

nor the Nestorians Nestorius, nor the Donatists Donatus, nor the Arians Arius.

Again, Mahomed may be revered by his followers as the prophet of God, or obeyed as His messenger; but he is not the beloved of men's souls. Even in regard to Moses, no expression of love can be found in the Holy Scriptures, or in the later writings of the Jews.

Every examination brings us to the same conclusion. One, only one, human being has ever possessed the power of over-stepping all limits to the power of love—those of kindred, those of time, and those of space. Jesus Christ was able to claim and to keep the love of all who believe in Him (p. 13).

His enemies also have felt obliged to allow Him a certain power of captivating the affections of all who approached Him. The love of the disciple for his Master was stronger than death. Love, too, when directed to Him, is to be taken in its strictest, highest and purest sense. 1. It was a filial love for Him which transported S. Stephen with joy in his last agony. It is the same love for Him which sweetens the sufferings of the martyr of to-day in the distant East.

2. Higher than this filial love, which is deferential, dutiful and respectful, which has ever been made the subject of a commendation, there rises another, so purely natural, instinctive, and necessary, that no precept could add to its certainty or to its exactness, the love of parent for child. Or, I will particularise it still further, the mother's unapproachable love. Jesus, and He alone, has secured to Himself this most exquisite of affections in the manly soul, even if in other respects rugged and seemingly hard' (p. 16).

This species of love is exemplified most of all in the saints of the Seraphic Order, so celebrated for its devotion to the Divine Infancy, and especially in S. Francis and S. Bonaventure.

There is a third form of love, exclusively felt for Him, by souls so far separated from Him, and never for any one else. It is the love which only one can feel for one symbolised and expressed in the mysterious Canticle of Canticles. This is that love of chaste spouses, which has so essentially pervaded the Church from its beginning, as to have produced in her a permanent institution, the Religious state' (p. 22).

The types of this love in the early ages are S. Agnes, S. Lucia, S. Cecilia, and S. Agatha; and in more modern times, S. Catherine of Siena, S. Teresa, S. John of the Cross, and S. Peter of Alcantara.

Mary is associated to Jesus in whatever we love Him for. This connexion has given to her a communication of that love which belongs to Him, as far as filial love can go.

Lastly, Jesus both prophesied and inculcated this love for Himself: 'And, I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all things to Myself.' And the wise and practical S. Paul declares in solemn words: 'If any man LOVE not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema.'

The Cardinal very aptly ends his beautiful sermon with a prayer for the conversion of those unbelievers, against whose doctrines he has directed his discourse as an antidote or preservative:—

'Then, dear and blessed Lord Jesus, what shall we say to Thee of those who are endeavoring to quench the flame of Thy love, on earth, in these our times; of those who would fain strip Thee of Thy claims to our attachment;—who think they are laboring in the cause of human virtue and advancement, by reducing Thee to the mere condition of a man like themselves and us, with more wisdom perhaps, but with no divinity?'

'Oh! teach us to look on them with sincere compassion. For they are as children, who think they can empty the ocean, or pluck up all the flowers of earth.'

'We pray not that Thy judgments overtake them, as they did the unhappy men who rebelled against Thee in the wilderness. (Numb. xvi.) Nor can we wish in this to be like Thy Boanerges (Mar. iii. 17) to call down vengeance on those who refuse to hear Thee, and love Thee. For we know of what spirit we are, or should be, that of our meek and forgiving Jesus.'

'No; rather let them be plunged into the very depths of Thy sweetness; buried in the honey of Thy holy love; be their wings clogged, and their feet entangled in its clinging deliciousness; that fixed in Thee, they may not leave Thee, but feel, and exclaim: 'Mibi autem adhaerere Deo bonum est.' 'For me it is good to cleave to God.' [Ps. lxxxi. 28.] May the voices that have blasphemed Thee, be the loudest in praising Thee; the hearts that have been the coldest, be the most inflamed with Thy love. And let Thy love reign triumphant over all the earth, until the end of time.'

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT AT ST. HILAIRE, ON WEDNESDAY, 29th JUNE. GREAT LOSS OF LIFE.

FULL PARTICULARS. (From the Montreal Gazette.)

