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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JULY 16, 1852.

We most earnestly request of our Subscribers to remit to us, without delay, the amounts due to this Office.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The topic of all-engrossing interest, during the past week, has been the action of Achilli, the great champion of Protestantism—v. Newman, for libel. It will be remembered that the latter repeated, during a course of lectures delivered last autumn, the statements of the *Dublin Review* against the moral character of Achilli; statements which for nearly two years the plaintiff allowed to remain unchallenged and uncontradicted. On Monday, 21st ult., the long expected trial took place in the Court of Queen's Bench, before Lord Campbell, and a special jury, and resulted as, from the beginning, it had been foretold, that it would result—in the establishment of these two facts—firstly, that Achilli is about the most beastly profligate that ever disgraced humanity—secondly, that it is in vain for a Catholic to look for honor, truth, or justice, from a Protestant judge, or a Protestant jury.

We have devoted a considerable portion of our columns to this interesting trial, and though a great part of the evidence is too obscene—as indeed is but natural, seeing that it relates to Achilli—to lay before our readers, we have given enough to show them that every important charge made against Achilli, by the *Dublin Review*, and by Dr. Newman, has been fully substantiated in every detail, and by the most unexceptionable evidence—by witnesses of different nations, of different religions, and of all ranks in society—by poor Italian peasants, by learned professors, by English Protestant gentlemen in the public service—by Protestant clergymen, and by British noblemen, all of whom were subjected to the most searching and rigorous cross-examination, and not one of whom broke down, on any single point.

The charges of seduction, of lewdness, and of bestiality, against Achilli, whilst a Priest in the Catholic Church, were sworn to by the victims, and eye-witnesses of the filthy wretch's abominations. Much against the inclination of Lord Campbell, the sentence of the holy Inquisition was put in as evidence; from this it appeared that Achilli, having been accused before that tribunal of various acts of lewdness and bestiality, acknowledged himself guilty of all the crimes laid to his charge, throwing himself upon the mercy of the court; and that, in consequence, said Achilli was degraded, and declared to be for ever incapable of performing any of the functions of a Priest in the Catholic Church. The production of this all-important document was, of itself, sufficient to establish the truth of every one of the charges made by the *Dublin Review*, and by Dr. Newman.

Next, through the evidence of Wm. Reynolds, Esq., an English Protestant gentleman, for many years in her Majesty's service, as Collector of Customs, and Inspector of Health at Zante, we are enabled to trace the progress of this lewd priest—this apostate monk—this "profligate under a cowl," under a new aspect—that of an evangelical Protestant minister. Having managed to escape from the Convent, in which he had been ordered to be confined, by the sentence of the Inquisition in 1841—we find Achilli figuring at Zante in 1844, as a minister of the Gospel, in company with a notorious prostitute of Cephalonia, and her husband, a chorus singer. The Protestants of Zante got up a meeting-house for Achilli, and set him up in trade as a gospel preacher; but, to the great disgust of Mr. Reynolds and the other Protestant gentlemen of the island, Achilli, not content with living in a state of concubinage with the prostitute whom he had imported from Cephalonia, had actually the impudence to give her a situation as door-keeper in the chapel, and to provide for the beast her husband, by making him his clerk, and setting him to sing psalms. In consequence of these outrages upon decency, Mr. Reynolds, and the other English Protestants of Zante, ceased to be members of Achilli's congregation. All these facts, be it remembered, were proved by Englishmen, and Protestants.

In 1846, we find Achilli at Malta, as Italian Theological teacher in St. Julian's Protestant College; amongst his pupils were two apostate priests—Saccarres and Leonini, against whom were advanced charges of adultery, and habitual immorality. An investigation was ordered by the committee in London, of which Lord Shaftesbury was chairman—Lord Waldegrave and other noblemen, members: Achilli, who was implicated in the charges against his pupils—in fact, from the evidence of Dr. Bonavia, Professor in the same Institution, it appears that, during the professorship of Achilli, St. Julian's Protestant College at Malta, was turned into the Protestant brothel of Malta—naturally dreaded enquiry; he, therefore, in order to prevent an investigation, which would have been fatal to himself, dismissed Saccarres on a mission to Sicily, whereby, in the words

of the Rev. Alexander Watt, a Protestant Clergyman, formerly Clerical Secretary to the same College, "the ends of justice were defeated." Having thus stifled enquiry, Achilli felt that the climate of Malta would soon be too warm for him, and therefore, to avoid being kicked out of his situation, he bolted, and came to London, where he was politely informed by the Lord Shaftesbury's Committee—"that, having abandoned his post, the engagement with him was virtually terminated by his own act;" in fact, the committee was glad to get rid of such an infamous scoundrel.

