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THE SILENT LIFE.

We lead two lives—the outward seeming fair
And full of smiles that on the surface lie;
The other spent in many a silent prayer,
With thoughts and feelings hidden from the eye.
The weary, weary hours of mental pain,
Unspoken yearnings for the dead ones gone,
The wishes half defined, yet crushed again,
Make up the silent life we lead alone.
And happy visions we may never show
Gild all the silent life with sweet romance;
That they will fade like sunset's clouds we know,
Yet life seems brighter for each stolen glance.
This silent life—we little reck its power
To strengthen us for either good or ill,
Whether we train out thoughts like birds to soar,
Or let them wander whereso'er they will.
This silent life not those we love may share,
Though day by day we strive to draw them close;
Our secret chamber—none may enter there,
Save that one eye that never seeks repose.
And if beneath that eye we do not quail,
Though all the world may turn from us aside,
We own a secret power that shall prevail
When every motive of our life is tried.
—Somerville Journal.

TRAVELING ABROAD.

Father Stewart gives a Journal Reporter Some of His Experiences in Europe. (Continued.)
REPORTER—"Father Stewart, you promised to give an idea of the cost of living, and the expenses incidental to travelling in Europe."
FATHER S.—"Yes, and I shall be very brief. You can spend just as much as you wish, or you can see all the sights, and have good accommodations and table, with occasionally some luxuries, for five dollars a day, everything included. Don't go to an hotel. Get comfortable furnished apartments for two shillings a day in England, or three francs in France. The balance of your five dollars will more than suffice to meet every other expense. You can remain three months in Europe, and travel a great deal for \$500, including your fare by steamer from New York and return. Patronize the 'établissements bouillonnants' in Paris. You can procure the best cooked, and cheapest meals in the world, in these wonderful establishments. What the French call 'déjeuner,' we would call lunch, though the translation is 'breakfast.' This is taken at noon. Dinner comes after the close of business in the evening. A Frenchman delights to prolong this meal, sipping his wine and coffee with a gusto quite refreshing to a dyspeptic. I saw only one Frenchman drunk and he belonged to England and told me so. I met him down near the morgue, in the rear of the Cathedral of Notre Dame. He was in a quandary to know which of the bridges he should take to cross the Seine. He saw several, I saw only one. He told me that he had left England with a view of cultivating habits of sobriety. I congratulated him on his success so far.
"A sensible, economical traveller will always take a second or third class ticket. You save a great deal, and have every accommodation requisite. The trains in England go very fast, but shake the very false teeth in you. Nothing in the world can equal the convenience and comfort of American travel, by railroad or by steamboat."
REPORTER—"Did you come in contact with prominent men in Europe, and learn their opinions of our leading politicians in America?"
FATHER S.—"Yes, for I made that, and gaining health, my principle occupation. You must know that English newspapers are like our own,

with one exception. They are full of news, except of the United States. We seem to occupy a small portion of European attention, except when we tread on European corns by restrictive measures, such as the tariff. The selfishness of John Bull boils over when he sees our market closed against him. Then we are a 'blasted' country, 'you know,' and going to eternal smash.

"In European opinion, candidly expressed, the foremost public man in America is James G. Blaine. In statesmanship, he is considered the equal of any man in the world. From my personal knowledge of him, I fully concur in this verdict. He is the most magnetic man I have ever met—most kind and accommodating. He is not like many politicians. He remembers a friend when a favor is requested. The English press was full of editorials praising our member, Charles F. Baker for his action in Congress, relative to the Jewish persecution in Russia.

"As the election is now over I cannot be suspected of favoring any of our candidates in particular. They are both worthy gentlemen. I know it to be a fact, however, and I shall be borne out in the assertion by every one who has met Mr. Baker in Washington. He was the most accommodating and kindest friend I have ever met. His popularity and influence in all the departments were marvelous. Governor Hill is well known in England. He is looked upon as a future occupant of the White House, at no distant date. If so, I prophesy, that the Republican party, with even Tom Reed at their head, will meet their match.

"By the way, you may give as a fact, that the astronomers and scientists in France have adopted the sun spot theory of Mr. Main, of our *Democrat and Chronicle*. They are evolving plans to foretell coming storms from the approach of these spots as the sun revolves on its axis. I was annoyed at them for not giving credit to the genius of this astronomer of our city for discovering this connection between solar outbursts and our terrestrial storms. The French newspapers are the poorest specimens of their kind in creation."

"Judging from their news you would think that neither steam nor electricity had been yet discovered. One paper, in quite a large country town, informed its readers last August that a great flood had swept over a place called *Jeansville* (Johnstown) in a small place called Pennsylvania, near New York. We hope Pennsylvania will now take a back seat.