The 'Necker' sailed from Hamburg on the 18th May, with 538 souls, the greater part of whom came from Bohemia, and the remainder from Poland, Saxony, the Hanseatic towns, and Sweden and Norway. Sixteen only came from the latter kingdom. As a class these poor emigrants were distinguished for their eminently respectable appearance, broad solid countenances, and light flaxen hair. They were all grouped into families, few single men being among them, and with some exceptions were all provided with means. Some intended to settle in Upper Canada, but the majority were on their way to the Western States; a few going to New York. I may here explain that about 80 of the passengers remained in Quebec, not being able to pay their way up, and on the recommendation of Mr. Jorgenson, German Interpreter and Assistant Emigrant Agent at Quebec, decided to wait at Point Levi until means had been provided by the Government for their passage to Upper Canada.—This providentially saved the lives of many among them and diminished the sum total of the loss experienced by their less fortunate fellow

passengers. The train on leaving Point Levi, therefore, contained 458 passengers, who occupied eleven freight and second class cars, the luggage occupying two cars in the forward part of the train. The lighter portion of the baggage was distributed through the cars, many of the passengers having bundles containing clothing, bread, household utensils and other effects. At 1.15 a.m., the train arrived at St. Hilaire station, a mile or so from the bridge over the river Richelieu, and was then in charge of Birney, the engine-driver, Finn, a conductor, and one of the most careful men on the road, and Finn, the brakeman. It left the station immediately after and proceeded up the road to the bridge. The night was fine and clear, so much so that the station-master at St. Hilaire saw the train proceeding over the bridge. The draw was then open, five barges passing through on their way to Lake Champlain in tow of the steamer Whitehall, laden with oats and sawn lumber. The usual red danger light was burning, and could be seen at a distance of 1620 feet, or more than a thousand feet from the end of the bridge, which is constructed of iron, and rests on seven stone piers, at an altitude of about forty feet from the summer level of the river. The bridge master saw the train coming, and in addition to the danger signal already hoisted on the semaphore, ran on the track and waved another red light for the train to stop. It still came on, however, and just as the mast of the third vessel in tow of the Whitehall had cleared the bridge, the train fell into the gap caused by the opening of the draw-bridge, car after car thundering into the river and on to the deck of the barge forty feet below. The locomotive struck the barge just aft of the mast, bounded off and plunged into the river, tearing out a large piece of the side of the vessel which careened over and sank two or three feet into the bed of the river. The tender came next and appears to have capsized upon the locomotive. It was followed by the baggage cars which fell flat into the draw and are comparatively uninjured, while above them in fearful mextricable confusion came the cars containing the unfortunate passengers. Only one of the lot was fitted with seats and by some strange chance was thrown half across the deck of the barge, one of its ends being partly submerged in the river.—Its inmates were fearfully shaken by the shock, the seats having been torn out, but do not appear to have sustained much serious injury, as although its roof was broken through, its sides and floor are comparatively free from the blood which bespattered the greater part of the others in every direction. The other cars were literally piled one upon the other, and so mixed up and jumbled, that it seemed as if they had been placed under a press of enormous power and crushed into an unrecognizable mass of splinters and iron, mixed here and there with car wheels in every position, shreds of clothing, loaves of bread, bundles and human bodies bruised, battered and covered with blood. The woodwork in some of the broken cars was open here and there, and one could see through them into further sickening vistas of hands, heads and feet, covered with shattered, splintered wood work and torn clothing. Some of the members thus held up by the wreck in which they were immoreably encased were blue to blackness, betokening the nature of the death of which the poor sufferers had died. Here and there a little child could be distinguished, its little flaxen head dabbled with blood, and its body lying in the wreck on the water. So much for the fearful scene. I hope never to witness such another.—It is satisfactory to know, however, no long-prolonged suffering tortured the last moments of these poor foreigners. Death in every case appears to have been instantaneous. A few may have lived for an hour or so, but the shock experienced in falling from such a height and the consequent shocks from the accumulation of the cars, in the gap, was so great that insensibility must have immediately ensued. This is fully established by the appearance of the dead. Every body that I saw was more or less disfigured, wet or bruised, but through the blood on the face or brow, the calm, placid aspect assumed by the suddenly killed could be easily distinguished.—They were, as a whole, very black about the eyes, the concussion on the brain having injected the blood vessels of the eye and strained the cheeks and eye lids all round about. As soon as the train fell in, the alarm was given in the vicinity, and assistance was telegraphed for. The conductor and brakeman were missing; Birney the engine driver, was slightly injured and rescued from the wreck. Many of the passengers made their way out of the broken cars to the deck of the partly sunken vessel, and thus came to land. It is astounding that so many should have escaped so slightly injured. But when we look into the way the cars are placed this easily explains itself. The leading cars of the train fell into the gap and on to the barge, blocking up the limited water space which the vessel left unoccupied, so that when the last four or five cars of the eleven rolled in turn into the draw, the water was filled up with the ruins of the previous cars, and they slowly tumbled over one another down on either side. The confused pile thus had a broad foundation, and from it escape was comparatively easy. Mr. Brydges, the Managing Director, was immediately informed of the disaster, and proceeded with a gang of workmen, and Drs. Scott, R. P. Howard and Hingston to its site. When the train arrived on the ground, the wounded had nearly all been removed from the wreck: and the people residing in the vicinity were doing all they could to alleviate their sufferings. A great many had been carried into houses in the vicinity. Some lay in a shed on the wharf below the bridge, and many more in the outhouses of the hotel close by the track. Several medical gentlemen from the neighboring villages were on the ground and had already commenced to tend the wounded. Dr. Brousseau and Dr. Allard of Belœil were thus occupied, and during the morning were joined by Drs. Prefontaine, Fregean, Benoit and Chagnon, gentlemen who all reside along the bank of the Richelieu river. The gang of men were, on arriving set to work at the debris and a closer examination was made of the seriously wounded,

