

LETTER OF THE REV. DR. O'HILL TO HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY NAPOLEON THE THIRD, PALACE OF THE TUILERIES, PARIS, Monday, July 15, 1861.

Rome, Oneida County, United States, America, Monday, July 15, 1861. Conqueror and captive of the Earth art thou!

Oh! more or less than man—in high or low— Battling with nations—flying from the field— Now making monarchs necks, thy footstool, now More than thy meanest soldier, taught to yield.

IMPERIAL SIRE—These thrilling and heroic lines, written by Lord Byron on your uncle's character and fate, should be studied by your Majesty as a text for your daily instruction.

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dereed the Pope's subjects, who stood in defence of their Master's property, an army of eight thousand assassins, in a single day, pulled the blood of Irish children from the veins of the Pope's subjects.

From these premises, Sire, which I have taken pains to argue at some length, with historical candid accuracy, I believe it will be very difficult for you to stand before Europe, to expose your naked heart, and to declare in honourable transparent sincerity that you are the friend of the Pope, while you are the supporter of his deadly enemy.

Victor Emmanuel, his son-in-law, your happy cousin, and Cavour have surrounded the Pope like a family of pickpockets: they rob him in open day; they hand the spoil adroitly from hand to hand to the robbers' den at Turin; while you, the head of the gang, proclaim at the tip of your voice, that you are not one of the party; although the keys of the gates of Ancona are seen hanging up in your office; and the duplicate of the Pope's temporal crown is placed amongst the regalia of the Tuileries.

Your Majesty is most inconsistent in your present career—preaching peace and making war—publishing liberty while fomenting revolution—advising order, while evoking the very whirlwind of social sedition—lecturing on free universal suffrage, under the lighted matches of your artillery—advocating democracy with an oath, while seizing a crown, in the teeth of your solemn sworn promise to God and man, crushing the Druses, while imprisoning the Catholic bishops—the friend of the Sultan, while the enemy of the Pope—kneeling before the Cross, while fettering the limbs of Christ—hatched in an eagle's nest, yet a vulture full grown!

SPLENDID MILITARY MADMAN. If you, Sire, persevere in your political programme you will soon be designated by the title of your uncle. Those who seem to unravel your enigmatical character, and to solve your incomprehensible profundities, assert, that all but the day is fixed by you for the conquest of Venice! Again, they say you have settled on the expedition for adjusting the boundaries of the Rhine! Again, it is rumoured that the lineal descendant of the Moscow genius, will go on an adventure to the old Pays Bas, and restore Belgium and Holland, the old French Netherlands, to the Gallic crown.

Shall we, who have overthrown the despoiler of our fields, the robber of our cities, the destroyer of our children; shall we who have beaten down the Lion, and chained him in his lair; shall we now lay by our lances, and permit the Wolf to trace the same fell track, and spread desolation over our fair kingdoms?

Sire, at your leisure ponder on these most certain resolutions, and be prepared for a catastrophe most justly due to a career of deceit and terror—never making one solid friend; or leaving behind one solitary permanent act of social, political, or religious advantage.

are removed or expelled, the capital is not safe. Yes, you are continually elating in those who ignore the Bonaparte conspiracy, that you are the protector of Italian politics, that you are the protector of the Pope. What a farce to enact in the face of Europe! whereas you have beaten away the guards, permitted the robber (your ally) to seize the neutral territory; and still you have the incredible effrontery to tell Europe that you are the sentinel of the Vatican.

While your hired press in France and your slavish journals in Italy are parading your greatness, and the solidity of your throne, I do believe, from the clear statistical facts of France, that you are at this moment the very weakest personal monarch in Europe. I firmly believe you sit on the most brittle, fleeting throne of modern times.

All the Legitimists are, of course, banded against you; and bear me. You know that I know France intimately and well. Here me, Sire—You have at least fifty thousand armed men—Legitimists to the heart's core, to the death, who would in forty-eight hours take the field against you if there was a chance of success at present.

There are, I believe, eleven millions of martyrs buried within the circuit of the old Roman city: the clay is sacred fifteen feet deep—tread lightly on this clay grave; and do not touch one white hair on the venerable head which occasionally berds there in prayer over the tombs of Peter and Paul.

