

when the man replied, "Lieutenant, you've punished me often enough; you shall not punish me any more;" and on the instant levelling his musket, he fired, and shot him through the body. The unfortunate officer, a man of powerful frame, and said to be popular in the regiment, at once fell. He was carried to one of the English hospitals near at hand, and died immediately after his arrival. The murderer was secured without delay, and was being taken back, under escort, to head-quarters of his regiment when a general murmur arose from the men for instant punishment. The general in command of the trenches was in the ravine close by, and after a brief consultation between him and the commandant of the relief, a council was held and the man condemned to be shot. About 200 yards down the ravine and at a slight elevation above it on the side of the Frenchman's hill, a small heap of stones was observed with a clear space before it. To this the unhappy culprit was brought, while on either side the battalion was drawn up in companies, and here he received the fire of twelve muskets from a party placed on the opposite side of the ravine. He fell forward pierced by eight bullets, and after a short address from the general the regiment proceeded on its way. Half an hour elapsed between the perpetration of the crime and the execution of the criminal. The soldier had become sober immediately after committing the murder. He had seen 18 years' service, and was spoken of as a brave and able man. He had lately received a slight punishment for some irregularity of conduct, by no means such as to form a motive for his crime, and this tragic episode in the history of the siege, involving the sudden destruction of two valuable lives, must be regarded as one more among the many examples of the fatal effects of drunkenness.

THE PROTESTANT POOR.

(From the Tablet.)

Owing to the crushing severity of the Penal Laws, Protestantism had England for ages to herself. During the long lapse of three hundred years it had been operating in Britain, professing to preach the Gospel to the poor, moulding their habits, and forming their character—making them like itself—when a clear and terrible light was flashed upon the results of this long-continued operation in a document printed by Parliament—namely, "The Report of the Children's Employment Commission." In this report we find the following facts:—

"Sedgeley and Willenhall stand at a few miles' distance from Wolverhampton, a town which was described in a former article on the Protestant Poor.—Night and day Sedgeley resounds with the ringing sound of the hammer and the anvil, and the bray of the gruff bellows: it resembles the cavern of the Cyclops, swarming as it does with busy crowds of smutted smiths. But, horrible to relate, these smiths are for the most part tender girls, with the shrill voices and the delicate forms of childhood. There is nothing more barbarous on the coast of Africa. These girls—small, black, and scantily dressed—are seen moving around the intermittent flames of the forge and "fighting the fire," from fourteen to sixteen hours a day. The task assigned to such of these girls as are over ten is a thousand nails a day. From the workmen with whom they are inevitably mixed up in those cavernous forges the girls contract habits which are like them depraved and ruffianly. They smoke, swear, drink, and play cards like the full-grown blacksmiths. Yet they have their virtues, for their habit of marrying early is said to render them chaste, and a group of children may be seen clustering round their knees while both the parents are absolutely in their teens. At the age of thirty or forty the father flings away the hammer, and during the rest of his life idly saunters away his time in lazy indolence.—But the tiny hands of his children are thenceforth doubly busy plying the hammer and moulding the red-hot iron to maintain their careless parent in lubberly ease. He reminds one of those American planters, whose offspring, blended indiscriminately with their slaves, are worked or sold like oxen to augment the profits of their unnatural parent.

Instead of slaving their own children, the smiths of Willenhall pick and choose their tiny drudges from among the skinny orphans in the poorhouse, and Willenhall swarms with at least a thousand apprentices. As the little apprentices trembling at the lash must be silent, if not satisfied with the scanty rations which tantalise the cravings of their appetite, and get no pay, the smith, their master, prefers infant hands to adult artisans. Besides, an apprentice fee of two or three pounds sterling accompanies the pauper child, together with a Sunday suit of clothes, which the master bundles up, puts under his arm, and carries to the pawnbroker's whenever employment languishes and his credit fails at the public-house.

It was rarely till of late that the character of the master underwent any inquiry by the guardians. Any villain, however ferocious, might carry away the pauper child. A smith who had been convicted and imprisoned for robbery possessed, according to Mr. Horne, three apprentices. While one of these apprentices usually drudges by his master's side, the second scampers as a messenger or rocks the cradle, pastures the ass or gathers manure, while perhaps the labor of the third is hired to another employer. One of these little slaves was even sold on one occasion for so small a price as ten shillings.

