

# **HISTORIC SHRINES OF SPAIN**







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BY

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TO

**Berengnela, Marquesa de Riscal**

AND

**Mencia, Marquesa de Viana**

*Affectionate and happy remembrances.*





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## INTRODUCTION

The chivalrous devotion of the Spanish people to the Mother of the Redeemer dates from the earliest days of Christianity. Magnificent temples, teeming with the richest and noblest in art, were raised to receive her shrines in all parts of the Peninsula, from the crowded city to the bleak sea-shore, from the sandy plain to the rugged mountain top, where, from sunrise till sunset, no sound was heard save the singing of birds and the chanting of prayers. Architects, artists, and workmen gave their talents and their labors wherever a new church was to be built, many of them asking, as sole recompense for their services, a last resting place in the edifices they had erected and adorned, and a remembrance in the prayers of the faithful.

Every one of these monuments has its particular story in the popular traditions which formed the national poetry of the Middle Ages, and although many of the original temples have disappeared, the legends remain

and still form attractive sources of inspiration for the poet, the artist, the romancer and the dramatist.

In writing the stories of the Spanish shrines no attempt has been made to fathom the why and the wherefore of the traditions that have been handed down from generation to generation through successive ages of Roman conquest, Moorish dominion and internal warfare. The origin of the venerated images, their secretion in mountain fastnesses and woody solitudes at the first alarms of Moorish invasion, and their miraculous apparitions after centuries of concealment under the earth or in caves, are not related as historical facts sustained by more or less authentic proofs: the reader, therefore, must not look for numerous footnotes, annotations, references to rare works, extracts from the chroniclers, or other evidences of profound learning and deep research, for the legends are merely retold in the unvarnished language of the people, as they were gathered during a residence of several years in Spain.

These tales are the mystic delight, the spi-

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ritual treasure, the cherished lore of the Spanish race, that keeps them in touch with the Saints, and makes them address the Holy Mother as "Madrecita", "Mariquita", "Pilarica", "Morenita", and other names of familiar endearment, without the slightest semblance of irreverence, and hearing them in the land of chivalry, and sunshine, and mysticism, where we walk in the footsteps of saints, and feel their presence in the very air we breathe, dwelling in the places hallowed by their memory, and worshipping in the precincts which preserve their relics, the earnest belief of the children of the soil imparts itself unconsciously, putting to flight the spirit of doubt which, under colder skies and in less romantic climes, thrusts itself upon us: but here we become impregnated with the faith of the land, and so impressed by the visible signs of supernatural events, that we forget to question, and even forget to wonder, for in Spain tales of saintly marvels are as common as tales of knightly valor, and the apparitions of Santiago, the miracles of Saint Dominic, or the ecstatic visions of Saint

Teresa, excite no more wonder here than do the heroic feats of the great Pelayo and the Cid Campeador.

Although we live in an age when practical matter-of-fact logic and plain statistics take the place of tradition, we will recall some of these old legends and listen for a while to the simple narrative of the story-tellers of a by-gone day, whose tales are the particular inheritance of the children of “ la tierra de Maria santisima ”.



“Yo tambien muchas mas cosas traslado que creo, porque no me atrevo à pasar en silencio lo que otros afirman, ni quiero poner por cierto en lo que tengo duda. ”

*(El Padre Juan de Mariana. Lib. X. Cap. V.)*

“ I, too, relate many more things than I believe, for I do not dare to pass over in silence that which others affirm, nor do I care to state as true that of which I have doubts.”



# OUR LADY OF THE PILLAR

AT

## ZARAGOZA

Zaragoza..... arise and claim  
Reverence from every heart where freedom reigns,  
For what thou worshippest ! thy sainted dame,  
She of the Column, honoured be her name  
By all, whate'er their creed, who honour love.

WALTER SCOTT.

The sentiment of the Zaragozans toward their beloved Virgen del Pilar is far different to the ordinary devotion paid to a favorite saint : it is an inheritance from their forefathers, a love that is born with them and ends only with their lives : it is interwoven with their patriotism, with their nationality, with their home life, and with their daily tasks and amusements. In their *Jotas* she is the ever recurring theme, and their patriotic songs acclaim her as “ *La Capitana de la tropa aragonesa.* ” To her shrine they repair in

their joys as in their sorrows, and the words they use in addressing her are not the ordinary forms of prayer with which the favors of the saints are implored, for to them she is not far away in heaven, but here, among them, in her own shrine, where she has dwelt for over eighteen hundred years, and when they speak to her it is with the familiarity of a friend, with the confidence of a lover, and with the faith of a child.

During the heroic siege of 1809 when frail women, faint with fatigue, disease and hunger, fired the guns and defended their homes, barricading doors and windows with the dead bodies of their husbands, parents and children, it was the cry of "Viva la Virgen del Pilar," that filled their hearts with courage, and gave strength to their tired arms, and the greatest kindness one could show towards the wounded, when all hope had fled, was to take them to the Capilla Santa where they could gaze upon the little brown face of "La Pilarica", and speak with her, and kiss the pavement of her house, and die breathing her name.





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The tradition of her appearance to the Apostle St. James is part of their religion and part of their patriotism, and to doubt it would be to be false to both. The church of the Pillar was the first raised in her honor, and it is the firm belief of every Zaragozan, rich or poor, ignorant or learned, that "it will last with the Holy Faith until the end of the world," in support of which they state the fact that in spite of the vicissitudes the city has suffered since its conversion to Christianity in Apostolic times, the sacred image has escaped injury, the rites of the Christian religion have been celebrated unceasingly in the church since St. James first officiated in the chapel dedicated to the Virgin, and its altars were never defiled by pagan rites through all the centuries of war, rapine and desecration by Romans, Goths, Moors and Vandals. Even Time, the great destroyer, has failed to leave his traces on the statue, which although nearly nineteen hundred years old, does not show the slightest sign of decay.

The Spaniards found their belief of the

christianising of Spain by St. James on traditions of extreme antiquity, supported by such writers as St. Hypolite in his treatise "De duodecim apostolis," St. Isidor, the Venerable Bede, and others, and verified by the ancient Spanish liturgy, Gothic, Muza-rabe and Toledano. To these proofs may be added that of the innumerable pilgrimages that were made to the tomb of the Saint by the entire Christian world, by which we know that it was generally believed, not only that St. James came to Spain to spread the Gospel but that, after his martyrdom, his body was brought here and buried by his disciples in a little town of Galicia which he had favored as a dwelling, and from which he used to set forth on his journeyings to teach of Christ throughout the Peninsula. This was Iria Flavia, now Padrón. The body was afterwards removed to a nearby village, Liberum Domum, which later became the famous Compostella, Field of the Star, for according to tradition, a miraculous star which appeared over the spot where the Saint was buried, was the means of the discovery of his tomb.



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(about the beginning of the ninth century) which had lain hidden in the earth during the first centuries of Mohamedanism. That the Saint came to Caesar Augusta and founded the first church of the Pillar is a tradition firmly fixed in the minds of the Aragonese, and this is the story, handed down from generation to generation, sung by the poet, and immortalised by the artist, of the Virgin's gift to the city of Zaragoza.

The Apostle St. James, after having carried the cross of his Divine Lord and Master into the provinces of Judea and Samaria, passed over to Spain to preach the faith there before returning to Jerusalem, where he was destined to be the first of the disciples to shed his blood for the doctrine of Christ. He disembarked at Carthagená, where his simple eloquence won the hearts of the rude Iberians, who came flocking in large numbers to receive the sacrament of baptism at his hands. In Andalucia, Toledo, Portugal, Galicia and Castile he met with the same success, and when he entered Zaragoza his fame had travelled before him, and the light of

faith spread quickly throughout the city.

