

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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P. O'SHEA.

730 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 1867, by
P. O'BRIEN,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States
for the Southern District of New York.

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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 Bunerana, 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 innocency as Dr. Cullen's could not be safe from the assas-

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 those 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 in 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., Bannagher; Rev. William McLoughlin, P.P., Iskahane; Rev. M. O'Kane, P.P.,

Omagh; Rev. James McAleer, P.P., Burt; Rev. Wm. Browne, P.P., Strabane; Rev. James McDonagh, P. P., Comber; Rev. Charles Flanagan, P.P., Coleraine; Rev. F. McLugh, 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. McNally, Rev. W. Connolly, C.C., Urney; Rev. Charles McCrossan, C.C., Strabane; Rev. Wm. Hegarty, C.C., Bunerana; 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 *pontifex 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. Merton, 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 Copping; 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 Bunerana, 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 Bunerana; 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 ob-equies, 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 Bunerana, 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 unalterable 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 *caonac*, 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'Loghlin, V.G., now vicar-capitular of the diocese, assisted by the Most Rev. Dr. M'Nally.

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 *Lamishowen*; 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 Fransoni 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 Saints! 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 illumine !
 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. SADDLER.

"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."—*Felix 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 slept from forth seclusion's shade,
 And reared his towering mind in thy 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 "tencement 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 !

Montreal, Feb. 19th, 1849.

"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!