

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,

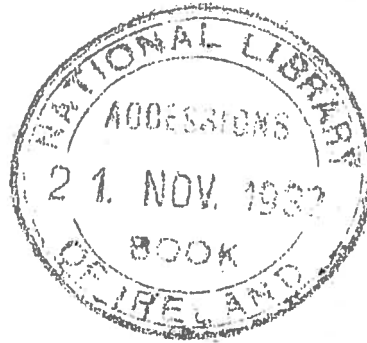
"AT HOME" AND ABROAD.

I Respectfully Dedicate this Memoir

OF

THE LATE RIGHT REVEREND DR. MAGINN,

COADJUTOR BISHOP OF DERRY.



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1932

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acter you enjoy of being the best of landlords, to be your most obedient,
humble servant,

✠ E. MAGINN.

Bishop of Orthosia, and Apost. Adm. of Derry

SECOND LETTER.

To the Right Hon. Lord Stanley.

"The confessional is conducted with a degree of secretness dangerous alike to the civil government and the peace of the country. The Priest conceals the secrets of the guilty penitent and is ever ready to denounce the informer."—*Vide report of Lord Stanley's Speech in the House of Lords, November 22, 1847.*

BUNCRANA, January 4, 1848.

My Lord,—I promised, the first leisure moment I could call my own, to return to your reported slanders on the Catholic priesthood of Ireland, and what I must call your inconsiderate attacks on one of the most sacred institutions of their holy religion. Were I, however, to wait for that moment of leisure, I would, my Lord, have long to wait, and the pledge I give you should, I fear, remain for ever unredeemed. You, and those that think with you, and the British legislators that preceded you, have left to the clergy of Ireland a legacy of toil and misery, so dreadful and complicated as to occupy their entire attention, and not leave them an instant to think of anything else. Your misrule, my Lord, has brought our country to a pretty pass. The fairest land under heaven covered with poverty and rags, not by the God that made it beautiful and fertile for the happiness of his creatures, but by bad laws and wicked lawgivers. For hundreds of years God has made you and yours our stewards, our guardians, our supervisors. He elevated you and your country, in the moral order, to what our cloud-capped hills were intended to be in the physical order; to receive the refreshing dews of heaven and communicate them to us. This important duty you faithlessly discharged. Instead of water to refresh us, you gave us fire to burn us. Instead of being God's ministers to us for good, you have been ministers to us for evil. The sword, of course,

you always wielded with power and with effect. The olive branch you never showed but for a purpose—when fear made it your interest. You, at times, my Lord, I admit, used words of peace ; but even then there was war in your hearts. Even in your smiles there was treachery lurking. Your fairest sky had upon it the dark speck ready to spread and break upon us in thunders and lightnings, the moment it was believed it could be safely done. Years of famine press upon us. Pestilence and death are at every door. The energies and soul of the country seem to be extinct—the clergy and their people broken down by a weight or tribulation which the might of angels could scarcely bear. This, my Lord, was your fitting opportunity to strike our fallen country, and pour out your torrents of abuse on the devoted heads of the Irish priesthood, and on the most hallowed practices of the Catholic religion. Would not, my Lord, noble minds, at such a time, have shrunk from such an unmanly occupation? Generous hearts would have revolted at the bare thought of adding insult to misery, or of mixing up the ingredients of slander and calumny in a cup of affliction, already filled to overflowing. Or if in an unguarded moment, they forgot the nobler impulses of their nature, and cast themselves upon their supposed helpless victims, returning reason would make them look upon the deed with horror, and send them with the feelings of the good Samaritan, to bind up the additional wounds they had rashly and cruelly inflicted ; they would hasten to make that reparation to outraged humanity which honor, truth and justice demanded at their hands. But you, my Lord, I regret to have it to say, for your own sake, appear to have been imbued with no such noble impulses. Instead of retracting your calumnies, you are reported to have returned to them with redoubled vigor, and, with an instinct and appetite becoming monner natures, to have fallen again on your half-devoured prey with increased avidity and voraciousness. There is, however, my Lord, something consoling in the reflection that you have made your charges, no matter what the intention may have been, somewhat less comprehensive. Perhaps you compressed them to give them additional energy and effect, as by spreading them over too large a surface they would be less telling. On a former occasion, it was the whole priesthood who were guilty of deeds of blood or conniving at their perpetration ; it is now but a part of the priesthood that you would implicate in these sanguinary transactions. In your vituperation you are becoming “small by degrees and beautifully less!” and in this there is a

glimmer of hope that some time before the Greek Calends you will feel it a duty to make the *amende honorable*, by expressing your heartfelt contrition for having made imputations against *any* of the Catholic clergy, which candor must repudiate, as well as honesty and truth condemn.

Your last appearance, my Lord, was anything but worthy of you. Never did a Stanley occupy a more discreditable position than you did on that memorable occasion. Your bottle-holders in the calumnious onslaught you are said to have made upon us, were anything but reputable seconds for one of your noble house to be sustained by—the one a mushroom lord, with a name as dissonant as his heart is discordant with every upright feeling and every generous sentiment—the renegade of party and of principle—the capricious weathercock, veering with every wind, uncertain in everything but his instability—the regular “*fata morgana*” of deception and delusion—this moment grave and serious, the next fantastic and grotesque—now the ridiculous harlequin, then the murky philosopher—a perfect Proteus in the suddenness of his transformations—one while a seditious Gracchus, the outrageous abettor of licentiousness—again, a wicked Caligula, sighing for an occasion to strike down with one blow every rational liberty. He has, it is true, momentary coruscations which those at a distance are wont to mistake for the brilliant reflections of the gems of honesty and truth, but which those who know him well, and happen to be near his person, have always understood to be nothing more than the transient glare of a brimstone heart on fire, or the pestilent light of incurable corruption. Dressed out in the cast-off, threadbare vestment of the execrable old man of Ferney, without his genius, he apes his impiety, and, with a malignity far transcending that of this most sacrilegious of eoplists, he would gladly close in the face of the soul of the penitent sinner the gate of mercy, and pursue it from the judgment seat of God to the lowest depths of perdition, that he might there, in imagination, gloat over its agonies, and feast in brooding vindictive thoughtfulness on its endless tortures. The patriot Swift would seem to have had his image before his mind when describing his infamous prototype, Lord Wharton: “His behaviour is in all the forms of a man of twenty-five. Whether he walks, or whistles, or swears, or takes brandy, or calls names, he acquits himself in each beyond a templar of three years’ standing (a laugh). Although the graver heads think him too profligate and abandoned, they dare not be ashamed of him, for he is very

useful in Parliament, being a ready speaker, and content to employ his gift upon such occasions where those who conceive they have any remains of reputation or modesty are ashamed to appear. Indifferent to the applause of the good, he is insensible to the reproach of any. He is without the sense of shame or glory, as some are without the sense of smelling, and therefore a good name to him is no more than a precious ointment would be to these." Your other bottle-holder has not even the seeming of genius to recommend him to the attention of the most vulgar auditory. As remarkable for stupidity as he is for malevolence, he would fain strike and wound, but his utter impotency is the best shield against his malice—like the frog in the fable, as bloated and as pompous, and as ready for war against Ireland, her clergy, and her people; his spear, thank Heaven, is but the feeble bulrush; his battle-axe a goose's feather. He assumes now and then the air and mein of an old Roman, with an antique toga—an honorable heirloom in his family, which came down to him unpieced, unstained—he would cover the envenomed heart of a Lollard. Without the mind, he is the Fra Paula of the present day in malice and untruthfulness. He is said to wear a coronet with the cowl and cloak of a monk, in whose folds he conceals the poisoned dagger, with which, on every given opportunity, he basely attempts to stab the very faith he professes. He has not even the gratitude of the brute that lovingly licks the hand of its benefactor. No, my Lord, the noble soul that labored for forty years in his cause, and with a giant's arm struck from his villian limbs the fetters he should have ever worn, he turned upon with the virulence of the viper, warmed into life in the husbandman's breast, and tried, but vainly, to pierce with the forked tongue of vituperation, the fair fame of his own immortal Liberator. For your sake, my Lord, I, in all sincerity, repeat, I deeply regret that you allowed yourself to be supported during your attacks upon us by such characterless individuals. A Catholic Stanley in olden times would have nobly shrunk from such vulgar associations. But for the sake of the clergy and people of Ireland, I heartily rejoice at it; for by commingling your slander with theirs, it must have fallen pointless on that portion of the public who value honor, truth, and virtue. We have reason, my Lord, to thank Providence that our assailants are so disreputable. There is no balm of consolation necessary to heal the wounds they would inflict. Their praise is censure, and their censure praise; and from my soul I

hope that the Catholic clergy of Ireland, my people, or my country, will never descend to depths so low or so irretrievably infamous as to merit their laudations. For my own part, I say it with all candor, I would despair of my own salvation the moment I became worthy of their encomiums.

Having treated your Lordship to the opinion which I hold in common with the Catholic public of these, of course imaginary, personages, you will permit me to proceed to your charges, and discuss them as far as truth and candor will allow, in a manner not disrespectful, I trust, to your exalted dignity, or the noble station you occupy in society. You are reported, my Lord, to have said, "that the Catholic confessional is being conducted by us with a degree of secretness, and carried to an extent dangerous alike to the civil government and the peace of the community. The Priest conceals the secrets of the guilty penitent, and is ever ready to denounce the informer." Is not this, my Lord, a sweeping censure on what every Catholic throughout the world, as well as the Catholics of Ireland, have ever believed to be an institution the most divine and sacred. Confession, as practiced in Ireland, dangerous to the government and to the peace of the community! In this assertion—I say it with all respect—there is as much ignorance, if not malice, as ever was conveyed in the same number of words. Our discipline, my Lord, as I stated above, regarding confession and the strict secrecy to be observed regarding things confessed, is the discipline of the Catholic Church throughout the world. It has been the discipline of the Church of God at all times and in all places. It is still the discipline of the sects who, in the earliest ages, separated from the Catholic Church. In this the Copts, the Armenians, the Maronites, the Nestorians, the Eutychians, the Greeks, the Latins, are all agreed. The canon of the great Council of Lateran, on this subject, is a canon to which every Christian, if we except some of the new sects that the sixteenth century ushered into the world, could, without the violation of either principle or practice, cordially subscribe:—

"Let the Priest take care, neither by word nor sign, nor in any way or manner, to disclose the sins of his penitents. Should any presume to reveal the sin discovered to him in the tribunal of penance, we decree not only his deposition from the sacerdotal office, but also that he be thrust into a close monastery, there to do penance to the end of his life."—(Fourth Council of Lateran, held in 1215, under Pope Innocent, chapter "Omnia utriusque sexus.")

