

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.*

New-York :

P. O'SHEA.

750 BROADWAY AND 20 BEEKMAN STREET

1863.

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.



Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by
P. O'BRIEN,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States
for the Southern District of New York.

192

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,

SHERWOOD.

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 Freeman 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 deplores 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, for oath, 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 traitor, 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 inepto servatur adimium.* 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 Mamlukes 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 grows, 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; 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 crime, 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 galleys, and whom they raised upon a pyramid of fulsome adulations, they would condemn to the gibbet with an *Hicor aligna 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-

five 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* Psalm, xix. : 8.

I remain, Sir, your faithful servant,

✠ EDWARD MAGINN.

DUBLIN CASTLE, October 3. 1818.

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 destroy 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 Ballinacorney 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 Balaghaderin, 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!