

because at such a time it was—I mean in the year 1849—so late as Ash-Wednesday, 1849—I find a note in my journal, thus—“Lord and Lady John Russell at the Holy Communion this day. This looks well. Oh, that we could make them love the Church!” I give you, my lord, the very genuine simple words of my private journal, such words, of course, never expecting to see the light. But there they are, and I give them to you to show you how I felt them, and how rejoiced I was, on such a day, at such a time, to see the testimony of your faith, your repentance, and your love.

Mr. Bennett afterwards enters into a defence of various of his usages and opinions, into which we need not here enter. Enough has been said to show that Lord John has got into a complete “fix,” even as regards a party so completely beaten as the Puseyites. Scarcely was the letter published, but he had his misgivings about the Catholics. A third of her Majesty’s subjects are not to be insulted with impunity. But even a party which can number 1,800 men (such a number of Protestant Ministers, Mr. Bennett says, subscribed Puseyite propositions on the supremacy) is not to be insulted with complete impunity. We only hope that Mr. Bennett will not allow himself to be deceived by this triumph. It does not, of course, alter his religious position, which is as foreign to his Church as poison to the human body. It is writhing and agonising to expel him and his party. Cannot a man of his clear-headedness see that the true home of Catholic doctrine is nowhere but in Rome?

MR. ROEBUCK’S LETTER TO THE PREMIER.

The *Times* of Wednesday morning contains a long letter from Mr. Roebuck to Lord John Russell, in anticipation of his speech in Parliament. He vehemently accuses the noble lord of putting in peril the great principles of toleration—hits off some telling sarcasms against Lord John’s variety of opinions as recorded in *Hansard*, and goes on to give the reasons of his own alarm. “I find,” he says—

“The public mind of England stirred from one end of the kingdom to the other. I hear fierce denunciations hurled against one large class of our Christian brethren, and I see politicians of nearly all classes bending beneath the storm, and joining in the cry against the Papists and the Pope, and I most sincerely assert that I am utterly at a loss to understand how a really tolerant people could be thus carried away by an intolerant feeling. Does any danger really exist? Seeing what the public feeling is—knowing, as I have for many years known, the strong anti-Catholic prejudice of my countrymen—I am not surprised at this outbreak. Simple, downright intolerance is at the bottom of it. No real danger exists. It is not fear, but blind, intolerant hate, that has aroused the land; the same sort of feeling as that which, in 1780, roused the mobs of London against Sir George Saville, and made that madman, Lord George Gordon, a hero—the idol and leader of the people—is now exercising a fatal influence upon the good sense of the English people. This feeling you have most unfortunately countenanced; you have given dignity and importance to an antipathy which you ought carefully to have allayed; and, by your ill-timed support, have done your utmost to keep alive for years a detestable intolerance, of which, in your heart, I believe you to be thoroughly ashamed.

“Where, again, I ask, and what, is the danger? I am not frightened by words, but I wish to know what is meant by ‘Papal aggression?’ Can the Pope acquire power over any man in England by merely nick-naming a man Archbishop of Westminster, or by giving him a large hat and a pair of red stockings, and dubbing him a Cardinal? Has the Pope acquired any actual territorial right or influence by what is called parceling out the kingdom of England? We are all equal before the laws. He cannot invoke the power of the law, then, to persecute us into acquiescence in his doctrine. Upon what, then, is he really in order to gain influence over us? Persuasion. He and his emissaries must influence us through our reason; and we, who pretend to rely upon the force of truth and the great safeguard of free discussion—we cower and tremble, and, like all cowards, bluster, because a foolish old man, at the instigation of a crowd of intriguing priests, and a set of weak-minded, silly converts from our own to the Catholic Church, has thought fit to give a certain number of Bishops English names—and, spite of our pretended confidence in the truth of our own opinions, and our brag-gart boasting of the efficacy of reason and of argument, we are all at once horribly alarmed, and fancy that we shall awake some morning and find ourselves irretrievably Catholic. This very statement shows how thoroughly ridiculous is the whole affair, when viewed in this light; but far different is it when we reflect upon the feeling which really has created all this confusion. When we remember that hate—religious bigotry—is at the bottom of it all—when we remember that every Protestant priest has, by religious antipathy, been roused into action—when we also bear in mind that every Catholic priest in England and Ireland has now been challenged to the combat—is it not clear, my Lord, that your unwise and unstatesmanlike letter has served as a trumpet to call into action the worst, and fiercest, and most dangerous passions that darken human reason, and harden the human heart? The work of years has, in a moment, been destroyed, and all the weary labor of eradicating those now vigorous weeds in our fair garden—religious hate and ecclesiastical intolerance—has again to be encountered.

