

The True Witness AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE. A WEEKLY EDITION OF THE "EVENING POST" IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, AT 761 CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL.

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NOTICE. Subscribers should notice the date on the label attached to their paper, as it marks the expiration of their term of subscription.

Special Notice. Subscribers, when writing to this office, will kindly date their letters from the postoffice at which they receive the TRUE WITNESS, and thereby save us much time and trouble in attending to their correspondence.

Our Convents, Colleges, &c. As the season is now approaching, when all of our educational institutions will be reopened for the instructions of our youth, the time is appropriate for us to call the attention of the Rev. Superiors to the advantages the TRUE WITNESS offers for making the fact known to parents and guardians, circulating as it does in every village and county in the Dominion of Canada, and as well as in many parts of the United States, and being read by most of our people who can afford to give their children a good education; the TRUE WITNESS is second to no other journal for bringing the merits of our various educational institutions before the public.

The Quebec Riots. Through what cause we cannot say, but Quebec has certainly more troubles of her own than any other city in the Dominion of Canada; and these troubles, when they occur, are more or less connected with labor. The riot and bloodshed of yesterday, however, could have been avoided if the mayor were a man of nerve. If experience is worth anything, he should have known of what inflammable material the populace of Quebec city is composed, and taken measures accordingly for the prevention of that bloodshed and loss of life which he knew were inevitable if the two irritated branches of the Ship Laborers' association came into collision. He had any amount of troops at his command; fore-shadows of a bloody riot were visible everywhere, and why he did not do his duty and take steps to prevent it is one of those mysteries which people gifted with common sense cannot comprehend. After the quarrel between the French and English speaking ship laborers he must have seen, if he can see anything, that the latter would not tolerate the triumphal procession through their quarters of their former associates. We know not, and we care not, which party made the first assault, probably the invaded, but it is plain to everybody that the duty of the chief magistrate was to prevent a collision, and this could only have been done by calling out the military. It would have been the simplest thing in the world. "B" Battery could, by forming line across Champlain street, have saved the city the disgrace, and some of the citizens their lives and property. There is one expression to which we object in the reports of the riots, and that is the word "Irish." The quarrel is not between the French and Irish, but between the French and English speaking ship laborers, and although the Irish element predominates among the latter, if English or Scotch it would be all the same.

The English Land Question. The question that most agitates the people of England at the present time and the question most asked is, "How long can the country afford to pay out annually the sum of \$500,000,000 for food before it is ruined?" In 1858 England imported \$125,000,000 worth of produce, such as grain, eggs, cheese, meat and butter, but the profits made from her commerce enabled her to do so without straining her resources. Since then, however, she has gone on increasing her imports with alarming rapidity, while, on account of the world-wide depression in business, she has realized comparatively little on her manufactures. Last year she had to pay out the enormous sum of one hundred-million pounds sterling to feed her population. If this increase goes on in the same ratio for the next decade it will have reached two hundred and fifty millions and will then have to stop, for despite her enormous resources, she cannot stand such a tremendous drain upon them. In this extremity her most eminent statesmen are casting about for some means of preventing a terrible calamity, and they can discover no better remedy than a revolution in the land system. A large percentage of the soil of Great Britain and Ireland is dedicated to game preserves, deer parks, and pasturage, which, if cultivated, would feed great numbers of people, and con-

sequently obviate the necessity of importing such large quantities of grain. But this would not altogether eradicate the evil, and hence John Bright, the veteran statesman, points to France, and declares her example must be followed, and the land divided among tenant proprietors before the ruin on the bank of prosperity is stayed, and the first step in this direction will be the abolition of the law of entail and primogeniture. The French farmers pay taxes to the State, but no rent to landlords, and they are therefore prosperous, while his English and Irish conferees have to pay taxes, poor rates, and what not. The inference is plain:—One starves or emigrates, while the other remains at home and prospers. At a late Agricultural meeting held in Liverpool the Earl of Derby said he could see no remedy for the present sad state of things but wholesale emigration. His lordship must, of course, be excused for not thinking of the radical means suggested by his friend, Mr. Bright, when it is considered he is himself one of the richest men in Europe, and that the bulk of them come from the large estates handed down to him through twenty generations of Stanleys. Meanwhile the farmers of both sides of St. George's Channel are seriously discussing matters of such grave importance to themselves, and the outside world are watching for the result with almost intense interest and curiosity.

