

like, and it does not demand much reflexion to comprehend the attraction for New England of the exquisite civilization of, say, the Orange Young Britons.

The Boston idea of civilization is money and "Kulchaw" as the New York Herald says. "Get money honestly if you can, but get money." Then comes "Kulchaw." As a rule, religious belief of any kind is not necessary. If anyone doubt this, let him study the peculiar ethics which govern the common school system of New England. If we dare, we could expose a hundred fearful facts, on Protestant authority, communicated to us privately, illustrating the practical results of the common school system of most civilized New England. In fact, the awful turpitude of the rising generation of New England, cannot be spoken of in any respectable journal. Who would imagine that the flagitious crimes which dishonored even heathen Rome, and which excited the wrath of her moralists and the scorn of her satirists, are well known to mere children in civilized New England? The personal devil-worship of Venus is quite an institution of Puritan civilization. But is society, in general, in New England really civilized? Civilization, we take it, springs from the knowledge, fear and love of God, united with such education as shall lead man more securely to his eternal reward. God is one. Can a right knowledge then, of Him, lead to the thousand and one New England Sects? The very existence of God has passed, in New England, into the domain of mere opinion. Religion is but another word for exterior respectability. "Do what you like, but woe to you if society find you out." That is the golden rule of Puritan civilization. But how can we love and fear a being whose existence we doubt? And this is precisely the condition of a vast majority of the conflicting sects. The divinity of Jesus Christ is denied by millions in the United States, and New England Puritanism is the evil spirit which inspires this fearful apostasy from the truth, or, where it does not exist, evokes it. And, in the face of such facts, a ranting humbug dares to expatiate loftily about New England civilization. The fact of the matter is, New England is so degraded and rotten morally, that the territory deserves to be called Caprea, and her most consistent logical exponent, Tiberius.

In crimes against human life, in its sacred source, the women of New England out-herod Herod. A brutal wretch—a doctor, forsooth! when dying several years ago in civilized Boston, confessed, that during nineteen years practice in that moral den of Puritanism, he had destroyed TWENTY THOUSAND human beings. They were potentially men, of course, and the crime in God's sight was the same as if a man should murder his neighbor's grown up son or daughter. Just before the destruction of Chicago, a reporter for the Times of that city, interviewed one hundred and thirty murderous villains, male and female, whose sole practice was this nefarious crime against God and man. The city authorities did nothing. Had the flames which destroyed Chicago anything of the avenging angel about them? We think so, and thousands of others who witnessed that terrible catastrophe think the same. Boston has suffered too, but has not met her full fate yet. The good Catholics may save her, even as Sodom might have been spared had there been but a few just men within her doomed walls.

If hypocrisy the most consummate,—if serving the devil six days of the week and a hideous Mokanna, the Puritan God, on the Sabbath,—if Pharisaical righteousness and gangrened hatred of the True Church,—if cynical sensualism and pitiless lust,—if infidelity and blank atheism,—if calmness reduced to a system and lying to a fine art,—if edicts without morality,—morality without religion,—religion without God,—if all these in civilization then New England is the most civilized portion of the earth's surface. The "down East" Puritan surpasses in justice the Russian in Poland; in humanity, the Turk in Bulgaria. Place, as congenial gods, about the feet of the genius of New England Civilization, the seven deadly sins, and the apotheosis is complete.

And, it is a reverend fungus of such Devil—no;—Civilization, who comes all the way to Montreal to sing its glories at the expense of Lower Canada? Why, the smallest pupil of the Christian Brothers' Schools, in the city, knows more about true Civilization than Rev. Cook and all the other oaks that ever spoiled broth. We are full sure that any one of Brother Arnolds sturdy little Celts of St. Anne's School is immeasurably more civilized than twenty Rev. Cooks, with all their intellectual pots and transcendental boilers. For, the little Celt, when he kneels to pray, has a clear idea of the good God to Whom he pays homage, while, "five shillings to one on't" as old Jack Falstaff says, Rev. Mr. Cook would be trying to evolve from his inner or outer consciousness—from above or below, we know not,—the departed eidolon or effigies of his defunct grand-