You, my Lord, either knew the existence of this canon, or you did not. If you knew it while making the assertion regarding our Irish discipline, I can scarcely find a sufficiently respectful name by which to designate your conduct. If you did not know it, I am equally puzzled for an excuse for you, a Protestant, protesting in such a manner against sacred things, of which you could not speak a single sentence without falling into the most egregious blunders. What, my Lord, is still worse, you would seem, by the statement you made, to be wholly ignorant of the discipline of your own Church, though you profess to be one of its most ardent admirers and zealous defenders. I beg to direct your Lordship's attention to the 13th canon of the Church of England. It runs thus:—

“Provided, always, that if any man confess his secret and hidden sins to his minister for the unburdening of his conscience, and in order to receive spiritual consolation and ease of mind from him, we do not in any way bind said minister by this our constitution, but we do strictly charge and admonish him that he do not at any time make known to any person whatever, any crime or offence so committed to his trust and secrecy”—See the body of the canons drawn up in 663.)

You perceive, my Lord, the truly awkward position in which you placed yourself! Were you ignorant, my Lord, of the existence of this constitution? or if not ignorant of its existence, where was your sense of equity when you imputed to the Catholic Church in Ireland, as a crime, what, as the obedient son of the Church of England, you must ever eulogize and commend as a virtue? Where, my Lord, were your just weights and measures, that equanimity—that strict impartiality—the most ennobling dispositions and qualifications of a legislator? It may be that you, initiated in the mysteries of the English sanctuary, understood well that this canon was not being carried out to its full extent—that your ministers, traitors to their duty, set the canons and discipline of that Church at defiance, and did reveal to somebody—the government, no doubt—the secret sins of the unhappy sinners who too confidently committed their secret crimes to their frail and faithless keeping—that false to their God, to their sacred office, and their penitents, who flew to them “to unburthen their consciences for spiritual consolation and ease,” they (the ministers), only listening to betray, sacrilegiously made the chair of mercy, and of the strictest fidelity, “a mockery, a delusion, and a snare.” Is it indeed, my Lord, this treacherous practice

that has made the power of the keys, which they wantonly assumed, as idle and as useless in their hands as a shattered reed? Is this indeed the reason that has made the British Episcopalian Protestants generally shudder at the bare thought of confession, and during life, and even in death, deride and scorn their Priests, inviting them to a special revelation of their sins? Is this indeed, my Lord, the cause why the injunction, so clearly expressed in your Book of Common Prayer, rests there an idle, unmeaning, unpractical theory—professedly beautiful and advantageous to the sinner burthened with sin—to the heart deeply wounded with iniquity—but practically a hideous spectre standing out in bold relief at the entrance to your Holy of Holies, having on its lips honeyed words of comfort and parental solicitude for the interests of souls, but on its front, inscribed in characters of fire, treachery, to scare away the faithful from its approaches, or rather, like the god of the Carthaginians or Idumeans, it stands with you on its blood stained tripod, with arms extended, as if inviting its foolish worshippers to fling their children into its burning embraces. that, with a traitor's consuming hug, it might the more conveniently destroy its unsuspecting victims. I never, my Lord, could understand hitherto why your earnest invitations to confession, in your preparations for communion, were so disregarded, so contemptuously spurned, or whence came it that this rubric of your Book of Common Prayer for the visitation of the sick has been so ignominiously treated by your Episcopalian Protestants, as if it were naught but an unmeaning, lifeless cypher—a *vox et præterea nihil*. “Here shall the sick person be moved to make a special confession of his sins, if he feel his conscience troubled with any weighty matter—after which confession the Priest shall absolve him (if he humbly and heartily desire it), after this sort: Our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath left power to his Church to absolve all sinners who truly repent and believe in him, of his great mercy forgive thee thine offences; and by his authority committed to me, I absolve thee from all thy sins, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.”

I feel deeply obliged to your Lordship, and in the name of the Catholics of the British empire and of the world, I sincerely thank you for the information you have, however unintentionally, afforded us regarding the secret of the discipline that was among you. Guileless as we were, we attributed the indifference regarding this sacred institu-

tion of yours to anything, it appears, but the proper cause. We foolishly believed that your people treated the keys, in the hands of your ministers, as the blasphemous assumption of intruders into the fold of Christ, who had no commission from heaven to forgive or retain sins—that they considered confession to such persons would not be less ridiculous than the confessions made of old by those who sought to be initiated into the mysteries of Ceres. You, my Lord, have let out the secret at last, in letting us understand, by your charges against the Catholic Church in Ireland, that treachery in the ministry of reconciliation was with you considered a virtue. Oh, my Lord, “tell it not in Gath, speak not of it in the streets of Ascalon,” lest the maids of Israel tremble. The violation of such sacred confidence a social virtue! *Proh pudor*, my Lord! But to come more directly to your charge against our Irish confessional. I beg your attention while testing the truth or falsehood of your slander by our doctrine and discipline regarding the confessional. You hitherto might have pleaded the excuse of ignorance. Henceforth, should you blaspheme against us, if it were nothing but to give your malice a substantial form, let the blasphemy proceed from knowledge.

The confessional, my Lord, we believe to be the ordinary channel appointed by God through which the grace of justification passes into the soul of the sinner who has proved false to his baptismal vows, and mortally stained the white robe of innocence he received from the waters of regeneration. On the grace of justification—on the manner in which God justifies the sinner, as not only you, but others mistake, or seem to mistake, our belief and doctrines, a brief outline of our views on this subject, if not to you, may at least be useful to others. To you, at all events, there will be this important advantage, that with the full evidence of the case before you, you will be the better able to comprehend the full extent of the danger of such doctrines and discipline.

We believe this justification, my Lord, to be not only the remission of sin, or merely a cloak for iniquity, as many believe, but the sanctification and renovation of the interior man, through the voluntary susception of grace and gifts. We believe, by this grace and gifts, man, from being unjust, becomes just, so as to be made an heir according to the hope of eternal life. How dangerous, my Lord, is not this doctrine to the civil government? We believe the final cause of this justification to be the glory of God, of Christ, and of eternal life; the efficient

cause, a merciful God, who gratuitously washes us from our sins, and sanctifies us, sealing and anointing us with his promised Holy Spirit—the pledge to us of our inheritance; the meritorious cause, His most beloved and only begotten Son our Lord Jesus Christ, who, while we were his enemies, on account of the exceeding charity with which He loved us, merited for us this justification by his holy passion on the wood of the cross, and thereby satisfied, for us, God his Father. The subjective cause, the sinner's soul; the formal cause, the justice of God, not that with which He himself is just, but with which He makes us just—with which we being gifted are renewed in the spirit of our mind, and with which we are not only reputed, but are truly called and are just—each receiving justice according to the measure that the Holy Ghost distributes to each, as he freely willeth, and according to the proper disposition and co-operation of each; the instrumental cause, in the case in question, we believe to be the sacrament of penance, to which Christ, who has proper dominion over his own gifts, and can, of course, distribute them according to His own good will and pleasure, in the manner and on the conditions he pleases, has ordinarily annexed the grace of justification. This, of course, my Lord, is a doctrine highly dangerous to the peace of the community! But to proceed. God, in his great work of the renovation of sinful man, disposes all things sweetly, yet effectually, wisely and mercifully prepares and arranges the temple of the soul for the indwelling of his Holy Spirit. As in the six days' work of the creation, He prepared, ornamented, and beautified the great material temple of the world for the introduction of its lord and master, under him, man, and thereby showed that he, the great Architect, was in this work a free, and not a necessitated agent; so in the greater moral work of justification, He, to mark his freedom, and the gratuity with which he bestows his gifts, ordinarily proceeds, as it were, step by step, to its glorious completion. He first breathes in a manner on man spiritually dead, and stirs up the faith that is within him—the root and foundation of all justification. Man, under the influence of the gift of faith, and aided by grace, willingly, freely, firmly assents to all that God has revealed; believes, without hesitation, in his promises and menaces, and especially believes that Christ Jesus has merited for him justification by his redemption, in suffering for us as man, and giving, as God, an infinite value to his sufferings. What, my Lord, in this belief is dan

gerous to the civil government? Faith, moreover, in the menaces of God, introduces fear, the beginning of wisdom, which makes us dread God's justice in consideration of our sins, and tremble at the thought of the temporal and eternal punishments he has reserved for those who have mortally offended him. A firm faith in God's promises introduces the sweet angel of hope, by which we confide that God is disposed to pardon us through the merits of our Divine Saviour. He sends us in spirit to the regions of eternal misery, there to meditate in trembling on the inextinguishable fires, lit up by the breath of an angry God, and prepared for the evil-doer. Hope encourages us to raise our heads and confidently cast our eyes on the infinite mercy of God, as on its full manifestation in the person of Christ crucified; and to consider that, from his cross, he stretches out his arms to embrace us—that he inclines his head to give us the kiss of peace—that he pours out blood to cleanse us from our iniquities—and that he offers us his side, opened with a spear, as a passage to his loving heart. Hope in God's mercy introduces the disposition of incipient love—the sweetest daughter of heaven; for how can we consider God so good as to have given his only begotten Son to die for us sinners, and confidently lean on his mercy, without beginning to love him as the source of all mercy and justice to us. In consequence of this beginning of love, man begins to test sin as an offence against Him whom he loves, and to be heartily sorry for his transgressions, as opposed to God, the source of all justice—to God, the essential Beauty, Sanctity and Order—the great Fountain from which alone these things flow to us. This hatred of sin, this sorrow for having offended God, as the source of all justice to us, dispels us to firmly resolve to revenge on ourselves our faithlessness—to commence a new life, becoming by, for and in God henceforth, new creatures, inviolably observing the commandments of God, and decided in dying sooner than offend him by a single mortal transgression. If you again, my Lord, is there anything in this doctrine of our confessional subversive of the peace of the community? With these feelings, the work of God within us, who gives the will and the perfection, run to the sacred bath which a merciful Saviour provided for us. Run humbly, sincerely, simply, without reserve or equivocation. expose all sincerity, the wounds of conscience to the minister in whose name the Redeemer, in love for us, put the word of reconciliation. This minister—the approved minister of the Church—is believed to be the