Independent Journalism. The Post has a good many readers and subscribers, and the great majority of them are intelligent and generous enough to take it for, what we may term, its face value, without trying to penetrate the surface to discover motives which have no existence; without perceiving a certain bias in this, and a concealed political meaning in that article which the writer never intended. There are others, however, possessing the intelligence but lacking the generosity, who are always fault-finding. These latter are of course zealous political partisans, who, when the Post runs counter to their peculiar hobby or falls foul of one of their leaders, threaten all kinds of calamities and foresee certain disaster in the near future. Some of them even go so far as to stop their paper when anything unusually disagreeable is written, but they manage to procure it surreptitiously nevertheless, and renew their subscriptions when their anger cools down after awhile, or when their beloved party is praised for a meritorious act performed, or what is almost equally as good—when the other party or its measure, are assailed. Now, we appeal to our readers and ask them to consider for a moment what a soulless, pitiful thing is a newspaper without opinions—even decided opinions. It is like meat without salt, flowers without perfume, wine without flavor, it is like anything but a useful journal. A paper afraid to express itself boldly on the men and measures of the day had better have never been born, and is useless for any other purpose than lighting the fire or putting in a hoop for acrobats to jump through. It does not necessarily follow because the Post persistently attacks the measures of a government or an opposition even for month after month, that it is partisan itself, for it may have good and sufficient cause. It is only when it follows a faction through thick and thin, whether right or wrong, into all kinds of disreputable places that it justly loses its character for independence and may be classed with the Globe and Mail, the Gazette and Herald, which amiable organs of the respective parties in the State would support his Satanic Majesty if he wore the true colors and had government pap at his disposal. Others again—highly respectable people—seem to fancy independent journalism consists of striking at this party to-day and that party to-morrow; just to show a spirit of impartiality; but that is, if possible, still worse than the reticent policy. It is stupidity in the extreme degree, and answers no good purpose. A journal that acts in such an idiotic fashion deprives itself of its legitimate power exactly at the time it is most required, for who cares for a paper that is always gyrating and making faces, now on this side of the fence and then on the other side. This article, we beg to inform the readers of the Post, is not written with the presumptive idea of teaching them the ethics of journalism, but simply to defend ourselves from some esteemed correspondents whose letters, if they are not printed, are all the same entitled to consideration. It must not be supposed, however, that we do not also receive encouraging letters, and many of them, which our lack of egotism prevents us inflicting on the public. The constantly increasing circulation of the Evening Post is the best proof that the paper gives almost universal satisfaction—a circulation which is now second to none in Canada except it may be the Toronto Globe.

What's the Reason? That Canada is as old a country as the American Republic, and was settled at an earlier date, is beyond question, and yet it may be asked why it is that to-day our neighbor over the way has a population approaching fifty millions, while Canada is limited to a twelfth of the number. America, too, has numerous mighty commercial and populous cities, rivalling those of old Europe in wealth, energy and enterprise, while Canada has none, except we include Montreal and Toronto. The American cities bordering the southern shores of the great lakes are cities indeed, growing in wealth and population each day, but where are the Canadian cities on the north? We have no rivals for Chicago, Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit and Toledo, except the almost unknown hamlets of Port Stanley, Port Colborne, Port Burwell and Windsor dignified with a title to which they have no claim. Why, in a word, should not Toronto be equal to Chicago and Montreal with its marvelous facilities for Commerce be a rival of New York. All these are questions more easily asked than answered, but still, leaving aside the fact that our snows lie deeper and longer on the ground, and the ice of the St. Lawrence yields less readily to the sun's rays than that of the Hudson, some other cause must be sought for our state of backwardness than the natural one just mentioned. The winter of Windsor, for instance, is not less genial than that of Detroit, standing next door, nor is Chicago much more favorably situated than Toronto, and yet what a vast difference between the American and Canadian ports. If the tide of emigration had rolled northward, years and years ago the enterprising men seeking homes in a new and free world would have overcome the obstacles of nature, and Canada, despite all drawbacks, would have to-day a population of twenty millions, instead of four. But unfortunately for us, it took a more southern course, and the result is only too plainly visible in the contrast we have drawn. The truth is that the name republic had a charm sounding in the ears of the oppressed of the old world, whose dissatisfied democracy was attracted to its shores by the hundred thousand, as fast as the emigrant ship could wait them across the ocean, and by the million when the discovery of steam almost annihilated time and space. The Frenchman came with his fiery spirit and fraternal regard for the republic he had helped to call into existence; the Germans, filled with their democratic theories, fled from their despotic little masters to the free and mighty land across the Atlantic; and the Irish fled from famine and oppression to freedom and plenty, glad to get rid of the flag which was to them an emblem of oppression and the country which they no longer could call a home. All these elements, at once the cream and the energy of the European races, settled in America and made it what it is to-day, one