On the night of the second of January, forty years after the birth of the Saviour, St. James was walking along the banks of the Ebro with seven disciples whom he had won to the faith in Zaragoza. The sky was aglow with myriads of stars, the toils of the day were over, both man and beast had gone to rest, and, inspired by the calm beauty of the night and the contemplation of the glories of the heavenly dome, in whose wonders they saw the Master's hand, they spoke reverently of the sublime mysteries of the Divinity.

At the same hour the Blessed Virgin was in Jerusalem, praying to her Son for St. James, who, she knew, would be soon called upon to give his life for the faith. She begged so ardently that he might be triumphant in Spain, which country was, even in her lifetime, the object of her special predilection, that the Saviour, moved by her prayers, presented Himself to her in her humble dwelling, and comforting her with gentle words told her to go immediately to Spain and tell the Apostle to return to Jerusalem, but to

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erect a temple in her honor and name in the city of Zaragoza before leaving it, where she would be venerated, and where He would grant all the favors that should be asked of Him through her intercession.

After saying these words He disappeared, and a band of angels, singing canticles of joy, filled the room, and raising Mary on their wings bore her through the air.

St. James, kneeling near the banks of the Ebro, was praying with upturned face while his companions, fatigued with the labors of the day had, like the other apostles, who slept while their Master prayed, closed their heavy eyelids and fallen asleep. All at once a flash of light illumined the fields, sounds of heavenly music filled the air, and the seven disciples, aroused from their slumbers, gazed with wonderment and fear at the apparition before them. Seated on a throne of light, borne aloft by angels, was Mary, whom they supposed in Jerusalem. Angels knelt around her on transparent clouds, and others, playing mystical harps, sang the sublime words with which, forty years before, the Archangel

Gabriel had saluted her in her home in Nazareth, " Ave Maria Gratia plena, Dominus tecum. "

St. James, gazing on this vision with ecstasy, saw the angels suspend the throne in front of him and place themselves before it, when Mary, taking from the hands of the seraphs a small column of jasper, upon which was placed a beautiful statue of herself carved in wood, with the child Jesus in her arms, showed it to St. James, and giving him her blessing said :

" James, servant of the Most High, blessed be thou by Him, and may He fill thee with His divine grace ; " to which the angels answered " Amen, " and their Lady continued : " My son James, the Most High and Mighty God of Heaven has chosen this place that you may consecrate and dedicate here a temple and house of prayer where, under the invocation of my name, He wishes to be adored and served, and all the faithful who seek my intercession will receive the graces they ask if they have true faith and devotion, and in the name of my Son I promise them

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great favors and blessings, for this will be my temple and my house, my own inheritance and possession, and in testimony of my promise, THIS PILLAR WILL REMAIN HERE, AND ON IT MY OWN IMAGE, WHICH IN THIS PLACE WHERE YOU WILL BUILD MY TEMPLE, WILL LAST AND ENDURE WITH THE HOLY FAITH UNTIL THE END OF THE WORLD. This you must do at once, and when your work is accomplished, you will pass over to Jerusalem, where it is the will of my Divine Son that you make the sacrifice of your life where He gave His for the redemption of mankind. ”

She then commanded the angels to place the column with its sacred image where it stands to this day, and as the angelic cortège disappeared, St. James and his disciples praised God, and offered to Him the first shrine ever dedicated in this world to His Blessed Mother. They afterwards built a modest chapel, sixteen feet long by eight feet wide, to enclose the Virgin's gift, but this succumbed to time and the elements, and was succeeded by several others, the sacred column, however, always remaining on the spot where the

angels had placed it. The piety of the faithful, and the offerings of numerous pilgrims who, attracted by the fame of the miracles of the Virgin of the Pillar, came from all parts of the world, raised a church which remained until the end of the seventeenth century, when Charles II, the last monarch of the Austrian dynasty to occupy the Spanish throne, built the gorgeous edifice which now enshrines the pillar and image, and the first stone of which was laid on the feast of St. James 1686.

In 1753, King Ferdinand VI. engaged the celebrated architect Ventura Rodriguez to build the sumptuous chapel in which the image is now guarded, and which covers the place where tradition says St. James built the first one. Above the high altar is a carving of the Virgin extending her hand to the Apostle, and over the altar at the right of this is a picture of the seven disciples of St. James. On the left is the altar where, under a rich canopy of silver, against a dark background thickly studded with diamonds, stands the traditional Pillar with the statue of the

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Blessed Virgin and the Child Jesus. Mass is never celebrated at this altar, it being the tradition that St. James officiated here, and there is no record that any other priest has done so since. A silver railing of exquisite workmanship runs the whole length of the three altars, and the walls of jasper and marble glitter with offerings of gold, silver and precious stones, which flashing in the light of the numerous silver lamps, fairly dazzle the eyes of the spectator, and evoke severe criticisms from travellers, who are unanimous in the assertion that the whole interior of this church is lavish, extravagant, and in very bad taste. The Zaragozan sees only "La Pilarica" and the costly gifts which have been offered in faith, and devotion, and love, to adorn her Holy Chapel: gifts from kings, queens, princes, and noble knights who have prayed at this shrine through succeeding centuries: gifts from pilgrims who have come from afar on foot to lay their offerings at her feet: gifts from saints who left their jewels here before retiring from the world for ever: gifts from humble peasants, from toilers of

the deep, and from the poorest of God's poor, who saved, and hoarded, and went hungry for years in order to offer a token of their love to La Patrona. In bad taste? perhaps: but the eye that sees beyond the material, sees the sentiment of the giver, and when it is realized that every jewel, every embroidered mantle, every ornament, one might almost say every stone, of the church of the Pillar, is a token of love, with its history and its reason, those who come to criticise will remain to marvel and to pray.

It was in this church that the old kings of Aragon knelt to take their oaths of fidelity to God and to the people. Isabel the Catholic came here frequently and gave priceless jewels to the treasury of the Virgin: the Emperor Charles V., his head heavy with the weight of crowns, visited Our Lady of the Pillar and laid his sceptre at her feet before retiring to the monastery at Juste: the enigmatic Philip II., the pious but weak Philip III., the gay and gallant Philip IV., all left memorials at the shrine, while the turbulent don John of Austria had such a devo-



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tion for the Virgin of the Pillar that he desired his heart to be buried in the crypt of the Holy Chapel.

Among the many documents of historic interest which are carefully guarded in the massive carved cases of the majestic Chapter Hall of the cathedral of Toledo, is a quaintly written manuscript of records compiled by the prebendary Juan Chaves Arcayo, in which is given a minute account of events in connection with this cathedral and the church of Our Lady of the Pillar at Zaragoza, extending from the latter part of the fifteenth century until the middle of the seventeenth, from which the following is extracted :

“ Reception of the Sovereigns of Castile, Saturday, Twenty first of April of the year One Thousand Four Hundred and ninety-eight. The Chapter set forth to receive the Sovereigns of Castile, and, the Reverence being made, all returned to the Cathedral, where the Reception took place according to the custom, and the response ‘ *Tua est potentia* ’ was sung followed by prayer. The

Sovereigns of Castile were don Fernando and doña Isabel. ”

“ Reception of the Sovereigns of Portugal in Toledo.

