

used his countenance, and duty, to all such of his loving subjects as should duly respect and follow his instructions. So having, as he hoped, counteracted the teachings of the Priest, the illustrious potentate "of Glengarry," dismissed his hearers to meditate upon and practise what they had heard from his royal lips. But the play was not yet played out.

On the following Sunday, the Rev. Mr. MacLachlan again addressed his flock upon the subject of separate schools; and alluded, with excusable warmth, to the disgraceful scene which had been enacted the previous week. He bade them bear in mind that he spoke to them as their legitimate pastor, actuated by no personal motives, but solely from regard to their spiritual and eternal interests. As Christ's minister he spoke to them; as one who had the right, and the exclusive right, so to speak to them; and whose duty it was to put them on their guard against all false doctrines and preachings from whatsoever quarter they might proceed. He denounced Mr. Macdonald's ungentlemanly interference with the legitimate exercise of his functions; and encouraged them not to submit to the impertinent pretensions of a man who had nothing but his wealth to recommend him, and who, however well skilled he might be as a miller, or as a retail dealer in groceries and dry-goods, was most certainly not entitled, either by birth or education, to dictate to the men of Glengarry how they should bring up their children, or to whose care they should commit them. Feeling warmly the insult that in his person had been offered to the sacred character which he bore, it is not to be wondered at if one expression—that of "petty miller"—escaped the Reverend gentleman's lips in the heat of the moment. On reflection, however, he retracted it, and expressed his regret at having been betrayed into an unseemly—though all the circumstances of the case considered—a very natural and pardonable exhibition of warmth.

The matter however was not allowed to rest here. The blood of the Macdonald was up, and he "felt ugly;" he heard the voices of his ancestors, from the eternal mists in which their spirits wander, calling upon him to avenge the slight cast upon an illustrious name; he heard too, in anticipation, the sweet chink of the dollars, as they passed from the pockets of the presumptuous Priest, into the well filled cash box of the outraged Chief of Glengarry. Forthwith he instituted legal proceedings against the offender, for defamation of character, whereby his peace of mind as a man had been destroyed, his honor as a Macdonald tarnished, and his profits as a miller seriously affected. Declarations were filed, witnesses got together, and the Priest of Alexandria was to be made an example of to all coming generations. Little did the good Father however heed these menacing preparations—little did he reck the threats of his blustering adversary. Secure in the goodness of his cause, and supported by the warm sympathies of his parishioners—who showed themselves on the occasion, to be made of the true stuff, the worthy descendants of the gallant and loyal Highlanders who fought for the right at Culloden—the Priest calmly awaited the result of the combat with the ireful Miller of Glengarry.

The trial came off on the 1st inst., before His Honor Judge Maclean, and a special jury, from which great pains had been taken to exclude every Catholic. Two Catholics only presented themselves, and they were immediately challenged by the plaintiff—whose case therefore was heard before a jury exclusively Protestant, and one therefore favorably disposed towards the victim of priestly arrogance. The first count—for defamation of character—was read; but lo! instead of exciting the commiseration of the Court, it served but to provoke its mirth. So utterly absurd and groundless was it, that the Macdonald was fain to drop it, and to see what could be made out of the second count. But here our hero fared no better. Witnesses were called, but they could testify to nothing; they were not aware of any injury done to the plaintiff's business as a miller; and as to his feelings, character, &c., &c., as a gentleman, the damage was so slight as to be inappreciable. Some four witnesses having been examined, the Judge informed the Counsel for the defendant, that it was not necessary for them to enter upon the defence, as there was really no case to go before a jury. The latter retired, and in a few minutes returned into Court with a verdict for the defendant on all the counts, thus saddling the discomfited miller with all the costs of the proceeding. And so terminated the famous case of the "Priest and the Miller of Glengarry," in the signal discomfiture of the latter, and to the great delight of all the good Catholics of the district, and of the Rev. Mr. MacLachlan's parishioners in particular; who had, however made up their minds that, whatever the issue, their pastor should not suffer any loss through the persecution so unjustifiably instituted against him by Mr. D. A. Macdonald "of Glengarry."

