition to the Repeal Association, and to secure its success, there was no expectancy or hope of that sort which the clergy of Ireland would not be found most willing to abjure. I added, that we should ever prefer the voluntary principle for our own support, but that in doing so we should insist on all other denominations of clergy being reduced to the same level, guarantees being given for the life interest of the present incumbents. Maurice O'C. said he was ready to guarantee

support to the Protestant clergy. I differed with him, as did most of the others. Mr. Ferguson seemed quite delighted with the explanation, and assured me he anticipated, from the communication of what I had stated to his party, the most favorable results. He gave me his hand with great warmth, and in reply to my suggestion, that as Catholic priests and bishops were not to sit in Ireland's Parliament, neither should the Protestant prelates, he said, with emphasis, "There was no fear of that." We are to have another meeting next Wednesday evening. I should like to know from your Lordship if you think I went too far?

In extreme haste, I have the honor to remain,

Your Lordship's, very devotedly,

J. MILEY.

The Right Rev. Dr. Maginn, &c., &c.

DUBLIN, June 9, 1848.

My Dear Lord,—I seize on the first moment to announce that at length, as if by miracle, the "Union" of Repealers would seem to be secured. Last night it was reported to the Conference that both the committee of Conciliation Hall and the council of the Confederates had agreed to the new basis and fundamental rules by unanimous vote. Of the amount of difficulties which stood in the way of this consummation, your Lordship can barely form an adequate notion; and the best of it is, that not only is the Union agreed to by all parties, but they enter into it with the most cordial good will, and resolve to leave nothing undone to effect it, in all honor, and good faith and zeal together.

The basis and rules were drawn up by Sir Colman O'Loughlin and your humble servant.* They are to this effect: The object of the new body shall be to seek the legislative independence of Ireland by the "union of all sections of Irishmen, and by the concentration of public opinion." Not a word about "physical force." It is a *written* understanding regularly registered, that nothing seditious shall be spoken in the Association, and that no one is there to call on the people even to arm, though to do so is not exactly illegal. Thus there is no compromise of principle—nothing illegal involved in the Union. As an additional guarantee, it is a fundamental rule that no measure is to be proposed in the Association until it shall first have passed the committee. In short, the new is just as constitutional and legal as the old form; the only difference is, that we abstained from urging those points upon which we knew unanimity could never be had, and by not aiming at a too exact and captious code of restrictions. Safety and the

working power, we thought, were what we should look to. It is agreed on all hands that this is attained.

One *hitch* is still in the way. The secretary of the new body must be Mr. Ray. It is the wish of the Confederates to give him a colleague with equal powers; this Mr. Ray refuses. No doubt he is right, and I do not *despair* that a proposal to have an *assistant* secretary from the Confederation was by this evening agreed to. Though apparently a trifle, it is a most critical matter, this. Pray Heaven it do not upset us! They talk of calling the new thing the "Irish League"—what would your Lordship call it? That name is not very significant. If *all* be settled this evening, the adjournments are to take place on Monday or Tuesday next, and the first meeting of the League is to be announced probably for Wednesday week, to be held if possible in the Rotunda, in any case on *neutral* ground. The after, meetings to be in Conciliation Hall, and as usual, on Monday, and in the day-time. A new name and new decorations were given to the Hall. To this first meeting the chief Repealers are to be invited from all parts. Would it be possible for your Lordship to come and give your blessing to, and set your seal upon, this union, out of which, with God's blessing, shall spring the liberty and prosperity of our country? I believe that without this union the repeal would not be hoped for, and that a terrible conflict at no distant day must have happened. But to win for it its full effect, it would seem indispensable that the prelates and clergy should, by a general action and systematic movement, exert themselves to secure a controlling power in it, by giving to John O'Connell such pledges and testimonies of their confidence and support, that through him as their organ or representative, they may hold the entire body within the bounds of religion and order. No one can so effectually aid in this as your Lordship. Your word will be a law. Of course, the thing requires caution. The feuds which we are trying to bury must not be evoked again; the concord so essential to success must not be risked; but your Lordship, while avoiding all appearance of partizanship, will know how to secure for John O'Connell that importance in the new body which will win for the Catholic interest that weight and respect which it deserves. Your Lordship knows as well * * * * the motives by which I am actuated in writing thus, as I have been throughout the entire progress of this most critical and troublesome transaction, that I am sure of being pardoned any seeming of obtrusiveness which it may bear.

A line from your lordship regarding this entire affair will be grate-

fully prized, and used as a guide by your lordship's very faithful servant,
J. MILEY.

Accordingly, on the 12th of July, the first meeting of "the Irish League" was held, amid great enthusiasm. After two years of separation and bitter warfare, the divided repealers met again on the same platform. There was a great and sincere display of good feeling on both sides. Messrs. Stritch, Leyne and Dunne spoke for the old Hall; Messrs. O'Malley, (Rev.) O'Gorman and McGee for the Confederation. Both had been dissolved to melt into one, not, however, without dropping some incongruous particles on both sides. Mr. John O'Connell held aloof, in high dudgeon, and Mr. Mitchel's sect were equally hostile. Too fast for the one, we were too slow for the other. A compromise—a middle course—was equally objectionable to both extremes. It was found very soon that the new legal condenser was too fragile for the steam got up by the Clubs, or rather, that it was tried too late! The staff of Old Ireland persisted in its retirement, while the vanguard of Young Ireland paused a moment, applauded the sentiment of unity, and then went on its way, reckless as ever. The *Free-man* got cold, the *Nation* got hot, the moderates graduated into the disgusted, and the fate of the kingdom was left between the Castle and the Clubs. Writing after the Young Ireland catastrophe, to Under-Secretary Redington, Bishop Maginn thus deploras the failure of "the

Irish League": "Dr. Maginn and clergy," he says, "did not join the League; but they would have joined it, on the express condition of their own resolutions (that Ireland's regeneration should be worked out by means peaceful, legitimate and Christian), had the League continued to exist. Their only regret now is, that they did not join it at an earlier date, as their example might have been followed by others; and by the re-union of Young and Old, and the concentration of public opinion in it, the enthusiasm of the rash but devoted patriots of the country would be constrained and directed into proper channels, and made conducive to the object all had in view—the restoration of our Irish Parliament."

The catastrophe of Young Ireland took place in the first days of August. On the fifth of that month Mr. O'Brien walked into Thurles, apparently desperate of consequences, and was arrested. Meagher, McManus, and others were taken during the week. The rest escaped to the Continent or to America, by one stratagem or another. Those taken were tried at Clonmel, in October, and sentenced to death—a sentence afterwards commuted to transportation for life. Lord Clarendon had a triumph, and the national cause was deserted. The howl of savage triumph was raised by the London press, and broad hints, followed by direct statements, appeared, that the letters found in Mr. O'Brien's portmanteau, inculpated, among others, the Bishop of Derry.

These reports at length led to the following correspondence :

DR. MAGINN TO UNDER SECRETARY REDINGTON.

Sir—It has been very wisely said that there is a time for speaking out and a time for observing silence. The difficulty, however, has ever been in ascertaining the proper times and seasons for doing either or both. I candidly admit, Sir, that for the last two months I halted more than once in making my selection. A certain party, assuredly not the most truthful or amiable in this country, have been making themselves and the public familiar with my humble name, by embalming it with epithets which, like everything coming from them, are neither sweet-smelling nor agreeable. I and clergy have been publicly branded by it as traitors, rebels, preachers of sedition, disaffection and disloyalty ; yea, by some of this vile party we have been styled communists and murderers, in intent, of all the honest, virtuous and loyal in the land, &c. Having well understood, from the history of that infamous faction, that their trade was calumny ; that the venom of asps was ever on their lips, and their throats gaping sepulchres ; that slander was their daily bread, and that the only means left them to sustain the Pelion on Ossa of iniquity, with which they have ever borne down and oppressed this unhappy island, were the accumulation of falsehoods and deceptions as buttresses against this system ; the common sense of mankind they shocked, and the justice they trampled upon. I would have patiently borne with this, Sir, and more than this, and submitted to all in silence, finding their apology in the force of habit, did not the same party attempt to make others on my account—others for whom I have a sincere esteem—large sharers in the favor they were bestowing upon me. I believe, Sir, in these circumstances, that silence would be no longer a duty.

Passing over this abuse, permit me, Sir, to proceed at once to what they have assigned as its causes. First, Dr. Maginn and his clergy joined the League ; secondly, letters from Dr. Maginn to Smith O'Brien, of treasonable import, were found in that gentleman's portfolio. The first is a palpable falsehood, the second is not less false ; and what is worse, the faction knew it to be so, when they proclaimed to the world the calumny. Dr. Maginn and clergy did not join the League, but they would have joined it on the express conditions of their own resolutions that Ireland's regeneration should be worked out

by means peaceful, purely legitimate and Christian, had the league continued to exist. Their only regret now is that they did not join it at an earlier date, as their example might have been followed by others, and by the re-union of old and young, and the concentration of public opinion in it ; the enthusiasm of the rash but devoted patriots of the country would have been constrained and directed into proper channels, and made conducive to the object all have in view—the restoration of our Irish Parliament. The future historian of our country, if he be not of the class of the Lelands or the lying Humes, will denounce our tardiness and by no means excuse others whose position in Ireland made it a duty for them to take the lead. It would have been, I acknowledge, a misfortune for this vile faction, had we left aside our wicked dissensions, and thus peacefully leagued together ; for their hopes of plunder and ascendancy would be thereby frustrated, rebellion would have been at a discount, and the feast of blood which they hungered and thirsted after, they could not even enjoy in imagination.

Secondly. It is equally as untrue that any letters of mine, abetting treason, could be found in Mr. O'Brien's portfolio, for I wrote none such. With that devoted Irishman I had very little correspondence, and I am sure he must say none of a treasonable nature. Indeed, whatever correspondence I had with him I still feel honored by it, and the one letter I had from him I will keep by me as a sacred treasure for from its every line is reflected honor, high-mindedness, sincerity and patriotism ; and if I could form an opinion from my brief acquaintance of him, he was the perfect counterpart of the Chevalier Bayard, *sans peur, sans reproche*. Posterity will do him justice, and reverse the judgment pronounced upon him. It will pronounce him not disloyal to his Queen, but devoted to his country, and that his unhappy position was one of necessity, and not of choice. But to return to the portfolio : If there have been in it such letters as they describe, why, I say, are they not produced ? They blame the Earl of Clarendon for not producing them, while they are quite conscious that he could not produce them. They call on the good Earl to prosecute the traitors. Are not they, forsooth, loyal subjects ! They have the name of the Queen, Church and Constitution constantly on their lips, but where is their courage in the good cause ? Is it not the duty of every loyal subject to seize on the traitors, and bring them to conviction ? They accuse me of treason. What have they been doing for the last two

months? They could have found me any time since at my residence. They had not far to go for me. Believe me, I would have offered them no resistance. Without even the suspension of the *habeas corpus*, they might have had my body. Was it their good wishes for a Popish Bishop that restrained them? Was it their forbearance? Such, in this important case, would be surely criminal. What, then, was it, Sir? Their loyalty in this instance was at least at fault. Oh! but they waited for the good Earl of Clarendon to seize on the traitors, and bring them to conviction. But what if the Earl, no matter how disposed, could not safely do it? No matter; still he should have done it. To victimize a Popish priest or bishop was not surely a business of such moment as to need an instant's consideration. But if the Earl had no grounds? No matter; still the Earl should have gratified them by seizing on the Bishop. Exceedingly bad treatment this, on the part of the Earl of Clarendon, of a faction who so kindly proffered, not to fight the battles of the Queen—for they have been found seldom or never on the side of their legitimate sovereigns—no; but after he had won the battle, to be in for the stripping of the dead, the hacking of the wounded and dying, and, like dogs and vultures, to prey on the bodies or lap the blood of the slain. What an ungrateful executive we have, since they have been disappointed of the carrion to have refused them a live bishop or two, and half-a-dozen of priests! *O tempora! O mores!* The time was when they could have had a thousand for the asking; but now this Clarendon whom they have been addressing and covering with the *slaver* of their adulation, whom they have been hailing throughout the length and breadth of the land as the very paragon of viceroys, will not indulge this ogre, notwithstanding its ravenous howlings, with even a Popish curate to feed upon. But, Sir, to be serious, it is passing strange that neither time nor circumstances can change the nature of this ferocious faction. *Qualis ab incepto servatur adimur.* It was born amidst treason, cradled in rebellion, and fed from its infancy upon blood and plunder; and now, after three hundred years of indulgence in rapacity, spoliation and massacre, its appetite is as ravenous as ever. The reptile of the East, when he has swallowed his victims, stretches himself on the earth, and satiated, sinks into repose; but nothing, Sir, can satiate our monster—it never reposes. The more you give it the more you whet its appetite. Earth or Heaven have scarcely witnessed its counterpart. The Mamelukes of Egypt, the Turkish Janizaries, can be only likened to it by a faint

resemblance. When compared with it, a little prey and plunder satisfied them ; but our monster—although favored with the tenth of the produce and the three-fourths of the land of the kingdom of which the lawful possessors were robbed ; although they have almost every lucrative situation in the country ; although insurrection after insurrection was provoked by them or got for their profit ; although day after day its rich patron and neighbor was flinging its gold into its throat ; although, to make victims for it, hell itself devised its penal codes, its racks, its halters, its scavengers daughters' courts of justice, where there was no justice—packed juries and perjured judges—although for it was devised a landlord code like that of Draco, steeped in tears and written in characters of blood ; although mercy and equity were exiled from the land, that the monster through it might career with impunity and devour the natives like a morsel of bread ; although religion's sacred name was abused for them, and whatever was holy in it desecrated to their service ; although, in fine, they were allowed to turn even the very God of Heaven to their profit, and to make even the Holy One to hallow and stamp with his sanction their iniquitous spoliations and robberies—they are still dissatisfied. They still cry out for more victims, more spoliations, more rebellions, more massacres, and as the most savory morsel of all, a Popish pontiff and a few of the Levites. An old poet will finish the portrait for me, and if it be not appropriate, you, Sir, who know this bane of our country, will be the judge. [The quotation is not given in the MS.]

So armed, so equipped, and so fortified with everything that should make it secure and terrible, yet this monster is ever in a fearful trepidation. Even the noiseless zephyr on the shadow of the spider's thread in the sunbeam, makes it shudder. It lustily cries out to its parent and the nurse that tended it, to precipitate themselves, with the whole armory of despotism, upon its beggared and half-famished enemies. It growls and it bellows, should even a crumb of justice be extended to them. Extend the franchise ever so little, and the monster cries, "I'm in danger !" Let an attempt be made to add the least to the privileges of any town or city in the land, and the monster's cry is, "I'm exceedingly in danger !" The smallest share of equity to the miserable serf or cottier, woe-stricken the monster cries, "I'm awfully in danger !" Let but some humane and benevolent person propose a decent provision for the skeleton poor, and the monster cries, "I'll die with hunger !" The bare thought of placing the outcast and the homeless wan-

derer on the wide wastes of the kingdom, whereby they could support themselves and others, fills the monster with dismay ; and justice to Ireland, charity to the poor and the needy, love of man to man, peace and concord and harmony—the bare contemplation of such things in the prospective, makes it furious. Its thousand tongues are set to roar ; it lashes with its tail, tears the very earth that fed it with its teeth ; and as to the poor wights who fertilized that earth with the sweat of their brows, and gave to the monster, in the way of rents and tithes, nearly its whole produce, they are repaid for their pains with the foulest vituperations—are styled savages, vermin, rebels, &c., &c. ; and the unhappy ruler who could even think of doing justice, and would dare to express his thoughts on that subject, must be prepared to be associated with Belial against God—of hell against heaven. Indeed, at once he ceases to deserve the name of Christian, and if the monster is to be believed, to become nothing less than an infidel, an atheist, a pantheist—without a heart to feel or a soul to be saved.

But the strangest thing of all is, this monster is constantly imputing to others disaffection, treason, rebellion—the same that was a traitor from the beginning, that was born of it, tended by it, and hitherto sustained by its treasonable robberies—the same that now makes a martyr of the Charles it beheaded, prayed with the same breath for a James and a William, balancing its loyalty on the chances of war ; now, “God bless King James !” and then, as fortune veered, “God defend King William !” Preserve us, heaven, from such loyalty as theirs ! The lip service of hypocrisy to the king, the heartfelt homage ever paid to its own interest, a traitor to its country, a traitor to its king—influenced by no principle of love, honor, allegiance or duty—ever turning around the personal pronoun I, and not even admitting a relative. Its motto, “Yours is mine, but never mine is yours.” No devotion to the best of sovereigns, except so far as they feel inclined to sacrifice their duty to its interests, by giving up the glorious appellation of being the fathers of the nation, for the doubtful one of patron and abettor of a faction.

This, Sir, is no calumny. It is written as clearly as if with a pencil of light in the annals of this unhappy country. James I. promises to do something for his Irish subjects—witness Usher’s reclamation. A Charles would be just to them—they threaten and desert him. A William would stand by his treaties—it growls, intimidates, and drives him into their violation. A George IV. is advised to emancipate—the monster exclaims, You will thereby forfeit your crown—forfeit our al-

legiance to it, as it will infringe on your coronation oath. A William IV. would grant a Reform Bill—the monster becomes furious—no allegiance of even a single rotten borough goes; and when reform was conceded, the monster seeks revenge on the ministry that abetted it; it gathers up its joints to a hill in Down, and lustily howls its treason, that Melbourne must go out or it will fight the battle of the Boyne over again.

What short memories, or, at least, indulgent memories, it supposes the people of this country to have, when it could imagine that a veil of oblivion was forever drawn over these criminalities. But, Sir, what is worse still, its treasonable propensities can not be excused by the passion of bygone days; its recent concocted treason against the beloved sovereign of these realms, while yet, I may say, a child, has all the freshness of youth about it. And O, Sir, it was a foul treason!—a treason against a supposed helpless orphan, and this orphan a female; and what made the crime still more heinous, they conspired to enthrone infamy in the place of innocence—a hideous caricature of befouled, shattered humanity, instead of the young, lovely, virtuous being, whose right was even hallowed by her weak, unprotected condition, and made sacred by the duty of the Christian as well as of the subject. We remember well, Sir. O we could not forget the pretext of the monster for its vile iniquity! viz., the interests of society, forsooth! A disgrace it was, to be sure, that a woman should reign over this great empire. Come, Sir, let those who would brand us as traitors produce Fairman's portfolio, their correspondence with the military in Canada; let them reveal the secrets of their "lodges," of their committees, of their grand masters, their petty masters, its chaplains, its treasurers. I am much afraid, if they did, that Mr. Smith O'Brien's portfolio would cut but a poor figure, in the way of treason, beside Fairman's bag, and that the felonious secrets of the Confederation for the Restoration of an Irish Parliament would be scarcely a faint image of the giant felony they concocted. Whenever treason is mentioned, the monster should retire to his den and cover itself with the veil of its shame and confusion, if indeed the monster can have any such thing as shame and confusion; and at the sound of any reproach upon the name of the Queen, they should recollect and tremble, as memory rushed upon it, with the foul epithet they affixed to a fame as white as the ermine, and as bright in its lustre as the unsullied crystal—the epithet of the wicked Jezabel. The heart still recoils even at the contemplation of the barefaced treasons of the monster, and is shocked at the impudence with which it

raises its serpentine crest, and with a hiss, spits its own foul guilt upon others, who would have died to preserve the rights of the sovereign it would betray. I sincerely regret, Sir, the trespass I have so far made on your patience and that of the public. You will find its apology in the circumstances giving occasion to it. I have proved the monster a traitor, indeed when it had the least confidence of success. I have proved it to have ever been a traitor in will, and only shrinking from treason when treason became dangerous to its interests. I have proved it to have never had any other God but self, any other king but mammon, any other allegiance to any one thing but to privileged rapacity. I now fling defiance at the monster, and dare it to prove any word or deed of mine adverse to the lawful sovereign of this realm, or to produce from Smith O'Brien's portfolio, or any other, any letter of mine exciting to treason or rebellion. But this it will not dare to do—not for want of will, for I know it has the will for anything, no matter how atrocious—but for want of means to accomplish its bloodthirsty wishes. I have, Sir, no hesitation in saying, that had it the means within its reach of carrying out its guilty purposes, it would level our churches to the ground, massacre our priests and people, make a solitude for its own gratification and call it peace; for it is the indoles of such monsters to delight in deserts and to roam in wastes. And with respect to treason and rebellion, I have less hesitation again in asserting, for I know it to be the whole truth and nothing but the truth, that such things would have been ever unheard-of in this country, were it not for the atrocities of this monster. The English people are daily being made the monster's dupes. The rulers of this land scarcely appear on its surface when it envelopes them in its coils and inveigles them in its snares, and fascinates them by its deceitful blandishments. Ireland it defames—the Irish people it calumniates and misrepresents. No matter how well-disposed, the ruler, in a short time, sees everything through the monster's spectacles; and the fairest land under heaven, and the most virtuous people, if fairly dealt with, put on the hideous shape and form, assume the jaundice complexion which this foul medium of vision exhibits. The present viceroy was the finest boy alive while he busied himself for it, in cramming the kingdom with sabres and cannon, with spies and detectives, in suspending the *habeas corpus* and the liberty of person and of speech, and held out to them the prospect of immediate carnage; but the instant he showed signs of returning reason, and began to feel that his character would be forever damaged by consorting with such a reptile, and that he could not gratify

it with anything less than wholesale devastation and torrents of blood ; the instant it perceived that it could not do with impunity as it was wont—that it would not be allowed to have its martial law to confound the innocent with the guilty and expedite the wished-for destruction of the Irish priest and peasant at its discretion, as this would not do for England's prosperity or for Ireland's peace—that it could not burn down at its good pleasure the poor man's cabin or confiscate the rich man's property—that the Earl would not join it in shooting, for its amusement, the people—the instant his better nature seemed to revolt at the thought of affording the monster the fiendish indulgence it calculated upon, instead of the best, he becomes one of the worst viceroys we ever had—altogether too good a boy for it, incapable of conceiving, much less doing, the infamous work it had traced out for him. Hence it is, that him whom they crowned with flowers, they would now send to the gallies, and whom they raised upon a pyramid of fulsome adulations, they would condemn to the gibbet with an *Ilictor aliqui ad palum*. Yes, my Lord Clarendon, you and party were too good for it ; the measure of your perverseness fell short of their iniquitous bushel. You had too much wisdom or too much of the milk of human nature for it ; therefore it is that they now say, "Away with him!"—away with you. The fact of its hatred of you is beginning to make others who love their country more than themselves, think the more of you, and have better confidence in you, as they know that there must be something noble and generous about you—some relic of the Divine image within you—some kind disposition towards our country and its people, when you could thus have earned for yourself this monster's detestation. I say this not as the Earl's flatterer ; I would hate myself were I capable of being his or any other man's adulator. No. I say it because this monster never loved anything but what was base and truculent and barbarous, and never yet hated anything that had not some traits of goodness, impartiality and benignity about it.

I should not, Sir, notwithstanding the length that this letter has grown upon me, take my leave of you without affording the reptile I have been describing even still some further excuse for its calumnies ; for I delight to have such beings my calumniators. Permit me, then, Sir, to broadly state, in the teeth of the monster, that I am by no means satisfied with things as they are ; that I am disaffected and dissatisfied with almost everything I see around me, but the piety and the patience of my poor people ; that I abominate the relation in

which the tenant serf is made to stand to his taskmaster ; that I detest the manner in which the laws are generally administered in this country, in favor of a party against the nation ; that I reprobate, with all the powers of my soul, the exclusion of the Irish Catholic from the jury-box—a practice but too common for centuries, in the East, the West, the North and South, and for which the present Attorney-General does not want a precedent, as he can find it in almost every court in the kingdom. I am wholly dissatisfied with an alien church establishment, the upas tree that has poisoned every fountain stream of social life and bliss throughout the country—a fatal, hideous prodigy, that has no equal in monstrosity. I am, sir, heartily dissatisfied with that misrule which has made our beautiful island a lazaret-house, and filled our graveyards to bursting with the bodies of our famished people. I am by no means satisfied with the vile abuse poured out in torrents every day upon my long suffering country and countrymen ; and short of an insurrection against the Queen—for this, in principle, I could not as a Christian approve of, nor as a lover of my country recommend—I would use any and every means that heaven could sanction, to remove these nuisances and pull down the colossal iniquities that cumber the land. Should there be any person in Ireland satisfied with things as they are, be he priest or layman, or bishop or ruler, he is an infidel in his heart who does not believe in the existence of a just God, a traitor to the land he lives in, and effectually a traitor to Queen Victoria, who should be revered as the best of England's sovereigns since the Reformation ; and to supply a still further reason for the monstrous hatred and vituperation, I tell it to his face * * * [Four pages are missing in the MS. It concludes :]—that in despite of it, no matter how it may twist and turn, growl and bellow and bark, some Hercules will shortly be found to cleanse the Augean stable, and remove the aforesaid nuisances, and that the time will very soon arrive when the monster's own fangs will be extracted, its teeth pulled, its nails pared, and shorn of its strength, and allowed to die off amidst the plaudits of a redeemed nation, cast as a loathsome thing upon the earth it cursed, be strangled by the very parent that produced it, and the nurse that tended it. But yet a little while, and that God who gave our people centuries of adversity, tried them and found them faithful, will also give them their trial of prosperity. In the interim, let them hope on ; for God is just, though patient, and long-enduring because he is eternal Our strength, however, like that of the primi-

tive Christians as described by Tertullian, is on our knees, and our trust in the equity of heaven, always sure, no matter how long delayed. *Hi in curribus, et hi in equis; nos autem in nomine Domini Dei nostri invocabimus* Psalms, xix. : 8.

I remain, Sir, your faithful servant,

✠ EDWARD MAGINN.

DUBLIN CASTLE, October 3, 1848.

My Lord,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your Lordship's letter of the 26th ultimo, and which, being marked "private," I presume it was not your intention should be treated by me as an official document.

I must in the first instance assure your Lordship that you do me but justice in believing "that I should feel deeply pained at anything tending to reflect on the character of a minister of the religion which I profess—a minister especially of the station of your Lordship in the Church. I feel how much the interests of the Catholic body in Ireland depend upon the clergy of our religion preserving the character which belongs to ministers of the Gospel of Peace, and that anything indicating a different course of conduct on their part could not but be viewed by me, and I believe every sincere Catholic, with the deepest regret. In reference, however, to the immediate cause of your Lordship's addressing me, I must at once state that, having no knowledge, and not believing that "any letter or letters bearing your signature and inciting Mr. O'Brien and others to rebel against her Majesty, were found in the portfolio of that gentleman," I cannot but come to the conclusion, that your correspondent has been misinformed in stating that "some person high in authority in the Castle" had made a communication that such was the fact. This I think entirely disposes of the matter, as far as the letter of your correspondent has induced your Lordship, not unnaturally, to make vindication of your character from charges of so serious and grave a nature, and which to an innocent mind must have been deeply galling. I dismiss, equally with your Lordship, all consideration of what may have been stated in the public prints, as I have at all times considered that those who are conscious of the rectitude of their own conduct can well afford to disregard the attacks of such concealed adversaries.

Having stated thus much, your Lordship will see that it is unnecessary for me to refer to the details with which you have favored me, of your intercourse with Mr. Smith O'Brien since your first acquaintance with him; and if I decline to make any observations upon the more

general question referred to in your letter, namely, the position of Ireland as a portion of the United Kingdom, I trust that you will not attribute it to any want of respect for your Lordship, but because I do not feel that any good would result from my doing so.

I cannot, however, conclude, without offering a remark upon the Postscript to your Lordship's letter, and for which that communication itself had not indeed prepared me.

The course which you may feel it due to your character to take in reference to the "Derry Sentinel," is quite a matter for your Lordship's consideration; but the challenge which you appear to give to the Lord Lieutenant to accept the occasion for making your Lordship "a victim—as expiation to the wounded feelings of imperial misrule"—is, you must allow me to say, in my opinion, uncalled for. I can confidently assure your Lordship that it is no more the desire than it is in the power of the distinguished nobleman entrusted with the Government of this country, to make any person *victims* to aught save the consequences which the laws entail upon their crimes; and, while on the one hand it cannot but be painful to all to see those expose themselves to the severe penalties of the law, whose position should have led them rather to maintain than de troy the allegiance due to their sovereign, yet your Lordship will, I am sure, admit that the equal justice which should be meted out to all will require that where the guilt is known to exist, the position of the individual, however exalted, should not screen him from merited punishment. Such a course you will not, I am satisfied, consider as one deserving of reproach, or which it would be discreditable that history should record of any administration; and under the assurance that the conduct of the Government will be guided by such feelings, your Lordship will readily perceive that none but those who have participated in the crime need fear its punishment.

As regards the events which have occurred, I can only assure your Lordship that I have felt much gratified at the loyal resistance which was offered by the Catholic clergy, both at Ballingarry and Mullinahone, to the rebellious movements which have recently taken place in that part of the country, and that when the opportunity was thus offered, the clergy of our Church have shown their determination to support the cause of order and of peace.

Begging your Lordship will excuse the length of this reply,

I have the honor to be, my lord, your faithful servant,
Right Rev. Dr. Maginn, &c., &c., &c.

T. N. REDINGTON

The high spirit exhibited in this correspondence at a period of universal panic and despondency, is one of the most admirable traits in the character of our subject. His deep and undisguised sympathy with the unfortunate victims of rash counsels, is equally to his honor. Among his letters are congratulations to Mr. Dillon, of Balaghadeerin, on the escape of his brother, Mr. John B. Dillon, to America, and fervent thanks from Archdeacon McCarron for the kind interest he had taken in the case of Dr. Wm. McCarron, for some time a prisoner in Newgate for the same cause. The present writer, who sailed from Derry on the 1st of September of that year, has especial reason to remember Dr. Maginn's friendliness; for, although personally he did not appear, as he should not, in any of the arrangements for that escape, some of his kind and courageous clergy were the chief promoters of it. Forever cold must be the heart that dictates these lines, before it ceases to beat in grateful response to the names of Derry and Maginn!

CHAPTER VIII.

DR. MAGINN'S FINAL VISITATION OF HIS DIOCESE—THE PROPOSED PROVINCIAL SYNODS AND CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY—DR. MAGINN'S LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH—GENERAL SORROW EXPRESSED BY THE CATHOLIC BODY—HIS FUNERAL—HIS CHARACTER AND GENIUS—TRIBUTES TO HIS MEMORY AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE good news from Rome, in October, '48, of the renewed condemnation of the Queen's Colleges, compensated the patriot Prelates, to some extent, for the dismal social prospects of the country. On the 10th of October, the annual meeting of the Bishops was held at Dublin, but nothing of importance, beyond the reception of the Rescripts, and a resolution implicitly to obey them, transpired. Drs. MacHale and O'Higgins had not yet arrived home, and Dr. Maginn was engaged in the annual visitation of his diocese. The party (if we may be pardoned the term) who had defeated the government, and secured for their course the cordial approbation of Rome, were represented by Drs. Cantwell and McNally. It appeared that the favorers of the government plan comprised two Archbishops and seven Bish-

ops—one-third of the Hierarchy. One or two of the names created great astonishment among the opponents, as they had reason to believe that they were strongly on their, and against the other side.

The satisfaction of the successful appellants to Rome, may be imagined. They had countermined, for the time, at least, the approaches of British intrigue to the Vatican; they had overcome, and then incorporated, a formidable defection in their own Order; they had defeated an empire; they had rescued a nation. Dr. Maginn, on the 9th of November, writes to Dr. McNally:

“I had not a word from you since the great victory gained over the enemies of our faith. I expected to have had a line of congratulation from you on the subject. You had, of course, a letter from the good Bishop of Ardagh, giving a detailed account of the episcopal correspondence.”

Dr. Cantwell writes to Dr. Maginn, a few days later:

“Never had Prelates a greater triumph or more powerful motives for congratulation, than have been afforded to us by the late Rescript. The immortal Pius IX. has, in its comprehensiveness and firmness of tone, surpassed even himself. It goes farther than we could have at all anticipated. It annihilates the power of England ever again to enslave our Church, and silences forever the treacherous whisperings of any feeble or false member of our body with the enemies of our faith and the murderers of our people. The best mode of marking our gratitude for this noble act of heroism is, as your Lordship says in your favor of the 19th, to carry into effect, without delay, the recommendations of His Holiness.”

To carry into effect the recommendations of the Pontiff, it was decided to hold Provincial Synods of the four

Provinces, to which was subsequently added the idea of the National Synod, afterwards held at Thurles. The Archbishop of Cashel proposed, in a circular letter, that each Bishop should appoint one Priest, to meet as a Committee, collect information, and report on the details of the ceremonial to be observed and the business to be done. To this Dr. McNally, among others, objected its novelty and irregularity; but Dr. Maginn, Dr. Cantwell, and the majority of their friends, gave their sanction. Out of the proposed National Synod was to spring a more uniform discipline—a more solemn observance of canonical regulations, and the great practical demonstration of Ireland's unshaken Orthodoxy—the Catholic University.

In the preliminaries of all these grand and beneficent designs, Dr. Maginn took the liveliest interest, although laboring under the illness of which he soon afterwards died. We first hear of this in his letter last quoted, (November 9,):

“I am just after returning,” he writes, “from the visitation, somewhat fatigued; yet notwithstanding much exertion, very little the worse for it. I was very unwell at starting, but daily improved as I went along. I confirmed upwards of six thousand children. This, at any rate, is a satisfaction, even should this winter close their *or our* earthly career.”

These strangely prophetic words strike one with awe, when we remember, that within two months of their date, while the winter still raged along the wild northern

coast, the writer lay on his bed of death. On the 28th of November he writes from Buncrana, that he has been worse, and was unable to go to Derry "to lay the foundation stone of our new school-house." On the 13th of January, four days before his decease, he wrote to his old schoolfellow and life-long friend, the Bishop of Clogher, the following cheerful and affectionate letter—the last, we believe, he ever penned :

DR. MAGINN TO DR. M'NALLY.

BUNCRANA, *January 13, 1849.*

My Dear Good Lord,—I have just time to drop you a line before starting for Derry. I am happy to have to inform you that I am much better, and ready for a new campaign. I prepared about ten days ago to start for Clogher, to have the pleasure of seeing for a night and conversing with your Lordship, but was prevented from going from an attack of influenza, under which I may say I have since labored up till yesterday. I had a letter from Dr. Cantwell last night. He is most anxious about a Provincial Synod, but considers it better to put it off until after the arrival of Dr. Higgins. The Government are in advance of us, and considering our means, it will take us to move very rapidly, and at the same time very cautiously, to overtake them.

Dr. Cantwell requested me to sound the Primate on the subject of an immediate meeting, to put the intrusion on the necessity of having a uniform discipline during the approaching Lent, &c., &c.

I would much sooner that your Lordship could be induced to correspond with his Grace on the subject, as it would come better from you in every respect. The week after next, I will, if possible, be up to see you, and spend a couple of nights. I fondly hope that your health is good, and that your extraordinary labors throughout the summer have left it unimpaired.

I had, about ten days ago, a couple of letters from Rome. There was nothing important in them. Dr. Cullen was much afraid of the assassins, which shows the condition of the Eternal City, when even such innocence as Dr. Cullen's could not be safe from the as-
sas-

sin's knife. I send, with my most respectful compliments, a purse to Miss McNally.

Wishing your Lordship many happy returns of this holy season, and every blessing, I remain, my dear Lord, ever,

Faithfully and most affectionately yours,

✠ EDWARD MAGINN

The Most Rev. Dr. McNally.

The handwriting employed is that of his curate, Rev. Mr. Devlin, who was his most frequent amanuensis in his latter days. The language, of course, is all his own. The day or the day after this letter was written, he came into Derry, and finding himself worse, he took to his bed, in St. Columb's College. On Wednesday, the 17th, the physicians in attendance gave up all hope of his recovery, and at half-past two o'clock on that day, his soul departed to the judgment-seat of God.

The intelligence of this most unexpected termination of a bright career, struck with profound sadness every lover of Ireland and every faithful son of the Church throughout all the English-speaking regions of the earth. The sorrow was deepest at its source—in his own diocese and province; but it was national, and, in a sense, universal as the Church itself. His sudden celebrity, the black background of Calvinism against which his northern light had shone, the generosity of his nature, apparent in all his public as well as private acts, had made him an object of love as well as of hope and expectation. His still young age—only 47: his country

had just lost by death, disgust or banishment, the first generation of public men which this century had yielded, and a great many of the second. She was low—very low; she lay in the dust and refused to be lifted up, when he appeared—

“Whose thrilling trump could wake the land
When fraud or danger were at hand!”

No wonder Ireland mourned for him with the unmeasured grief of a mother made desolate. In Dublin his loss was not less truly deplored than in Derry; in Cork as eloquently as in either. It was a national grief which overswept all provincial and diocesan boundaries. In England and in America also, he had many mourners. One of the first of these to condole with his bosom friend, Dr. McNally, was the venerable Bishop of Beverley, whose letter we here give:

YORK, Jan. 21, 1849.

My dear Lord—What most sad and most deplorable intelligence has reached me to-day, in the irreparable loss of the truly illustrious Dr. Maginn! I cannot tell you what a thunderbolt it was to me, and what a deep pang it inflicted on my heart. I loved him dearly. I loved him for his warm patriotism, and for his bold advocacy of the independence of the Church. Ireland has lost a host in poor Dr. Maginn. “*Doleo super te, frater mi! Quomodo occidit robustus et perierunt arma bellica.*” Truly may we say the champion of religion has fallen; his shield is thrown away, and the Irish people, in the time of greatest need, are suddenly stripped of his most powerful protection. Truly may poor Ireland say, “*Sicut mater unicum amat filium suum, ita ego te diligebam,*” and to Ireland’s people would I say, “*Plangent cum planctu, quasi super unigenitum.*” And this they will do. Pray do

give me some particulars of this most lamentable event. My feelings will not allow me to say more. My dear Lord,

Truly and affectionately yours,

✠ JOHN BRIGGS.

Most Rev. Dr. McNally.

