

# THE INTERMOUNTAIN CATHOLIC.

Denver

A Catholic Paper For The Catholic Home

Salt Lake

Pro Deo Pro Patria

For God and Country.

Butte

Vol. 11, No. 21. Eleventh Year.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, MARCH 12, 1910.

Colorado Catholic, 26th Year.

## HONDURAS ON WAY TO COPAN

City of Copan Without History—Stephen's Story Denied—Discoveries in Central America Contradict French Incredulity—Journeying to the Ruins of Copan—Gruesome Sights—Rio Chiapa Rich Alluvium Very Productive, Grows All Kinds of Fruits—No Hotel, no Bed—Canine Chorus at Midnight.

To rest you here, to muse on flood and fell,  
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene  
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,  
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been.

About one hundred miles from its mouth, at the Bay of Honduras, there is an ugly gash in the side of the Motagua River. The streams, runlets and waters of the fever and hot, malarial lands of Southern Honduras must some way force a passage back to the breasts of their mother, the great sea from which they were lifted by the mysterious power of the sun. They gathered in the valley of Chiquimula, united their forces and called themselves the Copan. Long ago, when torrential rains deluged the land, they moved northward, met the Motagua, tore open its side and ever since have right of way to the sea. Fifty miles from this opening, on the eastern bank of the Copan River, are the ruins of a dead city, buried in a dense thicket of exuberant vegetation. This is Copan. How old is it? When was the city built and by whom? Why was it abandoned? We know not. It was alive, for we have found the corpse.

When, in 1841, Stephens published an introductory pamphlet to his great work, "Explorations in Central America," and told of these forest-buried cities of a civilized and vanished race, he was branded on a lecture platform in Boston as an impostor and a cheat. The tale was incredible. Then came Catherwood's wonderful drawings and illustrations, and those interested in antiquities were amazed. The discovery of the Rosetta stone and Champollion's decipherment of the Egyptian hieroglyphics deepened antiquarian interest in Europe, and scholars like Rouse and Cardinal Wiseman plunged into ethnological research. Then came the verification of the reports of the wonderful prehistoric cities of Central America, and learned men began to rearrange their ideas touching the origin of man. The French philosophers, after contemptuously waving aside the inspirational record of man's origin, taught that original man was a savage, and that by his own unaided industry he rose to the perfection of his manhood and the perfect civilization then to be found in France, and only in France. The forest-shrouded cities of Central America told a different story, for here, at least, were proofs that the race descended from a high material civilization, and at the time of the discovery of America its people were drifting into barbarism and savagery. It is impossible to deny the civilization and vast antiquity of this land without using methods of criticism that would destroy the credibility of all history. But I am digressing into a thesis on ethnology and, in a sense, anticipating my mission.

On Thursday morning, March 24, we left the Indian town of Totoliche and began our journey for the ruins of Copan. I say we, for I was accompanied by Esteban Talpa, who served for guide, companion and handy man. Our horses were small but tough and sure-footed, and cost \$1,100 each. Esteban wore a wide-brimmed Mexican sombrero, grass-wool, and the safest and most sensible hat for the tropics yet invented. The dark copper skin of his body was covered by a cotton shirt and drawers. He carried, swung to a belt of jaguar skin, a machete, which in this country is axe, sword, knife and cut-throat, and in the hand of a native is a weapon or instrument of indispensable utility. Travel in the tropics begins early, pauses during the heat of the day, and ends long after sunset.

Before Americans crowded into the first-class compartments on French and Italian trains, it was a common saying that only "mi-lords" and fools traveled on first-class tickets. Down in this extraordinary land the people tell you that only Americans and fugitives travel in mid-day. Even the fools are wise for four hours of the twenty-four. People rise early in these "hot lands," and as we rode through the town many a friendly voice followed us with a "mas ver" (good-bye) or greeted us with "adios" (pleasant journey to you, or, literally, "we commend you to God.") At La Venta, a cozy little cluster of wattle huts nestling in a depression of the Laguna Hills, we breakfasted on tortillas, eggs and excellent coffee. Here we entered the Yucatan Plains, where the tree growth was low and scrubby, and consisted mainly of acacias, thorn-trees and curious tree-like cacti, thirty or forty feet high covered, trunk and branch, with needles and spines. It is called in derision, the "monkey tree." Cervantes in his "Don Quixote," describes a land where there "were roads without a road and pathless paths." Over this Yucatan land is spread a thick covering of dust, fine as miller's grist, that on the slightest provocation by wind or breeze fills the air and destroys all traces of trail or mule path. For more than half a century Honduras, like Nicaragua, claims a bad pre-eminence over all the states of the world for war, bloodshed and chronic revolt against elected authority.