Our object in entering into these details is not merely to celebrate a barren triumph of right over wrong—though even in the contemplation of such a victory there is much to give pleasure to every well regulated mind—but rather in the hope of effecting some useful purpose. We know not if it be true that a certain gentleman makes it his boast "that he has got the Scotch Catholics of Glengarry under his thumb"—and a "miller's thumb" since the days of old Chaucer has been proverbial for its weight;

And yet he had a *thumb of gold parlo*.—Chaucer. But whether true or false, the men of Glengarry should see to it, that they give no just cause for such boasting for the future. They owe it no less to themselves, than to their Church, to take care that in the next Parliament they be not misrepresented by a person who employs the influence with which he is invested against the interests of Catholicity, and to maintain an infamous, and oppressive system of State-Schoolism, in opposition to the reiterated injunctions of the Church, and hostile to the best interests of the people. The stout Highlanders of Glengarry will, we

confidently expect, show by their conduct at the next election that they are "under no man's thumb," though that, "thumb be of gold."

The following document has excited much interest in, and out of Parliament:—

"RETURN TO AN ADDRESS OF THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY, DATED THE 22ND OCTOBER, FOR COPIES OF THE CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN THE BISHOPS OF CANADA AND THE PROVINCIAL GOVERNMENT, ON THE SUBJECT OF THE CLERGY RESERVES.

"To His Excellency the Earl of Elgin, Governor General, &c., &c."

"We, the Archbishop and Bishops of the Ecclesiastical Province of Quebec, assembled in this City to discuss the interests of our respective dioceses, gladly hail your Excellency's return to our midst. The skill and impartiality which, during eight years administration of the affairs of Canada, you have exhibited, assures us that the destinies of our country could not be entrusted to hands more able to maintain peace, and promote its prosperity. In using this language, we believe that we do but give expression to the feelings of the Catholic population of the country, which participates in the feelings of respect and confidence which we entertain towards your Excellency. Thus persuaded that your Excellency has nothing more deeply at heart than to promote the welfare of all classes of the community, we make it our duty to profit by the present occasion to call your attention to two objects which, in our opinion, deeply interest the Upper section of the Province. We allude to 'Separate Schools' and the 'Clergy Reserves.'

"Your Excellency will not be surprised that the Bishops, who behold with the profoundest grief the evils which ordinarily result from 'Mixed Schools,' request your help and protection to procure a just and equitable law in favor of separate schools. They ask no exclusive privileges, but simply that the law which governs the school system, in favor of Protestants in Lower Canada, may be applied in favor of Catholics in the Upper Province. It is a right, which they feel assured, they will not seek in vain from the hands of your Excellency.

"The question of the Clergy Reserves, though of less consequence in their eyes, has nevertheless not failed to arouse their solicitude. They deem it then their duty to lay before your Excellency their convictions upon this subject.

"It cannot be disguised that the secularisation of the Reserves—should it take place—is destined to breed much serious dissatisfaction amongst many honorable persons. It will be attended with many disorders and divisions amongst different classes of society, whilst it will stimulate the cupidity of others for whom the most sacred rights possess no inviolability. As lovers of peace, and as obliged in virtue of our Ministry to cherish it amongst the people, we are desirous, as far as it is in our power, to prevent those dangerous agitations which might imperil it.—But we fear greatly that the secularisation of the Reserves is a measure of such a nature as seriously to threaten that peace, the maintenance of which is so necessary to the progress and prosperity of the people. We venture then to lay before you our prayers, that the destination of the Reserves be not changed, or that, at least, and in order to satisfy all reasonable demands, the funds be divided amongst the different religious denominations in proportion to the number of their members.

"In conclusion, we trust that it will be permitted to us to assure your Excellency that, in laying before you this legal expression of our opinions upon the above questions, we are far from desiring to embarrass your administration, which deserves the respect and confidence of the Province. Our sole object is to discharge a sacred duty, both towards the Government, and towards the faithful entrusted to our care.

"We have the honor to be your Excellency's
"Most humble and obedient servants,

- (Signed)
 "† P. J., Archbishop of Quebec,
 "† G., Bishop of Montreal,
 "† PATRITUIS, Bishop of Carthensis,
 "† J. EUGENIUS, Bishop of Byopolis,
 "† ARMANDUS, Bishop of Toronto,
 "† J. C., Bishop of St. Hyacinthe,
 "† C. F., Bishop of Tloa,
 "† Jos., Bishop of Cydonia.