The sufferings of the miserable drudges cannot be described. Children as they are they must work as long as their adult master works. The rivalry is terrible, for the labor of the brawny Cyclops never ceases on some occasions for a moment during twenty consecutive hours; he gulps his beer at his bench, and gorges some gobblets of flesh without sitting down. When permitted to repose, the exhausted apprentice snores away the night, flung on the bare floor or a bundle of straw. The usual punishment inflicted on these victims is deprivation of food—a punishment known in Willenhall as "clamming." But in former times they were more severely punished. A furious master has nailed his apprentice to the wall with one resistless thrust of a red-hot bar, which completely transpierced the child. Another savage inflicted on his apprentice ferocious and indescribable tortures, which the miscreant expiated on the gallows. Nowadays, however, the blood of the apprentice rarely crimson the hands of the bloated tyrant. The latter is too cunning. But though his violence is less, his virtues are not pure. It must be remarked that when

a community is sunk into the lowest depths of corruption and vice, it sheds little blood—sins of violence die out, because homicide does not pay. Men are then too cunning, cautious, wide-awake, and venal.—London thieves, corrupt as they are, rarely destroy life. According to them murder is not only a crime, it is worse—it is a blunder. The peasants of the rural districts, on the other hand, with weak minds and strong passions, often perpetrate murder. Were the number of homicides the real test of moral virtue, the swell mobs of London would hold a high place in the English scale of morality.

To return. The apprentice, who is not now slain, howls and agonises under the muscular arm and leathern whip of a powerful ruffian, roaring curses while he lashes him. The boy is not struck dead with a blow, but his skin grows all piebald with contusions and cicatrices—by turns he is cut with a scourge of knotted cords, and bruisèd with a shower of blows of a heavy cudgel; or the virago, his mistress, plucks out his hair by handfuls, and, amid a tempest of obijuration, strives to wring the ears out of his head. As justice will not punish them unless murder be perpetrated, why should they spare him? No remedy has been applied to this state of things by Parliament, though, assuredly, men who are unrestrained by religion should be restrained by law.

Towns in England, like Staleybridge and Dunkenfield, though exclusively inhabited by artisans, are not destitute of social order: the inhabitants possess leaders, and have a religion. Willenhall is utterly wanting in these things. Though separated from Wolverhampton by only a few miles, it is removed from the civilised world by hundreds of leagues. Nothing is seen, nothing exists in Willenhall, but flaming spirit shops and blazing forges. No magistracy, no police are visible, and the church is empty and silent while the public-houses are alive with noisy crowds.

If you stroll the town you meet with nothing but needy artisans, who live from hand to mouth, for rich merchants and landed proprietors are equally unknown in Willenhall. The scanty sprinkling of butchers' shops of which Willenhall once boasted have languished into bankruptcy, and one after another disappeared, while public-houses rise, flourish, and thicken in every direction. The artisan's food is little better than offal, and intoxicating liquors are the luxuries of Willenhall.

These men exceed the artisans of Wolverhampton alike in laziness and toil. Under the dreaded stimulus of coming destitution these powerful drudges work with incredible constancy and dexterity. All rivalry fades and disappears before such prodigious efforts.—For one shilling and sixpence they will make a dozen of locks which sell in London for a shilling a piece. All the hardships of savage life invade and torture these families—their bed is straw, their apparel is rags, their food is offal, and the wigwags they work in—destitute of windows or doors—are open to all the freezing winds of winter. Their frames are racked by diseases that cling to them through life. Fractured bones and mutilated limbs are so general that every second man limps and hobbles, as with stooping shoulders and rickety legs he shambles through the thoroughfares. As you scan his smoke-dried skin, his haggard physiognomy, his dirty person, his distorted fingers, his lumpy joints, like knots in a tree, his hanging lips, expressive of a heart without courage and a mind without reflection, his sunken eyes and idiotic glare, you fancy that the knock-kneed Vulcan of mythology—squat and square—has risen with all his hideous deformities to halt through Willenhall.—The stotish habits of the younger men are visible in swollen faces, bloated by constant intoxication.—While the features of the elders are crabbed and angular, hard and leathery.

They marry exclusively among themselves. The exasperated locksmiths would rise in a rage and kill without remorse the intrusive stranger who presumed to woo and wed a female of Willenhall. They naturally prize their women, who are cleanly in their house-keeping and chaste after marriage, and who endure want and misery with the calm-uncomplaining courage of an Indian squaw.