Thank God! Lower Canada is beyond the influence of New England Civilization! The Civilization of Lower Canada starts from Brebeuf, Lallemand, Marquette, La Salle, Jogues, &c., men of sanctity and genius,—who lived for God and His Church; who, cherished and spread truth among the aborigines of the New World, and knew how to seal a devoted life with a martyr's death. The faith, which overcomes the world,—the Catholic Faith,—was theirs and is ours. No persecution for conscience sake,—no superstitious witch-burning, no tyranny of Cotton Mather nor suffering of Roger Withams ever stained the fair fame of Lower Canada. She may not vie with New England in material wealth, but we have yet to learn that the world must be saved by telegraph, steam, power-press or telephone. The spirit of the New England states-to-day affords manifest proofs of the ferocious principles which guided the atavistic Calvinists of Plymouth Rock. The spirit of Lower Canada, gentle as the light of heaven, disturbs no convictions, wounds no consciences, coerces no mind, but testifies to the divine source whence she sprang. The people of Lower Canada are not "smart" in cheating, lying and forgery. They imagine, with a simplicity which will excite a New Englander's smile,—that civilization may be very respectable without those accomplishments. They hold that religion and honest faith toward God and man have carried them and their ancestors through the Past and that the same qualities will ensure blessings in the Future, even though such blessings shall differ essentially from the boon of New England Civilization according to Rev. Mr. Cook's gospel.

EDITH O'GORMAN.

Edith O'Gorman, the "escaped nun" lectured in Montreal on Saturday evening last. The audience was small, particularly small, and Edith was chagrined thereat. "That audience out of 170,000" said she, proved that "intolerance" existed in Montreal. Her story was not recited like the "plain and simple annals of the poor" for Edith was somewhat defiant in her tone, and quite heroic in her resolutions. She told the audience, that is the audience that was particularly small, that she entered the nunnery of the Sisters of Charity the 2nd Oct., 1862, and afterwards graphically described her "escape" on "a January morning" at the witching "hour of two o'clock, she fled in a moment of despair," and that "if flying from the convent she saved her honour." It is odd that bigots and fanatics still believe this poor creature's ravings about Father Walsh, when it has been proved over and over again that her tale was a pure invention. But from one falsehood she leaps into another. By "fleeing"—tragic word that "fleeing" the "convent she saved her honour." Let us see what the Minneapolis, Minn. News republished in the Pilot may 4th 1872, and lately published in this journal, has to say in reply. Here is a story of Edith's "honour."

"No man has a right to beat and maltreat any woman unless she is his wife. In some countries this is a proposition of the original law. In this country, although the practice is observed to some extent, we believe it is condemned by the statute in most States, and the usages of society. The little differences that arise in family life, can usually be settled without the resort to arms and blows; of course a man reserves his right when the statute allows it, of whipping his wife sometimes whether there be provocation or not.

"Without entering into any argument to ascertain upon what basis of legal or moral principles a man whipped his wife to-day, we propose to state upon the most reliable authority the following facts:—

"Miss Edith O'Gorman is stopping at the Nicollet, room 49, although her name does not appear on the register. The register shows an entry on Tuesday last, of the name of 'Prof. Auffray and wife,' which includes Miss O'Gorman, rooming as aforesaid.

"Prof. Auffray is a large middle-aged man, with a fair complexion, beautiful black hair and moustache, and he wears a heavy cloak and silk hat. He has altogether a distinguished air about him, and one would suppose him to be either a railroad president or a senator. He rooms with Miss Edith, and is supposed to be her husband.

"Miss Edith is not allowed to come down to her meals nor leave the room on any pretext, except to lecture at the Academy of Music. On one or two occasions tenants of the Nicollet, rooming in the vicinity of 49, have heard a disturbance in that room, and have been satisfied that somebody has been maltreated.

"To-day about noon these noises occurred again, and mingled with them were the screams of the woman, and blow after blow and entreaty after entreaty for mercy. The ladies attempted an entrance, but were denied, and the disturbance ceased. The brute Auffray was evidently engaged in beating Miss O'Gorman, whether upon provocation or not, makes no difference. There are various rumours afloat concerning the matter which we do not choose to print. The above, however, are facts upon which Auffray should be arrested.

"We should think with such treatment in domestic life, that Miss O'Gorman would infinitely prefer a convent with all its attendant horrors as she depicts them. We have no idea that those lines will ever reach her eyes."

"Edith said in her lecture that "a pure chaste woman would suffer death itself, rather than submit to dishonour." No doubt of it; but then what about Prof. Auffray and the "little family difference," at the Nicollet room 49," where the entry of "Prof. Auffray and his wife, which includes Miss O'Gorman, rooming as aforesaid." We regret being obliged to heaping infamy on this God forsaken woman, but we are obliged to do it in order

to show how far her words can be believed. And again Edith—

"In all her experience as a Roman Catholic, and it was extensive; with all her knowledge of Roman Catholic priests, and that was a great knowledge, she never knew them relieve the sufferings of the poor, while they took care to charge \$1 for a mass for the release of a soul from purgatory though she understood that here it was only fifty cents."