The funeral ceremonial was solemn as the Church requires, and popular as the people's hearts could wish. During Thursday and Friday, the citizens of Derry and strangers were allowed to see the body as it lay in episcopal state, at the College. On Monday morning it was removed to the Cathedral, where the solemn services for the dead were performed. For these last melancholy details of our story, we must borrow the language of the Derry and Dublin newspapers. The *Londonderry Journal*, in announcing the death, says:

"A melancholy sensation was produced in this city on Wednesday last, by the very unexpected announcement that the Right Rev. Dr. Maginn, Roman Catholic Coadjutor of Derry, had expired at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of that day, in St. Columb's College here, in which he had his town residence, and which he was patron and founder. From what we have learned, he felt himself to be in what he considered good health on the previous Saturday, on which day he had arrived from his usual residence at Buncrana. On the following day he was seized with typhus, on which mortification supervened, and which terminated fatally. A fortnight or so previously, he had suffered from a cold caught in the performance of his duties, and it may be that that cold was at the foundation of the disease of which he died."

The special reporter of the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*, describes the Requiem Mass and its concomitants very minutely. We follow his account:

THE INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH.

At an early hour this morning, the coffin containing the body was

removed from his lordship's late residence in St. Columb's College, founded by himself, where his pure spirit had put on immortality, to the Catholic Cathedral.

This was done in compliance with the wishes of the people. From the first moment of his death, crowds had continued to seek admission, to look once more upon that countenance, whose beaming—a mixture in life of earth's innocence and Heaven's hope—can never be forgotten by any one who ever beheld it. To make room for others, each party in its turn was compelled to take a hurried farewell. The wish to see even his coffin once again became, from this hasty separation, so universal, that it could not be refused. The Cathedral was hung in mourning. A sable veil covered the fronts of the galleries, from the wall at the right of the altar to the wall at the left. The pulpit, the altar and the tabernacle were all similarly clothed in weeds of woe.

THE COFFIN.

The coffin was three-fold ; the interior, which covered the remains of the lamented Bishop, was encased in a massive one of lead, and that was covered with a beautiful outer-coffin of the purest mahogany, in its natural color, with heavy mountings of solid brass. It rested on a plain catafalque placed in the choir in front of the high altar. From each corner rose a white plume, with one additional at the head of the coffin. On the catafalque, to the left of the coffin, was placed the crozier, at the head the mitre, and upon it was lying the pectoral episcopal cross of massive and solid gold. There were three lighted tapers on each side. The inscription was peculiarly simple. Cut on a plate of thick brass were merely the name, the place for which he was bishop, Orthosia ; the place for which he was apostolic administrator, Derry ; the day on which he died, the 17th January, 1849 ; the number of years he was a bishop, three ; and his age, 53 years.

THE OFFICE AND HIGH MASS.

Shortly after eleven o'clock the obsequies commenced. Besides a very crowded attendance of the laity, I noticed present on the solemn and impressive occasion, the most Rev. Dr. McNally, bishop of Clogher ; his lordship's chaplain, Rev. James McDonnell, C.C. Clogher ; Rev. Charles Boyle, P.P., Skerries, diocese of Dublin ; Rev. Edward McBride, C.C., Derry ; Rev. Hugh Nugent, administrator, Derry ; Rev. Francis Kelly, P.P., Fahan ; Rev. John Dougherty, P.P., Banagher ; Rev. William McLaughlin, P.P., Iskahane ; Rev. M. O'Kane, P.P.

Omagh; Rev. James M'Aleer, P.P., Burt; Rev. Wm. Browne, P.P., Strabane; Rev. James McDonagh, P. P., Comber; Rev. Charles Flanagan, P.P., Coleraine; Rev. F. McHugh, P.P., Drumquin; Rev. Geo. O'Dougherty, P.P., Moville; Rev. John McLoughlin, C.C., Derry; Rev. Edward O'Dougherty, P.P., Magilligan, Rev. John McCullagh P.P., Terminamongan; Rev. M. McGlinchy, P.P., Urney; Rev. Mr. McNulty, Rev. W. Connolly, C.C., Urney; Rev. Charles McCrossan, C.C. Strabane; Rev. Wm. Hegarty, C.C., Buncrana; Rev. James O'Dougherty, P.P., Errigle; Rev. Michael Rogers, C.C., Waterside; Rev. Mr. Campbell, President of St. Columb's College; Very Rev. Archdeacon McCarron, Rev. James Stephens, P.P., All Saints, diocese of Raphoe; the Very Rev. Mr. McCafferty, P.P., Carndonagh, and Dean of the diocese; Rev. P. McFeeley, P.P., Dungiven; Rev. Bernard Magill, C.C., Carndonagh; and the Rev. Wm. O'Donnell, C.C., Clonmany.

The solemn, beautiful and affecting ceremonies of the office and High Mass for the dead have been so frequently described in the *Freeman's Journal*, that I do not consider it necessary to repeat here that description.

Those who took part in the High Mass were the Most Rev. Dr. McNally, as *portifex assistens*, the Rev. John McLaughlin as High-Priest, the Rev. James Stephens as deacon, the Rev. John McCullagh as sub-deacon, and the Rev. Mr. Campbell as master of ceremonies.

Never did I witness the celebration of the beautiful ceremonies of the Catholic Church on any occasion when there was more of that soul of deep feeling which should always give life to the outward forms.

THE SERMON.

At the close of the Mass a sermon of great power, both in the eloquence of its thought and the eloquence of its language, was preached by the Very Rev. Archdeacon McCarron. I will not attempt any outline of it, as I hope soon to have a corrected copy of it for publication in the *Freeman*. It produced an extraordinary sensation on the predisposed multitude he addressed. On the preacher turning round to the coffin, and bidding farewell to the remains of their cherished Bishop in terms of intense devotion and poignant sorrow, he was joined by the congregation in a cry of heart-rending anguish, such as I had never till then heard. There was not, I believe, in that crowded

assembly of the laity and clergy, a single heart unmoved—a single eye without tears.

LAST NIGHT IN DERRY.

This is the last night the remains of him whom the people had fondly hoped to possess as their pride, their honor and their protection for many a year, are to be in Derry. To-morrow his bereaved flock must give up even that; they feel this. All this evening, and even now at a late hour in the night, they are passing in crowds to and from the Cathedral.

The account of the procession to Innishowen, we take from the *Londonderry Journal*:

THE FUNERAL.

Early on yesterday morning people began to repair to the chapel, from which, it had been arranged, the funeral procession was to set out about eight o'clock. The assemblage, not only there, but in the adjoining streets, through which the procession had to pass, especially Bishop-street, both outside and inside the gate, was immense; and we think we may safely say that never before was there beheld in Derry a procession so very vast, so respectable, and in which persons of all creeds were so thoroughly blended, as the one which was formed to express esteem for the virtues of Dr. Maginn, and do reverence to his memory. Preceding the hearse, which was drawn by four horses in sable trappings, came the clergy of the diocese; and it was followed by two closed carriages, in one of which were the venerable mother of the deceased and his much-respected sisters, Miss Maginn and Mrs. Devlin, and in the other his two nieces, daughters of Mrs. Devlin. Next came on foot, and dressed in white robes, the Convent scholars; then the students of St. Columb's College, and after them the members of the Benevolent Society, of whom the late Bishop was a generous patron. These bodies were followed by a number of carriages, among which we recognized those of the Hon. and Right Rev. Dr. Ponsonby, Bishop of Derry; the Very Rev. Dean Gough, and Sir Robert A. Ferguson, Bart., M. P. There were at least one hundred and thirty vehicles, including open barouches, gigs and cars, in the line of the procession, which were followed by a considerable number of horsemen and the large mass of pedestrians brought up the rear. We are in-

clined to say that the whole of the Episcopalian and Presbyterian ministers of the city were present; also the Rev. Mr. Dill, late of Knowhead, and among the medical gentlemen we observed Dr. Rogan, Dr. Skipton, Dr. Morton, Dr. Hamilton, Dr. White, Dr. McLaughlin, Dr. Hay, Dr. Roe, Dr. Hairs, Dr. Thomson. Of gentlemen in offices connected with the city there were His Worship the Mayor, Aldermen Skipton, Bond, Baird, Leathem and Foster; Councillors John Allen, Casey, Leathem and Coppin; Captain Ramsay, Government Emigration Agent; Colonel Loughhead, American Consul; and among other gentlemen whom we cannot particularize, there were John Dysart, Andrew A. Watt, William Moore, of Molennan, George Hay, Thomas Knox, B. McCorkell, J. K. McClintock, Hampstead Hall; Samuel Leathem, Burt; James Thompson, D. Porter, Samuel Crawford, Geo. Franks, jun.; James Glenn, Robert Foster, James Graham, David Hamilton, John Quinn, James McClelland, James Carson, Benjamin Greer, Esqrs., &c., &c.

The procession moved down Bishop-street, through the Diamond, down Butcher street, Magazine street, through Ship-quay gate, and on to the Strand-road. As it went on its way to Buncrana, and after being about three miles from the city, it received a constant succession of reinforcements, particularly of persons on horseback.

A great number of Innishowen men, on horseback, joined the procession at Burnfoot, Fahan, and several other points of junction along the line. Great numbers of the poor were congregated in the main-street of Buncrana; and, as the hearse passed the road leading down to the late Bishop's residence, lamentations loud and deep were heard from the multitude on all sides. On arriving at Cock-hill chapel, the corpse was removed into the center of the building, where the usual office of the dead was performed by the Right Rev. Dr. McNally, Bishop of Clogher, and the numerous priests present. Dr. McNally was the intimate friend of the deceased Bishop, and his unremitting attention during the obsequies, was the theme of general observation. The offering on the occasion amounted, it is said, to upwards of £100, and was much larger than on any former occasion. On approaching Buncrana, the Coast Guard hoisted the Union Jack of their station half mast high, in token of the esteem in which he had been held by them.

The Dublin correspondent's account of the interment is given in these words:

THE INTERMENT.

As the procession approached Buncrana, and the grateful people to whom he ministered as parish priest for upwards of twenty years came forth—not to welcome him in the pride of their hearts, as they were wont to do—but in unutterable sorrow to receive all that death had left them of the great man who had made the name of their parish known as far as his own fame had spread, no words could describe their visible emotion.

At every path leading to the public road, multitudes of men and women, of the old and of the young, were assembled. All who were able to walk, joined in the mournful procession, and the old and infirm struggled to get to some eminence to have one last look at that hearse which was bearing his remains, and when it was disappearing from their view fearfully wild and convulsive were their cries and their heartrending last farewells ; but the great scene which unnerved every one in the procession took place when the hearse reached the road leading off to his lordship's late residence, and an immense multitude crowded in view of his favorite cottage raised the affecting Irish *caonae*, so well calculated to express the wild excess of sorrow of which the Irish people are capable. Ever and anon these wild strains, heard above the strong gale which was then blowing, fell in thrilling sadness on the ears of those who were in the front of the procession. This melancholy expression of heartrending sorrow was continued through the town of Buncrana and on the graveyard.

The procession reached Cockhill chapel at a quarter past one o'clock, P.M. The funeral obsequies were read by the Very Rev. P. O'Loughlin, V.G., now vicar-capitular of the diocese, assisted by the Most Rev. Dr. McNally.

No language can describe the voice of lamentation which arose from the assembled thousands when the coffin was placed in the family vault. The last resting-place of Dr. Maginn's remains is twelve feet long, and eight feet broad, and six deep. The floor is beautifully flagged. The tomb is well sheltered. Behind it are the lofty and romantic hills of Linishowen ; before it are the beautiful Swilly and the setting sun.

The closing scene was most affecting. The venerable mother of the bishop—pressed down with years, and now bending and tottering beneath the weight of unspeakable sorrow—entered the vault to bid farewell to the remains of her honored son. The tears of such a parent over such a son !

The venerable mourner here alluded to, was in her ninety-second year. She did not long survive this last crushing blow; she sleeps with her beloved son, in the same family vault. His favorite sister, Bridget, the companion of his last years, came to Canada to visit another sister, Mrs. O'Meara, previously mentioned. She died at Montreal, in the summer of 1856. Other near connexions of the Bishop still live in the United States and in Ireland. From Miss Maginn and his other American connexions, as we said in the Introduction, we received the authentic documents upon which this memoir is founded.

A few words on the character and genius of Dr. Maginn, will not be thought superfluous from one thus unexpectedly, but not unwillingly, made his Biographer.

We have endeavored to present him to the reader as he appears to us—a patriot, high-spirited, generous, energetic, indefatigable; a Priest and Bishop, vigilant, hospitable, charitable, childlike in his intercourse, pious, just, forgiving, a lover of the poor, an uncompromising enemy of local oppression and lordly pride; as an author, we may more properly enlarge on the qualities by which he was distinguished. His reputation in this way, rests almost solely on the letters to be found in the Appendix. They are evidently thrown off in considerable haste, though we have found one, and sometimes two, drafts of his chief pieces among his papers. Both

the English and the Latin correspondence (the latter of which it has not been thought best to translate) are marked by great fullness of thought and expression. It is a mind overflowing—the genuine outpouring of a deep and living stream. The writer shows his Celtic characteristics throughout, whether addressing Cardinal Frasoni or Lord Stanley, whether writing on a local interest to a Poor Law Guardian, or arraigning a Lord Lieutenant for national offences. He is always in earnest, always hearty, always straightforward; he has the faults, too, of his school and time in Ireland; he is often redundant, sometimes over-obsequious in his address to persons in high places; too impetuous, perhaps, in the charge, and too informal in the proof. His earlier style is often overrun with expletives; but as he continued to write, he became clearer and terser—more sinewy and less flabby. The English speech is thought by many to be too cold and guarded for the Irish mind, but the careful readers of Burke and Grattan will hardly subscribe to that opinion. Certainly the language of Shakspeare, Jeremy Taylor and Walter Scott, cannot be thought defective in the resources of a picturesque and imaginative diction. The genius of that language has been little studied in Irish ecclesiastical seminaries, and the result is seen in many of the late writers among the Clergy. We see strength running riot, inspiration degrading itself into vituperation, and the living sense

smothered under rank overgrowth of superfluous phraseology. Dr. Maginn had almost wholly freed himself from these vicious and enervating habits of expression towards the end of his days; and had he been spared to complete the term allotted to us by the Psalmist, his literary reputation would, we think, have rested on wider and deeper foundations than we can now claim for it.

The true great work of Dr. Maginn is, the Irish Church. To that work he has contributed as largely as any man of his time in the episcopacy. He upheld the sinking spirit of the Isle in the darkest hour of her modern misfortunes. He helped to defeat her Imperial oppressors in the day of their loudest exultation over her; and the rulers against whom he and his friends contended, we must remember, were men not easily balked nor easily beaten. Yet beaten on Irish ground they have been, ever since the famine. The ruins they left have risen up and taken shape, the grave has given back its dead, the blasted tree has put forth fruit-bearing branches which cover the face of the land. As certainly as England has conquered Ireland materially, Ireland is conquering England religiously. Nor is that conquest limited to Ireland; the garrisons of the faith congregate wherever the British flag flies; it has its Cardinal in Westminster, its Bishops in Scotland, in North America, in Sidney, in Bombay, in Ceylon, in Corfu.

The Irish Church has proved itself stronger than the Imperial state in the domain of Conscience, and cold must be that Christian's heart who can read without tears of admiration the record of any portion of such a struggle.

It is in his connection with that heroic, world-wide contest, we have most loved to contemplate the character of our illustrious subject, and as one of its foremost figures we now present him to the pious remembrance of every reader of this little Book !*

* It may be proper here to mention that in January, 1849, the following advertisement appeared in the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*, of which Mr. McDevitt was one of the Editors :

THE LATE DR. MAGINN.

PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION, A MEMOIR OF THE LATE MOST REV. DR.
MAGINN, BY N. M'DEVITT, ESQ.

The Memoir will comprise the views of this great Irishman and gifted Bishop on the Literary, Social, Political and Religious Questions of his time.

It will also contain his Lordship's Letters, published and unpublished, and in short all the emanations of his great mind, which it is now possible to collect.

His Correspondence with the Holy See on the important subjects which agitated Catholic Ireland during his Episcopate, possesses great strength.

The relatives of the illustrious Prelate have kindly placed all his papers at the disposal of the writer ; and his Lordship's most intimate friends—some of them the leading intellects of the day—have volunteered to supply most valuable facts, suggestions and anecdotes.

The work is undertaken with the view of making permanent in the country the brilliant and guiding light of that splendid mind, over whose premature departure the church and the country of the illus-

A LAMENT FOR THE LATE RIGHT REV. DR. MAGINN.

BY. W. KENEALY.

Weep, Erin, weep—weep, from Malin to Cape Clear !
Come young, and old, and beautiful, come gather round the bier !
Weep, weep in depth of bitterness—not in a passing sigh—
Weep earnestly and loudly for the spirit that's on High !
Weep, weep ye for your mightiest, your country's hope and pride,
Too good, too pure, too holy, in this dark world to bide ;
Rain, rain your tears like waves across the briny deep,
Our loved is dead ! our hope is gone !—oh, weep, weep, weep !

II.

His glory is in Heaven high, he needs no praise on earth,
The angels and the seraphim are reveling in mirth—
Ah ! if they'd known the sorrow that attends us here below,
They never would have stricken us with such a cruel blow.
In the cold, cold clay he'll soon be wrapt, the purest of the pure,
The Genius of a brilliant age ! and we left to endure—
Oh, God ! though it should anger thee to bring him from that keep,
We would, but cannot do it—oh ! weep, weep, weep !

III.

His presence was as dear to us as sight unto the blind !—
A brilliant and a holy light shone from his heaven-lit mind.
The brightness hath all ended in the dark and silent grave,
As sunbeam on the waters blue, lost in the distant wave—
The sanctity is left behind, a pure, celestial gem,
Whose sparkling light will guide us to a heavenly diadem !
Oh ! could we sow 'neath such a sun, what beauteous fruit we'd reap ;
He showed the way—he's dead to-day—oh ! weep, weep, weep !

trious deceased have mourned in such deep, universal and heartfelt sorrow.

N. B.—All communications on the subject are to be addressed to 12, Russell street, Dublin.

Mr. McDevitt unfortunately died before having put pen to paper, towards the Memoir, so far as we can learn. The documents collected for him, returned at his death, and brought by Miss Maginn to Montreal, were those committed to us.

IV.

We thought he was not dying—we were hopeful to the last,
 So calmly from its tenement his holy spirit passed—
 We looked into his face again—we could not think the worst,
 Ah ! false as fleeting shadows were the hopes we fondly nursed !
 With bursting hearts we knelt around, but oh ! we could not pray,
 For all our thoughts, and hopes and love, were fixed in that cold clay
 Ah ! ruthless Death, why leave our star a pale, dull, funeral heap ?
 Oh, God ! that it should come to this—oh, weep, weep, weep !

[v.]

Alas ! to think those beauteous eyes have grown forever dim,
 That at the poor's dark misery in briny tears would swim !—
 To think those lips will never more a holy blessing speak,
 Nor utter forth a sweet advice in accents mild and meek !—
 To see no more the smile that played like a sunbeam on a lake ;
 Holy Virgin ! to think of all, ten thousand hearts would break !
 We're left alone—we're left alone, to climb a rugged steep—
 No star to guide our weary path—oh ! weep, weep, weep !

VI.

His silken hair—his lustrous eye—'tis hard to think they're clay—
 'Tis harder still to think with him this lone and dreary day !
 Good Heaven ! sure he is not dead—no, no it cannot be,
 The Saint—whom our anxious eye hath always longed to see !—
 I'll not believe—I'll not believe he'd leave us here alone,
 Like wand'ers in a desert wild, with thorny shrubs o'ergrown ?
 Oh ! why is all around us dark ?—why doth our heart's-blood creep ?
 Alas he's dead—too true—too true—oh ! weep, weep, weep !

VII.

There's dew upon the hearth-stone—deep sadness on the brow—
 Each heart is seared and cheerless as a lonely winter bough—
 The eye hath lost its wonted fire—the children cease to play—
 The raven locks, that glistened fair, one night hath turned them grey.
 Oh ! life is death to all who knew our glory and our pride,
 The saddest thoughts will joyful be, down Time's unebbing tide !
 The grave will be a welcome thing—no dark and fearful leap,
 For then we'll meet our loved again—oh ! weep, weep, weep !

VIII.

How we loved him—how we loved him, 'tis in vain to tell ;
 Heaven alone we prized above him—earth not half as well—
 There's deep, deep grief, in woman's wail, when fitful as the sea—
 There's deeper grief in silent thought, on lowly bended knee ;
 But what are all to manhood's tears, fast streaming from his eyes,
 Like torrents from the mountains wild, when wrapt in low'ring skies,
 And silent thought, and manhood's tears, and wailing wild and deep,
 Have shown how we have loved him—still weep, weep, weep !

IX.

Weep ye, weep ye, for your patriot Saint—the pious and the brave,
 His life-blood he'd have freely shed, his dear old land to save—
 The glorious green he would unfold—he had no childish fears,
 A pleasant dream it was to him—a host of Irish spears !—
 He's low to-day—he's low to-day—his narrow home is made,
 Where Swilly's sullen waters roll, beneath the mountains' shade !—
 Our country's wrongs had rent his heart—he knew, and felt too deep,
 Oh ! what is earth without him now !—oh ! weep, weep, weep !

X.

All nature will be smiling on his drear and lonely tomb,
 The brightest sunbeams there will fall, its verdure to illume !
 The softest dews of heaven will descend upon his breast !
 The waves will roll more peacefully, lest they should break his rest ;
 Their gentle fall upon the strand will be the mourner's sigh,
 The little stars, his watchers lone—his canopy the sky—
 And sure the winds will gently blow—they dare not wildly sweep
 Above the heart that's cold—oh ! weep, weep, weep !

XI.

The birds are warbling in the trees—the day is clear and calm—
 The air is hushed in thoughtfulness—the shrubs are breathing balm,
 But what is nature's loveliness to light the soul's deep gloom,
 Our loved is gone—forever gone—down to the silent tomb !
 Good God ! the very thought is more than our bursting hearts can
 bear—
 Oh ! can our hearts be comforted ?—yes, in our long, long sleep,
 But ever till that blessed time—oh ! weep, weep, weep !

XII.

Weep, weep him through the Island's length, from Malin to Cape
Clear,

From Ireland's Eye to dark Glen Saul, rain, rain the bitter tear;
The Forest Oak is stricken down—come, gather all around—
Oh! softly tread—oh! softly tread—you walk on holy ground—
There, there he's wrapt in mourning deep, like sunbeam in a cloud,
Then gather round in sorrow wild, and wail him long and loud!
One last fond look—one bursting shriek of anguish wild and deep—
The eye is dim—all's dark, all's dark—oh! weep, weep, weep!

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE RT. REV. DR. MAGINN.

BY MRS. M. A. SADLER.

“If it be sad to speak of treasures gone,
Of sainted genius called too soon away;
Of light from this world taken, while it shone
Yet kindling onward to the perfect day;
How shall our griefs, if these things mournful be,
Flow forth, oh! thou of many gifts, for thee.”—*Felicia Hemans*

A star hath vanished from our nether sphere,
A glory from our darksome earth is fled;
Our grief is half astonishment—half awe,
And all the mourning soul is filled with dread.
O strange it seems that such as he should *die*—
Die to that world whose darkness he illumined—
Die with his glorious genius *half* revealed.
Oh earth!—oh man!—how darkly are ye doomed!

Weep, Erin, weep. One other blow is struck;
A link is added to thy chain of woe.
A wreath of gloomiest cypress swift entwine
For him, thy patriot-prelate, now laid low.
For thee he stepped from forth seclusion's shade,
And reared his towering mind in inv defence,

Till even thy foul maligners back recoiled ;
Weep for the trusty champion taken hence.

And thou, our holiest Mother, Church of God !
Deplore the stately column rent away !
Mourn genius, learning, piety and zeal—
Assemblage rare in "tenement of clay."
Thine was the charity that warmed his heart,
And thine the faith sublime which filled his soul.
Meet son of such Mother—he his dead ;
What now can thy maternal heart console !

What though thy circling arm him still enfold ?
Where stands his radiant soul before the throne,
'Mid thy triumphant warriors, brightly crowned—
Yet mournest thou the light from this world gone.
Thou sorrowest for thy children thus bereaved—
The bright example from our view removed,
A radiance from this world of sin withdrawn—
So mourns thy mother—oh ! thou most beloved !

For thee, my country ! raise thy sorrowing eyes
To those far regions, where he "lives and reigns,"
Believe that still he loves and serves thee *there*—
Prays for thy weal—compassionates thy pains.
Though stript of this world's wealth, thou still art rich—
Rich in the saints thou daily givest to heaven—
Rich in the heritage of thine old faith,
Purely divine, and free from early leaven !

From forth thy hills and vales, how many a star
Hath shone upon the darkness of the earth—
Guiding the nations with the light of faith—
A blessing to the land that gave them birth !
Thou art not poor, loved island of our sires ;
Rich in thy children we behold thee stand ;
Hadst thou but borne a Doyle and a Maginn,
The world would deem thee rich, mine honored land !

"MEMENTO MORI."

(*From the New York Nation, Feb. 17, 1849.*)

By the letter of a Derry correspondent, the friends of Ireland in America will be informed of the particulars of the new national calamity which has befallen that island, in the death of the Catholic Bishop of Derry—the Rt. Rev. Dr. Maginn.

At any time this would have been a sad and heavy loss to a struggling country, necessarily unfavorable to the ripe development of great characters. If last year our politics had prospered, and, in the midst of jubilee, this news had reached the Irish capital,

"How would the triumph of our ranks
Be dashed with grief!"

But, as it is, when patriotism is felony, and public virtue is circumvented and spirited away by jealous and arbitrary power, Ireland could far, far less afford this loss. Safe in the dignity of his office, Dr. Maginn might have made the sanctuary in which he ministered the nursery of a wiser and more fortunate struggle than that of '48. By the force of his character, and that spell of sincerity which was the charm of his style and the secret of his fame, he might have attracted and reinvigorated the sinking hearts of his people, and replenished their courage out of the abundance of his own.

Then, also, if longer life had been allotted him, he might have added a finished reputation to the few we have in our recent history. Our monuments for many years are a mournful multitude of broken columns and unfinished cenotaphs. One more, alas, is added to the number, and this shaft has been broken abruptly off at the very hour its support was most needed in the world.

The public services of Dr. Maginn to his own country need scarcely be repeated here. All who take an interest in Ireland remember them. He was the earliest and most ardent friend of the union of parties. He was utterly opposed to the antiquated folly of petitioning England. He was a believer in the right of nations to resort to arms for the defence, or assertion of their just claims, and if banners had appeared last year in the summer air over the fields of Ireland, his benediction would have hailed them as they rose. The utter vanishing of all our brave prospects, beyond a doubt, weighed on his enthusiastic spirit, and, perhaps, induced that fever of mind and body, which has ended in his death.

Born in Ulster, nursed up in the native region of religious contention, the trials of his creed hardened, but never darkened, his intellect. He was equally free from bigotry and compromise. That he had influence enough last year to prevent the usual partizan tomfooleries of both denominations in the city of Derry, is the best proof of his influence, and the good uses he made of it. May his successors be as successful in the same work

If we dared to mingle private sorrow with the grief of our race, we would be bound, peculiarly, to regret his loss and reverence his memory. In days of danger and calamity, we had reason to be grateful to this great man, for timely aid and warning. Before that time we had respected and honored him; since then, a not unnatural personal gratitude mingled with our estimate of his character. We had hoped some day or other to render to the living the thanks that are now turned into a lament. Fondly, we thought, we may go a pilgrimage over the grey hills of lake-bound Innishowen, to repay the obligation we owe, and to acquit the debt of gratitude. But in that wild peninsula, where once before the last dreaded chief of a broken confederacy met a sudden death, we will find hereafter, if not his home, his tomb, and no more fervent prayer than ours, and no more reverend step, shall be about his grave from this till then. May the soul of the good Bishop rest in peace!

APPENDIX.

THE DEVON COMMISSION

The Rev. Edward Maginn sworn and examined.

WHERE do you reside? I am parish priest of Bun-crana and the union of Fahans and Dysertigney, in the county of Donegal.

What is the extent of the district with which you are acquainted? Including the three parishes, about 66,000 or 67,000 acres.

What is the general description of the district; is it tillage, or is a large portion of it mountain? With respect to the portion of mountain and tillage in Upper Fahans and Dysertigney I cannot say with certainty. With respect to Lower Fahans I can state pretty accurately the quantity of improvable ground. The parish, including two extra parochial places, comprises about 26,000 acres. As far as I recollect, it is a long time since I received these documents from one of the government surveyors; at that time there were about 4,000 or 5,000 acres in a state of cultivation; about 12,000 acres that could be improved; and the remainder con-

sisted of rocks and mountains of a certain elevation, which rendered them unprofitable and unimprovable.

Have there been as many as twelve thousand acres improved since you obtained that information? No; I stated there were about four thousand in a state of cultivation. Since that time about one thousand or one thousand five hundred acres may have been brought in from pasture ground.

Is that district very populous? Some portions of the district are populous and densely inhabited, but a certain portion of the district is uninhabited.

Does the district afford, in your opinion, opportunities for extensive and remunerative improvements? Yes; I think most extensive and profitable improvements can be made in the country.

Is the state of agriculture improving or otherwise, and in what particulars? Yes, I do think that it is improving. The nature of the times has forced the people to extend their farms up the ascent of the mountain, and to take in some of the land to meet the demands upon them; they have done more in that way in the last four or five years than in the ten years before.

What are the manures chiefly used? In localities bordering upon the sea shore they use sand, and what they call sea-weed or wrack. They also use animal manure in the mountains, mixed with bog.

Are there any farming societies or agricultural schools in the district, and what has been their effect? There has been a branch farming society established in connexion with the poor-law union, a short time ago; as yet it has not had any effect: we have got an agricultu-

ra school in embryo, and I think it can be turned to very good account in that neighborhood. On certain conditions Captain Kennedy has made us a present of three and a half acres of land, and I have got a teacher there who gives lectures on agriculture.

Has it had much effect yet? No, they have scarcely tried the effects, but it is training the youth and giving them knowledge of the different kinds of soil; but the teacher has not yet been trained in Dublin.

What is the more usual size of tillage farms, and the mode of culture in that district? It is impossible to answer that question. The small villages stretch up alongside the mountain, and there may be one thousand acres not worth more than 8*l.* an acre. I would say on an average about four acres, or from that to six acres arable, was the size. It would be more accurate for me to state the rental, I should say from about six to ten pounds.

Are there many farms held in rundale, or in common, in the district? They are getting out of the system at present, but there are still a good many held in that way; there are some villages where it exists.

What is the general condition of the persons holding in that state? Are they better or worse off than their neighbors? I think they are worse off; at least the system of rundale causes a great deal of confusion in the country.

In what manner is the rent fixed; is it by private contract, by proposal, or by valuation? I think I should say that there is no such thing as a contract at all. It is imposed; it is a sum imposed by the landlord

or agent; it has not the nature of a contract by any means. There may be exceptions, but this is the general rule.

Are valuers usually employed? Yes, they employ valuers. Formerly there were valuers employed who were persons of knowledge, and understood the country, such as Mr. Lythgow and Mr. Dysart, who were farmers themselves; latterly they have selected individuals who know very little about the general nature of the country, or sought persons who lived in towns, who were surveyors and not valuers. I beg to explain as to this answer, that this I know from the very great injustice done to many individuals in the district by those persons not understanding sufficiently how to cut up the land. They cut up the land, and gave the best of it to two or three individuals, and banished the rest up to the mountain.

Was that while dividing the farms? Yes, while valuing and dividing the farms. I think frequently the worst farm pays the highest rent.

What is the usual rent of average land of different qualities? It varies very much throughout the country. The value of it depends very much on the season; if the season is good, they can calculate upon a tolerable crop; if the season is bad, the crop is exceedingly bad. The land is wet, and there is a constant flow of water from the hills upon the lands which lie on the sides of the mountain, and if the season is a bad one, the crop is generally a failure. I think the rent would be from 2*l.* 10*s.* to 25*s.* the Cunningham acre, for what is called crofting ground. I beg to submit that this is the best quality of land in that part of the country.

Are you aware what proportion this bears to the poor-law valuation? With respect to the poor-law valuation, I consider it no criterion; the reason is that I know the person very well, and I know from the way in which he valued my own house and the property throughout the country, that it is not to be depended upon. He would merely stand upon a hill and look at the lands of a village, and afterwards take the rental; it is generally the rental he adopted as the rule; he could in such a way have valued a whole parish in a day, if he got to the top of a high mountain.

With respect to the government valuation, have you ascertained the proportion the rent bears to it? I beg to remark that I had not the government valuation at time; it was afterwards I got it; and we took an account of the rental of the towns, not as they are classified in the government valuation, but merely as they are classified in my own parish book. The average in Lower Fahan, I should say, is about forty per cent. higher than the government valuation, and in some cases nearly one hundred per cent. higher, and even more than that.

Are those particular cases, where there are any houses or recent improvements to make that difference? With respect to recent improvements, in one case the people went up to the side of the mountain in the townland of Meenamallaghan, and cultivated the land; they took that at 20 $\text{\textit{l}}$. The landlord's son went up the hill and looked down at the improvements they had made, and raised them to 42 $\text{\textit{l}}$., and served them with ejectments to leave the places, or come up with him to the 42 $\text{\textit{l}}$.

Was he a middleman or a proprietor in fee? A middleman.

Have you any means of knowing what the government valuation of that townland was? 19*l.* 6*s.*; and as I was informed it was offered for 9*l.* before the people went there.

Is it long since the people commenced those improvements? I think about thirty years ago.

Are you able to state how long they had had the benefit of their improvements at the lower rent? About twenty to twenty-one years at that time.

How long is it since the rent was raised from 20*l.* to 42*l.* From seven to nine years ago? I cannot say with accuracy.

How soon after it becomes due is the rent usually called for? We have so many landlords, and the customs vary so much, it is hardly possible to say.

Is there any custom in the country in reference to the receipt of rent? A great deal depends upon the feeling of the landlord. A great many demand it immediately after it is due. I should say some demand the November rent on the 1st of February, and others sooner than that; some even get the rent before it is due, at least they send for it on the very day, that is merely by way of accommodation; the principal proprietors in the place do not call for the rent so soon. I think about the month of April and about the month of October are the usual times.

Is there any payment of rent by bill in the district with which you are acquainted? Nothing of the kind that I know of.

Does the tenant depend upon the loan fund or local

usurers for assistance in paying his rent? With respect to the loan fund in Upper Fahan, I believe there is a great deal doing in that way, though it is a great injury to the country. The persons who become security for those poor people are publicans or innkeepers, or keep shebeen houses along the way, and they oblige the persons, as I am informed, to drink so much, and if they do not drink, they will not secure them again; they lose a great deal of time in going into the town, and they are obliged to spend a great deal of money.

Are there any local usurers in the district, and what is their rate of interest? We have mealmongers in the country, who give out oats to assist them in seeding their ground; the people are not able to seed their ground from being so poor; they call upon the meal-monger and he gives out meal to them; there is a kind of contract; they sell dear and buy cheap. I would say that when meal can be purchased for 10s., they would sell, it at the highest price, from 14s. to 16s., or even higher than that, and then the person gives his promissory note to the party of whom he has purchased, to pay him a certain sum; the person after he has received this promise to pay, buys back the meal at 9s., one shilling under the market price, and besides that, they often charge them two shillings over again for their trouble, and with the money the poor people raise in that way, they purchase their seed oats.

What is the usual mode of recovering rent from defaulting tenants? At present it is changed somewhat; they impounded the cattle formerly, it is now done by marked writs or civil bill process and decrees.

Are arrears of long standing held over against the tenants? I think not.

Are the receipts of rent usually on account, or up to a particular day? I know properties where a receipt is given for a term for the November and May rent, specifying it; there are other properties upon which it is given on account, where the agent wishes either to defraud the tenant or defraud the landlord.

Is the tenure immediately under the proprietors or under middlemen, and what is the condition of those holding under each class? We have very few middlemen.

What is the state of the tenants holding under those middlemen where you have them? Some are in a deplorable state.

Do the tenants hold generally at will or by lease? We have very few leases; they hold generally at will. I might almost say universally, except in the neighbourhood of Buncrana, upon one property.

What effect has this tenure upon the condition of the tenantry? The effect is that the rents are double, generally augmented by the caprice or avarice of the landlord.

Do you find that the increased value given to the land by the labour of the occupier, has been charged upon him afterwards in the shape of increased rent? Yes, I think so, or they could by no means meet the demand.

Have you had opportunities by your own knowledge, of ascertaining that this is the case? I would be inclined to think that the experience I have throughout the country would go to prove it.

From what do you draw this conclusion? From a comparison of the rents now paid in the district, compared to the rents which I have been informed they paid forty years ago.

With respect to permanent improvements upon land, are they effected by the landlord, or tenant, or jointly? I would say that by both are those improvements effected.

In what proportion, and how is that proportion secured to either party? The landlord is secured with respect to the improvement that is made; he is sure of getting the benefit, but the tenant is not; he has no security, except the humanity of the landlord.

Do you think that what you have observed in the increase of the rent, according to the improvement produced by the occupier, has had the effect of discouraging the occupier from making improvements? Yes; I think he makes no improvement except through sheer necessity. I speak generally, there may be exceptions.

What do you mean by sheer necessity? The rent and taxes press upon him so hard that the land cultivated hitherto will not meet the demand, and he is obliged to extend his cultivation.

With a view to get an extended amount of produce? Yes.

He derives the benefit of it? He is more or less able to meet the demands; it facilitates the payment of the demands made upon him in the way of taxation and rent; but with regard to benefit, I would consider that the tenant, with respect to clothing and the comforts of life, derives very little.

Does not it give him a greater amount of return? Yes, a greater amount of return, and it makes him more independent. I should speak more correctly if I said it gave the landlord a greater amount of return.

Do I understand that the tenant in the first instance brings more land into cultivation in order to meet the demands upon him, but that his interest in it is diminished, as the landlord increases the rent? I say at the present time the tenant has to pay 10% rent, and he disposes of all the corn he grows upon the land, and that does not meet the 10%; he is therefore obliged to bring in pasture land out of the mountain to enable him to pay the rent; it does not benefit him, it makes him more independent of the landlord; if he did not pay it he would be turned out for non-payment of rent.

It enables him to pay his rent? Yes.

Supposing a tenant takes a farm, which in its unimproved state, gives a produce worth 30% a year, and he lays out his labour and money upon it, and he makes it yield an amount of produce worth 50% a year, and he holds it at the same rent for twenty or thirty years, at the end of which time the rent is increased, do you not conceive during that twenty or thirty years he has had a return, which in ordinary cases, would repay the outlay of his labour and capital? I would say that he might have a return, provided the land was fruitful and productive during that time.

