

crowded to its utmost capacity, and long before the ceremonies commenced, there was not a vacant seat to be obtained. At eleven o'clock Solemn High Mass was celebrated by the Pastor, Rev. E. H. Fitzmaurice, assisted by Fathers Carew and Whitty, as Deacon and Sub-Deacon. After the Gospel, Rev. M. Felan preached an eloquent and instructive discourse, setting forth the beauties of the Christian religion, and its pre-eminence over the Jewish worship, and the privileges and advantages gained by the good Catholic in belonging to the Church of God. The Catholic Church, he said, had borne the changes and persecutions of eighteen hundred years, and though at times the star which guided its onward course seemed clouded and obscured, it was only to break forth anew with redoubled beauty and brilliancy. Her vigor now is as strong, her zeal as unabated, and her faith as unchanged as in the days when the Holy Apostles laid down their lives for her sake. All over the Christian world the same Gospel is preached by her Ministers, the same sacrifice is offered, and the same rites and ceremonies are practiced that were preached and established eighteen centuries ago; and this oneness, this unity of the Church, could not be better explained than by repeating the words of the Holy Apostle: "One Lord, One Faith, One Baptism, One God, and Father of all. To give a synopsis of the learned discourse would occupy too much time. Suffice it to say that it was such as to carry conviction to the unbeliever and comfort and consolation to the Catholic heart.

After Mass, followed the consecration of the burying-ground. Most of the congregation joined in the procession, while with religious awe they listened to the solemn ceremonies of consecration. The church is built on a beautiful eminence, commanding a prospect of the surrounding country for many miles, a fitting place surely for the Church of God, whose duty it is to watch with maternal salvation over her faithful children, and be a beacon and guide to her erring ones. Everything during the day went off to the greatest satisfaction, giving comfort and edification to all present. Too much praise cannot be bestowed on the worthy Pastor, E. H. Fitzmaurice, for his untiring zeal and energy, and well may he congratulate himself and his worthy parishioners in rearing to the service and glory of God such a neat and comfortable structure as that of Moscow.

*Catholic Herald and Visitor, July 27, 1861.*

FOREIGN.

FROM THE ETERNAL CITY.—HEALTH OF THE POPE.—

DESIGNS OF THE CARBONARI—AN ASSASSIN ARRESTED, &c.

ROME, Saturday, July 6th, 1861. I did not write to you last week from want of news; but I hope to compensate you for it in the present letter. I begin with the only good piece of news I can give you, and which I write with full certainty, and that is, the good health which the Holy Father enjoys in spite of the bad news which are endeavored to be spread on that subject by the revolutionists, who have gone to the length of saying that the Pope was subject to frequent fits of delirium, and that preparations are being made for a new conclave. The Pope gives his usual audiences, goes out for his habitual walks, and it seems that he has no further idea of going to Castle Gondolfo, which shows that his medical men no longer see any necessity for a change of air.

I pass on to other news which certainly will not please you; but I perform my duty of correspondent. It seems that the watchword of our revolutionists is to agitate continually. On the evening of St. Peter's Feast, after the usual display of fireworks, or Girandola, while the crowd was returning from the Piazza del Popolo, a transparent picture was illuminated, on the Piazza di San Carlo on the Corso, representing Italy raised up (!) by Victor Emanuel (!!). The picture was placed at a window of a new building, which is in construction, belonging to a certain M. Topi. Two gendarmes who were on that piazza went towards the building to remove the picture. They were hissed and attacked by a mob who stood there ready, and who had begun to set up the usual cries of "Viva Vittorio Emanuele," "Viva l'Italia." The brave gendarmes, nevertheless, managed to climb up the stairs of the building and to remove the picture. But, on returning to the piazza, one of the two, named Velluti, was treacherously wounded in the bowels. The wounded man drew his sword and inflicted on his aggressor a deep cut on the head. Three other gendarmes came up to assist their comrade, and were obliged to make use of their arms. There were a few persons wounded, and among them a French Captain, who, dressed in plain clothes, hissed and stimulated the mob against the Pontifical gendarme. Some French patrols came up and dispersed the rioters. In the telegraphic despatches of