This is too good, and we shall allow it to speak for itself. But we rejoiced to notice that Edith's words fell flat upon the public ear, and with the exception of a few orange bigots, no one appeared to give her ravings the slightest consideration. The Catholics took no notice of her and treated her with contempt. And here perhaps we can do no better than to republish a few truths about Miss O'Gorman on Auffray, or whatever her name may be. Her first appearance took place in the spring of 1871. We learn from the Pilot that she lectured in Madison, New Jersey. This, says the Pilot, was her first appearance in public life.

She made her debut before the scum and rabble of that city, with a story of convent horrors much more moderate, however, than her present fiery doses. A highly venerated priest named Darcy, beloved and honored for his many virtues by the whole community, had died a few months before her arrival. She knew that the least breath of the injury of his spotless character would arouse the violence of his numberless personal friends. With this conviction she devoted the greater part of her harangue to the aspersion of the fair fame of this dead priest. The body of the priest had been exposed before burial and publicly interred in the presence of hundreds among whom he had ministered. But the "escaped nun," whom the Evangelical papers then called very properly "another Luther," declared he was still living, and had fled from the country on account of crimes, which seemed endless in their repetition. The experiment was a success. The goal at which she arrived was won; she was transformed into a victim of religious persecution, and began to float on the wave of popularity.

HOW SHE ESCAPED FROM THE CONVENT

A few incidents of her career, immediately preceding her first appearance, will tend to show her character. We find her in a convent at Patterson, N.J., where her dissidling life nearly led to her expulsion. Through the kindness of the Superior she was spared the extreme punishment; but for her correction she was removed to the Orphan Asylum at Hoboken. Here she incurred the frequent displeasure of the Superiores and was often reprimanded. Her convent life, at last came to an end in a manner in keeping with her former course. She was detected late at night in one of the halls under suspicious circumstances. When discovered she pleaded somnambulism as an excuse. But this hypocrisy was not successful and Edith O'Gorman fled to avoid expulsion. As the New York Sun remarked on her first appearance as a lecturer—"She thought a convent a good and holy place till summoned by the Mother to come to Madison, in order to explain the circumstances, when she fled to Philadelphia. After leaving the convent, she obtained money, in the name of the Superiores, from Sadler & Co. (the Catholic publishers), of New York under false pretences. This certainly sustains her character as an honest woman." She alludes to this crime in one of the letters which she wrote, after her flight, to the Superiores, and which we append for the special pleasure of those who applauded this moral heroine.

HER REMORSE AFTER HER FLIGHT

The remorse that prompted this woman to write the following letters must earn for the wretchedness a pity that will soften the condemnation for her sin. She craved for readmission to the home of purity she had sinned; but the guardians of that home knew her nature well, and they knew that they could not take her back amongst the spotless ones who peacefully followed the pathway they had chosen. She had not fortitude nor religion enough to bear her up against a refusal, but like a baffled wild animal, she dashes herself against the rock of innocence that had cast her off.

On May 9th, 1868, Edith O'Gorman writes from Philadelphia to the Mother Superior, as follows:—

HER FIRST LETTER TO THE MOTHER SUPERIOR.

DEAR MOTHER—I humbly request of you to write to me before next Tuesday, whether I will be received or not. My money is nearly gone, and I have no work now; therefore, I shall be obliged to do something. I will not stay here. I will go to my brother and sister. Sister Julianna told me my sister Mary was to see me, and that you told her about me. As long as my friends know of my misfortune I will go to them, if you will not take me back, and I will try my best to make restitution. But, dear mother, I will never again be happy. Oh, I hope and pray you will take me again into my only home wherein I can be saved. Please write to me, dear Mother, by Tuesday, and let me know, my fate before my money is all gone. This I know you will do for Christ's sake, if not for mine.

I have well paid the penalty of my madness by all I have suffered. I have tried to recall to my mind whether I went to Sadler's as you said. I cannot remember it, Mother, still, I might have gone to him, for I was desperate and crazy. I remember nothing until I asked the girl I picked up to show me where Turgis lived. If I remembered going there, Mother, I would certainly tell you, because I am truly sincere, and would publicly confess all my sins before the whole community.

