

General Hospital to assist at the instructions which he gave to the patients of his own persuasion; and that all his acts, while connected with the General Hospital, had been approved of by the authorities of that institution—who, we may add, are for the most part, if not all, professors of the Protestant Faith.

On the 18th inst., *Observer*—who carefully and not without good reason, conceals his name from the public—returns to the charge; and thus attempts to make good his former assertion, that the reverend gentlemen to whom he alluded was in the habit of giving "general invitations to the patients in the several different wards to attend his" religious instructions. Of course the reader will perceive that the *gravamen* of the charge depends entirely upon the truth or falsity of the expressions "general invitations;" for, for a Catholic priest to give "particular invitations" to patients of his own persuasion only—and the reverend gentleman maligned by *Observer* in his letter positively asserts that to these were his intentions restricted—should not be a matter either of surprise or offence to the most vigilant Protestant *Observer*.

"As there may be a difference of opinion as to what constitutes a general invitation," says *Observer* in his second communication, "I will state what I have both seen and heard, and leave your readers to judge. I have both seen and heard him, (the visiting priest,) in No. 22 Ward, invite the patients to attend his lectures in tones sufficiently loud to be heard by every person in the ward, and I know that he does the same in other wards. This I should call a general invitation."

This, we think, will hardly be accepted by the majority even of Protestants as a good definition of the words "general invitation." If, for instance, Mr. Smith, being in a public room, were to invite Mr. Jones to dinner, and in tones sufficiently loud to be heard by every one in the room," we hardly think that Mr. Tomkins would conceive the invitation to be "general;" or would look upon himself as therein included.—And yet because, in clear and distinct tones, so as perhaps to be heard by Protestant patients, the Catholic clergyman visiting the General Hospital, gave a particular invitation to his Catholic patients to attend his religious instructions—a Protestant *Observer* hesitates not to publish in the public journals that the said priest had given "general invitations" to the patients, to attend!

The best way however to settle the matter in dispute, is to refer it to the authorities of the General Hospital; to whom, as Protestants, a Protestant *Observer* can have no reasonable objections; and to whom also the Romish priest, attacked by *Observer*, is quite willing to refer all questions, as to whether he—the priest—ever gave a "general invitation" to the patients to attend his religious instructions; or has in any manner conducted himself so as to give offence to the Managers, or to infringe upon the regulations, of the General Hospital.

Observer also attacks another Catholic priest, "one of his predecessors;"—that is, a predecessor of the priest who at present visits the Hospital. This reverend gentleman, whom *Observer* does not, and dares not name, "so teased a Protestant whose mind was weakened by disease as to frighten him into the true church." The same reverend gentleman—name not given—is also accused of having spoken disrespectfully of the Protestant Bible, of having denied its inspiration, and its intelligibility; and in particular, of having called in question the authenticity of the Epistle of St. James—which by-the-by was, according to St. Luther, merely an "epistle of straw." To these grave charges against an unknown reverend gentleman, preferred by an unknown, anonymous, and therefore most likely a cowardly slanderer, it is needless to reply. We shall however be prepared to meet them, when properly substantiated with the author's signature; and when the name of the reverend gentleman therein alluded to is also made public.

The *American Celt* calls attention to the highly immoral and anti-Catholic tendencies of some of the extracts, given in a book lately published by M. Donahoe, of Boston, entitled, "The Speeches of the Celebrated Irish Orators."

The *American Celt* is right; and we regret that the *TRUE WITNESS* should have seemed even, to recommend a book containing such vile passages, to a Catholic public. The truth is, they had escaped our notice; our attention having been fully taken up with extracts from the speeches of Grattan and Curran—those truly glorious luminaries of the Irish Bar and Senate. We therefore take this opportunity of assuring the publishers of the work in question, that we entirely agree in the sentence of condemnation pronounced upon it by the *American Celt*; and that, until the offensive passages be expunged, we cannot recommend it to a Catholic public.

We have been requested to state that the Recording Secretary of St. Patrick's Society will attend at St. Patrick's Hall, on the evenings of Saturday, Tuesday, and Wednesday next—for the purpose of receiving dues, and giving receipts to such as may be in arrears. The Committee are requested to meet on Monday next, at 8 p.m.

DOCTOR RYERSON AND THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

TO THE CONDUCTORS OF THE PRESS IN CANADA.