penser of the heavenly mysteries of God's grace, on whom the Redeemer breathed, and to whom he communicated his Holy Spirit in the sacramental rite of ordination, when it was said. "Receive the Holy Ghost; whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them; and whose sins you shall retain they are retained." In this doctrine, my Lord, pray tell me is there anything injurious to the civil government? Mark well, my Lord. The Catholic penitent, moreover, believes that the minister to whom he confesses, and from whom, by the authority of Christ imparted to him, he expects pardon, is not the lord but the steward of the treasures of mercy committed to him, and that he can only forgive in the circumstances in which his own Divine Master would not refuse forgiveness. Whom Christ would pardon, him only can the Priest pardon, viz. :—a sinner heartily sorry for having offended God, detesting sin for its essential deformity with, and opposition to, God, the source of all justice—a sinner, disposed to make every possible reparation to God, whom he offended; to his neighbor, God's image, should he have injured him, in person, property, or character; to society, disedified, scandalized, or in any way disturbed by his conduct—disposed not only to break the bounds of sin within him, but to break with all his sinful companions—to commit himself to no secret society, machination, or conspiracy, tending in the least to violate precepts of charity by which he is commanded to love all mankind in God, and for God's sake—to forgive his personal enemies, his slanderers, his calumniators. Even you, my Lord Stanley, as his personal enemy, he should forgive—as the enemy, however, of his country and of his religion, that is a matter in which his religion and his country are concerned; and should he himself have calumniated or slandered any person, he must be disposed to regret the injury he has done to character, and make the earliest possible satisfaction—public, if the calumnies and slanders were public; private, if they were private. In every, or in any case of this description, reparation must be made, or otherwise, according to Catholic belief or discipline, he cannot obtain absolution. He seeks, my Lord, mercy and friendship from a just and loving God. He must be just to all, and a friend to all. So disposed, and not until so disposed, doth the Priest impose the hand of peace upon him, and absolve him from his sins, by the authority of Christ, and in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

Now, my Lord, let me ask you; is there anything dangerous to the civil government or to the peace of the community, in this holy ordeal through which every Catholic penitent must pass to arrive at the grace of justification? How, I again ask you, could the secrecy of such a confessional be subversive of good government, or detrimental to social tranquility? Take away the secretness, my Lord, and you take away confession, and you thereby deprive religion and society, which you pretend to serve so much, of the very best means ever thought of, or God in his wisdom or mercy invented, for the preservation of both. Lugo, the great Spanish theologian, mentions that the bare suspicion of its violation in Ethiopia destroyed forever the efficacy of that holy institution, and with it the morals of that sect of Christians.

You might here ask, my Lord, such questions as malice generally proposes on such occasions. Cannot the Priest abuse the sacred institution of the confessional? Of course he can; as the most sacred things can be abused. Religion is a sacred thing, and it is every day abused. Nothing on earth more sacred than the holy communion; and it is constantly abused, even in your own noble and right honorable House of Lords. Nothing more sacred than the name of God; and by that name you and others swear an oath—the oath of abjuration—which makes angels turn pale and the very devils tremble. Nothing more sacred than the person of our blessed Redeemer, and yet it is every day blasphemed. The Priest, no doubt, can abuse the sacred institution of confession, as everything sacred is being and has been abused. But, if he abuse it, he abuses it at his risk—at the risk of everything he holds dear on earth and in Heaven. As the Garden of Eden was preserved from profane aggression by the flaming swords of angels, the Church of God has guarded all the outworks of her sacred tribunal, and planted on them round and round her most awful thunders, to terrify and strike down the sacrilegious Priest who would dare to pervert his holy office to any evil purpose. Show me, my Lord, in that Church of yours, which a million of times denounced—yea, even to the present day, daily, hourly, denounces—us, our people, and our creed, and now cries out with more than her olden ferocity for the assassination of the Priests—that Church on whose account more innocent blood was shed in Ireland than would float the proud navy of England—that Church that made the most hallowed things appertaining to her ministers and her religion subserve to extirpate us from

"our own, our native land," that she might be elevated and aggrandized on our ruins—show me, my Lord, in that Church, any such safeguard or protection for the lives of her Majesty's subjects, against the aiding, abetting, perpetrating, or counselling, by word or deed, of assassination. as this safeguard and protection, with which the Catholic Church defends the persons of Christians, without distinction of sect or creed. "With the approbation of the sacred council, we decree, that should any prince, prelate, or any other person, whether ecclesiastic or secular, have caused to be murdered by the aforesaid assassins, any Christian, or have ordered said assassins so to do (although death may not have ensued), or have received, defended or concealed the same, he shall incur by the very fact the sentence of excommunication or deposition from his dignity, honor, order, and office; and these shall be conferred freely on others by the proper authorities. Let him also, with all his worldly goods, as an enemy to Christianity, be cut off forever from Christian society. And when it shall have been established by sound proofs that any one has been guilty of so execrable a crime let no other sentence of deposition be required, or so forth, to be quoted against him." (Bull of Gregory XIV., s. 3.—Concordat, c. 1, de Homicid. in 6 Decretal.)

To your assertion, my Lord, that the confessional, as practiced in Ireland, is dangerous to society, let me, in the first place, oppose the opinions of kindred spirits—men who, like yourself, were not much in love with the Catholic clergy, the Catholic Church, or Catholicity in general. Believe me, my Lord, when compared with them, notwithstanding your pride of intellect and erudition, you are merely a baby in swaddling clothes. The first witness against you, my Lord, is—

Voltaire—He, a Protestant, in the proper sense of the word, says; "There is no more wise institution than that of confession. The most of mankind, guilty of crimes, are naturally tormented with remorse. The lawgivers who established mysteries and expiations, were equally anxious to prevent the criminals, under the influence of despair, from rushing recklessly into new crimes. Confession is an excellent thing—a bridle on inveterate crimes. It is excellent for disposing hearts, ulcerated with hatred, to forgive; and the unjust the injuries they may have done to their neighbor. The enemies of the Roman Church, who oppose so salutary an institution, have taken away from man the greatest check that can be imagined on iniquity. The wise men of

antiquity have all recognized its importance. The Catholic religion has consecrated that of which God permitted human wisdom to perceive the advantage and embrace its shadows."

The next witness, my Lord, is the celebrated Raynal, the author of the "Philosophical and Political History of the Indies." Though the enemy of all religion, he recognizes the excellence of confession, with all its secrecy, as practiced in the Catholic Church. "The Jesuits," says he, "established in Paraguay a Theocratic government with the practice of confession—the very basis on which religion reposes. It alone is a substitute for all penal laws—preserves and watches over the purity of morals. In Paraguay, religion, more powerful than the force of arms, conducted the criminal to the knee of the magistrate, where far from palliating his crimes, repentance made him aggravate them; where, far from eluding punishment, an humble suppliant, he demanded it on his knees. The more severe it was, the more it tranquilized the conscience of the criminal. This chastisement, which everywhere else terrifies the criminal, here consoles him in banishing remorse by expiation. The people of Paraguay have had no criminal laws, because each person voluntarily accused and punished himself. All their laws were precepts of religion." "The best of all governments," continues Raynal, "would be that of a Theocracy, in which the tribunal of confession would be established." So much, my Lord, for the evidence in our favor of the most virulent enemy that ever wielded a pen against the Catholic religion.

I beg now, my Lord, to introduce you to the opinions of a friend—an ungenial spirit, I admit, as a lover of truth, though a highly distinguished member of your own Church—Lord F. Williams, in his letters of Atticus, says—"No persons in the Catholic communion can approach the Holy Eucharist without having confessed all their sins, without distinction or exception, in the tribunal of confession; and no minister can give them permission to approach the holy table without having first purified themselves with all the necessary dispositions. But these indispensable dispositions are, contrition, the precise and general avowal of all the faults they committed—the expiation of every injustice—the full restitution of everything illegally acquired—the pardon of every injury received—the interruption of every criminal and scandalous connection—the renunciation of envy, pride, hatred, avarice, ambition, dissimulation, ingratitude—and of every feeling opposed to

charity. It is, moreover, at the same time, necessary in this tribunal to give a sacred pledge to God, to henceforth avoid even the most trivial faults, and to strictly accomplish all the sublime laws of the Gospel. What securities, what pledges, are not there exacted from each individual to discharge his social duties—to practice every virtue—integrity, charity, mercy! Here conscience is regulated before the tribunal of God, not before that of the world. Here the criminal is his own accuser, and not his judge; and while the Christians of other communions, after a partial examination, pronounce in their own cause, and absolve themselves with indulgence, the Catholic Christian is scrupulously examined by another, awaits the sentence of Heaven, and sighs after that consoling absolution which is being accorded to him, refused, or deferred in the name of the Most High God. What an admirable method of establishing among men a mutual confidence—a perfect harmony in the exercise of their respective functions! The authority of the prince cannot degenerate into despotism, nor the liberty of the people into licentiousness. The magistrate, in the administration of justice, must be impartial—the senator, equitable and disinterested—the Priest, pure and zealous in his ministrations—the soldier loyal—the subject faithful, and the sovereign just. If in a Roman Catholic state, no person absented himself from this tribunal, the question would not then be, what is the best of governments, but rather in such a government what need would there be for any other laws. Perhaps that all human laws would be there as superfluous and as useless as they are ineffectual everywhere; but where they repose on the foundation of the Catholic religion, virtue, justice, morality, must be the basis of all governments. But it is impossible to establish virtue, justice, morality on any solid foundation without the tribunal of penance, because this tribunal, the most dreadful of all tribunals, seizes on the conscience, and directs it more efficaciously than any other tribunal. But this tribunal is in the exclusive possession of the Roman Catholics.”

This, my Lord, is the opinion of one of the most enlightened of your Protestants, on the confessional—the Catholic confessional, of course, with all its strict fidelity and secretness. It is ours who know it well by experience. What say you, my Lord? That it is of course dangerous to the civil government, and to the peace of the community?