I have told you, as well as I can remember them all the particulars of my terrible misfortune. I don't know why I left, for I never was unhappy in my holy vocation. I had no cause for going. If I was in my right mind I never would have gone in the manner I did. Oh, Mother, this is true. I can hardly realize what I have done. Sometimes I think it is a dream. I wish it were. I will suffer any mortification and humiliation if you will take me again on trial. My whole life will be one of the greatest humiliity, for I shall always know and feel that I shall never again be trusted. Write to me dear, dear mother, and relieve me of the anxiety I am in, and may God help you always. I know you pity me, if you do not, place yourself in my position for a moment and see what misery I am in. Yours sincerely, in Christ,

DE CHANTAL.

De Chantal was the name she assumed in religion.

EDITH'S SECOND LETTER TO THE SUPERIOR.

Three weeks later, Edith O'Gorman wrote the following letter.

PHILADELPHIA, May 31st, 1868.

DEAR MOTHER—After leaving Madison I went, as you directed to Father McQuaid. He said I will consider it, and you will hear my decision. I remained all night at the asylum. I told Sister Julianna my unfortunate story. On Saturday I will speak to Mother, and if anything can be done for you I will do it. I left Newark for Philadelphia in the half-past ten train; I did not go to the Sisters in Newark.

Now, dear Mother, whilst I am writing this to you, I see you in the dear holy chapel (from which I am excluded in punishment of my sins), in your charity, praying the holy Christ to direct you what to do with the unfortunate prodigal who, in a moment of madness and despair, abandoned your kind care, and the holy peaceful street of my Heavenly Father's house out of which I have never had a happy, peaceful moment. Yet "He that willeth not the death of a sinner, but that he be converted and live," has, in His infinite mercy, inspired me to return again, and like the prodigal, beg to be received as one of His hired servants, because I am no longer worthy to be called His child, much less His spouse. Yes, dear Mother, I am ready to undergo any humiliation or mortification that it may please Almighty God to inflict upon me, and will deem all too light to atone for my terrible sins.

I resign myself to the will of God, and will cheerfully accept whatever He ordains for me, whether I am received or not. If I am not received again into His household, I will strive to do penance in the world, and will make every endeavor to make restitution. Whereas, if it is His divine pleasure to receive me once more as His spouse, I will, by His holy grace, strive to edify more than I have dissatisfied. Mother, I am indeed sincere in this, else I never would have gone through the humiliation of seeing you, or the Bishop, and Father McQuaid.

With fear and trembling, yet with resignation, I await the decision upon which, perhaps, my salvation depends. Will you, Mother, please write to me the answer as soon as you have come to a conclusion? Sincerely, your most humble, sinful, yet repenting child, and sister in charity.

EDITH'S THIRD LETTER TO THE MOTHER SUPERIOR.

The next letter we have from Miss O'Gorman is as follows:— EAST GREENWICH, June 13th, 1868.

DEAR MOTHER—I left Philadelphia on Wednesday. I felt very uneasy and worried about my parents, so I thought I would see them, and thus relieve their minds of any uneasiness they might have on my account. I am thankful I did; for their hearts were broken with doubt in regard to my fate. I told them I was not in my right mind. I told the lady with whom I boarded that if any letter should come there for me to burn it.

Another reason why I could not remain there was, my money was nearly gone; I did not have enough to pay another week's board. Will you please write to me, dear Mother, and let me know what conclusion you have come to in regard to taking me back. I assure you, dear Mother, I can never be happy unless in religion. Try, dear Mother, and do all you can for me, for my salvation depends upon it. You know I was not in my right mind when I left my happy home. I will devote my whole life to penance and humility. I cannot think of going to another community, because I feel I can only be unhappy there. If you receive me, I will, dear Mother, with God's holy grace, strive to atone by a humble life, for the scandal I have given.

Do not blame me, Mother, for coming home. I would never have come near my friends, only Sister Julianna told me my Sister was there to see me. Take me back, Mother; if not for my soul's sake at least for God's sake. Pray for me, dear Mother, oh, pray fervently for your wicked, unfortunate child,

SISTER DE CHANTAL.

P. S.—Direct your letter to Miss Edith O'Gorman East Greenwich, Rhode Island.

THE SISTERS REJECT HER—AND WHAT FOLLOWS.

No comparison need be made by us between these letters and the recent tirades of Edith O'Gorman in New England. We wonder not, that in a great city she would have many hearers; but we would wonder if, after having read these epistles, any respectable person or respectable journal could withhold decided condemnation of such a lecturer or such "lectures."