Is the tenant-right, or sale of good-will, prevalent in the district, and to whom is the purchase-money paid? It has been prevalent; but it has been much restricted lately.

Is it equally allowed to tenants-at-will as to persons having leases? Yes; I think it was more so in some cases to tenants holding from year to year, than to persons having leases which have expired. I have some cases which I can show illustrative of that.

Have you known cases of eviction of tenants at-will without compensation for their tenant-right? Yes, I have; I have heard it, and believe it, having inquired into the facts. Upon one townland twelve persons were served with ejectment process, in order to compel them to pay a sum of money to set up in business a son of the proprietor, who had lately married; the proprietor was a middleman; in one case this sum amounted to 41*l.*, and the person was absolutely turned out by ejectment, until he complied with the demand, and then he was restored to his farm again, paying the same rent as before. In another case, where a double rent was demanded at the expiration of the lease the goods were seized, and no less than fourteen keepers, at 2*s.* 6*d.* a day, were put on the house and farm, and upon the pound. A horse had been seized, which was cheap at 8*l.*; it was sold, but the poor man was only paid 1*l.*, the rest having gone in the costs of the distress.

In what year did this take place? This occurred about 1831.

Has this system been continued? Yes, it has; and fourteen families, consisting of seventy-six individuals, have been ejected within the last fourteen years without any compensation on one townland, and two of them were obliged to pay the law expenses: that is the statement I have received. Four of those cases

have occurred lately, and some of them had paid as much as from 60*l.* to 100*l.* originally for the tenant-right; they were not allowed to sell it; they did not get a penny of compensation, and the stones of one person's dwelling when thrown down, were afterwards sold to the contractor for four guineas.

Do you believe that many cases have occurred where persons have been ejected because they would not pay double rent in the way you have mentioned? I think there are few cases in which they have been ejected because they would not pay the double rent.

Have you heard any complaints of the manner in which distresses are made in the district with which you are connected? Yes, very many.

What has been the nature of them? The bailiff going and seizing the cows and horses, and bringing them to the pound, without having the permission of the agent, in order to raise money; on one property I know very well, a young man, the son of the bailiff who had been employed there, was in the habit of doing business for the father, and he was in the habit of going down to the townlands and stopping there during the night, and seizing as many cattle as would raise as much as 30*s.* or 1*l.*, and come up to town and spend it in drinking.

Are these cases of improper distress frequent in that country? I think so.

Is that bailiff employed now? No, neither of them is employed as bailiff now.

Is it a frequent practice in the country to serve notices to quit upon the tenants, for the purpose of re

covering the rents? Yes, and for other purposes; to keep them in the state of serfs, in order that the tenants may be altogether under their control. I think the notices to quit are served upon them in order to make them more dependent in spirit.

Are those notices to quit attended with costs to the tenant? No, they are not.

Are the proceedings attendant upon the notice to quit attended with costs? Yes. I would state the general amount charged for an ejectment process; in some cases it is 25s., and in others 12s. 6d.

Do you conceive that these cases are frequently brought to raise a certain sum of money from the tenant in the shape of law costs? On my oath I believe there are cases in which these ejectment processes are served for that purpose. I have heard and believe, that a certain agent was in the custom upon the Sabbath Day, to go into a certain house, and having got leave to put an attorney's name upon the process, they were served, and by that means put money into the party's pocket—that I have heard from the clergyman; there were seventy-five processes served, and 25s. each charged upon them, in the parish of Clonmany, in the last few years.

In reference to the payment of rent, is there a practice existing of requiring a fine in case the rent is not regularly paid? I do not know of it being the case except upon one property.

Is it still the case there? Yes, as far as I understand.

Are you able to state to the commissioners what was the amount of that fine? It was 2s. 6d. if they did not pay the rent upon the day; there is a certain day ap-

pointed, and if they do not pay their rent that day they are fined 2s. 6d., and after paying the fine, if they keep it longer after the first week they are charged at the rate of 1s. in the pound; that was the statement made to me by a very respectable person.

With regard to the tenant-right, do you know of your knowledge that it is now the practice in the district with which you are acquainted, to refuse to allow a person to purchase the tenant-right, and thereby to become the tenant, upon political or religious grounds? I have heard of it occurring upon one property, but that is a few years ago.

Does the system of binding the tenant to a particular mill still continue in your district? Yes, on one property they are bound to the mill, though the mill does not exist.

Is there any differences in the management of estates of different classes; for example, the estates of large or small proprietors, or the estates of absentee and resident proprietors? I think there is very little difference.

Have you any suggestions to make as to any amendment that might be made in the existing law that affects landlords and tenants? I wish to make some remarks upon the subject of the answers to some queries which I circulated among a great number of townlands. I have received answers from thirty or forty townlands, in which it is stated, that after paying rent, county cess, &c., there remains but a few potatoes for the support of their families; that not above three or four, on the average, are able to sow their land in seedtime without getting trust meal, which they sell for ready money to buy seed;

that there are not above four or five townlands in the number in which there are feather beds at all. Considering the rents which the tenantry are obliged to pay throughout the country, and comparing those rents with the rate of the markets, and considering that a great portion of the rents were imposed in war time, when the produce was three times the value it is at present, I would, in the first place, suggest that there should be a re-valuation of the lands, and that there should be confidence given to all parties. I would, with all deference, suggest that there should be a valuator appointed by the landlord, a valuator appointed by the people in vestry, and that the government should appoint an arbiter with respect to those two valuers, that in case the valuator on the part of the landlord, and the valuator on the part of the tenant, should not agree, the government arbiter should be called upon to settle the difference.

Have you any other suggestion you wish to make? Secondly, I would submit that after this valuation, leases should be given for a certain number of years to the tenants, so as to secure to them the fruits of their industry. I would specify the chief terms, in order to make myself more distinct, twenty-one years, forty-one years, and sixty-one years. A landlord giving a lease for twenty-one years, I would suggest that a certain portion of the improvements should go to the landlord, and that the tenant, before he could be ejected from the property, should be paid for a certain portion, as his term is shorter. I should say that two-thirds of the value of the improvements should go to the tenant, and one-third to the landlord, to induce him to grant leases. In the case of a forty-

one years' lease, I should say that it should be one half that should be paid to the landlord; and in the case of a sixty-one years' lease, I should think the tenant recompensed, and that the landlord then might have another valuation. Upon what I would call immutable justice, I think the tenant is entitled to his improvements in every case; but, as there must be a compromise, that is a suggestion I would make. I would suggest again to the gentry of the country, that the persons employed by the gentry of the country as bailiffs, should be persons of good character. There is nothing so destructive to the peace of the community, and no one thing which has created so much bad feeling, as the miscreants who have been appointed by the gentry of the country to manage their property for them; I mean the under-bailiffs, they are generally persons who have no respect for their word or their oaths, and are capable of doing any one thing. In the neighborhood in which I reside, there are two persons employed as bailiffs; one of them was turned off by the barrister, Henn, because he could not decide conscientiously upon any case in which he was concerned, and that person has the management of a very extensive property. I consider that many of the acts done, which reflect disgrace upon the agent, are attributable to the misrepresentations of this person. I would suggest the removal of those persons, and the employment of persons of sober habits and good character.

Have you any other suggestion you wish to offer to the commissioners? In case the tenants should get leases for terms of years, I should suggest that a few acres of land should be set apart for national schools, for the purpose of

training the children in agricultural pursuits, which could be done easily. In the mountain districts we are establishing school, with the assistance of the gentry in the neighborhood. There is one remark I would make as to the decrease of the population. I think I can speak of the inhabitants of all sects, and I do not think they have increased in the last thirteen years. In Upper Fahan there has been a reduction of 130 in the last thirteen years; this I attribute to the want of comfort on the part of the people, and the harrassing system they are exposed to; they are obliged to work harder than they were formerly. Ten or twenty years ago they were not obliged to work half so much; their comforts have diminished and their labor has increased; the population not keeping up with the ratio of propagation, as the expression is, I would say it is attributable to the great number of deaths we have in the country, and the very few marriages.

LETTER TO THE CORK TENANT LEAGUE.

BUNCRANA, *May 4, 1847.*

SIR—It is with extreme difficulty, on account of the awful pressure of the times, that I can steal a moment from the duties they impose, to acknowledge the receipt of your esteemed favor, and to convey to your committee the expression of my warmest gratitude for the too kind and honorable notice they have taken of me. I regret to have to say that the rules, address, and pamphlet to which you allude in your communication, have not as yet reached me. The regret however is being alleviated by the lucid, forcible, and truly eloquent exposition of your principles made in the admirable letter I had from you. To these principles I can have no hesitation in giving my adhesion—no reason to refuse them my support or my approval. From the time I was able to think, they were my own. They grew with my growth, and strengthened with my strength. Every day's bitter experience of the barbarous system of landlord rule, fenced round by laws innumerable, to render it in mischief effective, and secure it against the reaction natural to misdeeds, gave them in my mind, if possible, a still more enduring fixity; and if I longed for anything, it was for such a reunion as yours—moral, peaceful, constitutional, yet resolute, and determined to subvert that system, or force its abettors to capitulate to what they never yet, as a body, recognized—pity or equity, or both. The principles of your league are the unmixed principles of commutative justice. The contracts hitherto between landlord and tenant may have been legal; they were not generally just. The tenant, from the peculiar circumstances in which he was

placed, could not ascend to that level with the proprietor which a contract, to be just or binding in conscience, essentially requires. He was not a free agent. It was, with him, "land or death!" The "*equalitas rei ad rem*" was placed in abeyance, or forced to yield by the alternative of starvation in the prospective, whilst the caprice or avarice of the lord of the soil became the sole criterion of its value. A landlord parliament of course sanctioned the injustice which rapacity exacted, and inscribed in the head of the book of their legislation, as an incontrovertible maxim, "that the proprietors had a right to do what they pleased with their own"—a dictum, if taken without limitation, destructive of morals, religion, and society. This right, in their hands, assumed a comprehensiveness, to which the modern and ancient worlds were almost strangers—I said almost, for Nero, as we read, burned Rome on a principle somewhat similar. This right of the lords of the soil was being not only extended to the fruit of the tenant's labor, to the ox, the ass, the man-servant, and maid-servant of the husbandman, but to his very soul and body; for even with these to do what they pleased, many of them claimed an unquestionable right. Nothing ever approached to this *barathrum marcelli* principle of theirs, but the right given, permitted, or assumed by Saul over a rebellious people—the just penalty of revolt against the indulgent sovereignty of their Lord:—"He will take your sons, and put them in his chariots, and make them his horsemen and his footmen, and he will appoint them to plough his fields and reap his corn. Your daughters he will take to be his cooks and bakers. He will take your fields and vineyards, and your best oliveyards, and give them to his servants. Your servants also

and your handmaids and your good bred young men and your asses he will take away, and put them to his own work. Your flocks also he will take, and you shall be his servants," etc.—1st Kings, chap. 8th. Saul's right they have ever claimed as theirs, in Ireland; Saul's rapacity they have literally imitated; Saul's destiny I do not, however, wish them. Saul's right ended in a bloody rebellion in which he lost his crown and life. Theirs, I fondly hope, will end with the famine and pestilence it has created, or eventuate in a fair and equitable adjustment of their and your rights. They cannot lose by having this right abridged, or crushed into proper dimensions. It only worked ruin to themselves and the nation—its only produce.

Dead sea fruits that tempt the eye
But turn to ashes on the lip.

With us, I am happy to be able to say, tenant right is, at least, partially admitted, and many even practically admit the other duties which property imposes: but they are, alas! comparatively few—these just and good men, like streaks of glory scattered here and there on our otherwise dark and dismally clouded sky, such men as Sharman Crawford, the Marquis of Londonderry, the Marquis of Abercorn, Earl Gosford, and some others of all creeds whom it is needless to mention, prominently stand forth, as beacon lights, not surpassed in beneficent splendour by the proprietary of any other country. Verily they have their reward in their happy tenantry who look up to them with pride and affection, punctually pay their rents, and securely repose in the shade of their own "vine and fig-tree." Together with the tenant right, the principle of compensation for improvements by some, is being admitted—they receive

of course the full value of their lands without trouble and are moreover repaid, by way of interest, with the benedictions of a peaceable, prosperous, and contented people. It is passing strange that principles working so much good—so evidently just, so indisputable, could have any adversaries pretending to common sense, or to any clear notions of equity, or even of their own interests.

The Cotton-grower of Lancaster, South Carolina, has as much right to claim, without compensation, the calicoes of Manchester, Glasgow, or Paisley, because he supplied to the manufacturer the raw material, as the landlord has to the tenant's improvements, because he let him the land. To thrust men out on the world who reclaimed the bleak and barren mountain side of deep morass, not value for 6d. per acre, until, fertilized by the sweat of their brows, and made valuable by their toil and capital, may have a sanction in law, but has none from justice—may be the act of a professing Christian, but is not, surely, the doing of an honest man. Again, to increase the rent as the tenant improves, and tax his industry, is not only flagitiously unjust, but, practically, a premium on indolence. Your scale for adjusting or regulating the burthens to be respectively borne by landlord and tenant, is so strictly impartial, that no reasonable man could object to it; no just man would. I am delighted to have to inform you, that the tenant class in Ulster are becoming alive to the necessities of the times, and the truly perilous position in which they are being placed. Your principles—your fears—your hopes—are theirs; and, in the partial enjoyment of some favors you do not possess, feeling them to be precarious, they seek like you to establish them on an immutable basis. They have

able advocates in the northern press—the *Belfast Vindicator*, the *Northren Whig*, and in the *Derry Journal*, and *Standard*, and they have zealous, vigorous supporters; whilst their adversaries are only being sustained by the merest drivellers that ever figured in a Dunciad. You have with you the liberal press of Dublin, the feelings of the great majority of the English people, who detest your oppressors—the sympathies of the world; and, what is better than all, on your side is justice and Erin, on theirs is oppression and guilt. If it be not your own fault, you must succeed, and your success will lay the foundation of Ireland's prosperity; for even a Repeal of the Union, without the full recognition of your rights, would be of small service to our country. I see, moreover, in the constitution of your committee, the successful issue of the glorious struggle to which you are committed. It comprises men of every creed, united by the strong ties of brotherhood, and viewing man as he is, by the still stronger ties of mutual interest to work out a common good. Religion, that should bring you together for purposes of universal benevolence, can no longer be made, by the crafty, designing, or wickedly interested, to keep you asunder; nor can you henceforth, by any insidious legerdemain, be induced to see in the face of a fellow-countryman, because he differs from you in creed, that of an enemy. Ireland, you feel, is sufficient for us all, intended by a gracious Providence to make us all happy together. A few rapacious men, by sowing discord in the name of God and religion, made it the most miserable land on earth. They stirred up Protestant and Catholic to hate, and foolishly war with each other—like the mouse and the frog of the fable, with this difference, that, instead of the straw and

the bulrush, they armed them with bayonet, and bludgeon, and marshalled them on to murderous, reckless and ridiculous conflict ; that, whilst engaged in this silly yet suicidal strife, they might, vulture-like, pounce upon, seize, and swallow up both as a morsel of bread. You are happily, I see, unlearning the lesson they taught you, and beginning, to their great dismay, to enquire at length, with your old fellow sufferers of Mantua,

En, quo discordia Cives
Perduxit miseros ! En queis consevimus agros.

He who is not “the God of dissension, but of Peace,” will, I cherish the hope, bless your united efforts ; and history will have to record that the sweet Mononia, that gave us a Boirhoime, a Cormac, a Curran, Fathers O’Leary and Mathew, and an O’Connell, crushed the head of a serpent more venomous than any banished by our great apostles from our land—a greater “monster” than the Kraaken of the northren ocean, or that which swallowed up Jonas alive ; turned the dense mist of misery which shrouded our island into sunbeams ; brought security, comfort, and gladness around the peasant’s hearth ; and made Ireland, what she ought to be, with all bounteous gifts of Heaven to her, the happiest kingdom on earth. Even the Patrician, whom you shall have forced to descend from the giddy and uncertain eyrie of domineering injustice to the smoother, safer plane of equity, will thank you for the service rendered him in giving him, at length, a resting-place, more noble and more secure than any he ever occupied, in the hearts and affections of a grateful tenantry. Posterity, of course, will point to Cork, whence the tenant league, like another Cornelia, sent forth its jewels, to redeem and rescue our com-

mon country from the most galling link in the whole chain of her bondage. These hurried, scattered remarks on one of the most important subjects that have arrested the attention of Irishmen, elicited as they have been by your eloquent letter, you will receive with that indulgence they require. However faint and imperfect, they are still the approving echo of your own admirable sentiments.

Believe me, with earnest hopeful aspirations for the success of your committee, your most obliged and obedient servant,

✠ EDWARD MAGINN.

W. H. Trenwith, Esq., Hon. Sec., &c. &c.

TO DR. McKNIGHT, OF DERRY.

BUNCRANA, *October 27, 1847.*

SIR,—I have, in all sincerity, to express my deep regret that, from indisposition, I cannot realize the pleasing hope which—on my departure from Dublin, and even up to this moment—I fondly entertained—of being able to assist at the dinner which the tenant farmers of the North of Ireland, and the enlightened and respectable mercantile classes of the city of Derry, purpose giving this evening to that distinguished patriot—the long-tried and genuine friend of the Irish agriculturist—Sharman Crawford, Esq. But few—very few in Ireland—have so well deserved such a compliment at our hands. His views, the most matured—the practical and beneficial example he sets on his own estates commensurate with his views—his integrity so unbending—his energy and perseverance so indomitable; through good report and evil report it was with him “still onward,” no matter how checked or contravened, to improve the condition of the farming population depressed by systematic misrule, and discouraged by the precarious titles on which their right, yea, their very existence, depended. He hoped against hope—unassisted, unfriended; he battled still for justice, exhibiting in his person the most beautiful object on which the eye of heaven can rest—‘The just man struggling with adversity.’ To do such men honour is meet, is just, and to omit this duty would be, on the part of those for whom he struggled, base ingratitude. Though absent in body, I am present with you in heart and spirit to pay him

every mark of respect. My humble but sincere concurrence you have in the cause in which you are embarked, and as far as my influence can go, it shall be cordially exerted to co-operate with you in bringing your praiseworthy purpose to a successful issue.

I further, in all earnestness, respond to the beautiful sentiment which your committee (composed as it is of the most respectable Protestants and Presbyterians) with a confidence I shall always highly value entrusted to my keeping. It is a delightful sentiment—ever the fondest desire of my heart. I longed—I sighed to see it realized—a sentiment not less patriotic than Christian, which, if felt and understood, and brought into lively universal action, would shortly raise our country from the depths of unparalleled misery, in which she has been plunged, to that station which God and nature intended her to occupy among the nations of the earth. Union among all classes and creeds in Ireland—a blissful sentiment, and the only panacea for all the evils our unhappy country endures. And why, Sir, should we not be united in all things conducive to the common weal? By nature, we are all brethren; in society, we are all members of the same body. Religion, the loveliest daughter of Heaven, whose name is union, and whose mission is peace—religion given us by the God of love to bind man to his fellow-man, and men to the Being that made them, should not surely be made the occasion of keeping us asunder—that religion which sees in the face of an enemy that of a brother—which, not no matter under what dress or form she be presented to us, must have charity as the very soul of her existence.

Why should she be made a bone of dissension, or an apple of discord among us? Union, then, for every good purpose; but union especially among all creeds to remove the monster injustice that afflicts our country: union to adjust at once and for ever the rights of man, and the rights of property—to establish, on the basis of the strictest equity, the rights of landlord and tenant. Union in such a cause is blissful, big with hope and happiness for our country—for it is, undoubtedly, the cause of God—of patriotism—of charity in its purest sense, and of immutable justice! It is the cause of God, who never intended that creatures made to His own immortal image should be treated as the agriculturists of Ireland have been hitherto “in their own, their native land;” the cause of our country made a ragged, forlorn, and disconsolate beggar, by this system, at every gate in Christendom. It is decidedly the cause of charity; for if it be charitable to assist for God’s sake, an individual brother man—to feed him when hungry—to clothe him when naked, and to shelter him from the pitiless storm, when a houseless outcast, etc., how much more so to raise a nation of paupers—of miserable serfs—to a condition of comfort, security, and independence—to give them a happy home, and prevent them from being made homeless. Your cause, and the cause of your league, is the cause of immutable justice. Justice, if I understand it right, considereth it as a virtue, is that which constantly disposeth us to give to every man his rights. And have not the tenant class their rights as well as the landlord class? I fully admit the right of the proprietor of the soil. I deny his having any right, now and for ever, to

either the prospective or retrospective improvements of his tenants. The raw material is the landlord's; the manufacture is the tenant's.

If I have made his land comparatively profitable from being unprofitable, what right has he to the profits arising purely from my labour? Not more than the proprietor of a marble quarry would have to the statue when chiselled and shaped by the skilful hand of the artist into forms the most beautiful—into things breathing life. To the value of the rude block he could justly claim a title—to exact beyond it, even under the form of law, would be iniquitous. To extort it by force would be to rob the statuary of the fruits of his skill and labour. Again, men have an original natural right to live on the lands on which they were bred and born. The earth and its fulness is the domain of each and all. Their right is being based on the clearest expression of the Divine will. “You have made him little less than the angels, and placed him over the works of thy hands.” Ps. The least infringement on this universal natural right by the division of the earth, or the transfer of the division of any portion of it to individuals, would be only justifiable in the hypothesis of its having been made for the general good of society. This natural right has been, by law, in Ireland lost sight of, or placed in utter abeyance for the supposed benefit of individuals—themselves the makers of this law. It was not for the public good, nor even for the good of the individuals in whose favor it was made. Witness the results: The farming classes have been beggared by it; the landlord class made bankrupt by it; the mercantile classes, whose

stay is the farmer's prosperity, have been made insolvent by it; the laboring population by it stalk and stagger over the land, gaunt spectres of misery; public credit, and nearly all confidence, have been destroyed by it. The ruin here occasioned by it is now, by the just retribution of God, re-acting on a neighboring kingdom that cradled the monster in its infancy, and nursed it into vigor; and unhappy Ireland in the lowest depths of the abyss, can only extend her arms to heaven for help. It is an absurdity, I should say a blasphemy, to impute this wreck of realms to the rot of the potato. Many causes, I admit, led to it; but, principally, the insecurity, or rather almost utter rejection of the tenant's rights, and the grinding exactions of the landlord class generally. All was seized on by them, the potato excepted. God struck this root—the pretext of extortion, and the unholy system in its ultimate terrible effects became known to the world. The world knowing it, universally condemns it. Were it not for his divine interposition it would have continued for ages, accumulating its iniquity, unnoticed and unamended. The potato rotted in France, in Belgium, in Germany, in England, and in Scotland, and the failure of it was scarcely felt. It rots in Ireland, and the crash of ruin echoes to the extremities of the earth. Whence this difference? I say its cause is to be found especially in the unhallowed treatment the occupiers of the soil in Ireland received. Take, Sir, for example, the following illustrations. I omit the names of the townlands and of their landlords, as it would be invidious to mention them. Besides, they are not worse—nay, some of them are better—than many of their class. I have before me the

statistics of twenty townlands, with the corresponding progressive rise of rents in each, from 1800 to 1843, and also the relative market prices of the productions of agriculture during the same period :

No. 1	Rent in 1808, £24 Irish.			
	" 1811, £53 Irish, now £61 British.			
No. 2	Rent in 1800, £8 4s. Irish, now £60 British.			
No. 3	Rent in 1804, £15 Irish, now £31 British,			
No. 4	Rent in 1802, £10 Irish, now £25 10s. British			
No. 5	Rent in 1801, £40 Irish.			
	" 1811, raised to £80 Irish, now £26 British.			
	" 1812 and 1814	"	"	"
No. 6	Rent in 1801, £53 8s. 9d. Irish, now £98 British.			
No. 7	Rent in 1801, £35 Irish.			
	" 1811, raised to £58 Irish, now £70 British.			
	" 1812 and 1814	"	"	"
No. 8	Rent in 1801, £80 Irish.			
	" 1811, raised to £150 Irish, now £162 British.			
	" 1812 and 1814	"	"	"
No. 9	Rent in 1801, £1 Irish.			
	" 1811, raised to £117 Irish, now £134 British.			
	" 1812 and 1814	"	"	"

As you know the corresponding market prices of the periods alluded to, I will not detain you with their details. From this illustration we could reasonably conclude what the result of such a system would necessarily be, even had we not the actual misery of our country before our eyes, produced by it. With regard to the examples which I have given, one of two things must be certain, viz., that the tenant classes on the aforesaid townlands, must have been either taxed for their industry, or wantonly oppressed by the proprietors. As these are not isolated cases, but merely parts selected from the whole, for the purposes of undivided meditation or illustration, I say it is the duty of all classes, and of all creeds, to unite and put an end at once to such an iniquity. Our rulers have tried their hands to make land dear, and flesh

and blood cheap. It is full time for them to retrace their steps so ruinous to society, and secure as far as possible, to the Irish farmer, his natural rights, by wise and vigorous legislation. Let them, of course, hold the rights of property sacred; but, above all things, let them not forget the rights of man, which the law of God, "whose is the earth and the fulness thereof," makes the rights of man still more sacred. They foolishly lost sight of the law of nature. By nearing themselves to it, and keeping it full in view, all things may be put to right again. Whatever the duty of the government may be, Sir, the duty of all sects and creeds in Ireland is clear—yea, palpable, to unite and say that this system must have an end. Protestants, Presbyterians, and Catholics, all have here a neutral ground to stand and work upon—a common cause to work for—a common interest to promote—a common enemy to oppose. From this duty there should be no shrinking. The present is the moment to forge the bolt, and strike with unerring aim the monster injustice. The leagues are the smithies in which the thunders of public opinion must be forged. In this holy work all must co-operate with earnestness, energy, single-mindedness, and perseverance.

"Brontesque. Steropesque et nudus membra Pyraemon."

Let the Episcopalian bring to it his "three rays of hailstorm"—the Presbyterian his "three of watery clouds"—the Catholic his "three of sparkling flame"—the Methodist his "winged south winds," and the stern sturdy Covenanter, his

"Fulgores terrificos, sonitumque, metumque,
Miscere operi et flammis sequacibus iras."

It is, however, the system, and not men, with which we have to deal. They are merely its creatures, born, bred, and educated under it, and the best that ever lived, nursed as they were, and petted, would not, without peculiar graces, have escaped its poisonous infection. Adam has bequeathed to us all the spirit of domination and oppression, and if not checked by other causes, it naturally and inevitably works its mischief. In all discussions on this subject, differences on religion and politics should be placed in abeyance. The league must strongly bar their gates against their introduction. Let the terms of our holy confederation be such that the principles we conscientiously entertain, shall be of necessity held inviolate. On these terms alone we, Catholics, join you. The only condition of our allegiance is simply and beautifully expressed in the following lines :

“—— cum jam leges et fœdera jungent,
 Ne vetus indigenas nomen mutare Latinos,
 Nec Troas fieri jubeas Teucrosque vocari
 Aut vocum mutare viros aut vertere vester.”

Wishing you, Sir, and all joined with you in a cause which I believe to be that of truth, of justice, of patriotism, and of God, every blessing in your endeavors to secure the prosperity of Ireland not less than your own rights; and again expressing my sincere regret for my unavoidable absence from this evening's entertainment, I remain your faithful and obedient servant,

✱ EDWARD MAGINN.

James M'Knight, Esq., Secretary, &c.

DR. MAGINN'S POLITICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

DUBLIN, *December 26, 1847.*

My Beloved Lord,—Pardon my intrusion, to which I am *forced* by my anxiety to express my admiration of your *beautiful* letters. Thank heaven, the Church and the faithful Irish people have such a champion! You have cheered our hearts at a time when all things else tended heavily to depress.

I am glad to see that, *at any rate*, a portion of your admirable letter to Lord Stanley has been permitted to appear in the London press—the *Morning Chronicle* inserting portions of it yesterday. I was *privately* informed in London, that *sly* and *crotchety* Sir Robert Ferguson was the cause why the Government Landlord and Tenant Bill was not introduced this last session. Lord Clarendon asked *his* opinion, which, of course, was unfavorable. Now what a pity that some “bird of the air” does not carry this matter to the ears of the Northmen!

I am, my beloved Lord, with the *deepest* respect, esteem and respectful affection,

Ever most devotedly yours,

JOHN O'CONNELL.

The Lord Bishop of Derry.

LONDON (13 *Belgrave Square*), *April 15, 1848.*

My Lord,—I beg to thank you sincerely for the flattering manner in which you have noticed my weak ef-

forts to draw attention to the claims of the suffering poor of Ireland, in your letter of the 5th, which I have had the honor of receiving to-day. I need not say more than express my deep regret that my power to demand redress for their grievances does not enable me to make my acts correspond with my wishes, or the strong and earnest feelings I entertain, and have for years entertained, on the subject. Depend on it, I will lose no opportunity of which I can avail myself, to press forward the subject. Your letter will, I hope, arm me with some authority in doing so, and I will anxiously watch the chances of making a move in the matter.

I fear the measure for preventing or mitigating the harshness of the *clearances* promised by Government, will turn out of no value. We will do all we can to improve it, and make it more effectual. If *time is afforded* for pressing effectual measures on the Government and Parliament—before matters come in Ireland to a crisis in which even Parliament may be powerless—I do still hope the session will not be fruitless of such good acts. The measures I have earnestly, for three years past, pressed on Government, are :

1. Protection and security to the tenant-farmer from the caprice and rapacity of his landlord.

2. The removal of all restraints on the sale, leasing, and free disposal of land, with a brief and cheap parliamentary title.

3. A large measure of public employment for the able-bodied poor, chiefly in reclaiming waste lands, to be subsequently divided into moderate sized farms, and sold or leased in perpetuity.

Measures such as these, vigorously carried out, might, I hope, prevent the convulsion with which Ireland seems menaced, and save the lives of the thousands who in the present state of the law, are now threatened with intermination.

Since you mention the Poor Law as at present, worked in such a manner as to fail even in prolonging the lives of those whom it takes under its protection, allow me to suggest that means should be taken by the friends of the poor, (such as your Lordship, and the other members of the Catholic hierarchy and clergy, who have so devotedly fulfilled the duties of their high position, as the patrons, advisers, and protectors of the poor) to *enforce* those provisions of that law which are framed for their benefit. Having taken an active part in recommending this law to Parliament and the government, and when it was introduced, having striven (and with, as I believed, considerable success) to obtain its passing in such a shape as should *secure a right to relief in destitution* to all classes of poor, I am strongly persuaded that the law, as it exists, contains enough vigour and power to secure this great object, if duly and vigilantly watched and enforced by the friends of the poor in each locality.

The local authorities are *required* and commanded by the express terms of the act *duly* to relieve all classes of the destitute; and if they neglect to do so effectively, they are open to the legal penalties of *this demeanor*, for *neglecting to perform a duty imposed on them by law*. If through any such neglect, *death* unhappily ensues, they are *moreover* liable to indictment for *manslaughter* or *culpable homicide*, I believe. This is certainly the case in

England; and our law is not more literally imperative in its injunctions on the authorities than yours. It has also recently been decided by the courts in Scotland, that a Poor Law Inspector, answering to your relieving officer, is *indictable for culpable homicide*, if he neglect any poor person requiring relief after application, and death ensue as a consequence.

I wish some case of this kind were brought before the courts in Ireland. I have asked the question publicly of the Irish Secretary here, and it has not been denied that such is the law. In the first case you relate to me, for example, that of a poor woman of 70, recorded by the verdict of an inquest as having died of starvation, having received *insufficient out-door relief*, (only ninepence a week to find lodging &c., as well as food), the relieving officer seems to me open to an indictment. If he acted by the command of the Board of Guardians, then the Chairman of the Board who gave the order would, I should think, be the party liable. Even the Poor Law Commissioners are subject to this legal responsibility, I imagine—and the Government of which they are members, to the highest amount of responsibility in Parliament, at least, if not in the courts. I should say, however, that this old woman's case might be considered a doubtful one, from her age and perhaps other infirmities. I am told, at the present price of meal, one penny a day will provide food only even for an able-bodied man, so that, little enough as ninepence a week is for the maintenance of any individual, it might be questioned whether it was not barely sufficient. I should strongly recommend, however, that such cases should

be watched, and that, when any clear case of neglect or insufficient relief (when duly demanded) appear, a prosecution should be instituted, and the question tried in court. This would have the effect of stimulating all officials under the law to activity in the discharge of their duties.

I fear you will think me unimpressed by the threatening circumstances of the moment, from my dwelling on these minute matters. I fully sympathize with your indignation at the terrible condition in which the law still leaves your poorer countrymen. But the law passed last year was some earnest of good intentions towards them on the part of the united Legislature, and I hope will be speedily followed by others more effectual, especially such as I pointed out in the beginning of this hurried letter, for the deficiencies of which I have to ask your pardon, and that you will, notwithstanding, believe me ever, my Lord,

Yours, very respectfully and sincerely,

G. POULETT SCROPE.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, *April 17, 1848.*

My Lord,—I am further obliged by your last letter. With reference to the opinion you mention as given by Mr. Henn, that the Board of Guardians are not compelled by the injunctions of the Poor Law of last session to afford the necessary relief to the out-door poor, I cannot help thinking there must be some misunderstanding. Mr. Henn, I am aware, was consulted as to the quarter-acre clause, and his opinion was satisfactory on the point

that a legal evacuation of the holding was not necessary to entitle a pauper to relief, so that he, *bona fide*, intended to give it up. I have shown your statement to Sir W. Somerville, who will make inquiry as to the facts. But this I feel quite certain of, that the act imperatively enjoins on the guardians to relieve *all cases of real necessity*, whether infirm or able bodied. If the work-house is full, the responsibility of *ordering* the *out-door* relief of the *able-bodied*, rests with the Commissioners, they being informed of the want of room, &c., by the guardians or some third party. When that order is issued, the guardians, relieving officer, &c., are as much responsible for the due relief of the able-bodied as of the infirm poor. Of course they always must exercise a discretion in every case, as to whether it is, or is not, one of real destitution. But that discretion they exercise under the heavy responsibility of the duty imposed on them to relieve all who are really destitute, and the liability, as I stated in my first letter to indictment for misdemeanor, should it be clearly shown that in any case they neglected that duty and refused relief to the really destitute.

I am no lawyer, but having taken part in the wording of the clauses with the view to securing a full right to every class of the destitute poor to relief, and having been satisfied by every accessible authority at the time, that this great object was effectually attained, I am very unwilling to believe that there can be any doubt on the matter; especially as the wording of the act appears to me fully as stringent and compulsory as those of our English laws, under which overseers have been indicted and punished as misdemeanants for neglecting to relieve

the poor, and also of the Scotch law recently enacted, under which the courts have determined that an indictment for culpable homicide will lie against a Poor-law officer for refusing relief, and thereby giving occasion to the death of the party.

I can have no objection to your circulating my letter in print, if you think it worth while. But I fear it was hastily and carelessly written, and must trust to your correction any inaccuracies of expression. The proposal to appropriate the waste lands of Ireland to the productive employment of the able-bodied poor, was made by me in June, 1846, in the shape of a bill which I got leave to introduce. I had reason to hope that the present government would take up the measure themselves; but their hearts failed them. Had it been at that time adopted, I believe much money and lives would have been saved last year, and many thousand happy farmers might have been located on the reclaimed lands already actively cultivating *their own* land. I believe some 200,000 might have been thus provided for. I am still pushing this measure on the government, but as yet they hold back. Lord John Russell promised to undertake it last year, but was induced to drop it by representations from the landlords, I believe, who do not like to part with an acre. I will take the liberty of sending you a couple of pamphlets, recently printed by me on this subject.

I remain, my Lord, your very obedient servant,

G. POULETT SCROPE.

P. S. I cannot account for my first letter being opened, but imagine it must have been accidental.

Very Rev. Dr. Maginn, Lord Bishop of Derry, &c.

LONDON, (13 *Belgrave Square*,) *May 3, 1848.*

My Lord,—I send you the correspondence given to me by Sir William Somerville, who on hearing from me the case of the poor woman in question, as related to me by your Lordship, thought it right to institute an inquiry, as I believe is uniformly done where a verdict of death from want of nourishment, or something to that effect, is recorded by a coroner's jury, and *reported* to the Board of Commissioners, or P. L. Inspector. I think the statement, on the whole, satisfactory, and leading to the conclusion, that if this is *one of the worst* cases that have occurred in your Lordship's neighborhood, there is no great reason to complain of the officials neglecting the poor under their charge. The only awkward part of the story to me, is the admission of the relieving officer that 9d. per week was his usual pay to adults; by which I understand those really destitute, who had no power, or friends capable of assisting them, nor even perhaps house-room. Should this be the case, there must be great suffering endured by them.

Pray believe that I shall feel honored by any communications on the subject of the state of the poor that you make to me, and will do my best to turn them to good account.

I beg to remain, my Lord,

Your very obedient servant,

G. POULETT SCROPE.

Right Reverend Dr. Maginn, Lord Bishop of Derry.