the revolutionary journals, this vile assassination has been called an insurrection! The only consequence, however, has been the death of the brave gendarme, whose solemn funeral took place in the church of San Carlo, where an immense multitude of people attended to respond to the funeral prayers. The revolutionary crime, therefore, only produced a Pontifical demonstration. The assassin was arrested by one of the French patrols, and it seems that he is likely to recover from his wound. His trial is begun, and it seems that this Patriot is the same who was released for want of evidence, after being tried for the assassination of Marco Evangelista, Secretary of the Consulta, or Criminal Court Appeal, which took place in 1850. Such are the men employed by the revolutionary party, and such are the means to which it resorts. It is true that the Roman committee—for there is a secret committee in Rome which has placed itself at the head of the revolutionary movement, and calls itself Roman—has protested in a bulletin that it is free from the stain of this assassination, which must be ascribed to the Mazzini party. The present revolution wishes to be distinguished for Mazzinism. But only gulls can believe in such a distinction. Men who are at present at the head of the revolution are the same who figured in 1848; and even now in the Chambers of Turin a petition has been presented for the recall of Mazzini. I need make but a single observation. The great principle which rules at present (for our present time is a period of negation of all principles) is the deification of success. If the assassination of the 29th of June had led to the result intended by the revolutionists, the committee would have reaped all the fruits of it, and accepted it as its own work. It did not succeed, and no wonder that the committee declares that it had nothing to do with it. If the Sicilian expedition had failed, Cavour would have anathematised it. It succeeded, and Cavour declared himself its author. This fact has been followed by other facts of similar kind. A Pontifical sergeant was wounded at night treacherously. A Pontifical soldier was attacked, in the daytime, by two ruffians, who tore from his breast the Castelfidardo medal. The two assailants were arrested. Stones were thrown a few evenings ago at a Pontifical sentinel, but it has not been found out by whom. Another watchword, more savage still, may be surmised from various incidents which have taken place within the last few days, which evidently cannot be attributed to chance. A large portion of the Caffé Nuovo has been set on fire; a hay storehouse has been burnt down; and, yesterday, the attempt was made to set fire to the Academy of St. Luke, in the large building of the Ripetta. These incendiary acts have a sinister counterpart in the like acts committed, or attempted, within the last few days, at Turin, Genoa, and Modena. All these facts grievously pain the heart of our Holy Father, Pius IX. But two other events have still more cruelly afflicted it. The first is the fact lately occurring at Vienna, which you will see needs no comment. At the procession of Corpus Christi, in which all the nobility in Vienna used to take part, but three gentlemen were seen this year, while on the following day the whole of the Viennese nobility (?) attended a funeral service celebrated in the Synagogue of Vienna for Count Teleki (The Hungarian Protestant suicide). The other most deplorable event is the defection of the Bulgarian Archbishop lately consecrated by the Pope, who, to the great scandal of all the Catholics, has allowed himself in his old age to be corrupted by the gold of Russia, &c. On the day after obtaining the decree of the Sultan recognizing him as the head of the United Bulgarian Church in Constantinople (a decree for which he ordered public and solemn thanks to be rendered to the Almighty), he fled away on a Russian vessel to Odessa. The angelic heart of our Holy Father is then embittered on all sides, and the political horizon becomes ever darker around him. But no! let us not despair, of God's protection. The Pope's cause is His cause. He will see to it.

#### PORTRAIT OF COL. CORCORAN.

We have received from Messrs. Ritchie & Co., publishers, 442 Broadway, a full length portrait of the gallant Colonel of the Sixty-ninth, who is now a prisoner in the hands of the rebels at Manassas. It is an admirably finished steel engraving, and represents the Colonel in his regimentals, while on his left breast is the splendid gold medal which was presented by the citizens of California, as a token of their appreciation of the conduct of the regiment, in refusing to join in the parade in honor of the Prince of Wales.

The engraving is finished in most artistic style, and of the portrait, it is sufficient to say that it is by far the most life-like of any yet published.

"Look here, printer," said an enraged poet, "you have not punctuated my poem at all."  
"Well, sir, I am not a pointer. I'm a setter," replied the printer.

#### Letters from Members of the Sixty-ninth.

*What the Men had to Eat—Effect of the Enemy's Batteries—Fatal Mistake of the Wisconsin Regiment—Strange Incident—The Retreat.*

WASHINGTON, July 22, 1861.

