

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,

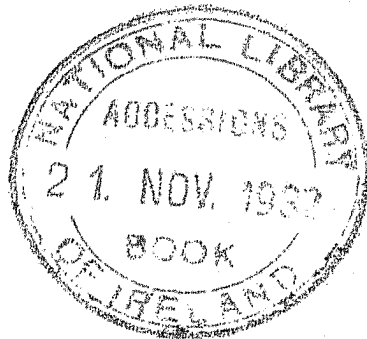
"AT HOME" AND ABROAD.

I Respectfully Dedicate this Memoir

OF

THE LATE RIGHT REVEREND DR. MAGINN,

COADJUTOR BISHOP OF DERRY.



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### 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"—Psalm 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 deus, 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 Philisthūm 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 prophecied 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 Paolos Giustiani, the Gaetanos 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 Segueld.

“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 a broad 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 mansissent 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 cataracts 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 morte 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.

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### 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 Christian! 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 huzzas 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 £26 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 Mæcenus in plumis."

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 *supposed*

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

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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,