"There are no tramps or poor-houses in France. The people are very industrious and economical. Wealth is widely distributed among them. Where a farmer does not own his land, his rent is very moderate. The fertility of the soil in general is wonderful. Three crops are usually reaped every year. I saw sugar beets as large as an ordinary water pail. Grain grows very luxuriantly. Wine from home produced grapes is the common beverage. If you ask a farmer for a drink, he does not offer you water. He brings you wine. I informed some American friends of this fact, and they called to pay a passing visit to every farm house on the road where they were driving. Under such circumstances Americans are the most sociable people in the world. One carriage full I met did not know any French, but I gave them the above information, with the single word *soif* (thirsty). They may be drinking through France yet.

"The system of seaside bathing is novel in its appliances. You pay one franc and receive two towels and a ticket of admission to the bath house.

This institution is a large box on wheels, containing two communicating rooms. When you go in a woman hitches a horse to the bathing house and draws it out into the water. When you have had enough of the surf, she draws you in again, and most suggestively holds her hand out for your tip. One cent is sufficient to give her. Her dress and appearance are a circus to a stranger. The French people talk so loud and gesticulate so much, that every street corner seems, to one not knowing their habits or language, like the scene of an impending riot.

"I visited one sanitarium, but it could not compare with ours in this country. Allen & Carson's sanitarium in Avon, is my beau-ideal of a health giving, economical establishment. Situated on the brow of a hill, in one of the beautiful villages of the Genesee valley, it offers attractions in every direction. Only eighteen miles from Rochester, on the N. Y. L. E. & W. R. R., the best and strongest natural sulphur water pours itself into the refreshing porcelain baths, furnished to the guests of this house. Medical attendance and medicines are included in the very moderate charges of the house. In Cork, Ireland, also in London and Paris, I tried to teach the attendants of the bathing establishment one of the methods of Allen & Carson at Avon. It was eagerly grasped as a novelty in the Turkish baths. It consists of rubbing the bather with salt and then washing and douching him with tepid water. The salt thus penetrates and becomes an excellent tonic. The electric baths of Avon are a special feature, conjointly with the hot sulphur water. Rheumatism flies before it. Many times in Europe, have I thought of Avon, with the genial, sympathetic face of Dr. Allen, but above all George Nobles, the ox-eyed Juno of the Genesee. His brawny arms stretched over you like connecting rods on the driving wheels of a locomotive. Pain and sickness disappear under his magic touch. His motionless eye acts like a spell. He mesmerizes you, and then piles on the salt on your devoted back and sides, until you imagine you are in a ham curing establishment. You never get tired for he keeps you laughing with his stories. He is honest, too, for he does not expect any one to believe what he says. I don't know anything about the massage treatment, but judging from the improvement on the ladies faces, I am sure they get more attention than we gentlemen patients. This is certain, for it is an establishment where women's rights are conceded."

REPORTER—"But Father S., you have got home from Europe too soon."
FATHER S.—"Yes, thank God. You don't blame me, nor will the public blame me, either, for telling them we can find health and pleasure nearer home—in Avon, where genial and generous countenances will greet you. Charlie Moran will meet you at the train, and you cannot find any porter who will take better care of you. He is always ready to serve the guests, and always in good humor, except when scolding the driver of the bus for not hurrying home to get his passengers a bath and an excellent supper.
"Concerts and amusements of various kinds, suited to the guests and patients, destroy all monotony, and the remembrance of sickness. These act as a lever to health, supplemented by the kindly and constant attention of the doctor, Mr. Carson, and their amiable wives. I am home now, and hope to be well for my work, until next summer, when I may again ask our Bishop's permission to sail over the ocean and back again, instead of taking my vacation at Saratoga.

A Protestant Answered. CRITICISMS ON THE CHURCH CLEVERLY REFUTED.

No Inconsistency in the Church's Claim—Catholic Influence in Mexico and South America—Ignatius Loyola, and the Inquisition. (Contributed to the JOURNAL.) [CONTINUED.]

It seems after all the Indians of Mexico and South America bettered their condition under Catholic influence. "Macaulay compares the conquest of Mexico by Spain with that of Hindostan by the English. Only one point of view between the two events," says Marshall, "was left unnoticed, perhaps because unheeded by the great essayist. He nowhere reminds either himself or his readers that Mexico became a Christian nation while India has only been confirmed in her worship of demons. Such is the familiar contrast which history records for the admonition of mankind between the fruits of a Catholic and a Protestant conquest." "Of the government of India it may be truly affirmed and is established by circumstantial evidence," says Dr. Chase, "that its whole weight, influence and authority has been directed against the progress of Christianity among the heathen." To better the condition of the poor and degraded or to furnish them the means to progress has not been, and is not characteristic of haughty Protestant England, to say the least!