They are scrupulously clean in the interior of their residences; and cleanliness is peculiarly difficult in Willenhall owing to the amassment of dunghills, which, rising and growing on every hand, threaten to invade the houses and finally swallow the town. All the wars of Willenhall have their origin in dunghills, for whose possession they storm and combat with the courage and the fierceness of sovereigns battling for kingdoms. Two pyramids of putrefaction, which, in size at least, almost rivalled those of Egypt, and which of themselves, according to a witness, were capable of infecting the island with the plague, rose triumphantly a few years ago in the middle of Willenhall. From these fountains of pestilence, the typhus fever was breathed over the town to prey on the miserable inhabitants for seven years. These mountains have fallen; their high heads have come down. The alarmed inhabitants, dreading parliamentary investigation, assembled simultaneously, attacked them energetically, and levelled them to the ground.

Willenhall is precisely the place where one would be tempted to exclaim with the indignant soldier in the caricature, sinking to his knees in mud, "Here's what they call one's native land." Yet the natives love Willenhall, and have often returned from Belgium in spite of high wages, languishing with home sickness, and reminding us of those slaves who, alarmed at the appalling novelty of providing for their own subsistence, have renounced liberty and returned to their chains.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

Dr. O'Brien, so long of St. John's College, in the city of Waterford, has been proposed as Vicar Capitular by the Rev. N. Cantwell, P. P. of Tyrone co., Waterford, and seconded by Rev. Mr. Hally, P. P. of Duncannon. We may therefore regard him as about to be elected to the See of Waterford and Lismore, in room of the late Right Rev. N. Foran, deceased.

There was a numerous meeting at Bandon on Sunday last. Henry Hassett, Esq., J.P., in the chair, when £500 were subscribed towards building another Catholic chapel in that town.

The Rev. N. M'Evoy, P.P., of Kells, has written an eloquent letter to the journals, complaining, in forcible terms, that an agitation had been set on foot amongst the anti-Catholic bigots in Kells, to exclude the Sisters of Mercy from the workhouse of that place.

THE IRISH CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.—When we consider the series of events which are at present taking place in England; we are forced to recognise therein the finger of a merciful Providence. It is needless to remind our readers how inveterate has been the prejudice and bigotry of the English populace against the Catholic religion. More than once have we beheld men in high places, charged with the dearest interests of the State, forced to yield to this national impulse. The English people, a people always so jealous of liberty, have frequently, in the name of this same liberty, perpetrated the fiercest religious oppression. At present, however, thanks to the influence of passing events, an entire change is being wrought. Already ally of France, a nation so thoroughly Catholic, marshalling on the same battle-field her warriors with ours; has she not lately sought and received an auxiliary army from another Catholic nation, Sardinia? Is she not at this moment suing with solicitation for an intimate alliance with a third Catholic power, the Apostolic empire of Austria? The truest and bravest of her soldiers—the very flower of her armies—are they not natives of Catholic Ireland? But this daily contact with Papists (as they call Catholics in England)—this continued intercourse for a common interest with Catholics of so many different nations—are not the only motives which inspire us with confidence as to the future. The wonderful, superhuman virtues, inspired and sustained by the Catholic faith, are being every day put in evidence in a manner too sensible and too brilliant for the further existence of the fictions of bigotry. All the scourges of God's wrath—cholera, war, famine, intense cold—have been changed, so to speak, into missionaries of the truth, and the English journals, who only the other day served but as echoes for the stirring up of bad passions, the constant offspring of error, are now forced themselves to publish the triumphs of Catholic charity. Nay, more, the Church of England has herself rendered the most illustrious of all testimonies to the sanctity of our holy religion by her endeavors to copy after our institutions. But what is the conclusion that we would wish to draw from this rapid sketch? Let the English government deceive not itself. If it wish to regain the character which it has lost through its own fault in the eyes of neighbouring nations, it must now show itself noble and generous towards its hitherto persecuted subjects. We know not if what we say be illusory, but it appears to us impossible that brighter days shall not soon beam for poor suffering Ireland. Can it be possible that she shall not awake from the torpor in which despotic rule has plunged her? Shall not her ancient halls of learning spring up from out their ashes, quickened into life by the eloquent voice of the pious and learned Newman, and give good promise to her sons of a brilliant future for the arts and sciences? Catholic France has always felt a lively sympathy for this land of martyrs, her joys and her sorrows have always found an echo in our hearts.—*Gazette de Lyon*.

