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His Excellency Mgr. Bedini has addressed a letter to His Grace the Archbishop of Baltimore, upon the subject of his visit to the United States; His Excellency thus alludes to the attempts made upon his life by the Protestant rabble at Cincinnati, and the emissaries of Cavazzi. We copy from the *Metropolitan*:-

"If any one wishes to pretend that all this fury of certain refugees had only a political color, and not a religious one, why select as a pretext my brief political life, in that most difficult charge entrusted to me of governing a million of the subjects of the Pontifical States, after the delirium of a spent Revolution? But whoever has a particle of sense, and the least grain of experience, knows well that quite different was the origin of that raving madness and quite different its scope. My political life, even as it concerned them, had not the least importance! never! Their most celebrated chiefs never occupied themselves with me even in their wildest declamations.

"Arrived in America with a function wholly of courtesy, of love and of peace, what new element was superadded to exasperate them against me?—And what field did they select to give vent to their rage? In what modes and with what consequences did they lend themselves to the spirit of darkness to cast mortification and fear into the camp of Christ? Oh what shameful pages will history trace in their regard and in regard to those who concurred with them in these street orgies, and those, too, who knew not how to restrain them!

"They abused first the most unbounded and generous hospitality, and afterwards the credulity of a nation which is already great and which aspires to destinies still greater. If they could not claim that abused nation as an accomplice, they rendered it at least responsible for what took place before its eyes, under its laws and on its soil; namely, for a most savage attempt, capable of causing any nation whatever to descend a thousand degrees in the scale of its dignity.

"They next deceived and betrayed it in the most delicate of its sentiments, since, to excite it to a generous indignation, they invented facts which never had any existence, imagined, according to their own pleasure, actions, influences, powers and exercises of power, which I never had, and portrayed, on the model perhaps of their own hearts, such a monster of cruelty and villainy as to move, one knows not whether to indignation most, or to ridicule. And that portion of the public prints which received as oracular this echo of Hell—which diffused it, repeated it, expounded it with the most hero-comical simplicity in the world, and with the most inexcusable complicity—what service has it rendered to its nation?

"Oh, I am sure that every honest American knows it now, and when this portion of the press shall also know the absurd phantom which it has followed, the evil genius to which it has rendered service, it will experience, at the due time, an exemplary mortification. It will then wish perhaps to make amends for the wrong, but history has already noted down with her own hand those frenzied and brutal demonstrations, and nothing henceforth can obliterate them.—The shame and confusion that will succeed, then, on those foreheads, we shall be able only to pity, not to remove, because they will remain there as long as the pages shall last on which history has registered these events.

"The nation redeemed itself greatly, it is true, in the really courageous and true words which its Senate spoke in defence of, and respect for, the Envoy of Rome; it was in that moment that one Capitol rendered itself entirely worthy of the other; but I cannot help reflecting that, notwithstanding, such words did not avail to put a stop to those furious outrages, or even to protect my life from the same dangers. I supposed that a Government would act upon and in harmony with, those noble words, to which I will never cease rendering the tribute of eulogium and gratitude; but the hopes, thus awakened, and, in fine, the promises given, resulted in nothing; inaction became the servant of the delirium of a few, and those even foreigners; and I was obliged to be convinced that far more than one place in Washington the inscription dictated by Job would be most appropriate—*fuissem quasi non essem*.

"I must render an account to my Sovereign of the effect at least of his most kindly-intended letters, but the silence of those who received them will explain my own silence, and this discourteous and insulting lesson for the Sovereign of Rome will not be lost on any other chief of a nation and of a state, who may ever wish to lavish civilities and courtesies from the other side of the Atlantic. Certainly it is not thus that great nations are governed and served. There is indeed a common code for them all, nor is there an ocean to divide them in the fulfilment of their paramount duties, for the flagrant violation of which,

those who rule or represent their destinies are obliged to answer. The judgment to be passed on this affair the Nations of the two worlds have already formed, and some miserable bribed and shameless print on the banks of the Ohio or of the Hudson.