“ The following Thursday the twenty-sixth of April, One Thousand Four Hundred and ninety-eight, the Chapter set forth to receive the Sovereigns of Portugal, don Manuel and doña Isabel, daughter of don Fernando and doña Isabel, in front of Làzaro Buey, and there they stopped until the members of the chapter arrived, and afterwards those of the city, afterwards the Clergy, and after all came the King of Castile, and he came without any ceremony whatever, neither of trumpets nor of other instruments, until the arrival of the King of Portugal, when fifty trumpets sounded, with sackbuts, clarions, and fifteen pairs of kettle-drums, and thus they came to the church, in which they were given a reception similar to that of the Sovereigns of Castile. The following Sunday the twenty-ninth of April, all the Sovereigns came to the church, and pontifical mass was celebrated by the Archbishop, don Fray

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Francisco Ximenez, at which the said Sovereigns assisted, and at its close a seat was placed for the Archbishop on the steps of the altar, and for the Sovereigns on the steps of the next altar ; then came the cavaliers of the Kingdom, and they took oath to the Sovereigns of Portugal as Princes of Castile ; then they kissed their hands, and the Constable of Castile paid them homage, as did also the Procurators of the Cities ; and from this City they went away on the Tenth of May for Zaragoza to repeat these ceremonies, and were there refused the oath. They remained until the Queen of Portugal gave birth to a son, and she died on Thursday, the Twenty-third of August, which was the same day, and her body was placed in the church of St. Francis of Zaragoza, from which it was taken to the monastery of St. Isabel of Toledo, founded by the King don Fernando, her father, on the lands of doña Ines de Ayala, his maternal great grandmother ; and on the Twenty-second of September the prince don Miguel was baptised in Zaragoza, which was the one born on the afore-mentioned

day, the Twenty-third of August. ”

The Infanta Isabel mentioned in these records was the eldest child of Isabel the Catholic, and had been previously married to Prince Alfonso, the only son and heir of Juan II of Portugal. The nuptials were celebrated by proxy with great splendor, and the nobles gathered in magnificent array from all parts of Aragon, Valencia, Cataluña and Sicily to witness the betrothal of their sovereigns' eldest born, and to add lustre to the ceremonies. All the pages of the royal household wore new brocade costumes, heavily embroidered with gold and silver. The Queen and the bride appeared at all the fêtes, which lasted for two weeks, dressed in cloth of gold and resplendent with jewels, and attended by seventy of the noblest ladies in Spain. Jousts and tournaments were held, in which the King greatly distinguished himself. Among the articles mentioned in the trousseau we find four costly necklaces of gold set with pearls and precious stones, with many other jewels of great value ; rich tapestries, twenty robes of silk and brocade, four of

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drawn golden threads, six of silk, embroidered with pearls and gold ; and linen to the amount of twenty thousand florins, the entire magnificent wardrobe being estimated at one hundred and twenty thousand gold florins.

The bride was received at the frontier by don Manuel de Viseo, son of the cousin of the King of Portugal, and many of the chief nobility, who escorted her to Eborá, where she was met by the bridegroom and his father, and the nuptials were celebrated with great solemnity and splendor. But the Catholic Queen's beautiful daughter was not destined either for earthly happiness or for length of days. She had been a bride eight months after these festivities when her husband was thrown from his horse and killed, and the widowed princess returned to Castile in a litter hung with black.

Juan II. having no other son, was succeeded at his death by the don Manuel de Viseo who had been sent to meet the Infanta on her arrival in Portugal, and who on that occasion had been deeply impressed with her beauty, and as soon as he ascended the throne

he asked for the hand of his cousin's widow. She declined at first but finally consented, and the marriage was celebrated without the customary pomp : eighteen months later, while her parents were chafing at the refusal of the Aragonese to recognize her and her husband as princes of Castile, "without having time for mature deliberation," ambition and anger gave place to sorrow at the Infanta's unexpected death. "The Aragonese abide by their oaths, therefore they never make them rashly," was the respectful statement with which the oath was refused ; but they granted to the little Prince Miguel that which they had withheld from his mother. He died, however, before he was two years old, and with the close of his short life ended the tragedies hidden in the few words entered in the records of the Cathedral of Toledo.

The visits of many monarchs and wealthy princes, and the generous gifts of the faithful to the Patroness of Aragon, formed a treasure of such immense value that it could not fail to excite the avarice of the invading French army, whose commander, Marshall Launes,

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after the capitulation in 1809, demanded a "present" of jewels from the shrine of Our Lady of the Pillar as one of the conditions of surrender. This "present" was valued at one and a half million dollars, one jewel alone, a large heart of diamonds, on the centre of which stood a swan of pearls with outstretched wings, the gift of one of the queens of Spain, doña Barbara of Portugal, being worth fifty thousand dollars. It would be difficult to estimate the actual value of the treasure as it exists to-day, for many of the jewels are practically priceless on account of their antiquity and historic associations, while new gifts are constantly being added. The mantles, which are used exclusively for the adornment of the sacred image, form a treasure in themselves, the description and historic records of which would alone fill volumes. The collection is so large and so varied that a different one could be used every day in the year, and all are of extreme value, many of them being almost covered with precious stones, heavy embroideries of gold and silver, and laces of inestimable worth.

The Holy Chapel is never empty for one moment from day-break until the doors are closed at night ; the crowds come and go continually ; very few people pass the church without entering, if only to salute “ *La Patrona* ” and pass out again. Every now and then one sees a monaguille in cassock and surplice, wending his way carefully through the groups of worshippers, carrying in his arms a tiny baby, perhaps only a few weeks old ; this is the one occasion in his life when a son of Zaragoza is privileged to touch the sacred image ; he is raised in the arms of a chaplain and his innocent face, wet with the waters of baptism, is pressed against that of “ *La Pilarica*. ”

There are chaplains whose time is entirely given to the services in the Holy Chapel ; four of these guard the vestments and jewels of the Virgin, which they change according to the rites of the Church and the festivals of the year ; no other person being allowed to touch the statue, or to have access to the mantles and ornaments which belong to it. Every morning, as the first streaks of dawn







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break through the sky, ere the last stars have faded, one of the chaplains sings the “ Mass of the Infantes, ” so called because the choir is composed of eight small boys called Infantes, who are dedicated to the service of the Holy Chapel and serve the many masses that are celebrated in it daily. This mass is the first of the innumerable prayers that are murmured unceasingly from this moment until the echo of the last notes of the Salve dies away in the vast arches at nightfall. It is considered a great privilege among the Zaragozan families to have a son an Infante of Our Lady of the Pillar ; besides the eight above mentioned there are Infantes who belong to the noble families of the city, who are consecrated by their parents to the Virgin, and who wear a distinctive costume as long as they remain in her service : this consists of a purple cassock, a white rochette, and a ribbon worn around the neck to which is attached an image of the Patroness. The boys are very proud of their uniform, which they don on feast days and when they walk in processions.

The feast of the Virgin of the Pillar is celebrated with great pomp and ceremony on the 12th of October, and begins with the Mass of the Infantes at four o'clock in the morning. The city puts on holiday attire for a week, all work is suspended, and visitors pour in from all parts of the Peninsula to make their devotions at the famous shrine and take part in the rejoicings. On the 11th of October, bands parade the streets, and fireworks are let off at intervals: this is the formal announcement to the public that the festivals are about to commence. Trains arrive every half hour loaded with passengers from every nook and corner of Aragon, and some from the remotest parts of Spain. As they near the city bright-colored kerchiefs are seen waving from the windows of the coaches, and as soon as the towers of the church are sighted the cry of "Viva la Virgen del Pilar" rises in one deafening shout from all throats. As early as two o'clock on the morning of the 12th the crowds begin to enter the church, and when the shrill treble voices of the Infanticos sing the first notes of the

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mass, the edifice is so packed that it is difficult to move. At the conclusion of the service the stream of worshippers pours out at one end and in at the other, and this goes on during the entire day, it being utterly impossible to estimate how many come here to pray on this occasion.

When the sun has set and night begins to fall, the bells peal a joyous call to the Salve ; all the doors are thrown wide open and the church is soon filled to its capacity, without apparently diminishing the immense throngs that have gathered in the Plaza del Pilar. All classes are here, peasants in the picturesque costumes which proclaim the places from which they hail ; children in fine clothes, and children in rags ; women wearing the latest French hat, and women with their heads envelopped in the historic mantilla, or in an old shawl ; working people from near-by, and tourists with Baedeker in their hands ; pretty faces, ugly faces, merry faces, sad faces, young faces and old faces mingle with throngs of soldiers, priests, Infantes, all pressing in one moving mass to hear the sol-

emn notes of the Salve, the last act of devotion of the Feast of Our Lady of the Pillar.