THE PRIEST IN PRISON.—The Rev. Mr. Hughes is patiently enduring the persecution of his enemies; and, confined in our jail, awaits the visit of the Assistant-barrister, which will be on the 25th instant. The rev. gentleman looks remarkably well, and we trust his health will continue as it is till justice removes him from the prison where one who professes to be the follower of Christ has sent him.—*Dandalk Democrat*.

MR. SMITH O'BRIEN.—The deputation had a second interview with Lord Palmerston on Monday last, having good reason to believe they were about to receive an answer in the affirmative. This conviction we are assured, was universal, and was understood to rest on a substantial foundation. The Premier, however, demanded further time before his final reply was given; and they were obliged to be content with another postponement. We believe, however, there is now little doubt that Mr. O'Brien will be restored to his own country.—*Nation*.

A petition to Parliament in favour of Tenant-right, was last week adopted by the Catholics of Tullamore, King's County, and received upwards of 2,000 signatures. The same signatures were attached to another petition, against the repeal of the Maynooth grant.

The *Limerick Chronicle* states that one of the members for Clare will retire into private life at the close of the present parliament, if not sooner.

ENCUMBERED ESTATES COMMISSION.—From a summary of proceedings just published of the Encumbered Estates Court, from the filing of the first petition in 1847 to the present month of June, it appears that the gross proceeds of sales amount to the enormous sum of £15,239,570. Of this, £11,087,093, was distributed in cash and stock, and the total amount of absolute credits allowed to encumbrancers who were purchasers was 1,673,567. The number of Irish purchasers was 6,675, against 220 English, Scotch, and foreign, and the estimated extent of land bought by the latter was 655,000 acres. The number of cases which had been pending in the Court of Chancery before being brought into the Encumbered Estates Court were 1,186. Such results as these are too well calculated to cast doubts upon the wisdom of the recommendation to transfer the powers now vested in the Commissioners to a tribunal long since condemned by public opinion, however improved its operations may be by the additions and modifications suggested by the recent Commission of Inquiry.

CORK AN AMERICAN PACKET STATION.—We are much gratified at being able to announce that our Postmaster, Mr. William Barry, has been communicated with, on the part of the New York Newfoundland and London Telegraph Company, by one of the Board of Directors, with a view of obtaining all the information he could give, respecting our port and harbour, the board being extremely anxious to get Cork made a "Port of Call;" by the splendid Collins' liners, during the present summer. The company's telegraphic line will very soon be completed, from the American continent to St. John's Newfoundland, and the object sought to be attained is to bring intelligence direct from that point to Cork, by the steamers.—*Cork Reporter*.

FARM LABOURERS.—The hiring markets are now over, and we are glad to find that wages has advanced. Ploughmen have got £7 to £7 10s. per year with board. Boys about sixteen years of age are paid £4 to £4 10s. and board. Female servants have got £3, and board, and some as much as £3 10s. During the hiring markets some recruiting parties were endeavoring to compete with the farmers, but the young peasants bluntly refused to accept the "Saxon shilling"—*Dundalk Democrat*.

THE HARVEST.—After numberless disappointments, it may now be said that summer has fairly set in here. Yesterday was the opening day, and from morning to evening not a cloud interposed to dull a bright blue sky or lessen the heat of a fiercely hot sun. A fortnight or three weeks of such weather, and the occupation of the alarmists would be at an end. The face of the country about the metropolis has undergone a complete metamorphosis, and the appearance of grass lands and green crops especially no longer affords grounds for despondency. In fact, the recent rains, followed as they have been by a warm sun, will go far towards recovering the time lost by the prevalence of a long drought and by a continued succession of north-easterly winds.

