

that his father was not so fortunate, for, while striving to defend the machine, he was knocked down, and received several severe injuries in the head and jaw; but though severely hurt, we are happy to say his life is not in danger. While Mr Howson was lying on the ground, his daughter with the courage of a heroine, seized a pitchfork, and held it above him, threatening instant death to whomever should touch a hair of his head; but she also, after some vain resistance, was speedily disarmed, and received some slight injuries in the struggle. The machine was then broken to pieces, and more disgraceful still, Mr Howson's gold watch was carried off by the rioters. The work of destruction was not proceeded with further on that day; and though several rumours were afloat in the city yesterday as to other intended attacks on machinery, nothing has occurred to justify those rumours. On yesterday morning the crowds again assembled in the streets, and paraded up and down in thousands, as on the previous day, cheering, and shouting, and yelling, till about nine o'clock, when the city assumed its usual orderly appearance. None of the rioters have been apprehended, or even identified; and the only steps that have been taken to prevent the recurrence of these lawless proceedings is an order from the authorities for two troops of dragoons, which were telegraphed for to the Curragh Camp yesterday, and which were expected to arrive in town last night. A meeting of magistrates, also, was held in Stoneyford yesterday, in the neighbourhood of these outrages, to consider and devise the best means to be adopted for the protection of life and property in the county. In our advertising page will be found the resolutions of the magistrates on the subject, calling for dragoons and police for the purposes already stated; and we sincerely hope their presence may have the desired effect, as it is not by the destruction of machinery, or by cowardly assaults, that the grievances of the poor can ever be redressed in this country.—*Kilkenny Journal*.

me.—Margaret Began (her mark). Witnesses—Patt Hedderman, farmer, Kilmore; Thomas Sheehy, farmer, Ballinlina; Michael Holohan, farmer, Kilmore. Granagh Chapel, Sunday, August 8th, 1858.

A correspondent in Derry writes to say that the number of peasants passing through that city from the wilds of Donegal this year to seek labour in Scotland is extremely large. He adds that many of them are in a condition 'of the utmost misery and wretchedness.' He asks how does this agree with the report of the parliamentary committee, which stated that the inhabitants of that now lamentably famous district are not worse off than they have been in former years? Our correspondent might have safely answered his own question. The Donegal peasants are very destitute and miserable to be sure. But what matter? They have the capacity of feeding on seaweed, and their destiny is to pay the highest possible amount of rent that can be squeezed out of human blood or bone—and not to be comfortable or happy on this earth. An octogenarian judge, mentally and physically imbecile, announced from the bench, on the authority and at the beck of the landlords, that these poor starving peasants 'were comparatively opulent.' Of course he must have meant that sea-weed was more plentiful than usual, and that the landlords, having put on the screw more tightly, were enabled to extort from them higher rents than ever, and a sheep tax to reward Scottish enterprise besides! These Irish of the Wilds are the subject of a nice scientific experiment in political economy—namely, to find how much rent can be got out of the hapless tenants of Irish bog, and to what a low pitch of offal eating and dirt eating Irish Celts can be reduced without starving. The landlord committee, which sat in Westminster, felt a tender interest in this experiment, and did not like to have it disturbed. To be sure, they do not feed their own dogs on anything 'at all so bad as the foul stuff these starving peasants are forced to drag out life upon; but they can't experiment on dogs so—nothing would come of it, whilst from the tortures of Irish land slaves gold can be coined. And so the Donegal Celts crawl in ragged destitution from their bog and mountains to labour in a strange land to make rent for their masters.—*Ulsterman*.

THE EXTINCTION OF PROSELYTISM.

The *Munster News* publishes the following:—The infamy is withering and dying out of the soil. This was the poison plant of peace and morality, and the very root of it rots. Our readers hold, we are sure, in their memory the Petty Sessions trial at Balingarry, and the exposure of the incentives to apostacy shown then and there to prevail. Then the respected and judicious Parish Priest, the Rev James Enraght, had the gratification of receiving back the strayed creatures whom want and wiles drew away; and now, as you will read in the subjoined documents, the rev gentleman has reduced the number of the outstanding and erring unfortunates to a single—perhaps case-hardened, family. He has crushed the poison plant. It can never 'flourish' in colonial or 'church' form, again in Knockferna:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MUNSTER NEWS.
Echo Lodge, Balingarry,
Aug. 10, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR—The enclosed documents were signed by the parties whose signatures are thereto affixed, on Sunday last at the Parish Chapel of Granagh, in presence of a crowded congregation. They speak so fully for themselves that comment on my part is useless. I feel it merely necessary to say that the notable system of proselytism has miserably failed at Knockferna. One family alone now remains to constitute the 'church,' in that locality, so that the labours of the rev curate appointed to the flourishing curacy of the 'Hill of the Fairies' will not henceforward be over exciting.

May I quote for the benefit of all concerned a stanza from a ballad loved by Daniel O'Connell:—

'I leaned my back against an oak;
I thought it was a trusty tree;
But first it bent and then it broke,
'Twas thus my love deserted me.'

Alas! and alas! the 'Church of the Hill' is of the past.

Very faithfully yours,
JAMES ENRAGHT, P.P.

I, Honora M'Eniry, and family, of the Commons of Knockferna, and parish of Granagh, in the county of Limerick, do now declare that we return of our own free will to the communion of the Holy Catholic Church, from which we were tempted to separate in times of great distress. I also declare that during the time of my unhappy apostacy from the Catholic Church, I never for a moment doubted the truthfulness of its teachings; and that the hope of support from the Rev Mr Gubbins solely induced me to abandon the creed in which I was born. Both myself and my children now ask pardon of the Almighty for the scandal we have given, and earnestly hope that this congregation will pray for us.

Honora M'Eniry—(her mark), Thomas M'Eniry, David M'Eniry, Denis M'Eniry, Patrick M'Eniry.

The above document was this day signed in our presence by the parties whose signatures are thereto affixed, after having been first read to them by the Rev Mr Enraght, P.P.—Patrick Hedderman, farmer, Kilmore; James Sheehy, farmer, Ballinlina; Michael Holohan, farmer, Kilmore.

Granagh Chapel, Sunday, August 8th, 1858.

I, Margaret Began, of Knockferna, in the parish of Granagh and county of Limerick, do now publicly regret having separated myself from the communion of the Catholic Church.

I pray the Almighty to pardon me the scandal I have given, and also hope that this congregation will pray for