A slight illness has prevented me from noticing sooner the last lucubrations of that erratic individual, called Chief Superintendent of Education in Upper Canada. I allude to his so-called replies to the noble letters addressed to me, in the columns of the *Leader* of the 26th ult. and 3rd inst., by the Right Rev. Dr. Pinsonneault, the distinguished Catholic Bishop of London, C.W., on the subject of the late controversy between Dr. Ryerson and myself.

From past experience, the public was prepared for any amount of tergiversation and misrepresentation on the part of this unscrupulous and unprincipled official. His last frantic diatribes, purporting to be replies to his Lordship's letters, but more appropriately styled—"vulgar lampoons on 1,500,000 of his fellow-citizens"—show evidently that, in addition to his former total absence of candor and honesty, he has in store an inexhaustible amount of scurrility and malice. As to his scurrilities and gross abuse against every thing Catholic, especially his indecent personalities against a dignitary of the Church, I will not stop to gather them up or fling them back in the face of the contemptible reviler of Catholicity. When a man can so far forget himself, as to apply such choice and polished expressions as, *ungentlemanly and silly effusions*, to the amiable Prelate who governs the Diocese of London, he may as well be passed by, in silent contempt. I will merely say, *en passant*, that, whilst we are willing to make great allowance for the disturbed and excited state of his mind, we have at least a right to expect that he will keep a civil tongue in his mouth when addressing those who pay him his wages; and refrain from using a language not to be tolerated in the fish market. Had Bishop Pinsonneault paid homage to the pedantic official who claims the privilege of insulting every thing Catholic, by upholding the godless school system of *foreign importation*; had he condescended to allow his sophistries, his fallacious expressions and malicious insinuations, to pass unrebuked; had he not stopped to lash the reviler of the Pontiffs of the Church, he might have been fortunate enough to be eulogised by the Methodist Minister. But because the learned Bishop of London has raised his voice in behalf of freedom of education; because he has nobly and eloquently declared the unanimous sympathy and approbation of the whole hierarchy in Canada, on the all important question of Christian education; because he came forward to proclaim that I was not the mere organ of an insignificant party, a new infusion of a foreign element,—the Chief Superintendent of Education loses his temper; and forthwith gives His Lordship of London a lecture on the regard he owes to the dignity of his office.

Shall we who struck the Lion down, shall we pay the Wolf homage?

BYRON.

Passing over sundry intemperate and uncalled for effusions which appear in the communications referred to, and which the public may easily trace to the late discomfiture and ignominious prostration of the Chief of Education, I beg leave to touch slightly upon some other misstatements and misrepresentations perpetrated by him, in his so called answer to the Roman Catholic Bishop of London, in *The Leader* of the 26th ult. I allude to these fresh instances of tergiversation, because they concern me personally. Dr. Ryerson says that I charged him with "having excluded all Roman Catholic, civil and ecclesiastical histories from the catalogue of library books." Now I said no such thing. I did not so much as allude to his catalogue (with which he is making himself ridiculous) till he brought it in, in the course of the controversy, with a view to change the question at issue. I remonstrated against the objectionable character of his Protestant Libraries. I was met at once by the Doctor, who holding up his catalogue, pointed with his finger to some half a dozen of Catholic books therein inserted. My wily antagonist thus trusted that the substitution of *Catalogue for Libraries* would blindfold the reader. The pious fraud has rebounded upon its author with double power. Detection and shame have been the consequence. Now, to return to the question, I stated, and I repeat again, that the Public Libraries so earnestly recommended by the Chief of Education, to the patronage of the Municipalities, are altogether Protestant; made up of Protestant works, adapted to the taste of Protestants only, and consequently unfit for Catholics.