DEAR SIR: I suppose you have full accounts of the battle that was fought yesterday around Bull's Run. I received your last letter just as we were about to start for that place, and the nature of its contents made me answer it immediately with what means I had at hand. I had, as you may imagine, but little time and less materials then, and I sent it by a Priest who had come all the way from Washington to assist our own Chaplain in his duties that evening, and who was to return when the regiment started. The battle was fearful, and the Sixty-ninth did its duty to the last moment. I have come back to Washington this 2 P.M., to recruit a little from the great fatigue I suffered, and you will see by this that my ideas are yet a little confused. We did not move from our camping ground, after all, until 2 A.M. of yesterday, and by daylight we came in sight of the rebel batteries, when we were halted, and disposed to the best advantage for the battle. We were now in the rear of the batteries which were unsuccessfully attacked last Thursday, on the line of a road which led directly to them. The first cannon was fired exactly at half-past six, which was continued without an answer from the rebels until half-past eight, when the fight began in earnest. At eight o'clock we were marched out of the woods where we had laid hidden, to protect our own guns from a charge, and sallied out into the open field, up a steep hill, where a fierce contest was raging between our forces and the rebel infantry. The enemy's guns played on us the moment we broke cover, and we did not reach the desired spot until after a sharp contest; we drove a lot of the enemy out of a wood which we had to pass. Again we were attacked by a small party of skirmishers hidden in an orchard right on the edge of the battle-field, and there we lost three or four men including Captain Haggerty of Company A, who was at the time acting as Lieutenant-Colonel in place of Nugent, who had not sufficiently recovered from the accident he met with to accompany us. When the enemy saw us coming to reinforce our men, they retired to their batteries, which we were then ordered to storm. We had to run over half a mile, with three or four of the batteries throwing shell and grape shot at us, until we got under the hill on which the one that we were to attack was erected. Without a moment's breathing space, we mounted the hill, and, being formed, we marched up to the trenches, and blazed away at the enemy. The fire we there received was terrific, and laid many of our brave boys low. The whole ramparts were every few moments a sheet of flame, and I never expected to see you again in this world.

Twice we were repulsed, and at the third charge the Second Regiment, Wisconsin, which was sent to our aid, fired into us from the rear, mistaking us through the smoke to be the enemy. That, and a charge of rebel cavalry, threw our ranks into confusion, and we were compelled for the third and last time to retire, leaving I should think some four hundred of our comrades dead and wounded on the field. We were engaged from eight A.M. until five P.M., or thereabouts, having had nothing but coffee and crackers the evening before, so you may form some idea of our fatigue. The regiments which had attacked the batteries were nearly all cut up and scattered, and sought shelter in every hole and ravine, from the terrible fire of masked batteries, which then seemed to have sprung up in every clump of bushes. The scene was desperate. Men who had bravely marched to the cannon's mouth, were now seized with panic, and fled in every direction, vainly striving to get out of range of the enemy's guns, which now threw shell and grape in every direction. How I came through it all without a wound could only be by, I might almost say, the direct interposition of the Almighty.

After the regiment was reduced to a few men, I left that scene of carnage, escaped the cavalry, and reached a road, on which hundreds were flying away. I was fatigued almost to death; but still all hurried along to where they hardly knew. At last we struck upon the Centerville road, which was distant probably eight or nine miles, and having reached there, pushed on to Fairfax, fifteen miles or so more. We travelled all night to three A.M., when we reached Falls Church village, where I supposed the rebels could not pursue us; and, at any rate, I could go no further, as I was almost raving with fatigue and thirst, and, throwing myself down on the grass by the roadside along with a comrade, I lay in a sort of a half-dreamy state until daylight when, not being able to hire a horse or wagon, we were again compelled to take the road, and reached the fort about ten or eleven A.M. today. The distance travelled was between thirty-five and forty miles, and after what I went through that day, you will agree with me that I require a little rest. When I arrived at the fort, I found it garrisoned by the Twenty-fifth Albany Regiment, and full of

soldiers who had reached there during the night. Colonel Corcoran had not been heard from; it was thought he had been taken prisoner, until word reached just before I left that he was in Willard's Hotel wounded in the knee. [This is a mistake. He is a prisoner.—Ed. RECORD.]