"Pardon me, my most venerated Lord, (*Monsignore Veneratissimo*) if I give vent for one moment to some flash of anger. I know how to restrain it against him whom I consider the only or the principal guilty cause of this scandal and mortification; him who disgraced his office, betrayed his mission, and was deaf to public opinion after having himself deceived and perverted it. I turn instantly to those sentiments which alone ought to triumph in whosoever hears the Cross on his breast, not only as a symbol of true dignity, but also as a symbol of that cross which the persecutions of Hell cause him more truly to bear in the heart. Oh! let that power of darkness unchain itself as much as it can, through its organs, those apostasies so various, and so faithful to it; I will not retract one of the innumerable benedictions which I scattered on the land of Columbus; I will remember always with pride the joyful and loving receptions, the words interchanged in the midst of the most holy solemnities, the mutual edification which we experienced in our hearts in the fulfilment of so many acts which derived from any Episcopal Missionary; ever shall I hold dear the remembrance of the American people, whom I blessed with all my soul in their institutions, in their churches, in their sick, in their young children, true and principal treasure, sweet and precious hope of religion and of the country. My heart will always give a throb of tender and grateful affection, my lips will always breathe a prayer for them, and this hand, which, always ready, clasped so many others on that side of the Atlantic, will ever be raised with equal readiness to bless them, in whatever corner of the earth my destinies may cast me. I shall always fervently rejoice that I had in my long journeys no other end than that of sacrificing the desires of the Bishops and of the Catholics. From this holy end, your Grace knows well that the menaces upon my life itself, were even from the beginning, unable to divert me. I terminated my course only when the reiterated commands of the Holy Father obliged me to return to Europe; and the daggers and calumnies and outrages which were the most noble arms of my enemies, and which alone sufficed to stamp them: as they have rendered my mission more holy, because more persecuted, so they have infused into me greater courage to despise them, trusting to the power of the Supreme Keys, and in the efficacy of so many prayers which, in the two worlds, rose for my safety, and still rise, to the throne of God. Who knows not that persecutions are the most glorious and most inevitable heritage of our ministry? Who perceives not in this the most efficacious means for increasing in the Faith for kindling more with the ardors of holy charity, for extending as always the kingdom of Jesus Christ? Oh, how little would my mission have been worthy of Him, if it had been scattered only with roses! I bless those thorns which mortified it; they are the blessed seal which qualified it and rendered it more holy. Let them plant the indignity which perfected it in the very quick of the heart, the field which received that seed will not delay to bring forth abundant and blessed fruits. *Nisi granam frumenti cadens in terra mortuum fuerit, ipsum solum manet*. Could there be words more true and more consoling than these for one who was the object of the anger of hell in the exercise of a ministry all of love and of peace? And more opportunely still does that sacred seed receive a comment from the words—*mortificandum infidelitate Peccatorum, multiplicandum fide populorum*. It is the unbelieving who have the office of mortifying that seed, but the successful harvest is multiplied under the hands of a people that perseveres, that believes, that adores, and that knows how to receive in the heart, with equal faith, benediction and mortification. Behold the part which belongs to the good Catholics of those vast regions; I point it out as their duty and as their comfort; I recommend it as a precious memento of my sojourn among them; and I confess that the hope of seeing them persevere in good, even of increasing and multiplying in it through the most painful and mortifying occurrences that may befall, renders less grievous to my heart the moment that separates me from them, and perhaps separates me from them for ever. Oh yes! I feel that this thought and this separation cost too dear to my sensibility. But yet I bless the tender emotion which I experience, because it will find an echo in the hearts of so many whom I have seen and blessed, and will confound those enemies of God and man who with so much malice would have wished to break the sacred chain of ardent charity which bound us together, would have wished to see every where dried up the source of the holy affection, with which we mingled together joy and sadness, pain and

triumph—but their desire will perish;—it will be, in fine, a constant pledge of reciprocal, not ungrateful reminiscence, and of common prayer for our greater good and for the multiplied glories of our holy religion."