BENEVOLENCE OF THE BRITISH PEOPLE DURING THE
IRISH FAMINE.BUNCRANA, *June 19, 1848.*

Gentlemen,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of the 13th inst., and to state for your satisfaction, that the duty you would impose upon us we have anticipated, and, I fondly hope, faithfully discharged. Six months ago we and clergy, in conference assembled, conveyed by an anonymous resolution through the public papers, the warmest expression of our gratitude to all our benefactors, who practically sympathized with our people in their unparalleled destitution. We did not of course forget the benevolent, beneficent and humane among the English people, though we had reason to know that the greater part of their contributions was unblushingly misapplied to any and every purpose but the alleviation of the misery of our suffering poor. To the government we did not express our gratitude for the vote of money which they had made out of the common treasury towards our relief, and which was principally squandered, in the way of patronage, on heartless officials who had no sympathy for or with our starving people. I do believe that many members of the Whig government intended well, as I know there are among them some excellent men, such as Lord Morpeth, and others whom I need not name. They, however, confided the carrying out of their good intentions to faithless hands, who abused the trust reposed in them, and did anything but save our people from destruction. Our then skeleton peasantry were forced, in their rags,

amidst the frosts and snows of winter, to work, and starve, and die, not being able to earn more than 5d. per day, while thousands of pounds were lavished upon engineers, inspectors, check clerks, &c. The result of this mode of proceeding in the *cure* from which I am writing to you was, that out of a population of ten thousand Catholics, eighteen hundred at least perished through cold and hunger, or pestilence, their natural consequence. For this state of things I don't think we have had any reason to thank the government, especially as we are impressed with the conviction that it was their duty to have taken good care, at every risk and every expense to the commonwealth, to save the lives of Her Majesty's subjects, at least such was the opinion of an exceedingly wise man among the ancients—Aristotle. He was a Pagan, and I am sorry to have to introduce him as a teacher of humanity, and its duties to Christian rulers. “*Quam multæ autem sint res sine quibus, civitas, esse nequeat videndum est. Primum igitur victus seu alimentum suppeteret debet; deinde artes; tertio loco arma; deinde aliqua pecuniæ vis et copia.*”—*De Republica*, Lib. vii., Cap. 8. I have no hesitation in admitting that the benevolence of many in England had a most salutary effect, in obliterating from the minds of our people the wrongs of centuries, and making them forget and forgive the past; but it would be uncandid in me to conceal from you, that the conduct of the organs of the British public, the odious calumnies they heaped upon the people and their clergy, the want of sympathy with our people generally during the present year, in which their distress has been, in most places,

more keenly felt than during the worst periods of '47--the practical sympathy manifested by other countries with our people, even during this season, by Italy, France and America, from which countries I myself received large sums of money, with which I saved the lives of thousands of the starving poor in this diocese, while the Government and England showed nothing but cold indifference to our wants; yea more, insulted and mocked at our misery, giving full swing—I should say, encouragement—to the ruthless exterminator to level the cabins of our peasantry, and cast them out in thousands to die in ditches; all this, with many other things which it is useless for me now to mention, have much tended to remove the aforesaid good impressions, and spread disaffection everywhere abroad among us. Let but the people and government of England secure the rights of possession and of industry to our farmers, employment to our laboring classes; let them remove from among us these established anomalies which shock the common sense of Christendom, these nurseries of interested bigotry and consequent detestation of the masses of the Irish people, and make Ireland what she should be, prosperous and happy; or rather, since they have failed in producing by their legislation this state of things, which it is the duty of all rulers to produce, though they had tried their hands at it for the last forty-eight years, and made things still worse, let them allow us to legislate for ourselves, and become, as we should be, responsible for our own prosperity or misery, and Her Majesty Queen Victoria will not have, under the wide sway of her sceptre, more devoted subjects, nor the

English people more faithful friends and allies than the Irish people. I have the honor to be,

Your most faithful, humble servant,

✠ EDWARD MAGINN.

To James Hawkins, Theo. Jones, John Gilmore, Esqrs.

13 WINDSOR TOWER, KINGSTOWN, *July 30, 1848.*

My Lord,—I read, the other day, a letter or address of yours in the *Freeman's Journal*, in which you made a most temperate statement, relative to the Established Church of Ireland. This day I have read with surprise, the speech of Mr. Anstey, the Roman Catholic member for Youghell, on Mr. Sharman Crawford's motion the other night, in which he says, "He (Mr. Anstey) must say, as a Roman Catholic, that the Roman Catholics of Ireland did not consider the Established Church as the chief grievance of that country, *nor indeed any grievance at all!*" Now, my Lord, does not this put the liberal, the sincere Protestants, who agree with you on this subject, in a very awkward position, to have this Roman Catholic member's speech to be thrown in our faces and quoted as the sentiments of the Roman Catholics of Ireland? I venture to call your attention to it, and hope you will excuse my troubling you, and to subscribe myself,

Your faithful servant,

WILLIAM FITZGERALD.

P. S.—This is private, but I think ought to be looked to. May I hope an answer? If so, address Lord William Fitzgerald, as above.

MULGRAVE CASTLE, *November 25, 1848.*

Sir,—I have received your letter of the 20th instant, with an accompanying address to the Queen from a meeting of the barony of Innishowen, held on the 7th of August, and which you state would have been sooner transmitted to me for presentation but for my absence abroad. I receive this request, as you say it was intended as an additional proof of the continued confidence and favorable recollection of the Irish People. For all which I assure you I feel ever grateful.

The meeting appears to have been most numerous attended, and solely by persons connected with that part of the country. Believing many of the complaints, both general and local, to be well-founded, and making consequent allowance for, whilst regretting, some of the expressions used, I should have forwarded the address at once, through the constitutional channel, for presentation to Her Majesty, but for one difficulty connected, not with the nature of the remedy proposed, but with the Prayer itself, which seems to me to be, that the Queen, by an exercise of the prerogative, should declare the Union void. This is advice which I feel that no minister, even if favorable to the Repeal of the Union, could give to a constitutional sovereign.

This alone is the difficulty I feel in forwarding the address, unless you could explain away this impression. If the petitioners had only generously bespoken the sovereign's favorable consideration to the question of Repeal, however widely I might differ from them in that wish, I should not have hesitated to have been the medium of conveying the grievances of the people to the foot of the throne.

I should have contented myself with repeating what I stated on an appropriate occasion during my government of Ireland, that to a meeting as numerous as that lately held at Buncrana, that "my decided opposition to a repeal of the Union was founded upon, and in exact proportion to, my love for Ireland;" and I shall have been as well assured now as I was then, that my sincerity would not have been doubted by those who differ from me, my conviction being that it would not realize any of the results you propose. But I added, at the same time, that "the only assurance of a true union, must be perfect equality on all subjects of legislation." These opinions I still maintain, and to this latter state I am sure we must come. With this view, I hold it to be the first duty of every Englishman who takes part in public affairs, even from the private station I now occupy, to lose no opportunity of pressing upon his countrymen the removal of all invidious distinctions still existing, which it is the height of injustice to refuse and would be no sacrifice to concede, and that, by doing substantial and speedy justice to Ireland, they alone can maintain the security of united institutions, and thereby preserve the peace and prosperity of this great empire, happily committed to the charge of our present gracious sovereign.

Accept my best thanks for your personal expressions towards myself. I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

NORMANBY.

Rev. Edward Maginn.

MULGRAVE CASTLE, *December 12.*

Sir,—I have this day received your letter of the 8th

containing a farther explanation of the Innishowen address. I could not take upon myself to make any alteration in an address sent to me for presentation; but as as you have, you say, the authority of the committee to whom was intrusted the charge of drawing it up, if you will make the substitution of the words you propose, as more accurately conveying the legitimate meaning, and freeing it from all appearance of the objection I had stated, I will then, upon its return to me, forward it for presentation, as (though I shall still depend from the prayer,) I shall feel that it is one perfectly competent for the petitioners to address to the throne.

Thanking you again for your kind expressions towards myself, I am, sir,

Yours faithfully,

NORMANBY.

YORK, *December* 18, 1847.

My Dear Lord,—At any time, and under ordinary circumstances, the Bishops of Ireland, England and Scotland, would have very good reason to look with serious apprehension at a representative from the Protestant Government of this country, being invited and going to transact business with the Holy See. We are, however, not in ordinary, but in very peculiar, extraordinary circumstances at this present time. We have, then, much greater reason to be filled with apprehension and, indeed, with alarm, at this step being taken at the present trying and critical conjuncture. Hence it has occurred to me, that we, the Bishops of this kingdom, as faithful watch-

men, ought not to delay to raise our warning voice, and, by a general and most respectful memorial, put at once His Holiness in possession both of the alarming fears that fill our minds at present, and of some of the grounds of our serious alarms.

Hence I have thought it well to send your Lordship (soliciting your opinion thereon) the heads of our proposed memorial to His Holiness, setting forth our fears, and some of the grounds of those fears. And, of your Lordship, as an Irish Bishop, may I be permitted, *en passant*, to ask whether it be not morally certain that Lord Minto will notify to His Holiness, the general, but unjust cry of condemnation now daily echoed through both Houses of Parliament, and throughout this kingdom, against the Catholic priesthood of Ireland? whether it is not probable that His Holiness may be induced to give some credit to these misrepresentations; and also whether it be not possible for His Holiness, thus deceived, to send some document condemnatory of the conduct of the Irish Priests, or act upon that false information in some other way. Should His Holiness, thus deceived, be induced to send to Ireland such a document, your Lordship well knows how destructive it must be both to the Papal authority in Ireland, and also destructive to the authority of the Catholic Bishops and Priests in Ireland, and how ruinous in Ireland to our Holy Religion. I have the honor, my dear Lord, to be with the most profound respect, and the kindest regards, your Lordship's humble and devoted servant,

✠ JOHN BRIGGS.

Most Rev. Dr. Maginn.

P. S. Please to give me your candid opinion *by return*

of post as to the sending of this proposed memorial, (the mere outline of which I have drawn), and also as to its contents, freely retrenching or adding to them whatever your Lordship may deem desirable. J. B.

THE HEADS OF THE PROPOSED MEMORIAL TO HIS HOLINESS.

From the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland and from the Bishops of England and Scotland :

After a very humble and an apologizing introduction, we might say,

1. That Lord Minto is now in Rome, sent by the British Government to treat on ecclesiastical affairs with the Holy See. *Vide* Lord Landsdowne's speech in the House of Lords, 16th instant.

2. That the diplomacy of British ministers is well known throughout the world, to be extremely cunning and subtle, and by these means they have, almost everywhere, gained their ends.

3. That British diplomacy has been everywhere inimical to our Holy Religion.

4. That the British government has been, by every means, endeavoring for many years past to obtain a concordat with the Holy See, which was happily averted by Bishops, either of Ireland or England, being on the alert, and pointing out to the Holy See the deceptions practiced, and the sad consequences that would result.

5. That as they are now at the same work again, we deem it our duty most respectfully to state that we feel exceedingly alarmed lest the Holy See be again deceived by our civil government, the members of which government ob-

sérve the most marked secrecy at home, as to what proceedings are going on at Rome relative to our ecclesiastical affairs, though one of the leading ministers has just now avowed that they have received from Rome most useful information.

6. That besides the marked secrecy just mentioned, what fills us with alarm is to see the conflicting conduct of Lord Minto at Rome, and the conduct in England of his son-in-law, the present prime minister of England. Lord Minto is doing all that his station and money can effect, to obtain, not only the good will of His Holiness and of those in authority in Rome, but even of the populace of Rome, and also to obtain great ascendancy there. Whilst at home Lord John Russell is not only publicly declaring his hostility to the Catholic religion, as he avowed the other day, in his public printed answers respecting the appointment of Dr. Hampden to a Protestant Bishopric, but that he and his fellow ministers are continuing to persecute the Regulars, Clergy and Laity, both in Ireland and England, acting still up to what he (Lord Russell) lately said in one of his works, that he considered the Regulars no better than "sharpers."

Such also is the present conduct of the ministers acting under Lord John Russell. When we look at the conduct of our civil government at home, totally opposed to the conduct of its representative at Rome, have we not every reason to be filled with the most serious suspicion and alarm?

7. Another cause of our serious alarm is the very long continued hostile conduct of our Protestant government towards the Catholic religion in this kingdom. When a bloody persecution for nearly three hundred years could

not extinguish our religion here, and the penal laws began to be partially repealed ; from that period to the present time, and at the present time it is perfectly notorious to all in Britain, that the British government does leave nothing unattempted to undermine our holy Church. We should feel happy to specify what these various attempts to undermine our holy religion have been and now are, should your Holiness call for this information from us. At present we beg leave merely to point at the outrageous calumny now vociferated by the present government, and the members of Parliament against the Irish priests, falsely charging them with being the abettors of the horrible crime of murder.

And further, my Lords, I believe that there is no court in Europe in which it would be more useful for the British government to explain the nature of our transactions ; *or to induce that court to use its peculiar sources of influence in certain parts of Her Majesty's dominions.*—*London Morning Post*, Dec. 15, 1847. *Vide Tablet*, Dec. 18, 1847.

THOMAS STEELE, ESQ., TO DR. MAGINN.

NENAGH, *County Tipperary*, December 24, 1847.*

MY DEAR AND VENERATED LORD :

I have read your almost miraculous letter to Scorpion Stanley, with admiration and with astonishment.

* Mr. Steele writes, as will be inferred in relation to Dr. Maginn's "Letters to Lord Stanley," in justification of the Confessional, as an institution preventive of agrarian crime among the peasantry of Ireland. His style is his own ; his veracity as to matters of fact was never questioned.

That letter is "a voice as the voice of many waters, as the voice of a multitude, as the voice of God!"

I most reverentially pray your Lordship's permission to send you a late number of the *Tipperary Vindicator*, and after you shall have read the passages I have marked, I trust your Lordship will deem that I only perform a common-place social duty: that of not *by wilful silence* bearing false witness against my neighbor, when I can give testimony, the result of actual knowledge, in his favor.

Although withdrawn from political agitation since the death of my august and beloved friend and leader, I feel it to be a duty privately to come forward to give your Lordship what I believe to be evidence of *a very original* and overwhelming character, as my position was unique in Ireland, with respect to the conduct of the Catholic Clergy, of which I had an opportunity of being an intense observer.

I am, as your Lordship will condescend to recollect, a Protestant, and a member of the Senate of an English Protestant University; but as O'Connell's seconder, at the Clare elections of 1828 and '29, and his Head-Pacifier of Ireland since the autumn of the latter year, I have had more expansive and confidential inter-communion with the Catholic Clergy of Ireland, in Ulster, Leinster, Munster and Connaught, and with the Catholic Peasantry, while in a state of agrarian insubordination and outrage, than any Protestant who ever lived.

Judge Burton while passing sentence of imprisonment upon the august father of his country, volunteered the admission, that he firmly believed that "Mr. O'Connell was anxious to keep the peace of the country, *and that he did keep it.*"

I have been at noontide and midnight among 'Terry Alts, Lady Clares, Whitefeet, and reviving Rockites ; and after I left the Richmond Prison among Molly Maguires and Tipperary men—and I now proceed to prove how well-grounded was the atrocious and revolting lie of Scorpion Stanley, and therefore pray with profound reverence permission to give your Lordship the *rationale* of a *Protestant* pacificator's mode of producing tranquillization, by the *analogy*, of course I do not say identity, of his relation to the Catholic Priest at the Confessional.

Instead of diffusing the subject over several cases, I select one as an illustration, but that is a very remarkable one.

In the year 1831, during the time of the Terry Alt insurrection in Clare, Jones, Gleeson and Hogan, dressed in female attire, with painted faces, and bonnets on their heads, shot an unfortunate herdsman near Cratloe Wood, and then in open day, danced with their guns in their hands a reel round the body of their slaughtered victim.

In some time after Jones gave me up his gun in Cratloe Wood, about midnight, on an occasion when I was out in the execution of my duty as O'Connell's Head Pacificator of Ireland.

I was accompanied in my work of peace over the mountain side, by my lamented friend, the late Rev. Dr. Fitzgerald of Cratloe, and by a young gentleman, then a divinity student of Maynooth, and now a Catholic clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Considine.

Well, I went to England after the pacification of Clare, and returned in 1832 ; and in the spring of 1833 I was sent by my bemoaned leader among the Kilkenny Whitefeet.

After the repression of that outbreak I returned to Clare, my native county.

In some time after I heard that Jones had committed another savage murder, and I sent him word that I wished to meet him.

We did meet him at midnight in Tradree; I was accompanied by Mr. Considine, still a student.

I whistled, and Jones came out of a brake of bushes.

On his meeting me, I said, "Jones, do you remember the night when you gave me up your gun in Cratloe Wood, and the conversation I had with you when we were walking alone, Father Fitzgerald and Mr. Considine being at some distance before us, on the night when I got up so much arms on the mountain?"

He replied, "I do remember it very well, Sir."

I then said, "Well, as you do, you must recollect that you asked me what agreement had been made by the Lord Lieutenant when he was in Ennis?"

I told you that "the arrangement made by his Lordship, Dr. McMahon, with the Marquis of Anglesea, was this:—that any of the Terry Alts and Lady Clares who committed only the ordinary outrage of the country, and who, after giving up their arms should return to courses of peace and order, would not be disturbed;—but for those who had committed *murder*, or any crime of that kind, there could be no hope of mercy."

I then said to him, "The fact is, Jones, I then knew who you were as well as I do now; though I did not seem to know it, but my business was to get arms out of the Terries' hands, and to save them if I could.

"I thought that after this solemn warning, you would try

to make your escape to America, or to some other country, where, by a life of penitence, you would try to make atonement for whatever you had done wrong at home—but now, after two years, I find you with the blood of another man upon your soul !”

“ Where is this to end, Jones ; are you to murder every man that you take it into your head intends to give information against you ?”

“ *From me you well know that you are as safe as from your own Priest at the Confessional ; for I told the Terry Alts, and Lady Clares in this county, and the Whitefeet in Kilkenny, that although I am a Protestant, they should be as safe in talking with me, as in making a Confession in the Chapel to their own Clergy.*”

This, my venerated Lord Bishop, is *the moral analogy* I have alluded to ;—and let any one show me the living man, or the man who ever lived in Ireland, who being in the closest co-operation with the Catholic Clergy, and using the magic name of O’Connell as his talismanic spell, did so much as I did, to preserve, or to restore the peace of Ireland.

The Catholic Clergy are, as your Lordship well knows, in every part of Ireland wonder-workers, by legitimate means—without the violation of the sanctity of the Confessional, in preventing murder and other crime.

When I was in this county in 1845, I was reviled as a “Thug” by the *Evening Packet*, because I did not transmute myself into an Informer !

There is very much more of deep interest interwoven with the story of Jones—but I abstain from over-laying this communication to your Lordship with more matters than are

absolutely necessary for the purpose of demonstrating not merely by absolute facts, *but by ethical analogy in the case of a Protestant*, the inestimable value of the sanctified secrecy of the Confessional, in preventing or repressing of Irish crime ;—of crime in retribution for other ghastly crime, committed by perpetrators who ought to possess moral illumination superior to that of the Irish frize-coated peasant.

One incident I must not omit.

Before meeting Jones the second time, I went specially to the Palace of my illustrious and ever-lamented friend, that glorious Prelate, Doctor M'Mahon, the Catholic Lord Bishop of Killaloe, and told him I was that night going to meet Jones the murderer, to try, if I could, to divert him from his course of crime.

His sanctified Lordship, not only condescended to express his fervid approbation of my work of peace, and preventing multiplied murder, but he gave me his benediction on my retiring from his presence.

I may as well mention what Jones said to me that night, when he declared that he did not intend to be a second time a homicide :

“ I did not intend to kill him, Mr. Steele ; I had reason to think that he was preparing to give information against me, and I wanted to frighten him by giving him a terrible beating. If I wanted to kill him, Sir,” continued he, taking a brace of pistols from his breast pockets and displaying them to Mr. Considine and me, “ I could have killed him very easily.”

I pray leave to conclude by stating that when I went on my three missions of peace into Ulster, *it was solely* to warn *the Catholics* not to interfere with the intended marching

of the Orangemen, then recently LEGALIZED by the expiration of the Processions Act.

Wishing your Lordship, from my heart, many and very happy returns of Christmas and New Years, I have the honor to remain, your Lordship's most sincere and faithful servant and friend,

THOMAS STEELE.

The Catholic Lord Bishop of Derry.

My Dear Sir,—I have read with much attention the terms for a re-union of Repealers, and am happy to have to say that they are such as to meet with my unqualified approval. I fondly hope that no obstructions will be thrown in the way of a cordial, perfect reconciliation between all sections of Repealers. It is the one thing necessary for us. Division has ever been the curse of our country; and what we are, the most miserable people on earth, we would not have been, were it not for our foolish, our wicked altercations. Fortunately for us, we can now unite without any compromise of principle; recent events have removed the ground of difference, and have made the feelings and duties of all parties identical. We have not now much left of our constitution to contend about. Indeed, for my own part, during my mission in Ireland, I but seldom had the gratification of seeing its beautiful theory practically and beneficially illustrated. Three-fourths of our people were placed beyond its pale, and depended for life and liberty on the nod of some village lord, who was as much an autocrat as the Emperor of Russia. There was neither

law nor justice for them. The only liberty they enjoyed was the liberty to pay rack-rent, to kiss the rod that scourged them, to worship the taskmaster, and to peacefully starve after, amidst the abundance produced by their own labor. A beautiful constitution, indeed, and proud we should be to have it, with our desolate harbors, our millions of acres of waste lands, and our millions unemployed; our merchants bankrupt; our farmers, if left the name, beggars; the best, the bravest of our countrymen rotting in heaps on the shores of the stranger; the remainder, for the most part, gaunt spectres, flitting over the richest, the loveliest land on earth; the country covered with the ruins of levelled villages; the ruthless exterminator, protected in his savage onslaught by the "horse" and foot of this blessed constitution in the enforcement of his rights against everything which Christianity, if not a mockery, makes a duty; candor and truth made treason, love of country a felony; the seven-eighths of Irishmen deemed unworthy of credit on their oaths, and at every elbow a spy or informer, under the bland name of a detective—such characters as Plautus, with a master-hand, delineates. The seal of faith, under which friends correspond with friends, and confidingly pour into each others' souls the secrets of their hearts, is every day unblushingly broken, and which to violate would make even the barbarian shudder; the whole country a garrison—tens of thousands, horse, foot and artillery, ingloriously watching the convulsions and writhings of the starving victims of misrule, lest the slightest symptom of disaffection should go unnoticed or unpunished; millions, in a word,

of our children, kinsmen, neighbors, all our countrymen, consigned to their coffinless graves; mothers, through rabid hunger, devouring their own children, and children hanging from the breasts of their dead mothers, and all the while my Lord Lansdowne boasts, in the face of an astonished world, of the happiness of the Irish people living under such a constitution, and congratulates himself and his noble colleagues on the more than celestial manner in which they had discharged their duty to Ireland. Let us, Sir, leave this beautiful constitution to those who enjoy it, and combine, as Christians should ever combine, heart and soul, to save, if possible, our country. There is no need for disputing about what the malice of men has made for us, "a mockery, a delusion and a snare." Let us unite to make the name a reality, to make fiction truth, and give a substantial being to what has hitherto been to us the poisonous, blighting shade of an upas-tree. It would be a pity, Sir, to keep such men as Messrs. O'Connell and O'Brien asunder. Their every sympathy is with their native land—their hearts beat responsive. Why should not their energies be linked together for the regeneration of that country to which they both are so warmly and so devotedly attached. Let the past be generously forgotten and forgiven, and let the future be a cordial, united effort to lead the Irish people onward to a peaceful triumph. I here, Sir, merely echo the sentiments of every man, lay and ecclesiastical, with whom I have lately conversed on this subject. All declare for a reunion of Repealers, because disunion has made us the pity of our friends and the scorn of our enemies; be-

cause every man who hates Ireland and writes against it, dreads and protests against this union; because disunited we exhibit to the world, and especially to the Government, our weakness, and thereby tempt them to use the favorite weapon of the tyrant—coercion; because disunited we cannot aid them to carry out any good intentions, if they have any, in favor of our country; because Heaven, whose law is union, order and peace, never yet blessed disunion; because, in a word, they believe that union alone can save the country from convulsion, from civil war, * * [MS. unfinished.]

ROMAN CORRESPONDENCE.

ROME, *January 1, 1848.*

My Lord,—I received your Lordship's kind letter after I had set out on my road to the Eternal City. This was the reason that impeded me from answering you ere now. I regretted very much not to have been able to visit Derry. I am, however, extremely grateful to your Lordship for your kind invitation, and I would, I am sure, have been delighted with the North, had I had time to enjoy your hospitality, but the winter was advancing so rapidly that I thought it necessary to get to the South, lest at a later period I should be impeded altogether from travelling. Here in Rome I find all things quiet. The Pope is well, and going on calmly and determinedly with his reforms. The great bulk of the people are with him; but there are some who are greatly adverse to any changes, and there is a small but violent faction which would drive things to extremities. This faction is very active; they have all the newspapers, and they expressed the greatest delight at the destruction of the Catholics of Switzerland. They are as bad as the old French demagogues, or as our own Orangemen. They will give the Pope a thousand times more trouble than the Austrians; however, I trust His Holiness will be able to keep them in order. If they once get the upper hand, we shall have sad work in Italy. I

dare say the English agents are encouraging this faction. They are bad enough to do anything. Lord Minto is still in Rome. There is no doubt but that his object in remaining here is to open diplomatic relations with Rome. How far he will succeed is as yet uncertain; but if Parliament revokes the old laws against communications with the Pope, I dare say an ambassador will be sent immediately. The English here are most busy in circulating the usual calumnies against the Irish clergy; they even carried their accusations to the Pope. After my return from Ireland, His Holiness sent for me and questioned me on the matter. I explained everything to him, and he remained perfectly satisfied. He is warmly attached to poor Ireland. The object of the English appears to be to destroy that sympathy which the famine of last year excited everywhere in favor of our country, and at the same time to poison the minds of the authorities here in such a way as to dispose them to hand over the Irish clergy to the tender mercies of state management. I think they will not succeed in Rome; but they have bribed all the newspapers of Europe to propagate their lies. Well, we must console ourselves with the promise of our Saviour, *Beati estis cum vos calumniari.*

I believe Lord Minto attempted to speak to His Holiness about the College question, but the Pope stopped him, and said that that was a spiritual matter, which was between himself and the Bishops. His Holiness appears quite pleased with the decision he gave.

I believe I did not express myself sufficiently clearly in my last regarding the pastoral; what I meant was

that your Lordship should publish something in your name to the people of Derry regarding the Pope, just as the French Bishops have done in their respective dioceses. If your Lordship would do something in that way, it would have a good effect not only at home but here in Italy. It is necessary to support the Pope, to show that he should be kept independeht both of despotic powers and of popular parties, in order to govern the Church as he ought.

I never undertook to write the address against proslytism; the thing would have been useful, but the arrival of the condemnation of the colleges made the Bishops forget it. Rev. Mr. Dooley engaged to get some one to write, but the matter was neglected.

Excuse, my Lord, the haste with which I have written these lines. If you publish the letter to your people on the Pope's authority and independence, be so good as to send us a copy. I have the honor to be, with profound respect,

Your devoted, obedient servant,

PAUL CULLEN.

P. S. An English gentleman translated your letter on tenant-right to show that you were violent. See what mischief they are intent on.

April 8, 1848.

My Lord,—I am sorry that I have only a moment to write you a line. I gave the substance of your Lordship's letter to His Holiness. He said that you would know his sentiments from the letter he had sent to the

Bishop. I hope that letter has not been lost; it was posted on the 29th of February and entered, so if lost it can be traced out.

Here things are quiet still, but there is great excitement—all the Italians are in arms to drive out the Austrians. The Pope's troops have entered Lombardy. God grant things may end well. The Austrians deserve to be chastised as they were great enemies of the liberty of the Church. I hope Russia too will be punished, and England that she may be converted and live.

Lord Minto is expected in Rome to-day—he will not be able to do much mischief. The Italians in general are now against English influence. They have more reliance on the French. I think Lord Minto's money was thrown away in buying popularity. He will get no more applause from the people.

Excuse this hasty scroll. I will write more at length by next post.

I have the honor to be with profoundest respect, your devoted obedient servant,

PAUL CULLEN.

ROME, *May* 8, 1848.

My Lord,—I write a line, and a hurried one, to your Lordship, to inform you about the state of things here. The two Bishops arrived here, and had a most satisfactory interview with the Pope. He is a real friend to Ireland, and I think he will actively defend the cause of our Church. The Rev. Dr. Ennis has just arrived. His mission is to get the statutes of the colleges approved. No one as yet has seen them. I hope he will not be able to make any impression.

The state of things in Rome is very sad. You are aware of all the revolutionary movements that have taken place in Lombardy. The people of the Pope's states sympathized very deeply with their brethren of the North, and many volunteers set out to join them. The Pope's troops, too, were so enthusiastic in the cause, that their general could not impede them from crossing the Po and entering the Austrian dominions. When things were at this stage, the radical and violent party here called on the Pope to declare war on Austria. The Pope answered in a magnificent allocution of the 29th April, declaring that it was not his intention to assail any power, that he was the minister of the God of peace, and that he could not desire war. However, he did not say a word against the Italian movement, nor against his own subjects for having entered Lombardy. The radical party, which is the same that was encouraged in Switzerland and elsewhere by England, became furious after the Pope's allocution, and we were on the point of having a civil war in the city. Several cardinals were arrested, and the Pope himself threatened by the mob. Things remained in this way for one or two days. The Pope acted most courageously; he addressed the people, and threatened to use his spiritual powers against his assailant. The conduct and determination of the Pope overawed the radicals, and things have returned again to their usual tranquillity. It is hard to know how long they will remain quiet. The clubs are at work, and they can conjure up a storm any day they wish. The great bulk of the people of Rome are for the Pope, but they are passive and not organized; the

radicals are connected with those of Switzerland, encouraged by foreign influence, and well organized, though not numerous. I hope the people of Ireland will pray for His Holiness, and speak out in his defence. I wish your Lordship would write a good address to them on the matter, and explain the necessity of keeping the Holy Father independent. The public opinion of the world does a great deal.

I regret very much you did not come. It is the wish of His Holiness that the Bishops should hold their next meeting in a synodical form. The majority will then be able to do something efficacious. It is the only way to impede further aggressions.

I received your Lordship's letter, and then one from the Cardinal. His Eminence will not think much of Dr. Nicholson now.

The Jesuits were obliged to leave the Roman College about a week ago. The Radical faction here is making active attempts to get possession of it, and to make it a lay establishment, in order the more easily to propagate their errors and revolutionary doctrines. The Pope has resisted them very decidedly, and the college is given to the secular clergy, if they will be able to keep in possession. The war here is the same now as in Ireland—the bad faction wishes to get hold of the public education. Dr. McHale and Dr. Higgins beg to be remembered to you. Dr. Kirby also desires his best respects.

I was very happy to hear that your convent was going on. It will be a blessing to Derry. The good nuns effect more good than can be done by any other class of

people. Excuse haste, and believe me to be, with profoundest respect and veneration,

Your devoted, obedient servant,

PAUL CULLEN.

Having written these lines at different times, you will find several repetitions. You must excuse them, as not true to copy.

I am at present in the Propaganda College, but I expect to get back in a short time. The Jesuits had charge of the Propaganda; but having been obliged to yield to the mob, the Cardinal Prefect requested me to take the management of the place for a while. I could not refuse.

If your Lordship will read the 243d letter of St. Bernard—it is addressed to the Romans—you will find an accurate account of the present state of things. The Popes have had their troubles in every century. Pius VII. had his share; Pius IX. cannot be expected to get off without them, but they always triumph. *Tu es Petrus.*

P. S. I hope the clergy will be able to keep the people quiet. England must yield something very soon, but it would be deplorable to have a civil war. What a loss O'Connell is now! However, his principles ought to be maintained. Civil war and revolutions destroy religion.

IRISH COLLEGE, ROME, May 28, 1848.

My Dear Lord,—In my letter of the 23d of this month I gave your Lordship a general idea of the contents of Dr.

Ennis' pamphlet regarding the "corrected statutes," for the Infidel Colleges. He has labored to have these statutes approved of by the Holy See, and the Pope's condemnation of the Colleges revoked, entirely regardless of the opinions of the great majority of the Irish Bishops ; but, thank God, in this respect he has been signally defeated. A copy of his pamphlet, of the corrected statutes, &c., will forthwith be furnished by Rome to every Prelate in Ireland, asking his opinion on the subject, and thus the dangerous intrigues of a heretical viceroy and his ecclesiastical abettors will be laid bare before Catholic Ireland. Let us hope that henceforth no man will attempt to treat with government on a subject affecting our whole body, without first obtaining our explicit consent. The Archbishop of Tuam and myself intend to reply in our own names to Dr. Ennis' pamphlet, unfolding its sophistry and reiterating our reprobation of the Colleges. We have no doubt that when your Lordship sees this pamphlet, you will, in the soundness of your judgment and in your anxiety for the preservation of the faith, repeat your condemnation of these insidious and most dangerous institutions. In my anxiety that your Lordship should, without delay, have a clear notion of the leading features of the pamphlet, I beg leave to submit the following observations :

1. Lord Clarendon in his letter to Dr. Murray affects to look upon him as the organ of the Episcopacy, nor does it appear that his Grace declines acting in that capacity.

2. He gives Dr. Murray the *whole* of the College statutes, and lends but a very few extracts to the Pope and the Propaganda ! Both his Grace and Lord Clarendon appear familiar with pre-existing statutes of which the body of

the Prelates have no cognizance whatever. His Excellency excuses himself for not having furnished Dr. Murray with the corrected statutes at an earlier day, by stating that the whole attention of the government was absorbed in efficiently relieving all the distress of the Irish poor !

3. The corrected statutes, as they are termed, change nothing substantial in the Act—can themselves be changed by any other viceroy, and though passed into law by Parliament, would not afford the least protection to Catholic faith or morals, as they leave all the appointments of the professors and other officers to the will and caprice of a heretical monarch. Such are the flimsy and insulting safeguards which Dr. Ennis and his Grace of Dublin think quite sufficient to protect our Catholic youth and our holy religion in Ireland, against the power, the wealth, the bigotry, the proverbial treachery of heretical England. Dr. Ennis has presented his pamphlet to the Pope and the Cardinal perfect. It ends with a commentary from himself, recommendatory of the statutes and the colleges. Of this commentary I may say, in general terms, that it is sophistical, insulting, lying and calumnious, of the Irish Bishops, Priests and people. It states that it is very proper and wise to leave all the appointments in the hands of the crown, as the Catholic Bishops might otherwise appoint their own political favorites, or persons totally incapable of fulfilling their respective duties !

4. That for the last thirty or forty years every Act of Parliament passed for Ireland had in view the protection and propagation of the Catholic religion in that country ; and that it was necessary to leave the whole direction of the Colleges with the crown, to guard against the unmeaning stubbornness

with which the Irish Bishops would oppose the plans of every possible government.

5. That the government will and ought to proceed with the Colleges, despite of all episcopal, priestly, or lay opposition, in order to educate the Catholic youth of Ireland in a manner worthy of the true principles of the Catholic religion.

6. That all the lay Catholics of Ireland are panting for the completion of the Colleges—that they will rush to them in crowds, profoundly grateful to their generous founders.

7. That the government bountifully distributes £100,000 a year, chiefly between the Catholic Bishops, for the education of their poor—gives £26,000 annually to Maynooth—that too much lay Catholic confidence in religious matters should not be placed in such a government, is too puerile to merit a reply.

8. The commentary closes by stating that in no country in the world is the Catholic religion so protected by government as in Ireland—that we must not be squeamish in looking for “optimism” and insinuates in a menacing tone that whatever the Pope, Cardinals, or Bishops may do, the government and the people of Ireland will successfully carry out the glorious principles of the Colleges! What will the pure faith and simple piety of Catholic Ireland say to this impious and monstrous lie? Is there a parish in the kingdom whose priests and people will not at once assemble, and in a series of plain resolutions tell Rome and the world their real opinions of the Colleges and their patrons? This is a duty so obvious and so urgent that I shall not insult your Lordship by recommending its performance. Dr. MacHale and I are of opinion that when Ennis’ pamphlet comes to hand, a joint

reply from the orthodox Prelates of Ulster would prevent any apparent discrepancy that might appear in individual answers. This reply should be forwarded to Rome as soon as possible. The Archbishop of Tuam concurs in every sentiment I here express, and I must trouble your Lordship to have accurate copies of this letter written out and forwarded without delay to every Prelate in Ulster, who entertains our opinion on the Colleges question. His Grace writes to the provinces of Munster and Connaught on this subject, and begs me to present his affectionate regards. Dr. Nicholson is expected daily. He is the bearer of some intriguing documents, so that we are likely to be kept busy.

✱ W. O'HIGGINS.

IRISH COLLEGE, ROME, *June 18, 1848.*

My Lord,—I write one line to say that Dr. Ennis has presented to the Propaganda the corrections which have been made in the system of the godless Colleges. The Cardinal has determined to send to each bishop a copy of this document, in order that each person may make his remarks on the case. There appears to be no sort of protection for the Catholic religion in the new regulations. A few words in reply to them will be enough. Dr. MacHale is anxious that an answer should be sent as soon as possible. Write to the other Bishops, and get them to reply without delay.

In Rome we are very quiet. The Pope declared, and declares, that he will not have war with any one; the ministry that has usurped the power is carrying on war most actively. The object of some of those who are

engaged in this business seems to be to destroy the property of the Church. If they can keep on the war for the present year, it will absorb all the Church property of those States. The Pope now has little or no authority; the ministry is acting as it wishes. There are two governments here—the Pope and his ministry. Things will not remain much longer so. There will be a reaction in favor of the Pope, and things will be right again. The arms of the Italians have been very unsuccessful in Lombardy.

Excuse the shortness of this scroll, which I send by hand. I have the honor to be, with profoundest respect,

Your devoted, obedient servant,

PAUL CULLEN.

Right Rev. Dr. Maginn, &c.

IRISH COLLEGE, ROME, *September 5, 1848.*

My Lord,—I beg to inclose a few lines which His Holiness wished to write in reply to the letter which you inclosed to Dr. Kirby. I translated for him a portion of your letter to Dr. Kirby, in which you spoke of the affairs of Rome. He was so much gratified with it, that he ordered the Secretary to write you a line in return. The extract of your letter was published in the *Roman Journal* of the 29th of August. I hope you will publish the pastoral address, of which Dr. Kirby wrote to you. It will be gratifying to His Holiness to see distant Bishops take an interest in his welfare, and to learn that he has the support of the most distant churches. At the same time such an address will rouse the spirit of the Catholics, not only at home but abroad.

In Rome we have been rather quiet for the last few weeks. The great mass of the people is for the Pope, but the young Italians are bold and organized, and though few in number, they can keep everything in confusion. I dare say there are not more than fourteen or fifteen hundred such gentlemen in Rome, and still they have been able to keep everything in disorder, and to put the Pope at defiance for the last six months. I believe there is no great danger of a revolution. The people might be roused to action, if anything violent were attempted against the Pope. Several times matters appeared quite ripe for a change of government; but after a few days' noise, things settled down again. However, the Pope has not that freedom or independence of action which would be necessary for him, in order to manage the affairs of the universal Church. This would be a thing to be insisted on in any address, that the Pope must be kept independent not only of sovereigns or foreign States, but also he must not be swayed in his spiritual capacity by his own unruly subjects.