One other Protestant witness against you, my Lord, with whom, since

the Reformation, we have had none of any creed to compare, if we except Sir Thomas More, Bacon, and our immortal Burke. Hear what he says of the confessional and its secrecy, which you say is, with us, carried to an extent dangerous alike to the civil government and the peace of the community. Hear what the illustrious Liebnitz, Newton's rival in speculative science, and vastly his superior in everything else, says on this subject in his "Theological System." "We cannot deny," says he, "that this institution is worthy of the Divine wisdom. Nothing assuredly so beautiful—nothing so praiseworthy—in the whole Christian religion. The tribunal of penance was the admiration of the Chinese and the Japanese. The necessity of confession, in truth, averts many men from evil—especially those who have not been hardened in iniquity—and offers the greatest consolation to those who have fallen away from virtue. I therefore consider that a pious, grave and prudent confessor is the great organ of the Divinity for the salvation of souls. By his counsels he regulates our affections, fixes attention on our defects, induces us to avoid the occasion of sin, to make restitution for the injustice done to our neighbour, to repair the scandal given, to dissipate doubt and hesitation, to raise up the cast down, broken spirit, to heal in a word, and mitigate all the evils of sad, afflicted humanity. *If it be difficult in human matters to find anything more excellent than a faithful friend, how super-excellent must it not be, when this friend is bound by the inviolable religion of a divine sacrament, and obliged to keep immutable faith with you while he succors you?*"

What say you, my Lord, again to the confessional and its secrecy? Of course, that it is dangerous to the civil government and the peace of the community !!!

Perhaps, my Lord, that, from the traditions of your noble house, that, through ages of terror, bravely stood by the ark of God, and down to a recent period, gloried in the name of Catholic, you will not consider it amiss in me to bring up in the rear of infidelity and sectarianism a few venerable names, who have even still, though long ago gone to their crown, left, like the departed sun, streaks of mellowed glory on the ecclesiastical horizon of England.

Hear the first Catholic witness against you, Alcuin:—"Should we not give in the confession of our faith to the Priests in holy baptism, and remove Satan, that we may be washed from all our sins by holy grace and by the ministration of the Priest? Why, therefore, in the

second baptism of penance, should we not equally need the succour of the Priest, so that by an humble confession, aided by the Divine grace, we should be absolved from all the sins we committed after our first baptism." So much, my Lord, for the pride of England and the glory of France.

The next witness against you, my Lord. is no less a personage than Egbert, Bishop of York. He wrote a penitential for the direction of the confessor and the confessing. He gives rules to the sinner for examining his conscience. He exhorts the penitent to reject all shame which would hinder him from making a full confession of his sins; because, says he, there is no mercy without confession.—*Vide de Adm. Sacra Pen.*

Another evidence, my Lord—no less a one than your own Venerable Bede—disserting on the unction of the sick. If, says he, the sick be in sins, and if they confess them to the Priests of the Church, taking all possible care to amend their lives, and to give up sinning with their whole heart, they shall be forgiven them. For sins cannot be forgiven without the confession that corrects them. Hence the Apostle says, "Confess your sins one to another, and pray ye one for the other, that you may be saved." Again he says, "As to our light sins, they may be forgiven us by confessing them to our neighbors, and by their praying for us. But if we are stained with impurity. or infected with a leprosy of great sins, we must, according to the laws, confess these to the Priest; and we must perform the expiations according to his will, during the time and in the manner which he shall command us."—*Bede in c. 5, Ep. Jacobi.*

Would you, my Lord, wish another witness against you? You may have him in the great Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury:—

"It is a horrible thing that those who should receive from the Holy Ghost a second birth by a pure confession, allow themselves to be born again by the devil, by violating charity, and by detraction. They accuse, in confession, others and not themselves, believing that they cannot obtain pardon of their sins unless they name their accomplices." He vehemently condemns the pastor who would dare to violate the secrecy of confession, and dispenses the faithful from going to such. "In that case," says he, "if you cannot find a faithful Priest, despair not—confess to God."—*De Obl. Celand. Confessionem.*

The great St. Anselm, Lanfranc's friend, companion and successor.

says, "No matter what contrition you have, discover faithfully to the Priest, by an humble confession, all the spots of your interior leprosy. that you may be cleansed from them. As the lepers were going they were cleansed, because from the moment the sinner sets out for the Priest, he begins to practice justice, and that justice which he exercises is conducive to his purification. Notwithstanding, it is still necessary for him to come to the Priest and demand absolution."

He forbids a confessor to use the knowledge he had by the confession of his penitent; even to prevent the same penitent from publicly approaching the altar of God, though he knew, by confession, his utter unworthiness. The reason he assigns is, that by using such a knowledge, he would not only excite horror in the breast of the penitent for confession, but also prevent other unhappy sinners from having recourse to the confessional, thereby inducing themselves to conceal their sins and perish eternally, rather than reveal them to faithless Priests.—*Lib. Epist. 56.*

Let me, my Lord, conclude the evidence against you, by introducing you to the ordinances of a few of your most celebrated kings, who begged to differ with you on the subject of confession, as practiced in the Catholic Church, being dangerous to the civil government, and also to the celebrated council held in Kent, in 787. They at any rate stand a comparison with any of your non-confessing kings. Alfred the Great and Guthrum ordained, in unison with the clergy of their days, that if any criminal wished to have a Priest to make his confession to, in this instance such a privilege should never be refused him.—*Cap. 8, E. L. Edward, the son of Alfred, confirmed this ordinance. "Si quis rei capitalis damnatus sua ingenue sacerdoti peccata confiteri cupiverit id ei conceditor."*—*Cap. 5, L. Ecl.* The canons enacted under King Edgar ordain that all persons going to confession should arm themselves with fortitude, and not be prevented by shame from discovering their faults, because without confession there is no pardon to be hoped for, for it is confession that heals, and it is confession that justifies. The Council of Kent, one of the greatest that ever was celebrated in England, sanctioned by the presence of two legates from Pope Adrian I., in the 20th canon, ordains that no person should approach to Holy Communion without having first submitted himself to the judgment of the Priest. It furthermore ordains that "should any person die without penance, or without confession, such a person should not be prayed for

after his death.--*20th Canon.* This council was confirmed by another held shortly after in the kingdom of Mercia.

You see, my Lord, that the councils and the lights of England, in the days of her pristine holy splendor, as well as your own modern canons and rubrics, are against you. Infidelity, Church of England, Catholic antiquity and piety, all testifying for us and against you ; condemning you of wilful calumny or gross ignorance, of deliberate—or if not, at least unjustifiable—slander to blacken a clergy you are said to detest, a country you hate, and a people whom with the genius of your native land you ever abominated and would continue to enslave. It was not sufficient for you to wantonly assail our character, but even the holiest things of our religion you would not permit to escape the contamination of your approaches. With the rashness of a Samson, without his inspiration, you would pull down the sacred pillars that supported your own country, and sustained not less the Irish people amidst contumelies, oppressions and tribulations unknown on earth, that you might thereby crush, if you could, the clergy of Ireland beneath the ruins. Think you, my Lord, that the Irish people, were it not for the patience with which they were inspired at that confessional which you reprobate, or that hope that was there stirred up and kept alive within them—a hope looking beyond the sufferings of time to the glories of eternity—think you again, I ask, that they would have so long endured the fiendish tortures to which your legislatures subjected them? No, my Lord. Were it not for that confessional, whose secret sanctuary you and others would sacrilegiously invade and violate, in reckless despair they would have risen as one man and struck you to the earth with their fetters, or would have willingly perished in the attempt. You would, my Lord, by the basest insinuations, imply that those murders which have occurred in a few localities of Ireland, and which, as Christians and clergymen, we abhor and abominate, were traceable to the confessional ; and yet, with an insincerity peculiar to yourself, you have not the honesty to confess that the peace of general Ireland was principally owing to that chair of mercy. The Irish people, forsooth, according to you, go to confession, and the Priest conceals their secret sins ! Thank God, my Lord, both Priests and people, with the exception of a few non-confessing murderers, do their duty in this respect ; and I fondly hope they ever shall—for no matter what the neglect of it might be to Ireland, I know well what it would be to

England. I have the experience of history, showing me what occurred when the sacred duty was despised or neglected elsewhere.

As this, however, will be the subject of another letter, which at my earliest convenience I intend addressing to you, I shall not now farther trespass on your time by further noticing it at present. In my next letter, the last I will dedicate to this painful subject, I may consider it my duty, as a person believing myself strictly bound by the oath of allegiance I have taken to be faithful to the best of sovereigns, to offer you, my Lord, and others, a word of counsel, regarding your duty to your sovereign—yea, your duty to your native country, which you would fain make believe you were serving when calumniating the Irish priesthood, and insulting and maltreating the Irish people. Permit me, my Lord, to conclude the present letter, which the nature of your slanders forced me to draw out far beyond my wish or expectation, with a brief, but, I trust, not an inappropriate quotation from a man of no ordinary mind, who viewed by the light of history passing events, and felt the uncertainty of all human might and power of thrones and empires, when not based on equity, beneficence and truth:—"Habes summum inter nationes locum, habes in civibus tyrannidem, in arenis domum, in vepribus stratum, in prompto sedem, in rapinis inopiam, in miseris invidiam."—*Petrarch Dialog. 95.*

I have the honor, my Lord (Newspaper) Stanley, with all respect for your dignity, and with the sincerest Christian pity for the unseemly position which in an evil hour you occupied, as the slanderer of a Christian priesthood, from whom you never received an injury, and of a holy institution which, as an obedient son of the Church of England, you should have ever venerated as divine and sacred, to be your most obedient, humble servant.

✠ E. MAGINN,

Bishop of Orthosia, and Apost. Adm. of Derry.

THIRD LETTER

To the Right Hon. Lord Stanley.

The confessional is conducted with a degree of secretness dangerous alike to the civil government and the peace of the country. The Priest conceals the secrets of the guilty penitent, and is ever ready to denounce the informer."—*Vide reported Speech of Lord Stanley, November 23, 1847.*

BUNCRANNA, January 17, 1857.

My Lord,—I stated at the close of my last letter, that I would test your slanders on our confessional by the light of history, and thereby afford you an opportunity of judging whether, if you were able (as, thank God, you are not) to pull down the Irish confessional—the principal solace of our people, the refuge of sinners, of the afflicted, broken-hearted and disconsolate—you should hope to realize the bright prospect which if we are to take your words as the evidence of your wishes, you fondly anticipate from its destruction—whether you should, with any certain expectation of success, promise yourself from this new feat of arms of a Stanley, a new Eden in Ireland, with its "rivers of life" streaming from the place of pleasure—Dublin Castle, of course—with its trees of life spontaneously yielding their twelve fruits—charity, joy, peace, patience, etc.—for the healing of the Irish people.