The *N. Y. Freeman's Journal* publishes an article, translated from *L'Univers*, which throws much light on the conduct and characters of the heroes of the Roman Republic; the friends and associates of Cavazzi and Mazzini. As it is well to know what manner of men these Italian "*Liberals*" really are, and what are the fruits of Democracy and Protestantism in Italy, we copy the article entire. It is headed—"*The Roman Republic and the Massacre of the Priests*":—

On the 2d of July, 1853, and on the 30th of September of the same year, sentences were pronounced by the supreme tribunal against three of the assassins who were heroes of the Mazzinian Republic.

Callimachus Zambianchi, of Forli, in the Pontifical States, made his first appearance as revolutionist in 1831. Obligated to fly from the punishment which threatened him on account of the homicides, arson, rebellions and other crimes of which he had been guilty, and which he avowed with cynic impudence, he returned to the States of the Church when the amnesty of 1846 was proclaimed. He soon renewed his former course of life, and became a leader in the Romagna. He was the terror of all the surrounding country, particularly of the city of Bologna. Finally in September, 1848, he, with a number of his co-assassins, was arrested and thrown into prison in the fortress of Civita Castellana.

Immediately after the murder of Rossi and the rising of November 16, the leaders of the new power released him, called him to Rome and gave him command of a column of 300 men, of irrefragable character, and chiefly from the class of custom-house police called *Finanzieri*. Zambianchi, worthy chief of such a band, started for Terracina, carrying terror and desolation with him. With carbines ready slung, and caggers loose in the sheath, with blasphemy and menace on their lips, the soldiers of the Republic had but one mission—to pillage, to burn and to kill.

On the 5th of April, the column of Zambianchi returned to Rome and established itself in the convent of St. Calixtus, and in the Conservatory of Refuge, in the neighborhood of Zambianchi's offices. It would be impossible to describe all the excesses committed in the Holy City by this *canaille enragée*, urged by their chiefs against the most inoffensive citizens, and especially against the clergy. The approach of the French army brought the rage of these fellows to its highest pitch, and they were seen running about the most frequented streets, looking for priests whom, when found, they hunted like wild beasts. If they succeeded in discovering an ecclesiastic through his disguise, they seized him, and, with blasphemy and insult, dragged him before their chief. There, without any form of procedure, or any judgment even, he was put to death with the knife or shot. Zambianchi, in an examination held, since the Revolution, out of the Pontifical States, declares that nearly sixty fell victims to this tribunal which he calls a council of war. Only twelve of these assassinations have been proved against him, of which ten had ecclesiastics for victims.

The number of victims would have been much greater had not the interposition of several eminent persons availed to save a number of Priests and other citizens who were confined at St. Calixtus, in hourly expectation of execution. It is strange that these tigers, having once tasted priestly blood, could be persuaded to pardon any. Zambianchi, who was not even slightly tinged with military knowledge or spirit, was only placed at the head of these men, that he might excite them to carnage and other excesses. He had absolute power of life and death over all who fell into his hands; as he himself boasted, the *Triumvirate* had given him *carte blanche*. There are, in possession of the authorities, several letters from one of the *Triumviri*, and from the Chief of Public Safety, requesting Zambianchi's aid in various sanguinary projects. It is proved that the public authorities, although constantly informed of the great number of murders, never took any measures to abate them, but only endeavored to conceal them. With this object the *Transtevere* Commissioner ordered quick-lime to be thrown on the bodies of the victims. If honest citizens complained to the Commandant of the Cabineers, that officer contented himself with deploring the existence of such a state of things; the municipal chiefs and the heads of the civic guards treated the whole matter as a fable; the *Triumvirate* either affected ignorance, or said that some little excess must be expected in revolutionary times while Mazzini,

tranquil and self-possessed, occupied himself with designs for three poignards which he was getting made at the cost of 100 crowns, for presents to his colleagues.

We now come to the particulars revealed by the late trials; and we will relate in the order of their dates the assassinations just published by the Supreme Tribunal of the Consultum.