In Mexico and South America the converted Indians were at once admitted to and are now enjoying the privileges and rights of the race that conquered and are one with them. Mr. Help tells us that it was at once proposed by the Catholic clergy "that a learned education be given to the Indians," and that "the proposed end was successfully attained." "There exists," says Madame Calderon de la Barca, in *Life in Mexico*, "no country in the world where charities, both public and private are practiced on so noble a scale; generally speaking charity is a distinguishing attribute of a Catholic country." And Mr. Kendall puts the following on record: "Wherever the religion of Rome is known, there do we find the same active benevolence, the same attention to the wants of the suffering." All the above authorities, except Marshall, are Protestant. For further testimony and ample proof of what the Church has done for the poor, read *Christian Missions*, by Marshall. It is thus summed up by Dr. Brownson, who was a Protestant at the time of his writing the following: "During the quarter part of that period, by means of her superior intelligence and virtue, she—the Church—ruled the State, modified its actions, and compelled its administrators to consult the rights of man, by protecting the poor, the feeble, and the defenceless. It is not easy to estimate the astonishing progress she effected for civilization during that long period called by narrow-minded and bigoted Protestant historians, the dark ages. Never before had such labors been performed for humanity. Never before had there been such an immense body as the Christian clergy, animated by a common spirit, and directed by a common will and intelligence to the culture of the moral virtues and the arts of peace. Then was tamed the wild barbarian and the savage heart made to yield to the humanizing influences of tenderness, gentleness, meekness, humility and love; then imperial crown and royal sceptre paled before the crossier, and the representative of Him who lived, and toiled, and preached, and suffered, and died in obscurity, in poverty and disgrace, was exalted and made Himself felt in the palace and in the cottage, in the court and in the camp, striking terror

into the rich and the noble, and pouring the oil and wine of consolation into the bruised heart of the poor and friendless. Wrong, wrong, have they been who have complained that kings and emperors were subjected to the spiritual head of Christendom. *It was well for man that there was a power above the brutal tyrants called emperors, kings and barons, who rode rough-shod over the humble peasant and artisan; well that there was a power, even on earth, that could touch their cold and atheistic hearts, and make them tremble as the veriest slave.* The heart of humanity leaps with joy when a murderous Henry is scourged at the tomb of Thomas A. Becket, or when another Henry waits shivering with cold and hunger for days at the door of the Vatican, or when a Pope grinds his foot into the neck of a prostrate Frederick Barbarossa. Aristocratic Protestantism, which has never dared enforce its discipline on royalty and nobility, may weep over the exercise of such power, but it is to the existence and exercise of that power that the people owe their existence, and the doctrine of man's equality with man, its progress."

Now about the Inquisition, that old but favorite theme in Protestant Polemics! By the way, from the manner in which you express yourself upon the subject it would seem you never heard that there were more Inquisitions than one, for you ask: "Did you ever read the story of the founding of the Inquisition by Ignatius Loyola, a Jesuit?" You are correct about "Ignatius Loyola" being a Jesuit! But of your charity please to withhold laughter until I state the reason why I never read that story! Ignatius Loyola was born in the year 1491. Now, under Constantine, the Great, an Inquisition, in fact, was established. I say "in fact," because it was in principle and in reality what the word "Inquisition" implies, and what every tribunal so designated really was. Ignatius Loyola certainly was not the founder of Constantine's Inquisition. In the year 382 Theodosius I, established a similar court and designated it an "Inquisition." "Ignatius Loyola" was, I think, too many centuries distant from the scene of action to have any honor or dishonor in the founding of "this institution!" Inquisitions were established in various parts of Europe in the 11th, 12th and 13th centuries, consequently long before the time of Ignatius Loyola! But did he not found the Spanish Inquisition? Not at all. The Spanish Inquisition came into existence in the year 1497; therefore, fourteen years previous to the birth of "Ignatius!" Could you have read a novel on the "Inquisition," in which "Ignatius Loyola" figured as chief character, and you innocently mistook fiction for fact? For 300 years England kept in active existence something like an Inquisition, under which the Catholic clergy were persecuted, imprisoned, banished and put to death. Prescott tells us and he was a Protestant, that the administration of Elizabeth "was not a whit less despotic and scarcely less sanguinary than" that of Isabella. Surely you cannot imagine the great Jesuit had anything to do with that tribunal. In colonial days in our own country "the Quakers" under the Puritans of New England, "were whipped, branded, had their ears cut off, their tongues bored with hot irons, and were banished upon pain of death in case of their return, and actually executed on the gallows." Read the "Blue Laws" for confirmation of what is here stated.

The month of November is devoted to the souls in purgatory. No true Catholic will neglect to pray for departed relatives.