Sire, do not earn the ignominy of having your historic name placed in the same page with Julian the Apostate and Henry of England; let your honored epitaph be written on a monument undefiled by the charges of perfidy, plunder, or sacrilege.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE. On Thursday, July 25, the Conductor Bishop of Limerick, the Right Rev. Dr. Butler, was solemnly consecrated in the Cathedral of the diocese.

The Galway Soudy.—The London correspondent of the Freeman's Journal says:—"Mr. Malcolms, Mr. Samuel Gurney, M.P., and Mr. Vallance had an interview on this day (Saturday) with Lord Palmerston for the purpose of ascertaining the intentions of the government in reference to the Galway subsidy.

The PRINCE OF WALES.—On Saturday the Prince of Wales, accompanied by General Bruce, Mrs. Bruce, and Colonel Keppel, sailed for the Duke of Leinster's residence at the Camp Hill, near Newbridge, where he was met by the Duke, whose carriages were waiting to convey his Royal Highness and suite to Carton.

The Prince attended divine service yesterday at the parish church of Maynooth, whence the news of his presence attracted a great crowd. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Blacker, the rector of the parish.

The Ultra-Protestants are scandalized at the Prince of Wales visiting Maynooth on Sunday and being so friendly with Archbishop Cullen. They wonder by whose artful contrivance it was that Maynooth College should be the first public institution favored by His Royal Highness with a visit.

THE NORTHERN WHIG.—The Lord Lieutenant has issued a proclamation, revoking the proclamation of certain parts of the county of Armagh under the Crime and Outrage (now called the Peace Preservation Act).

NO CRIME IN A PROCLAIMED COUNTY.—The summer assizes of the county Louth did not look at all like what people imagine an assizes to be. It was maiden—no crime perceptible; no criminal rearing his head in the dock; no bills sent to the grand jury; no petty jury sworn; no trials, no sentences; it is the first time in the memory of many living persons that such a tale could be told of the assizes in this county; but we trust it is not the last.

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INTERESTING DISCOVERY OF HUMAN REMAINS NEAR MACHON.—On Friday, as some laborers were excavating a gravel bank at Firville, the property of Henry Harding, Esq., they opened a cove at a depth of five feet from the surface, in which they found a quantity of human bones, together with the bones of a horse.

The extraordinary libel case of Father Lavelle against Lord Oranmore has eventuated in a verdict for the plaintiff, with costs. The damages assessed against Lord Oranmore, who has only £1000, are £1000.

HARVEST PROSPECTS.—The Evening Post concludes a long inquiry into the state of the crops in Ireland by saying:—"Our harvest reports from various parts of Ireland are for the most part of a satisfactory character. Wheat is reported rather thin on the ground, and has been in some instances damaged by the rain, but in backward meadows and aftergraze the rain has been serviceable. We hear comparatively little of potato disease, unless in the shape of rumour. Indeed, it is our belief that the blight is becoming less every year."

REPRESENTATION OF KERRY.—It is stated, and with apparent authority, that an election of a representative for Kerry is not by any means a remote contingency. It is said that the honor of the peerage is about being conferred on Colonel Herbert, who, as it is known, is soon to enjoy the privilege of entertaining Her Majesty at his splendid residence at Muckross.

THE SUDEN RECALL OF THE CHANEL FLEET has surprised everybody, and been a sad disappointment to many. The Mayor of Derry had invited the officers to a public dinner in the Corporation-hall, and the people of Belfast were looking with eager expectation to the appearance of the fleet in their own Lough, when the last of the ships was observed to weigh anchor on Monday morning, and sail for Plymouth.

FATHER LAVELLE AND THE NATIONAL PRESS.—In point of fact, his exposure of the Souper system during his two great trials at Galway, not to speak of his other efforts against rampant landlordism and the proselytizing mania in Connaught, has done more to open the eyes of upright, conscientious Protestants than all that has been written or spoken on the subject since the Exeter Hall fanatics first planned their Fenian campaign.

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