who were nearly all removed into the shed below the bridge. A middle-aged married woman from Bohemia, I believe, proved to be the case most needing care. She was suffering from a compound fracture of the knee joint and it immediately became evident that the limb would have to be amputated. This was accordingly done and was borne with heroic fortitude, the poor woman in the course of the amputation quietly reproving her husband for giving way to his grief! The clearing of the debris proceeded in the meantime with great difficulty and slowness owing to the great confusion in which the wheels, trucks and other parts of the cars were involved. A strong cable was attached to the upper part of the pile and by this means two cars, the last of the ill-fated train were dragged on to the wharf below the bridge. Their removal revealed a horrible sight. A shapeless blue mass of heads and hands and feet protruded among the splinters and frame work and gradually resolved itself into a closely packed mass of human beings, all ragged and bloody and dented and dinged from crown to foot with blue bruises and wheals and cuts inflicted by the ponderous iron work, the splinters and the enormous weight of the train. The bodies were cleared from the wreck and carried into the upper story of the shed on the wharf below the bridge, the lower part of which had been littered with straw for the wounded.—The debris around them was covered with shreds of their clothing, pieces of bread, trinkets and coins, gun stocks, implements of every description, torn books and papers, tin cups, boots and shoes and an innumerable number of other articles. A great many of the dead were evidently asleep or unbent, as the majority of them had taken off their boots and coats in the endeavor to make themselves as comfortable as possible. They lay heaped upon one another like sacks and dressed in the traditional blue clothing of the German people, and as we have already stated were almost indistinguishable from the blood and bruises with which they were covered. While matters were thus proceeding another special train arrived from Montreal. It contained Judge Coursol, Mayor Beaudry, Mr. J. H. Daly, Government Emigrant Agent, the representatives of the national societies, Drs. Bibaud, and Moore of Montreal, Drs. Larocque and Rollin of Longueuil, Councillor Devlin, and many others, including Chief Constable McLaughlin, Sergeant Wilson, and a detail of the Water Police. The police were placed in charge of the dead, and the property recovered, and after a while preparations were made for the removal of the wounded to the city, the special train having brought down beds by Mr. Brydges' directions. The representatives of the national societies, the Germans especially, proved eminently useful, as the poor emigrants could not explain themselves in French or English, and sadly needed the kind offices of fellow-countrymen and interpreters.—they seemed to hail the well known accents of the fatherland with deep relief and pleasure, and speedily made their wants known to the worthy President of the German Society, Mr. Gerhard Lomer, and his assistants, Messrs Reinhardt, Storer, Jorgensen, Vaganner, and other gentlemen. The language of humanity, however, is sufficiently easy of comprehension to all men, as was proved by the noble scene to-day, in which French, British and Norwegians vied with each other and with Germans in assisting the unfortunate Germans who were on the train. Some hard fatiguing labor, under a terrible hot sun, had to be done in removing the wounded to the cars, and it was done with a will and with a spirit which were eminently creditable to all concerned in the ghastly work. Planks were provided, and covered with straw and wrappers.—The wounded were placed on these, beginning with those in the Dead House, and carried on men's shoulders up the long dusty hill to the cars, where they were received by Dr. Hingston, and placed on the beds provided. House after house was thus cleared of its unfortunate inmates, and the work did not cease until all were provided for.—Among those who thus distinguished themselves in this true labor of love I must in justice mention Messrs. Coursol and Beaudry, J. H. Isaacson, Pomerville, and Lomer, Messrs. Arnton, Daley, J. L. Mathewson, Dr. Lawrence of the Scots Fusilier Guards, and many others whose names, in the confusion, do not readily occur to me. These gentlemen assisted by the French Canadian farmers of the vicinity, who worked with great readiness and will under the superintendence of Drs. Scott, Howard, Brousseau, Bibaud, Moore and the other medical gentlemen on the ground, completed their task by raising three o'clock, and soon after proceeded into town with their sick and sorrowing freight. About 60 of the passengers were seriously injured, and from 100 to 110 injured in all. Up to this moment forty-five bodies had been recovered from the debris, 18 of whom were adults, some men of tall, powerful frame and fine proportions. The wreck of two cars still barred the way, and though feet and hands could be seen in plenty, it was impossible to get at the bodies, still in the water. A cable was consequently attached to the frame work of the upper one, and were passed over the bridge to a locomotive on the track above, steam was then put on, and the frame work of the car was slowly dragged asunder and hauled up on to the wharf. Six more bodies were then recovered, all lying in the water more or less disfigured with wounds and bruises. It was surmised that the wreck of the next car would reveal many more, and so to say the prediction came true, as a dense mass of bodies, closely wedged together, was disclosed and carried into the Dead House. Two thirds, or about ten of the number were children, neatly dressed like their parents in blue cloth or calico, but fearfully bruised and disfigured. Still another tier of bodies was uncovered as the day wore on and by this time the number of dead recovered from the river amounted to sixty-nine, or thirteen men, nineteen women, sixteen boys and twenty-one girls. This last discovery was effected by the removal of the second car mentioned above. As it swung round on its chain a mass of eight bodies as closely packed as they could well be become apparent. The lower tier consisted of children and a young man, while above them were two girls and a boy, and on the top of the pile a well built man, of powerful frame, who lay on his back, with a car wheel resting on his throat, completely concealing his face from view. The probabilities are, that it was so shattered by the wheel as to be unrecognizable. One of his hands lay by his side and was quite black with blood. It is supposed that from 20 to 30 bodies are still in the river. Flynn, the brakeman was found this afternoon. After arresting Birney, the engine driver, and committing him on a warrant, Mr. Coroner Jones proceeded to order coffins for the dead.