Arrived in London, Achilli started in business as a gospel-monger on his own hook; he set up a preaching shop, and was extensively patronised by the fools and bigots of Exeter Hall; for a time he seemed to be doing a very flourishing business; but he spoiled all by over advertising. He would publish a book against the Inquisition, and the Church, and the Pope, and the Clergy, and the Religious Order, from which he had been ignominiously kicked out. This called forth reprisals—"Who is this Achilli?" men asked. In reply, we had a full, true, and particular account of Achilli and his antecedents, in the *Dublin Review*. This silenced the pious evangelical minister, who seems about this time to have chiefly directed his energies to seducing all the servant girls, whom he could manage to decoy into his house, offering, at the same time, to the victims of his lust, nice little Tracts such as "Come to Jesus"—(vide evidence.) In this quiet and blameless manner, his days allotted, partly to gospel preaching, and partly to uncleanness, Achilli's life glided happily and noiselessly by, till at last, the ire of our libidinous man of God was provoked by Dr. Newman's lectures, and, in a rash moment, he was induced, relying upon the notorious partiality of Protestant judges, and juries, to rush into court, and be revenged of his adversary. Such is a brief outline of the history of Achilli, as proven in evidence before the Court of Queen's Bench.

"What, then, was the verdict of the jury?" Our Catholic readers need hardly ask; that trifling matter had been arranged before the meeting of the court. With a judge, like Lord Campbell, could there be any doubt as to the verdict? Had we not a specimen of the regard that Protestant jurymen have for their oaths, in the acquittal of the Protestant prostitute, Miss Adams, in the Hammersmith affair? Need we then be surprised that the jury, though, like every one else, fully convinced of Achilli's guilt, and of Dr. Newman's innocence of libel—have deliberately perjured themselves; and that acquitting Achilli, with whose vices they could sympathise, they have condemned Newman, whose virtues must be hateful in their eyes. But, thank God, the verdict of a corrupt jury—the sentence of an unjust judge, are of little consequence. Public feeling in England has been strongly pronounced, and acquitting Dr. Newman, has condemned his opponent. From all respectable society—we do not mean from the society of Evangelical and Dissenting Ministers, but from the society of all gentlemen—Achilli is forever excluded. Private letters from Protestants, residing in London, mention the fact—that the disclosures made upon the late trial have been so damaging to the character of Achilli, that all his former patrons who have any regard to their own reputation have disowned him; that at ladies' parties, and at soirées, where he was once fêted as the lion of the day, he is no more to be seen; and that, in fact, none but the lowest of the low—the vilest of the vile will, henceforth, associate with the profligate minister of the Gospel. The most rabid of the Protestant press in London have declined the task of defending the character of Achilli; they see too well the hopelessness of the job; the blackamoor is too black ever to be washed white.

The *Times* asks—"How comes it that a man, suspected in the relations of private life, subjected to penalties, which would have been but a feeble retribution for his alleged vices and crimes, has only to escape from the prisons of the Inquisition, and to inveigh with sufficient bitterness and pungency against the head of a Church in which he was educated, in order to conciliate for himself at once the friendship, the respect, and the affection of the Protestant party in religious and moral England? How comes it that, to denounce the Pope and the Inquisition, supersedes the necessity of inquiry, of caution, and of probation. . . . Let his past life have been as suspicious as it may, the single merit of conversion supersedes the necessity of inquiry. Such a man is selected, above all others, to preside over the education of the young and pure, and to teach a religion, his belief of which is taken on trust. Thus it comes, through the singular want of judgment, and less singular, but more deplorable, itching for novelty of our pre-eminently Protestant leaders, that the defence of the doctrines of the Reformation has been, for a moment, identified with the career of a private person, who has, at any rate, the misfortune to be the object of very numerous accusations."

The proceedings in Parliament present little of interest. Upon the motion of Lord Naas, the second reading of the Crime and Outrage (Ireland) Bill was read a second time, and passed through committee. Mr. Horsman, satisfied with having established the principle, that the House of Commons is a "parliamentary tribunal qualified to take cognizance of Ecclesiastical offences," announced his intention of allowing his motion, against her Majesty's Bishop of Bath and Wells, to drop.