Some of the *young* Italians are now endeavoring to propagate Protestantism in Italy. They were displeased with the Pope for not declaring war on the Austrians. They wish now to revenge themselves by promoting heresy. The Pope mentioned this fact last Sunday in an address, which he delivered at the church of S. Pantalio, when publishing the decree for the beatification of the Jesuit Father Claver. The young Italians, or Italian liberals, are showing a very bad spirit. Their efforts to promote Protestantism will have no effect.

I will now mention a circumstance which is to be *entre nous*. The Pope told a prelate the other day that when Lord Minto was here, he spoke to His Holiness about pensioning the Irish clergy, and begged of him to interfere to induce the clergy to accept the favors of government. The Pope said he could not think of doing so; but if the matter be left to me, I will make a proposal which ought to appear reasonable to Government, and I will pledge myself to induce the Irish to accept it. Minto said he would be very happy to hear the project. The Pope replied that the Irish Catholic Church was formerly very rich. Restore half the property of which they were stripped, the Catholics will absolve you from the restitution of the remainder, and let things be thus settled. Lord Minto said in return, that the Queen would consent to lose the last jewel of her crown, rather than entertain such a proposal. After this conversation Lord Minto never spoke any more about pensioning the clergy. If the project should be proposed by Government, perhaps some similar proposal would have the effect of turning the thoughts of our rulers to some other matter, and make them forget so dangerous a scheme as that of pensioning the clergy.

I fear you must be all in a sad way in Ireland. What will the poor people do if the potatoes fail? I hope God and the Blessed Virgin will protect them. There is some talk that His Holiness will define or declare the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception on the 8th of December next. A great number of Bishops from every part of the world have petitioned him to do so. I wish the Irish Bishops would join the petition. It

might be the means of gaining protection for poor Ireland. We want a powerful intercessor.

Drs. Machale and O'Higgins have written a long answer to Dr. Ennis. They have crushed the poor man. He will get little thanks for his mission. There is no doubt but that the former decree of the Propaganda will be confirmed. The Pope himself has a similar contest here in his own states. The young Italians want to shake off all independence from the clergy in matters of education. The Pope has determined to support the rights of the clergy. He must do the same in Ireland. Dr. Kirby desires to be remembered to you. He is at Tivoli, with the Irish. I am at the ancient Tusculum with the students of the Propaganda. I expect to get back to the Irish College very soon, as the affairs of Rome will probably allow the Jesuits to return. At all events, I could not remain in the Propaganda. I have not strength enough for a very laborious office.

I hope your nerves are getting on well. It is a glorious thing to see religion triumphing in the strongholds of heresy, notwithstanding all the difficulties of the times. The nuns, when once properly established, will be a great blessing to Derry. I beg you will have the kindness to acknowledge the receipt of His Holiness' letter. I have the honor to be, with profoundest respect, your devoted, obedient servant,

PAUL CULLEN.

IRISH COLLEGE, ROME, *September 14, 1848.*

My Dear Lord,—Your Lordship's kind letter of the 26th

of August reached me here in due time. I was delighted in reading every portion of it, but more particularly that which had reference to your communication to the Holy Father. Such documents are calculated to do great service to the cause of truth, and yours has given much satisfaction to His Holiness. We have at length left our final *expose* in print with the Pope and the Cardinals. The case will be discussed on the 25th of this month in a full congregation, and the opinion of their Eminences will be laid before the Pope on the following Sunday. "*Pendente lente*," it would be rash to speak with *absolute* certainty; still I venture to say, the decision will be fully to our wishes. You can scarcely conceive the unjustifiable means resorted to by our blind and unprincipled opponents. Everything that systematic lying, or British intrigue, as well as the base conduct of false brethren could effect, was called unscrupulously into requisition; but the justice of the cause and the prayers of the faithful, have, so far, baffled our enemies and left us high in the ascendant. All will depend on the Pope's *Placet* of the 25th. May it be inspired by the Holy Ghost!

Your next meeting will be of transcendent importance, and I ardently hope that your Lordship and the other *worthy* Prelates of the Province will be in Dublin several days before the general assembling of the Prelates. This will be absolutely necessary in order to make due preparations to meet the common enemy. Probably you will be assailed by menaces, flattery, or delusive promises, and all must be opposed with discernment, courage and perseverance. It would be well, if not necessary, to express deep sympathy with the calummated, persecuted and half-starved Irish people, as also with His Holiness in his great difficul-

ties. As to the claims of the truth-telling, high-minded, and *paternal* Whigs on the approval, direct or indirect, of the Irish clergy, the extent of such claims will be found in their government of Ireland for the last three years. Bold speaking should be the order of the day, and "no surrender" our watchword. The more firmly you express your opinions, the more will you be approved of here. In every sentiment which I thus venture to express to your Lordship, I am most cordially joined by the Archbishop of Tuam. Minto is hourly expected in Rome! The Archbishop sends his most sincere regards.

My dear Lord, ever faithfully and affectionately yours,

✠ W. O'HIGGINS.

Most Rev. Dr. Maginn.

ROME, *November 24, 1848.*

My Lord,—I received your Lordship's letter some time ago, and sent the letter for the Pope to him without delay.

I now write a few lines to let you know how things stand here. On the 15th instant the Roman chamber of deputies was to meet. Count Rossi, the Pope's principal minister, went to assist at the meeting. He had scarcely left his carriage, when he was surrounded by a number of volunteers who had returned from Lombardy, and an assassin gave him a blow with a dagger in the neck and killed him on the spot. Rossi's crime was, that during his ministry of two months he had restored order in Rome and in the provinces, and was endeavoring to put government on a firm footing. The death of Rossi was considered a triumph by the radical faction. They went shouting like

demons through the streets, and exulting in the crime they had committed. The next day the same party assembled in great force, and went to the Pope's palace to compel him to appoint ministers of their choice, and to require that he should declare war on Austria, and invoke some sort of a diet of all Italy in Rome. The Pope appointed a new ministry, but refused to accede to the other conditions. His palace was then assailed by the mob. Faggots were put against its doors to burn them, and a cannon was planted opposite the entrance of the palace to force a way into it. One of the Pope's secretaries, Monsignor Palma, a most excellent and learned man, unfortunately approached one of the windows, and was shot through the heart. After some time the guards of the palace, who were but a few in number, had to yield, and the Pope is now in the hands of the radical mob. This is the same faction which trampled on the Catholics of Switzerland, and has been encouraged by some of our good diplomatists. How matters will now terminate, it is difficult to know. The Cardinals here, with the exception of three or four, all left the city. The Pope is alone, and in the hands of his enemies, and the enemies of order and religion. I hope your Lordship will write a few lines to excite public indignation against the conduct of those men. They are generally those whose chains were struck off two years ago by the Pope. It is a most deplorable thing that so good and so holy a Pontiff should meet with so much ingratitude. There is but a poor chance for the independence of Italy, when its pretended defenders show such impiety and infamy.

Drs. MacHale and Higgins had left before the tumults here commenced. I hope their success gave general satisfaction. The Pope and Cardinals, who displayed so much courage, ought to be supported by the voice of all Christendom. Dr. Kirby desires to be remembered to you. I have the honor to be, with profoundest respect,

Your devoted obedient servant, P. CULLEN.

Rt. Rev. Dr. Maginn.

P. S.—In writing anything do not refer to us, as there is danger here of the daggers of the assassins.

ROME, *January 4, 1849.*

My Lord,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your Lordship's letter of the 21st of December, and to return my sincere thanks for your most beautiful pastoral letter. It is all that could be desired. I am sure it will produce a great effect both at home and abroad. I expect it shall be published very soon, even in Rome. I dare say the Pope has not fared so badly in exile as I imagined. All the Catholics of France and Spain have put their wealth at his disposal. The King of Naples, too, and his subjects have been most generous, and His Holiness is able to keep up a becoming establishment. However it will be well that Ireland in her poverty should do something also, and that she should share in the merit of supporting and restoring the vicar of Jesus Christ. Should you send anything from Derry, I will be most happy to present it; a bill payable in London in my favor or in favor of any one else, from the bank of Ireland or the bank of England, is as good as cash here. There is no danger in

sending bills, but it would be well to write immediately afterwards, in order that payment might be stopped if the bill went astray. I would be glad to have an opportunity of going to Gaeta to see His Holiness; so if I get any commission I will start immediately. It is only a few miles from Rome, not more than eighty-five.

Since the Pope left Rome everything has been quiet. His flight quite disconcerted his enemy. The greater part of the State has declared against them, and even in Rome they are quite fallen. If things be left to their natural course, the very men who occasioned all the past evils here will be obliged to fly, and to allow the Pope to return before next Easter. The disaffected are only a few thousand, but they are organized and stop at nothing. The great mass of them are strangers. The Romans are not accustomed to fighting or violence; they do not know how to resist; they let themselves be trampled on by a handful of ruffians. However, by degrees they are beginning to show a little courage, and I trust they will soon make strong demonstrations in favor of His Holiness. I will write again in a few days, and enter more into details.

I was sorry to hear that your Lordship had suffered so much from sickness. If you could come to Italy, for a few months, the climate would restore you perfectly. I hope after Easter things will be quiet. You could then come, and I am sure Rome will please you very much, though things are not as they ought to be. We were never molested at the college, though we never concealed our sentiments. I think strangers will not be molested in the present movement. Of course, religious orders,

churches and church property, must suffer, but there is no great danger for strangers. A few months here would take away every affection of the lungs.

I will apply for the facility you desire. I believe it can be got without difficulty. The ecclesiastical authorities here have means of corresponding continually with His Holiness.

Dr. Kirby desires to present his best respects to your Lordship. Excuse haste, and believe me to be with profoundest respect and veneration,

Your devoted obedient servant, P. CULLEN.
Rt. Rev. Dr. Maginn.

ROME, *January* 14, 1849.

My Lord,—I write a few lines to keep you *au fait* of what is going on here. The city is still quiet, though every one is living in alarm, and afraid that something serious is about to happen every day. No move as yet to recall the Pope. Those in power are circulating all sorts of attacks on him. They have not been able to find any fault in him, most fortunately, except that he was too kind-hearted. It is very difficult to conjecture how things will end. It is even hard to explain how things stand here. After the Pope left Rome, he appointed a commission to act for him during his absence. The Roman Parliament, or rather the mob, refused to acknowledge that commission, and appointed a Junta to govern in the Pope's name. The first act of the Junta was to dismiss the Parliament; the ministry, then, which was formed by the Junta, dissolved the

Junta, and assumed the title of Provisional Government. They have convoked a constituent or national assembly of the Pope's states for the 5th of February. The members will be all named by a few Freemasons' clubs, who sit in different parts. The people take no part in the proceedings. The radical faction is not numerous, but it is active and violent. The good people are quite broken down, and appear to know not what to do. His Holiness has excommunicated all those who have taken part in convoking the national assembly. The excommunication is already producing some effect. A lawyer, by name Ragnoli, who drew up the decree for convoking the national assembly, the moment the news of the excommunication arrived, got an apoplectic fit, and died. An officer who was engaged in the same business fell from his horse, and broke his skull. If no one else will stir in defence of Pio IX., God will avenge his cause. There never was a Pope more deserving of the love of the faithful, and perhaps no Pope was ever treated with more ingratitude by his subjects. Things, however, must come round again. They cannot go on very long as they are. If His Holiness do not be recalled, Rome and the State will go to ruin. There is at present some appearance of a reaction in favor of His Holiness, but it will not produce any great effect for some time. If any foreign force come, there will be no opposition. Our heroes who were so brave against the Pope, will fly like deer.

Your Lordship's Pastoral was greatly admired here by every one that read it. A great part of it is already in Italian, and it will appear next week in the only good

paper here, the *Constituzionale*; at least that paper will give extracts. So noble a testimony to the authority of the Holy See will produce a great effect throughout the world, especially wherever the English language is spoken.

I was sorry to hear that it is difficult to turn to any account the victory that was gained in Rome in the College question. A committee ought to be formed to attempt the institution of a university. Some good laymen ought to be got to act. It is difficult to get the clergy to attend to everything. I dare say it would be useful to found a religious association in Ireland of laymen and clergymen, to attend to the defence of religion and the Church, to promote Christian education, and to protect the poor. It should be purely Catholic. The Germans have formed one on a grand scale, called the Association of Pius IX. Dr. Buss, a layman, who is called the O'Connell of Germany, is at the head of it, and it already counts millions of associates. A purely Catholic association would soon found a university. The experiment of uniting Protestants and Catholics for religious purposes can never succeed. Even in politics they will never pull well together. O'Connell was generally betrayed by every Protestant he put in a prominent position, and last of all by Davis, Mitchell, and Smith O'Brien. At all events, for religious matters, and especially for the defence of the liberty of the Church and the safety of education, Catholics ought to associate. If an association were once well organized, it would soon become very general. It would at least give as good a revenue as the Association for the Propa-

gation of the Faith, and that would support a good college.

Your Lordship will excuse me for writing in a great hurry, and troubling you with those suggestions. Dr. Kirby desires to be remembered most particularly to your Lordship. I hope your nuns are getting on well. They will be, when once well settled, a great protection to religion and education in Derry. Believe me to be, my dear Lord, with profoundest respect,

Your devoted, obedient servant,

PAUL CULLEN.

AMENDED STATUTES OF THE QUEEN'S COLLEGES IN IRELAND, RELATING TO RELIGION.

[The following are the amended statutes, accompanying Lord Clarendon's letter of March 19th, 1848, to Most Rev. Dr. Murray.]

CHAPTER VI.

OF THE POWERS AND DUTIES OF PROFESSORS.

1. Every Professor shall attend all meetings of the Faculty to which he belongs, and, when appointed Dean of Faculty, he shall attend the meetings of the College Council, and perform all other duties pertaining to that office.

2. He shall act upon all committees to which he may be appointed by the College Council, or by the Faculty of which he is a member.

3. He shall examine Candidates for Entrance, Scholarships and Prizes, and shall assist at all other Examinations, according to the appointment of the College Council.

4. He shall lecture, teach and examine his Class, at such hours and for such periods as may be appointed by the College Council, and shall observe punctuality and diligence in discharging those duties, and shall maintain strict order and discipline in his class.

5. Any Professor shall be permitted, with the Sanc-

tion of the President, to receive into his house as Boarders, a limited number of Pupils of the College.

6. If any Professor or assistant shall, in any lecture or examination, or in the discharge of any other part of his Collegiate duty, teach or advance any doctrine, or make any statement derogatory to the truths of Revealed Religion, or injurious or disrespectful to the Religious convictions of any portion of his class or audience, or shall introduce or discuss political or polemical subjects tending to produce contention or excitement, such Professor shall be summoned before the Council, and upon sufficient evidence of his having so transgressed, shall be formally warned and reprimanded by the President; and if any such Professor be guilty of a repetition of said or similar offence, the President shall forthwith suspend him from his functions, and take steps officially to recommend to the Crown his removal from office, as having transgressed the statutes of the College, and violated his obligations to its authorities.

7. Every Professor shall sign the following Declaration :
“ I, A. B., do hereby promise to the President and Council of that I will faithfully, and to the best of my ability, discharge the duties of Professor of in said College; and I further promise and engage, that in the lectures and examinations, and in the performance of all other duties connected with my chair, I will carefully abstain from teaching or advancing any doctrine, or making any statement derogatory to the truths of Revealed Religion, or injurious or disrespectful to the religious convictions of any portion of my class or audience; and I moreover promise to the said President and Council of

. that I will not introduce or discuss in my place and capacity of any subject of politics or polemics tending to produce contention or excitement, nor will I engage in any avocation which the President and Councils shall judge inconsistent with the respectability of my office; but will, as far as in me lies, promote, on all occasions, the interests of Education and the welfare of the Colleges."

CHAPTER XVII.

OF PUNISHMENTS.

SEC. I. Any student guilty of any of the following offences shall be liable to expulsion from the College; but it shall be competent to Council, should they deem it more conducive to the discipline of the College and the reformation of the offender, to impose some lighter punishment for the same. 1. Habitual neglect of attendance on Divine Worship, at such church or chapel, as shall be approved by his parent or guardians. 2. Habitual neglect of attendance on the Religious Instruction provided for students of his church or denomination, in the licensed boarding-house in which he may reside. 3. Immoral or dishonest practices. 4. Treasonable or seditious conduct. 5. Drunkenness. 6. Grievous offences against College rules. 7. Wilful and serious injury to the Property of the College.

SEC. II. For all offences and violations of the statutes, rules and ordinances of the College of a less grievous nature than the preceding, the Council shall have power to inflict such fine or other punishment as shall appear to them suitable to the same.

SEC. III. Any student who has been expelled from any of the Queen's Colleges in Ireland, shall not be allowed afterwards to enter or pursue his studies in any other of the said Colleges.

CHAPTER XVIII.

OF THE RESIDENCE OF STUDENTS AND THE DEANS OF RESIDENCES.

SEC. I. Every matriculated student, being under the age of twenty-one years, shall be required to reside during the College terms, with his parent or guardian, or with some relation or friend to whose care he shall have been committed by his parent or guardian, or in a boarding-house, licensed and arranged for the reception of students, in the manner hereinafter described.

SEC. II. The relation or friend to whose care a student shall have been committed, shall attend at the matriculation of the student to certify the said student's place of residence, and to accept the charge of his moral and religious conduct.

SEC. III. Every student intending to reside in a licensed boarding-house, shall, at matriculation, produce a certificate from his parent or guardian, specifying the boarding-house in which it is proposed he shall reside.

SEC. IV. The President shall require every person applying for a license to keep a general boarding-house, to produce a certificate of moral and religious character from his clergyman or minister, and shall obtain satisfactory evidence of the suitableness of the proposed Establishment, and of its means of providing for the health and comfort of the students.

SEC. V. If the Bishop, Moderator, or constituted author-

ity of any church or religious denomination, shall notify to the President his or their desire that there shall be boarding-houses specially licensed for the exclusive use of the students of such church or denomination, and shall specially recommend persons applying for license to establish the same, the President shall in every such case grant such license, provided he shall obtain satisfactory evidence of the suitableness of the proposed establishment, and of its means of providing for the health and comfort of the students.

SEC. VI. In the case of collegiate students residing in a seminary or school which is under the special jurisdiction of the Bishop, Moderator, or the constituted authority of any church or religious denomination, the President shall, on receiving a notification from such authority, consider residence in such a seminary or school to correspond with residence in the house of a parent or guardian, and shall exempt such seminary or school from license or inspection, but shall require the same attendance at matriculation as in the case of a student residing with his parent or guardian.

SEC. VII. For the better maintenance of moral and religious discipline in the licensed boarding-houses, Deans of Residences, being clergymen or ministers, shall be appointed by the Crown, to whom the moral care and spiritual charge of the students of their respective creeds, residing in the licensed boarding-houses, are hereby entrusted.

SEC. VIII. No clergyman or minister shall be competent to assume, or continue to hold the office of Dean of Residences, unless approved by the Bishop, moderator, or

constituted authority of his church or religious denomination.

SEC. IX. The Deans of Residences shall have authority to visit the licensed boarding-houses in which students of their respective creeds reside, for the purpose of affording religious instruction to such students, and shall also have power, with the concurrence of the Bishop, Moderator or other ecclesiastical authority respectively, to make regulations for the observance of the religious duties of such students, and for securing their regular attendance on divine worship—such regulations, before coming into force, to be laid before the President, in order to satisfy him that the same shall not interfere with the general discipline of the College.

SEC. X. The Registrar shall, at the commencement of every collegiate session, furnish each Dean of Residences with a list of the names and residences of the students, of his religious persuasion, who may reside in the licensed boarding-houses.

SEC. XI. Each Dean of Residences shall, at the termination of every collegiate session, report to the President on the general conduct of the students under his moral care and spiritual charge, in the licensed boarding-houses, and on the manner in which discipline regarding such students, has been observed in the several licensed boarding-houses in which they may reside

PASTORAL ON THE POPE'S EXILE.

EDWARD, BY THE DIVINE MERCY AND THE GRACE OF THE HOLY SEE,
BISHOP OF ORTHOSIA AND APOSTOLIC ADMINISTRATOR OF THE DIO-
CESE OF DERRY.

*To the Clergy and the Faithful of the Diocese of Derry—
Greeting and Benediction in the Lord Jesus Christ.*

I should have wished, dearly beloved brethren, to have communed with you at a somewhat earlier date, on a subject which so justly engrosses the attention, and enlists the sympathies of every sincere Catholic throughout Christendom. A severe and tedious indisposition alone prevented me from sooner discharging towards you this, what I felt to be a pressing and an imperative duty. Although the temporal condition of our own unhappy country be admittedly painful to contemplate, there is something still more painful in the afflicting news that has reached us from that city, hitherto the holy, the venerable, and the beloved, as the seat of religion's throne, the rock on which the bark of Peter was moored—the centre of Catholic unity, hallowed by a thousand glorious recollections—the sacred repository of the mortal vestments of the Tentmaker and Fisherman; yea, still further consecrated by the footprints of millions of sainted Confessors, and by the precious relics

of tens of thousands of Christian martyrs. It was to that Christian Jerusalem the eyes of our old and young were wont to fondly turn, and their hearts to exult in the beauty of its tabernacles. Thither the Catholic pilgrim, from every land on earth, directed his anxious steps, to renew and invigorate his youth at the very source of the waters of life, or to seek for a wounded soul at the feet of Christ's Vicar, the balm of peace and the word of reconciliation—the Eternal City, God's beloved Sion, "the bolts of whose gates he strengthened, and whose children he blessed within it—within whose borders he placed peace, filling it with the fat of corn, from whence he delivered his word to Jacob—his justices and his judgments to Israel"—*Psalms* 147; that city from which, in a word, faith was announced with truthful authority, and missionaries were sent forth with the sacred sign of redemption and the seal of a divine sanction to spread abroad, through every corner of the earth, the glad tidings of salvation—to bid those sitting in the darkness and in the shadow of death to raise their heads in hope above this valley of tears, and look to heaven: Oh! what a change, dearly-beloved brethren! that city now become a nest of vipers, the prey of the godless infidel, the seat of the bloody anarchist, sacred to assassination, blasphemy and sacrilege—the palace of the supreme Pontiff the object of a rabble's fury—his first Minister, and his confidential secretary and friend, the unpitied victims of their vengeance—the life of Peter's successor perilled in it—the great, the good, the beloved Father of the Faithful forced from it into exile, to seek elsewhere for himself a refuge, and for the Ark of God,

entrusted to his holy hands, a resting-place. "Oh, the depth of the councils of God! how unsearchable are his ways, and how incomprehensible are his judgments!" how far that which seems good to men is removed from the views of God's ever-wise and merciful Providence!

The fond aspiration of our hearts would be to see virtues, such as distinguished our holy Pontiff, rewarded, even here below, with peace, with honor, with glory, with the heartfelt homage of children and of subjects, obedient to the best of Fathers and Sovereigns.

Such, however, dearly-beloved brethren, is not generally the way in which God deals with his elect. The just and the good, of course, he leads by the hand to their glorious destination, but their pathway to it he strews with thorns; to reach the Thabor of his permanent glory, they must carry their cross up the narrow rugged heights of Calvary; and, even should they find in their way, scattered here and there, a few flowers of joy, they must gather them with a trembling hand from amidst the many thorns that surround them. Theirs is only a transient, momentary happiness, like the fleeting vision of the transfiguration, or like

"The dewdrop that, glittering on the thorn,
Goes at the touch, and flies before the morn."

In the past brief triumphs and present humiliations of our beloved and venerable Pontiff, we see, dearly-beloved brethren, the same finger of Providence that manifested itself in the life of our Divine Redeemer, whose Vicar he is. He also heard, on the commencement of his mission, this cry of seemingly warm affection—

“Blessed is the womb that bore thee, and blessed are the breasts that suckled thee”—he saw the pressing anxiety of the multitude to crown him King of Juda and of Israel—him who already seemed to reign in their hearts. Babes and sucklings gave him praise—the garments of the people were spread before him to do him honor—the palm, the emblem of victory, and the olive, the symbol of abundance and peace, strewed his pathway, and the air was rent with hosannas to the Son of David, with blessings upon him that came in the name of the Lord. But amidst this scene of tumultuous joy, the Saviour was seen weeping, for well he knew the hollow fickleness of all human applause—that all human triumphs were but day-dreams, that end in tears—that they who spread their garments for him would shortly strip him of his own—that of the palm branches they were already forming a cross for him, and that, instead of the olive of gladness and of peace, they would very soon administer to him vinegar and gall, and that their hosannas, in fine, to the Son of David, would be changed, before a week had passed, into “Away with him, away with him—crucify him, crucify him.” Hence he wept, letting us understand that the real triumph of justice is in suffering, and its unfading crown only in a virtuous death. How striking, dearly-beloved brethren, the parallel between our Divine Redeemer and his holy Pontiff. His election to the Chair of Peter and the sovereignty of Rome was unanimous. The citizens leaped with joy, and hailed their new made sovereign with *vivas*—they spread their garments on the ground to honor him—they sang their hosannahs to him—they blessed him as a Sa-

viour coming to them to redeem the captive, and to set the bondsman free—bouquets of flowers covered his pathway, and there was no end to their rejoicings. Like his Divine Master, he passed amidst them doing good, heaping upon them benefactions—striking the chain from the limb of the prisoner—restoring to disconsolate parents their lost children—proclaiming a universal jubilee of deliverance. None like the just and the good Pio Nono—the womb was blessed that bore him, and the breasts thrice blessed that suckled him—he alone was fit to reign over the Roman people—the great apostle of law revived, of order restored, and the great high Priest of liberty—the resurrection, in fine, and the very life of Rome. This, dearly-beloved brethren, was the world's forced tribute of transcendent beneficence and rectitude. Let us now see its inherent natural hatred of both. Its testimony to virtue is ever constrained, hollow and fleeting; its detestation of it real, spontaneous and permanent; for in it it sees its own condemnation. It was this feeling in Cain that made him murder Abel, because he was innocent—that in Cham mocked the best of fathers—that made Lot hostile to Abraham, his kinsman and benefactor—and made Esau's hatred of Jacob almost immortal; the same that induced Joseph's brethren to coolly plan his murder, to cast him into a pit, and afterwards sell him to the merchants of Idumea—the same that made Egypt detest Israel, and enslave it and pursue it to the death—the same that stirred up the thirty and one kings against God's people in the desert, and made Core and his followers conspire against Aaron and Moses—the same that made Saul furious

against David, and Absolam a traitor to his own father—that cast Daniel into the lions' den, and into the fiery furnace—that made Haman abominate a Mordecai, and sigh for his destruction, and that of his race—the same that covered a Jezebel and an Athalia with the blood of the Priests and Prophets of the true God, and made them the rabid enemies of his saints and holy temple—that made Elias a fugitive, Jeremias a martyr, and prepared the pincers and heated the gridiron for the youthful heroic Machabees and their devoted mother—the same hatred of justice shed the blood of the Holy Innocents, placed the Baptist's head in a dish, preferred a Barabbas to a Jesus, and nailed essential justice to a gibbet. This world-wide hatred of justice has filled our calendar with Christian martyrs, persecuted everywhere the children and the Church of God—made those whom God loved and angels looked upon with admiration, objects of ignominy and reproach—drugged their cup with gall and wormwood—yea, gloried in their misery and utter destruction. This spirit of the world has been lately at its wicked work in Rome, apotheosizing the assassination of the innocent, desecrating whatever was there holy and venerable, and making Pius IX. first its captive, and then an exile! Oh beloved Pontiff! your benignity, your truthfulness, your piety, your justice, were your only crimes. Because you were truthful, meek and just, you are now an outcast; “because thou wert beautiful in virtue beyond the sons of men—because grace was poured abroad by God on thy lips, and God had abundantly blessed thee—because the sceptre of thy kingdom was truly a sceptre of uprightness—because, in

a word, thou hadst loved equity and hated iniquity, therefore it is that "they that sat in the gate spoke against thee, and they that drank wine made their song of thee;" therefore it is that "thou art become a stranger to thy brethren, and an alien to the sons of thy mother!" Rome, such as it now is, venerable Pontiff, was not worthy of thee, neither was the world. Exile, however, as thou art, betrayed, deserted by those whom you loved, whom you blessed, and loaded with benefactions, thou wilt not be alone in thy exile. No; the hearts and souls of hundreds of millions of thy faithful children *in* the world, but not *of* it, shall cluster around thee, and comfort thee with their prayers, their tears and their sympathies. Thou art not a solitary exile, illustrious Pontiff; the angels of God are around thee; God is with thee—"the ark of God and the people of Israel." The true Catholics of the earth are emulous to give thee a reception worthy of thee. The Queen of Catholicity—noble France—hailed thee afar, and sent her enthusiastic hosts to defend thee against the infidel faction that assailed thee. Spain pants for the honor of having with her her Catholic Pontiff, Naples displays the riches of her household to allure thee to her palaces, under the shadow of the wings of the American eagle, a safe, a generous asylum would be afforded thee. And oh! if thy faithful Catholic Ireland, wounded though she be by misery, and bruised from the top of the head to the sole of the foot by oppression, could promise herself the bliss which all so ardently ambition, how her heart would bound within her at the bare thought of such happiness, how, in one sight of thee, would she

forget the persecutions and tribulations of centuries, with what rapturous joy would she exult in thy coming, with what eagerness would not her children press around thee, and bathe with the tears of sympathy and filial affection, the feet of the ever to them faithful Vicar of Jesus! Venerable, beloved Pontiff! Catholic Ireland owes thee much. In the hour of her distress the little you had to spare was at her service. You appealed to the Catholic world in behalf of her wrongs and her sufferings; you appealed not in vain; she had its pity and its aid. Oh, if she had thee here to manifest the gratitude that fills her heart, and the deep devotion she still bears to Peter's successor and Christ's representative on earth, perhaps in this "land of the West" she would make thee forget, for a moment, in the vigor and freshness of her faith and love, the ingratitude of thy own base people.

Among us, Venerable Pontiff, there are still attractions for you beyond those of the richest and the happiest lands on earth: hearts still purely Catholic—souls guileless in their Christian simplicity—a fidelity that has weathered every storm, and remained immovably attached to the Chair of Peter—hope full of immortality, and the true spirit of the Communion of Saints, to make thy wrongs, thy sufferings, thy tears, thy joys, its own. But, should this happiness be denied us, wherever thou art we shall be with thee. Our souls, our hearts, our sympathies, shall be with thee, and whatever the rapacity of our oppressors has left us shall be generally shared with thee—still dearer to us, in thy exile, than when crowned with the Tiara in thy capital—more interesting

in thy humiliations than when triumphing amidst the plaudits of thy fickle, faithless people ; and if thy covering, like the Ark of God, were the goat-skin, thou wouldst still be to us an object of deeper love and sympathy, of more sincere devotion in this humble dress of the pilgrim Vicar than when shrouded with all the glory of the Quirinal ; for the ignominy of a Calvary is ever dearer to the Catholic Christian's memory than a Thabor's glory. The one we passingly admire, the other, Jesus in agony, Jesus crucified, we ever love to look upon, and their sweet memorials we ever bind to our hearts and to our memories.

We give glory to God for you, dearly beloved brethren, that you stand not in need of any exhortation from us to be, amidst these visitations, steadfast in your Faith—you, the children of tribulation, who have drunk of the darkest, muddiest, cup of human misery, even to the dregs, without being moved from the broad platform of belief in which God in his mercy has placed you. In the world's worst evils, you see the finger of God who permits them to afflict his children, to bring them to repentance, or to try them by suffering, that they may receive the promise of those who change not their love from him. Everlasting praise and thanksgiving to the God that has preserved to you this jewel with which you prefer to be afflicted, with the people of God, rather than have the pleasure of sin for a time—with which you esteem the reproach of Christ greater riches than all the treasures of the Egyptians—with which you feared not the fierceness of kings or rulers, but learned to endure all things for the sake of that King who is invisible.

With this faith of yours (for it is a blessed inheritance) your forefathers have conquered kingdoms, wrought justice, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, blunted the edge of the sword of the persecutor, recovered strength from weakness, valor from the conflict, spread confusion among the armies of foreigners, were racked, not accepting deliverance, that they might find a better resurrection, had, moreover, like you, yea more than you, their trials, of mockeries and stripes, of bonds and prisons—were stoned, were cut asunder, were tempted, were put to death by the sword, by the gallows, by famine, by pestilence, and a thousand wickedly and cunningly devised tortures—“wandered about in sheepskins, in goatskins, in want, distress, affliction—of whom the world was not worthy—wandered in deserts, in mountains, and dens, and in the caves of the earth, and still were approved in all these things by the testimony of this faith.” To you, the children of these saints and martyrs, doubt, hesitation and despondency, are unfamiliar words. The more the world becomes a desert to you, the nearer the Land of Promise appears. You know and feel that the more the child of faith is abandoned by men, the more securely he leans on the arm of God—“*læva ejus sub capite meo et dextera ejus amplexabitur me*”—that the left hand of God sustains your head, while with his right he embraces you. You know that the Ark of the Most High is never half so terrible, nor half so wonder-working, as when Philisthiim would bind it in captive chains, or seem to triumph over its destitution and loneliness.

For the person of His Holiness—a person so dear to

us all—we can justly entertain our fears; for the succession to the Chair of Peter, or for the Catholic Church, we can have no terrors. These are secure in the promises of God. The Balaams and the Hananiases, may see their visions and prophecy the downfall of both; they may run, though they be not sent, and predict, though never spoken to. In their blindness or their malice they may clap their hands with joy, and exult over the impending ruin of Popery, foolishly believing its destruction to be consequent on the exile of its Pontiff. How often have not such prophets uttered this self-same vain thing, and made themselves wickedly ridiculous to the faithful? A prophet of this sort was not wanting any year for the last eighteen hundred. No doubt, in the very days of the Apostles, while yet the Redeemer's blood shed for his spouse was warm on the earth. Hymeneus and Alexander prophesied in this way, and that the echo of their predictions was taken up and repeated by an Ebion, a Marcion, and a Carpocrates. Novatian and Arius were, of course, among the major prophets of this sort. The predictions thundered forth by Manes were taken up by Vigilantius and Ærius, and chorused again by Peter De Brus, by Valdo, John Huss, Wickliffe, &c., &c., &c.

But woe to them, if they spoke the truth! The awful day of their reckoning would have been at hand—the sun and moon would have refused their light—earth and Heaven would have passed away, and the Saviour of the world, clothed in majesty, with that triumphant and immortal which they would have extinct, had judged them on their temerity. No, dearly-beloved brethren, the permanency of the Chair of Peter, or of the Church of

God, does not depend on the imprisonment, the exile, or the death of any Pope; for, if so, they had long since perished. Peter was imprisoned, yet his chair did not perish, nor the Church built upon him. Liberius, in consequence of his faith in Christ's divinity, was made both a prisoner and an exile; Silverius was imprisoned by a wicked Empress, and twice exiled—first, into Lycia, secondly, into the Isle of Palmaria, where he expired of hunger, A.D. 538,* and yet neither the Church nor the Chair of Peter perished. Martin I. went through an almost similar career of suffering—St. Gregory VII., the glorious prototype of our present beloved Pontiff, died in exile, with that immortal saying upon his lips—"I loved justice, and hated iniquity; and therefore I die in a strange land." Pius VI. died an exile, and oh! what a beautiful death, precious in the sight of God, and ever precious in the eyes of the Church! It was he that left us these sweet Christian sentiments, uttered in the day of his agony—sentiments so becoming the Vicar of Christ, and so glorious to our common faith—"The crown of martyrdom (said he) is more brilliant than the tiara. My afflictions encourage me to hope that I am not altogether unworthy of being the successor of St. Peter, and Vicar of Jesus Christ. The situation in which you behold me, recalls to our mind the early ages of the Church, which were the days of her triumphs. All in this world is vanity; let us raise our eyes to Heaven where thrones are prepared for us, of which men cannot deprive us." When, after receiving the Viaticum, he was asked did he forgive his enemies—"Yes," said he, fixing his eyes

* Feller's Biography.

on the crucifix, "with all my heart."* He died in exile ; but the chair and barque of Peter survived him, and triumphed in this glorious exhibition of fortitude, resignation and charity. Pius VII. was also an exile, and the prisoner of the man of a thousand thrones, who strewed the earth with millions of dead. The eagle of his glory, that hitherto had ever gazed on the oriflame of victory, from that hour drooped its bloody wing, and ignominiously decending to the earth, was trailed through the dust, and as a vile thing trampled upon even by those who were wont to tremble at the bare sight of its soaring. Thirty Popes, all down to Sylvester I., one excepted, suffered martyrdom ; and Peter, the first of the Pontiffs, was crucified with his head downwards, the choice of his humility, setting this bright example, that he who under Christ was first in honor and in jurisdiction, should be first in fidelity and humiliations, instructing his successors, even in death, that the cross of their Lord was their proper inheritance, and their noblest triumphs in suffering for him.

The present storm, dearly beloved brethren, is merely as the zephyr, when compared with the tempests let loose at various times for the last eighteen hundred years on the Church of God. During the pontificate of Felix III., the Emperor Anastasius was a Eutychian heretic—the kings of Italy, Spain and Africa, were Arians, blasphemously denying the consubstantiality of the Word, and furiously persecuting all who believed in it. The kings of the Franks, of the English, of the Germans, were Pagans ; and yet the Church, though she had not a single sceptre to defend her, nor a loyal arm to sustain and

* Pigot's Ecc. An.

nurse her, but all on every side her enemies, did not perish. In the sixteenth century, a thousand prophets, with the tongues of Babel, predicted the Church's immediate downfall, and used every weapon which malignity could suggest, or rather fury supply, to realize their own predictions. The battle was fierce and prolonged. Hell resorted to its whole armoury to make its prophets for once truthful. How far it succeeded, let our enemies and their friends be the witnesses. "It was at the moment," says an eminent biographer * "when Protestantism sat in triumph on the ruins of the Catholic altars and temples, subverted by it throughout the greater parts of Europe, and when it flattered itself that it was assisting at the funeral obsequies of the Roman Catholic Church, that that Church manifested a superabundance of life, and displayed immense renovated energies. In Italy, France and Spain, fifty-nine new orders sprang into existence, for purposes of education, instruction, and beneficence, and applied to the service of the Church all their available powers; and thereby insensibly secured the allegiance of future generations. What glorious forms I see rising up before me: the Borromeos, the Ignatiuses the Xaviers, the De Sales, the Paalos Giustiani, the Gætanos de Thiene, the Peter Caraffas, the Romillons, the Berulles, the Philips of Neri, the Hugo Menards, the Johns of God, the Bellarmins, the Baroniuses, the Vincents of Paul, &c. Further on, we see that magnificent Catholic structure raised up in South America, where conquest became a mission, and this mission Christian civilization. We see at Goa, in 1665, three hundred

* Ranke's Papacy.

thousand Catholic converts, the first fruit of its conquest ; at Japan, in 1579, three hundred thousand Christian converts ; in 1606, three hundred churches, and thirty Jesuitical institutions, founded by Father Valignagno, and all this in the face of the most bloody persecutions. From the year 1603 till 1622, two hundred and thirty-nine thousand three hundred and thirty-nine additional Japanese converted. The first Catholic Church consecrated at Nankin, in China, after the death of the celebrated Father Ricci, who always gave mathematical as a preface to his religious instruction. In 1616, we see Christian Churches everywhere raised throughout the five provinces of the Celestial Empire, and attended by millions of converts. We, moreover, see seventy Brahmins converted by Father Nobili ; three Princes of the Imperial family of Akbar converted by Jerome Xavier, at the Court of the Great Mogul ; the Nestorians restored to unity ; in Abyssinia, Sela Christos, brother of the Emperor, and then the Emperor Seltan Segued.