Official corruption, repeated uprisings and local rebellions have emptied the treasury and so exhausted the resources of this fertile country that, at last, the state is bankrupt and the republic rests. Could these seething and fermenting states unite and, once for all, bury their animosity and give up their absurd fanfarades and expensive military shows and establishments, the future of this magnificent country would be assured. The whole of Central America measures in length but eight or nine hundred miles, varying in breadth from thirty to three hundred miles, yet no reliable survey has ever been made. Thousands of acres are untouched and unexplored, and the money which should have gone to open this land, build roads and teach the children, is wasted on military shows and body-guards for Presidents, Generals, Judges and Courts. On the pathless desolation around us the heat

was great, but not oppressive. It was not tropical, the odor of decay, of vegetable decomposition and of fatal humidity was not with it. I was making for the Copan River, and if we met with no accident, we ought to enter the village of Tepetitlan in time for supper. Passing out of the Yucatan desert we entered the alluvial bottoms of the Rio Chiapa, rich in malma and alfalfa grass, on which herds of cattle were fattening. Beyond and around us the land was under cultivation. Here the sugar-cane attains a growth of nine feet in as many months, yields four tons to the acre, will ration for years without replanting, and a brown sugar can be bagged at 50 cents per arroba (25 pounds) and white at one dollar, the profit is encouraging. Much of the juice of the cane is converted into aguardiente, or rum, from the sale of which the government gets a snug revenue.

"Estaban," I said to my companion, "what do they do with all these bananas and rubber trees?" "These," he answered, "are to shade the young coffee and cacao plants, which must be protected from the sun and wind." From the cacao tree we get our chocolate and cocoa and chocolate candies. We were passing through a country fertile as the famous peach belt of Florida, where fruits, unheard of at home, ripen and luxuriate. The aguacati is used in Waldorf salads, the cherimoya, like the Indian custard apple, is shipped to New York and London in air-tight bottles. Pineapples fairly rival those of the Azores. As for mangoes, the luscious relative of the oriental mangrove, they are so juicy that the Hondurians say they must be eaten in a bath. Here is the land of yams, oranges, plantains, manioc or bread-fruit, limes and shaddock. We passed out of this garden of paradise, traversed a treeless and arid plain, and as the sun was dipping to the horizon, rode into a group of huts dignified with the high-sounding name of Tepetitlan.

In many of the inland towns of Central America there are lodgin-houses. As there are no commercial or other travelers, no provision is made for the visiting stranger. Indeed, by the dogs and children he is received as an enemy and a trespasser. Here, however, I had to put in the night, as it was a case of "any port in a storm." I closed with a decent-looking half caste for accommodation for ourselves and beasts. Poor as the surroundings were, the meal was clean and good, and if it were not for the obtrusive, yet pardonable curiosity of the people, the evening, or early night—there are no evenings here—would have passed off pleasantly enough. In these inland village shanties there are no beds. A bullhide or hammock is much better and cleaner, and, when one is used to it, just as comfortable. My hotel for the night was a one-roomed shack, and before throwing myself on the bullhide the good woman of the house had "made up" for me, took an account of stock. I counted four cats, two dogs, a macaw, the man and his wife, a daughter of fourteen, three children, and my "moro" or servant, Estaban. This was too much for me. I whispered to Estaban to swing my hammock in the palm yard. "Why, señor?" he asked, with eyes swimming in amazement. "I fear the mosquitoes will suck the life out of me," I replied. He threw up his hands, said the night air was bad, and that under the cover of the hut the mosquitoes were virtually an extinct species compare to the swarms that would fall upon me outside. However, I carried my point, and passed a memorable night.