The above letters, appeared in the N. Y. Sun in 1871, which paper summarised her whole career as follows:

From these letters, it will be seen that the story of Miss O'Gorman's wonderful escape from the nuns and priests was a sort of "Irish reticence"—that she was willing to submit to any humiliation in order to be taken back—that she even left Philadelphia after writing the first letter quoted, and went to the Sisterhood at Madison, then to Father McQuaid, then to the Bishop himself, humiliating herself, and supplicating to be taken back. After being refused readmission into the Sisterhood, on account of what had transpired at Hoboken, Miss O'Gorman went down to Jersey City, and we next hear of her in an editor's office, where she was found by the editorial helper. The incensed wife of the editor handed her roughly, notwithstanding the editor declared she was only helping him to "read proof." Miss O'Gorman lectures in Paterson this evening, and if making money out of her vengeful campaign against a Sisterhood from which she has been excluded forever.

HER TRICKS TO MAKE CAPITAL.

It is not necessary to follow the devious career of a vulgar adventures farther than the above: but it is just as well, once for all, to have done with "Miss O'Gorman."

The Boston Post of January 8th, 1862 stated that at a lecture delivered by the "Escaped nun" in the Boston Theatre, Madame Parapa Rosa, Mr. Sothorn, and Mr. Frank Mayo were present in one of the boxes, and that "Madame Parapa especially seemed to highly enjoy the lecture, judging from the hearty applause freely given." The following statement which speaks for itself, was next day sent to the Pilot by the business manager of the Boston Theatre:—

"The paragraph in the Pilot concerning the 'Escaped Nun' at the Boston Theatre was founded on an item which the versatile business manager of that deluded young woman furnished the Post. Madame Parapa Rosa was induced by curiosity to learn whether Miss Edith O'Gorman was the same 'Escaped Nun' that became an object of interest in a New York Hotel, by promanaging the passages in her night-clothes; and although in a box with her husband, Madame B. was not visible to any of the audience. Mr. Sothorn, who was also mentioned retired in disgust before the lecture was half over; and it is due him to mention that before the lecture began he expressed his opinions very strongly against the propriety of allowing such an exhibition as was announced. Mr. Frank Mayo speaks for himself elsewhere. The wrong done the artists named above was for the purpose of making capital and giving prestige to a palpable swindle."

Mr. Frank Mayo also wrote to the Pilot, declaring that the statement in the Post (furnished by Edith O'Gorman's agent, as above) was an absolute falsehood. Mr. Mayo says:—"I did not occupy a seat in Madame Parapa's box, but in rear of the theatre with two male companions, who, like myself, excited by mere curiosity, such as would attract us to listen to my sensational rubbish so much talked of, and so far was I from applauding, than the only impression left with me at its conclusion was that I had been listening to one who has more interest in the almighty dollar than in the Almighty God."

To all this we may add that "Miss O'Gorman denied it, word for word, and the Pilot replied by challenging "the escaped nun" to a light test, promising to produce the original letters, and finished by the invitation of "come now Edith, come and try it."

PERSONAL.

CONROY—The Most Rev. Dr. Conroy spent St. Patrick's Day at Denver, Colorado. He preached in the evening.

SALFORD—The Bishop of Salford attended the national anniversary on St. Patrick's Day, held in Manchester, England.

KEOGH—"So help me God" Keogh—one of the well known judges of the Irish bouch is being deservedly abused in Ireland just now, for an anti-Irish speech he is after making in Derry.

POPE—The new Pope has three brothers. The youngest of them, Cav. Gio. Battista Pecci, is married, with three sons and two daughters—one of his sons being in the Italian army.

MCGREEVEY—Mr. McGreevey of Vankleek Hill writes to state that the Ottawa Herald was wrong in stating that the Orange Young Briton's band attended the St. Patrick's day celebration, at the former place.

STORER—M. George Storer is to commence the task of walking 100 miles without rest or sleep, in twenty-two hours three minutes and 50 seconds. He begins his walk on Friday evening in the Montreal rink.

DEVLIN—A lecturer named Devlin "a convert from Romanism" as he is called, was assailed with eggs after he had been abusing the Papists for an hour and a-half last night at Barrie, Ont. It would be better to treat him with contempt.

NEWCOMBE—Miss Newcombe, the popular actress, is to give a dramatic performance, with the assistance of the Young Irishmen's Amateur Club, early in May. The piece will be a popular Irish drama.

