

der, and yet they have flourished and spread over the land in spite of spoliation. On the other hand, the Protestant establishment, notwithstanding its revenue of £700,000 a year, has never taken root in the Irish soil. In Ireland it is no more than a source of rich endowment for a large professional class, having no sympathy with, and exercising no influence over, the great bulk of the population of the country.

In such a condition of affairs, the impolicy of disturbing the grant to Maynooth is as obvious as its injustice. It is no argument, that many of the proteiform temptations to a statesman, that many of the varieties of Protestantism suspend for a time their mutual hatred, in order to combine their forces against a Catholic institution, whose importance may be estimated by the intense animosity with which it has so often been assailed. It is, no doubt, true that even if this paroxysm of bigotry were to be successful, Ireland would still retain her religious faith—she would, even in her poverty, maintain the requisite educational institutions—and she would, as heretofore, during centuries of persecution, receive assistance from Italy, Spain, Portugal, France, from Catholics in every part of the habitable globe.

But, besides these considerations, there are principles of justice involved in the maintenance of the Catholic Ecclesiastical College by the public revenue of the kingdom, which forbid our yielding it to any amount of clamor, and which would fully sustain us in demanding that the annual allowance (for which the national faith is the guarantee) in future, so far from being diminished, should be very largely augmented.

We have no disposition to under-rate either the numbers or the importance of our Presbyterian countrymen, but we cannot avoid contrasting the liberal grant of thirty-eight thousand pounds which, under the name of a royal gift (*Regium Donum*), they annually receive out of the public revenue, with the pitiful thirty thousand which is doled out to the Catholics. The Catholics, even in the present reduced state of the Irish population, are at least ten times the number of the Presbyterians, and would, therefore, on the principle of equal justice, be entitled to the annual sum of three hundred and eighty thousand pounds.

But in addition to the just claims founded on the national faith, and on the example we have just adduced of state support given to a religious sect, the Catholics of Ireland have a further and most cogent argument in the circumstance that their church has been forcibly divested of an ample endowment, which has in great part been transferred to the present established church. An eminent Catholic prelate, referring to the means by which this transfer was effected, indignantly and expressively described it as *latrocinium magnum*, an enormous robbery, effected, as we learn from history, by military violence as much as by clerical hypocrisy. We need not here enter into any detail—we would, if requisite, prove our case by the admissions of our opponents, but we shall now content ourselves with one instance from the monstrous historian, Leland, a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin.

In describing the first missionaries of the reformed faith, Leland says—"The Irish animators pathetically describe the garrison of Athlone issuing forth with a barbarous and heathen fury, and pillaging the famous church of Clonmacnoise, tearing away the most inoffensive ornaments, books, bells, plate, windows, furniture of every kind, so as to leave the shrine of their favorite St. Kieran a hideous monument of sacrilege."

JUSTICE IN IRELAND.

(From the Tablet.)

The last kick given—the parting shot fired—by Lord Clarendon at the Catholics of this country, were given and fired at Newry; and form a mixture of injustice and impertinence calculated to produce some practicable results of not a very desirable kind. The case was this. In a proclaimed district—that is, a little out of the town of Newry—a policeman of the name of Allen, upon some imaginary suspicion altogether without foundation, stopped on the public road and searched two respectable persons, father and son, of the name of Raverty. It is related by a quaint modern writer that, on the happening of a pleasant piece of good fortune to a company of taciturn and phlegmatic Dutchmen, some of them ejaculated "goot," others said "fary goot," and some hot-headed young fellows said "tam goot"—such being the nature and degrees of Dutch enthusiasm. The reception given by Terence and Thomas Raverty—father and son—to the rude interruption of the policeman, was not dissimilarly graduated. The father submitted patiently while the policeman "searched him all over, then open his waistcoat, and searched all his pockets." The old man made no complaint, and offered "no objection to be searched." But it was different with the son Thomas. That hot-headed young fellow, after being pushed about with the policeman's gun, after being searched all over, after enjoying the pleasure of feeling the muzzle of a loaded weapon in the hands of a rude and passionate officer pressed against his breast, and after having fed himself with the remembrance of a former search, in which he had been "stripped to the skin in the middle of the road"—became so Celtically audacious and "excited," that in the words of the policeman's advocate, he "very flippantly asked for the policeman's warrant." His bad manners, and intolerably "flippant" disrespect to "the dress" roused the indignation of Allen, who forthwith revenged himself upon the weaker vessel. The old man having been searched, done with, and told to stand aside; his son having been previously dealt with in like manner; nothing appearing on either of them to justify the smallest particle of suspicion; and the search being entirely at an end—even Terence rose to the third degree of Dutch emotion, and remarked that "it was too bad to prevent 'civilised' people going quietly home, and that if Allen objected to his walking on the footpath, he would go on the middle of the road." Straightforward he fulfilled this horrible threat, whereupon Allen followed him into the middle of the road, and, pointing his gun to him, said, "By G—d, if you move a step further, I'll blow your brains out."