My first thought after arriving was to telegraph you of my safety; but I found the greatest difficulty in getting across the bridge, double-guards being stationed there, and it was only by discovering that the officer of the guard (who was a Dutchman) did not know that Colonel Corcoran was absent that I succeeded, by presenting a pass from him (the Colonel), so that it was between two and three o'clock before I reached the telegraph office and sent you the dispatch, which I trust you have received. I saw Peter Daly in the fort, all safe. One of the young men who came with me from Mrs. K's was wounded and taken prisoner, or killed, I have reason to fear, after we left the field.

Before going into the fight we were ordered to throw down our blankets and haversacks, which, of course, are all lost. There was nothing of value in the haversack but a revolver, and I can get another one without trouble. Tell your mother that during the fight I lost both the gold dollar and the cross which F— gave me, but how I cannot tell; the chain I found out and the hook broken, so that it may have been by a stray ball, as they whistled all around when we were attacking the battery. I thought I would have had that dollar as long as I lived, but now it is gone, and the cross also. I have a good notion to make Uncle Sam pay for both, only I don't think he is rich enough at present. Perhaps I may yet come across some rebel wearing it, and then there will be a row. I had a good many curiosities for you which I picked up along the march, but lost all save these three papers which I took out of a secessionist's house in Centerville after it was set on fire by our troops contrary to orders.

Yours, &c., J. J. F.

*The Battle at Bull's Run—Masked Batteries and Rifle Pits—Reinforcement of the Confederate Troops—The Fire Zouaves—The Retreat—Kind Treatment by the Twenty-Eighth Regiment.*

FORT CORCORAN, ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, VA., Monday Even, July 22.

DEAR T—: Thanks to God, I am safe, at least for the present. We have had an awful fight. We left here on Tuesday last for Fairfax. Everything went on favorably, the rebels evacuating their camps and trenches on our approach. We encamped the first night at Vienna, and started next morning for Centerville, which we reached that night. We passed through Greenville on our way, where the rebels had erected a breastwork, but we found it deserted. Some of the troops set fire to a couple of houses on Thursday. Our advance came in sight of the enemy strongly entrenched at Bull's Run. General Tyler, who commanded our division, opened fire on them. He sent out skirmishers, and backed them up by a regiment. The rebels kept still until the poor fellows walked right up to a masked battery; they were only about thirty yards from it, and could not see a soul. The battery then opened, and poured in a murderous shower of grape amongst the brave fellows, who stood it manfully. The rebels had rifle pits dug in front of these masked batteries, and all one could see was their heads occasionally. They kept up a raking fire on our troops until they made their retreat. It was now our turn; we were ordered up to cover the retreat. We went at double quick time (about four miles distance). The rebels' guns commanded the road, and when we got within range, how they did pepper us. Fortunately, we were ordered to lie down in the woods; we could not see them at all. Three of our fellows were wounded, and one of the Wisconsin killed—the ball that struck him would have mowed down ten or twelve of our company, had we not been lying down; it passed right over our backs. We were ordered back to Centerville, where we spent two days.

On Saturday evening we had orders to be ready to march at midnight. In the meantime we had been strongly reinforced; and so must have been the rebels, for we could hear the cars running all night bringing troops from all points continually, and their cheers on the arrival of each successive train. I hear they numbered between 75,000 to 100,000 men. Against this army we had to contend with less than half their force, they having all the advantage of position, with innumerable masked batteries, and hidden behind breastworks, woods, and sand pits.

Well, we left our camp at half-past two o'clock on Sunday morning, feeling our way as we went along by throwing skirmishers into the woods each side of the road ahead of us. About five o'clock we found them, when there was pretty smart cracking on both sides, our fellows driving their skirmishers in. We formed in line of battle in a wood, supported by the artillery and a siege gun. We advanced the latter, and let them have a shell as a feeler. In the meantime General Johnston had come up with his whole force to the support of Beauregard, and advanced on our right. We advanced under fire, to the

foot of a hill upon top of which was a masked battery, we could not see farther than about ten yards through the trees on this hill, so thickly was it studded. Well, having been formed, up this hill we started with a cheer that made the woods ring. The enemy allowed us to advance until near the top, when they opened a terrific fire on us, cutting our fellows up like sheep. The Seventy-ninth, Thirtieth (Rochester), and two other regiments (Wisconsin and Ohio) were into it too. We stood it for half an hour alone, having no back whatever, all the other troops having retreated. During this time we made two or three unsuccessful charges to the very mouths of the cannons. We were the last that left our position.