The moon and stars shone with exceptional brilliancy, and whether it was the influence of the moon or the weird loneliness of the night acting on the spirits of some village cur, about 1 o'clock a dismal howl suddenly broke the solitude. At once a hundred canine throats began to bay and a chorus of melancholy howls, prolonged and discordant, startled me. Then, and as if by common consent, and for no reason apparent to me, the chorus came to a sudden and startling end. Something must have happened. Either a strange dog entered the village alone—a thing unheard of—or some strange animal was speeding through the dog's street, for, as if by concerted action, the dogs came rushing, singly and in pairs, to the miserable village square, and without stopping to exchange opinions, ran silently and wildly down the street and disappeared in the jungle. Then, in a quarter of an hour they returned one by one, or by twos and threes, and, seemingly without provocation, began to fight. As the combat deepened, the snarls, yells and agonizing growls of the warriors split the air and filled it with foam and fur. Presently, and as if by common consent, the battle ended and the fighters trotted or limped for home. I began to wonder what it was all about, and while saying to myself, "What next?" I fell asleep.

### A Truthful Assertion.

The worst habit that boys can fall into is that of loafing around on the streets at night. It is then they cast their lot in slippery places when at any moment they are likely to fall from grace. All good and noble lessons taught them by their mothers are there counteracted and nullified. They learn nothing that is good—but everything bad. The boys who spent their evenings in the sacred precinct of home with good books for their companions are the future hope of this republic; they will fill our legislative and congressional halls, and sit in judgment upon men and measures, while the boys who run the streets will fill our penitentiaries, almshouses and lunatic asylums. Parents who are responsible for these broken laws of decency will have broken hearts and bowed-down heads in the awakening years that will inevitably follow.

### The Larger Life.

Brother, your mistake is to live alone in a crowded world; to think of yourself and your own belongings, and what is the matter with you and what may befall you, instead of trying to realize, what is the fact, that you are a member of a great human society, and that your true interests are one with those of the world, which will go on much the same, however it fare with you. Live the larger life, and you will find it the happier.

The selfish life is unnatural to man, and he is constrained and sad in it, just as a wild animal taken from the herd in which he has been born and which his nature is adapted to, and kept in loneliness.

## NEO-PAGANISM

Universities Undermining Christian Faith. Agosticism Widespread.

To the pages of the American Catholic Quarterly Review the Rev. J. T. Murphy, of the Order of the Holy Ghost, contributes an article, by far the most interesting in the magazine, on the neo-paganism professed in American universities, as thoughtful as it is apposite.

Every Christian conscience, the writer says in effect, can not have failed of being shocked at the recent revelations of anti-Christian and anti-American teachings scattered broadcast by prominent non-Catholic professors. That such pronouncements as to beliefs represent only the non-Catholic bodies—and even then not all of them—goes without saying, and to reflecting Catholics there can be little surprise, says our writer, that erroneously utterances of this kind can be forthcoming so spontaneously in view of the uncertainty of non-Catholic teachings and dogma.

Nevertheless, he declares, there is no knowing how deeply and widely such poison filters, and the Church is bound to repel and refute error wherever she meets it, whether within or without the fold. Moreover, since a large number of Catholic young men frequent American non-sectarian universities, it is but proper that the Catholic point of view should be emphasized.

It is, says the reverend reviewer, a very serious question for Catholics whether they can conscientiously expose their sons or daughters to the not only faithless but faith-destroying atmosphere of such colleges. And where necessity compels the attendance of young men at institutions which are avowedly agnostic, it behooves the parents and Church to provide proper antidotes against agnostic teachings.