of the great nations of the earth. Canada did not fall in for her share of the influx of immigrants, simply because her existence was almost unknown in Europe, or if faintly recognized it was as a Crown colony of the English Kings, the Georges and the Williams, an hyperbaric region somewhere between New York and the North Pole, where the miserable inhabitants, dressed in the skins of animals, eked out a miserable existence, hunting, trapping and fishing through holes in the ice. The United Empire Loyalists and family compact, who then held Canada by the throat, did nothing to dispel this illusion, and it was only when their grip was relaxed and freedom established, that the existence of the glorious land of Canada became known, and immigrants sought her shores, and learned to love and appreciate the words of the poet Montgomery, "But a brighter vision breaks O'er Canadian woods and lakes." But Canada is not even now as well advanced as it should, though, it may be hoped, that this complaint will not long be a just one, now that the long night of commercial depression is drawing to a close, and that Canada is a nation almost independent, and with untold resources in and on her broad bosom.

A National Currency. Now that the late little financial unpleasantness has passed away it may not be out of place to speculate on its cause, and at the same time to try and discover a remedy against its periodical recurrence amongst us, consoling ourselves in the meanwhile with the knowledge that it is not quite so bad as the yellow fever. Considering all things, the wonder is that Canada should suffer at any time, Canada with her broad lands, almost unlimited in extent, her mighty rivers and magnificent lakes, with the comparative sparseness of her population, which, it should be imagined, ought to prevent that keen competition and jostling for existence which prevail in more populous and less favored countries. Canada has neither army nor navy to maintain, the few steam vessels on her waters and her fifty or sixty thousand active volunteers costing but a comparatively small sum. What then are the real causes of the ever recurring seasons of depression in this "Canada of ours?" Some political economists set them down to over production others again to lavish expenditure and the facility with which unscrupulous but clever financiers can obtain large loans from the banks on straw security. There is truth doubtless in these assertions, but taking a wider range it is not evident that there are too many non-producers in the country who obtain large salaries and who, if they work, render little or no equivalent for what they receive from the farmer, who pays for all and supplies all. The Dominion is blessed with too many Governments and those Governments are necessarily surrounded with an army of officials, the paying of whom acts as a counterpoise to the absence of an army and navy. There are in all nine of these legislative bodies, which is pretty good for a country limited to four millions of a population. In good or bad times the mighty army of officials have to be paid their salaries—no reduction—and that in our opinion is one of the causes of our periodical seasons of depression. Another of the causes is the abuse of our banking system, and the absence of a NATIONAL CURRENCY. There have been—and there still are—in existence poor, paltry banks, with just enough capital to run a respectable newspaper, which, but for the suffering their collapse would create among honest depositors and note holders, were better swept away altogether and forever. A few speculators meet and form a directory, obtain a charter from a graciously obliging Government, issue stock, manufacture notes, and lo! the bank is formed with a capital of one million, a fourth of which is not paid-up. There must, of course, be a staff, presidents, cashiers, managers, tellers and clerks, whose salaries form the principal part of the expenditure. The directors and "their sisters, and their cousins, and their aunts," obtain advances, and in order to create a revenue for awhile, easy accommodation is given to dishonest tradesmen on large interests, dividends are paid for a season and then comes the crash, and the bank wanders off into illimitable space. This is the condensed history of a large number of those institutions, and we fear the unwholesome system will continue until a NATIONAL CURRENCY be established in the country. Something like it must come before the people feel secure, and that it is an absolute necessity few will be disposed to deny. A bank is a joint stock company, and is always liable to fail like other companies, but strangely enough, while we see depositors and stockholders go to the wall the directors as a rule, flourish, and are financially strong. Now, the question naturally suggests itself, why cannot the Government interfere in the matter? The Government issues Dominion notes, and guarantees their face value; it makes a Dominion note as good as gold any day; and if in the case of the Dominion, why not all other notes? Why not, in a word, establish a Dominion Bank all over, with bills ranging from one to five hundred or a thousand dollars, which will become the NATIONAL CURRENCY of Canada? If the Dominion notes are guaranteed, why not extend the system. Why not, in a word, establish a national bank, with branches where necessary, and call the whole the Dominion Bank of Canada from which will be issued a sound NATIONAL CURRENCY, as good as the gold it represents. In the States a man takes a note as a legal tender and has faith in its value; the bank may collapse and depositors and stockholders suffer, but his note is good, being guaranteed by the Government. In Canada we approach a bill with fear and trembling, eyes it suspi-