The New York Fire Zouaves fought like tigers, twenty of them went in with us when we charged up the hill, and only two of them came back. We were the only regiment that formed prepared for cavalry on our retreat, all the other regiments running here and there making their escape as best they could. There were officers, privates, regulars, doctors, cavalry, and artillery, in one disordered mass, all running for dear life as fast as they could. The enemy's cavalry were nearing us rapidly. We kept our square retreating by the fourth front until we came to the river that we crossed in the morning, and on the other side of which was a steep hill, when we broke, the cavalry blazing away at us within a dozen yards or two, and cutting all stragglers off. I dashed through the water, over knee deep, holding on to my musket and bayonet, as my surest and only protection, though hundreds threw them away to lighten their heels. I mounted the hill "while you'd say Jack Robinson," and it was then everybody for himself. I got into the wood where we were formed in the morning, and made for the road. Such a sight as this same road revealed to my view I never expected to behold, and never wish to see again in my life. Men, horses, artillery, baggage waggons, all rushing, clattering, tearing along lest the next would be their last moment. Off I started again through the fields, and came upon a farm house, where hundreds of our troops were endeavoring to get a mouthful of water from a well. I thought we were safe here, and had just got a tin cup full, when crack went two or three rifles. The cry of "the cavalry" again arose, and off I started at a rattling pace. I made for another hill (my only safety from cavalry). I plainly saw them on our right striving to cut us off. I overtook our second lieutenant, and told him "to hurry up." "Wait till I tie my shoe," said he. "Your shoe's banged," said I, and off I went again. He is all right, however. I got into the wood and went astray; it was then and then only that I feared I would not get clear from the hounds in pursuit. I knew that the cavalry could not touch me whilst I remained in the wood, but I feared they would cut me off, or that night would fall before I could make out my whereabouts. Fortunately I kept to the right, and struck upon a pathway which I followed, and soon had the satisfaction of getting out on the road a short distance from Centerville, and the same sight presented itself here as that which I witnessed before. The commissary and sutler's wagons were upset on the road, and our fellows availed themselves of the opportunity to get a mouthful or two, of which we all stood much in need. The whole road was strewn with belts, haversacks, caps, blankets, etc. Although we might have halted at Centerville if we liked, as several regiments had arrived there to reinforce us, but too late for the fight, a party of us composed of the Sixty-ninth, Seventy-ninth, Second, New York Zouaves, Wisconsin, and other regiments, under the leadership of Captain Thos. Francis Meagher and Lieut. Hart, of our regiment, continued the retreat all night. Many dropped down on the roadside from sheer exhaustion, and straggled in in twos and threes next day. Lieut. Hart gave me a glass of brandy, which I considered worth a dollar a mouthful. We took the road from Fairfax to Falls Church, and found it blockaded by trees in three different places, one of which was so ingeniously done, that it took us some time to find the road again. We had to walk through a field for some distance. The leaves of the trees that were felled were quite fresh and green, showing that they were not long cut down. We arrived here about five o'clock this morning, after a march of between thirty and forty miles, without scarce anything to eat or drink. The Twenty Eighth Regiment (New York) treated us very kindly. The Colonel came out and ordered his men to prepare all the coffee they could, and gave us all the brandy he had, sending his officers and servants around with it.

I lost my cap in the morning, and came across a washhand basin which done me as well. I looked a picture—my face all blackened with powder and dust, and scratched with brambles and briars, my eyes blood-shot from want of sleep, lame, sore-footed, and stiff, a piece of wet linen across my head surmounted by the tin basin, and limping at the rate of a mile an hour when I reached the fort. I had a look at myself in a glass, and was quite enamoured with my figure-head. Thank God, however, I have got back safe; our regiment was specially favored with His blessing. It is a miracle that we were not cut to pieces, for the enemy's fire was never off us.