This was the case, and the defence left it pretty much as we have stated. Of three magistrates on the bench, when the Ravertys brought their complaint against Allen, one was for dismissing the case altogether; the other two were of opinion that though the policeman may have been justified in making the search—even without visible or producible reason—yet that in insulting, abusing, and threatening with sudden death, persons who gave him no provocation, and of whose demeanour under search, the worse that could be said was, that it was "very flippant," he had quite exceeded the limits of his duty, and deserved a fine of ten shillings.

So far so good. The next we hear of the case is that the police, in the person of the sub-inspector, who was not even in court when the evidence was given, forwarded a report of the case to Lord Clarendon, and that Lord Clarendon, without instituting any inquiry whatsoever—without requesting the sitting magistrates to state their reasons for the fine they had inflicted—at once, on the complaint of the sub-inspector, remitted the fine, and thus annulled the magisterial decision. Allen, it should be stated, is not now—even if he was then—altogether a new offender in this, rather more than "flippant" style of conduct. A short time ago he figured in another case of assault, and at the last petty sessions there were no less than six charges against him, in which women were the complainants, but which the Orange justices thought better to adjourn for three weeks. Secure of the favor of the Castle, and of the patronage of either Lord Clarendon or his successor, Allen and his compeers are, of course, at full liberty to indulge whatever wild fancies seize them upon the highway, and whether a man or woman be the object.

But the main part of the grievance is the unbounded contempt expressed practically by Lord Clarendon in this case for magisterial authority, when it is directed to the protection of the people against the freaks of the police. The magistrates were not entitled to support if they were wrong; but right or wrong they were entitled to the courtesy of a demand for their reasons. Of those reasons Lord Clarendon had no official statement, and consequently no knowledge; but simply on the complaint of those partisans of a convicted criminal, he sets aside a magisterial decision, in perfect ignorance of whether it was right or wrong.

Do you ask the reason for this? The convicting magistrates were Catholics in an Orange district, and this was his Lordship's parting kick.

Of course, it was natural for the magistrates to feel themselves insulted by this treatment, and their legitimate authority wounded by that which ought to be not merely the head of the police, but the head of the magistracy. Accordingly, they both forwarded to Lord Clarendon a request to be superseded, and were replied to by Lord Clarendon and Sir Thomas Reddington with the low insult of a demand of 12s 5d, "payable at this office on the issuing of the commission."

Such a method of treating Catholic magistrates is, of course, perfectly familiar to Lord Clarendon, the Whig patron of Catholics, and to Sir Thomas Reddington, the Catholic liekspit of Whig rule. It gives us nothing to be surprised at, and we only lament that the two magistrates who have been made the victims of this insolence, should have fallen into the trap laid for them, and withdrawn from the bench themselves, the only protectors of our innocent people, against the rampant violence and fury of fanatical Orange despotism. The Catholics of Newry have now upon the bench no security for law or justice. On the highway they are at the mercy of every brute—if such there be—who wears a policeman's uniform, and threatens to blow out their brains; in the court-house they are at once the absolute property of their most malignant Orange enemies. Lord Clarendon, by his unbearable insults, has driven from the bench the only Catholic magistrates in Newry—Lord Stanley, by his restoration of Lord Roden, has given to the Orange magistrates who remain behind, the signal to draw their weapons, and to "fall on."

AN IRISH HERO GONE.

(From the New York Truth Teller.)

"The truest, the last of the brave."