“ At the Roman Court, the men of that day, whether politicians, poets, artists, &c., &c., had all the same character of religious austerity. The Church touched and reanimated with its breath all the extinct and corrupted faculties of life, and gave to the world quite a new complexion. What immense activity ! Rome, enfolding the entire world, penetrating, at the same time, the Indies and the Alps—sending forth its representatives and defenders at the same to Thibet, and Scandinavia ; and, through this boundless scene, everywhere youthful, energetic, indefatigable, making the impelling active principle of the centre to bear perhaps with more intensity and effect on its agents in the most distant countries.”

This is substantially the testimony of Protestant Ranke. But few signs of dissolution, beloved brethren, in those eventful times. The Prophets were at fault here as elsewhere. How the infidel conspiracy of more modern days ended is known to all. France, that immolated her thousands of Priests to the goddess of reason and turpitude, and sent sixty-two thousand into exile, is now one of the most brilliant and attached jewels in the Pope's tiara. The recent conspiracy, also an infidel one, will, we firmly trust in God, have a similar result. The storm may carry away some of the withered branches and shrivelled useless foliage, to leave the stem with its original sap, and the remaining branches with additional shoots still more healthful and luxuriant. The cry, "The Church is in danger," never yet proceeded from sincere Catholic lips. There can be no danger for the Church, unless God and His promises be in danger. The heavens and the earth shall pass away, and even after they shall have passed, our Church will not be even then in danger but in her eternal home triumphant, divested of her pilgrim's dress, and in the renovated beauty of glorious life immortal, will stand at the right hand of her bridegroom robed in gold, and decorated with every ornamental variety. In this position the Prophet saw her when he exclaimed—" *Astitit regina a dexteris ejus circumdata varietate.*" In every year and day, until this blissful consummation, individuals in the Church will, of course, be in danger, and kingdoms and peoples, who have received the gift of faith, will be in danger of losing, through their own perverseness, that precious boon of heaven. But, if they be cast by the wrath of God into the sinks and sewers of the City of Sion, like all foul

and fetid things, to be carried out of it, it will be because by being allowed to remain within it they would have spread abroad infection and corruption, and by their own turpitude have themselves perished in it—" *Non ex aliis hominibus fiunt hæretici quam ex iis qui si in Ecclesia permansissent propter vitæ turpitudinem nihilominus periissent.*"—*Saint Augustin, Liber 8, de Vera Religione.*

Of the Church, therefore, dearly-beloved brethren, you rest assured that the God that launched her on the sea of this world may allow her to be tempest-tossed, but never to perish, for he himself has promised to be her pilot, "Lo, I am with thee all days, even to the consummation of the world." In the midst of her he has planted his own trophy—erected against death his own triumphant standard of Redemption. The prow of this noble mechanism of God is the East, its stern the West, its midships the South and North; the ropes stretched about it are the love of Christ, its cement the spirit of unity, which holds fast and binds together its every timber; the net which it carries is the laver of regeneration; the Holy Ghost is the wind that fills the sails, and impels it onward; its anchors are of iron, strong, enduring, irresistible, the promises of Christ—its destination the Ararat of God's glory. The sky may become dense with clouds, and cast its pitchy darkness around it; Christ Jesus is its light and its guide. Heaven's cataclysms may break upon it, and the waters of the abyss ascend to meet the floods of heaven—the deeper the torrent the more elevated the ark of God; over the whirling, foaming eddies she rides triumphant, "still onward inscribed in letters of gold upon her prow—the fury of

the elements making her triumph still more conspicuous—her seeming solitude on the deep rendering her passage still more secure, as it is then she can say with confidence, "God is my protector." "The Church," says St. Ambrose,* is buffeted, but is not overwhelmed by the waves of worldly cares; she is stricken, but is not weakened, being easily able to subdue and calm down the agitation of the waves, and the rebellion of the passions of the body; she looks on, herself free and exempt from danger, whilst others are shipwrecked, always prepared to have Christ shine upon her, and to derive gladness from his light." There is nothing," says St. Chrysostom,† "equal to the Church. Tell me not of walls and arms, for walls grow old with time, but the Church never grows old; walls barbarians destroy, but the Church not even demons can overcome. And that my words are not empty boasting, facts testify. How many have waged war against the Church, and they that warred against her have perished, but she has been raised up above the heavens. Such is the mightiness of the Church; warred against she conquers, devised against, she overcomes; assailed with insult, she is made more resplendent; she receives wounds, but sinks not beneath the ulcer; agitated by the waves, she is not submerged; tempest-tossed, but she suffers no shipwreck; wrestles, but is not overthrown; she fights as the pugilist, but is not beaten. Why, then, has God permitted the contest? That he may exhibit a more glorious tro-

* St. Ambrose, tom. I., de Abraham, s. 2, c. 3, no. 11, p. 318.

† St Chrysostom, tom. 3, de Capto Eutropio, no. 1, p. 461.

phy." Let others, therefore, dearly beloved brethren, sit, if they please, exultingly, like Jonas in the shade of their own ivy—the ivy of their own planting; let others, like Elias, delight in the shadow of their juniper-tree; let others have their favorite oak, planted for them by royal hands, and flourished by the base alloy of royal passions; let others have whatever protecting shade fancy may make desirable, ours shall ever be secure repose beneath the shadow of the Chair of Peter, and within the hold of that bark which God built; for "wherever Peter is, there the Church is; where the Church is, there death is not, but life eternal; "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it," *ubi Petrus ibi Ecclesia; ubi Ecclesia ibi nulla mors sed vita æterna; portæ inferi non prævalebunt ei; cælum aperuit, inferos clauset.*

Wherefore, dearly beloved brethren, without further notice of the vain effusions of our modern Prophets, let us return to our illustrious Pontiff, whose situation should now be the chief object of our solicitude. The Church is suffering in its glorious head. Every member of the mystic body must feel the obligations which Christian duty, in such circumstances, imposes upon him. "Who is sick," says St. Paul, "that I am not infirm—who burns that I am not on fire?" The head, the heart of the Church of God is sick, infirm in the fiery ordeal of tribulation and sorrow. His pain must have passed to us all; for if the afflictions of the least of the little ones of God should so deeply interest us, and claim our warmest sympathies, how much more so the sorrows of the father of the faithful, the successor of Saint Peter, and the Vicar of Jesus Christ on earth? In all such

calamities as the present, you know, dearly beloved brethren, that prayer is the Christian's anchor of hope—joint supplication to God his never-failing resource. Our strength, as Tertullian says, in such visitations is in our knees. Let us, therefore, dearly beloved brethren, one and all, join our prayers and entreaties with those of the Catholic world, and cry out together to the Lord in our affliction, that he may turn this present storm into a calm, and bid the waves be still. Let us pray him to give consolation to the wounded soul of our chief pastor, and a troubled spirit and a contrite heart to those among his own subjects who caused his sufferings, "for our Lord is the keeper of the great and the little ones. He has humbled his holy servant, that he may deliver and glorify him, turn his soul into rest, deliver his eyes from tears, and his feet from falling." From his hand, his Vicar has submissively received this chalice of tribulation. Let me, then, implore you, dearly beloved, to redouble your prayers and ovations to the all-provident God, that he may speedily restore his great and good Pontiff, Pius IX., to a truly penitent people, and to that city he loved with a father's heart, there to sacrifice to him once more a sacrifice of praise, and call down, as he was wont to do, blessings on the whole earth, "in the courts of the Lord's own house—in the midst of thee, O Jerusalem!" To carry into effect, dearly beloved brethren, this, our anxious wish, we hereby appoint as follows:

Firstly. The faithful, during the exile of our Holy Father, will say, at their morning and evening family prayers, three Paters, three Aves and a Creed, that God may

comfort His servant Pius, and protect and deliver him from his enemies.

Secondly. At all the station houses, the faithful, after having received Holy Communion, will be invited to join in heartfelt prayer for the aforesaid pious purpose.

Thirdly. On Friday next, let Mass be celebrated in each of the Parochial churches of the Diocese of Derry, at which all the faithful are commanded to attend for the same object.

Fourthly. Let the Collect, *Deus Omnium Fidelium*, for the Pope, be continued to be said on all days, at all Masses on which the Rubric does not interfere; let, also, the beautiful prayer which has been read in our churches for the last three months, and said to be composed by His Holiness himself, be continued to be read before the celebration of the mysteries—before all masses private or public.

Fifthly. From a letter I had lately from Rome, it appears that His Holiness left his palace without any pecuniary resources. Hitherto, we have not been called upon to contribute anything towards the support of the Father of the Faithful. In his present condition, both duty and gratitude should oblige us to come forward to his aid. Poor though we be, we will still find something for such a holy purpose. He generously shared with us in our distress—with him we will as cheerfully share. Let, therefore, all the faithful of the Diocese of Derry be afforded an opportunity on the last Sunday of Advent of exhibiting their love of, and devotion to, the Head of the Church, by adding their mite to that fund which the Catholic world, no doubt, will feel it a Christian obliga-

tion to provide. The contributions of Catholic clergy of this Diocese to the same holy purpose I will myself thankfully receive.

Sixthly. This our Pastoral shall be publicly read in every church and chapel throughout the Diocese of Derry, on the third Sunday of Advent.

May the grace of our Lord and the charity of God in Christ Jesus be with you all. Amen.

✠ EDWARD MAGINN.

Bishop of Orthosia and Apostolic Administrator of Derry.

Given at Derry, this 8th day of December, the Feast of the Conception of the B. V. Mary, in the year of our Lord 1848.

ADDENDA TO THE APPENDIX.

DR. MAGINN'S LETTERS TO LORD STANLEY.

To the Right Hon. Lord Stanley.

"In the main, I think the Roman Catholic priesthood to be untiring in the discharge of their religious duties, devoting themselves to their faith, and sparing neither pains nor time in the due performance of the functions of their holy office. But I must not conceal the fact that 'the Roman Catholic priesthood of Ireland do not lend themselves to the support of the law. There is a fatal breach between the Roman Catholic clergy and the law; the confessional is conducted with a degree of secretness, and carried to an extent dangerous alike to the civil government and the peace of the country. The priest conceals the secrets of the guilty penitent, and is every ready to denounce the informer. Among recent instances there are many startling proofs of the knowledge or connivance of the priesthood in the sanguinary crimes of the peasantry,' &c., &c.—*Extract of a speech reported to have been made by Lord Stanley in the House of Lords, 23d November, 1847.*

BUNCRANA, December 16, 1847.

My Lord,—Up to this moment I hesitated whether I should or should not make this trespass on your lordship's indulgence. I anxiously awaited the appearance of some other member of the Catholic hierarchy, more competent to fix your attention and that of the public on the above important remarks, which you are reported to have volunteered on a recent eventful occasion in the House of Lords.

Anything, my Lord, coming from you, with the usual impress of your admittedly powerful mind, ennobled by your high social position, and borrowing a still further importance from the illustrious name you bear—the name of Stanley—among the most chivalrous recorded in the brightest pages of English history, must effectually tell, even where the sentiments of less distinguished personages would be treated with

cool indifference, with pity or contempt. Hence it is, my Lord, that I deem the opinions you are reported to have expressed, pointedly, bitterly reflecting on the Irish priesthood, of such serious importance. Almost in the same breath you praise and you dispraise us. You exalt us on the one hand above angels, and on the other you degrade us to the level of malignant demons ; you commend us to the attention of your noble audience this moment for the most faithful discharge of our sacred duties ; the next you feel it incumbent to proclaim to the world that we proved ourselves truants to what the world admits to be obligations the most Christain ! There is something, my Lord, passing strange in your conception of the duties of the Irish priesthood, or something still more strange in the manner you thought proper to express yourself regarding them. If, my Lord, it be the duty of the Irish priesthood to encourage the spy or the informer, how could they have discharged their duty by denouncing him ; or if it were not our duty to encourage such respectable characters while trading, as they generally do, in perjury and blood, why should we be charged with failing in our duty in not encouraging them ? Again, if it were our duty to denounce crimes, and if we, as your Lordship is reported to have said, did not denounce them, how, my Lord, I ask, could you have asserted that we were untiring in the discharge of our religious duties ? for surely it is among the most religious duties of a Christian pastor, in season and out of season, without distinction of persons, to denounce crimes wheresoever he knows them to exist, and to prevent, by counsel and command, their perpetration ? Moreover, my Lord, if it be a Christian duty to lend support to the law, as it surely is, if the law be just, and made for and not against the common weal, how could we have discharged our duties by not lending ourselves to the support of the law—by widening that “fatal breach” which, as you have it, “exists between us and the law?” “Let every soul be subject to higher powers, for there is no power but from God ; therefore he that resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God. And they that resist purchase to themselves damnation. For princes are not a terror to the good work, but to the evil. For he is God’s minister to thee for good. But if thou do that which is evil, fear, &c. Wherefore, be subject of necessity not only for wrath, but for conscience’ sake. This doctrine of the apostle we preach and teach ; and to inculcate it—not so much through fear as for conscience’ sake—we consider a most sacred duty. If we omitted it, as your Lordship asserts we did, pray

how could we have with untiring zeal discharged our religious duties? I cannot, my Lord, conceive what could have blinded your Lordship's mind, generally so acute and so logical, to these consequences, so clearly deducible from that compound of praise and censure—of truth and fiction—which you are reported to have so unsparingly administered to us. If I had less respect for your Lordship, I might easily account for it in this way—that you paid the compliment to us to whet the censure—that you dipped the dagger of slander in the oil of adulation, in order that you might the more keenly pierce and make the stab doubly mortal—that you wished to treat the Irish priesthood as they treat on the Continent the ox of the carnival. They first gild its horns and hoofs—they throw over it a cloth of gold, and, amid the buzzes of the multitude, they afterwards lead it in a kind of mock triumph to the slaughter-house. Such, my Lord, would be the way that minds, unacquainted with your Lordship's exalted benevolence, would endeavor to reconcile the incongruities of that medley of praise and censure, with which you are said to have treated your noble and applauding audience.

Passing over, my Lord, the complimentary portion of your address, with all the thanks which your intention while awarding it to us merits, permit me to take up, one by one, your vituperations, and make a few cursory, and I hope not inappropriate, remarks upon them.

“The Roman Catholic priesthood do not lend themselves to the support of the law.” I could have wished, my Lord, that you had been a little more explicit. We have so many laws, good and bad, that we cannot easily fix your meaning. We have a tithing law—ordaining that a church, not ours, should be supported by us. Surely, you did not mean to insinuate that we infringed on our Christian duties by not commending that monstrous law. We have again game laws, *ad infinitum*, by which the liberty of rational beings—of the lords of creation—are being valued at less than the woodcock, the partridge or the pheasant. Surely, my Lord, you did not expect us to become the encomiasts of such laws. We have, my Lord, many other unreasonable laws, restricting the franchise to the few, at the expense of the many—laws with quarter-acre tests—laws consigning our poor to the guardianship of those that made them poor. Surely, my Lord, you could not have meant that we violated our sacred duties by not lending our countenance to those laws—laws which, of course, we do patiently endure, but which, in reason and in conscience, we can never approve.

You should, I repeat, have told us the laws which we did not support. If you meant the laws made to preserve the peace of the community, I at once deny the allegation. Her gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, has not, under the wide sway of her sceptre, subjects more faithful in the discharge of their duty than the Irish priesthood have ever been. I fearlessly assert that the humblest Catholic curate in this diocese, has been a more efficient peace-preserver in the locality in which he serves than the most active paid officer under the crown. If you mean the laws that bind the subjects to their sovereign, again I deny the allegation; but this cannot, of course, be your meaning. Our loyalty stands unimpeached before the world. If we err at all, it is in the excess of that virtue. I fondly hope that the best of English Queens may never have reason to test it. But if she have, she will find it as it has ever been, through good report and evil report, as true as the needle to the pole, against her every enemy, foreign and domestic. Is it, in a word, my Lord, the laws of commutative justice that we discountenance? If these be the laws you accuse us of violating, your Lordship, to say the least, has made an egregious mistake. We consider it a conscientious duty to refuse sacraments to every person taking or retaining a shilling or a shilling's worth not his own, being able to make restitution. Our canon of justice is that of the great St. Austin—"Non dimittitur peccatum nisi restituatur ablatum." It would not, my Lord, be well for your pet "Establishment," if it were gauged on this Catholic rule of equity.

Perhaps, my Lord, I have at length reached your meaning; that the laws to which we do not lend our support are the laws regulating the contracts between landlords and tenants. If this be your charge against us, I for my own part, partly admit and partly deny its application. As far as they are founded on the principles of immutable justice, I emphatically deny the truth of the charge. As far as they enforce the rule of equity, binding the tenant to a fair rent for the land, we would defend the landlord's claims by every weapon in the armory of the Church of God; and no Irish Priest could countenance or abet a violation of this rule without becoming himself liable to restitution. If, however, these laws should go to enforce contracts not based on equity—if they should be made the instruments of oppression—if against reason and humanity they were being made, and were intended to be made, destructive of the well-being of society, and were practically found to be working the ruin of a whole kingdom, and subversion of every right, human and

divine, I partly admit, my Lord, the truth of your charge, that to such laws we do not lend our countenance. We bore with them, of course—we counseled our people to bear with them—not for the sake of their justice, but for the sake of God—who tolerated for a time and half a time these iniquities and who in his own good time would have them redressed. But, my Lord, to lend enactments which we felt to be so mischievous a cordial support, or to sanction them with our approval, would, my Lord, be expecting too much even from us. What, my Lord, could induce us to respect such laws? Is not every condition of an equitable contract, everywhere throughout the kingdom, if we except some portions of the North of Ireland, violated by them. Have they not been proved to be a Draconian code, written in characters of blood? Have they not made our beautiful island a vast workhouse of pauperism? Have they not reduced the great majority of the people of Ireland to a state of serfship unparalleled in the annals of the world. What, my Lord! would you have us act the eulogists and the abettors of a code which planted in almost every village a tyrant more inhuman and barbarous than the fabled Ogres of our tales—a code which made the meanest in Irish society—a man qualified for his situation by the worst kind of ruffianism—the landlord's bailiff a more important personage than the amiable sovereign of these realms? Yes, indeed, duty demands of us the approbation of such laws! We must, in mercy to the system, divest ourselves of every Christian feeling, and call falsehood truth, wrong right, and the most monstrous iniquity the strictest equity! This, my Lord, I say again, would be too much for you to ask even from us. Permit me, my Lord, to suppose a case. It is hardly a possible case, to be sure, for your native country would not endure it for one day; still, my Lord, let me suppose that the landlords of England were, with a few honorable exceptions, selfish, grasping, cruel, tyrannical—they had made for themselves a code of laws to regulate their properties—a code that made them irresponsible, in their own minds, to God and man—a code which enforced what they called their rights, but never hinted at their duties—that by these laws, so craftily devised to carry out their intentionable mischief, they made England desolate; scattered the English people and made them wander over the earth—left one-third of one your Ocean Isle uncultivated, the other two-thirds comparatively unproductive—let me suppose again, that by these laws they made the English nation a beggar in rags at every gate in Christendom—that with them they were enabled with impunity to exterminate hun-

dreds, thousands, of the English people from the homesteads of their fathers—levelling their cabins to the earth, and casting them out on a merciless world to die in ditches, to make room for the ox, the ass, the goat or the sheep, thereby preferring the most stupid of the brute creation to him whom the God of Heaven “made little less than the angels.” Let me suppose again, that these laws having full sway for centuries in England, made more widows and orphans, produced more hardships, heartburnings, agonies of soul and writhings of body—caused more tears to be shed, and more premature deaths—a greater destruction, in fine, of human life than the eleven persecutions decreed by the Pagan Emperors of Rome. I ask, you, my Lord in what terms would you speak of those laws? Would not the indignant soul of a Stanley revolt at their very contemplation? Would the parsons of England be Christian parsons if they gave their cordial support to a code which worked such ruin? Would they not be worse than the apostate priests of the cruel Jezebel if folding their arms in silence, they looked with cold indifference on their hearers, crushed to powder beneath the wheels of this Moloch? But what would they be, my Lord—they, the ministers of the God of Mercy—what name would be too bad for them, if instead of siding with their suffering people, they raised their voices to applaud the causes and cheer on the authors of this universal ruin? No matter, my Lord, how you or they would feel, we know how those who love their people do feel and have ever felt. We know how under similar circumstances a Moses felt—how a Jeremiah felt, though he merely saw with the eye of a prophet the bondage and oppression of his people—we know how a David felt, though he only viewed the misery of his nation in the distance, when this cry of wounded nature escaped him :—

“Remember, O Lord, the children of Edom in the days of Jerusalem.

“Who say : raze it, raze it, even to the foundation thereof.

“O daughter of Babylon, miserable! blessed shall be he who shall repay thee thy payment which thou hast paid us ”

We know how a Matthias felt, when his own beloved Judea was beneath the hoof of the truculent and relentless Antiochus. We know what the Redeemer felt when he looked on the crowd hungering in the wilderness, when he said, with all the sweetness of a Saviour who loved men even more than his own life,

“Misereor super turbam ;”

and we also, my Lord, know the cry that comes from under the altar of God, even in the region of light and love and peace—the cry of the

murdered Innocents. "How long, O Lord, how long?" All this, my Lord, and more we know, and if the Irish priesthood have anything to answer for to God, it is the tameness and the silence, and the patient submission with which most of them looked upon the wrongs, the ruin of their country; or for the gentle whispers they used, when their voices should have been as loud as the roar of the deep, or the crash of the thunder-storm, arousing, awakening the world to humanity outraged in the persons of their flocks, and thereby shaming their persecutors into mercy. Such, my Lord, being our convictions, you cannot expect from us a cordial support of any system whose evil effects impressed us with such feelings. You may calumniate us, and by this means prepare the way for the re-enactment of the penal code. The slanderer may cover us with the *virus* of his own black heart, as the hooded snake of Ceylon covers its victim with the slaver of its poison before devouring it. Our rulers may introduce more the invention of a hellish bigotry—their star chambers, their "scavengers' daughters," their black taxes, their discovery laws. They may again, as in olden times, set up the head of a Catholic archbishop at £50, of a bishop at £20 and that of a Priest at £5. They may devise anew merciful provisions for ripping up, tearing out our bowels and quartering us—even, my Lord, with all these instruments of persecution and destruction (were you inclined to apply them, which I don't believe) you will not be able to force from us one word in commendation of such an atrocious system. We would, my Lord, sooner praise the law that casts the Hindoo widow on the same funeral pile with her husband, or the bowstring laws of the successor of Mahomet, than raise our voices in praise or commendation of laws that have ruined our race and our country. But I tell you, my Lord, what we will cheerfully do—what the clergy of Ireland have ever been doing, because it was their duty—we will endeavor to pluck the arrow of vengeance rankling in the souls of the oppressed. We will exhort them to patient endurance. We will bid them raise their heads and look in hope big with immortality, beyond this vale of injustice—beyond the river of Time, to a land where grief shall be no more—where God, with his own hand, "shall wipe away every tear from every cheek and establish the reign of eternal justice." We will tell them, my Lord, that, bad as their destiny may seem to men, it is better in the eye of reason and religion, than that of their oppressors—that it is better for them to be stretched with an innocent Saviour on the Cross, than to consort with a guilty Herod on his bed of down,

"Felicior Regulus in cruce quam Mænenas in plumbis"

It may be, my Lord, that I have still mistaken the laws to which your Lordship is said to have alluded—that your meaning was, We did not lend our support to the administration or execution of the laws. If your Lordship meant the proper administration and execution of the laws, we emphatically deny the justice of this charge. The love of justice by Irishmen, rests upon indisputable Protestant authority. But if, my Lord, you mean the mal-administration or perversion of the best laws, this we did not, of course, support or countenance; and your Lordship must know well from your experience of Ireland that in this we were justified, for Dante's picture of Hell is a feeble sketch of many of the inferior courts of justice that have been in Ireland, where the grossest iniquity worked in the form of the law. There were, of course, here and there, places not misnamed courts of justice, where an innate love of equity predominated over prejudice and bigotry. Such courts we ever approved, and hailed the execution of their decisions with rapturous delight. Of others, where it was not the law which was good that was administered, but the malice of man, the most you could expect from us would be to say nothing. I admit, my Lord, that there is everywhere a great improvement in our courts of justice. Our rulers have poured in upon them a flood of light, which is daily scaring away barefaced partiality and corruption. Fear not then, my Lord, to give us fair play, and you will find us your steady supporters and zealous co-operators—you will find us the encomiasts of every law that is good, and of every officer under the crown, executing the law, who will hold the balance of justice *æqua lance*. Make, by wise legislation, Ireland prosperous and our poor flocks happy, and you will never hear of us beyond the sanctuary, except when teaching the living virtue, to love God and their neighbor, and honor the Queen; or, when giving hope and consolation to the dying Christian,

“Pointing to Heaven and leading the way.”

I come now, my Lord, to the most serious charge of all. You are reported, my Lord—I should fondly hope falsely reported—to have said, “Why don't the priesthood denounce crimes they know to be predicted and afterwards completed? There are many startling proofs of the connivance of the priesthood in the sanguinary crimes of the peasantry.”

Those, my Lord, are grievous charges—first that the Priest does not denounce crimes which he knows to be predicted and afterwards completed; and secondly, that there are startling proofs of the priesthood's

connivance in the sanguinary crimes of the peasantry. Should you have made, my Lord, this statement—which I would willingly doubt—might I ask you from what sources of information you have derived it? Was it from your own experience? was it from the interested ministers of a rival church? or was it from your detective police, those invisible veracious gentry, who expect, of course, to be paid by the yard for the tales of horror they can invent? Was it, my Lord, from the evicting, and for that reason, disinterested proprietors of the south, who have always taken such a deep interest in everything that concerns the Catholic poor and their spiritual guardians—the Priests? Should you have made this statement, my Lord (for I can scarcely induce myself to believe you did). I most respectfully and earnestly ask you again—whence had you this information, with which you blast the character of the most hardworking, zealous, and, in your own words, untiring ministry in the discharge of their religious duties (I say it, my Lord, without presumption, excluding myself, of course, from the benefit of the testimony,) that ever ministered in the Church of God? It is no small thing, my Lord, to tarnish the fame of 2730 Christian pastors—to make them accomplices in the deed of blood from which every Christian must revolt with horror—to present them to the world as besmeared with the blood of the unhappy victims of the assassin's knife, or ministering to God at His altar with hands stained with crimes and hearts polluted with guilty purposes, which would make them the abominated of God, and the detested of mankind. Our fair fame, my Lord, is dearer to us than life, for if you rob us of it you make life valueless to us; and if, my Lord, there be a choice bolt in heaven, it is reserved for him who dares to stab innocence through its character and strip it of the white robe of honor which makes it beautiful and edifying before men. If, my Lord, you have made this charge against us, you must have made it on what appeared to you, at least, certain grounds. I therefore demand of you the proofs—the startling proofs—of this atrocious imputation. In the face of the British empire I dare you, my Lord, to confront us with your informers and our accusers. Bring forward your hidden spies—the emissaries of the dark, mysterious council—bring your informants, whoever they may be—the landlord's bailiff—the bigoted parson—for such is said to be the slanderous, infamous, truculent correspondent of the *Times*. Let us have a fair jury—not as usual a packed one—no clipped jury lists—none of the minions of the exterminators of our people in the jury box. Give us, my Lord, a jury

of your own countrymen—Protestants if you will—but honest Protestants.

Our chapels, our registers, our people, all are open to them—the police who assisted at our religious services ; let there be nothing hidden from them, and if their finding be that we, the Irish priesthood, did not denounce crimes known to be predicted and afterwards completed—that the proofs were not only startling but true of our connivance in the sanguinary crimes of the peasantry, we will bow our heads in resignation, and though conscience and the great God, the searcher of hearts, would still acquit us, we will cheerfully confess you, at least, blameless before the world. Come, then, my Lord—I address myself, of course, to the newspaper Lord Stanley—to your startling proofs. Select your victims, and prove them guilty. Until you do so, or publicly retract the charges, I hold myself before the world justified in branding these reported charges as the most atrocious calumnies, and consigning to the infamy of ages your name as intimately connected with them. On the brilliant escutcheon of your noble house—an escutcheon reflecting the splendor of Catholic chivalry in by-gone days—let the indignant historian add the blasting, dishonoring motto,

“Calumniatus est audacter et not pœnituit ejus.”

You, my Lord, have believed the calumnies you uttered. Your informers, however, did not believe them. They lied, *sciēter et volēter*, knowingly and willingly, for lying is their stock in trade ; and “were you to wash them in nitre,” the foul habit would continue. Popery in any, in every shape, is a good target for their malignant darts. Whittaker—the Protestant Whittaker—a most impartial witness, or rather a partial one, for he was the decided enemy of Catholicity, truly said that such persons as the above “had their minds impregnated with a peculiar portion of that spirit of falsehood which is so largely possessed by the father of lies—that they are equally devoid of principle as of shame—ready for any fabrication of falsehood, and capable of any operations of villainy.” Again he says, “Forgery—I blush for the honor of Protestantism while I write—seemed to have been peculiar to the reformed. I look in vain for any of these accursed outrages among the disciples of Popery.”—*Vind. vol. 2, page 22.*

The Protestant Bayle agrees with Whittaker in saying, “All that detraction and the blackest malignity have ever invented of *supposita*

crimes, atrocious invectives and calumny, spread brutally and without judgment or taste, have been imputed to the Catholic priesthood.”—*Avis Anx. Ref. vol. 2, page 586.*

I sincerely regret, my Lord Stanley (I always mean my Lord Newspaper Stanley), that you allowed yourself, even by implication, to be enrolled in the infamous category above alluded to; and I rejoice with exceeding great joy, that I belong to that class who have ever been, in the words of Bayle, “so brutally calumniated.” If the Lord did not see it was for our good, He would not permit such things to be. It is not those whom he despises that he subjects to such trials. He passed over Laban and wrestled with Jacob. In the words of Seneca:—

“Misfortune chooses worthy adversaries, and passes over those with whom to battle would be inglorious; she attacks the firm and the constant, and passes by with contempt the wavering and the weak. She tried Scævola with fire; Fabricius with poverty; Rutillus with exile; Regulus with torments; Socrates with poison, and Cato with death.”—*Tract de Provd. “Conflictatio in adversaria probito est virtutis.”*—CYPR.

We and our country, my Lord, have been long tried in the furnace of tribulation. We have not, I fondly hope, been found wanting to our faith and to God. With His grace we will be able to withstand even this trial. It is, perhaps, the darkness before the dawn of that prosperity which God, I firmly believe, has reserved for our country. This, my Lord, is your duty—that will be ours. The Saviour of the world was never so near his glorious resurrection as when his enemies had laid him in the monument, and closed its entrance with, in their minds, an immovable obstruction; sealed it, and said to themselves—“the preacher of sedition is dead—Cæsar’s enemy—he shall never arise.” But yet a little while, and heaven and earth hailed his triumphant resurrection.

As I have already, my Lord, trespassed beyond my intention on your Lordship’s indulgence, I will defer until after the Christmas holidays the remarks which a sense of duty calls upon me to make on the other charges which you are reported to have preferred against us, viz.: “The confessional is conducted with a degree of secretness dangerous alike to the civil government and the peace of the country. The Priest conceals the secrets of the guilty penitent, and is ever ready to denounce the informer.” The charges, my Lord, are grave and demand a separate serious answer. You shall have it from me, as soon as the duties of this holy season will allow me leisure. I have some little claim on your

Lordship's patience ; *you are said to have trespassed somewhat on mine.* I write to you from a diocese in which, although there be in it 230,000 Catholic souls—more than twice as many as of any other creed—a d also one hundred Priests instructing this number, there has never been hitherto, to my knowledge, a single murder of any proprietor. I write you also from a parish where the Catholics are twelve to one, and where there has been much suffering among a Catholic population of 10,000, spread over an area of 60,000 acres, all of course savage Irish, or vermin, if you please ; and yet there has not been among them, in the memory of man, a single murder. The only one that tradition hands down to us, is the murder of a parish priest of this union, and dean of the diocese of Derry, Dr. O'Hegarty. He was dragged from a mountain cavern—his hiding-place by day (by night only could he appear, in those times, commune with, his flock, instruct the living, console the dying and bury the dead) and was butchered on a rock on the banks of the Swilly, which shall ever be memorable from this bloody tragedy. The perpetrator of this murder was a Captain Vaughan, the son of an English colonel who served in the army of Oliver Cromwell (as Carlisle would say) of blessed memory. The good Captain believed he was doing the work of God, when imbruing his hands in the blood of the Popish priests, as many now believe they are doing the same holy work in calumniating them. We have had, moreover, a bridewell erected in this neighborhood about eight years ago, for the delinquents of this extensive barony, in which, as far as I know, there have not been since its erection four persons confined for a petty larceny. If men, my Lord, do not give the Catholic priesthood credit for this state of things, perhaps the good and just God will. Firmly believing that we will get our reward somewhere, we shall endeavor, through God's aid, no matter to what calumny we may be exposed, to make this state of things continue. A little slander now and then from our enemies will only tend to season our zeal, and give a zest to our labor of love. Our task, thank God, has been rendered easy by the benevolent dispositions of most of the landed gentry of the diocese of Derry, and the peaceable habits of our poor but patient people. Though we have much misery, praise to a kind Providence, we have but few exterminators amongst us.

Believe me, my Lord, with the highest respect for your talents, with equally as much for your old Catholic name, and still more for the char.

acter you enjoy of being the best of landlords, to be your most obedient,
humble servant,

✠ E. MAGINN.

Bishop of Orthosia, and Apost. Adm. of Derry

SECOND LETTER.

To the Right Hon. Lord Stanley.

"The confessional is conducted with a degree of secretness dangerous alike to the civil government and the peace of the country. The Priest conceals the secrets of the guilty penitent and is ever ready to denounce the informer."—*Vide report of Lord Stanley's Speech in the House of Lords, November 22, 1847.*

BUNCRANA, January 4, 1848.

My Lord,—I promised, the first leisure moment I could call my own, to return to your reported slanders on the Catholic priesthood of Ireland, and what I must call your inconsiderate attacks on one of the most sacred institutions of their holy religion. Were I, however, to wait for that moment of leisure, I would, my Lord, have long to wait, and the pledge I give you should, I fear, remain for ever unredeemed. You, and those that think with you, and the British legislators that preceded you, have left to the clergy of Ireland a legacy of toil and misery, so dreadful and complicated as to occupy their entire attention, and not leave them an instant to think of anything else. Your misrule, my Lord, has brought our country to a pretty pass. The fairest land under heaven covered with poverty and rags, not by the God that made it beautiful and fertile for the happiness of his creatures, but by bad laws and wicked lawgivers. For hundreds of years God has made you and yours our stewards, our guardians, our supervisors. He elevated you and your country, in the moral order, to what our cloud-capped hills were intended to be in the physical order; to receive the refreshing dews of heaven and communicate them to us. This important duty you faithlessly discharged. Instead of water to refresh us, you gave us fire to burn us. Instead of being God's ministers to us for good, you have been ministers to us for evil. The sword, of course,

you always wielded with power and with effect. The olive branch you never showed but for a purpose—when fear made it your interest. You, at times my Lord, I admit, used words of peace ; but even then there was war in your hearts. Even in your smiles there was treachery lurking. Your fairest sky had upon it the dark speck ready to spread and break upon us in thunders and lightnings, the moment it was believed it could be safely done. Years of famine press upon us. Pestilence and death are at every door. The energies and soul of the country seem to be extinct—the clergy and their people broken down by a weight or tribulation which the might of angels could scarcely bear. This, my Lord, was your fitting opportunity to strike our fallen country, and pour out your torrents of abuse on the devoted heads of, the Irish priesthood, and on the most hallowed practices of the Catholic religion. Would not, my Lord, noble minds, at such a time, have shrunk from such an unmanly occupation? Generous hearts would have revolted at the bare thought of adding insult to misery, or of mixing up the ingredients of slander and calumny in a cup of affliction, already filled to overflowing. Or if in an unguarded moment, they forgot the nobler impulses of their nature, and cast themselves upon their supposed helpless victims, returning reason would make them look upon the deed with horror, and send them with the feelings of the good Samaritan, to bind up the additional wounds they had rashly and cruelly inflicted ; they would hasten to make that reparation to outraged humanity which honor, truth and justice demanded at their hands. But you, my Lord, I regret to have it to say, for your own sake, appear to have been imbued with no such noble impulses. Instead of retracting your calumnies, you are reported to have returned to them with redoubled vigor, and, with an instinct and appetite becoming meaner natures, to have fallen again on your half-devoured prey with increased avidity and voraciousness. There is, however, my Lord, something consoling in the reflection that you have made your charges, no matter what the intention may have been, somewhat less comprehensive. Perhaps you compressed them to give them additional energy and effect, as by spreading them over too large a surface they would be less telling. On a former occasion, it was the whole priesthood who were guilty of deeds of blood or conniving at their perpetration ; it is now but a part of the priesthood that you would implicate in these sanguinary transactions. In your vituperation you are becoming “small by degrees and beautifully less!” and in this there is a

glimmer of hope that some time before the Greek Calends you will feel it a duty to make the *amende honorable*, by expressing your heartfelt contrition for having made imputations against *any* of the Catholic clergy, which candor must repudiate, as well as honesty and truth condemn.