And now, my Lord, I put to you the question which you, as a statesman, ought long since to have asked yourself—*How is Catholic Ireland to be governed?* The immense majority of the people of Ireland are Catholic; will they not now be excited to the same frantic pitch in support of their religion as that which now agitates England against it, and upon the same

principles upon which Protestants in England determine to keep down the Catholics?

“J. A. ROEBUCK.
“Milton, December 2, 1850.”

MODEL LODGING-HOUSES.

(From the *Times*.)

It is related that the Empress Catharine asked to witness with her own eyes the alleged prosperity of some distant province, her Ministers had recourse to the stage painters to get them out of their scrape. At the principal points of her progress splendid façades and picturesque streets of lath and plaster, or still more fragile materials, were erected to hide filthy hovels and the interminable *steppe*. Wherever she changed horses improvised municipalities descended from shadowy portals to exchange congratulations on the spectacle before her; and it is even said that a part of the scenery and other paraphernalia required for the pageant reappeared every stage, by a different route. Such a story, if not too fabulous to be believed, is at least too barbaric to recall any circumstances in our own condition. We pride ourselves on the solid and *bona fide* character of our civilisation. If we don’t strike so high as some countries, we do not fall so low, and we are, at all events, what we profess to be,—perhaps rather better. This comfortable conviction, however, is fated to receive an occasional shock. It might retain its hold in the minds of those who roll through our well-paved and well-lighted thoroughfares in light and luxurious carriages, and never touch the ground except to make a purchase or a call; but ever and anon a horrid reality forces itself through the surface of life, like buried fires, or a lethal effluvia, or the glimpses of a subterranean abyss. There are scenes in the depth of this metropolis such as the author of the *Divina Commedia* might have added to his descriptions of the nether world. To the great majority of the “respectable” classes these things are revealed through only one channel, and that very scantily. Every now and then the columns of the newspaper disclose something horrible in itself, still more horrible as a sample of the way in which myriads are existing around us. If we follow up the discovery and inquire for ourselves, we may soon satisfy ourselves that behind and under this vast white sepulchre there fester heaps of moral rottenness,—a lawless, faithless, and Godless population,—to be feared, but still more to be pitied; happily as helpless, and happily as miserable, as it is depraved.

A horrid case that was brought the other day before the Police-court in Worship-street reveals the interior of one of those lodging-houses in which so many in this metropolis spend every night of their lives. The house seems to be by no means below the average; indeed, the landlord has the audacity to call it a “model lodging-house.” There is nothing at all to show that the rooms are smaller, the beds more close, the occupants more numerous or indiscriminate, the discipline less exact, the landlord or his wife less jealous for the credit of their establishment, than is usually found in such places. There are three rooms in the house, each of them containing twelve beds. Men and women, old and young, old comers and new comers, sleep altogether in one room, indiscriminately, just as they come. The landlord is ready to receive his inmates at every hour of the night. He asks no questions; a man and a woman, an old man and a child, a palpable old brute and a simple young girl—it is all the same; they are immediately admitted, and it is left to their choice—or rather to the choice of the stronger—whether they will sleep together or in separate beds. It does not appear at what point this, or any other lodging-housekeeper, would consider his rooms to be full; but in the instance before us there was a miscellaneous assemblage of eighteen men, women, and girls, in one room, distributed among twelve beds. One of the witnesses in the case was a widow; another the youthful companion of a man named Lazarus, with whom she had lived in the house four weeks without knowing his other name. Such was the ordinary state of things and the usual selection of lodgers in the house. So far from its being an unfavorable specimen of a lodging-house, it really seems to possess some claim to its “model” pretensions. The street gaslights shine into the rooms. The “widow” thought it necessary to notice and inquire into an outrage perpetrated on one of her fellow-lodgers; Lazarus’s companion discovered it, made a stir about it, and complained to the landlady; and though the landlady herself was rather slow to take any steps, the landlord, even to his disadvantage, called in the police, and gave the culprit into custody. So here we have all the signs of a regular normal condition; a bad side, a good side; a public opinion; public spirit, and an appeal to the protection of the law—all combined with the fact of large houses occupied by men and women living, not *more ferarum*, for birds and beasts do not change their mates from one day to another, but almost promiscuously. The single feature that made the act complained of in this instance an exception to the ordinary practice of the house was that the poor girl was only fifteen, and the man sixty. But for that it would have passed off as a matter of course.