On Monday, the 22d ult., Henry P. Gibson, the last surviving member of Washington's Body Guard, was consigned to the grave with military honors. He had lived far beyond the span usually allotted to mortals here below—he had lived to see the country, from a few feeble colonies, spring into a great and free Republic—and he passed to the tomb, with a century's frost upon his venerable brow. A brief sketch of the eventful life of this glorious old man, may not prove uninteresting to our readers. He furnishes another leaf to the many undying chaplets which adorn the fame-worn brow of poor old Ireland; he was an Irishman. His parents, flying from oppression in their native land, on the emigrant ship, which bore them to our shores, the young patriot first saw the light. He joined the army, besieging Boston, a few days after Washington had been called to command the troops of the young republic, and throughout the whole war, was first among the first who distinguished themselves during the memorable struggle. He was present at the siege of Boston, the battles of Long Island, White Plains, Monmouth, Brandywine, and that crowning glory of our arms, the Surrender of Yorktown. He also accompanied General Sullivan, (another Celt) in his expeditions against the Indians.

What a glorious moment it must have been for the white-haired veteran, when the conquered army of Britain, passed before him in defeat and submission, on the Plains of Yorktown. What memories flashed before him of the Old Land beyond the wave, her miseries and her wrongs; and how sweet the recollection, that he had done his part towards humbling his nation's hereditary foe. Peace to the old man's ashes—honor to the land, who, in her own hour of trial, sent forth her sons to do battle for the stranger!

The procession which bore him to his last resting-place, was large and magnificent, and prominent among the various military companies which composed it, we were pleased to see the "Continental," and the "Order of United Americans," who are deserving of praise, for uniting in doing honor to the "poor old Irishman." Thus he was carried to the tomb, the green and the blue hand in hand o'er his coffin, the young republic acknowledging its indebtedness to the land of his fathers, and his exiled brethren cherishing, in a silent corner of their hearts, the memory of deeds, and a determination, should opportunity offer, of doing as he did.

THE "MONK" LEAHEY.

(From the United States Catholic Miscellany.)

That our readers may know something of the antecedents of this wretched apostate, we subjoin the following particulars, which we can substantiate on the best authority. Leahey is an Irishman by birth—not the first who has disgraced by his apostasy the Island of Saints—and emigrated to this country some fifteen or more years ago. Some twelve or fourteen years ago, he was in Philadelphia, where he was to all appearance a devout Catholic layman (nobody there had ever heard of his Monkship) frequent in his attendance at Church, in approaching the Sacraments, &c. Yet, with all his show of piety, some Catholics persist-

ed in believing him a hypocrite, and expressed themselves freely to that effect. In Philadelphia he was married to a young girl, a native of that city, by the Rev. Mr. Barbelin of St. Joseph's Church; who, with many others, could substantiate upon oath, that Leahey's oft-repeated tale about dispensation from vows, and the payment of a large sum of money, &c., is a barefaced fiction. In Philadelphia Leahey published a polemical pamphlet (printed by E. Cummsky) which, on examination, turned out to be nothing else than an imposture. It was, with a few trifling and unimportant changes, a controversial sermon of an English Catholic Bishop (Bp. Baines of Bath) previously printed in England. It was perhaps the disgust occasioned by the discovery of this shameless article, that induced Leahey to leave Philadelphia and direct his course to New Orleans. Here we find him employed as a public watchman and subsequently dismissed for misconduct. Here too it was that he sought in a court of justice to ruin his wife's character by swearing that she held criminal intimacy with a young man (whose name we know, but will not mention) at a time when she was sick of a dangerous illness.—After his pretended recantation to Protestantism, which he made at the hands of the notorious Dr. Berg, he figures as pastor of some church in Albany, over the front door of which he had his name carved in stone. How his connection with that church was dissolved, is a matter over which there hangs some mystery, and we should like to hear an explanation from Leahey or his Northern patrons. Since that time he has taken to the trade of an itinerant lecturer, going about from place to place, at one time on his own account, at another exhibiting in company with two other wretched apostates, Hogan and Giustiani. He has been in almost every city of the Union, delivering lectures of the most indecent kind about the confessional, treading in the footsteps of another profligate apostate (Sparry), and pretending, like him, to translate portions of Catholic Moral Theology for the entertainment of gaping crowds. He is, we believe, in the pay of some Protestant Associations at the North, bodies, as most of our readers are aware, composed of fanatics, Abolitionists, &c. That he was at any time a Monk by profession, we do not believe, nor has the unfortunate man any proof of his ever having been one. The clergy and Catholics of Philadelphia, who were well acquainted with him, never heard from him any intimation of the kind. It is evident, therefore, that he never was a Monk; if he was he either ran away, or was expelled from his order, which circumstance, if true, he would naturally conceal, to the best of his power. There is much of his life, the details of which, however scandalous they may be and ruinous to his reputation, we are unwilling to publish, because we cannot substantiate them in a satisfactory manner; but we shall do so, as soon as documentary evidence reaches us. And we earnestly beg of our cotemporaries of the Northern and Western States to send us whatever evidence may be in their possession or on their files, against this miserable apostate. There are thousands of honest, sensible Protestants who would think of him, just as we do, if suitable evidence could be laid before them. It is a mistake to suppose, that all Protestants will patronize him, merely because of his hostility to the Catholic Church. There are more of our Protestant citizens, than we imagine, who hate fraud and deception, and scorn to see their doctrines upheld by such a vile advocate, as the wretched Leahey. We applaud their honesty, while we admire their good sense and discretion; for if Protestantism cannot be supported without the assistance of such champions, as the obscure Leahey, it must be given up, as untenable and absurd, by every reasonable man.