When ill news comes too late to be serviceable to your neighbor, keep it to yourself.—Zimmarman.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE IRISH HIERARCHY IN XVI. CENTURY.—MAGUIRE'S LIFE.—The extracts which we give from these papers have been quoted by almost every Irish Catholic paper abroad. We regret to say that in the present number of *Duffy's Hibernian Magazine* this excellent series of historical studies has reached its conclusion. Enquiries have been made concerning the author, who we feel pleasure in being able to satisfy. In Dublin literary circles they have long been unanimously regarded as emanating from the pen of the Rev. C. P. Meehan, O. C. (SS. Michael and John's); the period they treat, their accuracy, novelty, and research at once betraying the scholar versed in historical ecclesiastical lore, such as there is but one in Ireland. Father Meehan can look back on a life, fruitful in labors for Ireland and the Church. We find that it was to him our late Most Archbishop confided the revision of the New Testament, which obtained Cardinal Wiseman's approbation. His original and translated works extend to fully twenty volumes, and are important acquisitions in the elucidation of the history of our Church and Country. He has given us 'The Consecration of Kilkenny,' 'The Geraldines,' from O'Daly's Latin, learnedly annotated, 'Life of Kirwan, Bishop of Killala,' from Gratianus Lucius (the celebrated Lynch); noted likewise; Lanzzi's Devotional Works, and 'Sculptors and Painters of the Order of St. Dominic,' from the Italian of Marchese. Side by side with these, we observe that he has bestowed him of the wants of youth, and done much to counteract evil influences by those so popular works of instructive amusement: 'Flowers from Foreign Fields,' 'Tales by Father Charles,' and the 'Young Christian's Library,' which form thirteen handsome volumes. His contributions to periodical literature have been very extensive. In these columns we frequently drew attention to his 'Notes Lovanienses,' which, while illustrating the history of Franciscan Irish monasteries, throw so much pleasant light upon the lives of gallant Irish chieftains, notably the noble, pious, stainless Hugh O'Donnell.—The value of the series touching the Irish Hierarchy is enhanced by the novelty of the facts made known in the various episcopal biographies; lineages are established, birth-places revealed, and the places of sepulture of the Irish prelates in Ireland and in exile are pointed out, with the epitaphs composed for their monuments. Incidental notices of the O'Neills, and other Irish chieftains, are also given. What light these researches have thrown on Irish and Church history is evident to all; that we enjoy it, is due to Father Meehan's care in the collection and collation of hitherto obscure and unheard of, but important MSS. May he long continue to mingle with his curacy's arduous toil, the elucidation of our history's records, and the publication of labors so valuable. Our literary labors are not numerous; they are not too well requited, but in a good cause there is always solace and reward in letters; nothing so pleasant, they make not pleasanter; nothing so grievous that they do not relieve.