The opinion of the *Spectator*, and others of the liberal press, with respect to the Royal Proclamation prohibiting Catholic Ecclesiastics from putting on what kind of coats and breeches they think fit, is, that it was a very uncalculated measure, and one not calculated to reflect any credit upon the ministry that counselled it. Everybody knows that, since 1829, the clause in the Relief Bill, which denounces Catholic vestments, has been allowed to remain a dead letter;

that no breach of the peace has thence ensued; and that the reasons stated in the proclamation, as having necessitated its publication, are false, and utterly without foundation; every body, therefore, sees at once that its publication is nothing but a dirty electioneering dodge; a servile, truckling bid for the most sweet breaths of the Protestant and No-Popery rabble. In Ireland the effect of the publication of this proclamation, promises to be highly favorable to the cause of the Church. It has not increased, for that was impossible—the hatred which every true Irishman, and Irish Catholic, must bear to the alien Government of Great Britain, that has so long, incubus-like, oppressed his unhappy country; but it has convinced all Irishmen, and Catholics, of the necessity of laying aside all other considerations, for the one great object of opposing the insolent Derby Administration. Irish Members of Parliament will have but one duty to perform in the ensuing Session—(God grant them honesty and courage to perform it) and that is, to resist every legislative measure—to render all government impossible—to act as a drag or dead-weight, upon the progress of the British Legislature until the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill be repealed, until the Derby Royal Proclamation be forced down the lying throats of its authors—and until full justice be rendered to Irishmen and Catholics.

The *Western Star*, speaking of the exodus of the people from the Province of Connaught, says:—"There is no doubt that, in a few years more, if some stop is not put to the present outpouring of the people to America, and latterly to Australia, there will not be a million of the present race of inhabitants to be found within the compass of the four provinces; from the West they are flying in hundreds." Wherever they go, one thing they will carry with them, and transmit to their children, and to their children's children, undying hatred of Britain and British rule which has driven them into exile, and rendered them outcasts on the face of the earth. Surely, though long delayed, the day of 'Ireland's opportunity' will come at last.—Amen.

The colonists of Australia have pretty plainly expressed their dissatisfaction with the meddling conduct of the Imperial Parliament: they declare that it ought not to have the power of interfering in the administration of the internal affairs of the colony; and that to themselves should be left the administration of the revenues arising from the sale of their public lands. We don't think that the inhabitants of Australia will much longer deem it necessary to apply to the British Parliament for permission, or for instructions how, to manage their own affairs.

The following is the summary of the news by the *Arctic*:

The first session of the *Corps Legislatif* was closed on Monday the 28th ult.; a message from the President, couched in the most conciliatory terms, was well received.

It appears certain that the British government is determined to persevere in the course of persecution it has adopted; it seems equally clear that the Catholics of Ireland are determined to set their oppressors, and their rascally edicts, at defiance—more power to them. On the Festival of S.S. Peter and Paul, Paul Cullen, late Archbishop of Armagh, was enthroned as Archbishop of Dublin;—may God grant him long to preside over the Archiepiscopal See to which he has been appointed.

There is a rumor that an attempt was made upon the life of the Emperor of Austria, whilst at Grosswarden, near Pesth, but that the assassin, having missed his aim, immediately blew out his own brains.

THE LATE FIRE.

The fire having destroyed the greater part of the St. Louis Suburbs, the Episcopal buildings, and a considerable number of houses on the eastern side of St. Denis street, it was hoped that the fury of the destroyer was satiated, and that the remainder of the city might be rescued from his grasp. This hope was destined to be disappointed. At about eight o'clock on Thursday evening, the flames seized upon the stables in the rear of the Hays' House, and in a few minutes that splendid building, and the handsome row of houses in Dalhousie square were on fire. It was at once evident that the Quebec Suburbs were doomed to destruction. Skipping two or three houses at the head of St. Mary street, on rushed the flames, like a mighty river, with a fury which nothing could resist. All that man could do was done: houses were blown up in several directions, but all was in vain; it was too late. Till Friday forenoon, the fire was lord and master of the city, and ceased then, not because it was extinguished, but because nothing more was left for it to consume. The number of houses destroyed is estimated at from 1,500 to 2,000, and about ten or twelve thousand persons have been driven forth, and left houseless and destitute upon our streets. Amongst the houses destroyed in the Quebec Suburbs, was the building used as the St. Patrick's Hospital. At an early hour the sick had been removed, and, thanks to the exertions of the Irish population, who were animated by the heroic example set them by their clergy, and the good Sisters of the Providence Convent,—to whose care the St. Patrick's Hospital has been hitherto confided—during the night the patients were conveyed to the Hotel Dieu, and the greater part of the property of the Hospital was saved. The total value of property destroyed by the fire on the 6th ult., and that on the 8th inst., cannot be short of half a million, and, most likely, exceeds it.

Having thus given a brief sketch of the effects of the fire, we will say a few words upon the causes of the fearful calamity with which our city has been visited, and endeavor to show how far the present Corporation is responsible for the consequent destruction of property, and the sufferings entailed upon many of our fellow-citizens.