Outsiders may look upon this tradition as absurd and impossible, but the Zaragozan sees nothing unusual in it; he dwells in an atmosphere of saint love, and the inhabitants of Heaven do not seem so very far away from him, for he has evidences of their presence on all sides; he lives with them, talks with them, invokes them, coaxes them, reproaches them and loves them with a familiarity that might appear irreverent were it not for its genuinesimplicity, and there is no place in the world where devotion to the Holy Mother is so deeply rooted as in the heroic city of Zaragoza, where her shrine has been defended with the lives of thousands of her children, and where it is firmly believed that her venerated image will surely last and endure "with the holy faith until the end of the world."

# OUR LADY OF COVADONGA

## IN

### ASTURIAS

O Holiest Mary, maid and mother ! thou  
In Covadonga, at thy rocky shrine,  
Hast witnessed whatso'er of human bliss  
Heart can conceive most perfect ! Faithful love,  
Long crost by envious stars, hath there attained  
Its crown, in endless matrimony given ;  
The youthful mother there hath to the fount  
Her first-born borne, and there, with deeper sense  
Of gratitude for that dear babe redeemed  
From threatening death, returned to pay her vows.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

The name of Covadonga contains in itself every remembrance of Goth, and Moor, and Christian that is linked with the history, the nationality, the heroism, the loyalty and the religion of the Spanish race, for it was here that the stragglings of fugitives from the battle grounds of the South found a secure shelter when they fled from the con-

quering invader, not as fear-stricken cowards, but as resolute patriots who realized that valor and prudence lay in flight, and not in a useless resistance to a foe that out-classed them in discipline, in equipment, and in leadership.

The two armies met on the fertile plains of Jerez, where the infidel army was encamped on the banks of the river to which the Arabs afterwards gave the name of Guadalete, the River of Death. For two days the fighting waged without ceasing, and on the morning of the third day, which was Friday the 31st of July, 711, don Rodrigo confessed his sins and received the Holy Eucharist, as did all the Christian soldiers. The Pagan host came sweeping down into the valley to the sound of martial music, the brilliant robes of many hues, the flashing swords and the flying banners giving an appearance of magnificent splendor to the invading army. The battle began with showers of arrows, stones and javelins, and the desperate valor of the Goths had almost won the day when the traitor don Oppas, the intrusive archbishop



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of Seville, and all his followers, suddenly went over to the enemy and turned their weapons against their own countrymen. From that moment the day was lost to the Christians, and the battle-field became a scene of wild carnage and massacre. The number of slain on both sides was so great that the river ran red with blood, and was choked with the bodies of warriors and horses. The air was infected for months, and for over half a century the bones of the dead lay in heaps upon the plain, and it is said that even to this day, fragments of Gothic armour and Moorish scimitars may be dug out of the surrounding soil, and from the bed of the Guadalete.

The fate of don Rodrigo has remained shrouded in mystery ever since that doleful day: whether he met death in the thick of the battle, or whether he escaped and lived as a hermit in the solitudes of Lusitania, has never been known. His war-horse, Orelia, was found dead on the banks of the Guadalete, and near by lay the King's helmet, encircled by a crown of gold, his battered

armour, and his mantle, embroidered with the royal Gothic arms, but the body of don Rodrigo was not among those of the Christian knights, and it was supposed that it might have been borne away by the tide with thousands of others, for he was never seen again, dead or alive, by his own people; but after two centuries had passed away, when don Alfonso, King of Leon, had wrested the city of Viseo in Lusitania from the Arabs, a hermitage was discovered in a field outside the city, in front of which stood a stone sepulchre bearing this inscription :

HIC REQUIESCIT RUDERICUS

ULTIMUS REX GOTHORUM

*Here rests Rodrigo*

*The last king of the Goths*

From this it has been inferred that he fled to Portugal and spent the rest of his life in this solitary hermitage in prayer and penance.

During the three days combat at Jerez, a knight of noble mien and commanding stat-

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ure, fought valiantly by the side of the king, bearing in one hand the royal standard of the Goths, and with the other wielding a sword of enormous size, while he constantly urged the Christians, both by example and encouraging words, to resist the foe: this was don Pelayo, a near kinsman of the monarch, who, when don Rodrigo had vanished from the scene, and the Christian soldiers became seized with panic and confusion, gathered together the remnants of the fleeing army and marched with them under cover of the night to Toledo, and later led them to Asturias. He was accompanied on this melancholy journey by the Archbishop of Toledo, Urbano, and many noble citizens of the South, and they took with them a large number of relics and sacred vessels, the holy scriptures, and the writings of St. Isidore, St. Ildefonso, and St. Julian, which, for their better preservation, they placed in a cave two leagues distant from the spot on which the city of Oviedo was afterwards built. They then retired to the hilly recesses of Asturias and fortified themselves in that part known

as Covadonga, “cueva-honga,” deep cave. Other fugitives joined them from all those parts of Spain which were attacked and taken by the Moslems, and by degrees their spirits revived under the influence of Pelayo, whom they had chosen as their leader, and they set themselves to build homes and temples, to till the soil, and to prepare for a struggle against the infidel conqueror that would end only with the victory of the Cross.

In the cavernous depths and rocky heights of the Asturian mountains the Christians possessed an impregnable fort; the sterile soil, the hilly wastes and the bleak plains of this region had no attraction for the Moors, whose covetous eyes had beheld the flowery meadows of Andalucia, rich with all the fruitful beauties of nature, enhanced by the noblest works of man, and they did not dream that those bare hills and rugged passes enclosed a centre of resistance which was destined to effect, after seven hundred years of warfare, the expulsion of the invader from the cherished land of his conquest.

Seven years after the defeat of Guadalete,

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the Moorish general Alcamah led an army to Asturias with the intention of destroying these last remnants of opposition to the Mohamedan rule. The spirit of rebellion had already shown itself in various parts of the conquered territory, and many bands of Christians had joined Pelayo, especially from Vizcaya and Cataluña. It was felt by the Moors that these discontented mountain dwellers might infect other parts of the country with their patriotism, and it was decided to disperse them before they could become too dangerous. Alcamah had an immense army of Moors, in which were many Christians who had accepted the Moorish rule; with him also was don Oppas, prelate of Seville, who was of royal Gothic descent, and had undertaken to use his relationship with don Pelayo to persuade him that resistance was folly against such odds, and who fully believed that his cousin, after an interview with him, would surrender without striking a blow.

As soon as it was known that Alcamah was on his way, Pelayo chose one thousand

of the bravest and strongest of his adherents, and with them entered a large cavern in Mount Auseva, now known as the cave of St. Mary of Covadonga. This curious cave is in the upper part of the rocky mass, from whose centre springs the source of the river Deva which, rushing underneath the cave with a loud roar that is answered by a thousand echoes from the surrounding hollows and rocks, dashes over a precipice and falls with a tremendous noise into a basin ninety feet below. It is said that Pelayo came across this prodigious cave while he was pursuing a man who had committed a crime, and whom he was determined to punish. The man fled to the hills, leaping over chasms and climbing crags with a disregard of danger born of the fear of justice, while Pelayo followed urged by his desire to capture the criminal, who suddenly darted into an opening and disappeared from his view. Pelayo followed but was confronted by an aged hermit who, with Christian charity, had placed the fugitive in a place of safety, and begged his pursuer to show mercy to one who had







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sought refuge in the sanctuary of the Holy Mother, for in this solitary cave an image of Mary had been venerated from time immemorial.

“If thou wilt pardon this culprit, and give him time to repent of his sins,” added the venerable hermit, “thou, too, wilt some day find a haven in this holy cave, and through thee there will here be born a new and powerful empire, which shall make thy name a glory to thy people for all time.”