The fairness with which His Reverence boasts of having acted, by inserting the names of about a dozen of Catholic books in his catalogue containing upwards of 4,000 Protestant or infidel works such as Gibbon and Hume, is one of the most pitiful attempts at imposition that ever was perpetrated by that double dealing official, called Dr. Ryerson. What is to the public, to Catholics and to me, if the bare name or shadow of a few Catholic works figures in Dr. Ryerson's catalogue; whilst, as a general rule, not one of the above mentioned books can be found on the shelves of his Public Libraries? When you visit these wonders of the Chief of Education, his Public Libraries, you may gaze around till doomsday and see none but Protestant histories, Protestant novels, Protestant notes of a traveller, Protestant essays, Protestant diaries—all works more or less offensive to a Catholic reader, all more or less replete with insulting misrepresentations of Catholic practices, Catholic doctrines and Catholic customs or usages. In perusing the catalogue containing the names of over four thousand works, you come across the names of about a dozen of Catholic books. Ask the superintendent of the library for one of these works, the title page of which is in the catalogue. It is not there. Ask for another; it is not to be found there. This I am able to assert on the authority of confidential friends who have tried the experiment. Now, let me ask it again of his Reverence, are such Libraries fit for a mixed community like ours? We are in some places, one-fourth, in other places, one-third of the population. Have we not a right to a proportionate share of works? In many of the Public Libraries, not a single Catholic work can be procured. Again, is this an illustration of the fair dealing with which Dr. Ryerson boasts of having acted in getting up these grand humbugs, styled by him, Public Libraries? If such be the case, then I say: God save us from this honest and fair-dealing official!

The Chief Superintendent of Education goes on saying "that I charged him with having originated legal restrictions by which neither school apparatus nor books could be procured for the Roman Catholic children of Toronto Schools." I am accused by the same Supreme Judge of the Education office, of having said that "Roman Catholic children in Separate Schools, were denied school maps and apparatus." I beg leave to say, *Salve Reverentia*, a greater falsehood has not been uttered since the day of the fall of our first parents in the earthly paradise. In the whole of my correspondence with Dr. Ryerson, I made no such statement as the above. All I said, and I repeat it again for the third and fourth time, is that, should the suggestions of the Chief Superintendent of Education be complied with by the Municipalities, as directed by him in the famous circular, Catholics would be unfairly and unjustly dealt with; being compelled to purchase maps, charts, globes, etc., etc., with their own money, whilst there more fortunate Protestant neighbors would be able to provide themselves with the same, with the money accruing from the Clergy Reserve Funds. Now if the Separate Schools in Upper Canada have the same facilities for providing themselves with maps, charts, globes, etc., etc., as the Common Schools, they owe no thanks to the Chief Superintendent of Education. But this is not the question. The point at issue is

not whether they have now the same facilities as Protestants for the purchase of the said school apparatus; but whether they *could* have these facilities; were the funds, or any portion of the funds, accruing from the Clergy Reserve to be applied exclusively to Protestant Schools and Protestant Libraries. Should Dr. Ryerson's suggestions be complied with, the Common Protestant Schools and Protestant Libraries could alone participate in the advantages of such an appropriation. In his first communication to the public, our unscrupulous Chief Superintendent of Education thought to throw dust in the eyes of his readers by changing the question, and then charging me with having said what I did not say. His answer is but a paltry quibble, unworthy of an Official, but in perfect keeping with his characteristic tergiversation. Before I dismiss Dr. Ryerson and his miserable quibbles, I may be permitted to say that no one is imposed upon by his ridiculous and bombastic profession of Loyalty which appeared in his so called reply to the Bishop of London, of the 26th ult. "My Platform," shouts the Methodist Minister. "Is the hearts of Canadian people for Canada?" "Is the rights of Canadians without preference, to the protection and enjoyment of their own religious teaching. My-poetic son of Wesley! say rather—My Platform is my bread and butter—My Platform is the money of the people, which I put in my pocket—My Platform is my place, my large government salary and all the pleasant perquisites of office. Behold my Platform!"

Were the Chief Superintendent of Education in earnest when he asserts, that his platform is the "rights of Canadians, without preference, to the protection and enjoyment of their own religious teaching," most cheerfully would we subscribe to it. These are the rights we claim, we ask no more. We ask them not alone for ourselves, but for all, for all denominations,—members of the Church of England, Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Christians of every name and shade. The present bill which guarantees to us Separate Schools, was a Denominational one in its original form, and so framed as to secure to all denominations the privilege of establishing Separate Schools if they choose to have them. At the instigation of Dr. Ryerson, its Denominational character was struck off, and confined to Catholics only, lest the Common School System should suffer from conflict with its rival sister, the Separate School System. Thus the Chief Superintendent of Education, at the last Session of Parliament in Quebec, deprived his fellow Christians of the Protestant persuasion, of the rights and privileges which it was the earnest desire of Catholics to extend to all, without prejudice or exclusion. The wily chief of Education was well aware that to grant the privilege to all denominations, of establishing schools to their own liking and predilection, would seal the fate of his darling system, but lately imported from Yankee land. He knew, moreover, that by confining it to Catholics only, it would render it unpopular. Such were the motives which actuated the great Patriot of the Education Office, when he suggested, through his friends, to restrict the law for Separate Schools to Catholics and colored people only.