Your last appearance, my Lord, was anything but worthy of you. Never did a Stanley occupy a more discreditable position than you did on that memorable occasion. Your bottle-holders in the calumnious onslaught you are said to have made upon us, were anything but reputable seconds for one of your noble house to be sustained by—the one a mushroom lord, with a name as dissonant as his heart is discordant with every upright feeling and every generous sentiment—the renegade of party and of principle—the capricious weathercock, veering with every wind, uncertain in everything but his instability—the regular “*fata morgana*” of deception and delusion—this moment grave and serious, the next fantastic and grotesque—now the ridiculous harlequin, then the murky philosopher—a perfect Proteus in the suddenness of his transformations—one while a seditious Gracchus, the outrageous abettor of licentiousness—again, a wicked Caligula, sighing for an occasion to strike down with one blow every rational liberty. He has, it is true, momentary coruscations which those at a distance are wont to mistake for the brilliant reflections of the gems of honesty and truth, but which those who know him well, and happen to be near his person, have always understood to be nothing more than the transient glare of a brimstone heart on fire, or the pestilent light of incurable corruption. Dressed out in the cast-off, threadbare vestment of the execrable old man of Ferney, without his genius, he apes his impiety, and, with a malignity far transcending that of this most sacrilegious of sophists, he would gladly close in the face of the soul of the penitent sinner the gate of mercy, and pursue it from the judgment seat of God to the lowest depths of perdition, that he might there, in imagination, gloat over its agonies, and feast in brooding vindictive thoughtfulness on its endless tortures. The patriot Swift would seem to have had his image before his mind when describing his infamous prototype, Lord Wharton: “His behaviour is in all the forms of a man of twenty-five. Whether he walks, or whistles, or swears, or takes brandy, or calls names, he acquits himself in each beyond a templar of three years’ standing (a laugh). Although the graver heads think him too profligate and abandoned, they dare not be ashamed of him, for he is very

useful in Parliament, being a ready speaker, and content to employ his gift upon such occasions where those who conceive they have any remains of reputation or modesty are ashamed to appear. Indifferent to the applause of the good, he is insensible to the reproach of any. He is without the sense of shame or glory, as some are without the sense of smelling, and therefore a good name to him is no more than a precious ointment would be to these." Your other bottle-holder has not even the seeming of genius to recommend him to the attention of the most vulgar auditory. As remarkable for stupidity as he is for malevolence, he would fain strike and wound, but his utter impotency is the best shield against his malice—like the frog in the fable, as bloated and as pompous, and as ready for war against Ireland, her clergy, and her people; his spear, thank Heaven, is but the feeble bulrush; his battle-axe a goose's feather. He assumes now and then the air and mein of an old Roman, with an antique toga—an honorable heirloom in his family, which came down to him unpieced, unstained—he would cover the envenomed heart of a Lollard. Without the mind, he is the Fra Paula of the present day in malice and untruthfulness. He is said to wear a coronet with the cowl and cloak of a monk, in whose folds he conceals the poisoned dagger, with which, on every given opportunity, he basely attempts to stab the very faith he professes. He has not even the gratitude of the brute that lovingly licks the hand of its benefactor. No, my Lord, the noble soul that labored for forty years in his cause, and with a giant's arm struck from his villian limbs the fetters he should have ever worn, he turned upon with the virulence of the viper, warmed into life in the husbandman's breast, and tried, but vainly, to pierce with the forked tongue of vituperation, the fair fame of his own immortal Liberator. For your sake, my Lord, I, in all sincerity, repeat, I deeply regret that you allowed yourself to be supported during your attacks upon us by such characterless individuals. A Catholic Stanley in olden times would have nobly shrunk from such vulgar associations. But for the sake of the clergy and people of Ireland, I heartily rejoice at it; for by commingling your slander with theirs, it must have fallen pointless on that portion of the public who value honor, truth, and virtue. We have reason, my Lord, to thank Providence that our assailants are so disreputable. There is no balm of consolation necessary to heal the wounds they would inflict. Their praise is censure, and their censure praise; and from my soul I

hope that the Catholic clergy of Ireland, my people, or my country, will never descend to depths so low or so irretrievably infamous as to merit their laudations. For my own part, I say it with all candor, I would despair of my own salvation the moment I became worthy of their encomiums.

Having treated your Lordship to the opinion which I hold in common with the Catholic public of these, of course imaginary, personages, you will permit me to proceed to your charges, and discuss them as far as truth and candor will allow, in a manner not disrespectful, I trust, to your exalted dignity, or the noble station you occupy in society. You are reported, my Lord, to have said, "that the Catholic confessional is being conducted by us with a degree of secretness, and carried to an extent dangerous alike to the civil government and the peace of the community. The Priest conceals the secrets of the guilty penitent, and is ever ready to denounce the informer." Is not this, my Lord, a sweeping censure on what every Catholic throughout the world, as well as the Catholics of Ireland, have ever believed to be an institution the most divine and sacred. Confession, as practiced in Ireland, dangerous to the government and to the peace of the community! In this assertion—I say it with all respect—there is as much ignorance, if not malice, as ever was conveyed in the same number of words. Our discipline, my Lord, as I stated above, regarding confession and the strict secrecy to be observed regarding things confessed, is the discipline of the Catholic Church throughout the world. It has been the discipline of the Church of God at all times and in all places. It is still the discipline of the sects who, in the earliest ages, separated from the Catholic Church. In this the Copts, the Armenians, the Maronites, the Nestorians, the Eutychians, the Greeks, the Latins, are all agreed. The canon of the great Council of Lateran, on this subject, is a canon to which every Christian, if we except some of the new sects that the sixteenth century ushered into the world, could, without the violation of either principle or practice, cordially subscribe:—

"Let the Priest take care, neither by word nor sign, nor in any way or manner, to disclose the sins of his penitents. Should any presume to reveal the sin discovered to him in the tribunal of penance, we decree not only his deposition from the sacerdotal office, but also that he be thrust into a close monastery, there to do penance to the end of his life."—(Fourth Council of Lateran, held in 1215, under Pope Innocent, chapter "*Omnia utriusque sexus.*")

You, my Lord, either knew the existence of this canon, or you did not. If you knew it while making the assertion regarding our Irish discipline, I can scarcely find a sufficiently respectful name by which to designate your conduct. If you did not know it, I am equally puzzled for an excuse for you, a Protestant, protesting in such a manner against sacred things, of which you could not speak a single sentence without falling into the most egregious blunders. What, my Lord, is still worse, you would seem, by the statement you made, to be wholly ignorant of the discipline of your own Church, though you profess to be one of its most ardent admirers and zealous defenders. I beg to direct your Lordship's attention to the 13th canon of the Church of England. It runs thus :—

“Provided, always, that if any man confess his secret and hidden sins to his minister for the unburdening of his conscience, and in order to receive spiritual consolation and ease of mind from him, we do not in any way bind said minister by this our constitution, but we do strictly charge and admonish him that he do not at any time make known to any person whatever, any crime or offence so committed to his trust and secrecy ”—(See the body of the canons drawn up in 663.)

You perceive, my Lord, the truly awkward position in which you placed yourself! Were you ignorant, my Lord, of the existence of this constitution? or if not ignorant of its existence, where was your sense of equity when you imputed to the Catholic Church in Ireland, as a crime, what, as the obedient son of the Church of England, you must ever eulogize and commend as a virtue? Where, my Lord, were your just weights and measures, that equanimity—that strict impartiality—the most ennobling dispositions and qualifications of a legislator? It may be that you, initiated in the mysteries of the English sanctuary, understood well that this canon was not being carried out to its full extent—that your ministers, traitors to their duty, set the canons and discipline of that Church at defiance, and did reveal to somebody—the government, no doubt—the secret sins of the unhappy sinners who too confidently committed their secret crimes to their frail and faithless keeping—that false to their God, to their sacred office, and their penitents, who flew to them “to unburthen their consciences for spiritual consolation and ease,” they (the ministers), only listening to betray, sacrilegiously made the chair of mercy, and of the strictest fidelity, “a mockery, a delusion, and a snare.” Is it indeed, my Lord, this treacherous practice

that has made the power of the keys, which they wantonly assumed, as idle and as useless in their hands as a shattered reed? Is this indeed the reason that has made the British Episcopalian Protestants generally shudder at the bare thought of confession, and during life, and even in death, deride and scorn their Priests, inviting them to a special revelation of their sins? Is this indeed, my Lord, the cause why the injunction, so clearly expressed in your Book of Common Prayer, rests there an idle, unmeaning, unpractical theory—professedly beautiful and advantageous to the sinner burthened with sin—to the heart deeply wounded with iniquity—but practically a hideous spectre standing out in bold relief at the entrance to your Holy of Holies, having on its lips honeyed words of comfort and parental solicitude for the interests of souls, but on its front, inscribed in characters of fire, treachery, to scare away the faithful from its approaches. or rather, like the god of the Carthaginians or Idumeans, it stands with you on its blood stained tripod, with arms extended, as if inviting its foolish worshippers to fling their children into its burning embraces, that, with a traitor's consuming hug, it might the more conveniently destroy its unsuspecting victims. I never, my Lord, could understand hitherto why your earnest invitations to confession, in your preparations for communion, were so disregarded, so contemptuously spurned, or whence came it that this rubric of your Book of Common Prayer for the visitation of the sick has been so ignominiously treated by your Episcopalian Protestants, as if it were naught but an unmeaning, lifeless cypher—a *vox et praterea nihil*. “Here shall the sick person be moved to make a special confession of his sins, if he feel his conscience troubled with any weighty matter—after which confession the Priest shall absolve him (if he humbly and heartily desire it), after this sort: Our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath left power to his Church to absolve all sinners who truly repent and believe in him, of his great mercy forgive thee thine offences; and by his authority committed to me, I absolve thee from all thy sins, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.”

I feel deeply obliged to your Lordship, and in the name of the Catholics of the British empire and of the world, I sincerely thank you for the information you have, however unintentionally, afforded us regarding the secret of the discipline that was among you. Guileless as we were, we attributed the indifference regarding this sacred institu-

tion of yours to anything, it appears, but the proper cause. We foolishly believed that your people treated the keys, in the hands of your ministers, as the blasphemous assumption of intruders into the fold of Christ, who had no commission from heaven to forgive or retain sins—that they considered confession to such persons would not be less ridiculous than the confessions made of old by those who sought to be initiated into the mysteries of Ceres. You, my Lord, have let out the secret at last, in letting us understand, by your charges against the Catholic Church in Ireland, that treachery in the ministry of reconciliation was with you considered a virtue. Oh, my Lord, “tell it not in Gath, speak not of it in the streets of Ascalon,” lest the maids of Israel tremble. The violation of such sacred confidence a social virtue! *Proh pudor*, my Lord! But to come more directly to your charge against our Irish confessional, I beg your attention while testing the truth or falsehood of your slander by our doctrine and discipline regarding the confessional. You hitherto might have pleaded the excuse of ignorance. Henceforth, should you blaspheme against us, if it were nothing but to give your malice a substantial form, let the blasphemy proceed from knowledge.

The confessional, my Lord, we believe to be the ordinary channel appointed by God through which the grace of justification passes into the soul of the sinner who has proved false to his baptismal vows, and mortally stained the white robe of innocence he received from the waters of regeneration. On the grace of justification—on the manner in which God justifies the sinner, as not only you, but others mistake, or seem to mistake, our belief and doctrines, a brief outline of our views on this subject, if not to you, may at least be useful to others. To you, at all events, there will be this important advantage, that with the full evidence of the case before you, you will be the better able to comprehend the full extent of the danger of such doctrines and discipline.

We believe this justification, my Lord, to be not only the remission of sin, or merely a cloak for iniquity, as many believe, but the sanctification and renovation of the interior man, through the voluntary susception of grace and gifts. We believe, by this grace and gifts, man, from being unjust, becomes just, so as to be made an heir according to the hope of eternal life. How dangerous, my Lord, is not this doctrine to the civil government? We believe the final cause of this justification to be the glory of God, of Christ, and of eternal life; the efficient

cause, a merciful God, who gratuitously washes us from our sins, and sanctifies us, sealing and anointing us with his promised Holy Spirit—the pledge to us of our inheritance; the meritorious cause, His most beloved and only begotten Son our Lord Jesus Christ, who, while we were his enemies, on account of the exceeding charity with which He loved us, merited for us this justification by his holy passion on the wood of the cross, and thereby satisfied, for us, God his Father. The subjective cause, the sinner's soul; the formal cause, the justice of God, not that with which He himself is just, but with which He makes us just—with which we being gifted are renewed in the spirit of our mind, and with which we are not only reputed, but are truly called and are just—each receiving justice according to the measure that the Holy Ghost distributes to each, as he freely willeth, and according to the proper disposition and co-operation of each; the instrumental cause, in the case in question, we believe to be the sacrament of penance, to which Christ, who has proper dominion over his own gifts, and can, of course, distribute them according to His own good will and pleasure, in the manner and on the conditions he pleases, has ordinarily annexed the grace of justification. This, of course, my Lord, is a doctrine highly dangerous to the peace of the community! But to proceed. God, in his great work of the renovation of sinful man, disposes all things sweetly, yet effectually, wisely and mercifully prepares and arranges the temple of the soul for the indwelling of his Holy Spirit. As in the six days' work of the creation, He prepared, ornamented, and beautified the great material temple of the world for the introduction of its lord and master, under him, man, and thereby showed that he, the great Architect, was in this work a free, and not a necessitated agent; so in the greater moral work of justification, He, to mark his freedom, and the gratuity with which he bestows his gifts, ordinarily proceeds, as it were, step by step, to its glorious completion. He first breathes in a manner on man spiritually dead, and stirs up the faith that is within him—the root and foundation of all justification. Man, under the influence of the gift of faith, and aided by grace, willingly, freely, firmly assents to all that God has revealed; believes, without hesitation, in his promises and menaces, and especially believes that Christ Jesus has merited for him justification by his redemption, in suffering for us as man, and giving, as God, an infinite value to his sufferings. What, my Lord, in this belief is dan

gerous to the civil government? Faith, moreover, in the menaces of God, introduces fear, the beginning of wisdom, which makes us dread God's justice in consideration of our sins, and tremble at the thought of the temporal and eternal punishments he has reserved for those who have mortally offended him. A firm faith in God's promises introduces the sweet angel of hope, by which we confide that God is disposed to pardon us through the merits of our Divine Saviour. Fear sends us in spirit to the regions of eternal misery, there to meditate in trembling on the inextinguishable fires, lit up by the breath of an angry God, and prepared for the evil-doer. Hope encourages us to raise our heads and confidently cast our eyes on the infinite mercy of God, and on its full manifestation in the person of Christ crucified; and to consider that, from his cross, he stretches out his arms to embrace us—that he inclines his head to give us the kiss of peace—that he pours out his blood to cleanse us from our iniquities—and that he offers us his side, opened with a spear, as a passage to his loving heart. Hope in God's mercy introduces the disposition of incipient love—the sweetest daughter of heaven; for how can we consider God so good as to have given his only begotten Son to die for us sinners, and confidently lean on his mercy, without beginning to love him as the source of all mercy and justice to us. In consequence of this beginning of love, man begins to detest sin as an offence against Him whom he loves, and to be heartily sorry for his transgressions, as opposed to God, the source of all justice—to God, the essential Beauty, Sanctity and Order—the great Fountain from which alone these things flow to us. This hatred of sin, this sorrow for having offended God, as the source of all justice to us, dispose us to firmly resolve to revenge on ourselves our faithlessness—to commence a new life, becoming by, for and in God henceforth, new creatures, inviolably observing the commandments of God, and decided on dying sooner than offend him by a single mortal transgression. I ask you again, my Lord, is there anything in this doctrine of our confessional subversive of the peace of the community? With these feelings, the work of God within us, who gives the will and the perfection, we run to the sacred bath which a merciful Saviour provided for us. We humbly, sincerely, simply, without reserve or equivocation, expose, in all sincerity, the wounds of conscience to the minister in whose mouth the Redeemer, in love for us, put the word of reconciliation. This minister—the approved minister of the Church—is believed to be the dis-

penser of the heavenly mysteries of God's grace, on whom the Redeemer breathed, and to whom he communicated his Holy Spirit in the sacramental rite of ordination, when it was said. "Receive the Holy Ghost; whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them; and whose sins you shall retain they are retained." In this doctrine, my Lord, pray tell me is there anything injurious to the civil government? Mark well, my Lord. The Catholic penitent, moreover, believes that the minister to whom he confesses, and from whom, by the authority of Christ imparted to him, he expects pardon, is not the lord but the steward of the treasures of mercy committed to him, and that he can only forgive in the circumstances in which his own Divine Master would not refuse forgiveness. Whom Christ would pardon, him only can the Priest pardon, viz. :—a sinner heartily sorry for having offended God, detesting sin for its essential deformity with, and opposition to, God, the source of all justice—a sinner, disposed to make every possible reparation to God, whom he offended; to his neighbor, God's image, should he have injured him, in person, property, or character; to society, disedified, scandalized, or in any way disturbed by his conduct—disposed not only to break the bonds of sin within him, but to break with all his sinful companions—to commit himself to no secret society, machination, or conspiracy, tending in the least to violate precepts of charity by which he is commanded to love all mankind in God, and for God's sake—to forgive his personal enemies, his slanderers, his calumniators. Even you, my Lord Stanley, as his personal enemy, he should forgive—as the enemy, however, of his country and of his religion, that is a matter in which his religion and his country are concerned; and should he himself have calumniated or slandered any person, he must be disposed to regret the injury he has done to character, and make the earliest possible satisfaction—public, if the calumnies and slanders were public; private, if they were private. In every, or in any case of this description, reparation must be made, or otherwise, according to Catholic belief or discipline, he cannot obtain absolution. He seeks, my Lord, mercy and friendship from a just and loving God. He must be just to all, and a friend to all. So disposed, and not until so disposed, doth the Priest impose the hand of peace upon him, and absolve him from his sins, by the authority of Christ, and in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

Now, my Lord, let me ask you, is there anything dangerous to the civil government or to the peace of the community, in this holy ordeal through which every Catholic penitent must pass to arrive at the grace of justification? How, I again ask you, could the secrecy of such a confessional be subversive of good government, or detrimental to social tranquility? Take away the secretness, my Lord, and you take away confession, and you thereby deprive religion and society, which you pretend to serve so much, of the very best means ever thought of, or God in his wisdom or mercy invented, for the preservation of both. Lugo, the great Spanish theologian, mentions that the bare suspicion of its violation in Ethiopia destroyed forever the efficacy of that holy institution, and with it the morals of that sect of Christians.

You might here ask, my Lord, such questions as malice generally proposes on such occasions. Cannot the Priest abuse the sacred institution of the confessional? Of course he can; as the most sacred things can be abused. Religion is a sacred thing, and it is every day abused. Nothing on earth more sacred than the holy communion; and it is constantly abused, even in your own noble and right honorable House of Lords. Nothing more sacred than the name of God; and by that name you and others swear an oath—the oath of abjuration—which makes angels turn pale and the very devils tremble. Nothing more sacred than the person of our blessed Redeemer, and yet it is every day blasphemed. The Priest, no doubt, can abuse the sacred institution of confession, as everything sacred is being and has been abused. But, if he abuse it, he abuses it at his risk—at the risk of everything he holds dear on earth and in Heaven. As the Garden of Eden was preserved from profane aggression by the flaming swords of angels, the Church of God has guarded all the outworks of her sacred tribunal, and planted on them round and round her most awful thunders, to terrify and strike down the sacrilegious Priest who would dare to pervert his holy office to any evil purpose. Show me, my Lord, in that Church of yours, which a million of times denounced—yea, even to the present day, daily, hourly, denounces—us, our people, and our creed, and now cries out with more than her olden ferocity for the assassination of the Priests—that Church on whose account more innocent blood was shed in Ireland than would float the proud navy of England—that Church that made the most hallowed things appertaining to her ministers and her religion subserve to extirpate us from

"our own. our native land," that she might be elevated and aggrandized on our ruins—show me, my Lord, in that Church, any such safeguard or protection for the lives of her Majesty's subjects, against the aiding, abetting, perpetrating, or counselling, by word or deed, of assassination, as this safeguard and protection, with which the Catholic Church defends the persons of Christians, without distinction of sect or creed. "With the approbation of the sacred council, we decree, that should any prince, prelate, or any other person, whether ecclesiastic or secular, have caused to be murdered by the aforesaid assassins, any Christian, or have ordered said assassins so to do (although death may not have ensued), or have received, defended or concealed the same, he shall incur by the very fact the sentence of excommunication or deposition from his dignity, honor, order, and office; and these shall be conferred freely on others by the proper authorities. Let him also, with all his worldly goods, as an enemy to Christianity, be cut off forever from Christian society. And when it shall have been established by sound proofs that any one has been guilty of so execrable a crime let no other sentence of deposition be required, or so forth, to be quoted against him." (Bull of Gregory XIV., s. 3.—Concordat, c. 1, de Homicid. in 6 Decretal.)

To your assertion, my Lord, that the confessional, as practiced in Ireland, is dangerous to society, let me, in the first place, oppose the opinions of kindred spirits—men who, like yourself, were not much in love with the Catholic clergy, the Catholic Church, or Catholicity in general. Believe me, my Lord, when compared with them, notwithstanding your pride of intellect and erudition, you are merely a baby in swaddling clothes. The first witness against you, my Lord, is—

Voltaire.—He, a Protestant, in the proper sense of the word, says; "There is no more wise institution than that of confession. The most of mankind, guilty of crimes, are naturally tormented with remorse. The lawgivers who established mysteries and expiations, were equally anxious to prevent the criminals, under the influence of despair, from rushing recklessly into new crimes. Confession is an excellent thing—a bridle on inveterate crimes. It is excellent for disposing hearts, ulcerated with hatred, to forgive; and the unjust the injuries they may have done to their neighbor. The enemies of the Roman Church, who oppose so salutary an institution, have taken away from man the greatest check that can be imagined on iniquity. The wise men of

antiquity have all recognized its importance. The Catholic religion has consecrated that of which God permitted human wisdom to perceive the advantage and embrace its shadows."

The next witness, my Lord, is the celebrated Raynal, the author of the "Philosophical and Political History of the Indies." Though the enemy of all religion, he recognizes the excellence of confession, with all its secrecy, as practiced in the Catholic Church. "The Jesuits," says he, "established in Paraguay a Theocratic government with the practice of confession—the very basis on which religion reposes. It alone is a substitute for all penal laws—preserves and watches over the purity of morals. In Paraguay, religion, more powerful than the force of arms, conducted the criminal to the knee of the magistrate, where far from palliating his crimes, repentance made him aggravate them; where, far from eluding punishment, an humble suppliant, he demanded it on his knees. The more severe it was, the more it tranquilized the conscience of the criminal. This chastisement, which everywhere else terrifies the criminal, here consoles him in banishing remorse by expiation. The people of Paraguay have had no criminal laws, because each person voluntarily accused and punished himself. All their laws were precepts of religion." "The best of all governments," continues Raynal, "would be that of a Theocracy, in which the tribunal of confession would be established." So much, my Lord, for the evidence in our favor of the most virulent enemy that ever wielded a pen against the Catholic religion.

I beg now, my Lord, to introduce you to the opinions of a friend—an ungenial spirit, I admit, as a lover of truth, though a highly distinguished member of your own Church—Lord F. Williams, in his letters of Atticus, says—"No persons in the Catholic communion can approach the Holy Eucharist without having confessed all their sins, without distinction or exception, in the tribunal of confession; and no minister can give them permission to approach the holy table without having first purified themselves with all the necessary dispositions. But these indispensable dispositions are, contrition, the precise and general avowal of all the faults they committed—the expiation of every injustice—the full restitution of everything illegally acquired—the pardon of every injury received—the interruption of every criminal and scandalous connection—the renunciation of envy, pride, hatred, avarice, ambition, dissimulation, ingratitude—and of every feeling opposed to

charity. It is, moreover, at the same time, necessary in this tribunal to give a sacred pledge to God, to henceforth avoid even the most trivial faults, and to strictly accomplish all the sublime laws of the Gospel. What securities, what pledges, are not there exacted from each individual to discharge his social duties—to practice every virtue—integrity, charity, mercy! Here conscience is regulated before the tribunal of God, not before that of the world. Here the criminal is his own accuser, and not his judge; and while the Christians of other communions, after a partial examination, pronounce in their own cause, and absolve themselves with indulgence, the Catholic Christian is scrupulously examined by another, awaits the sentence of Heaven, and sighs after that consoling absolution which is being accorded to him, refused, or deferred in the name of the Most High God. What an admirable method of establishing among men a mutual confidence—a perfect harmony in the exercise of their respective functions! The authority of the prince cannot degenerate into despotism, nor the liberty of the people into licentiousness. The magistrate, in the administration of justice, must be impartial—the senator, equitable and disinterested—the Priest, pure and zealous in his ministrations—the soldier loyal—the subject faithful, and the sovereign just. If in a Roman Catholic state, no person absented himself from this tribunal, the question would not then be, what is the best of governments, but rather in such a government what need would there be for any other laws. Perhaps that all human laws would be there as superfluous and as useless as they are ineffectual everywhere; but where they repose on the foundation of the Catholic religion, virtue, justice, morality, must be the basis of all governments. But it is impossible to establish virtue, justice, morality on any solid foundation without the tribunal of penance, because this tribunal, the most dreadful of all tribunals, seizes on the conscience, and directs it more efficaciously than any other tribunal. But this tribunal is in the exclusive possession of the Roman Catholics.”

This, my Lord, is the opinion of one of the most enlightened of your Protestants, on the confessional—the Catholic confessional, of course, with all its strict fidelity and secretness. It is ours, who know it well by experience. What say you, my Lord? That it is of course dangerous to the civil government, and to the peace of the community?

One other Protestant witness against you, my Lord, with whom, since

the Reformation, we have had none of any creed to compare, if we except Sir Thomas More, Bacon, and our immortal Burke. Hear what he says of the confessional and its secrecy, which you say is, with us, carried to an extent dangerous alike to the civil government and the peace of the community. Hear what the illustrious Liebnitz, Newton's rival in speculative science, and vastly his superior in everything else, says on this subject in his "Theological System." "We cannot deny," says he, "that this institution is worthy of the Divine wisdom. Nothing assuredly so beautiful—nothing so praiseworthy—in the whole Christian religion. The tribunal of penance was the admiration of the Chinese and the Japanese. The necessity of confession, in truth, averts many men from evil—especially those who have not been hardened in iniquity—and offers the greatest consolation to those who have fallen away from virtue. I therefore consider that a pious, grave and prudent confessor is the great organ of the Divinity for the salvation of souls. By his counsels he regulates our affections, fixes attention on our defects, induces us to avoid the occasion of sin, to make restitution for the injustice done to our neighbour, to repair the scandal given, to dissipate doubt and hesitation, to raise up the cast down, broken spirit, to heal in a word, and mitigate all the evils of sad, afflicted humanity. *If it be difficult in human matters to find anything more excellent than a faithful friend, how super-excellent must it not be, when this friend is bound by the inviolable religion of a divine sacrament, and obliged to keep immutable faith with you while he succors you?*"

What say you, my Lord, again to the confessional and its secrecy Of course, that it is dangerous to the civil government and the peace of the community !!!

Perhaps, my Lord, that, from the traditions of your noble house, that, through ages of terror, bravely stood by the ark of God, and down to a recent period, gloried in the name of Catholic, you will not consider it amiss in me to bring up in the rear of infidelity and sectarianism a few venerable names, who have even still, though long ago gone to their crown, left, like the departed sun, streaks of mellowed glory on the ecclesiastical horizon of England.

Hear the first Catholic witness against you, Alcuin :—"Should we not give in the confession of our faith to the Priests in holy baptism, and remove Satan, that we may be washed from all our sins by holy grace and by the ministration of the Priest? Why, therefore, in the

second baptism of penance, should we not equally need the succour of the Priest, so that by an humble confession, aided by the Divine grace, we should be absolved from all the sins we committed after our first baptism." So much, my Lord, for the pride of England and the glory of France.

The next witness against you, my Lord, is no less a personage than Egbert, Bishop of York. He wrote a penitential for the direction of the confessor and the confessing. He gives rules to the sinner for examining his conscience. He exhorts the penitent to reject all shame which would hinder him from making a full confession of his sins ; because, says he, there is no mercy without confession.—*Vide de Adm. Sacra Pen.*

Another evidence, my Lord—no less a one than your own Venerable Bede—disserting on the unction of the sick. If, says he, the sick be in sins, and if they confess them to the Priests of the Church, taking all possible care to amend their lives, and to give up sinning with their whole heart, they shall be forgiven them. For sins cannot be forgiven without the confession that corrects them. Hence the Apostle says, "Confess your sins one to another, and pray ye one for the other, that you may be saved." Again he says, "As to our light sins, they may be forgiven us by confessing them to our neighbors, and by their praying for us. But if we are stained with impurity, or infected with a leprosy of great sins, we must, according to the laws, confess these to the Priest ; and we must perform the expiations according to his will, during the time and in the manner which he shall command us."—*Bede in c. 5, Ep. Jacobi.*

Would you, my Lord, wish another witness against you ? You may have him in the great Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury :—

"It is a horrible thing that those who should receive from the Holy Ghost a second birth by a pure confession, allow themselves to be born again by the devil, by violating charity, and by detraction. They accuse, in confession, others, and not themselves, believing that they cannot obtain pardon of their sins unless they name their accomplices." He vehemently condemns the pastor who would dare to violate the secrecy of confession, and dispenses the faithful from going to such. "In that case," says he, "if you cannot find a faithful Priest, despair not—confess to God."—*De Obl. Celand. Confessionem.*

The great St. Anselm, Lanfranc's friend, companion and successor.

says, "No matter what contrition you have, discover faithfully to the Priest, by an humble confession, all the spots of your interior leprosy. that you may be cleansed from them. As the lepers were going they were cleansed, because from the moment the sinner sets out for the Priest, he begins to practice justice, and that justice which he exercises is conducive to his purification. Notwithstanding, it is still necessary for him to come to the Priest and demand absolution."

He forbids a confessor to use the knowledge he had by the confession of his penitent ; even to prevent the same penitent from publicly approaching the altar of God, though he knew, by confession, his utter unworthiness. The reason he assigns is, that by using such a knowledge, he would not only excite horror in the breast of the penitent for confession. but also prevent other unhappy sinners from having recourse to the confessional, thereby inducing themselves to conceal their sins and perish eternally, rather than reveal them to faithless Priests.—*Lib. Epist* 56.

Let me, my Lord, conclude the evidence against you, by introducing you to the ordinances of a few of your most celebrated kings, who begged to differ with you on the subject of confession, as practiced in the Catholic Church, being dangerous to the civil government, and also to the celebrated council held in Kent, in 787. They at any rate stand a comparison with any of your non-confessing kings. Alfred the Great and Guturnus ordained, in unison with the clergy of their days, that if any criminal wished to have a Priest to make his confession to, in this instance such a privilege should never be refused him.—*Cap. 8, E. L.* Edward, the son of Alfred, confirmed this ordinance. "*Si quis rei capitalis damnatus sua ingenue sacerdoti peccata confiteri cupiverit id ei conceditor.*"—*Cap. 5, L. Ecl.* The canons enacted under King Edgar ordain that all persons going to confession should arm themselves with fortitude, and not be prevented by shame from discovering their faults, because without confession there is no pardon to be hoped for, for it is confession that heals, and it is confession that justifies. The Council of Kent, one of the greatest that ever was celebrated in England, sanctioned by the presence of two legates from Pope Adrian I., in the 20th canon, ordains that no person should approach to Holy Communion without having first submitted himself to the judgment of the Priest. It furthermore ordains that "should any person die without penance, or without confession, such a person should not be prayed for

after his death.—*20th Canon.* This council was confirmed by another held shortly after in the kingdom of Mercia.

You see, my Lord, that the councils and the lights of England, in the days of her pristine holy splendor, as well as your own modern canons and rubrics, are against you. Infidelity, Church of England, Catholic antiquity and piety, all testifying for us and against you ; condemning you of wilful calumny or gross ignorance, of deliberate—or if not, at least unjustifiable—slander to blacken a clergy you are said to detest, a country you hate, and a people whom with the genius of your native land you ever abominated and would continue to enslave. It was not sufficient for you to wantonly assail our character, but even the holiest things of our religion you would not permit to escape the contamination of your approaches. With the rashness of a Samson, without his inspiration, you would pull down the sacred pillars that supported your own country, and sustained not less the Irish people amidst contumelies, oppressions and tribulations unknown on earth, that you might thereby crush, if you could, the clergy of Ireland beneath the ruins. Think you, my Lord, that the Irish people, were it not for the patience with which they were inspired at that confessional which you reprobate, or that hope that was there stirred up and kept alive within them—a hope looking beyond the sufferings of time to the glories of eternity—think you again, I ask, that they would have so long endured the fiendish tortures to which your legislatures subjected them? No, my Lord. Were it not for that confessional, whose secret sanctuary you and others would sacrilegiously invade and violate, in reckless despair they would have risen as one man and struck you to the earth with their fetters, or would have willingly perished in the attempt. You would, my Lord, by the basest insinuations, imply that those murders which have occurred in a few localities of Ireland, and which, as Christians and clergymen, we abhor and abominate, were traceable to the confessional ; and yet, with an insincerity peculiar to yourself, you have not the honesty to confess that the peace of general Ireland was principally owing to that chair of mercy. The Irish people, forsooth, according to you, go to confession, and the Priest conceals their secret sins ! Thank God, my Lord, both Priests and people, with the exception of a few non-confessing murderers, do their duty in this respect ; and I fondly hope they ever shall—for no matter what the neglect of it might be to Ireland, I know well what it would be to

England. I have the experience of history, showing me what occurred when the sacred duty was despised or neglected elsewhere.

As this, however, will be the subject of another letter, which at my earliest convenience I intend addressing to you, I shall not now farther trespass on your time by further noticing it at present. In my next letter, the last I will dedicate to this painful subject, I may consider it my duty, as a person believing myself strictly bound by the oath of allegiance I have taken to be faithful to the best of sovereigns, to offer you, my Lord, and others, a word of counsel, regarding your duty to your sovereign—yea, your duty to your native country, which you would fain make believe you were serving when calumniating the Irish priesthood, and insulting and maltreating the Irish people. Permit me, my Lord, to conclude the present letter, which the nature of your slanders forced me to draw out far beyond my wish or expectation, with a brief, but, I trust, not an inappropriate quotation from a man of no ordinary mind, who viewed by the light of history passing events, and felt the uncertainty of all human might and power of thrones and empires, when not based on equity, beneficence and truth :—"Habes summum inter nationes locum, habes in civibus tyrannidem, in arenis domum, in vepribus stratum. in prorupto sedem, in rapinis inopiam, in miseriis invidiam."—*Petrarch Dialog.* 95.

I have the honor, my Lord (Newspaper) Stanley, with all respect for your dignity, and with the sincerest Christian pity for the unseemly position which in an evil hour you occupied, as the slanderer of a Christian priesthood, from whom you never received an injury. and of a holy institution which, as an obedient son of the Church of England, you should have ever venerated as divine and sacred, to be your most obedient, humble servant.

✠ E. MAGINN,

Bishop of Orthosia, and Apost. Adm. of Derry.

THIRD LETTER

To the Right Hon. Lord Stanley.

The confessional is conducted with a degree of secretness dangerous alike to the civil government and the peace of the country. The Priest conceals the secrets of the guilty penitent, and is ever ready to denounce the informer."—*Vide reported Speech of Lord Stanley, November 23, 1847.*

BUNCRANNA, *January 17, 1857.*

My Lord,—I stated at the close of my last letter, that I would test your slanders on our confessional by the light of history. and thereby afford you an opportunity of judging whether, if you were able (as, thank God, you are not) to pull down the Irish confessional—the principal solace of our people, the refuge of sinners, of the afflicted, broken-hearted and disconsolate—you should hope to realize the bright prospect which, if we are to take your words as the evidence of your wishes, you fondly anticipate from its destruction—whether you should, with any certain expectation of success, promise yourself from this new feat of arms of a Stanley, a new Eden in Ireland, with its “rivers of life” streaming from the place of pleasure—Dublin Castle, of course—with its trees of life spontaneously yielding their twelve fruits—charity, joy, peace, patience, etc.—for the healing of the Irish people.

The warnings of history, my Lord, should not be disregarded. It is the record of experience; it is the tree of the knowledge of good and evil; it places before us the faults and follies of men—their wisdom and their virtues; it points to the rocks and quicksands on which the rulers of the earth were wrecked; the sure foundation on which thrones and empires being reared were strengthened with time, and proudly endured the shock of ages; and, like the Spanish prophet's mirror, by reflecting the past it foreshadows the future. Others, my Lord, in other days, and in other countries, impelled by the same feelings with which you are influenced, promised themselves halcyon days of prosperity and glory if they but succeeded in destroying the confessional. They made

the experiment in their respective countries, I regret to say, with but too much success. Now, let us see together the golden produce of their labor of love—whether they were the apples of the Hesperides, or “dead sea fruits that tempted the eye and turned to ashes on the lips.”

I regret, my Lord, that we can do no more than merely rapidly glance at a few of the European kingdoms. The confessional was destroyed in portions of Switzerland. Master hands were employed in the work of destruction. They boldly, bravely and unscrupulously executed it. What the consequences were, I need not, my Lord, detain you by describing; your own Heylin, and much better still, M. Audin, in his “Life of Calvin,” have given us faithful pictures of the chaos that ensued. Hypocrisy and spoliation, tyranny and base servility, outrage and immorality, public and private rights invaded, and all terminating in an end worthy of the beginning—in the robbery of the Son of God of his divinity, and the Catholic cantons of their independence. What Zuinglius, and Carlostadius, and other enemies of the confessional did on the borders, Audin’s “Life of Luther” pretty clearly informs us.