IRISHMEN IN THE BRITISH ARMY.—From the 4th to the 10th of May there were killed in the trenches before Sebastopol 20 men of different British regiments, of whom 15 were Irishmen; and there were wounded within the same dates about 100 men, of whom 70 were Irish; and perhaps more, for in counting we omitted such names as Smith and Thompson, and only reckoned the Connollys, Maguires, Delanys, &c. Hence it is manifest that in the regiments of the Line now besieging Sebastopol, there are more Irishmen than English; and hence, as we have already said on the same subject, "the British empire dominant may be English, but the British empire militant—the British army now serving in the field—is mainly Irish." Most justly therefore does a French journal, detailing all that bigoted England owes to Catholics, exclaim "The truest and bravest of her soldiers, the very flower of her armies, are they not the natives of Catholic Ireland?" More than this, every kingdom in Europe opposed to her in this war, and that would gladly array itself on the side of Russia in active hostility against her if it dared, is "Protestant;" while every kingdom on the active or diplomatic support of which leans imploringly for protection, is Catholic—Catholic France, Catholic Austria, Catholic Sardinia—as well as Catholic Ireland. In fact the Protestant element in the allied armies is so insignificant, that it would not be missed out of them, if removed altogether, and there would remain enough of French, Irish and Sardinian Catholics to fight the Russians, and beat them. Now then, let that blatant beast, that roars at Exeter Hall, and calls itself "Protestantism," open its mouth, that we may thrust these facts down its throat and choke it.—*Limerick Examiner*.

CAMP ON THE CURRACH.—This structure, which is intended to accommodate 10,000 men, and which already is capable of accommodating one third of the number, and which is likely to be the great summer attraction to the people of the metropolis and tourists,—is rapidly approaching its completion. Two main streets, each forty feet wide, and separated from each other by a space of 400 feet, are crossed by the spaces for the five divisions into which the camp is to be divided. Each division contains the parts of the main streets that run through it, two cross streets, and a central square. The officers' quarters, the bake-houses, &c., are all judiciously placed at certain points. A well is sunk, whence a supply of water will be sent to tanks, and conducted by proper pipes to every part; the street macadamized; and as the situation is picturesque, when finished the whole will be a curiosity in its way. And what will make it more so is, that the Commissioners of Woods and Forests have given permission for the erection of booths in its vicinity. The Ranger of the Currach has received numerous applications, from respectable parties, in reference to space for this object; and it is expected that quite an impromptu town will spring up for the accommodation of civilians, in which all manner of wares will be sold, exhibitions opened, and arrangements made for the comfort and amusement of the numerous visitors during the summer. Of course these structures will be outside the camp, and will afford additional inducements to pleasure-seekers, beside the military spectacles, to visit this interesting scene.

STRIKE OF "NAVVIERS."—The strike of "navvies" terminated on Tuesday morning. About one hundred men having their shovels in the hands, repaired to the slob at the Queen's-quay, after the breakfast hour, when Mr. Connor attended; but instead of yielding to the demand for an increase of pay, he told them that he did not require their services any further, and that he would not go on with the works for some time. The men marched quietly off the ground, and paraded in procession through several streets. They were joined on their march by about two hundred labourers who had no tools in their hands. The procession was headed by a stout-looking fellow who was also unarmed, in order to show the peaceful nature of the demonstration. It is said that the majority of the men were formerly employed by Mr. Dragan in the construction of several local works.—*Belfast Daily Mercury*.

BREAK-UP OF AN ORANGE PROCESSION.—On the evening of Friday week, the whole of the Orangemen of the Sandy Row district proceeded in a procession up the Malone Road, and through Friar's Bush leading to the banks of the Lagan preceded by some fifes and four drums, playing the usual party tunes. When they got as far as Molly Ward's they halted, doubtless to regale themselves, or as many of them as could pay for drink. They had scarcely encamped in their new position, having, of course, Molly's for their centre, when they were overtaken by the constabulary of the Malone station, who ordered them at once to disperse and go home, but the sturdy defenders of faith would not flinch. The constabulary then ordered them to give up the drums, which they also refused to do; whereupon the former, only amounting to four in number, dashed into the middle of the crowd, and succeeded at once in taking the drums. When they made the dash, several of the Orangemen cried out, "Don't let the drums be taken," but the constables showed what stuff was in them, and, at the point of the bayonet, succeeded, and quietly walked off with their trophies, leaving the brave Sandy Row gentlemen cheering lustily for their victory. The latter gentry shortly after returned home somewhat chagrined at the abrupt termination put to their evening's amusement. Now this is an exceedingly commendable proceeding. Here are four members of the constabulary, who, on that evening, deliberately walked in amongst such an immense number of those wretched and foolish fanatics, and took their instruments of noise from them, and broke up the whole proceeding. We hope the authorities in Dublin will be made aware of such admirable conduct on the part of the constabulary, and give them the benefit of it at the next opportunity. The twelfth of July is near at hand, and if the resident magistrate of this town will only allow the constabulary to act in a similar manner to that of the evening of Friday week, we opine there will be very