The warnings of history, my Lord, should not be disregarded. It is the record of experience; it is the tree of the knowledge of good and evil; it places before us the faults and follies of men—their wisdom and their virtues; it points to the rocks and quicksands on which the rulers of the earth were wrecked; the sure foundation on which thrones and empires being reared were strengthened with time, and proudly endured the shock of ages; and, like the Spanish prophet's mirror, by reflecting the past it foreshadows the future. Others, my Lord, in other days, and in other countries, impelled by the same feelings with which you are influenced, promised themselves halcyon days of prosperity and glory if they but succeeded in destroying the confessional. They made

the experiment in their respective countries, I regret to say, with but too much success. Now, let us see together the golden produce of their labor of love—whether they were the apples of the Hesperides, or ‘dead sea fruits that tempted the eye and turned to ashes on the lips.’

I regret, my Lord, that we can do no more than merely rapidly glance at a few of the European kingdoms. The confessional was destroyed in portions of Switzerland. Master hands were employed in the work of destruction. They boldly, bravely and unscrupulously executed it. What the consequences were, I need not, my Lord, detain you by describing; your own Heylin, and much better still, M. Audin, in his “Life of Calvin,” have given us faithful pictures of the chaos that ensued. Hypocrisy and spoliation, tyranny and base servility, outrage and immorality, public and private rights invaded, and all terminating in an end worthy of the beginning—in the robbery of the Son of God of his divinity, and the Catholic cantons of their independence. What Zuinglius, and Carlostadius, and other enemies of the confessional did on the borders, Audin’s “Life of Lather” pretty clearly informs us.

We know from equally authentic sources what the destruction of the confessional produced in other parts of Germany. We are not, my Lord, ignorant of the doings of these non-confessing gentlemen, Kings Becold and John Lyden, nor of the less celebrated exploits of Sts. Stork and Muncer, in Suabia and Mulhaussen. The blood of the hundred thousand peasants led on by these non-confessing furies, and of the fifty thousand opposed to them slain in many sanguinary battles—add to this the carnage of the thirty years’ war—rests with the whole weight of its guilt on the shoulders of the reckless innovator who gave you the principal articles of your creed. He first pulled down, with a rebel’s arm, the chair of mercy—the refuge of sinners—and after having tried the experiment, and found it resulting in abominations that would disgrace the worst of Pagan empires in universal depravity, confusion and rebellion, he would willingly raise it up again; but God in his wrath, who permitted him, for no good to a wicked race, to lay his sacrilegious, ruffian hand on the confessional, allowed it to be carried away from the presence of its destroyer and from the countries he cursed with his opinions on the very torrents of blood accumulated by its subversion. We know, my Lord, what the neglect or contempt of the confessional produced in Holland and in Belgium—a civil war, the reciprocal mur-

ders of the cruel Spaniard and the equally truculent Dutchman—the alternate persecutions of the Gomarists and Arminians—the inhuman butchery of the unhappy Baptists—the murders of the Catholics by Vandermeek and Sonoi, at Oudenarde, Ruremond, Dort, Middlebourg, Delft and Shonovan, and the not less atrocious retaliations by the duke of Alva on the rebels. Kerroux and others thus describe the atrocious barbarities of Sonoi on the peasants of North Holland: They say that some of these, after undergoing the torments of scourges and the rack, were enveloped in sheets of linen that had been steeped in spirits of wine, which, being inflamed, they were miserably scorched to death; that others, after being tortured with burning sulphur and torches in the tenderest parts of their bodies, were made to die for want of sleep, executioners being placed on guard over them to beat and torment them with clubs and other weapons whenever exhausted nature seemed ready to sink into forgetfulness; that several of them were fed with nothing but salt herrings, without a drop of water or any other liquid, until they expired with thirst; finally, that others were stung to death by wasps, or devoured alive by rats, which were confined in coffins with them. Feller says, in the year 1572, that the 18,000 executions by the merciless Spaniard were far surpassed in number by the murders of the rebel Vandermerk. Had the confessional, my Lord, been left undisturbed, would the historian have to blush for human nature when recording these bloody, barbarous transactions? We know, my Lord, what the neglect or degradation of the confessional has produced in Denmark, Sweden, Prussia, etc.—scenes of shame lately unveiled by master hands, crimsoning the cheek of common Christianity, and making even humanity, notwithstanding its proneness to sin, recoil at their bare contemplation.

We know, my Lord, what occurred in France when the old confession-going custom began to be discredited by the innovaters of the sixteenth century. That beautiful land was made an Haceldema—confusion, sedition, and rebellion spreading like a desolating fire over the face of the whole kingdom—disloyalty preached as a virtue, sedition, sacrilege and murder hallowed as the works of God—256 secular Priests, and 112 regulars, massacred while discharging the most solemn religious observance, by the Baron des Adrets—the Catholic peasants, forced on the pikes of the non-confessing insurgents—the children of the Baron (the heart of man revolts at the thought) invited

by that truculent parent to wash their hands in the reeking blood of his victims—the peaceable inhabitants of the city of Pamier butchered in open day while paying their homage to the God of the Eucharist—the streets of Montauban, Rhodes, Valens, etc., swimming with innocent blood—2,900 churches either wrecked or burned to the ground—the sacred things of the altar of God perverted to the vilest purposes, and one of the most holy things on earth or in heaven, with an impiety that made the very demons wonder at human audacity, trampled and desecrated as something the most abominable—and five years afterwards, the not less shocking re-action of St. Bartholomew's Eve—blood revenged by blood, and scenes of hell on all sides enacted by monsters in human form—by men made in God's image with the hearts of demons. The unsettling of the confessional here, my Lord, you must admit, was anything but conducive to "the good of civil government or the peace of the community."

It is needless, my Lord, to refer you to a more recent period in the history of that country, to show you what would occur in Ireland, provided you were able, as you are willing to pull down the Catholic confessional. You know it, my Lord, the world knows it, for the fall of the chair of mercy in that kingdom was followed by a moral earthquake which shook the world to its centre. The bridle on the heart of man was broken, and, once freed from the restraint, it furiously rushed headlong into atrocities which no imagination could conceive, nor a pen of steel describe. Kings, Priests, nobles, young and old, without distinction of age or sex, inhumanly immolated—the guillotine fatigued with its work of death, and the rivers dammed up with the bodies of the dead—thrones overturned, and sceptres broken like rotten reeds—rabid reason and licentiousness apotheosised—and the vilest passion of the human heart, the filthy Cyprian, substituted on the altar of the living God for the holy emblem of redemption—and as the climax of impiety, the name of Jehovah blotted out from the memories of men, and, by acclamation, effaced from the records of this unhappy country.

I am happy, my Lord, to find that these views have been confirmed by the wise opinions of your own illustrious countryman, Lord F. Williams. Hear what he says on the subject: "The inhabitants of France, the most prosperous and flourishing monarchy that ever shed its splendour on the earth, all on a sudden cast off the confessional, and what," says he, "was the consequence?—These wretched madmen, having no

longer any check on their passions, dared everything. Their crimes, like a mighty sea bursting its boundaries, overturned Europe, inundated the world, and impressed upon the French name a stigma the most ineffaceable and ignominious that ever tarnished the fair fame of a nation."—*Letters of Atticus*.

Such, my Lord, are a few of the goodly effects of the destruction of the confessional with its secretness. Try your moral panacea in Ireland for half a dozen years, and I promise you the same fruits.

But to proceed. The confessional was restored to France, and on its restoration the reign of morality commenced. It daily grows, my Lord, and strengthens, stemming the torrents of Atheism, impiety and immorality; so that non-confessing France, the horror and terror of the world, is fast returning to her pristine order, and putting on the seemly Christian dress which in olden times she wore with such meek dignity, as the illustrious Queen of Catholic Europe. The haughty tyrant, that would make everything subserve his ambition—even the sacred throne of the fisherman and tentmaker—who would bind to the wing of his bloody eagle the cross with the crescent, would also bind in fetters the chair of conscience and mercy, but he ignominiously failed in the attempt. An humble Abbe discomfited the victor of an hundred fights with no other sword than his hope in Providence—no other ally than the virtue of God with which he was invested—and no other shield than his faith and patience—a shield, my Lord, against which the fiery darts of foolish emperors, kings, princes and lawgivers ever struck in vain. A strange sight, my Lord—the haughty emperor cowed before an humble Priest, and conquered by the very chains with which he bound his own victim! And what is stranger still, the same emperor forced by the God of justice to thrust, as his last and only refuge, his head, covered with the gore of millions, into that very confessional whose secret sanctuary he dared to violate. A similar homage, paid by his beacon of light, Tallyrand, before his death, to this holy tribunal, whose desecration he counselled, should, my Lord, be a lesson worthy of your serious meditation and that of others, who, like you, would pursue a similar course. Paul, in his fury, would have Stephen stoned. Paul, sobered by grace and experience, would not dare to touch the hem of Stephen's garment, save to be healed by it. Like him, my Lord, you would now supply the materials to stone Stephen, and cheer on

the murderers; but when dead you would have reason to raise the *planetus* over your victim, and bitterly deplore his death.

¶ It would be useless, my Lord, to exhibit to you a picture of my delineation of non-confessing Scotland; her divines have already done it with the hand of a master. Hear the General Assembly of the Kirk in 1578: "We have found," say they, "after having made the minutest enquiry, universal corruption of the whole estates of the body of the realm—great coolness and slackness in religion—in the greatest part of the professors of the same—daily increase of all kinds of fearful sins and enormities—as incests, adulteries, murders, cursed sacrilege, ungodly sedition and division within the bowels of the realm, with all manner of disordered and ungodly living." Seventy years afterwards, my Lord, viz., in 1648, matters still no better. The Assembly of that day "found ignorance of God and of his Son Christ prevailing exceedingly in the land, so that it was impossible to reckon up all the abominations that were in the land, and that the blaspheming of the name of God, swearing by the creatures, profanation of the Lord's Day, uncleanness, excess and rioting, vanity of apparel, lying and deceit, railing and cursing, arbitrary and uncontrolled oppression, and grinding the faces of the poor by landlords and others in place and power, were becoming ordinary and common sins." The first part, my Lord, of this beautiful agglomeration, we are happy to say, cannot be applied to the confessing children of Ireland; the second part, however, we are sorry to have to admit, unhappily for our poor, has been and is applicable to our country. Yea, however disgraceful the admission may be, we must admit that "uncontrolled oppression and grinding of the faces of the poor by landlords and others in place and power, have become ordinary and common sins amongst us." In 1778, the shade of the picture is still deepening. The continued wants of the confessional make no improvement. Hear the Associated Synod of that period: "A general unbelief in religion," say they, "prevails among the higher orders of our countrymen, which has, by a necessary consequence, produced in vast numbers an absolute indifference as to what they believe, either concerning truth or duty any further than that it may comport with their own worldly views." They lament "that now the country generally is, through infidelity, luxury, and venality, despoiled of all religion." If these, my Lord, be your non-confessing

saints, what must your confessing sinners be? I regret to have it to state, my Lord, that the beginning of these non-confessing people was little better than the end. After the "work of God," which Buchanan says "they bravely executed," by sending Cardinal Beaton a little before his time out of the world, they made a very bad use of the respite which this accommodation afforded them. "They spent their time in whoredom, adultery, and all the vices of idleness." As I have a respect and veneration for the genuine national feeling of the Scotch—an amalgamation of the Picts and Celts—and a love for the country of a Wallace and a Bruce, I will pass over scenes of blood consequent on the destruction of the confessional, which, believe me, my Lord, are written very clearly in history, and which I can, in all truth and sincerity, say, had no connexion with either denouncing Priests, or with the secrecy of the confessional, more especially as I am anxious on account of the good the rulers of your own country have done us, not to pass over England. *as they made it*, in a moral point of view, unnoticed.