Why, the presumption is that such incidents are of constant occurrence in every lodging-house that takes in strangers at all hours of the night, with no other restriction than the admittance fee of 3d. Considering how large a proportion of such inmates are living with no other law but nature, in its worst and lowest sense, it is too certain that nature itself will often be outraged when mere children fall into such company. We may rest assured that nearly all, if not all, the boys and girls thrown upon the lower occupations or the indiscriminate aims of the metropolis fall soon or late, and generally very soon, into the snares of older corruptors. That is the condition of thousands, of tens of thousands, not to say hundreds of thousands,

in the boasted centre of civilisation. They are hardly to be seen. They are not in our churches, built too often by subscription for the exclusive use of the wealthier classes. They dwell in the dark background of this showy scene. A careful guide may conduct a stranger through twenty miles of great thoroughfares, and if he only takes care to avoid the Seven-Dials, he may be asked by the stranger on returning to his hotel, “Where are your poor?” They are all out of sight, and out of sight is out of mind. The Woods and Forests and the City of London improvers pull down their habitations, and smoke them out as if they were hornets. That is all the thanks they owe to any national or public authority. It turns them adrift, and does not ask where they land.

“HEATHEN IGNORANCE.”

(From the *Tablet*.)

The “heathen ignorance” of the great majority of the English poor is well known. It has been often published in Parliament and elsewhere; it is recorded in the Reports of Government Inspectors of Mines and Factories; it has been trumpeted in the speeches of reformers and philanthropists. The very Parsons themselves have been loud in their complaints of it. But that the Scotch poor, in the great towns at least, are in the same condition of spiritual darkness as the English is not so generally known. That such, however, is the case, may be shown by the testimony of a competent and unprejudiced witness—David Stow, Esq., Honorary Secretary to the Glasgow Free Normal Seminary, Author of “Moral Training,” &c.

This Light of the nineteenth century does not confine himself to the mere statement that the school education of his country has hitherto been destitute of “physical, intellectual, and moral training;” he gives proof of this by adducing examples of the lamentable state of “heathen ignorance” in which the working classes of the Scotch are sunk. For instance, in his chapter on “Factory Statistics,” he says:—

We hear of Bible schools and Scriptural education as the glory of our country. But let a minute examination be made, and, excepting in the case of those who have been blessed with *enlightened*, pious teaching in a Sabbath school, what does all this stir amount to? Comparatively nothing—a mere deception on the public, and a lushing to sleep of the energies of philanthropists and Christian men, who, but for this cry for quantity instead of quality, might have brought their energies, and sacrifices, and charities, long ere this, to bear most favorably on the reduction of crime, and the Christian and moral and physical elevation of the whole community.

“We might,” continues Mr. Stow, “furnish our readers with a hundred proofs, but we select one survey, which was conducted on what may be considered the proper principle of ascertaining the real truth, and which presents a picture, deep and melancholy, it is true, yet a fair—perhaps a favorable—specimen of the intellectual and Christian attainments of the working classes between the ages of thirteen and twenty-one years.”