I may, however, assure my friend at the head of the Educational Department, that all his pious frauds and interested suggestions will not serve him much longer. The days of the common School system are numbered. Its dissolution is only a question of time. In the divided state of Christianity in Canada we cannot have Common Schools, common libraries.—These institutions are not Canadian; they are not of Canadian growth. They are not adapted to Canadian tastes and wants. They are a foreign element, imported in our midst but a few years since, and forced upon our necks by an oppressive and tyrannical legislation, at the request of an unscrupulous politician. Public opinion has already solved the great difficulty, and cut the *new gordian*. The truly christian and liberal author of the pamphlet styled—"Does the Common School system of the United States prevent crime?" exclaims: "Let every denomination organize its own schools, employ teachers of its own faith, and daily admit its own clergymen to superintend and assist in the religious part of the training." A denominational law, with the motto: "Protection to all—favor to none," authorizing all religious bodies recognized by the State, to establish and govern their own schools, without interference on the part of the dictator of the Education Office,—is the only possible solution to the great problem, which now perplexes our legislators and politicians,—and convulses our country with painful dissensions and discord. Such a measure will restore peace and harmony among the citizens of the same community, and give satisfaction to all those whose pecuniary interest is not connected with the great imposture of the Common School system. Then only shall we cease to quarrel about Common and Separate Schools. Then shall emulation be excited among the different denominations; then shall the daily attendance of pupils in schools be increased to ten times its present average. Then, in fine, shall we behold a promising youth, a moral generation. I am happy to see that the above views, already expressed by me in a former communication, meet the *26th* countenance of the Right Reverend Doctor Pinsonneault, Bishop of London. In a letter addressed to me through the columns of the *Leader*, His Lordship says: "Let the denominational system be introduced, without showing favor to any particular creed, but allowing all denominations to have their own schools, according to their respective views; Government grants being given in proportion to the relative number of children frequenting such schools." I will add, *en passant*, that Catholics will never submit to the Common School System. The members of the Church of England are heartily disgusted with it. A large proportion of the Church of Scotland and the most intelligent of all denominations protest loudly against it.

"My Platform," says the pompous Chief of Education, "is the heart of Canadian people for Canada. The rights of Canadians without preference to the protection and enjoyment of their own religious teaching." Come forward great Canadian patriot, join with us in sustaining, instead of opposing our demands, and thwarting the natural enjoyment of our most sacred privileges. Come and assist us, and all who share our views, in obtaining what we ask, not for ourselves only but for all, viz: Denominational Schools, Free Schools without intolerable interference and odious restrictions. Then your bombastic profession of liberality will be a reality, instead of a sham imposture.

In conclusion, I beg to submit whether the time has not arrived for Dr. Ryerson to descend from a station for which he has proved himself utterly unfit. The Chief Superintendent of Education is a public official, a servant of the people, of Catholics as well as Protestants. From both he receives the wages, which makes him insolently insufferable. Forgetful of the dignity of his office and of his responsible duty, for many years, he has been incessant in his attacks against the Catholic hierarchy, the Catholic priesthood, the Catholic Church at large, Catholic nations, and every thing Catholic. The scurrility of his abuse has grown more insufferable, in proportion as it has been permitted to go unrebuked. His insulting diatribes have been multiplied beyond the power of endurance. Are we, let me ask all sensible men, are we to be trampled upon without hope of redress, because we have been forbearing? I am sure that I express the sentiments of all Catholics and of all liberal men of every denomination, when I say that the time has come to petition the Government for the dismissal of this obnoxious Official. As an avowed enemy of Catholics and Catholicity he is evidently unfit to hold an office which requires the greatest impartiality and liberality. He has long since forfeited their confidence and sympathy. It is high time for the Chief of Education to retire once more to his former occupation, viz:—to preaching and "Camp Meetings."