We hold our position, as all the places we have taken from here to Centerville still remain in our possession.

Our Colonel is missing; he was wounded, and is supposed to be captured by the rebels. Yours, &c.,

THOS. M'QUADE, Co. F. P. S.—We expect to be home in a few days.

[We are sincerely sorry to hear that our correspondent has sustained serious damage through a railway accident on his way to this city, and now lies in a very precarious state in hospital in Baltimore. We are unable to relate the particulars; but it is certain that one of his legs was caught between two cars and crushed to atoms. We sincerely trust that he will recover from his injuries.—Ed. RECORD.]

*Letter from a Private in the Regiment to his Father—Account of the Gallant Conduct of the Sixty-ninth—Reckless Daring of the Troops while under a Terrible Fire—They Lose their Colors and Retake them Again—The Death of Captain Haggerty, &c., &c.*

The following letter has been received in this city from Alexander Carolin, a private in the Sixty-ninth regiment, to his father, Mr. Denis Carolin, ex-alderman of the Fourth Ward. Private Carolin took part in the entire combat, and was an eye-witness of the death of Captain Haggerty:

PORT CORCORAN, July 28, 1861.

"DEAR FATHER: We had orders to move on Saturday evening at six o'clock from our encampment near Centerville. We did not start until two in the morning. At about five o'clock we reached a place between Bull's Run and Manassas Gap, where we came to a halt. Two Ohio regiments and the Seventy-first of New York were with our column. Our regiment moved about, trying to get the enemy to attack us. We had Sherman's battery with us, besides a battery of rifled cannon. Our column kept up a fire on the woods, on the opposite side of the ravine, a distance of about three-quarters of a mile, trying to find out the masked batteries; but the enemy would not return the fire. About ten o'clock we discovered two batteries, and drove the enemy out. The Sixty-ninth advanced. We went off at a run, but could not overtake the enemy, as they scattered in every direction through the woods. We kept up the run, turned to the right, waded through streams, climbed steep hills, left our battery behind us and out-flanked the enemy, and came on them when we were not expected. The Louisiana Zouaves were doing big damage when we came on them. We gave a yell that could be heard far above the roar of the cannon. We fired into them and charged them with the bayonet. They were panic-stricken, and fled. We covered the field with their dead. Haggerty rushed forward to take a prisoner, and lost his life. The man turned, and shot him through the heart. We drove the enemy before us for some distance, then got into line and had them surrounded. General McDowell came up just then, took off his hat, and said, "You have gained the victory." Our next fly was at a South Carolina regiment. We killed about three hundred of them. After fighting hard for some time, we cleared the field of all the enemy. The enemy again rallying, the real fight then commenced. We were drawn up in line, and saw the other regiments trying to take the masked batteries. They were cut to pieces and scattered. We were then ordered forward to attack the batteries. We fought desperately, but we were cut down. We lost our flag, but took it back again, with the assistance of a few of the Firemen Zouaves, who fought like devils. We charged a second time, but were mowed down by the grape and rifle of the enemy. We came together again to make another charge, but we could not get together over two hundred men. We formed into a hollow square, when we saw the enemy turn out their cavalry, about a mile in length, and the hills all about covered with them, trying to surround us. All the regiments on our side were scattered, and in disorder, except what were left of the Sixty-ninth. The Fire Zouaves had to retreat, leaving a number of wounded on the field. Haggerty's body was laid in a house when we were returning back. Col. Corcoran asked me to assist in carrying back the body, and I accordingly went back. We carried the body for some miles on a door, the shot falling thick around us. We had to leave the body on the road. Col. Corcoran, I hear, was afterwards wounded and taken prisoner. What we could gather together of our regiment marched back to Fort Corcoran during the night. I am trying to get across the river to send you a telegraphic despatch, but the government will not allow any soldiers to cross. I escaped unhurt, although the men on each side and in front and rear were either killed or wounded. I remain, your's affectionately,

ALEXANDER CAROLIN.

**PORTRAIT OF COL. CORCORAN, OF THE SIXTY-NINTH REGIMENT.**

Just published, an elegant full length portrait of COLONEL CORCORAN, in Military costume, engraved on steel from a Photograph from life recently taken in Washington city—the only correct likeness published. Size, 22 by 16 inches. Price, one dollar. RITCHIE & CO., Publishers, 442 Broadway, New York.