The extent of the conflagration of Thursday may be attributed to four principal causes—

1st. The nature of the materials of which the houses, in a great part of the destroyed quarter of the city, were composed. By an ancient ordinance, the erection of wooden houses, or the covering them with shingle, was prohibited; for years this wise law has been allowed to lie dormant, and for this the Corporation of Montreal is, in a great measure, to blame. But when we say the Corporation of Montreal, we don't mean the men who are in office to-day; the fault was not their's, but their predecessors'.

2nd. The extreme heat and dryness of the weather, and the strong westerly breeze, that was blowing at the time—for this cause the Corporation is, certainly, not responsible.

3rd. The want of water in the early part of the day—and, indeed, during the whole time that the conflagration lasted. For this want the Corporation of Montreal is clearly responsible. But, again we say, that it would be most unjust to attribute the whole of this blame to the present occupants of office. The Corporation is, indeed, to blame; years ago it was its duty to have introduced a sufficient supply of water into Montreal; and it did not do its duty—for this the present occupants of office are not responsible; the disgrace of this neglect of duty, and the consequent responsibility for the late calamity belong, chiefly, to their predecessors. It is but fair to say that the present men have done more to introduce water into the city than has ever been done by any of those their predecessors, who would be glad, to-day, to escape their fair share of blame, by laying it all on the backs of the present occupants of office. It seems, however, that, on Thursday morning, the water had been turned off from the reservoir in Sherbrooke street, in order to carry into execution some necessary repairs. This was, perhaps, imprudent; and yet it must be borne in mind that, owing to the defective state of the Montreal Water Works, and to the fact, that there is no spare reservoir in which the water may be collected, whilst the other reservoir is being cleaned, or repaired, it is sometimes necessary to let the water off. We are not sufficiently well acquainted with the circumstances, to be able to offer an opinion as to whether that necessity did, or did not, exist on Thursday morning.

4th. There was, however, a far greater want than the want of water—and that was, the want of a man. Had there been a single man in authority, with a head on him, to give instructions, to direct, to authorise the pulling down, and blowing up, of houses at the proper point, and at the proper time, the fire might, perhaps, have been stopped at Sanguinet street, but most certainly would never have been allowed to cross St. Denis street, and to destroy the Quebec Suburbs. But no—there was no organisation—no energy—no unity of action; and, for this disgraceful confusion, the Corporation, and its members, are most certainly responsible. We conclude all under the same condemnation: many may have been most active—nay, all may have been most active, as individuals, but not one did his duty as a Civic Officer, to whom the safety of the city was, for the time being, confided. We shall be told that this member of the Corporation was very active here—and that another worked most strenuously there—all very true, perhaps; but that is not what is expected of the authorities in a moment of danger, like that on Thursday. The courage and conduct required of a General, are of a very different order from what are required of the common soldier. What was wanted on Thursday was a man with a head to direct; there were plenty of men with hands to work; but, as Napoleon used to say, "In war, men are nothing—a man is everything." Now, most certainly, on Thursday, "a man" we had not got—no, not one. It is but just to add that our Mayor, who, on many occasions, has given proof of his energy and determination, was absent at Quebec; he returned on Saturday morning.

Whilst, therefore, we cannot but blame the want of energy of our Civic authorities, justice compels us to acknowledge the activity and incessant zeal of the same authorities, for the relief of the sufferers, since the fire. Tents were immediately procured—the sheds were thrown open—and provisions distributed, at once, so that by Friday evening, we believe every person in Montreal was under some kind of shelter—for this activity the Corporation and authorities deserve all praise. On Saturday a meeting was held, nominally, to take into consideration the situation of the poor, and to devise means for their relief—really, to rate the Corporation for their shortcomings. The Mayor was in the chair, and a long series of resolutions were passed—very useful things in themselves, no doubt, only unfortunately you can't make good soup out of resolutions. Noble sentiments, too, were uttered, very noble and patriotic sentiments, but of no use to those who had no bread to eat, or beds to lie upon: still it was a fine meeting, and if there wasn't much work done, there was a lot of talk.

Government has placed a sum of £2,500 at the disposal of the Corporation, and from all quarters we receive expressions of sympathy and promises of assistance. Public meetings have been held at Quebec, and other parts of the country—and we have every reason to hope that the wants of the poor will soon be amply provided for. Indeed, in cases like these, the difficulty is not to raise the funds—but, to distribute them; it is an easy matter to collect money, and vote relief, but the proper application of these sums is the great difficulty. Thus in 1847, the House of Commons voted eight millions for the relief of the starving Irish; they might just as well have voted eight pence, or eight potatoes; the money was swallowed up by a set of ravenous sharks, in the shape of government employes, directors of public works, and hungry salary-hunting officials; these fellows cleared fortunes, whilst the poor Irish died of starvation. But, thank God, here we have the requisite