Mr. Stow’s estimate of the “Christian attainments” of the working classes throughout the world must be low indeed, since he tells us, in another part of his work, that, “upon the whole, the Scots are the ‘most moral people on the face of the globe.’” (P. 169.) We suspect, however, that David’s zeal to demolish all systems but his own has betrayed him into this inconsistency. But to return to his “pictures of the deep ignorance of the Scotch working classes:—

Two surveys of young persons (who of course were drawn, he says, not from a particular locality, but from the general population) were made in the year 1839 and 1845, with a view to ascertain the state of education in public works in this city (Glasgow). We present the latter survey of four factories, the examination of which was conducted upon what I consider to be the most certain mode of arriving at the real state of education and intellectual culture, and on the truth of which the utmost reliance may be placed.

In this survey, which is to be found at page 97 of Mr. Stow’s work (eighth edition), the following statements are made:—

In one factory, two answered that God was the first man, one said that the soul would die with the body, and one was ignorant of the resurrection, and refused to believe it. In the second factory, four answered that God was the first man, one that Jesus was the first man, one that Eve was the first man, one that Adam and Eve were saved at the flood, one never heard of heaven or hell, one—when asked about heaven and hell—said “She ken’d naething about thae things.” In the third factory, eight said God was the first man, one said Jesus was the Saviour of Christ, one said Moses was the Virgin Mary’s wife, one said Moses was God, two said Christ was the first man. In the fourth public work, nine answered that God was the first man, two that Christ was our first parent, one that God was the son of Jesus Christ, &c., &c.

Here, indeed, are specimens of “heathen ignorance” which we commend to the special notice of Lord John Russell and Dr. Cumming.

Be it observed, that the young persons of whose “Christian attainments” Mr. Stow has given us a “survey” were “between the ages of thirteen and twenty-one years,” and that two-thirds of their number could read and write—some “pretty well,” some “tolerably,” some “imperfectly.” There can be no doubt, then, that in very many of the Scotch schools there can be very little “intellectual and moral training,” and that the “Christian attainments” of a vast number of the people blessed with the “Ecclesiastical system” of John Knox are *nil* God help thee, Scotland, and thy teachers, too.

The little lord who is at the head of her Majesty’s Government “thought it desirable that the Ecclesiastical system of the Roman Catholics” should be the means of saving “the Irish immigrants in London and elsewhere” from “heathen ignorance.” What system does the manikin think able to rescue the countrymen of his friend the doctor from the “heathen ignorance,” and worse than heathen ignorance, in which they are plunged? Poor Lord John, the blind cannot lead the blind. Not the Ecclesiastical system of John Calvin, not even the system of Solo-

mon Stow—we beg his pardon, David Stow—and all his “Bible and moral training,” can rescue the Scotch, or any other people or persons, not excepting Lord John Russell and Dr. Cumming, from “heathen,” or, what is worse, heretical “ignorance.” Her Majesty’s Inspector of Catholic Poor Schools” has recommended Solomon (or David) Stow’s “excellent work,” to the notice of Government, no doubt with a view to show them from unexceptional testimony how the “Ecclesiastical system” of the Presbyterians has plunged the people of Scotland into “heathen ignorance.” We beg Lord John Russell to consider the contrast which the “Ecclesiastical system of the Roman Catholics” affords, as evidenced in the report of the Government Inspector of Catholic Poor Schools:—

I have visited schools (says this gentleman) where the secular instruction was confined within narrow limits, not ranging beyond the most meagre elements of human learning (not more, we may suppose, than the young persons in Mr. Stow’s “survey” had attained to), yet in such schools, which in this respect are quite unworthy of praise, I have seen practised ingenuity exhaust itself in proposing the most difficult and delicate questions in Christian doctrine and Bible history, without once succeeding in baffling the knowledge of those who were interrogated.

