OUR "POLITICAL PESTILENTIAL PARSON" AGAIN.

Bishop McGill, the impious Catholic prelate who holds away over the faithful in this city, and who aspires to be considered the infallible interpreter of the Almighty's dispensations to communities and to individuals, seems determined, if he can, to acquire an infamous notoriety, and to make himself stink (if he does not already) in the nostrils of the people of this commonwealth. Not satisfied with once outraging the convictions and sensibilities of the public, by his ruthless and wholesale attack upon the protestant feeling of the land, and his daring impiety in attributing the pestilence at Norfolk and Portsmouth to the "sin of Know Nothingism," he is moved again and still again to repeat his reckless conjectures and assaults, and to increase to rejoice at the abhorrence and disgust with which they are viewed by an enlightened and christian community. Disciplined to insensibility himself, he imagines that all other men are similarly constituted, and look upon the terrible visitations that smite men afflict their neighbors and friends as a thing not worthy to call forth their sympathies, but a thing only to mock at and to sport with. Once, twice, thrice has he declared and yet again declares in language not to be misunderstood, and in the face of a whole people in distress and affright at the mysteriously marked of a scourge that lays in the grave its hundreds in the moment, that to the sin of Know Nothingism is to be imputed all this suffering, bereavement, and death. We hardly have the patience to contemplate the revolting cruelty, to say nothing of the horrid impiety, and his priestly assertion. Is there nothing due to the feeling of an afflicted and suffering people? Suppose Bishop McGill *does* believe that the fearful epidemic at Norfolk is caused by the belief of its people in the doctrine of Know Nothingism, is this the time or this the occasion in which to announce that opinion? Is the hour of pain, distress and death the time to remind even a sinner of his sins? To torture him by exhibiting them right before his eyes and in his care? Is the time, when sympathy and consolation are most necessary and most appropriate, the best time to laugh in the face of the sick and dying, and taunt and pain them with a cruel reference to their past offences against Heaven and "the true Church?" Is this Bishop McGill's method of administering consolation to departing spirits? Does he say to them at such an hour—you are sick and suffering because of the commission of *this* sin, and you are dying and bound to be damned because of the commission of *that* sin! Is this, most reverend, holy and God-like Bishop, the manner in which you practically apply your doctrine of "extreme unction?" If so, your Reverence deserves the tortures, the deaths, and the hell-penalties your goodness and piety would inflict upon all heretics. In truth, sir, we believe that you deserve to suffer the agonies of the lost even in this world, and to have them enhanced tenfold in the world to come—if for nothing else for the utterance of that heartless and abominable sentiment of yours at the time and under the circumstances you did utter it. Yet you call us a *viper*—yourself a sort of a saint. We may expect to hear you say next that if *allowed* you will be insolent to call God the Devil, and the Devil God. There is really, sir, no limit to what you call your party. It is equally at home in heaven or hell, in earth or purgatory.

Turning from a consideration of the peculiar and afflicting circumstances under which "John Mc'Gill, Bishop of Richmond," thought proper to announce an opinion which all good and sensible men everywhere, equally with ourselves condemn and abhor, we inquire in what respect he has vacillated himself by his letter of a recantation's length in Saturday's Inquirer. Does he retract the atrocious sentiment? Does he modify it in any particular? Does he make any apology or excuse for uttering it *at the time he did?* Does he in any wise relieve himself of the suspicion, believed by all well-grounded, that he spoke it with a special view to influence the political convictions of his hearers, and to excite unworthy prejudices against a great political party? Not at all—none of these things does he do or attempt to do. On the contrary, he satisfies himself with a repetition, more emphatic than ever, of the impious and abominable sentiment he dealt out on Thanksgiving day. He still says that, "*if allowed* to judge," he would "select the sin of Know Nothingism" as "*the sin of our day*, most likely to bring down the anger of heaven"—that he is "aware of no sin more likely to provoke heaven," &c. And, *if allowed*, he would be *inclined* to impute the Norfolk calamity to the sin of Know Nothingism. And yet this learned Theban and saintly wag is pleased to continue his complaints of misrepresentation and misunderstanding on our part, because, we quote his own language, and give it the only reasonable interpretation that it is susceptible of. And what must strike the reader as passing strange, if not ineffably mean and unworthy in a man who occupies, but cannot be said to adorn the pulpit, is that he tries to produce the impression upon the mind of the reader that he did not say and does not believe what he has three times asserted and still reiterates. But there is a way known to all to detect cowardice, falsehood and evasion. Bound by no higher motive and by no higher principle of action than the impulse of the moment, he will be inclined