It is a bold thing, my Lord, to obtrude myself on such sacred premises. but you have made us so familiar with destitution, pestilence and death, that the worst evils this world could accumulate on our heads have no terrors for us. You and yours have endeavored lately to pile up a wall of calumny and slander broad and high, like that of China, to keep at bay us outside barbarians; notwithstanding, my Lord, in the words of the prophet, "I will dig a hole through it," and I will let the world in to see the past and present abominations of your non-confessing Christians there—"the forms of creeping things, of living creatures—the filth and all the idols of the *sanctified non-confessing* house of Isreal." Surely thou seest, O son of man, enough here to employ at home your censure—yea, more than enough, for all the hard words you have to spare. Upwards of forty thousand executions for robbery, murder, etc., in a single reign—fire and faggot—funeral piles smoking with innocent victims—the god of lewdness and murder, who first, with a strong hand broke the chains which bound the confessional to the rock of Peter, enthroned on the bleached bones of the innocent dead. Son of man, surely thou seest terrible things there—the darksome doings of this non-confessing house of Isreal—colleges, the seats of learning, in ruins—abbeys and monasteries, the refuge of poverty and affliction, wrecked and plundered, and desecrated and levelled to the ground, 90,000 churches and chapels.

the glory of Catholic piety, and the golden fruit of the Catholic confessional, battered by the hands of your non-confessing Christians to the earth—nothing sacred for them, not even the bread of life, nor the holiness of the sanctuary, that made angels adore and tremble. Talk, my Lord, of murders—your noble and ignoble non-confessing Christians murdered more in one day in England and Ireland than fell by the maddened Irish peasant's hand since the day that St. Patrick lit up the light of Christianity on the hill of Tara. There was this difference, my Lord, that yours were wholesale, deliberate murders, and the infuriated peasant, under the influence of reckless vengeance, produced by relentless oppression, murdered in detail. Both, my Lord, to a just God, shall answer for their crimes; you for your brutal carnage, and they for their savage assassinations. What, my Lord, came over your usual wisdom and acuteness, when you allowed yourself to be induced to hurl these calumnies against us? But let us proceed. Had you no murders in the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth?—none in the antecedent reign of the infant ward of the sanguinary, sacrilegious robber, Seymour? Did not the infamous prototype of the monster Catherine of Russia build up your holy non-confessing institution on heaps of martyred priests and noble laics? Talk of the secretness of the confessional being dangerous to the peace of the community and the civil government. You who know well the history of your Wyatt rebellions, and your Suffolk schemes, your Cecil plots, your puritanical treason, and your Gordon riots—day after day, and year after year, clustering like the locust cloud, and scaring away from your land of strife, sedition, blood, and sacrilege, every honest, peaceable, confessing Christian, to seek a refuge in other lands where he could hide his head from the sanguinary, reckless proscriptions of his own. On what side, my Lord, I ask you, did your non-confessing Christians range themselves in the latter days of Charles I., who prominently stands out in your calendar with the *aureola* of martyrdom upon him? Was it on the side of loyalty or rebellion? Was it with an atrocious Cromwell and a Sir Harry Vane, or with the unhappy Charles? You know, my Lord, there was not one confessing Christian on the side of the covenant. No; to a man they fought, and bled and died for their king, under the noble Lindsey, at Stratton-hill, and Down, Devizes, Newbury and Marston Moor, where Charles lost his crown and all, but no confessing Christian, thank God, his honor, his faith, or his fealty. If justice were on

Charles' side, as, of course, it must have been, since he died a martyr, your non-confessing Christians were rebels, murderers, or, if you please, English Thugs, and the oceans of blood shed on these occasions with all its guilt and weight, must rest on their heads. Hear, my Lord, the testimony of Stanhope, etc., in favor of the confessing, and against your non-confessing Christians. He says:—"The brave and loyal spirits of the Roman persuasion did, with the greatest integrity, and without any other design than that of satisfying conscience, adventure their lives in the war for the king's service. Several, if not all, of those were men of such souls that the greatest temptation in the world could not have perverted or made them desert their king in his greatest misery." Hear what a Protestant Bishop says:—"The Papist, for his courage and loyalty in the last war, deserves to be recorded in the annals of fame and history; and perhaps this may not be unworthy of notice, that whensoever the usurper, or any of his instruments of blood or sycophancy, resolved to take away the life or estate of a Papist, it was his loyalty, not his religion, that exposed him to their rapine and butchery."

What say you now, my Lord, to the secretness of the confessional? What to these confession-going Christians? They sealed their duty to their king with their lives, and your non-confessing kings and gentry paid the debt of gratitude so justly due their descendants with calumny, confiscation, proscription and death. Again, my Lord, was it your non-confessing Christians that saved Charles II., when pursued to the death by those who butchered his father? No, my Lord, but the confessing Christians—the Giffords, the Prendrels, the Wolfes of Madely, the Carloses, the Whitegraves, and (what think you?) the confessing Jesuit, Huddleston. Who, my Lord, was among the first to welcome the royal refugee to the shores of France? An Irish friar, my own namesake, afterwards chaplain to the queen-mother, Henrietta. The hard earnings of a long life, which he kept by him for the pious purpose of educating for the holy ministry his proscribed race at home, on bended knees, with the generous devotion of an Irish heart, he poured into the lap of poor exiled royalty. So much, my Lord, for an Irish denouncing, confessing, secret-keeping Christian friar. The same was afterwards the founder of the Irish College of the Lombards, which supplied Ireland for centuries with Priests and martyrs, who kept the faith, and mark you, my Lord, loyalty alive, in spite of the united

efforts of the powers of darkness and of your non-confessing Christians to extinguish both.

If, from sedition, disloyalty and bloodshed in England, I thought proper to review the state of morals, from the day that the confessional was degraded with you, down to the present hour, I could, my Lord, exhibit a picture which would place in the shade the worst periods of depravity recorded in the annals of heathenism. Your courts were worse than Pagan—your kings and queens much worse than a Claudius or Julia; and even those whom you would represent as saints of pious, glorious and immortal memory, time and the impartial historian have stripped of the cloak of sanctity, and exposed to the world in moral features more hideous than the Veiled Prophet of Korassan. Your best of kings now stands out in relief as the crowned head in turpitude of the filthy sect of the Popliant; and he of immortal memory, in the pages of a Strickland, with anything but the odour of piety or sanctity about him. If these, my Lord, be your royal non-confessing saints, what must have been your royal non-confessing sinners? It may, my Lord, be bad taste in me, but for my own part, on a journey to the other world, I should much prefer the company of the Alfreds and the Edwards, to that of your Elizabeths, Jameses and Williams.

But, my Lord, to pass over these rather antiquated things, let us, through the "hole in the wall," look together at your modern non-confessing England. It surely must now be in a glorious state, from the advantage you have had of no confessional, with any degree of secret-ness, being among you for centuries. Let us see, my Lord, to it. Your own divines and ruined judges will be our witnesses. "There are among us," says a missionary publication, "not less darkness and ignorance than are to be found in the pagodas of China, or among those who, amidst the deepest wilds of Indian forests, sacrifice their children, or prostrate themselves before demons." Charming non-confessing Christians, my Lord! "In England," says another missionary, "there are millions who never heard of the Prince of Life." Interesting non-confessing Christians, my Lord! A missionary traveller through three of your counties says, "Darkness covers this part of England, and gross darkness the people." Another says, "That the very garden of England, in a moral light, should be regarded as a vast howling wilderness." Another says, "That the greater part of the 300,000 inhabitants of Staffordshire sit in darkness, and in the gloomy shade of over-

spreading death ;" yea, "that it is a moral wilderness of awful dimensions." Another, "That your whole village population is in a condition of moral degradation, unusually deepened ; ignorance with insensibility united, wickedness blended with every vice and heightened into barbarity of manners." A most edifying condition, my Lord, of your non-confessing Christians ! Another says : "Under heaven there is not a worse place than this—men, women and children glorying in blaspheming the name of the Lord." Another : "There no such wickedness was ever witnessed—cock-fighting, bull-baiting, quarrelling, drunkenness and lewdness generally prevailing." Another informs us, that "Infidelity, like a mighty flood, is devastating English society with the most awful errors and moral abominations." A Bishop, my Lord, tells us, "That there is unprecedented indifference to the religion of Christ." Another non-confessing Bishop, my Lord, states, that "One million, one hundred and seventy thousand children grew up to an adult state without any education at all, and without any useful impression of religion or morality." A state of society, my Lord, among your non-confessing Christians, highly conducive to "the good of the civil government and to the peace of the community !"

Another Bishop, my Lord—no doubt a good witness—kindly informs us, that "In his own diocese (London) there are 15,000 children of both sexes, under fifteen years of age, living on prostitution and theft, in the metropolis alone." A heavenly prospect, my Lord, for "the good of civil government and the peace of the community !" Your poor-law enquiries, your Ashley revelations, your high and low courts of justice, your divorces for nameless crimes, your poisoning of children by the mothers that bore them, of husbands by their wives and wives by their husbands, your thefts and robberies, your shedding of human blood for filthy lucre sake, your barbarity without the pretext of poverty, your cold-blooded truculency without the excuse of persecution, oppression or destitution, the profligacy of your principal cities, casting into the shade that of the olden Pentapolis, swallowed up by the wrath of God in a lake of brimstone, exhibit to the world a picture of moral depravity and corruption, among your non-confessing Christians, which has no parallel in the filthiest, darkest pages of the annals of Gentilism. Your principles are not a whit better than your practice.