**Letter of the Rev. Daniel Wm. Cahill, D.D.,**

TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

UNITED STATES AMERICA, Tuesday, June 18.

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN—The heart grows sick while the mind meditates in agony over the daily painful results of Irish mislegislation. The perfidy of English law is nowhere more demonstrable than in the contrast between the British parchment justice towards Ireland, and the cruel treachery of practical administration amongst the Irish. She holds up for the observation of all civilized nations an attractive programme of political and social jurisprudence to be conceded to the Catholic subjects of Great Britain, while religious hatred and an insupportable persecution are the inseparable adjuncts by which this paper-ordinance is distorted, defeated, and annulled. The white light of the skies, transmitted through vari-stained glass (though in one sense a correct illustration) is still an imperfect image of the practical change and discolorization which alter the character of English statute law, when administered by the varied malice and revenge of the different political and religious parties in Ireland.

In the whole world there is no parallel of the shameless, cold-hearted cruelty of the English Parliament, towards poor suffering Ireland. They tell mankind that the Irish stand on a political equality with the English, while the Irish are deprived (without a crime) of living in their own country. The landlord has the power of life and death over the poor struggling cottier; the parson has the power of defeating in many instances Catholic Education; and (as the Catholic believes) of killing the soul of the defenceless orphan in the poor-house. Foreign people are led to believe from English pamphlets, and English writers, that England shares her legislation, her letters, and her commerce with Ireland; and Ireland has no writer, no pamphleteer in these nations, to publish and contradict this cruel lie by telling the stranger that, on the contrary, England has thrown down the cabins of the poor, has killed the aged by a premature death, has consigned the children to the emaciating, proselytizing poor-house, has banished the youthful vigorous survivors to a foreign country, and has depopulated Ireland of her virtuous Catholic population. It is admitted on all sides that two millions of the Irish race have been cut off since the year 1846 by the legal persecution of England, by sectarian practical animosity, by the culpable results of premature graves, by famine, and by expatriation. These figures and facts are not denied; and England, so far from relenting of this wholesale wicked extinction of the faithful Irish people, glories in her successful social penalties and in our universal banishment.

The poor cottiers of Gweedore are now declared innocent of the Donegal sheep-slaughter; known perjurers are now proved to be the false witnesses in carrying out under Scotch bigots the melancholy, the crying removal of these wronged and persecuted Irish poor. The wretched victims of the Glenveagh whim of an English Biblical are now cleared by all parties of any complicity in the agrarian crimes of that district, and Mr. Adair stands at this moment before all impartial society guilty of having branded, punished, and expelled to the highways two hundred and forty-two men, women and children, without a proof, or even a probable opinion; that these unhappy beings, or any of them, has had share, or connivance, or knowledge of the crime against the servant of this hard hearted Englishman. Other cases of the banishment of the poor from their homes are read weekly in Irish newspapers, making the impression throughout Ireland almost a universal feeling—viz, that there is no security for the food or the life of a poor cottier or laborer in Ireland against souseper malice and landlord exterminating tyranny.

Oh, for some powerful writers at Vienna, at Paris, at Madrid, &c., to publish the atrocious perfidy of England towards Catholic Ireland, and to expose to public view the statue of "Rule Britannia," with the Bible and oaths of justice in one hand, with blasphemy, robbery, and the hangman's rope in the other. England has only to be stripped naked to be abhorred by all mankind for her treatment of Ireland, her libel of the Gospel, and her mockery of justice and of law. Who has ever read of such a perfidious nation performing such religious and political tricks before heaven? England is a Pagan in Hindoostan, a Mahometan in the Ionian Sea, a follower of Knox in Edinburgh, an admirer of Wesley in Wales. England professes in her parliament houses the doctrines of anythingism, everythingism, and nothingism. In Exeter Hall she is a roaring Thaumaturgus, by turns spouting, blaspheming, abusing, praying. She can assume within one month the varied characters of devil and saint, of wolf,

tiger, and sheep. She can act Judas and St. Peter on the same day, and she can read with pleasure on the same Sabbath Tom Payne Straus, and the Canticles. Her religion without the beauty is a perfect ecclesiastical kaleidoscope—she expresses and exposes a new color and a new combination of doctrines at every full moon. Her creed should be called the Dusodoxascopical faith. In her church it is hard to say whether she follows Luther, or Carlostadius, or Melancthon, or Calvin, or Cranmer, in his fall, in his rise, in his return, in his retraction, or his final declaration! And since she has changed this creed several hundreds of times since the days of Elizabeth of blessed memory of 1558, no one living can tell what form of faith she will adopt in the coming year of grace, 1862.