"Archbishopric of Quebec, 4th June, 1854."

To the above the following reply was given:—
 "Provincial Secretary's Office,
 "Quebec, 16th June, 1854.

"My Lord—I have been commanded by His Excellency the Governor General to acknowledge the receipt of the Address, in which your Grace, and the other Catholic Bishops of the Ecclesiastical Province of Quebec, welcome the return of His Excellency amongst you, and in which you offer several reflections upon matters of great political importance. I am further charged by His Excellency to thank you for the flattering expressions towards himself personally.

"I have the honor to be, my Lord,
 "Your Grace's most obedient servant,
 "P. J. O. CHAUVEAU,
 "Secretary,
 "To His Grace, the Archbishop of Quebec."

THE MASSACRE ON THE GREAT WESTERN RAILROAD.—Government has appointed a special commission to inquire into the circumstances connected with the fearful destruction of life, on the morning of the 27th ult. An inquest before the Coroner has been held at Chatham; but the Jury were unable to agree. From the evidence elicited, it is clear that the catastrophe was brought about by the grossest negligence somewhere. The guilty parties will, we trust, be detected, and receive the reward due to their culpability. What kind of precautions are taken on the G. W. Railroad to avoid collisions, may be estimated by the following extract from the evidence given before the Coroner's Jury by G. F. Nutter, Conductor of the "Mail Express Train." "After the collision had occurred," he says:—

"I asked Kettleworth"—the engineer of the gravel train—"if they had a watchman whose duty it was to look out when the trains passed. Kettleworth said, 'we have a wiper who wipes our engines, and probably looks out for the trains, if he does not go to sleep after he gets his engine wiped.'"—Paris Star, (quoted by Montreal Herald of Tuesday.)

There is no mystery whatever about the affair.—A gravel train turns on to the main rails, and runs East at about 12 to 15 miles an hour; whilst the Mail train, having been delayed beyond its usual time, is running West at the rate of some 25 miles an hour. Naturally a collision takes place, and—the most natural thing in the world—some fifty persons are killed outright, whilst about as many more are bruised, gashed, mangled and mutilated in every conceivable manner. But then they are all poor persons—poor men and poor women—poor men's and women's children—that suffered; and they—like the eels, to the process of flaying alive—are used to these kind of things. There were no rich Directors, no sons or daughters, or relatives of opulent shareholders injured, and so—still the most natural thing in the world—no blame can be attached anywhere, or to anybody.

The public however will not be so satisfied; they feel, and naturally enough too—that—if there had been regular watchmen on the road, to report the passing up and down of all trains—that, if the gravel cars had received proper orders, never, under any circumstances, to venture on the rails until the passage of the other trains had been duly reported and recorded—and that—if the Company had had proper and trustworthy officers at every station to see their instructions properly carried out—the accident would not have occurred. It is too much the custom to cast all the blame and responsibility on the subordinates; but it is a sound maxim, approved by law and common sense, that the employer is to be held responsible for every act of his employees, and must be brought to book for their negligence. That it will be the duty of the Company to reimburse, even to the last penny of their capital, the relatives of the deceased, and the other sufferers by this terrible catastrophe, is, we think, indisputable. We still incline, however, to our opinion, that the occasional hanging of a Director or Shareholder would have a wonderfully beneficial effect in making these gentry keep a better look out for the future.

We are happy to learn that the citizens of Chatham have done all in their power to succor the unfortunate victims who yet survive. The Town Hall has been converted into a hospital, into which 23 of the wounded have been removed, and where they are attended by the best medical skill, and nursed by the Sisters of Charity, six of whom have volunteered their services. The remainder of the wounded are distributed through the town, in the hotels, and in private families, where their wants meet with every attention from the kind-hearted citizens. By looking over a list of the killed and wounded, it will be seen that the casualties have been confined principally to the second class cars, which were crammed with Irish and German immigrants. Had a prize ox, or a boar pig, stupendous in fat, and on its way to some "Agricultural Exhibition," been injured, the horror of the community would have been so intense at the bad management of the Railroad, that we might have anticipated great things from the pending investigation. But as the sufferers are only poor immigrants, why, it is most probable that the "Company" will be white-washed, and the whole affair end in a bottle of smoke.