It is unnecessary to follow the reviewer entirely through his considerations of the neo-pagan pronouncements of the late principal of Harvard University, whose prophecies as to the nature of the religion of the future amount really to a denial that anything in the nature of religion can exist. For, he denies that any authority whatsoever will exist and, says our reviewer, "there can be no specific form of religion which is not founded on authority either human or divine. Nor can any satisfactory religion, says the Quarterly writer, be based on 'the omnipresent and exhaustless energy' mentioned by Doctor Eliot, since this is pantheism pure and simple. The reviewer quotes very appositely the words of the non-Catholic Dr. Inge, of Cambridge University, uttered in the course of a sermon in Westminster Abbey:

"We need not fret and fume about the future of religion or of civilization. God will see to that. But if we neglect our own souls, that little bit of work which remains undone, for no one else can do it. It is just because this kind of teaching is unpopular that I wish to insist upon it. The popular preacher just now is the man who congratulates himself and his hearers that we have got rid of selfish individualism—that we no longer think of saving our own souls, but of the divine principle of human brotherhood. Above all, that we have brought down religion from the clouds to rest on solid earth. I am afraid that this talk about selfish individualism is little better than mere cant. The real reason why a secularized Christianity appeals to them is that eternal things which are not seen are not only out of sight but out of mind. They are not really believed in. There are many clergymen now who stigmatize as unpractical and useless any teaching which has no immediate bearing on the bread problem. It is strange that any reader of the gospel should think that there is anything more practical than the eternal destiny of souls."

Finally, the reviewer quotes the words of the late Mr. Gladstone, who, he says, knew something of the nature and history of Christianity, as well as of paganism on the dechristianization of modern learning. Here are the words of the dead statesman: "I own my surprise not only at the fact but at the manner in which in this day writers, unimpeached in character and abounding in talent, not only put away from them, but cast into shadow or into the very Gulf of negation itself the conception of a Deity, an active and a ruling Deity. Of this belief which has satisfied the doubts and wiped away the tears and found guidance for the footsteps or so many a weary wanderer on earth, we might at least suppose that if at length we had discovered that it was in the light of truth untenable, yet, at least, the decencies of mourning would be vouchsafed to this irreparable loss. Instead of this, it is with a joy and exultation that this terrific and overwhelming calamity is accepted and recorded as a gain. For those who believe that the old foundations are unshaken still, and that the fabric built upon them will look down for ages on the floating wreck of many a modern and boastful theory, it is difficult to see anything but infatuation in the destructive temperament which leads to the notion that to substitute a blind mechanism for the hand of God in the affairs of life, is to enlarge the scope of remedial agency."—New York Freeman's Journal.

### Home Joys and Sorrows.

Home is the place of the highest joys; religion should sanctify it. Home is the sphere of the deepest sorrows; the highest consolation of religion should assuage its griefs. It is the place of the greatest intimacy of heart with heart; religion should sweeten it with the joy of confidence. Home discovers all faults; religion should bless it with abundance of charity. Home is the place for impressions, for instruction and culture; there should religion open her treasures of wisdom and pronounce her heavenly benediction.

### BISHOP HENDRICK'S CHILDHOOD.

The news of the death of Bishop Hendrick caused deep sorrow throughout this country, and particularly in Penn Yan, N. Y., his boyhood home.

Years ago when the Hendrick children were small, their parents had a hard struggle for an existence, and it is with appreciation that the titled Hendrick men relate how their parents borrowed money to give their sons the advantage of an edu-

cation. Thomas Hendrick, father of the late Bishop, was the proprietor of a meat market in Penn Yan.

Bishop Hendrick used to often relate a story of his being sent home from school, when a small boy, to wash his face.

"I suppose I was like all other small boys," he used to relate. "I used to dislike to go to school. My father used to have a large potato field, like all other true Irishmen. I used to beg to dig the potatoes rather than go to school. Often this scheme worked, but one morning my father called me out of the potato field and informed me that I must attend school that day. Of course, I did not feel very pleasant about going, so I did not take much time to brush up my appearance. When I arrived at the school house the teacher came to me and said, 'Tommy, if I had such a pretty face as you have, I would take time to wash it clean. Now, go right home and wash the mud off of it.'"

The teacher who sent "Tommy" Hendrick home to wash his face never forgot the event, and when he was appointed to the Cebu bishopric, in 1903, she wrote him a letter, asking him if he remembered his old teacher who sent him home to wash his face. Bishop Hendrick answered the letter and said that he remembered the event, and that he never saw a little boy with a dirty face but that he wondered if he had been digging in a potato field.