The following extract is full of interest, were it but on account of Maguire's life:—

In the year 1592, Edward McGauran was consecrated at Rome archbishop of Armagh, and in the same year he visited the court of Phillip II. of Spain, to solicit aids for the Irish chieftains of the north, who were then preparing to rise in arms against the government of Queen Elizabeth. The Spanish monarch gave the Irish primate cordial welcome, and dismissed him with satisfactory assurances of his readiness to stand by O'Neill, O'Donnell, McGuire, and the other magnates who were the confederating for the overthrow of English rule in Ireland. Elated at his success, McGauran took a passage in the ship of Captain James Fleming, a merchant of Drogheda, and landed in that harbour some ten days after he weighed anchor at Carthagena. Meanwhile, the Irish executive had been warned to keep a strict watch on the ports, and to take measures for McGauran's arrest, the moment he set foot on shore. Sir Richard Bingham received special instructions to examine all persons landing at Drogheda. Clever as he was in his capacity of chief detective, McGauran contrived to elude him, stepped ashore from James Fleming's ship, and found shelter in the house of a Catholic who had made preparation for his entertainment. After a few days' repose, the archbishop set out for Enniskillen; and on his arrival there, was welcomed by McGuire, to whom he delivered the letters which he had brought from the King of Spain. [Lord Burghley took the Lord Deputy Fitzwilliam to task; he blamed Bingham, who retorted on him for remissness.] Chafed by this inuendo, Fitzwilliam resolved to lose no time in laying hands on McGauran; and he accordingly wrote to Dublin, and bring along with him the person of the 'Popish Archbishop,' and the letters, of which the latter was bearer, from Clement VIII. and the King of Spain. McGuire replied that he was not at all anxious to visit Dublin Castle, and that no threat or compulsion would or could persuade him to forget the sacred obligations of hospitality, or deliver into the hands of his enemies the man whom he recognized as the chief of the Catholic religion in Ireland. If Fitzwilliam thought well of it, so ran McGuire's answer, he might come to Enniskillen, and seize McGauran; he could; but to expect that he [McGuire] would obey the deputy's mandate, and lower himself to the level of Bingham, or adventurers of his sort, nothing could be more foolish or extravagantly absurd. Smarting under this rebuke, Fitzwilliam commissioned one Willis to enter Fernmanagh with a posse, whom a contemporary Protestant writer describes as 'three hundred of the very rascals and scum of the Kingdom,' and harry the district till it was made shire ground—or, in other words, to make way for the new settlers with their flocks and herds. McGuire, however, instead of countenancing this projected civilisation, which, as a matter of course, would bring along with it the new religion and the Queen's supremacy, fell upon the civilisers, who had fortified themselves in a church, and would have put them; one and all, to the sword were it not for the interposition of Hugh O'Neill, who stipulated, on their behalf, that they would at once betake themselves to the Pale, and never again enter Fernmanagh. Willis and his rascals disappeared instantly.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND SECRET SOCIETIES.—Letter from the Pope, addressed to Rev. Archbishop McHale, of Tuam, directing the latter to deprive Father Lavelle, a Catholic priest in Ireland, of his functions on account of his connection with inhibited secret societies:

Venerable Brother.—Health and Apostolic Benediction. Disagreeable and indeed painful, it is for us to learn that the priest Patrick Lavelle, after his departure from our city, and his arrival in your country, did not return to the right path as he had promised, but, by his condemnable mode of acting, has since fallen into a worse way. For after he had departed hence, he did not hesitate to commit to print his retraction so mutilated and curtailed, that in many places it widely differs from that which he had with his own hand written in Rome; nor even did he deign to connect with his retraction, a petition (supplicem libellum) as if it had been presented to us, while we have never received any such petition, which petition he published with a wicked purpose of sustaining by singular boldness his own action and inflicting upon our venerable brethren, the Irish prelates—particularly upon the Archbishops of Armagh and Dublin—the greatest injuries and wounding and damaging their reputations; nor was he, at all alarmed in publishing the retraction and petition referred to in periodicals inimical to the Holy See; by which the occasion was not neglected to inveigh against this See in a bitter and contumelious manner; and of that the same Lavelle could not have been ignorant. It is to be added that he did not shrink from en-

couraging some societies under new names, even those which have been condemned by many of our venerable brethren in Ireland (particularly by the Archbishop)—as pernicious and adverse to the Catholic faith.—And what is most to be regretted, Venerable Brother, is that this same priest Lavelle boasted that he has committed such acts, relying on your authority and patronage, you, who should in the discharge of your sacred office, have most severely reprovved and punished him, and have prevented by all means so great a scandal.

Since, therefore, we cannot permit that this unfortunate priest should continue to discharge the functions of the sacred ministry, by these letters we command and order you, Venerable Brother, to interdict without delay the aforesaid priest, Patrick Lavelle, from parochial administration; from the celebration of mass, and from every other exercise of the sacred ministry, until otherwise ordained by the Apostolic See.

We are sustained, indeed by the hope that moved by these our letters, and having before your eyes the evils resulting from the acts of this priest, you will endeavor, Venerable Brother, as your office requires, in every manner, to repress his audacity, to recall him to his own duties, and to succeed in inducing him to repair the scandal he has given to the faithful and seriously to consult his conscience. And for the future, we trust that in your Episcopal solicitude, you will diligently study to exactly perform all that may pertain to the doctrine and cause of the Catholic Church to the observation of its laws, the protection of the interests of your flock, to the detection of the snares of enemies, and to the refutation of errors. Relying on this hope, we impart to you, Venerable Brother, and to all the clergy and faithful committed to your care, the Apostolic Benediction.

Done at St. Peter's, Rome, the 18th day of April, 1864.

The Right Rev. Doctor Ryan, Bishop of Limerick, died at his Palace on Monday, in the 80th year of his age and the 39th of his Episcopacy. For several years past, the deceased Prelate had lived in retirement owing to the delicate state of his health; and the duties of the Diocese devolved on his pious and accomplished Coadjutor, Dr. Butler, who succeeds to the See. 'During his Episcopacy,' the *Traveller Chronicle* says 'Doctor Ryan effected wonders for the Church in the diocese of Limerick. Every parish had a new church built. He introduced the Orders of Redemptorists, Jesuits, Christian Brothers, the Sisters of Mercy, the Nuns of the Good Shepherd, and the Faithful Companions of Jesus. His last work is the grand Cathedral where his honored remains are laid.' Doctor Ryan was a Whig, and on all the great questions which have divided Irish Churchmen during the last thirty years, he took the same side as Dr. Murray.—*Tablet*, 11th ultimo.

We understand the mission of the Oblate fathers at Tramore is effecting a vast deal of good in the locality. The beautiful new Gothic church is crowded from morning till night with the people of the town and neighborhood, numbers of whom have taken the temperance pledge.—*Waterford Citizen*.