On the morning of the 30th April, Zambianchi was stationed with his column on Mont Marino, to oppose the entrance of the French army into Rome. Father Vincent Sghirla, a Dominican Curate of the parish of our Lady of the Rosary, upon the top of the hill, in order to escape from the preparations for combat, and the fighting which would probably soon ensue, sought refuge in the neighboring convent of St. Oniphimus. He crossed the vineyard of the Phillipians, and had reached a spot between the *via Triumphalis* and the dwelling called Vaccaro, when he was arrested by some *Finanzieri*, commanded by Zambianchi in person. They searched his garments and robbed him of 300 golden crowns. Conducted thence to the Casino Angelini, where Zambianchi lodged, he was guarded for a few hours. Then Zambianchi went to the Cabaret of the Cross of Mont Mano, and finding some soldiers there, said to them coolly, "*Go, plant four balls in the chest of my friend there.*" The poor father was taken from the Casino Angelini to the *Vicolo de la Camilluccia*, where he was shot dead upon the road by the *Finanzieri*, who then taking him by the arms and legs threw him into the Moroni vineyard. There the body lay until the 2d May, on which day some peasants buried it in the Church of St. Oniphimus.

After the death of this unfortunate priest, some of the ruffians went to plunder the presbytery, while others took the curate's servant and conducted him to Zambianchi, to the inn which we have mentioned; arrived here, he was told that he would be shot. Fortunately for him, at this moment the first cannon shot was heard from the direction of the *Caballagieri* gate. Zambianchi immediately assembled his troop and fled towards Rome, which he entered by the Anglican gate. Thus the poor servant escaped death.

Ignacio Marcini, aged 39, of Ascoli; Giovanni Marioni, 29, and Salvatore Brandi, 26, of Grotto-mare; Michaelo Grandi, 25, of Rome, *Finanzieri*, were convicted of this crime. Marcini, who was personal servant to Zambianchi, returned to the inn immediately after the murder, and began quietly to prepare his master's supper. As he did so, he said to a woman in the inn, "*We have killed him!*" afterwards to a soldier, "*We killed the Curate, and then went to the Convent, where we took all we could get.*" Marioni held the rank of sergeant, and he was seen to fire upon Father Sghirla, and then, returning to Zambianchi, to receive 27 crowns as his share of the money stolen. Marcini and Marioni, convicted of having assassinated Father Sghirla, were condemned to death. Grandi and Brandi, convicted only of having aided in the arrest and robbery, and of taking the Father before Zambianchi, and then following him to the place of execution, were condemned in perpetuity to the galleys.

We come now to the second act of the tragedy. On the morning of the 1st of May, Zambianchi was on the search after new victims. He soon arrested the following ecclesiastics: Gilles Pellicciaja, a Dominican, and curate of the Minerve; Giuseppe Cressedi, of Rocca di Mozzo, curate of Terra Neva, in the kingdom of Naples, and present at Rome, in order to follow the course of an affair before the Sacred Congregation of the Council; Vincent Artigiani, of Arcenia, resident in Rome, and Giuseppe Galea, who had come to Rome to obtain from the apostolic Datarium the coadjutorship of a canonicate in the Cathedral of Civita Vecchia, in the island of Malta. Carried to the Conservatory of Refuge, they were confined in the room of Ignacio Mancini, servant of Zambianchi. The next morning a squad of *Finanzieri* dragged them to St. Calixtus, where they found the whole column under arms, and where they were confined in a second story room. There they found another ecclesiastic and a layman, both of whom, however, were soon transferred to another apartment. A short time after they were taken down into a corridor of the lower story and shot, one after another. Their request for a confessor was received with horrible mockeries and blasphemies. Father Pellicciaja was first murdered; and the handkerchief with which his eyes were bandaged was used blood-dripping though it was, for the two other victims. As for the fourth they did not even take the trouble to bandage his eyes, but he witnessed the massacre of his brethren before he fell himself? Witnesses depose that all died in the attitude of prayer. On their bodies were found wounds made by some sharp instrument, but it is not known at what time these wounds were made. The stripped bodies remained