We know from equally authentic sources what the destruction of the confessional produced in other parts of Germany. We are not, my Lord, ignorant of the doings of these non-confessing gentlemen, Kings Becold and John Lyden, nor of the less celebrated exploits of Sts. Stork and Muncer, in Suabia and Mulhaussen. The blood of the hundred thousand peasants led on by these non-confessing furies, and of the fifty thousand opposed to them slain in many sanguinary battles—add to this the carnage of the thirty years’ war—rests with the whole weight of its guilt on the shoulders of the reckless innovator who gave you the principal articles of your creed. He first pulled down, with a rebel’s arm, the chair of mercy—the refuge of sinners—and after having tried the experiment, and found it resulting in abominations that would disgrace the worst of Pagan empires in universal depravity, confusion and rebellion, he would willingly raise it up again; but God in his wrath, who permitted him, for no good to a wicked race, to lay his sacrilegious, ruffian hand on the confessional, allowed it to be carried away from the presence of its destroyer and from the countries he cursed with his opinions on the very torrents of blood accumulated by its subversion. We know, my Lord, what the neglect or contempt of the confessional produced in Holland and in Belgium—a civil war. the reciprocal mur-

ders of the cruel Spaniard and the equally truculent Dutchman—the alternate persecutions of the Gomarists and Arminians—the inhuman butchery of the unhappy Baptists—the murders of the Catholics by Vandermek and Sonoï, at Oudenarde, Ruremond, Dort, Middlebourg, Delft and Shonovan, and the not less atrocious retaliations by the duke of Alva on the rebels. Kerroux and others thus describe the atrocious barbarities of Sonoï on the peasants of North Holland : They say that some of these, after undergoing the torments of scourges and the rack, were enveloped in sheets of linen that had been steeped in spirits of wine, which, being inflamed, they were miserably scorched to death; that others, after being tortured with burning sulphur and torches in the tenderest parts of their bodies, were made to die for want of sleep, executioners being placed on guard over them to beat and torment them with clubs and other weapons whenever exhausted nature seemed ready to sink into forgetfulness; that several of them were fed with nothing but salt herrings, without a drop of water or any other liquid, until they expired with thirst; finally, that others were stung to death by wasps, or devoured alive by rats, which were confined in coffins with them. Feller says, in the year 1572, that the 18,000 executions by the merciless Spaniard were far surpassed in number by the murders of the rebel Vandermerk. Had the confessional, my Lord, been left undisturbed, would the historian have to blush for human nature when recording these bloody, barbarous transactions? We know, my Lord, what the neglect or degradation of the confessional has produced in Denmark, Sweden, Prussia, etc.—scenes of shame lately unveiled by master hands, crimsoning the cheek of common Christianity, and making even humanity, notwithstanding its proneness to sin, recoil at their bare contemplation.

We know, my Lord, what occurred in France when the old confession-going custom began to be discredited by the innovaters of the sixteenth century. That beautiful land was made an Haceldema—confusion, sedition, and rebellion spreading like a desolating fire over the face of the whole kingdom—disloyalty preached as a virtue, sedition, sacrilege and murder hallowed as the works of God—256 secular Priests, and 112 regulars, massacred while discharging the most solemn religious observance, by the Baron des Adrets—the Catholic peasants, forced on the pikes of the non-confessing insurgents—the children of the Baron (the heart of man revolts at the thought) invited

by that truculent parent to wash their hands in the reeking blood of his victims—the peaceable inhabitants of the city of Pamier butchered in open day while paying their homage to the God of the Eucharist—the streets of Montauban, Rhodes, Valens, etc., swimming with innocent blood—2,900 churches either wrecked or burned to the ground—the sacred things of the altar of God perverted to the vilest purposes, and one of the most holy things on earth or in heaven, with an impiety that made the very demons wonder at human audacity, trampled and desecrated as something the most abominable—and five years afterwards, the not less shocking re-action of St. Bartholomew's Eve—blood revenged by blood, and scenes of hell on all sides enacted by monsters in human form—by men made in God's image with the hearts of demons. The unsettling of the confessional here, my Lord, you must admit, was anything but conducive to “the good of civil government or the peace of the community.”

It is needless, my Lord, to refer you to a more recent period in the history of that country, to show you what would occur in Ireland, provided you were able, as you are willing to pull down the Catholic confessional. You know it, my Lord, the world knows it, for the fall of the chair of mercy in that kingdom was followed by a moral earthquake which shook the world to its centre. The bridle on the heart of man was broken, and, once freed from the restraint, it furiously rushed headlong into atrocities which no imagination could conceive, nor a pen of steel describe. Kings, Priests, nobles, young and old, without distinction of age or sex, inhumanly immolated—the guillotine fatigued with its work of death, and the rivers dammed up with the bodies of the dead—thrones overturned, and sceptres broken like rotten reeds—rabid reason and licentiousness apotheosised—and the vilest passion of the human heart, the filthy Cyprian, substituted on the altar of the living God for the holy emblem of redemption—and as the climax of impiety, the name of Jehovah blotted out from the memories of men, and, by acclamation, effaced from the records of this unhappy country.

I am happy, my Lord, to find that these views have been confirmed by the wise opinions of your own illustrious countryman, Lord F. Williams. Hear what he says on the subject: “The inhabitants of France, the most prosperous and flourishing monarchy that ever shed its splendour on the earth, all on a sudden cast off the confessional, and what,” says he, “was the consequence?—These wretched madmen, having no

longer any check on their passions, dared everything. Their crimes, like a mighty sea bursting its boundaries, overturned Europe, inundated the world, and impressed upon the French name a stigma the most ineffaceable and ignominious that ever tarnished the fair fame of a nation."—*Letters of Atticus*.

Such, my Lord, are a few of the goodly effects of the destruction of the confessional with its secretness. Try your moral panacea in Ireland for half a dozen years, and I promise you the same fruits.

But to proceed. The confessional was restored to France, and on its restoration the reign of morality commenced. It daily grows, my Lord, and strengthens, stemming the torrents of Atheism, impiety and immorality; so that non-confessing France the horror and terror of the world, is fast returning to her pristine order, and putting on the seemingly Christian dress which in olden times she wore with such meek dignity, as the illustrious Queen of Catholic Europe. The haughty tyrant, that would make every thing subserve his ambition—even the sacred throne of the fisherman and tentmaker—who would bind to the wing of his bloody eagle the cross with the crescent, would also bind in fetters the chair of conscience and mercy, but he ignominiously failed in the attempt. An humble Abbe discomfited the victor of an hundred fights with no other sword than his hope in Providence—no other ally than the virtue of God with which he was invested—and no other shield than his faith and patience—a shield, my Lord, against which the fiery darts of foolish emperors, kings, princes and lawgivers ever struck in vain. A strange sight, my Lord—the haughty emperor cowed before an humble Priest, and conquered by the very chains with which he bound his own victim! And what is stranger still, the same emperor forced by the God of justice to thrust, as his last and only refuge, his head, covered with the gore of millions, into that very confessional whose secret sanctuary he dared to violate. A similar homage, paid by his beacon of light, Tallyrand, before his death, to this holy tribunal, whose desecration he counselled, should, my Lord, be a lesson worthy of your serious meditation and that of others, who, like you, would pursue a similar course. Paul, in his fury, would have Stephen stoned. Paul, sobered by grace and experience, would not dare to touch the hem of Stephen's garment, save to be healed by it. Like him, my Lord, you would now supply the materials to stone Stephen, and cheer on

the murderers ; but when dead you would have reason to raise the *planetus* over your victim, and bitterly deplore his death.

[It would be useless, my Lord, to exhibit to you a picture of my delineation of non-confessing Scotland ; her divines have already done it with the hand of a master. Hear the General Assembly of the Kirk in 1578 : “ We have found,” say they, “ after having made the minutest enquiry, universal corruption of the whole estates of the body of the realm—great coolness and slackness in religion—in the greatest part of the professors of the same—daily increase of all kinds of fearful sins and enormities—as incests, adulteries, murders, cursed sacrilege, ungodly sedition and division within the bowels of the realm, with all manner of disordered and ungodly living.” Seventy years afterwards, my Lord, viz., in 1648, matters still no better. The Assembly of that day “ found ignorance of God and of his Son Christ prevailing exceedingly in the land, so that it was impossible to reckon up all the abominations that were in the land, and that the blaspheming of the name of God, swearing by the creatures, profanation of the Lord’s Day, uncleanness, excess and rioting, vanity of apparel, lying and deceit, railing and cursing, arbitrary and uncontrolled oppression, and grinding the faces of the poor by landlords and others in place and power, were becoming ordinary and common sins.” The first part, my Lord, of this beautiful agglomeration, we are happy to say, cannot be applied to the confessing children of Ireland ; the second part, however, we are sorry to have to admit, unhappily for our poor, has been and is applicable to our country. Yea, however disgraceful the admission may be, we must admit that “ uncontrolled oppression and grinding of the faces of the poor by landlords and others in place and power, have become ordinary and common sins amongst us.” In 1778, the shade of the picture is still deepening. The continued wants of the confessional make no improvement. Hear the Associated Synod of that period : “ A general unbelief in religion,” say they, “ prevails among the higher orders of our countrymen, which has, by a necessary consequence, produced in vast numbers an absolute indifference as to what they believe, either concerning truth or duty any further than that it may comport with their own worldly views.” They lament “ that now the country generally is, through infidelity, luxury, and venality, despoiled of all religion.” If these, my Lord, be your non-confessing

saints, what must your confessing sinners be? I regret to have it to state, my Lord, that the beginning of these non-confessing people was little better than the end. After the "work of God," which Buchanan says "they bravely executed," by sending Cardinal Beaton a little before his time out of the world, they made a very bad use of the respite which this accommodation afforded them. "They spent their time in whoredom, adultery, and all the vices of idleness." As I have a respect and veneration for the genuine national feeling of the Scotch—an amalgamation of the Picts and Celts—and a love for the country of a Wallace and a Bruce, I will pass over scenes of blood consequent on the destruction of the confessional, which, believe me, my Lord, are written very clearly in history, and which I can, in all truth and sincerity, say, had no connexion with either denouncing Priests, or with the secrecy of the confessional. more especially as I am anxious on account of the good the rulers of your own country have done us, not to pass over England. *as they made it*, in a moral point of view, unnoticed.

It is a bold thing, my Lord, to obtrude myself on such sacred premises. but you have made us so familiar with destitution, pestilence and death, that the worst evils this world could accumulate on our heads have no terrors for us. You and yours have endeavored lately to pile up a wall of calumny and slander broad and high, like that of China. to keep at bay us outside barbarians; notwithstanding, my Lord, in the words of the prophet, "I will dig a hole through it," and I will let the world in to see the past and present abominations of your non-confessing Christians there—"the forms of creeping things, of living creatures—the filth and all the idols of the *sanctified non-confessing* house of Isreal." Surely thou seest, O son of man, enough there to employ at home your censure—yea more than enough, for all the hard words you have to spare. Upwards of forty thousand executions for robbery, murder, etc., in a single reign—fire and faggot—funeral piles smoking with innocent victims—the god of lewdness and murder, who first, with a strong hand broke the chains which bound the confessional to the rock of Peter, enthroned on the bleached bones of the innocent dead. Son of man, surely thou seest terrible things there—the darksome doings of this non-confessing house of Isreal—colleges, the seats of learning, in ruins—abbeys and monasteries, the refuge of poverty and affliction, wrecked and plundered, and desecrated and levelled to the ground. 90,000 churches and chapels,

the glory of Catholic piety, and the golden fruit of the Catholic confessional, battered by the hands of your non-confessing Christians to the earth—nothing sacred for them, not even the bread of life, nor the holiness of the sanctuary, that made angels adore and tremble. Talk, my Lord, of murders—your noble and ignoble non-confessing Christians murdered more in one day in England and Ireland than fell by the maddened Irish peasant's hand since the day that St. Patrick lit up the light of Christianity on the hill of Tara. There was this difference, my Lord, that yours were wholesale, deliberate murders, and the infuriated peasant, under the influence of reckless vengeance, produced by relentless oppression, murdered in detail. Both, my Lord, to a just God, shall answer for their crimes; you for your brutal carnage, and they for their savage assassinations. What, my Lord, came over your usual wisdom and acuteness, when you allowed yourself to be induced to hurl these calumnies against us? But let us proceed. Had you no murders in the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth?—none in the antecedent reign of the infant ward of the sanguinary, sacrilegious robber, Seymour? Did not the infamous prototype of the monster Catherine of Russia build up your holy non-confessing institution on heaps of martyred priests and noble laics? Talk of the secretness of the confessional being dangerous to the peace of the community and the civil government. You who know well the history of your Wyatt rebellions, and your Suffolk schemes, your Cecil plots, your puritanical treason, and your Gordon riots—day after day, and year after year, clustering like the locust cloud, and scaring away from your land of strife, sedition, blood, and sacrilege, every honest, peaceable, confessing Christian, to seek a refuge in other lands where he could hide his head from the sanguinary, reckless proscriptions of his own. On what side my Lord, I ask you, did your non-confessing Christians range themselves in the latter days of Charles I., who prominently stands out in your calender with the *aureola* of martyrdom upon him? Was it on the side of loyalty or rebellion? Was it with an atrocious Cromwell and a Sir Harry Vane, or with the unhappy Charles? You know, my Lord, there was not one confessing Christian on the side of the covenant. No; to a man they fought, and bled and died for their king, under the noble Lindsey, at Stratton-hill, and Down, Devizes, Newbury and Marston Moor, where Charles lost his crown and all, but no confessing Christian, thank God, his honor, his faith, or his fealty. If justice were on

Charles' side, as, of course, it must have been, since he died a martyr, your non-confessing Christians were rebels, murderers, or, if you please, English Thugs, and the oceans of blood shed on these occasions with all its guilt and weight, must rest on their heads. Hear, my Lord, the testimony of Stanhope, etc., in favor of the confessing, and against your non-confessing Christians. He says:—"The brave and loyal spirits of the Roman persuasion did, with the greatest integrity, and without any other design than that of satisfying conscience, adventure their lives in the war for the king's service. Several, if not all, of those were men of such souls that the greatest temptation in the world could not have perverted or made them desert their king in his greatest misery." Hear what a Protestant Bishop says:—"The Papist, for his courage and loyalty in the last war, deserves to be recorded in the annals of fame and history; and perhaps this may not be unworthy of notice, that whensoever the usurper, or any of his instruments of blood or sycophancy, resolved to take away the life or estate of a Papist, it was his loyalty, not his religion, that exposed him to their rapine and butchery."

What say you now, my Lord, to the secretness of the confessional? What to these confession-going Christians? They sealed their duty to their king with their lives, and your non-confessing kings and gentry paid the debt of gratitude so justly due their descendants with calumny, confiscation, proscription and death. Again, my Lord, was it your non-confessing Christians that saved Charles II., when pursued to the death by those who butchered his father? No, my Lord, but the confessing Christians—the Giffords, the Prendrels, the Wolfes of Madely, the Carloses, the Whitegraves, and (what think you?) the confessing Jesuit, Huddleston. Who, my Lord, was among the first to welcome the royal refugee to the shores of France? An Irish friar, my own namesake, afterwards chaplain to the queen-mother, Henrietta. The hard earnings of a long life, which he kept by him for the pious purpose of educating for the holy ministry his proscribed race at home, on bended knees, with the generous devotion of an Irish heart, he poured into the lap of poor exiled royalty. So much, my Lord, for an Irish denouncing, confessing, secret-keeping Christian friar. The same was afterwards the founder of the Irish College of the Lombards, which supplied Ireland for centuries with Priests and martyrs, who kept the faith, and mark you, my Lord, loyalty alive, in spite of the united

efforts of the powers of darkness and of your non-confessing Christians to extinguish both.

If, from sedition, disloyalty and bloodshed in England, I thought proper to review the state of morals, from the day that the confessional was degraded with you, down to the present hour, I could, my Lord, exhibit a picture which would place in the shade the worst periods of depravity recorded in the annals of heathenism. Your courts were worse than Pagan—your kings and queens much worse than a Claudius or Julia; and even those whom you would represent as saints of pious, glorious and immortal memory, time and the impartial historian have stripped of the cloak of sanctity, and exposed to the world in moral features more hideous than the Veiled Prophet of Korassan. Your best of kings now stands out in relief as the crowned head in turpitude of the filthy sect of the Popliant; and he of immortal memory, in the pages of a Strickland, with anything but the odour of piety or sanctity about him. If these, my Lord, be your royal non-confessing saints, what must have been your royal non-confessing sinners? It may, my Lord, be bad taste in me, but for my own part, on a journey to the other world, I should much prefer the company of the Alfreds and the Edwards, to that of your Elizabeths, Jameses and Williams.

But, my Lord, to pass over these rather antiquated things, let us, through the "hole in the wall," look together at your modern non-confessing England. It surely must now be in a glorious state, from the advantage you have had of no confessional, with any degree of secretness, being among you for centuries. Let us see, my Lord, to it. Your own divines and ermined judges will be our witnesses. "There are among us," says a missionary publication, "not less darkness and ignorance than are to be found in the pagodas of China, or among those who, amidst the deepest wilds of Indian forests, sacrifice their children, or prostrate themselves before demons." Charming non-confessing Christians, my Lord! "In England," says another missionary, "there are millions who never heard of the Prince of Life." Interesting non-confessing Christians, my Lord! A missionary traveller through three of your counties says, "Darkness covers this part of England, and gross darkness the people." Another says, "That the very garden of England, in a moral light, should be regarded as a vast howling wilderness." Another says, "That the greater part of the 300,000 inhabitants of Staffordshire sit in darkness, and in the gloomy shade of over-

spreading death ;" yea, " that it is a moral wilderness of awful dimensions." Another, " That your whole village population is in a condition of moral degradation, unusually deepened ; ignorance with insensibility united, wickedness blended with every vice and heightened into barbarity of manners." A most edifying condition, my Lord, of your non-confessing Christians ! Another says : " Under heaven there is not a worse place than this—men, women and children glorying in blaspheming the name of the Lord." Another : " There no such wickedness was ever witnessed—cock-fighting, bull-baiting, quarrelling, drunkenness and lewdness generally prevailing." Another informs us, that " Infidelity, like a mighty flood, is devastating English society with the most awful errors and moral abominations." A Bishop, my Lord, tells us, " That there is unprecedented indifference to the religion of Christ." Another non-confessing Bishop, my Lord, states, that " One million, one hundred and seventy thousand children grew up to an adult state without any education at all, and without any useful impression of religion or morality." A state of society, my Lord, among your non-confessing Christians, highly conducive to " the good of the civil government and to the peace of the community !"

Another Bishop, my Lord—no doubt a good witness—kindly informs us, that " In his own diocese (London) there are 15,000 children of both sexes, under fifteen years of age, living on prostitution and theft, in the metropolis alone." A heavenly prospect, my Lord, for " the good of civil government and the peace of the community !" Your poor-law enquiries, your Ashley revelations, your high and low courts of justice, your divorces for nameless crimes, your poisoning of children by the mothers that bore them, of husbands by their wives and wives by their husbands, your thefts and robberies, your shedding of human blood for filthy lucre sake, your barbarity without the pretext of poverty, your cold-blooded truculency without the excuse of persecution, oppression or destitution, the profligacy of your principal cities, casting into the shade that of the olden Pentapolis, swallowed up by the wrath of God in a lake of brimstone, exhibit to the world a picture of moral depravity and corruption, among your non-confessing Christians, which has no parallel in the filthiest, darkest pages of the annals of Gentilism. Your principles are not a whit better than your practice. "*Quid liceat nascitis adhuc, et cuncta licere creditis.*"—AUSONIUS.

I speak, my Lord, of course, of the general state of society in your

"pride and admiration of the world." You have, I cheerfully admit, many high, honorable exceptions—the noble, the benevolent, the humane—sons of light and love, unrivalled in any country—souls of charity, full of sympathy with every human misery, and with hands ever open and ready to engage in the most exalted works of beneficence—"men that sigh and mourn for the abominations that are committed in the midst of you;" but they are merely what the family of Lot was to the inhabitants of Sodom—the "*rari nantes in gurgite vasto*."

With such a hideous spectacle at home with you, my Lord, discretion at least should have prompted you not to fling your poisoned missiles at our unhappy country. If it were charity that suggested the onslaught, you should have remembered the axiom, that "charity begins at home." and reserved your reprobations for the non-confessing folks of your native land. You must really have imagined that we have been for the last half century sleeping in Ireland, and that the doings in our sister island had escaped our notice. Believe me, my Lord, we were wide awake, and we gloried in the contrast (and thanked God for it) which our island exhibited when compared with prosperous England. And well, my Lord, might we pride in it, with its whole parishes, with their populations of thousands and tens of thousands of confessing Christians, without a single illegitimate child for centuries—some in which there never was a committal for theft or fraud, and the eleven-twelfths of the island unstained for ages with the crime of murder, unless where your barbarous policy, begetting bigotry, flung the brand of religious discord among the Irish people.

Should I concede, my Lord, that the secretness of the confessional endangered "the civil government and the peace of the community," in certain portions of Ireland, it was not surely the confessional that occasioned the deeds of blood which we see recorded of your own England. It was anything but the confessional that gave occasion to this state of society, so bitterly remarked upon by Judge Alderson, in his recent charge in Liverpool, and by Sir James Graham, in a speech lately delivered by him. Hear the learned judge, and blush for shame at the deeds of your non-confessing Christians: "With respect to the calendar, he regretted to find that it contained a great number of bad offences; and what was lamentable was, that it contained so great a proportion of violence to the person. There were nine prisoners charged with murder, twelve with stabbing, independent of those cases in which

stabbing had caused death ; and no fewer than nine cases of manslaughter ; in addition to which there were the usual number of robberies and crimes of that description. This was a lamentable state of things, God knew ; he hoped that out of the regular course of their duty they would think about it. Education might do something, but it would not do much, because he believed the prevailing cause of crime was not the want of information, *but the want of good principles*. He believed the chief cause of crime was the being exposed to temptation, *without sufficient principle to govern the individual when so exposed*. He found always that when surrounding circumstances caused great distress amongst large bodies of men in this country, it was almost universally followed by a great increase of crime. It might be so in the present instance. He trusted, therefore, that the gentry would not only educate their people, but give them good principles, which would stand them in stead when temptations came before them ; indeed, what he called education, was to bring people up in the way in which they should go."

In a recent speech, Sir James Graham says : " With respect to these crimes of the deepest dye, to which, heretofore, capital punishment has been affixed, it must be admitted that the remission of that punishment had been concomitant with a rapid and alarming increase of those crimes. He would illustrate this fact by the instance of three crimes, the statement with reference to which had been prepared by a gentleman in the Home Office, whose merits, he doubted not, the right honorable gentleman opposite had ascertained, as he (Sir James Graham) had done. In 1829, the capital punishment was remitted with respect to forgery. In 1836 the commitments for forgery were 321 ; in 1841, 514 ; in 1846, 706 — the number having more than doubled in ten years. The crime of arson ceased to be punished capitally in 1837. The commitments in 1836 were 366 ; in 1846, 581—being an increase of about 60 per cent. But the most remarkable of all was the atrocious crime of rape, which ceased to be capital in 1841. The commitments in that year were 319 ; in 1846, 597—being an increase of 90 per cent.!"

Bear in mind, my Lord, that the learned judge above quoted merely refers to a small portion of your island, and the speech of Sir James Graham to merely a few of the incidental crimes of your country. Look, however, to it, my Lord, and be silent forever. Nine charged with murder, twelve with stabbing, independent of those instances in

which stabbing had caused death ; nine cases of manslaughter, and the usual number of frauds and robberies ; and all this in one locality, for one assizes ! Mark, my Lord, that the learned judge says, that want of religious principle in your population is the chief cause of this deplorable state of society. Add to the learned judge's list Sir James Graham's minutes—706 forgeries, 581 arsons, 597 rapes ; all this, my Lord, in one short year in your non-confessing England !

There must, my Lord, be something exceedingly "rotten in your state of Denmark." Whence comes it, my Lord ? Surely *you* must know who know so much about unhappy Ireland. Of course, my Lord, if you reason rightly, it must have come from your English clergy. You trace Irish crime to the connivance of the Irish clergy, and their secret confessional. By a parity of reasoning, your English Bishops and clergy must have been the "fountain and origin" of these revolting evils. On the principle of the Latin poet, my Lord, "*petimus dumusque vicissim*" You have arraigned us. With such a noble example before me, why not arraign your Prelates and Priests for those crimes that cover the face of society ? I hold them, my Lord, responsible for them. They must have connived at them, or they could not exist. Before the British empire and the world, I charge them with these arsons, forgeries, rapes, murders, etc. If they had done their duty, such things could not be. My Lord of London, could your metropolis have been so corrupt and profligate, had not you connived at it ? My Lord of Canterbury, where was that authority with which the primacy of England invested you ? where that more than parental solicitude so becoming the patriarch of the Church of England, that you allowed your ocean isle to be overspread with a darkness and ignorance not to be found in the pagodas of China—nothing like it among the wild Indians, who prostitute and sacrifice their children to demons—that you permitted the gloomy shade of death to overspread the land—ignorance to be united with insensibility—wickedness to be blended with every vice, and an unparalleled barbarity of manners to prevail everywhere throughout the sees of your suffragans ? You have brought, my Lord, religion and society to a pretty pass by your connivance—"bull baiting, drunkenness, quarrelling and lewdness, awful errors, moral abominations, infidelity like a mighty flood devastating society, lukewarmness and indifference regarding all the essentials of religion, no fixed principle of rectitude, a mine of heathenism, and consequent profligacy,"

in the very meridian of your Archiepiscopal illumination. One million, one hundred and seventy thousand children—my Lord Archbishop, think of it—growing up under your eye, without any impression of either faith or morality! Fifteen thousand children of both sexes, under fifteen years of age, living by prostitution and theft, under the sacred shadow of the wings of your worthy suffragan, Dr. Bloomfield! Why, my Lord, you are responsible for all this. and more; and we of Ireland, in the face of Christendom, will hold you so, so long as you do not write Pastorals to your flocks at our bidding—so long as you leave your suffragans (who themselves must have connived at these things) unreprimanded, unreprieved, uncensured. You, moreover, my Lord, must have connived at a crime, in the opinion of the Cyprians and Augustines, the most odious in the sight of God—the wicked crime of universal schism. You must have allowed the seamless garment of Christ to be torn to pieces before your eyes. You must have connived at or approved of it, or otherwise England could not have been converted, as it is, into a vast Pantheon of strange gods. A hundred and more strange fancies, my Lord, styled religions, under your ken, in the very sight of your Archiepiscopal throne, and many of the strange gods worshipped there more hideous in shape and form than any that poet's fancy ever placed on Mount Olympus, or Roman superstition gathered together from the most barbarous nations of the earth—more beastly than the Satyrs, more revolting than the Priapuses, more unmeaning than the fabled Pans, more monstrous, in a word, than the Centaurs of the heathens.

For us there might be some excuse, benighted as we are with that pestilent thing, the “secretness of the confessional,” amongst us. For you, my Lord, and your suffragans, no excuse, no pretext. You had the pure light of the Gospel—the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible—“faith alone” to justify you and make you, without any sacrifice, the children of God—the way to sanctify so easy and so smooth to you, and not even the practical obstruction of the confessional, so “dangerous to the civil government and the peace of the community,” to impede your onward progress to heaven. My Lord of Canterbury, you Bishops and clergy of England, you have shamefully neglected your duty to God and your country. Such connivance in you is abominable—such a state of things, without plea or palliation. The whole weight of the crime of your country rests upon your heads. The red

spot of blood is upon you. Deny it as you will, you are, my Lords, guilty of all the murders, manslaughters, arsons, etc., etc., committed, or imagined to be committed, throughout the length and breadth of England. You, at least, are the occasional cause of all. I know no other remedy for this awful state of things than that now pretty generally advised by the most politic of your lawgivers—namely, to hang and gibbet half a dozen of you, as an example to the rest—making you, clergy of England, henceforth to understand that the “beginning of wisdom is the fear of *your Lords*!”

You, my Lord Stanley, will of course say that it is preposterous to hold the respectable, virtuous and pious clergymen of England responsible for these murders, immoralities, abominations, etc. Why not, my Lord, since you hold us responsible for the crimes which maddened oppression forced some—very few, thank God, and would to Heaven they were fewer still—of the starving Irish peasants to perpetrate? Why not, I say, hold your Prelates and “Priests” accountable for the corruption, blood and immoralities that even you yourselves admit cover, like a foul leprosy, the whole face of your country? You call us “Irish Thugs,” “savages,” “vermin.” In the name of my country, and that of the Irish priesthood, I fling back in your face, my Lord, and in that of all our calumniators, these vile epithets which you so indiscreetly, living, as you do, in such glass-houses, with all your moral filth exposed to the world, dared to cast upon us, our country and our holy religion.

I sincerely regret, my Lord, that you forced us, in self-justification, thus to retaliate upon you. We would fain forget, if allowed to do so, the deeds of blood which every page of our history exhibits as having been perpetrated upon us by your country since we first came into connexion with you—your confiscations, spolations and proscriptions—your olden hired assassins, to murder our Priests at £5 a head—your murders of my countrymen justified by your laws, on the plea of their being mere Irish—your exquisite torches invented to harrow the souls of our people—the image of our country, as you made it, spat upon, buffeted, scourged, crowned with thorns and crucified—not a sound bit left in it, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot—even all this, which you made us endure for centuries, we would fain forget. if not for the sake of general England, at least for the sake of the noble, humane and beneficent souls who, with the sympathy of men and

Christians, flung the mantle of their charity over our country in the hour of our distress. For their sake, my Lord, all the wrongs you have done us we were decided on burying in eternal oblivion, but you forced them back upon us by your slanders and your calumnies, and your beastly proceedings in your legislative assemblies. Your bitter taunts, your unchristian imputations, have driven our memories back on the thousand unbearable wrongs we suffered at your hands, and conjured up before the vision of our country hideous spectres with their olden scars upon them (your iniquitous work), which every wise Englishman who valued the stability of the throne, the power and prosperity of his country, should desire to see laid forever.

In sober earnestness, my Lord, I ask you to account for this madness. For my own part, I cannot in any way account for it, except it be by that mental blindness with which God usually strikes those whose crimes have forced him to will their destruction. With the prospects before you at home and abroad, I can in no other way account for it. Babylon was shouting with joy, insulting captive Israel by the profanation of the holy spoils of the temple of God, on the very night its fifty towers were battered to the ground by the Persian ram, and its brazen gates thrust in on the heads of the oblivious, riotous and sacrilegious multitude.

Perhaps, my Lord, you could assign other more appropriate reasons—that you intended to deter the Catholic clergy of Ireland by your vituperations from doing their duty to their people. You imagined, perhaps, that such calumnies would induce us to snap asunder that golden bond of affection which has ever bound, through weal and woe, the Irish Priest to his people. If this, my Lord, be the fond hope of our slanderers, they will find themselves, after all their efforts, egregiously disappointed. Slanders on the people and on the clergy will only tend to unite us more closely together by the strong link of mutual sympathy. Mutual suffering and mutual wrongs are the surest gauge of immutable friendship.

Perhaps, my Lord, by maligning us you entertain the flattering hope of forcing us from the advocacy of our starving, suffering poor—that through the terror of your denunciations and menaces, you would compel us to leave at the feet of your Janissaries, without opening our mouths in complaint, of the oppressed tenantry of Ireland. If so, my Lord, you will find your expectations as vain, as idle as the passing

winds. So long as you allow our people to be persecuted, we will not cease to complain nor desist from publishing their wrongs to the world—"So long as the wicked shall draw their swords and bend their bow, to cast down the poor and the needy," we shall raise our voices against their oppressors, and endeavor "to deliver the poor man from the hand that is stronger than he"—"the needy and the poor from them that strip them."

Perhaps, my Lord, you intended, by your slanders, to detach us from the cause of our country—from those duties to it which both religion and patriotism approve. Even in this, my Lord, you will not succeed. The more miserable you have made the land of our birth, the more dear it has become to us, and the more decided we are on holding by its destiny. Even when her life is gone, in the words of the poet, "we will cling with stronger affection to her lifeless form," and with all the enthusiastic devotion of Rome's sternest patriot, the Irish Priest will not cease to feel and express this immortal sentiment:—

"Exanimem te complector Roma: tuumque
Nomen, Libertas, et inanem prosequar umbram."

Perhaps, my Lord, you expected, by blackening our characters and the sacred observance of our holy faith, to provoke hostility to both, and extinguish, by a new persecution, Catholicity in Ireland. In this expectation, my Lord, should it be yours, you will find yourself equally unsuccessful. Bitter experience should have taught you and others more practical lessons of wisdom. It should have made you feel that pains and penalties, and all the inventions of a fiendish bigotry, were already tried upon us and failed. We multiplied under the scythe with which you mowed us down, and the very torrents of the blood of our forefathers, which you accumulated to submerge the Irish ark of Catholicity, only tended to elevate it and show it to the world as imperishable. In your attempts to extinguish the sacred fire of our faith—the gift of God to us—you only spread its sparks around to warm the world. You forced it to communicate its light and its heat to other nations, that would otherwise have scarcely ever known its name. Hear it, my Lord Stanley! through your Irish persecutions it burns brightly in your colonies. It is taken under the protecting wing of that proud bird of the sun which broke your chain of tyranny, and whose soaring has already struck the olden nations of the world with dismay. By endeavoring to drive it out of Ireland, you drove it, my

Lord Stanley, into England, to help the faithful few there to turn their smouldering embers into a wide-spreading flame, and to gather around it all who in the councils of God should be saved.

We are, my Lord, revenged upon you in the only way a Christian should ever wish to be revenged. We are justified, my Lord. Our longanimity and patient endurance for the faith are being justified before God and men. We have made reluctant England send the most illustrious of her schismatical children to do justice, by bowing their heads and paying heartfelt homage to the faith you persecuted. With this, my Lord, we would have rested satisfied ; but you, and such as you, in your infatuation, would drive us beyond these peaceful Christian dispositions. In this, however, you will also fail. As we have ever done, we shall continue to preach loyalty to our Sovereign—patience to our afflicted people—mercy to the powerful—to all, high and low, that they are beings accountable to Almighty God, who has his day for all things, when the just and the wicked shall be judged. We will tell our people, amidst their contumelies and calamities, to bow in resignation to the Divine will, and to rest without fear on the bright consoling hope that his Prophet holds out to them, and not only to them, but to all similarly afflicted and persecuted nations : “ O, my people, that dwelleth in Zion, be not afraid of the Assyrian. He shall strike thee with his rod, and lift up his staff over thee in the way of Egypt. But yet a little while, and a very little while, and my indignation shall cease, and my wrath shall be upon his wickedness.”—*Isiah* x. : 24, 25.

Perhaps, in time, my Lord, you and others intend, by your slanders, to poison the ears of the glorious successor of the Fisherman—the immortal Pius IX.—so as to induce him to bind us hand and foot, and commit us and our holy religion to your parental keeping. Should this have been your mind, my Lord, time will disabuse you, as it disabused others. Your golden vision will be merely a day-dream. Against its realization we have made ample securities—securities, my Lord, in the sublime virtue, integrity, clear-sightedness and abiding love of faithful Ireland, filling the breast of that great Pontiff who now rules the destinies of the Church. We have additional security in the invincible determination of the Irish clergy and people never to permit strange fire to burn on their altars, nor the symbol of their holy faith, which came down to them through a hundred persecutions, in

tact, inviolate—endeared, moreover, to them by a hundred recollections of their faithful sires, who lost their all to preserve it to them, to pass into the hands of such trustworthy guardians as my Lord Palmerston. His official note to Switzerland has effectually told us and the Catholic world what might be expected from such tutelage.

One or two words, my Lord, by way of counsel to you at parting. You should not, by your calumnies, endeavor to turn away from their natural course of loyalty the feelings of a people ever attached to their kings and queens from a sense of duty, and to the present amiable Sovereign by something still as strong—a deep feeling of affection. Montesquieu wisely says, “that natural feelings on the subject are sometimes destroyed by other feelings equally as natural.” As a loyal subject you should not in any way have lent yourself to the superinduction of other feelings destructive of those loyal sentiments which always characterized our nation. It was, my Lord, foolish in you to engage in such an iniquitous work, at such a time especially, when the oldest, the wisest and the most venerable of your warriors has but just raised his voice to warn you against approaching danger, and direct your attention to the blood-streaked cloud now visible on your horizon, ominous of the coming conflict on whose issue England’s glory, power and all may depend. It was anything, my Lord, but wise in you to become our calumniator at such an eventful moment—anything but evidence of loyalty to your Queen, or devotedness to the best interests of your country.

I would, my Lord with all earnestness, recommend that your Lordship do keep, for the future, your hard words for England—its clergy and people—where they are at least as much needed, and where, perhaps, they will be less harmful. Leave, my Lord, the confessional and all its secretness to the Irish Priest and peasant. With such sacred things it does not become you, ignorant as you are of them, to meddle; and even if it did, it would not be for the interest of your Queen or country for you to interfere with them. Loyalty, my Lord, and the confessional have hitherto comported well together in Ireland. Non-confessing Ireland would not, I have reason to fear, endure for one month your arrogance, vituperation or misrule. It would snap your chain or perish in the attempt, “preferring a day—an hour—of liberty to an eternity of bondage.”

You seem, my Lord, to have a special affection for spies and inform-

ers, and would introduce them to us as our household gods. The Egyptian, too, would send us a crocodile, the Indian a shark. We beg most respectfully to decline, my Lord, paying any homage to such idols. We will leave them, my Lord, to you to grace a niche with them in your English pantheon. You have made us so many presents of the sort which experience proved to be Grecian gifts, pregnant with perjury, deception, treachery and blood. that we ever shudder at the bare thought of them. Any other favors, my Lord, but your paid perjurers and your wanton calumnies. •

I now, my Lord, take my leave of you by again inviting your attention to your statements, and challenging you to your proofs. Bear well in mind what you have to prove—1st, That the clergy connived at the sanguinary crimes of the peasantry ; and 2d. that they abused the confessional. making it subserve the most guilty purposes. Prove these allegations against any clergyman in Ireland, and I pledge myself to his perpetual degradation in the Church of God. and to the full concurrence of the priesthood of Ireland in any punishment the laws of the land may inflict upon him. Until you shall have done so, I hope I do not transcend the bounds of decorum, under the provocation we have received. by denouncing your Lordship—not to death (for we will not the death of the sinner)—but to repentant shame or abiding infamy.

I have the honor, my Lord (Newspaper) Stanley, to be your most obedient servant,

✠ E. MAGINN.

Bishop of Orthosia, and Apost. Adm. of Derry.

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