ANCIENT BLUE LAWS.

(From the New York Freeman's Journal.)

The following are part of the ancient laws of the original American Colonies, not of Catholic origin. They were inspired by orthodox Protestantism in its purity and in its prime:—

"CONNECTICUT HISTORY.

"The Governor and magistrates, convened in general assembly, are the Supreme Power under God, of the independent dominions. From the determination of the assembly no appeal shall be made.

Whoever says there is power and jurisdiction above and over this dominion, shall suffer death and loss of property.

Conspirators, attempting to change or overturn this dominion shall suffer death.

The judge shall determine controversy without a jury.

No one shall be a freeman, or give a vote unless he is converted, and a member in full communion with one of the churches allowed in this dominion.

No man shall hold an office who is not sound in the faith, and faithful to this dominion; and whoever gives a vote for such a person shall pay a fine of 20 shillings for the first offence; and for the second shall be disfranchised.

Each freeman shall swear by the blessing of God to bear true allegiance to this dominion, and that Jesus is the only King.

No Quaker or dissenter from the worship of the established dominion, shall be allowed to give a vote for the election of magistrate or any officer.

No lodging or food shall be offered a Quaker, Adamic, or any other heretic.

If a person turns Quaker, he shall be banished and not suffered to return on pain of death.

No priest shall abide in these dominions—he shall be banished, and suffer death on his return.

Priests may be seized by any one without a warrant. No person shall cross a ferry but with an authorised ferryman.

No one shall run on the Sabbath day, or in the garden, or elsewhere, except reverently to and from meeting.

No one shall travel, or cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair or shave on the Sabbath day.

No woman shall kiss her child on the Sabbath day. The Sabbath day shall begin at sunset on Saturday.

To pick an ear of corn growing in a neighbor's garden, shall be deemed theft.

A person accused with trespass in the night shall be judged guilty, unless he clear himself by oath.

When it appears that an accused has confederates and refuses to discover them he may be racked.

Whoever publishes a lie to the prejudice of his neighbor, shall sit in the stocks to be whipped 15 stripes.

No minister shall keep school.

Whoever brings cards or dice into this dominion shall pay a fine of £5.

A debtor in prison who says that he has no estate, shall be let out, and sold to make satisfaction.

Whoever sets fire in the woods and burns a house shall suffer death; and any person suspected of this crime shall be imprisoned without the benefit of bail.

No one shall read Common Prayer, keep Christmas, or saints' days, make mince pies, play cards, or play on any instrument of music except the drum, trumpet and jewsharp.

No minister shall join people in marriage; the magistrate only shall join people in marriage, as they may do it with less scandal to the Church.

When parents refuse their consent to marriage, the magistrate shall determine the point."

A PARSON IN PETTICOATS.

(From the Boston Herald.)

Rev. Miss Antoinette L. Brown, a graduate from the Theological School at Oberlin, Ohio, was received at the Melodeon, yesterday afternoon, by a crowded congregation, assembled to listen to a discourse from her on St. Paul's doctrine that women should keep silence in the churches.

