

## HORRIBLE FACTS PROVED AT CASTLEWELLAN

Facts have been proved beyond all reasonable doubt at Castlewellan which are calculated to make Irishmen blush for their country. Such cold-blooded atrocities, such inhuman brutalities, were never surpassed—we should rather say equalled or known—in any country having pretensions even to the name of civilization not to speak of Christianity. It is said there is a kind of "honour among thieves," and certainly the fierce and animal-like savage who, scalping knife in hand, pursues his enemy, rarely wreaks his insatiable vengeance on old women, children, and idiots. It remained for the Orangemen of the county of Down to outdo the savage in savageness and the brute in brutality. It has been their especial privilege to show the world how far demented men, demoralized by the abuse of Christianity itself, can sink below the untutored savage and senseless brute, and approach even the demons themselves in fiendish atrocity.

The investigation is now over, at least it is over for a time; and though it cannot be denied that the period for fair comment on the proceedings has arrived, still we do not wish to anticipate Mr. Berwick, the able, impartial, and high-minded judge whose business it is to report on the whole case. But there are some horrible things which were so clearly proved during the investigation that they must be regarded by all parties as established facts. On these we wish to fix public attention. Against such deeds we would wish to create a public opinion, that by its agency, rather than by that of law or armed force, our common country, our common civilization, our common Christianity, may be henceforth saved from such revolting disgraces.

On the last day of the investigation—Saturday—Margaret King being sworn and examined, deposed as follows:—

I was in my own house when the door was broken open and my uncle, Patrick King, killed; and the house was filled with Orangemen, and he came and begged his life; and one of the Orangemen, with a stone in his hand, struck him on the head, and three of them pulled him down the room; I made my escape then, and one of the Orangemen, with a gun in his hand, lifted a stone and d—d my soul for a Papish bitch, and knocked me down off the garden ditch with the stone; I returned to the garden and found three of them stabbing my uncle. I hid in the byre, in a little straw, and some of them came into the byre and stabbed the cow in two places; they then broke the stake and let the cow out; I then went out and saw my mother with my uncle, and I took him on my knee, and my uncle lived about ten minutes after; a soldier came up and said "may be he will live yet; he died on my knee."

To Mr. Rae—They d—d my grandmother, spat in her face, hit her on the head with a stone, and cut her arms, and then lifted a chair and smashed it on her forehead, the chair is there to be seen yet.

Our readers must bear in mind that all this was done in the name of religion! The whole proceeding was a religious ceremony—a religious triumph. The d—ing of the old woman, the spitting in the face, the hitting on the head, and the cutting of the head of the grey-haired old grandmother, was all done as part and parcel of the homage due to "the glorious, pious, and immortal memory." It is thus the Orangemen have sacrificed to the manes of the dead Dutchman for many and many a year.

We will quote three witnesses on this part of the subject:—

Margaret Trainor examined—When the work commenced I was in our own land, coming down to see the soldiers that were riding; when I was coming down in our own field I heard the first shot on the road; I saw the smoke; I will not say whether it was a squib or not; I had not time to say a word until I heard many; I ran up my own field and lay in the "shough," and a man with a sash on him came up and said, "D—n your souls, boys, here is a Papish and I'll smother her," he had no gun, but he lifted a stone and threw it at me; I ran on and then saw Mr. Beers, and he said, "D—n your souls, boys, pop her," I then ran on and took a side direction from them, and heard two shots passing by my head, and I saw no more.

Lifen King examined by Mr. Rae—Our house was wrecked; it is the long house near the cross roads at Mahermayo, when the disturbance began I saw Mr. F. Beers, and heard him say "come boys, you are into

M'Mullan's land, d—n your souls! blow them, man, woman, and child out of it!"

Elizabeth M'Poland sworn and examined, said—I saw Mr. Francis Beers on the twelfth, about a quarter of an hour after the firing began, I saw him a few perches from the school-house; he was in the field when I heard him using the words (I suppose to his own party)—"Fire, and kill on," when I heard these words I ran away to my own field, and one of the party fired a gun at me, and the ball went through the sleeve of the gown upon me.—*Dublin Freeman.*