"*Quid liceat nascitis adhuc, et cuncta licere creditis.*"—AUSONIUS.

I speak, my Lord, of course, of the general state of society in your

“pride and admiration of the world.” You have, I cheerfully admit, many high, honorable exceptions—the noble, the benevolent, the humane—sons of light and love, unrivalled in any country—souls of charity, full of sympathy with every human misery, and with hands ever open and ready to engage in the most exalted works of beneficence—“men that sigh and mourn for the abominations that are committed in the midst of you;” but they are merely what the family of Lot was to the inhabitants of Sodom—the “*rari nantes in gurgite vasto.*”

With such a hideous spectacle at home with you, my Lord, discretion at least should have prompted you not to fling your poisoned missiles at our unhappy country. If it were charity that suggested the onslaught, you should have remembered the axiom, that “charity begins at home,” and reserved your reprobations for the non-confessing folks of your native land. You must really have imagined that we have been for the last half century sleeping in Ireland, and that the doings in our sister island had escaped our notice. Believe me, my Lord, we were wide awake, and we gloried in the contrast (and thanked God for it) which our island exhibited when compared with prosperous England. And well, my Lord, might we pride in it, with its whole parishes, with their populations of thousands and tens of thousands of confessing Christians, without a single illegitimate child for centuries—some in which there never was a committal for theft or fraud, and the eleven-twelfths of the island unstained for ages with the crime of murder, unless where your barbarous policy, begetting bigotry, flung the brand of religious discord among the Irish people.

Should I concede, my Lord, that the secretness of the confessional endangered “the civil government and the peace of the community,” in certain portions of Ireland, it was not surely the confessional that occasioned the deeds of blood which we see recorded of your own England. It was anything but the confessional that gave occasion to this state of society, so bitterly remarked upon by Judge Alderson, in his recent charge in Liverpool, and by Sir James Graham, in a speech lately delivered by him. Hear the learned judge, and blush for shame at the deeds of your non-confessing Christians: “With respect to the calendar, he regretted to find that it contained a great number of bad offences; and what was lamentable was, that it contained so great a proportion of violence to the person. There were nine prisoners charged with murder, twelve with stabbing, independent of those cases in which

stabbing had caused death ; and no fewer than nine cases of manslaughter ; in addition to which there were the usual number of robberies and crimes of that description. This was a lamentable state of things, God knew ; he hoped that out of the regular course of their duty they would think about it. Education might do something, but it would not do much, because he believed the prevailing cause of crime was not the want of information, *but the want of good principles*. He believed the chief cause of crime was the being exposed to temptation, *without sufficient principle to govern the individual when so exposed*. He found always that when surrounding circumstances caused great distress amongst large bodies of men in this country, it was almost universally followed by a great increase of crime. It might be so in the present instance. He trusted, therefore, that the gentry would not only educate their people, but give them good principles, which would stand them in stead when temptations came before them ; indeed, what he called education, was to bring people up in the way in which they should go."

In a recent speech, Sir James Graham says : " With respect to these crimes of the deepest dye, to which, heretofore, capital punishment has been affixed, it must be admitted that the remission of that punishment had been concomitant with a rapid and alarming increase of those crimes. He would illustrate this fact by the instance of three crimes, the statement with reference to which had been prepared by a gentleman in the Home Office, whose merits, he doubted not, the right honorable gentleman opposite had ascertained, as he (Sir James Graham) had done. In 1829, the capital punishment was remitted with respect to forgery. In 1836 the commitments for forgery were 321 ; in 1841, 514 ; in 1846, 706 — the number having more than doubled in ten years. The crime of arson ceased to be punished capitally in 1837. The commitments in 1836 were 366 ; in 1846, 581—being an increase of about 60 per cent. But the most remarkable of all was the atrocious crime of rape, which ceased to be capital in 1841. The commitments in that year were 319 ; in 1846, 597—being an increase of 90 per cent. !"

Bear in mind, my Lord, that the learned judge above quoted merely refers to a small portion of your island, and the speech of Sir James Graham to merely a few of the incidental crimes of your country. Look, however, to it, my Lord, and be silent forever. Nine charged with murder, twelve with stabbing, independent of those instances i.

which stabbing had caused death ; nine cases of manslaughter, and the usual number of frauds and robberies ; and all this in one locality, for one assizes ! Mark, my Lord, that the learned judge says, that want of religious principle in your population is the chief cause of this deplorable state of society. Add to the learned judge's list Sir James Graham's minutes—706 forgeries, 581 arsons, 597 rapes ; all this, my Lord, in one short year in your non-confessing England !

There must, my Lord, be something exceedingly "rotten in your state of Denmark." Whence comes it, my Lord ? Surely *you* must know who know so much about unhappy Ireland. Of course, my Lord, if you reason rightly, it must have come from your English clergy. You trace Irish crime to the connivance of the Irish clergy, and their secret confessional. By a parity of reasoning, your English Bishops and clergy must have been the "fountain and origin" of these revolting evils. On the principle of the Latin poet, my Lord, "*petimus dumusque vicissim*." You have arraigned us. With such a noble example before me, why not arraign your Prelates and Priests for those crimes that cover the face of society ? I hold them, my Lord, responsible for them. They must have connived at them, or they could not exist. Before the British empire and the world, I charge them with these arsons, forgeries, rapes, murders, etc. If they had done their duty, such things could not be. My Lord of London, could your metropolis have been so corrupt and profligate, had not you connived at it ? My Lord of Canterbury, where was that authority with which the primacy of England invested you ? where that more than parental solicitude so becoming the patriarch of the Church of England, that you allowed your ocean isle to be overspread with a darkness and ignorance not to be found in the pagodas of China—nothing like it among the wild Indians, who prostitute and sacrifice their children to demons—that you permitted the gloomy shade of death to overspread the land—ignorance to be united with insensibility—wickedness to be blended with every vice, and an unparalleled barbarity of manners to prevail everywhere throughout the sees of your suffragans ? You have brought, my Lord, religion and society to a pretty pass by your connivance—"bull baiting, drunkenness, quarrelling and lewdness, awful errors, moral abominations, infidelity like a mighty flood devastating society, lukewarmness and indifference regarding all the essentials of religion, no fixed principle of rectitude, a mine of heathenism, and consequent profligacy."

in the very meridian of your Archiepiscopal illumination. One million, one hundred and seventy thousand children—my Lord Archbishop, think of it—growing up under your eye, without any impression of either faith or morality! Fifteen thousand children of both sexes, under fifteen years of age, living by prostitution and theft, under the sacred shadow of the wings of your worthy suffragan, Dr. Bloomfield! Why, my Lord, you are responsible for all this, and more; and we of Ireland, in the face of Christendom, will hold you so, so long as you do not write Pastorals to your flocks at our bidding—so long as you leave your suffragans (who themselves must have connived at these things) unrebuked, unreprieved, uncensured. You, moreover, my Lord, must have connived at a crime, in the opinion of the Cyprians and Augustines, the most odious in the sight of God—the wicked crime of universal schism. You must have allowed the seamless garment of Christ to be torn to pieces before your eyes. You must have connived at or approved of it, or otherwise England could not have been converted, as it is, into a vast Pantheon of strange gods. A hundred and more strange fancies, my Lord, styled religions, under your ken, in the very sight of your Archiepiscopal throne, and many of the strange gods worshipped there more hideous in shape and form than any that poet's fancy ever placed on Mount Olympus, or Roman superstition gathered together from the most barbarous nations of the earth—more beastly than the Satyrs, more revolting than the Priapuses, more unmeaning than the fabled Pans, more monstrous, in a word, than the Centaurs of the heathens.

For us there might be some excuse, benighted as we are with that pestilent thing, the "secretness of the confessional," amongst us. For you, my Lord, and your suffragans, no excuse, no pretext. You had the pure light of the Gospel—the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible—"faith alone" to justify you and make you, without any sacrifice, the children of God—the way to sanctify so easy and so smooth to you, and not even the practical obstruction of the confessional, so "dangerous to the civil government and the peace of the community," to impede your onward progress to heaven. My Lord of Canterbury, you Bishops and clergy of England, you have shamefully neglected your duty to God and your country. Such connivance in you is abominable—such a state of things, without plea or palliation. The whole weight of the crime of your country rests upon your heads. The red

spot of blood is upon you. Deny it as you will, you are, my Lords, guilty of all the murders, manslaughters, arsons, etc., etc., committed, or imagined to be committed, throughout the length and breadth of England. You, at least, are the occasional cause of all. I know no other remedy for this awful state of things than that now pretty generally advised by the most politic of your lawgivers—namely, to hang and gibbet half a dozen of you, as an example to the rest—making you, clergy of England, henceforth to understand that the “beginning of wisdom is the fear of *your Lords!*”

You, my Lord Stauley, will of course say that it is preposterous to hold the respectable, virtuous and pious clergymen of England responsible for these murders, immoralities, abominations, etc. Why not, my Lord, since you hold us responsible for the crimes which maddened oppression forced some—very few, thank God, and would to Heaven they were fewer still—of the starving Irish peasants to perpetrate? Why not, I say, hold your Prelates and “Priests” accountable for the corruption, blood and immoralities that even you yourselves admit cover, like a foul leprosy, the whole face of your country? You call us “Irish Thugs,” “savages,” “vermin.” In the name of my country, and that of the Irish priesthood, I fling back in your face, my Lord, and in that of all our calumniators, these vile epithets which you so indiscreetly, living, as you do, in such glass-houses, with all your moral filth exposed to the world, dared to cast upon us, our country and our holy religion.