The Reverend but youthful maiden was conducted to the pulpit by Rev. Theodore Parker; he, however, did not sit beside her, but took a seat with the congregation, leaving the young divine to conduct the services herself, alone.

The dear preacher is apparently 21 years of age. She is slender and genteel in form, and pretty in feature, with a fine expressive face. She wore glossy black hair, neatly arrayed, a close-fitting, high-necked dress that became her vastly, and altogether she made a favorable impression upon the audience by her modest deportment and her pretty face, as well as by her chaste language and logical discourse. If she were to remain in the city and would accept of some loud call, there would be a powerful revival among our young men, and hundreds would come under the influence of the preached word, who now pass the hours of the Sabbath in idle and vain pursuits.

After a voluntary on the organ, the preacher arose very quietly, and gracefully folded her hands in prayer. From this performance it was very easy to discover her theological education. The prayer had the good old puritanical twang about it. It was a perfect daguerrotype of a prayer we have heard scores of times in our Sunday School days, by a good old pious North End Baptist deacon, who would always then, and does now, commence his invocation by thanking God He had established a church on earth.

After the prayer, the young clergywoman read the XIV ch. 1st Corinthians, (there was no choir) in a peculiarly soft, mellifluous voice. Her reading was very correct, clear and distinct. She then announced her text from the 34th and 35th verses of the chapter she had read:

"Let your women keep silence in the churches; for it is not permitted unto them to speak; but they are commanded to be under obedience, as also saith the Lord."

"And if they will learn anything let them ask their husbands at home; for it is a shame for women to speak in the church."

Her bold stand in thus taking the great theological bugbear of St. Paul by the horns, was admirably sustained throughout her whole discourse. She took the position that St. Paul had had bad commentators, and that his language and meaning had been very much distorted by divines, who, from prejudice and education had prejudged the question, and commented on the text to bring it to meet their views. Had she been born a man, she said, she might possibly have thought as they do; but she thanked God she was born on the other side of the question. To illustrate this sentiment, she told a feeling and impressive fable of a bear, who, passing down Broadway one day, saw a picture of a hunter drawing out his knife, reeking with the life blood of his shaggy victim. Ah, Ah! thought the bear, if I was an artist, I could give quite a different view of this subject.

The preacher contended that St. Paul never forbade women to speak in the churches in the sense that commentators contend for. She was forbidden to speak or talk unless she does teach. This was illustrated by the context. Had St. Paul so forbidden, he would have gone contrary to God's own word, who has said, "I will pour out my spirit upon you, and your sons and daughters shall prophesy."

The enchanting divine was particularly severe upon Prof. Stewart, and Dr. Samuel Hanson Cox, who had said that the reason of Paul's prohibition was found in the fact of the universal gullibility and silliness of women. Dr. Cox's idea of womanhood, she thought, might be drawn from his recollections of his mother.

The Rev. charmer paid a handsome compliment to the gallantry of St. Paul. He was, though much abused and slandered, the most polite of all the Apostles, and was far ahead, in social qualities and high appreciation of woman's character, of any of his flippant commentators, either past or present.

The discourse was ably written, handsomely delivered and well received.

Mrs. Folsom was present, of course. After the lecture she regretted that she had not an opportunity to speak from the text. She would have illustrated it differently. A wag who heard her lamentation suggested that she should commence a lecture right off, on the principles of the new letter just discovered. "What is that?" asked Abby. "Why, let'er rip, to be sure." Abby was no such a woman, and declining the invitation, she pursued her way, while the congregation dispersed to their several homes.—Boston Herald.

The poet Moore, we are informed, kept a journal with singular regularity during many years of his life, extending, indeed, from a very early period up to the commencement of his fatal illness. It occupies three volumes of closely written MS., and was always intended by the poet for publication; it will, therefore, we are told, be prepared for the press by Mrs. Moore—who will probably associate with it other documents—as soon as circumstances shall enable her to undertake the labor.—Athenaeum.

MAZZINI.—The Austrian Lloyd's of Vienna, of the 1st ult., says—"We are informed that Mazzini fancies himself in constant danger of being assassinated.—Night and day he has four friends near his person for his protection. He is pale and haggard, eats little, and smokes from 20 to 30 cigars a day."