A NOVEL BABY.—At the Mansion House, on Saturday, Sarah Prime was charged with having committed a robbery. The prisoner, who is a young woman, was met by a policeman, near Leadenhall Market. She was accompanied by two elderly persons, and they all shewed a disposition to avoid the officer, who, however, contrived to meet them plump at two or three turnings. The prisoner had in her arms what appeared to be a child, and would have passed for such if she had not betrayed such dread of the policeman, who, thereupon, took the liberty to enquire into the nature of her burthen. "Sure isn't it my baby?" said she. "Ah, then, don't be so cruel as to wake him for he's been very tender in his bowels." The policeman, however, was so cruel as to try and awake the baby; but upon stripping it to the skin, he found it to be a very fine leg of pickled pork—Alderman Gibbs: Did she carry it as a woman would carry her child?—The policeman: Certainly, my Lord, and she spoke to it when I went up to her as a mother would do so keep it from crying. (Laughter.)—Alderman Gibbs: Well, prisoner, do you choose to give any account of the manner in which you became the mother of this leg of pork? (A laugh.)—The Prisoner: Please your Lordship, I never said it was a child until he axed me whether it was't one, and I thought I would't satisfy him by telling him that it was, for as I paid for it I might call it what I liked. (Laughter.)—Alderman Gibbs: You certainly hit upon a very ingenious name, at the same time that it proved to be a very awkward one. There can be no doubt that you stole the meat, and you must go to Bridewell for one month.—The Prisoner: Faith, then, I did't steal a morsel of it.—Committed.—*London Paper.*

HONOR TO THE MONKS.—We have already been convinced that no imputation has been so inconsiderately cast against the monks as that of ignorance; for, were it true, from what source could the multitude of literary remains of the middle ages have been derived?

Our libraries contain vast numbers of important manuscripts, which we owe to the scriptoria of the old English monasteries, and that these are only a small portion of what once existed may be seen from the numerous catalogues of monastic libraries still preserved. For example, we may mention the enormous collection of manuscripts preserved at St. Mary's Monastery, on the banks of the Thames. enormous for those times, for the catalogue, which has escaped the notice of Mr. Merryweather, is preserved in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and fills a large folio volume! This is the most important register of the kind with which we are acquainted, and well deserves publication. Unfortunately, very few volumes, preserved in this valuable collection, appear to have descended to our times. According to Baile, the destruction of manuscripts, at the Reformation, was most lamentable.

"Never," he says, "had we been offended for the loss of our libraries, being so many in number and in so desolate places, for the most part, if the chief monuments and most notable works of our excellent writers had been preserved; if there had been, in every shire in England, but one solemn library devoted to the preservation of those noble works, and preference of good learning in our posterity, it had been somewhat. But to destroy all, without consideration, is, and will be, unto England, forever, a most horrible infamy, among the grave signors of other nations. A great number of them which purchased those superstitious mansions, reserved of those library books, some to serve their jakes, some to scour their candlesticks, and some to rub their boots; some they sold to grocers and soap-sellers, and some they sent over sea, to the bookbinders, not in small, but, at times, whole ships full. I know a merchant, which shall, at this time, be nameless that bought the contents of two noble libraries, for forty shillings price, a shame is it to be spoken! This stuff hath he occupied in the stead of grey pay for the space of more than these ten years,

and he hath store enough for as many years to come. A prodigious example is this, and to be abhorred of all men who love their nation as they should do."

Even if this account be exaggerated, there can be no doubt but that it is substantially true, and it is, indeed, confirmed, in many respects, by undoubted testimony. The destruction of manuscripts, however, was not confined to the Reformers. It continued during the following century, and will probably continue, to some extent, as long as manuscripts exist. We can vouch to having seen a cartulary rescued from the hands of a gamekeeper, within the last few years, the first leaves actually having been perforated by a punch, the old vellum serving for wadding! In the seventeenth century the ancient manuscripts served for book covers, and still more ignoble purposes.—*Literary Gazette.*

SISTERS OF CHARITY IN ST. LOUIS.—I have been remiss in duty in not before paying a tribute of praise and gratitude to a body of Christian and benevolent females, but for whose heroic conduct our list of mortality would have been swelled to a far greater length than even its fearful appearance now presents. I allude to the "Sisters of Charity" of the city of St. Louis. In every sense of the word they have proven themselves to be the "good Samaritans," of this community. When panic and alarm had driven the relatives of the departed, in some of our most respectable families, to seek safety in flight from the presence of the dead, and none could be found to pay the last offices to such as slept in death, and to robe the body for the grave, these dauntless, self-sacrificing, religiously devoted females have never been appealed to in vain but have frequently gone and performed that which none others were willing to undertake. When public city hospitals were established in every ward in this city, where the most loathsome objects of this loathsome disease were huddled together in large numbers, and to take care of whom neither money nor entreaties could secure attendants, these "Sisters of Charity," with heroic firmness, again threw themselves into the breach, and voluntarily tendered their services to the public authority as nurses. Here, in these charnel-houses of the living, for week in and week out, they have stood as faithful sentinels facing the arch-enemy Death with a composure and fearlessness that but an unbounded reliance in the overshadowing care of a crucified Redeemer could impart, and contesting, inch by inch, the combat between that enemy and his victims with whom they were constantly surrounded. And when they have found that nature must yield to the king of terrors, and that the curtain of death was rapidly drawing around the sufferer, upon bended knees they could be seen reclining over infected lips, and entreating the expiring penitent to look with the eye of faith upon the image of their expiring Saviour. In the dens of vice, and in the humble habitations of the most destitute amongst us, and that are ever found in the outskirts and the by-places of all large cities, these messengers of mercy, philanthropy, and charity can be seen moving by day and by night, ministering unto the sick, comforting the afflicted, and gathering together helpless orphan infancy, that places of refuge might be secure for them in some of the different asylums of our city. When I see such disinterested benevolence as this—at a time, too, when fear has rent asunder the ties of affection and consanguinity; when many of our clergy, with their families, have sought in flight that protection which they so pathetically preach, in time of health, can only be found of God, and where almost every one acts upon the selfish and unchristian principle of "Every man take care of himself"—I feel as if that public acknowledgement should be made which such praiseworthy and benevolent conduct deserves.—*Letter from St. Louis.*