Such is the earnest wish of all sensible men, and particularly of the subscriber,
J. M. BAUYER.

Toronto, March 9, 1857.

WHOLESALE RAILWAY MASSACRE.

From the *Toronto Colonist*, and other U. Canada journals we glean the following particulars of this appalling catastrophe:—

(From the *Toronto Colonist*, March 12th.)

A most disastrous and calamitous railroad accident occurred at the bridge across the Desjardins Canal, as the four o'clock train from Toronto was passing over it yesterday. From the best information, it would appear that one of the hinder wheels of the locomotive got off the track just as it was approaching the bridge across the canal, and that the concussion of the locomotive in passing over the bridge broke it down. The locomotive dragged the baggage and passenger cars with it, and the whole became one vast mass of ruin and destruction. The locomotive has completely disappeared in the water and mud of the Canal, and the debris of the cars, trunks, seats and remains of human beings strew the ice and the banks in every direction. The screams and moans of the mangled and dying, mingled with the screams and cries of their relatives from Hamilton, for several Hamilton people were in the cars.—Hundreds rushed to the scene, and groped in the water, and turned over mangled bodies to find some still more dear to them than those they first discovered; and the same wild scene of grief, consternation and despair still continues; for it is impossible to find or identify the bodies at night. So heart-rending a spectacle no hand can describe. It can but be imagined.

It is difficult to arrive at the number on the cars. It is stated that 30 are wounded or have escaped.—57 or 58 bodies have been recovered. There were probably 35 or 40 on board. So that some 8 or 9 must yet be under the ice. The current of the canal sets towards the Bay, so that probably these may not be found until the breaking up of the ice on the Bay.

Who Escaped and how.—Every person in the first passenger car, except Owen Doyle, James Barton, of Stratford, and two children between eight and nine years of age, perished. The escape of these seems perfectly miraculous. One of the children was thrown out of a window into the ice, it knows not how. The other was dragged out of a window, having been up to its neck in water for some fifteen minutes, in almost a senseless state. They were a little boy and a little girl, brother and sister. They can recollect nothing after the fearful crash, and being thrown upon their heads. Their mother, father and uncle perished, and Owen Doyle, who saved himself, is their uncle. He saved himself by forcing his way out of the window as the water was rushing in. He remembers swimming on to the ice; and then lost consciousness. James Barton cannot tell how he got out of the window. He recollects but a wild scream—being dashed against the ceiling of the car. Half senseless and half drowned, he made a last spring for a window. He was picked off a cake of ice a few minutes afterwards, senseless. The two children, marvellous to say, are but slightly injured; and Doyle and Barton are comparatively little hurt. Doyle had his brother, and sister-in-law, two cousins, and a cousin's wife, and two nieces, all killed or drowned. And what was his own injuries, the fearful excitement of the scene he had passed through, and the loss of so many near and dear to him, the poor fellow wandered about almost bereft of his memory and his senses. Barton's father was also lost; they were sitting together when the car was turned upside down, and they were dashed against the top of it.

The escape of Richardson, Mr. Urquhart of the express, the mail conductor, and the baggage master, was equally marvellous. When the locomotive and tender went into the abyss literally, the baggage car swung round apparently as it was going over, and broke loose from the tender. The consequence was it struck on the ice to the left of where the locomotive disappeared; and slid, so strong was the ice, a short distance. It never overturned; and its three inmates, though thrown among trunks and all sorts of things, strange and happy to say, escaped without barely trifling bruises. The conductor hearing the smash of the bridge, and standing at the open door of the car, leaped out at the brink of the abyss. He escaped unhurt.

In the second car, the persons saved were the Conductor, Mr. Barrett, the Deputy Superintendent, Mr. Muir, and Mr. Jessop, an auditor. They were on the platform of the last car, and jumped off when they heard the conclusion.

Got out of the Window.—Henry August, passenger from Toronto, escaped from the first car. The escape of this person was most wonderful. He is a German; and he and the last named passenger were sitting together on the rear seat of the first passenger car. The moment they heard the first concussion, they got up and rushed together to the door, the latter only reached the platform. He jumped off just three feet from the chasm. The other car rushed by him and was gone. He stood for a moment paralyzed. He then ran down the hill, and was the means of saving from drowning his companion who was not in time to reach the platform. He dragged him out of a window, and comparatively unhurt.

