

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