Pelayo granted the old man's request, and kneeling on the rough floor, paid homage to the Mother of God, and proclaimed the Lady of the Deep Cave the Patroness of that wild region and of his army: he then prayed fervently that success might attend the great and seemingly impossible enterprise that he was devising in his mind for the freedom of his country, and for the preservation of the Christian religion.

It was not long before this prediction was verified, for when the time came to give battle to the Moors, Pelayo remembered the prophetic words of the hermit, and entered

the cave with his men determined to conquer or to die.

Alcamah brought his army almost to the entrance of the cave, but seeing the narrow passes and deep ravines in which the Christians were stationed, he was anxious to avoid a battle, and don Oppas took upon himself the task of convincing don Pelayo of the wisdom of surrendering to his powerful enemy. He rode up to the cave on his mule, and with many plausible arguments and bland reasonings endeavored to persuade his kinsman to become, like himself, a traitor to his country, and to make an inglorious peace with the conqueror. "Thou knowest, O brother," he argued, "that all the forces of the Gothic army could not resist the onslaught of the invader; how, then, canst thou, with a handful of defeated warriors and a few unarmed peasants, hiding in rocks and caves like robbers, hope to defend thyself against a trained army of sixty thousand men? Why not, while there is still chance of pardon and clemency, lay arms aside and exchange the slavery and death which will be the reward

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of thy folly, for the honors and riches, which, I promise thee, will be great, if thou wilt make peace with the Arabs? Allay thy fears, reflect carefully, heed my counsel, follow the example of others of thy countrymen as noble and as great as thou, and make no more resistance against those whom God, for the sins of Spain, has made our conquerors."

"Thine are the sins, traitor and unworthy bishop, that have roused the wrath of God!" answered Pelayo, "for thou hast been the principal cause of our ills, forgetting the dignity of thy office, and giving thy services to the Moors; and thou wouldst now try to persuade us to bend our necks to the yoke of a servitude worse than death? No, don Oppas, we are determined to put an end to the evils we suffer, either by defeating our enemies, or by giving up this miserable life for eternal happiness!"

He then turned his back on the discomfited archbishop, who returned, chagrined and crestfallen, to relate his failure to Alcamah. All hope of submission being abandoned, preparations were made for an immediate at-

tack, and the following morning at early dawn the Moorish army advanced into the valley. Pelayo, with his small but valiant band, watched the brilliant host advance in grim silence: suddenly the march was stopped by the forbidding crags, which rose high and steep before them, and the Moors let fly such a cloud of arrows, darts and stones, that the sun was hidden and the sky was darkened; but the weapons that were aimed at the Holy Cave struck the granite rocks, and rebounded against those that threw them, causing such slaughter and confusion that the Sarracens were seized with panic, and in trying to flee from the narrow valley, trampled many of their own to death. The Christians who were stationed on the peaks above, hidden by the thick brushwood, hurled stones and rocks, and trees down on the fear-stricken multitude below, who knew not which way to turn to escape from the invisible enemy. Then happened a miracle which proved to the Christians that God was with them in their struggle for liberty and religion. As the Moors were trying to reach the plain at the

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foot of Mount Auseva, a terrible tempest arose of a sudden; the rain fell in torrents, the waters of the Deva overflowed their banks, while the earth and rocks parted beneath their feet, and they were hurled into the swiftly rushing flood. It is even said that one of the mountains was torn from its base, and fell on the fleeing army, burying thousands under its weight, and thus completing the victory of Pelayo, who pursued the enemy far into the open, and performed many wondrous deeds of valor. On his return he was acclaimed King of Asturias by his enthusiastic followers, and was solemnly crowned by the Bishop of Oviedo: the soldiers then raised him on their shields, while the whole camp paid him homage, and thus was founded a new monarchy, to be known henceforth as the Spanish monarchy, for, united by their religion and their misfortunes, the Goths and the Hispanians became from that time one people.

These events took place in the year of Our Lord 718.

The fame of this triumph, in which both

Alcamah and don Oppas lost their lives, brought many more Christians from all parts of the country to Asturias, and don Pelayo set himself zealously to the task of organising his small kingdom. He encouraged learning, built churches, and carefully guarded the writings of the Fathers and the relics of the Saints. Many were the sallies he made against the Moors, who never again ventured to attack him in his rocky stronghold, and who never became masters of that part of Spain. There was among his officers a young prince called by the Goths Atanagildo, but known to his people as don Alfonso, who was remarkable for his bravery, his wisdom and his patriotism. He was the son of Pedro, Duke of Vizcaya, and was of the royal blood of the Gothic king Recaredo. To this young knight Pelayo married his daughter Ormesinda, and from them are descended all the monarchs who have occupied the Spanish throne from that time to the present day.

In the year 737 don Pelayo, the first king of Spain, full of years, and honored by all men, passed from this life at Cangas, near

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Covadonga. He was succeeded by his son Favila, who, after an uneventful reign of two years, was killed by a bear while hunting in the Asturian mountains. He left no children, and don Alfonso and his wife Ormesinda, in accordance with the wishes of don Pelayo, were proclaimed sovereigns, to the great joy of the people. Alfonso continued the work begun by Pelayo, and drove the Moors from the kingdoms of Galicia and Leon, and from a large part of Castile. He was so fervent in the defence of the Faith that he was given the surname of the Catholic, and tradition says that he built the first chapel on the mountain, a chapel that for centuries was called the Miracle of Covadonga, for it was built in the air at such a height and rested on such frail supports, that it seemed to be sustained only by supernatural power. This was destroyed by a disastrous fire caused by lightning on the night of the 18th of October 1777, and all that was saved was the altar, the historic statue, and the tombs of Pelayo and Alfonso I; the costly articles, candelabra, sacred vessels, rich vestments, and lamps of

precious metals, the gifts of the faithful and of kings and queens during ten hundred years, were ruined by the flames, all that remained of them being several bushels of tarnished gold and silver that were afterwards extricated from the depths of the cave.

Many objects of great value have been presented by the sovereigns of Spain and wealthy persons since that time, among which are some magnificent vestments given by Alfonso XII, who as a child was confirmed here near the tombs of his heroic ancestors, and a number of rich mantles and altar vessels left as mementoes of the visits of various members of the royal family.

Carlos III. commissioned the architect Ventura Rodriguez to make plans for a new edifice, and in order to construct it on the same spot as the old one, he enclosed the river in a stone tunnel, through which it runs for about a hundred yards, emerging at the foot of the grotto and falling in a wild cascade to the natural basin below.

At the entrance to the cave is a large platform of wood, supported by beams laid across



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the chasm, at the end of which is a small chapel, made entirely of wood, carved in the Byzantine style and richly decorated in colors ; in the centre of this is the altar on which stands the famous image of Our Lady of Covadonga, venerated for so many ages by pilgrims from afar as well as by the natives of Asturias, and from an iron-barred opening in the side of the rock one may see the swiftly moving waters of the Deva rushing underneath the cave ninety feet below, and bounding over the jagged rocks towards the precipice over which they leap with a noise like the booming of ceaseless thunder. In front of the chapel, in a hollow of the rocky wall of the cave, enclosed by a rude iron railing, is the tomb of the Great Pelayo, and near by is that of his successor, Alfonso the Catholic.

From the chapel a descent leads to the garden in which is situated the famous Miraculous Fountain, which the young girls who come to Covadonga never fail to visit, for, according to the popular belief, its sparkling waters bring luck, and joy, and happiness,

and wedded bliss to all who drink of them.  
There is an old song that says :

The Holy Virgin of Covadonga  
Has a Fountain bright and clear  
And the maid who drinks its waters,  
Will be wed within the year.

Crowds of laughing girls are always gathered around the fountain on feast days and Sunday afternoons, anxious to try the efficacy of its marvellous powers, and this hallowed ground is a favorite spot for the plighting of troths.

Many and wondrous are the legends of this enchanted region, where every hill, every rock, and every valley has its mysterious tradition or its imprint of the glorious deeds of El Gran Pelayo, who sleeps on the rocky heights from which he resisted the Moorish forces, and whose name is brought to mind at every step.