ciously and handle it delicately, for in a month it may not be worth half its face value. This is all the difference between a legal tender and a note on some mushroom bank. We at present behold the spectacle—not by any means an enjoyable one—of a circulation of something like \$70,000,000 representing \$10,000,000 in specie. This is not reassuring, and must lead to disastrous panics and depressions if not prevented. This is exactly the time to begin, when, spite of false prophets, trade is actually reviving and the prospects of an abundant harvest are good all over. It may be objected that the system here advocated has its drawbacks, and in fact it has; but so has every system. The great objection to a national currency is that in periods of civil war or great disaster, it is liable to be depreciated to an alarming extent, but then so are all other kinds of paper money, and we must expect nothing better than to rise and fall with the fortunes of our country. Besides, the chances of great disaster befalling Canada are very remote. The assigns saved France from utter destruction in a tremendous crisis of her history, and greenbacks were the salvation of the American Republic—the national currency in fact.

White Eagle and the Shamrock. To the Editor of the TRUE WITNESS and Post. Sir,—A game of lacrosse was played in this village on Saturday last, between White Eagle's team and the Shamrocks, of Montreal; proceeds to be applied to educational purposes in Huntingdon convent. The day was cool and delightful, the number of visitors being very large—about 1,500 being present. Although the object of the game was well known, our dissenting friends made good attendance, and rendered very material assistance in making arrangements for the game, and seeing that they were punctually carried out. It will be sufficient to tell your readers, that the Shamrocks played in their usual style, bearing off the palm of victory, though some of the Indians seemed to rival in speed the feathery namesake of their chief. The Shamrocks have conferred a special favor on the Catholics of this locality by generously volunteering to come so far for the purpose above indicated. Long may they continue to be the champions, and deserve thanks from communities such as ours, where their presence may have assisted in extending Christian education or in promoting some other good work. WILLIAM HASSAN, Sec'y for the Committee. Huntingdon, August 12, 1879.

A Visit to Hochelaga Convent. To the Editor of the TRUE WITNESS and Post. One of the last days of June I went to the depot to see a few friends off. While there I noticed a number of young ladies approaching, whom, from the sisters that accompanied them, I judged to be convent girls. On inquiring, I found I had thought right, and further, that they were pupils from Hochelaga starting for their annual vacation. My interest was now thoroughly aroused. I had heard so many favorable reports of this institution, that in order to judge for myself, I took the liberty of following up the young ladies' movements. A few moments' observation sufficed to prove that they were in every respect highly cultured young ladies. I was particularly struck with their appearance, gentle, modest demeanor, and elegant simplicity of manners. Having arrived ahead of time, they had a little leisure to converse with their teachers, the conversation, though, at intervals gay and sprightly, was seemingly overshadowed by the sad thought of parting, it was evident their hearts were too full for words. At length the signal for starting was given, the last "good-byes" said, the kind sisters the while busy themselves to secure the comfort of their pupils. I was sensibly impressed at the mutual affection displayed by both teachers and pupils—it spoke volumes in their favor! The whole struck me so forcibly that I determined as soon as possible to visit the school, and form the acquaintance of the worthy sisters. A week ago the occasion presented itself. To begin with—the very drive thither was a delightful one. The convent is charmingly situated on the banks of the St. Lawrence, at a convenient distance from the city. The building is constructed of massive granite, on the most approved style of architecture. I was received by the sisters with graceful ease and conducted through the establishment. Everything bespoke a comfort, order and elegance, the well-ventilated apartments, particularly the dormitories, plainly told that nothing was left undone to secure the physical as well as the moral development of the favored inmates. The extensive grounds laid out in graceful avenues and croquet lawns, particularly pleased me. A view I had from one of the balconies deserves especial mention. At a short distance from the house a group of three or four young ladies were seated under a shady arbor deeply engaged in reading; not far from them I espied a merry party enjoying a game of croquet with two of the sisters, while the smaller children had taken possession of the swings. This surprised me, for I supposed that during vacation the pupils left for their respective homes, but learned that it was customary for some to spend their holidays at the convent. Many come from a distance, and the parents prefer they should remain. There are representatives from Newfoundland, California and even from Cuba. After an hour's conversation with my interesting hostess, I took leave, persuaded that what I had heard of Hochelaga convent falls short of the reality. A VISITOR.