Mr. D'Arcy McGee will arrive in town next week, to lecture on Friday, the 17th, before the "Young Men's St. Patrick's Association," at the Odd Fellow's Hall. It is probable that our talented friend will pay Quebec a visit.—See advertisement.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Montreal, October 31st, 1854.

DEAR SIR—Although we have the best authority for saying that there is nothing new under the sun, and that we ourselves are accustomed to the vagaries of this age of "humbing" and of "progress," still there are things from time to time that we cannot help noticing. Such, for instance, is the *baby-show*, lately held in Ohio; a thing so utterly un-Christian, so utterly pagan in its conception, that these latter ages have seen nothing like it. Such an exhibition would have been "quite the thing" in the days of Leonidas; and I have no doubt but the Spartan mothers would have had reason to glory in the physical strength and beauty of their offspring. It was quite natural and even commendable for the worshippers of Venus and Adonis, and Hercules the strong, to set a high value on these qualities, which were held up for their adoration in the person of those divinities; but for those who profess to worship Jesus, the meek and humble Jesus—the man of sorrows, "in whom there was no beauty or comeliness," who became for us, as it were, "a worm, and no man"—is altogether unaccountable.—What a strange infatuation must blind the eyes of Christian men and women, when they can thus degrade their children—"the little ones" of God—to the rank of brute beasts! When the New Zealand cannibal, in his unnatural repast, distinguishes man as "long pig," and the real swine as "short pig," he goes only one step further than our Ohio exhibitors; they exhibit their "long pig" side by side with the "short pig"—they do not eat human flesh, it is true; but the insult offered to humanity is pretty much the same in both cases. Man, as the lord of the brute creation—the most perfect work of Omnipotent power—can never be likened to the inferior animals, or treated as they, without insulting the Great God, who "made man to His own image and likeness." It will be long before a "baby-show" takes place in any Catholic country; for wherever the Catholic Church has dominion, men are respected as "the brethren of Christ," the "co-heirs of eternal salvation," not as specimens of zoology, or natural history, nor as gladiators, destined to staine in the arena!

Another good item of modern "progress," which lately came under my notice, was the letter of a certain Mr. Chance, read at a meeting of the "Church Society" in Toronto some weeks ago. This worthy gentleman is the most perfect specimen of a Protestant missionary that you could possibly imagine. You would take him at first for a "minister of the Gospel"—an authorised "preacher of the Word," but you find out as you read his egotistical narrative, that he is simply a "Scripture-reader," licensed to read

