

has not been ill-bestowed. That point will depend on the validity of a document he puts forth as a certificate of marriage, which, if I am correctly informed, is not calculated in any respect to satisfy the law in Rome, or in England, if he be a naturalized British subject."

I shall not take notice of what is said about the probability of Dr. Achilli's liberation, as that is an affair to be settled with the French Government, and respect to that Government requires that the duty of France should not be argued by Dr. Achilli's friends in the papers before the matter has been formally laid, with all the evidence, before the President of the Republic.

I will not speak of the fairness or justice of public accusers giving to the correspondent of a public journal a list of charges which have never in any form been communicated to the prisoner himself; and I leave it to others to judge of the generosity of giving publicity to charges under such circumstances. On the statement itself, however, I have a few words to say.

It is incorrect to say that the "charges relative to the assassination of the nun at Viterbo are abandoned," because they never were entertained. The whole story is a pure invention, without the slightest foundation, or shadow of foundation; it was never heard of in Viterbo, and was merely rumored about in Rome as soon as England and France inquired about the prisoner. The rumor was not believed at the time, even by Achilli's enemies, but by getting it circulated in the columns of the *Times*, they gained the desired end of paralyzing for a time the efforts of his friends, and of hindering the active steps which the late French Cabinet were prepared to take in behalf of a man suffering for conscience' sake alone. A murderer could not be judged.

The Abbe Guidi, chef du Bureau des Affaires Etrangères at Rome, informed Mr. Petre (attached to the British Legation at Florence, and resident at Rome without being accredited) that Dr. Achilli was arrested by the Vicariat, and is now being tried by the Holy office, solely on the grounds of religious apostasy, and the immorality of having contracted a marriage, he being a Roman priest and an ex-friar. The Abbe Guidi further added that he had indeed been accused of some *delitti tenui*, slender crimes (which could never have included the seduction and assassination of a nun,) but these accusations had not been sustained. M. de Courcells also informed me, in the presence of General Baraguay d'Hilliers, that *soupcions* had been entertained against him, but of these it *est absous*. No, he was never even accused of this crime. How unjust, how cruel, how like the Inquisition, to find means to circulate in England every idle rumor against a man who is not allowed to speak a word in self-defence; while meanwhile they are trying him secretly—his liberty, his life, being at stake.

The Abbe Guidi stated that the *processo*, or secret trial, was on the point of being concluded, the prisoner never having been examined or heard in any way, or even apprized of the counts against him. All is conducted in secret, by written depositions, from concealed witnesses; when this mock process is ended, a sentence will be passed, and it will be carried into execution with the same secrecy. At any moment we may hear that our dear brother is no longer in the Castle St. Angelo, and vain then will be all endeavours even to trace whither he has been carried.

Yet all this the Pope is *dans son droit*; these are the legitimate and legal tribunals of Rome?

A word about the marriage. Dr. Achilli was married on the 24th of June to the daughter of a British officer, according to the ritual of the Church of England, by virtue of laws of the then existing Roman Republic. The service was performed by a converted Roman priest, whose signature, with those of the contracting parties and of three of the witnesses present, I have seen attached to the formal registry, which is preserved in a safe and fitting place.

I may add, that Dr. Achilli was arrested by Roman sbirri indeed, but in the name of the French Prefect of Police, M. Rouxan, chef de brigade; that he was carried to the Inquisition by a corporal's party of *Chasseurs de Vincennes*, who came from the prefecture, where their battalion was doing duty. This latter circumstance we learned from the lips of some French officers who witnessed the scene, being quartered with their company in the house where Dr. Achilli lodged, and the corporal who commanded the party can of course easily be found out.

I remain yours very truly.

LEWIS H. J. TONNA.

To Sir Culling E. Eardley, Bart.

THE NEW COLLEGES.—ALTARS TO DEISM.

TO THE CLERGY OF IRELAND.