Another Belleville Letter. To the Editor of the TRUE WITNESS and Post. DEAR SIR,—The Post of the 11th inst. contains a letter purporting to be from Belleville, over the signature of "Independent," which if left unchallenged might be very misleading, as to the political leanings of the Catholics of the county. I write, presuming your correspondent to be of that faith. He says: "I thought that the Post" was perfectly independent, but I find that its leanings are altogether towards the grays. It was on the understanding that it was to be independent that your subscribers took it at first." Very significant, indeed. We wonder who gave him authority to speak for your subscribers. Presuming also that your subscribers here consist mainly of Irish Catholics, I beg to say that there are very few Tory Catholics in this section of Ontario. In numbers they compare favorably with the Orange-men, perhaps about one in twenty, but having strayed away from their natural allies, and being of the Tom Robinson and Doctor Burgin stamp, they are the first to desert wolves in the distance. He also gives you to understand that he is dissatisfied with the tone

you have lately assumed towards his two highly electrified fancy pets, Sir John and McKenzie Bowell, with whose private character we have nothing to do, but of whose public career every taxpayer, and more particularly every journalist who does his duty, has very much to do, and it does appear the height of impudence for "Independent" to attempt to muzzle the Post. Why is he silent when you strike the leaders of the reform party? Simply, because he is not independent, but like all strayed waifs, uneasy amidst strange surroundings. To some, Tory Catholics in Ontario are a riddle, and scarcely ever looked upon by the opposite party but with suspicion. This comes from the very strange alliance formed in voting with the followers of the Prince of Orange, and always to the advantage of the order—a vote hard to reconcile with principle and Catholic interest. Granted that Sir John and McKenzie Bowell don't care a fig for the Orange order but as a stepping stone for their own selfish ends, does that justify a Scotchman and an Englishman in perpetuating a feud in Canada amongst Irishmen and the descendants of Irishmen, bringing often insult, and often murder and rapine in its train? We pause for a reply. Had your correspondent stood at the Catholic church door in this city yesterday, the anniversary of the closing of the gates of Derry, he would witness insult offered by the Orange procession, by their halting and music, to the very great annoyance of many worshippers there at the time performing the jubilee. Had he witnessed the haunting an Orange flag in the face of a priest in an adjacent township on the 12th of July. Had he listened to the advice given by the Irish delegates in the town hall in this city a few evenings ago, to be careful never to throw a sprat to a Papist unless a salmon could be seen in the distance? Did he not read of the same advice lately given in Toronto by a reverend gentleman? Has he not heard of the excitement and expense your own city was put to one year ago, for all of which the leaders of the party should be held accountable. Has he not seen gazetted a few days ago a grand master, a resident of this city, to the office of inspector of weights and measures, and an unfortunate Papist, Mr. J. P. McDonald, who lately held the office cast aside. Verily none are so blind as those who will not see. Yours truly, SCUSCIBER.