The *Roman Journal* of the 26th ult. publishes the following letter, addressed by the Sultan Abdul Medjid to Padre Arsenio, Superior of the Armenian Monks:—

"We have been apprised that the Armenian Catholic Monks of the Order of Anthony, established at Rome near the Vatican, and esteemed for a length of time amongst the most faithful subjects of our empire, are using every effort in their power to procure their co-religionists, our subjects, the advantages of education and morality, the foundation of wisdom and happiness. We have spontaneously sent to the said monastery the portrait of our person, our Imperial cypher, and our Imperial standard, to give them a proof of our satisfaction and our special protection."

## ASSOCIATION

### For the Propagation of the Faith,

Established in Halifax 22d January, 1843.

Pious and truly charitable "Institution of the Propagation of the Faith" was founded at Lyons, in the year 1822; it is now established throughout France, Belgium, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Portugal, Ireland, England &c. Its object is to assist, by Prayers and Alms, the Catholic Missionaries who are engaged in preaching the Gospel in distant and especially idolatrous Nations.

To become a MEMBER of this Institution, two conditions only are requisite, viz:—

1st.—To subscribe the small sum of one Half-penny per week.

2nd.—To recite every day a *Pater* and *Ave* for the Propagation of the Faith—or it is sufficient to offer, with this intention, the *Pater* and *Eve* of our daily Morning or Evening Prayers, adding each time, "*St. Francis Xavier, pray for us.*"

The following Indulgences are granted to the Members of the Association throughout the world, who are in communication with the parent institution in France, viz:—

1st.—A Plenary Indulgence on the 3d May, the Feast of the Finding of the Holy Cross, on the 3d Dec., the Feast of St. Francis Xavier, the Patron of the Institution; and once a month, on any day, at the choice of each Subscriber, provided he say, every day within the month, the appointed prayer.

To gain the Indulgence he must be sorry for his sins, go to confession, receive the Holy Communion, and visit devoutly the Parish Church or Chapel, and there offer up his prayers for the prosperity of the Church, and for the intention of the Sovereign Pontiff. In case of sickness or infirmity subscribers are dispensed from the visit to the Parish Church, provided they fulfil to the best of their power, and with the advice of their Confessor, the other necessary conditions.

2nd.—An Indulgence of an hundred days, each time that the prescribed prayer will, with at least a contrite heart, be repeated, or a donation made to the Missions, or any other pious or charitable works performed.

All these Indulgences, whether plenary or partial, are applicable to the souls in purgatory.

THE ANNALS OF THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH, published once every second month, communicate the intelligence received through the several Missions throughout the world, and a return of the receipts from each diocese and their distribution, is given once a year.

Meetings of the Halifax Association are held in the Cathedral Vestry four times a year, under the presidency of the Bishop.

Donations or subscriptions from the country may be remitted to any of the Rev. gentlemen at St. Mary's. July 21.

### Young Ladies' Academy.

Under the direction of the Ladies of the *Sacre Cœur.*

### Brookside, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

THE Public are respectfully informed that an Academy for Young Ladies has been opened at Brookside, where a solid and refined Education will be given to Day Pupils and Boarders.

The healthy situation and beautiful grounds of Brookside are so well known to the citizens of Halifax as to require no special description. Music, the Modern Languages, and every branch of a polite Education will be taught.

The formation of the hearts of the Young Ladies to virtue, and the culture of their minds by the study of those subjects which are intended to constitute a superior education, being the great object which the Ladies of the *Sacre Cœur* have in view, no pains will be spared to attain the desired end.

The system pursued is strictly parental, and the mild influence of virtue is the guiding principle which enforces their regulations.—The terms, which are moderate, may be known on application to Madame PEACOCK, *Superiress, either personally or by letter.*

It is unnecessary to point out to Parents at a distance, the central position of Halifax, its many advantages as a place of Education, and the facility of communication both by land and sea at all seasons of the year.

Every opportunity is afforded to those Pupils who wish to learn the French language without any extra charge. There is at present a vacancy for a few Boarders.

Halifax, July 14, 1849.