Here is the famous field of Re-Pelao, in which the first Spanish king was proclaimed by his people. A simple monument, crowned with the cross of victory, erected by the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier in 1857, commemorates in a few words the tribute paid to

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their illustrious ancestor ; at a short distance is the Field of the Oath, where Pelayo swore fidelity to his God and to his people ; in the valley of Cangas near by, a chapel marks the site of the battle in the open plain, and on a rock are certain marks which, the story says, were made by the hoofs of don Pelayo's mule when he slid down the steep incline in his haste to follow the enemy ; the blood of the infidels slain on that memorable day stains the waters of the Deva a deep red whenever a heavy rain falls ; a curiously formed image of rock is don Oppas, petrified for his sins, and destined to stand here for ever, a lasting reminder of the vengeance that God metes out to the traitor ; the wails and groans of the Arabs who, in the bowels of the mountain, are expurgating their crimes, fill the air and strike terror to the heart of the lonely wayfarer on a stormy night, and in the uncertain gloom of the winter evening, ghostly forms on phantom steeds may be seen flying over the plain and vanishing into the mists, while the uneven gallop of frightened horses echoes through the rocks and glens.

The feast of Our Lady of Covadonga is held on the 8th of September, when immense crowds come from all parts of Asturias to do homage to the Lady of the Deep Cave. Mass is celebrated with great pomp in the open, and the thousands of devout spectators crowd the sides of the gigantic mountain, and the peaks and crags of the surrounding hills, to get a good view of the ceremony ; every foot of this historic ground is sacred with the traditions of their forefathers, and to the heart of the Asturian, independence, liberty, Fatherland and religion are identified with the cherished name of Mary of Covadonga.

# OUR LADY OF MONTSERRAT

AT

## BARCELONA

... a visionary band arose  
'Mid solemn music's thrilling swell and close,  
A silent, shadowy train ; the taper's gleam  
Fitfully o'er monastic forms was shed,  
O'er mitred abbot, and the lengthened line  
Of dark-cowled monks that bent around the shrine  
Still, calm, and voiceless as the slumbering dead.

As the traveller approaches Barcelona he sees in the distance what appears to be a strongly fortified city perched in the air, and surrounded by impregnable towers, between which innumerable cone-shaped peaks stand out sharply against the clear blue sky, as jagged as though they had been cut by a gigantic saw, from which peculiarity the name of monte serrato or sawn mountain, has been given to the immense mass of rock.

This is the celebrated Montserrat, one of

those places favored by nature as the abode of sacred associations and venerable tradition, its lofty and isolated position, its rocky wildness, its wonderful silence, and its almost inaccessible retreats, making it an ideal goal for the pilgrim, the hermit, and the men who, weary of the world, might seek rest in its solitudes.

There is a pious tradition about Montserrat which says that it was once a huge boulder with a perfectly smooth surface, and that when the Saviour of mankind breathed His last upon the Cross, and the sun was darkened and the earth trembled, the great rock was shaken to its foundation, and when light again shone over it, a thousand peaks raised their heads to the sky in silent testimony of the sublime Sacrifice.

This curious mountain is renowned the world over on account of its famous shrine, to which for centuries pilgrims flocked in such vast numbers that on some occasions as many as five thousand climbed the "Holy Mountain" in a single day.

The story of the "Little Dark Lady of

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Montserrat," "La Morenita," as the sailors and peasants of Catalonia familiarly call the image, dates, according to the popular tradition, as far back as the year 50. A. D. It is even said that it was made by the Evangelist St. Luke, and was brought to Spain by St. Peter, who presented it to the first bishop of Barcelona, St. Eterius ! When Spain was thrown into confusion by the invasion of the Arabs in the year 717, and the churches were liable to be sacked or destroyed at any moment, the only safe place for the statue seemed to be the craggy mountain, whose wild interior offered no inducement to the invader: here therefore it was borne, and remained undisturbed in its solitary cave until the latter part of the following century, when the place of its concealment was revealed to three shepherds of Olesa who, while tending their flocks on the banks of the river Llobregat one Saturday evening, heard sounds of sweet music, and saw a strange light shining with peculiar brilliancy in the Eastern part of the mountain.

On returning to Olesa they related what had

happened, but no one paid any attention to them. The next Saturday at dusk they heard the same music and saw the same light, and when they came again to Olesa and repeated their story some of the villagers decided to watch with them. For four consecutive Saturday nights this mystery was enacted in the presence of crowds of wondering peasants; then the Bishop of Vich, Gundemaro, who had heard various versions of the unusual happenings in the mountain, determined to see for himself whether the shepherds and their friends spoke the truth, or whether they were the victims of an hallucination; he set out from Manresa on foot accompanied by his clergy and followed by a large crowd. They remained on the bank of the river, praying and singing hymns, until shortly after sunset, when a bright light suddenly shone through the gloom, illuminating the sharply cut rocks, and rising and falling over the one spot. Presently the most exquisite music filled the air, and all became speechless with astonishment and fear. The phenomenon lasted for ten or fifteen minutes, when the



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light sank slowly down among the crags and the music died away.

The following day an expedition was organised to visit the place where these strange things had occurred, and it was with the greatest difficulty that those chosen for the task succeeded in their undertaking: they had to cling to one another to avoid falling over the narrow ledges, making large detours when the obstacles were insurmountable, and often being obliged to hew a foothold in a perpendicular rock that barred their passage. Near the summit of the mountain they came across a cave whose entrance was partly covered by stones, and after removing these they found inside a beautiful image of the Virgin and Child, carved in wood with great skill.

The good Bishop Gundemaro resolved to build a sanctuary on the spot, and as the inhabitants of Olesa and the other villages near by came forward with their alms, a small chapel was soon erected: fifteen years later this was replaced by a convent, destined to become in time one of the most famous pil-

grim shrines known to the Christian world. Here we must again listen to the voice of tradition, for the story of the founding of this convent has lost nothing by centuries of repeating, and the historic and semi-historic persons who figure in it have been so often represented in art, in drama and in legend, that their names are familiar wherever the Spanish language is spoken.

In the year 880, Vifredo el Velloso, the first Sovereign Count of Catalonia, confided his young daughter Riquilda, who was possessed of a devil, to the spiritual care of a hermit named Fray Juan Guarin, noted for the austere and holy life he led in the solitudes of Montserrat.

In the meantime the Evil One, jealous of the sanctity of Fray Guarin, and determined to gain possession of his soul, assumed the form of a venerable hermit and took up his abode in a near by cave, where he soon formed a close friendship with his neighbor whom he greatly impressed by his spiritual conversations, for the wily Satan made much show of religious fervor and humiliation. When the





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young Riquilda was placed in the hermit's cave to be exorcised, the devil entered into Fray Guarin and in a fit of frenzy he strangled the noble maiden, and left her for dead.

His senses returning to him shortly afterwards he realized what a dreadful crime he had committed and fled from his retreat, taking the road to Rome. It is said that the pope, Martin II. seeing his contrition, pardoned him, but, that his repentance might be the more complete, he ordered him to return to the scene of his crime, where he was to crawl on his hands and feet, eat only grass and herbs, never raise his eyes towards the sky, and speak no word until God should give him some visible sign by which he would know that his sin was forgiven.

Fray Guarin submitted to his penance without a murmur, and returning to Montserrat lived there like an animal for eight years. His clothes fell away bit by bit, and a thick coat of hair grew on his body, giving him the appearance of a wild beast.

At the end of eight years Count Vifredo, while hunting one day in the recesses of

Montserrat, came across this creature walking on all fours, and thinking it was some strange monster he bade his huntsmen secure him with a chain: in this way they led him to Barcelona and placed him in a courtyard of the Count's palace, where he was the wonder of the whole city.