St. Bridget's Society Pic-Nic. Oration by Mr. W. J. O'Hara. Men of the St. Bridget's Temperance and Benefit Society: Ladies and Gentlemen:— I am sensible of more than an ordinary gratification in assuming the part you have honored me with in this day's splendid proceedings. Standing before this magnificent gathering, assembled here to-day in aid of a noble object (cheers), I enjoy at this moment what is to me one of the sweetest pleasures of memory, for I am reminded that just ten years ago, at the request, under the auspices, and in aid of the St. Bridget's Temperance and Benefit Society of Montreal, I made my first attempt at oratorical effort on a public platform, in furtherance of the great principles it represents. (Applause.) At that time your noble association was in its infancy, but it had started on its great career of usefulness with all the vigor and all the enthusiasm which have resulted in the flourishing position it has now attained and the visible good it has already accomplished. In its decade of years it has, I am sure, multiplied ten-fold in numbers and ten times in wealth, and to-day it moves onward and upward in its heroic and benevolent work, the most successful association of the kind in this Dominion. (Cheers.) Its objects are, certainly, among the highest that can interest humanity, and their pursuit opens up the largest field for the practical efforts of philanthropy. Men of the St. Bridget's Temperance and Benefit Society.—I apply the title to you in all its dignity and all its strength. (Cheers.) Most sincerely do I congratulate you on the grand and fruitful efforts you have made in the cause of temperance and benevolence. You have placed these objects among the constant and paramount duties of your lives; and have you not found the duty a pleasant one after all, and its path the path of peace? Can you separate the self-denial it entails from the sweetest self-satisfaction it contains? Is the greatest element in your happiness? Is its maintenance not a promise of blessings to you and yours? Has it not brightened and cheered and comforted your homes already, and warmed your hearts with the glow of a new affection, and elevated your family circle with the tributes of a new respect? [Great cheers.] And the joys it has still in store for you are countless joys. Oh! for the will, then, and the strength ever to adhere to those noble objects and the power to propagate them over the length and breadth of the land. [Cheers.] Ladies and gentlemen—I know you wish me to speak to you to-day on an Irish subject (laughter and applause), and, therefore, I shall endeavor to please you by paying a tribute to the greatest subject Ireland ever produced—the Rev. Theobald Mathew, the great Irish apostle of temperance (great cheering). I have called the great Father Mathew a subject—I apologize to you—(laughter)—he was a conqueror—conqueror of a great vice, and liberator of men and women who were slaves to it. He was a king! (cheers) and a protector over millions of people, who wore his medal on their breast, and held his principles at their heart, and acted them in their lives (Applause). No theme seems to me more fitting on this occasion, and I wish to improve the occasion by suggesting to the St. Bridget's Temperance Society that, as other associations of this city have taken the initiative in the celebration of the centenary of the Irish liberator O'Connell and the Irish poet Moore, the St. Bridget's society should assume the privilege of celebrating the anniversary and hereafter the centenary of the great Irish apostle of temperance, so that his memory may be honored, and his great and noble work may not be forgotten. (Loud applause.) Gallant Tipperary had the honor of being the birthplace of Father Mathew. He was born on the 10th October, 1790, at Thomastown, the family seat of George Mathew, the first Earl of Llandaff, from a branch of which family he was descended. His father dying when he was quite young, he was, through the kindness of the earl's family, sent to a Catholic college at Kilkenny, whence he afterwards went to Maynooth, in 1807, at the age of 17. He did not, it seems, remain long at Maynooth. The affability and geniality of his disposition led him into some slight breach of the strict seminary discipline, and, chagrined thereat, he withdrew from Maynooth in 1808 and entered the Franciscan friary at Kilkenny. Father Mathew came into the world at a critical and troublesome period of Irish history. Grattan, Curran and Fitzgerald were using their magnificent powers—the earnestness of

of the great nations of the earth. Canada did not fall in for her share of the influx of immigrants, simply because her existence was almost unknown in Europe, or if faintly recognized it was as a Crown colony of the English Kings, the Georges and the Williams, an hyperbaric region somewhere between New York and the North Pole, where the miserable inhabitants, dressed in the skins of animals, eked out a miserable existence, hunting, trapping and fishing through holes in the ice. The United Empire Loyalists and family compact, who then held Canada by the throat, did nothing to dispel this illusion, and it was only when their grip was relaxed and freedom established, that the existence of the glorious land of Canada became known, and immigrants sought her shores, and learned to love and appreciate the words of the poet Montgomery, "But a brighter vision breaks O'er Canadian woods and lakes." But Canada is not even now as well advanced as it should, though, it may be hoped, that this complaint will not long be a just one, now that the long night of commercial depression is drawing to a close, and that Canada is a nation almost independent, and with untold resources in and on her broad bosom.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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