But what signifies her religious versatility in comparison of her political varieties. England is Monarchical in London; Republican in Washington; Revolutionist in Naples; Cantonist at Berne, and Beelzebub at Rome. She is commercial at New Orleans, Patriot at Monte Video; and she is Dyonisius and Alaric in Ireland. From the commencement of the reign of Elizabeth till the present moment, no nation has ever been more successful in military and naval conquests, in the mechanical arts, in commerce and colonization. Her flag has been ubiquitous, her sword electric, her rush to the conflict irresistible, and her shout of victory has always rolled with the majesty of the thunder. She has spread all over the wide world her civilization, and her literature and her arts; but she has also lifted everywhere the standard of Luther and infidelity. She has been great in war and discovery; but she has been powerful too in irreligion, in unbelief, in believing the cross; and in corrupting the Gospel. England would be incomparable had she lived before Christ; she would make a splendid Pagan power; she would rival Alexander, or Tiberius; but her creed, losing a little of the ancient belief every year, is like the Tarpeian Rock, it will soon be level with the surrounding surface, and leave no traces behind to show its ancient massiveness and elevation.

Oh, for a Shakespeare to dramatise the demon policy of England towards suffering Ireland. Oh! for some Irish Scott to leave to posterity a lasting history of the treachery, and the bribery, and the seduction of England against faithful Ireland; and then the terrors, the persecutions of England when defeated in corrupting the virtue, and changing the spotless faith of the invincible, moral Irish nation. England has, these three hundred years past, offered to give us lands and leases in perpetuity if we would deny the Altar, and the poor Catholic resisted with scorn. England has offered to give us place, and power, and emolument, if we would cease to call the priest by the name of father; and the poor Catholics refused with contempt, saying they would die for the priest, their father. England has often offered to give us draughts of wine in cups of gold if we would spit on the cross, and raise Lutheran colors on our old Catholic churches, and the poor undaunted Irish Catholic answered, in boiling indignation, that for all the gold in the world he would not deny Christ, or forswear the cross for all the honors of the palace, for all the riches of the earth. Oh, the faithful Irish Catholic! the noble poor Irish! the invincible, the loving, the grateful, the devoted poor Irish Catholic!

At this moment, in this moment of American war, of fallen commerce, of prostrate trade, of the want for labor, the poor Irish male and female are here idle and penniless. Their miserable condition is a further commentary on the cruel legislature of England. The Irish cottier is expelled by the clear admitted tyranny of the landlords; he is banished here to avoid starvation of the Irish poorhouse—admitted facts by all parties,—and now he is here, idle and penniless, and has nowhere to turn for relief. His cabin is levelled at home, and he is driven to the emigrant ship for life; then here in America he is turned at present from every door, and driven back for existence. He is hunted like a wild beast from Ireland, and is driven back again in distress. His pursuers chase him from the valley to the sea, and distress forces him back even to the levelled walls; and thus England will not extend to the perishing, noble Irish the benefits of even Martin's act, namely, "Cruelty to Animals." But there is a Judge above us in the skies, our Father, who beholds the sufferings of the Irish, and hears their moans for relief; and who must and will in his own good time come to the aid of a people who have for his sake exhausted the cruelty of a wicked nation, and have drunk persecution to the very dregs for the maintenance of the national honor and national faith.

Your faithful countryman,  
D. W. CAHILL.

**Imperial French Visitors in New York.**

Prince Jerome Napoleon and his consort, the Princess Clothilde, arrived in the Prince's yacht, on Saturday afternoon, the 27th inst., at this port.

On the following Sunday the Prince and suite attended Mass at St. Stephen's Church. It is not known how long they will remain in the city, but it is believed that they will soon visit Washington.