One day after a banquet the Count's guests, desiring to have some diversion with the captive, repaired to the courtyard followed by all the household, among them being a nurse who carried in her arms the Count's youngest child, a baby five months old. This infant, instead of being frightened, looked attentively for some time at the unhappy hermit, and then to the astonishment of all present, said in a clear voice :

“ Rise, Fray Guarin, God has forgiven thee ! ”

Upon which the friar rose to his feet, and quickly falling on his knees before the Count, confessed his crime and implored forgiveness, which was readily given.

An old mansion which stood on the site of the palace in the Riera San Juan, Barce-

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lona, where this incident is said to have occurred, was torn down in 1854. Near its main staircase were two very ancient statues, coarsely carved in wood, the one representing Fray Guarin in the form of an animal, and the other the nurse, holding in her arms the baby boy from whose mouth the repentant friar had received his pardon.

After Count Vifredo had assured Fray Guarin of his forgiveness, he begged to be conducted to the place where his daughter's body had been left, that he might recover it and give it Christian burial. A sad company set forth, headed by the friar, and as they neared the little chapel erected by Bishop Gundemaro, they saw a beautiful young woman advance to meet them, whom the Count immediately recognised as his long lost daughter. Mourning was changed to joy, and in memory of this event Count Vifredo founded a convent which was completed in 895, when a community of Benedictine nuns came from the convent of Las Puellas in Barcelona and established themselves within its walls, with Riquilda as their Abbess.

For eighty years the convent was inhabited by Benedictine nuns, but as the number of pilgrims increased largely each year, and skirmishes with Arabs were of frequent occurrence in the surrounding districts, it was not considered a safe and proper dwelling for gentlewomen, so in the year 976 they were requested by the authorities to return to Las Puellas, and twelve Benedictine monks from the monastery of Santa Maria de Ripoll were sent to take charge of the sanctuary of Montserrat, and dispense hospitality to the numerous pilgrims who daily visited the shrine, which duties were performed for over eight hundred years by members of this order.

The famous monastery of Ripoll is one of the monuments of Catalonian Christianity. It was built by Vifredo el Velloso as a thank-offering to Divine Providence for his success in driving the Moors out of his territory, and was solemnly consecrated in the year 888. In the eleventh century the Abbot Oliva had the old building, which had become almost unfit for habitation, torn down, and in its place he erected the magnificent basi-



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lica which, with the exception of certain necessary changes and restorations in the interior, defied the passing centuries and remained intact in all its majestic beauty until the year 1835, when in the turmoil of civil war it was set fire to and partially destroyed. Precious manuscripts and documents that had been treasured in its archives for hundreds of years were lost to the world for ever at this time, as well as many priceless works of art and curious objects of interest and historic value, accumulated since the foundation of the monastery. Following the fire the roof, the tower, and the cloister all fell, and for years the buildings were in semi-ruins, being restored here and there at intervals as funds would permit, but in the year 1886 the complete work of restoration was begun through the efforts of the Bishop of Vich, Dr. Morgades, who started a public subscription for this purpose, to which the Catalonians responded so generously that, on the first of July 1893, Bishop Morgades, assisted by seven other bishops, re-consecrated the church in the presence of an enthusiastic gather-

ing of people from all parts of Catalonia.

This monastery was formerly the burial place of the Sovereign Counts of Barcelona, and though many sepulchres were destroyed during the fire, some were saved through the heroic efforts of the friars, among them that of Vifredo el Velloso the founder of the monastery, and the first of the Catalonian Sovereign Counts, and that of his son Rudolfo, Bishop of Urgel. In 1895, the Catalonian Chapter of the Knights of the Order of the Holy Sepulchre, placed in the church a cenotaph to the memory of Ramon Berenguer IV. the Saint, who was a member of this Order, and whose body had rested here for seven hundred years prior to the disastrous fire in 1835, when it was destroyed.

In 1492 the Abbot of Montserrat, Garcia de Cisneros, a nephew of the celebrated cardinal of this name, divided the population of the mountain into four classes : the monks, who numbered about a hundred and fifty, the hermits, of which there were generally twenty, thirteen of whom occupied the different hermitages scattered through the more soli-

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tary places, while the others lived in the monastery waiting until, by the departure or death of one of the thirteen, a cave should be assigned to them : the lay brothers, who performed the offices of house servants and laborers, and the escolanes, or choir-boys, twenty-four in number, many of them of noble family, who chanted the services and assisted at all the ceremonies in the church. These boys received a first class education and were thoroughly trained in vocal and instrumental music, composition and harmony. It is said that this famous "Escolania" as the schools of music attached to monasteries in Spain are called, existed as early as the ninth century. In the archives of Montserrat is a document showing that the number of escolanes here in the eleventh century was one hundred and ten. Some of the most distinguished musicians of Spain in our own day, were trained in this school, and it is a badge of distinction of which they are justly proud, to be known as graduates of the Escolania of Montserrat.

Besides this permanent population there

was another that came and went every day, composed of all kinds and conditions of men, arriving from parts unknown, and departing none knew whither, the pilgrims, whose cowls hid alike the majesty of royalty, and the servility of beggary : the humility of the saint, and the hypocrisy of the sinner : the silken garments of the rich, and the rags of the poor. All toiled the steep path together, and the man who gave a helping hand to a weaker companion did not know whether he was assisting his king, or one of the lowliest in the land.

The privileges of these pilgrims were numerous and great, and it is not surprising that many persons donned the gown and sandal shoon to avoid unpleasant experiences with creditors and officers of the law, for the king, don Jaime I on the 10th of May 1218, issued a decree giving free passport to all those who visited the monastery, and commanding that no man, on his way to or from the shrine, should be seized or punished for any crime : that no debt or other obligation should be demanded of a pilgrim

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under pain of a fine of one hundred florins in gold, and that if a man, having been taken prisoner for any offence whatsoever, should declare on his oath that he was going to Montserrat, he should be instantly liberated. It is therefore no wonder that the number of pilgrims increased to such an extent that they camped by thousands around the monastery, finding shelter at night under the rocks and eaves of the mountain, and in the innumerable caverns with which its interior is perforated. It had been the custom to lodge and feed the pilgrims for three days free of charge, but the vast hospices were soon unequal to the great demand, and the same king, Jaime I was forced to issue a proclamation to the effect that all comers should bring their own provisions.

Many notable persons have visited the far-famed sanctuary of Our Lady of Montserrat, and kings, princes, and saints have climbed the steep ascent leading to the shrine.

It was to this retreat that St. Ignatius of Loyola, the founder of the Society of Jesus, came to prepare himself, by prayer and

meditation, for the work to which he had vowed to devote his life, and an inscription in Latin on one of the pillars in the church tells us that on the night of the 24th of March 1522, he hung his sword here as a sign that he had for ever renounced the profession of arms for that of religion. St. Peter Nolasco, founder of the celebrated Order of Mercy, formed for the purpose of redeeming Christian captives from Moorish prisons, spent some time in the monastery, and a Latin inscription in the church says that it was during this visit, in the year 1218, that he conceived the idea of founding the Order which afterwards became world-famous. It was also from the community of Montserrat that the monks who accompanied Christopher Columbus on his second expedition to the New World were chosen.

In the year 1599 a new and much larger church was erected, as the old one was too small to accommodate the vast numbers of pilgrims, and at this time the handsome bridge of Monistrol was built across the Llobregat for their convenience.

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All the monarchs and princes of Spain have visited the monastery, and left valuable remembrances in it. Fernando and Isabel came here after the conquest of Granada to give thanks for their victory, accompanied by all their children. Charles V made the ascent five times, donning the monk's habit, and following all the rules and regulations of the community during his visits, and hiding his identity from the other pilgrims. Philip II came four times, and enriched the shrine with many valuable gifts, and it was he who paid for the high altar made by the famous sculptor, Esteban Jordans ; Jordans took nine years to complete his work, which he made in Valladolid, and the king paid him fourteen thousand ducats for it. In 1594 it was brought to Montserrat in sixty-five wagons, the king having given orders that horses should be provided by the different villages through which the precious pieces had to pass. Its transportation cost six thousand ducats, and after it was erected nine thousand more were spent for gilding it.