### SALUTARY ADVICE.

In a recent address on the power of the press and the neglect of it by the Catholics of England, Father Bernard Vaughan urged his hearers to attach the greatest importance to the Catholic press, and offered them these practical suggestions:

Let your support of the Catholic press take a practical shape. Buy, subscribe to Catholic newspapers, and urge others to do the same. Advertise in them. Get them into the public libraries. Regard the promotion of their circulation as a form of Catholic apostolate—as, in fact, it is. They are helping to dissipate religious errors and prejudices; they are diffusing Catholic ideas; they serve to counteract the fraudulent foodstuffs of mind and heart which are doled out so plentifully by much non-Catholic literature. Help to make Catholic newspaper better, and they will make you better. Only by your co-operation can they be made a success.

### EUCCHARISTIC CONGRESS.

Cardinal Gibbons has accepted the invitation of Archbishop Paul Bruchesi of Montreal, Canada, to attend the first American General Eucharistic Congress of the Catholic church to be held in that city in September.

The congress promises to be one of the most important gatherings of recent years in the Catholic church on this side of the Atlantic, and hundreds of high officials of the church will be present. The Apostolic Delegate to Canada, Most Rev. Donatus Sbarretti, will probably preside and interesting questions pertaining to the church will be discussed. As the head of the Catholic church in America, the Cardinal will be a conspicuous figure, and will take an active part in the congress. The event will be marked in the Canadian city by very impressive celebrations, both church and civic. The government officials will, no doubt, take some part in the civic demonstrations.

### HIGH TRIBUTE.

At a banquet given by the Young Men's Institute of Indianapolis on Washington's birthday, Governor Thomas R. Marshall, who was guest of honor, said in his address:

"I am not a member of the Mother Church, but I can say that throughout my life the best friends I have ever had, the most honored associates worshipped at her shrine; and I may add that I never found among them, or among the members of my acquaintance, a single one who was disloyal to the constitution and laws of the land in which we live. I admire the solemnity of her services. You bend the knee in the presence of the Eternal, and the sainted men and women who have devoted their lives to the service of the Eternal have won the admiration of the people of all creeds."

### Three Offices Vacant.

Cardinal Satolli's death reduces the number of Cardinals to fifty-two, or eighteen less than the full College. It leaves vacant three important positions in the Roman Curia. He was Archbishop of St. John Lateran, the Cathedral of the Pope and "the mother and mistress of all the churches," and here, it is said, he may be succeeded by Cardinal Respighi, who has for many years, under Leo XIII and Pius X, borne the heavy and difficult burden of the Vicar of Rome. He was Cardinal Bishop of Frascati, and it is believed that in this he will have no successor in the full sense of the term, as for the future the Suburban Sees are to have their own Ordinaries bound to residence like the pastors of all other dioceses. Finally he was prefect of the Congregation of Studies, and there is a rumor that this Congregation is now to be definitely suppressed and its functions transferred to the Congregation of the Council. Probably this change would have been introduced a year and a half ago at the general reform of the Roman Curia were it not that the Holy Father temporarily retained it in existence in deference to its Prefect.

### New Bishops for the South.

Press dispatches under date of February 9 bring news of the appointment of Rev. J. W. Shaw, rector of the Cathedral, Mobile, Ala., to be auxiliary Bishop to Bishop Forest to San Antonio, Tex., and of the appointment of Rev. Denis O'Donoghue, auxiliary Bishop of Indianapolis, to be Bishop of Louisville, Ky., in succession to the late Bishop McCloskey.

### A NEWMAN MEMORIAL.

The magnificent church erected as a memorial to Cardinal Newman on the scene of his most fruitful years of work at the Oratory of St. Philip, Edgbaston, Birmingham, England, was opened recently in the presence of a large and distinguished gathering of priests and laymen.

## FOURTH SUNDAY OF LENT

Christ's Doctrine, Life and Moral Character Equal to His Power—Loved by the Common People—Excuses for Infidelity—Priority of Faith to Superstition—Belief in a Supreme Being Possible Only Through Revelation—Message to Baptist—Mercy to Sinners—Parables of Prodigal Son and Lost Sheep—Poor and Needy His Special Friends.