"our incomparable Liturgy" for the benefit of the Indians, at Garden River. Well! Mr. Chance being arrived at Garden River, finds the place in an uninhabitable condition for him; the Indians were in a state of joy and thankfulness, delighted to see him, and to have an opportunity of getting "further instructions in that holy religion" which Mr. Chance brought with him. Great, then, was their grief and disappointment when Mr. Chance informed them that he could not remain with them, because he "found no place whatever to remain at, except an Indian wigwam, or shanty." Poor man! after going so far to convert souls with his "beautiful service"—his "incomparable liturgy"—to find no place fit for his reception—nothing better than an Indian wigwam! But Mr. Chance's heart yearned over them, (the Indians) and his soul "longed for their salvation." True, most of his expected flock had fallen into the hands of Papists and Methodists; but he was "agreeably surprised to see 50 persons assemble before him one fine summer morning, 'devoutly joining in the incomparable liturgy, and worshipping the Lord their God.'" But alas! there is nothing fixed or certain in this nether world. "Last Sunday," says Mr. Chance, "the attendance was not quite so satisfactory. There was some great attraction at the Popish place; some of those silly priests were firing guns, and ringing their provoking bell, nearly all the afternoon." Whereunto, he adds, "I am very jealous lest the priests should get hold of these dear Indian children."—(Of course he was!) A little farther on, Mr. Chance tells with admirable simplicity how he got into a wigwam just in time to escape a fearful thunder-storm, and "felt thankful that he was not exposed to it."—Very likely! There was present, it seems, at the service held in the wigwam on this occasion, a woman, who was "very anxious to have her child baptised." This, of course, Mr. Chance could not do; but he hoped some one who could would visit them shortly, lest the priest of the Church of Rome should, and lay claim to it. Just so, Mr. Chance!—just so—let the child remain in its heathen and reprobate condition as long as it might; so that the Priest of the Church of Rome did not make a Christian of it!—Commendable candor!—evangelical simplicity!—how admirable are ye in this pious Catechist of Garden River! But the best of all is to come: "One most important part of the necessary arrangements was to procure a suitable help-mate, which would, in that part of the country, have been no easy matter, had it not been for the good Providence of God." Mr. Chance felt persuaded that a devoted partner would not only increase his own comfort, but, by her own goodly example and pious exertions, would be able to accomplish more for the temporal and spiritual good of her sex than he could; and thus the glory of his God and Saviour, and "his own comfort" would be more extensively promoted. It appears that "the good Providence of God" out-did itself on this occasion; for Mr. Chance's help-mate (by it provided) turns out to be, "in every sense, a real help-mate, in the work of faith and labor of love; having the advantage of a three years' experience amongst the Indians at Mahnetoohning, (let us hope she is also skilled in pronunciation); and, possessing a CANTERBURY ZEAL for the salvation of souls, is eminently calculated to assist Mr. Chance in evangelising the Indians. Then does good Mr. Chance go on to state how he took some time "in putting up a closet for Mrs. Chance's grocery," &c. Having provided for his own comfort, and that of the highly-gifted Mrs. Chance, he proceeds to examine into the state of his own and the enemies' forces. First, he had been told that the Methodists boasted of 40 converts from Romanism; but that he finds to be without foundation, at which he was "more grieved than surprised."—Then he goes on to bewail the subtle and insidious advance of Popery; and is "deeply grieved that this work of Satan has been carried on subtly, yet so effectually in that place." Ah! Mr. Chance, the cat comes out of the bag, do what you will. It is at Garden River like every where else: the Church that is commissioned to "teach all nations," must and will prevail. Her ministers go forth, possessing only their breviary and their crucifix, prepared for all the hardships they may have to encounter, and as willing to lodge in the Indian wigwam as in the noble's palace; aye, and far more willing, for they profess to follow a Master who had not where to lay His head; whose whole life was one of toil and suffering, hardship and humiliation. Little do they trouble themselves about closets for groceries, or their "own comfort," so long as there is a chance of saving immortal souls. But then they are only "silly priests," Mr. Chance says. Oh nothing more, Mr. Chance—nothing more;—they are only the ambassadors of God, bearing the Cross to the poor heathen, and so given up to "the folly" of that Cross, that they are ready at any moment to be hewn in pieces, as their brethren have often been, rather than deny or disgrace it;—they are only "silly priests," Mr. Chance! nothing more, I assure you; for the wisdom of the world is not their wisdom; and it is their pride and pleasure to become like unto those little ones of whom the Kingdom of Heaven is composed.

Craving your pardon, and that of your readers, Mr. Editor, for this long letter,
 I am, Dear Sir, &c., &c.,
 ANTI-HUMBUC.

Sir Edmund Head, family, and suite, passed through town on Wednesday last, on their way to Quebec.

The *Oltava* steamer, which sailed from Quebec on the 5th ult. with troops from Canada on board, arrived at Liverpool on the 15th. The troop ship *Resistance*, with the 16th regiment, arrived at Quebec on Monday last.

FATAL ACCIDENT NEAR LACHINE.—On the morning of the 28th ult., Mr. Owen Hennigan, who left his residence at Lachine for the purpose of conveying home some straw, met his death by the horse running away, and throwing him off the cart. He was so severely injured by the fall that he died the following day. Mr. Hennigan was a native of Elphin, County Roscommon, Ireland; and was a young man, only 36 years of age.

Died.

In this city, on Wednesday, the 8th inst., Jessie Waterspoon, wife of Mr. James Potts, one of the proprietors of the *Herald*, aged 41 years, immediately after giving birth to two healthy infants, a boy and a girl.