A Woman, who lives near the scene of the disaster, and who was the first to witness it, gives some interesting particulars about the two children—the DoYLES—who so miraculously escaped. She rushed down the hill to the cars; indeed the poor woman literally rolled down, for it was so steep and slippery she could not keep her feet; and the first object that met her attention was the poor little girl, about eight years of age, on a cake of ice. The little thing said, "Oh, don't mind me, save my brother," and the poor little fellow was at the moment with his chin barely above water, at the top of one of the windows, imploring some one to drag him out. The woman, though the ice was broken for some distance round the car managed to reach him; and after rescuing him, rushed up the hill with one child in her arms, and got a passenger, who was himself badly wounded, to carry the girl on his back. She put them to bed; and strange to say, they got up with scarcely a mark. Owen Doyle, the uncle of the little girl, saved her by clasping her to his breast when he felt the car overturning, and throwing her out of the window after the crash. The little boy felt some one take him in his arms and fall under him, but he knew not whom. It is difficult to conceive a more melancholy spectacle, than to see these two children looking on the mangled remains of their mother, father, and nearly all who were dear to them.

THE CAUSE OF THE ACCIDENT.—In the present stage of the proceedings before the Coroner's Jury, and in view of the deep responsibility that may be attached to the Railroad Company, we desire to speak with all proper reserve upon the cause of this unparalleled calamity. Still we feel called upon to state a few facts, which every one who has inspected the bridge must have observed; and which the people at large desire to understand. The first is, that the train never went off the track at all, because there are no marks of the wheels whatever, outside of the rails. The only marks there are, are a few, beginning about 40 or 50 feet from the bridge, on the track itself. These are as if a bolt, or something of the kind, had got loose and slipped down from the axle, and fore seams in the ties. At first they are very slight, amounting to mere scratches. As they near the bridge, they become deeper; and finally, before going on to the bridge, whatever it was that was broken or slipped down shaved off a piece of the solid stone, about an inch and a half deep. This obstruction—and it did not seem as if it was a broken axle, because it neither made the marks a broken axle would have made, nor were these in the place on the track a broken axle would have moved upon—seems to have come in contact with the cross timbers of the bridge, and literally cut them in two and swept them before it. These cross timbers were wholly unprotected by flooring; and it is obvious, if either a broken axle or any other obstruction came in contact with them, they must either give way, or throw the engine off the track. If the latter was the case, the bridge would of course be now standing, if even the

locomotive had been thrown over it. The bridge having given way, it seems to us the obstruction, whether a broken axle or not, broke it down. And this would seem the more probable, from the fact, that the locomotive literally cut its way through the bridge. That is, it broke no more of it than was actually necessary to let itself down. We do not wish to go further into the inefficiency of the bridge, or its imperfect construction. The locomotive manifestly went on to the bridge on the track. That is obvious and indisputable. The bridge breaking down with it on it, whether an axle were broken or not, settles the matter of inadequate construction.

As to the train running on to the bridge too fast, it is, in our judgment, a fallacy; because, if the train was going at an unusual speed for the place, the people who jumped off, and were unhurt, could not have done so, or might have been killed if they did. And as to the obstruction, or broken axle or whatever else it may turn out, being felt for any distance before reaching the bridge, it seems impossible; as the engineer could have stopped the train, and clearly never would have allowed it to go on the bridge with such an obstruction, and that under his own locomotive. The obstruction, whatever it was, is the only thing that we can detect that tore down the bridge; for we are unwilling to conclude, after the trials it has had, that it gave way under the bare weight of the locomotive.

HOW THE ACCIDENT WAS FIRST DISCOVERED.—There is but one small house, belonging to the poor woman who behaved so nobly by the Doyle children near the fallen bridge; and she was looking out of the window as the train approached. She says the catastrophe made little noise. The train seemed to sway to one side, and then all disappeared. It is probable the swaying was the first passenger car overturning.—She says she saw a man leap from the locomotive immediately before it disappeared. This was likely the engineer, as he was found with his neck broken on the ice. At the same time one of the workmen at the station house—it is about a mile distant from the broken bridge—who was watching the train coming in, saw the steam suddenly stop, and a sort of dust arise. In a second there was no train to be seen.—The alarm was at once given; and we believe that all persons connected with the railroad have exerted themselves most assiduously since, to render all the assistance they could. The crash was not heard at the depot.