BRETHREN, Since I last addressed you, a strange scene has been exhibited at no great distance from the street in which I dwell. A large body of men, who have received authority from the government, took possession of a spacious and ornamental building, which had been prepared for them. Of these some were clergymen and others laics—all clever and all learned. They proclaimed a solemn assembly, appeared in robes of dignity, and having invited a thousand spectators, those of them holding office appeared in their robes of honour. Before this great assembly an address was delivered, marked by the absence of one Christian sentiment, and throughout the whole proceedings, though the word Christianity was sometimes named, the words and deeds of deism were openly manifest. Thus, parents are invited to send their children—and they and others are invited to become auditors, on the solemn understanding, that if they will entrust themselves and their children into the presence of these teachers their ears shall never be assailed with the Bible—that the Hebrew language shall be proscribed, and moral philosophy cast out! And in the presence of that great and showy assembly—ministers and public functionaries applauding—this compact was sealed, and Christ and his gospel repudiated. It is in vain for men to deny that this is substantially true: "atheists may become professors, for no test is to be applied to such, and lectures must be deistical, for auditors may be antichristian!

Brethren, no time is to be lost: keep yourselves pure from the unhallowed, Christ-denying institutions, for since the day when the gods of reason was worshipped in the Camp de Mars, no such scenes have been witnessed in Christendom as Cork and Belfast have now witnessed in these deistical inaugurations.

Let us not be deluded by the pompous pretences that deans of residences render these unchristian proceedings less odious or perilous. Let us not flatter ourselves that lecturers for respective sects, render these things less offensive in the eyes of God. If the age will be infidel—if the government will erect altars to deism—let us bring no pretended modification but real co-operation

to them. Why should we, who have in many instances suffered the loss of all things, and repudiated the National Board, bow down with the sheriffs and councillors to this golden image which the mob has set up? God grant that the prelates, and other wealthy and able and generous persons who have lent their names to this abomination, not knowing what its full-grown evils would be, would now release us from the opprobrium already fastened upon us. Little one good and munificent man knows what a fearful has been made of his honoured name to entice persons to participate in the irreligious, prayerless, and godless doings of the recent inauguration in the town of Belfast;

Yours, very respectfully,

THOMAS DREW

THE POPE OF A SUNDAY.

A Romish wit of the present day, defined a "saint," as "one who will do anything at all of a week day, and nothing at all of a Sunday." The satire was not intended for the *Tartuffes* of the Cof and Rosary, who generally hold it religion to treat the Sabbath with irreverence; and, least of all, is it applicable to that Great Saint of Saints who, according to Doctor MacHALE, is now "suffering for justice' sake"—Saint Pro Nono.

Nobody can say that he will do nothing at all of a Sunday, after the sixteen hours of ball practice with which his invited legions of Gaul stimulated the devotions of the Roman citizens on Sunday, the 3rd of June instant, in honour of the Blessed Trinity. During the whole of that high day the round shot never ceased—as if every bombardier in the service were a Jesuit priest, and

"Had a Mission

To preach the faith with ammunition"—

to inculcate the very wholesome doctrine of the shortness of human life, and remind the people of their latter end. Talk of "sermons in stones," indeed! What are they to exhortations in cast iron, repeated and enforced from the mouths of innumerable "pieces of thirty-six?"

Would any one have believed, six months ago, that a Christian Bishop, calling himself the servant of the servants of the earth, and, at the same time, assuming to be the vicar of "the Prince of Peace," commissioned as such to deliver and expound His message of reconciliation and of universal pardon, would, in this enlightened age of the world, employ or sanction such means of turning the hearts of those who were disobedient to his own temporal sway? Would it have been believed that a Pontiff, affecting to reverence the institutions of religion, could, even for shames' sake, hold confidential intercourse with the reckless violators of that most ancient and sacred ordinance, when the outrage was committed, if not before his eyes, at least within his hearing; for it is impossible to believe that the devotion of his Holiness should not have been disturbed on that "Sabbath of the Lord," at Gaeta, by the incessant reverberations of the cannon which battered down houses and churches about the ears of his faithful people.

A portion of the exploits of the invaders on that day is described *com amore* by the correspondent of the *Times*, who boasts that he is the special guest as well as the unlimited admirer of Mons. OUDINOT. It consisted of an attack upon a church—the church of St. Pancrazzia—in which a number of the citizens had sought an asylum on that holy day from the attacking columns of the French, "A desperate attack (we read) was commenced by them on the French,