At the vesper meeting last Sunday Father Kiely read the gospel which treats of the multiplication of the "five barley loaves and two fishes." He said: "The story told in the gospel read, of the multiplication of the loaves and fishes, teaches two consoling lessons, namely, the divinity of Christ and His love and mercy for suffering humanity."

"His teachings and example had so endeared Him to the common people that regardless of their wants or the means of appeasing their hunger, they followed Him. All were satisfied that the 'five barley loaves and two fishes,' which one boy had in his possession, were not sufficient for the 'very great multitude' who followed Him to the hillside. Then all were witnesses to the miracle wrought when He multiplied the loaves and fishes so that all had sufficient 'with twelve baskets which were filled with the fragments over and above what had been eaten.'"

### MIRACLES OF CHRIST.

"In this age of unbelief and indifference, when men boast that no door is too sacred for their railings against a supreme being, how explain what is historically evident, namely, the miracles of Christ, unless it be conceded that He was God, and Christianity is true. To its exactness of rigid morality and strict justice man living a natural life may be unwilling to conform, and will justify their indifference and lack of faith because the world's religious history is one of superstitious beliefs. They find in every age men claiming to be prophets and messengers from God and teaching doctrines which were degrading."

"But how argue from this that Christianity is not a true form of worship? No test is applied. Its worth is measured by a wrong rule. Truth and error belong to two different orders. When one is thoroughly convinced that a certain form of religion is superstitious or erroneous, how conclude that every form is the same? It is not possible, nay, even probable, that one of the many conflicting forms of religions may be true! Truth is older than error, and one thing certain is that unless true religion existed from the commencement of time and that prior to superstition there could be no superstition. It is also logically true that faith is older than unbelief. One can not deny what is not affirmed. The fool could not say in his heart: there is no God, if the belief was not universal in space and time when he gave utterance to that denial of the Supreme Being. It is also logically certain that faith is older than unbelief, and that unless God first revealed Himself to man, man could not, by his own intellect, form any conception of a supreme being, or have any faith or religion. Belief in God is logically prior to a denial of his existence, and true religion must have existed before superstition, which is simply a corruption or departure from the truth already existing."

"Knowing this to be the logical sequence of past historical events, why not test Christianity on its merits, namely, the works of its founder? Today's gospel furnishes one of the many examples in the inspired narrative regarding His marvelous works. No other so-called prophet or founder of religion gave proofs of his divine commission as those given by Christ, and the proofs which he gave are vouched for by those who were opposed to Him as a teacher. Hence, any comparison with the Christian faith and that of other religions is not fair or just."

"At the commencement of his preaching the Baptist sent two of his disciples to inquire if he were the Messiah for whom prophets and patriarchs sighed and prayed. Jesus answered: 'Go and relate what you have heard and seen; the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead rise again, the poor have the gospel preached to them. And blessed is he that shall not be scandalized in me.' (Mat. 11:4-7). Such were wonders performed daily before the people who thronged to see him and then, as now, the greater part of mankind was scandalized."

### LOVE AND MERCY.

"Second lesson taught in the gospel narrative is Christ's tender love and compassion for suffering humanity. He never failed to provide for those who confided in Him. All are subject to trials and crosses. No state of life is exempt: They are the natural inheritance of the fall of our first parents. Hence, to do evil demands no violence to natural inclination, whereas to practice virtue demands an effort. This state of fallen nature, so little known to mankind, was well known to the Savior of man. Hence, as a teacher, He consoles, as a benefactor He helps the needy, and as a Redeemer He forgives sinners. The multiplication is but one of many such instances proving His love and mercy. In His public life He is seen only in the garb of the good Samaritan."

### CHRIST HATES SIN.

"Sinners throw themselves at His feet, and though He hates sin, no one departs from His presence without being consoled with the assurance that their sins are blotted out. In the parables of the prodigal son and the lost sheep is to be found an object lesson of His great mercy. The poor and needy approach Him, they are blessed and their wants supplied. 'Blessed are the poor, for they shall possess the Kingdom of Heaven.' The gospel narrative proves how His loving heart was touched at the fidelity of the crowd who followed Him to the hillside, and how, after nourishing their souls with the truths of eternal life, He provided for their temporal wants. There is no instance on record

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