But, indeed, we need not have recourse to the Catholic Inspector’s report to exhibit the contrast of which we speak. Mr. Stow himself draws attention to it. In the page which follows the “survey,” portions of which we have given, he says:—

This is a sad picture of the state of society in Glasgow, with its churches, schools, parochial and city missionaries, and a greater variety of philanthropic institutions for the improvement of the people than is to be found perhaps in any city of the United Kingdom, and proves that the Christian patriotism exhibited in benevolent efforts—parochial or private—has not yet applied those means by which the evil may be cured.

By these reports (he continues), of 698 young men and women who were examined in the four factories, and drawn from all parts of the city and suburbs, 126 never heard of the name of Jesus but from the mouth of profane swearers; and of those who had heard of His name, very many were found entirely ignorant of His dignity, or character, or work. We are not to suppose (he proceeds) that these young persons are Roman Catholics; for every person knows that whatever this class may be ignorant of, the name of Jesus is well remembered and often repeated. The Roman Catholic Children which were examined very readily answered that “Jesus is the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity,” but when questioned as to their knowledge of some of the Patriarchs, or Prophets, or Apostles, answers were given such as the following—“Sir, we don’t know anything about these gentlemen.”—(“Training System,” p. 98.)

As Mr. Stow cautiously says, “Some of the Patriarchs, or Prophets, or Apostles,” perhaps Lot, Simon, Levi, Balaam and Judas, were those particularly inquired after by the examiner. That Catholic children are not generally ignorant of all the Apostles, Mr. Stow found, much to his vexation. He tells us that in 1837, visiting schools in the south of Ireland, the “Bible lesson” read in one of these was “Peter walking on the water to meet Jesus.”—

At my request, the teacher put a few questions. The first was “Who was Peter?” Answer—“The first Pope.” “But what else?”—“A Bishop.” “Anything else?”—“The first Pope.” These answers passed unnoticed. This school was endowed by an annual Government grant of £16 10s. One teacher of a small village—also paid from the Government grant—confessed to me that the moment the hour struck at which his public services closed, he regularly taught the Roman Catholic Catechism, without the children moving from their desks. We found no provisions made for moral training, and no exercise of the understanding whatever.—(Pp. 77, 78.)

Poor Mr. Stow! he knows no better—he is in worse than “heathen ignorance,” out of which neither he, nor the Scotch poor, nor Dr. Cumming, nor Lord John Russell himself, can get without the help of “the Ecclesiastical system of the Roman Catholics,” the name the little lord gives to the Holy Catholic Church, to which be peace and honor, and to its adversaries shame and confusion—*per omnia secula seculorum*.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

BERMONDSEY AND ROTHERHITHE—ADDRESS TO CARDINAL WISEMAN.

At a meeting convened by a number of the Catholics of Bermondsey and Rotherhithe for the purpose of congratulating his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman on his elevation to the dignity of Archbishop and Cardinal Priest, and also on the establishment of the Catholic Hierarchy, the following address was adopted, being the unanimous feeling of the members then present:—

“To the Most Eminent and Most Reverend Cardinal Wiseman, Archbishop of Westminster, and Apostolic Administrator of the Diocese of Southwark.

“May it please your Eminence—At a time when all eyes are fixed upon you, some beaming with joy, the majority fixed with bigotry—when many tongues are active in vituperation—when the press, too, is employing its whole force against you—when even some who hold the Catholic name are assisting the enemy, we, the Catholics of Bermondsey and Rotherhithe, who, in common with the rest of the Faithful in England, participate in those spiritual advantages lately secured to us by the restoration of the lost Hierarchy of our country, and the elevation of yourself to the Archiepiscopate and Cardinalate, are desirous of congratulating with you upon the inestimable favors conferred upon you and upon us. For such favors we could wish to have cast ourselves at the feet of his Holiness in the fullness of faith and love, and in that position to have offered up to Almighty God, by the hands of the Viceregent of our Blessed Lord, sincere and hearty thanks. Since, however, it is out of our power to kneel at the footstool of the Chair of the Blessed St. Peter, we feel the greater delight and