I sincerely regret, my Lord, that you forced us, in self-justification, thus to retaliate upon you. We would fain forget, if allowed to do so, the deeds of blood which every page of our history exhibits as having been perpetrated upon us by your country since we first came into connexion with you—your confiscations, spolations and proscriptions—your olden hired assassins, to murder our Priests at £5 a head—your murders of my countrymen justified by your laws, on the plea of their being mere Irish—your exquisite torches invented to harrow the souls of our people—the image of our country, as you made it, spat upon, buffeted, scourged, crowned with thorns and crucified—not a sound bit left in it, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot—even all this, which you made us endure for centuries, we would fain forget, if not for the sake of general England, at least for the sake of the noble, humane and beneficent souls who, with the sympathy of men and

Christians, flung the mantle of their charity over our country in the hour of our distress. For their sake, my Lord, all the wrongs you have done us we were decided on burying in eternal oblivion, but you forced them back upon us by your slanders and your calumnies, and your beastly proceedings in your legislative assemblies. Your bitter taunts, your unchristian imputations, have driven our memories back on the thousand unbearable wrongs we suffered at your hands, and conjured up before the vision of our country hideous spectres with their olden scars upon them (your iniquitous work), which every wise Englishman who valued the stability of the throne, the power and prosperity of his country, should desire to see laid forever.

In sober earnestness, my Lord, I ask you to account for this madness. For my own part, I cannot in any way account for it, except it be by that mental blindness with which God usually strikes those whose crimes have forced him to will their destruction. With the prospects before you at home and abroad, I can in no other way account for it. Babylon was shouting with joy, insulting captive Israel by the profanation of the holy spoils of the temple of God, on the very night its fifty towers were battered to the ground by the Persian ram, and its brazen gates thrust in on the heads of the oblivious, riotous and sacrilegious multitude.

Perhaps, my Lord, you could assign other more appropriate reasons—that you intended to deter the Catholic clergy of Ireland by your vituperations from doing their duty to their people. You imagined, perhaps, that such calumnies would induce us to snap asunder that golden bond of affection which has ever bound, through weal and woe, the Irish Priest to his people. If this, my Lord, be the fond hope of our slanderers, they will find themselves, after all their efforts, egregiously disappointed. Slanders on the people and on the clergy will only tend to unite us more closely together by the strong link of mutual sympathy. Mutual suffering and mutual wrongs are the surest gauge of immutable friendship.

Perhaps, my Lord, by maligning us you entertain the flattering hope of forcing us from the advocacy of our starving, suffering poor—that through the terror of your denunciations and menaces, you would compel us to leave at the feet of your Janissaries, without opening our mouths in complaint, of the oppressed tenantry of Ireland. If so, my Lord, you will find your expectations as vain, as idle as the passing

winds. So long as you allow our people to be persecuted, we will not cease to complain nor desist from publishing their wrongs to the world—"So long as the wicked shall draw their swords and bend their bow, to cast down the poor and the needy," we shall raise our voices against their oppressors, and endeavor "to deliver the poor man from the hand that is stronger than he"—"the needy and the poor from them that strip them."

Perhaps, my Lord, you intended, by your slanders, to detach us from the cause of our country—from those duties to it which both religion and patriotism approve. Even in this, my Lord, you will not succeed. The more miserable you have made the land of our birth, the more dear it has become to us, and the more decided we are on holding by its destiny. Even when her life is gone, in the words of the poet, "we will cling with stronger affection to her lifeless form," and with all the enthusiastic devotion of Rome's sternest patriot, the Irish Priest will not cease to feel and express this immortal sentiment:—

"Exanimem te complector Roma: tuumque
Nomen, Libertas, et inanem prosequar umbram."

Perhaps, my Lord, you expected, by blackening our characters and the sacred observance of our holy faith, to provoke hostility to both, and extinguish, by a new persecution, Catholicity in Ireland. In this expectation, my Lord, should it be yours, you will find yourself equally unsuccessful. Bitter experience should have taught you and others more practical lessons of wisdom. It should have made you feel that pains and penalties, and all the inventions of a fiendish bigotry, were already tried upon us and failed. We multiplied under the scythe with which you mowed us down, and the very torrents of the blood of our forefathers, which you accumulated to submerge the Irish ark of Catholicity, only tended to elevate it and show it to the world as imperishable. In your attempts to extinguish the sacred fire of our faith—the gift of God to us—you only spread its sparks around to warm the world. You forced it to communicate its light and its heat to other nations, that would otherwise have scarcely ever known its name. Hear it, my Lord Stanley! through your Irish persecutions it burns brightly in your colonies. It is taken under the protecting wing of that proud bird of the sun which broke your chain of tyranny, and whose soaring has already struck the olden nations of the world with dismay. By endeavoring to drive it out of Ireland, you drove it, my

Lord Stanley, into England, to help the faithful few there to turn their smouldering embers into a wide-spreading flame, and to gather around it all who in the councils of God should be saved.

We are, my Lord, revenged upon you in the only way a Christian should ever wish to be revenged. We are justified, my Lord. Our longanimity and patient endurance for the faith are being justified before God and men. We have made reluctant England send the most illustrious of her schismatical children to do justice, by bowing their heads and paying heartfelt homage to the faith you persecuted. With this, my Lord, we would have rested satisfied; but you, and such as you, in your infatuation, would drive us beyond these peaceful Christian dispositions. In this, however, you will also fail. As we have ever done, we shall continue to preach loyalty to our Sovereign—patience to our afflicted people—mercy to the powerful—to all, high and low, that they are beings accountable to Almighty God, who has his day for all things, when the just and the wicked shall be judged. We will tell our people, amidst their contumelies and calamities, to bow in resignation to the Divine will, and to rest without fear on the bright consoling hope that his Prophet holds out to them, and not only to them, but to all similarly afflicted and persecuted nations: “O, my people, that dwellèth in Zion, be not afraid of the Assyrian. He shall strike thee with his rod, and lift up his staff over thee in the way of Egypt. But yet a little while, and a very little while, and my indignation shall cease, and my wrath shall be upon his wickedness.”—*Isiah* x. : 24, 25.

Perhaps, in time, my Lord, you and others intend, by your slanders, to poison the ears of the glorious successor of the Fisherman—the immortal Pius IX.—so as to induce him to bind us hand and foot, and commit us and our holy religion to your parental keeping. Should this have been your mind, my Lord, time will disabuse you, as it disabused others. Your golden vision will be merely a day-dream. Against its realization we have made ample securities—securities, my Lord, in the sublime virtue, integrity, clear-sightedness and abiding love of faithful Ireland, filling the breast of that great Pontiff who now rules the destinies of the Church. We have additional security in the invincible determination of the Irish clergy and people never to permit strange fire to burn on their altars, nor the symbol of their holy faith, which came down to them through a hundred persecutions, in

tact, inviolate—endeared, moreover, to them by a hundred recollections of their faithful sires, who lost their all to preserve it to them, to pass into the hands of such trustworthy guardians as my Lord Palmerston. His official note to Switzerland has effectually told us and the Catholic world what might be expected from such tutelage.

One or two words, my Lord, by way of counsel to you at parting. You should not, by your calumnies, endeavor to turn away from their natural course of loyalty the feelings of a people ever attached to their kings and queens from a sense of duty, and to the present amiable Sovereign by something still as strong—a deep feeling of affection. Montesquieu wisely says, “that natural feelings on the subject are sometimes destroyed by other feelings equally as natural.” As a loyal subject you should not in any way have lent yourself to the superinduction of other feelings destructive of those loyal sentiments which always characterized our nation. It was, my Lord, foolish in you to engage in such an iniquitous work, at such a time especially, when the oldest, the wisest and the most venerable of your warriors has but just raised his voice to warn you against approaching danger, and direct your attention to the blood-streaked cloud now visible on your horizon, ominous of the coming conflict on whose issue England’s glory, power and all may depend. It was anything, my Lord, but wise in you to become our calumniator at such an eventful moment—anything but evidence of loyalty to your Queen, or devotedness to the best interests of your country.

I would, my Lord with all earnestness, recommend that your Lordship do keep for the future, your hard words for England—its clergy and people—where they are at least as much needed, and where, perhaps, they will be less harmful. Leave, my Lord, the confessional and all its secretness to the Irish Priest and peasant. With such sacred things it does not become you, ignorant as you are of them, to meddle; and even if it did, it would not be for the interest of your Queen or country for you to interfere with them. Loyalty, my Lord, and the confessional have hitherto comported well together in Ireland. Non-confessing Ireland would not, I have reason to fear, endure for one month your arrogance, vituperation or misrule. It would snap your chain or perish in the attempt, “preferring a day—an hour—of liberty to an eternity of bondage.”

You seem my Lord, to have a special affection for spies and inform-

ers, and would introduce them to us as our household gods. The Egyptian, too, would send us a crocodile, the Indian a shark. We beg most respectfully to decline, my Lord, paying any homage to such idols. We will leave them, my Lord, to you to grace a niche with them in your English pantheon. You have made us so many presents of the sort which experience proved to be Grecian gifts, pregnant with perjury, deception, treachery and blood, that we ever shudder at the bare thought of them. Any other favors, my Lord, but your paid perjurers and your wanton calumnies.

I now, my Lord, take my leave of you by again inviting your attention to your statements, and challenging you to your proofs. Bear well in mind what you have to prove—1st, That the clergy connived at the sanguinary crimes of the peasantry; and 2d, that they abused the confessional, making it subserve the most guilty purposes. Prove these allegations against any clergyman in Ireland, and I pledge myself to his perpetual degradation in the Church of God, and to the full concurrence of the priesthood of Ireland in any punishment the laws of the land may inflict upon him. Until you shall have done so, I hope I do not transcend the bounds of decorum, under the provocation we have received, by denouncing your Lordship—not to death (for we will not the death of the sinner)—but to repentant shame or abiding infamy.

I have the honor, my Lord (Newspaper) Stanley, to be your most obedient servant,

✠ E. MAGINN,

Bishop of Orthosia, and Apost. Adm. of Derry.

Vide the historic facts given above:—Conrad Schles. Andin's Life of Calvin, Rose, Haylin's Hist. Press. Brandt's Hist., Dr. Patteson, in his Babel, Feller's Diet. History of Holland, by M. Kerroux, Robt. Bremner, Mr. Laing's Jour., Nich Jas Frauen- tean Liv de Finan, Malmburg Thaunus, Buchanan, Guthrie, M'Pherson, Abbe Bar- ruel, Pigot's Eccl. Hist., Heylin's Reformat., Dr. Sanders, Dr. Nelson's Collections, Raleigh, Lingard, Home Missionary Reports and Charges of English Bishops, Bish. Bar. Bish. Pret. Bish. Wat. Quarterly Review, Colq. New System, Nicholl's Report on the Pensaury of Donegal, Lord Morpeth's Speech, etc.

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