MORAN—O'MORAN.—Before giving the genealogy of the name we would say a few words by way of preface. There is a common error, that all Macs and O's are Milesians or Ithians by descent. Such is not the case. As *le or du* is in France prefixed or prefixed to a foreigner who resides in it, so in Ireland Mac or O may be placed before the name of a man of another country if the name is to be rendered into Irish. This may not, however, be practicable in respect to all foreign names. The eight legitimate, but the illegitimate, sons of Milesius or Gollamb (pronounced Gollou), and those of Ith (pronounced Ith) brought with them to Ireland, in their fleet of thirty ships, many chiefs or admirals, sailors, common soldiers, and their officers, besides their wives, also men set apart for literature, moreover, artists of the highest order, mechanics, laborers, &c. Their offspring in process of time multiplied wonderfully, and were not, as some modern theorists would designate them, the attainments of mere plebs or plebeians—but the plebs, populus or people—whose power ought to be supreme in every nation. The Royal lines did, however, keep them in a state of feudal servitude, as was the condition of Englishmen, until Lancton, Archbishop of Canterbury, at the head of the Barons in Runnymede, wrested from the imbecile King John the 'Magna Charta' or the Charter of English liberty. The classes alluded to above, groaning under the yoke of feudal serfdom, aid at length revolt in A.D. 73, and having been successful, they placed one of their wisest men on the throne. The name of this man so selected was Cencuil, who reigned four years, when he was succeeded by his son Moran, called the 'just judge,' who it is said, used to apply an instrument called 'Moran's Collar' to the neck of witnesses when giving evidence. If the person perjurated or spoke falsely, the collar was apt to press so closely round the neck as that he would be choked, unless he spoke the truth. This wonderful collar, we heard, was a few years since in the possession of a family in Clare, but we now forget the name. It is said that it was exhibited in the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin. King Moran, having beheld the country which he loved torn asunder by continuous civil wars, owing to the revolution and consequent usurpation, and witnessed the frightful results of neglected agriculture, the fatal diminution of the people by famine and pestilence, which are ever sure to follow in the train of domestic strife, abdicated in favor of Eim, of the Milesian dynasty. The new King, to mark his respect for Moran, appointed him Chief Justice. Notwithstanding Moran's magnanimity in having resigned the sovereignty, yet, for twenty years, whilst Eim ruled, the island was convulsed; and it was then resolved to recall from Albin, or Albania [afterwards, in the days of Ferguson, called Scotland], Tuathal [O'Toole], the rightful heir, who had fled for safety to the palace of his grandfather. It must be kept in view, when tracing the Irish pedigrees, that all of the same name are not necessarily of the same stock or origin. For instance, there is O'Moran, a descendant of Colla, of the line of Heremon, son of Milesius, whereas Moran the judge was not a Milesian, though an offspring of one of those who accompanied them to Erin. In Connaught, O'Moran derives its origin from Bran, who was King at the advent of St. Patrick, and of the same line as O'Guffey of Connaught. In Ulster, O'Moran claims descent from one of the 'red branch knights' [who were of the race of Ir—the noblest of the sons of Milesius], who owned the Grand Palace of Emain, which was destroyed by the three Collas in the fourth century. As, however, those who pride themselves on being Anglo-Norman race wish to have their pedigrees, we give it. Nesta, who was the daughter of the Welsh King in the 12th century, was the concubine of Henry I., and from this illicit connection came Robert and Megles Fitz Henry. She, after this intrigue, was married to Gerald [a quo the Fitz Gerald of Ireland]. Her second husband was Stephen of Cardigan, whose offspring was Fitz Stephen. To one of the above chaste woman's daughters was married William de Barry, who had four sons, Robert, Philip, Waller and Gerald. The last, through worldly motives, became a priest, and has ever been designated by all faithful writers 'the lying Gerald Barry,' in answer to whose infamous attacks on Ireland Gratianus Lucianus, alias Archdeacon Lynch, of Tuam, afterwards Bishop of Killalea, wrote the great work 'Cambrensis Eboracensis.' Some writers say that Gerald de Barry was the son, not the grandson of Henry I.; by Nesta his concubine. We hope the Norman De Barrys are now satisfied.

Lord Enniskillen, Grand Master of the Orangemen of Ireland has published an address soliciting the members of that atrocious order to refrain from all out-door processions on the coming Orange anniversary. He does so in view of the recent 'Party Procession Act,' under which they would surely be prosecuted. Yet, at the same time, he condemns the law as 'one-sided and uncalled for.'