JOHNSON—Mrs. Mary Johnson, died at Toronto last week at the age of one hundred and two years. She left Ireland forty years ago. It is said that she remembered '98, and that she possessed all her faculties up to the hour of her death.

SHERIDAN—Mr. John Sheridan, of Montreal, has just passed his final examination at the University of the Bishop's College. He qualified for a physician and Surgeon. He was elected Doctor of St. Patrick's Society.

EMMANUEL—Victor Emmanuel, left his new kingdom of Italy \$200,000,000 in debt. His son has ordered 1,000 fine horses and 800 dogs, belonging to the late King, to be sold. Victor Emmanuel was as vicious as he was extravagant.

WALSH—His Lordship Bishop Walsh, of London, assisted by several priests, held High Mass in the Catholic Church, Sardinia, on Thursday, for the mother of Father Baird, who died a short time since.

JOHNSON—Mr. William Johnson, M.P. for Belfast, has been appointed to an inspectorship of fisheries in Ireland, a post worth £700 a year, and a writ for a new election will at once be issued. This is not a bad reward for his years of adhesion to Orangism.

DUFFERIN—It is said that His Excellency Lord Dufferin will leave Canada in the month of June. We are sure His Excellency will take with him the good will of all classes of the community—except the Orangemen, who, no doubt, cannot forgive him for not receiving their address.

O'LEARY—We now learn that Daniel O'Leary, whose portrait we give this week, entered upon his late task with no more preparation than a turkish bath. The Times says great disappointment is naturally felt by some Englishmen that out of seventeen starters none of them should be able to defeat the only foreign competitor.

WAR'S VICTIMS—During the late American war, 270,739 officers and men lost their lives in the service of the North. Of this number, 5,521 commissioned officers and 99,880 enlisted men were killed in action or died of wounds, while 2,351 commissioned officers and 132,326 enlisted men died of disease or, in a few cases, from accident.

O'GORMAN—A contemporary reminds us that Edith O'Gorman, "the escaped nun" is the same Edith O'Gorman who a few days ago, announced a lecture in Toronto, but in lieu thereof, gave the audience an exhibition of depravity, by falling down on the stage under the potent influence of the liquor she had drunk.

ENNISKILLLEN—The tallest man in the House of Lords is the Earl of Enniskillen, who stands six feet seven inches. The tallest man in the House of Commons is Mr. O'Sullivan M.P. for Limerick—the heaviest man is Major O'Gorman, while the smallest man in the House is Dr. O'Leary, M.P. for Drogheda—all Irishmen.

MURPHY—Mr. George Murphy enters upon his duties as chief of the Montreal Water Police to day. He was presented with a handsome gold watch and chain and a purse containing \$125, by Gault Brothers and their employes last night. Mr. Murphy was connected with the firm for nearly 25 years and he thus leaves it with the good will of all.

MILMORE—Mr. Martin Milmore, the Irish-American sculptor of Boston, is said to have cut the only portrait bust of the late Pope ever made by an American artist. It was the last portrait in marble made of Pius IX. When it was finished, the kind old man took the chisel in his hand, and, expressing his satisfaction, touched the marble saying: "It is in this manner you do it? This is the sculptor pen. With this he writes!"

LEITRIM—The New York World publishes an account of the severity of the late Lord Leitrim, as a landlord. After giving some instances of his harshness, it says:—"Of course agrarian outrages are inconsistent with civilization. But there are other things also which must be admitted to be inconsistent with civilization, lest civilization itself as it now exists should be suddenly and unpleasantly proved inconsistent with right and justice, and therefore with good order."

ROGERS—We beg to call the attention of our city readers to an advertisement announcing a performance in the Academic Hall, Bloor Street, on Thursday the 25th inst. It is to be held in order to assist Bishop Rogers in recommending the erection of the Catholic Cathedral at St. John's, which was destroyed at the time of the late fire. We regret that we received the notice of this charitable work too late, to give it much space this week.

BAKER—"Baker Pasha" has been fated in London as if he were one of the heroes of the age. Lords and ladies competed to do him honour, and we observe that he has been unanimously re-elected a member of the "Prince of Wales's Own Club." Yet it is not so long ago since he left Horsemeat-gate Prison, whether he had been sent for conduct of the most ruffianly character, from which stain on his character no amount of reckless fighting can clear him. The Queen has refused to allow him to re-enter the service.