THE REMAINS OF THE BRIDGE AND THE CARS.—The bridge has been allowed to remain precisely as it was broken; and will, we apprehend be allowed to continue so until after the inquest, and after thorough inspection by competent engineers. It was a matter of utter astonishment to every one, how any person could have escaped, after such a fearful fall. The walls on either side are of very solid masonry; the adjacent banks are perhaps a hundred feet higher than the railroad. The Suspension bridge is thrown over immediately on the right, and is still higher. Then, about sixty feet below the railroad, is a narrow deep channel, which looks like a sort of chasm between two high hills. Into this abyss was hurled the ill-fated train. It was just wide enough to let the cars down without touching anything to break their fall. They literally leaped sixty feet into ice and water, one passenger car following the locomotive and completely overturning, and becoming almost submerged; and the other lighting endways upon this. Great as has been the loss of life, considering the number of passengers; yet, looking at the place, it is absolutely wonderful how any one escaped.

RECOVERING THE DEAD.—Among the most harrowing scenes attending this fearful catastrophe, are the witnessing the unhappy relatives recognizing the mangled remains of husbands, fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters. Yesterday morning the wife of Mr. Morley arrived from St. Catharines, to pick out of the many dead his body. The scene was heart-rending as she passed from one dead body to another, all marking death with greater horrors by being more or less mangled. At last one, even more distorted and mangled than the rest, was come to; and a wild scream but too well told her state of woe. And in a large storehouse, strewed with dead bodies; and with others going the rounds to make similar heart-rending discoveries, was she left to kneel down and bewail her bereavement. Whilst on one side of the large building a row of bodies were placed, as yet unrecognised, and questions were asked of every new comer, if he or she knew anything of them, a sob or a moan would be heard in another part indicating that some one had come from a distance and found all her sad expectations realized. Nor was the circumstance less harrowing of passing the stranger by, who, far from his home, and far from those who were mourning of his return, there lay, a mangled, unrecognised, unwept victim of a railroad disaster. Here was evidently a poor Irish laborer; his pipe was still in his hand; and a smile played over his kindly countenance. One passed, yet another, and still another, and no one knew him. God only knew the grief that some would feel who did know him. Here again linger a larger group. They are looking at the figure of a woman, once beautiful, and though her hair lies tangled and wet, and her face is distorted from the effects of drowning, she still claims that little crowd with a melancholy interest. She has a marriage ring on her finger. Two lockets are on her breast; and a brooch is suspended by a yellow ribbon round her neck. For whom did she wear them? Who were dear to her? To whom was she dear? No one knew her. God help her! she alone then required to be recognized by him! And so passed the scene.

Pending the verdict of the Coroner's inquest now holding, it would of course be improper to impute blame to any party in particular. The *Toronto Colonist* of Monday gives however the following additional particulars, which have been elicited from the different witnesses:—

Judging from the evidence of several of the servants of the Great Western Railway Company, who were on the train when the accident occurred, there appears to be no ground for supposing that the engine ran off the track while on the bridge, or before entering it. The remains of the bridge itself bear witness that the hypothesis of its having been first injured by the wheels of the locomotive is unfounded, for none of the cross ties have been broken. It is stated in evidence that the engine driver whistled to put on the brakes just as the engine entered the bridge, but as the same witnesses state that the train was past the switch before the signal was given, it is easy to ascertain whether the engine was fairly on the bridge when the whistle was given by calculating the length of the train and comparing it with the distance from the switch to the bridge. We believe from this it will be found that the engine and tender must have both been on the bridge before it gave way.

"P. M." of Kingston is respectfully informed that the terms of subscription to the *TRUE WITNESS* are six months in advance.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—We will never insert any anonymous communications.

Acknowledgments in our next.

Births.

In this city, on the 17th instant, Mrs. Kinneir, of a son.

At Rawdon, on the 1st inst., the wife of Mr. Thomas Price, of a son.

In this city, on the 14th instant, Mrs. James Nelson, of a son.

Died.

In this city, on the 17th inst., Mr. Thos. Brown, aged 34 years and 3 months.