The monastery, which had grown up by

degrees, portions being added as occasion required, was an inconvenient and rambling structure, lacking in harmony, parts of it being new while others were crumbling with age and decay, and were totally unfit for habitation : it was therefore decided to build a new one, and on the 14th of September 1755 the first stone was laid of the commanding edifice which now stands on the mountain. In 1812 the French blew up the old monastery and church, demolishing them entirely, and doing considerable damage to the new ones in the process, but they have been restored since, although they still bear marks of the serious injury they suffered at that time.

The caves of this curious mountain are very numerous, and many of them have never been thoroughly explored on account of their extraordinary profundity. Small cavities and gaps in the sides of the rocks lead into winding passages that at times terminate in a sudden descent leading into immense caverns below, whose depths are unknown. Others have their vaulted roofs covered with stalac-



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tites, and in one cave, a series of natural columns gives the appearance of a beautiful Gothic cloister, the top forming as perfect an arch as ever was made by the hand of man : in another, which is reached by a tortuous path bristling with sharp crags, a number of petrified masses are seen grouped about, which, by the flickering light of the torches, look like human figures with their mantles wrapped around them.

Beneath one of the highest peaks, between two immense boulders, is situated the cave in which tradition says the image of Our Lady of Montserrat was discovered. From the beautiful little chapel which stands there, and which covers the spot on which Bishop Gundemaro built the first hermitage, an open pathway, cut through the rock, and winding through high precipices, leads to the monastery above.

The hermitages are divided into two parts, the oratory and the living room. The occupants of these caves came from the community in the monastery, where their vocation as hermits was put to a severe test

before a cave was assigned to them : when this was done they took a vow to remain here for the rest of their lives, and to return to the monastery only for the celebration of solemn feasts, in case of sickness, or in obedience to the mandate of a superior. Many learned ecclesiastics were called from these retreats to occupy high places in the Church, or to give assistance with their advice and knowledge when questions of grave import to religion were discussed.

The immense and valuable treasure belonging to Our Lady of Montserrat was composed of jewels, silver and gold lamps, crowns, laces, rich draperies and other articles, given by monarchs, princes, unknown pilgrims and the faithful generally. An idea of the beauty and value of this treasure may be gained from the fact that it formerly contained four magnificent crowns, one of which was composed of jewels that had been presented on different occasions, and the work of setting them in a crown was confided to a Flemish monk of the community, who spent twenty-seven years at his task. This crown contained

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eleven hundred and twenty-four diamonds, eighteen hundred pearls, all of equal size, thirty-eight emeralds, and twenty-six very large rubies, the whole being surmounted by a ship of gold set with diamonds, valued at fifty thousand dollars, the gift of the Empress Isabel, wife of Charles V. Among the many mantles was one that was a marvel of dazzling brilliancy ; it was made entirely of gold and silver finely drawn, and was adorned with twelve hundred diamonds, which formed twelve stars : this gorgeous garment was the gift of a Duchess de Cardona.

A large part of the treasure of Our Lady of Montserrat was given towards the expenses of the memorable war of Independence, which lasted from 1804 until 1814, and most of the remainder was taken by the French when they attacked the monastery.

On account of its almost impregnable position and its complete isolation, Montserrat was used as a fortification during this war, and it was from here that the operations of the provinces of Catalonia were directed. The cloister was converted into a garrison, the

mountain became a fort bristling with cannon, and the rocky crags, which for over a thousand years had known no sounds but those of prayer and the trills of feathered songsters, now echoed with the roar of artillery.

Then the monks, fearing that the French might take possession of their convent, and bear away or destroy their beloved image, followed the example set by their forerunners in the time of the Arabic invasion, and hid " *La Morenita* " in the hermitage of St. Dimas, covering the entrance with huge stones.

Their fears were not unfounded, for the troops of Marshall Suchet overcame the few gallant defenders and made themselves masters of the situation. They lodged in the monastery from the eleventh of July to the eleventh of October, 1811, and when they retired they took everything that seemed worth taking, or that they could carry, and destroyed the rest.

The following year, a small garrison having again been established in the monastery, it

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was once more attacked and taken by the French, when the defenders took refuge in the cave of St. Dimas : they were forced to capitulate, and when the French soldiers entered the cave and found a blackened image of the Virgin with nothing of value attached to it, they did not dream that it was the famous " Dark Lady of Montserrat, " but thought it must be an object of no consequence and left it where it lay. On the 31st of July 1812, they departed from Montserrat for good, having first set trains of gunpowder all over the place, which exploded with a noise that was heard at a distance of eighteen miles, and which totally destroyed the old monastery and church, and partially burned the new buildings.

A few days later one of the monks returned and removed the image to a country house near Manresa, where he and some of his companions lived in community until the end of the war, when they went back to their old home.

In 1822 the horrors of a civil war racked the provinces of Catalonia, and the friars

again left their retreat and took the image to Barcelona, whence, over eleven hundred years before, it had been removed and hidden among the rocks of Montserrat to save it from desecration by the Arab invaders. After two years it was returned to the monastery with great pomp, but was removed again ten years later, when another civil war disturbed the country. On the 7th of September 1844, it was taken back and enthroned once more in the church built by Philip II and though the glories of the mountain are dimmed, and it is no longer visited by vast multitudes of pilgrims, or sought by monarchs as a place of retreat, where they may lay aside their crowns and forget for a while the glitter of thrones and the intrigues of courts, it is as dear as ever to the heart of the Catalanian.

When the sailor departs for a foreign shore, the pointed peaks of Montserrat are the last familiar objects that fade from his view : they receive his last farewells and his last lingering glances : when he returns they are the first glimpses of his birthplace that meet

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his eyes, and the sight of them is always an occasion for wild outbursts of joy, for they speak of home, and friends, and wife, and children, and parents, and everything that the heart has loved from infancy to manhood, and when they appear on the distant horizon the joyous shout rings over the waves that tells of a safe voyage and a happy return, “ Viva la Morenita de Montserrat. ”

# OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE

## IN CÁCERES, ESTREMADURA

How many hearts have here grown cold,  
That sleep those mouldering stones among !  
How many beads have here been told !  
How many matins here been sung !

DYER.

Of all the numerous pilgrim shrines that are venerated throughout the Spanish Peninsula, that of Our Lady of Guadalupe was, perhaps, the most generally popular among Spaniards of every class and of every locality. As it is situated in a part of the country that, even now, is almost a desert, its prosperity was due to the devotion of those who came from distant places, for the town of Guadalupe was always a mere village peopled by farmers and laborers of the poorest class. Devotion to this shrine, therefore, was not intensely local, as was the case with many others, but was as common to the hardy mountaineer of the North as to the gay cava-



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lier of the South, and the great and the lowly, the rich and the poor, the learned and the ignorant, the King and the peasant, all aspired to visit the sanctuary of Guadalupe at least once in their lives.

The discoverer of the New World, thinking that he saw a resemblance between the hilly scenery of one of the Antilles and the craggy mountains of Estremadura which surround the town of Guadalupe, gave the island this name. Wherever the Castilian adventurers, led by the conqueror of Mexico, carried their standards, devotion to the Holy Mother under this title became popular, for Hernan Cortés was a native of Estremadura, and lisped his first prayers before the image of Our Lady of Guadalupe, to whose protection he commended himself before setting out on his expedition to find new kingdoms for Spain. When he died, alone and abandoned by all but a few faithful followers, forgotten by the monarch to whom he had given "more provinces than he had inherited towns from his forefathers," a picture of Our Lady of Guadalupe was clasped in his hand, and

was the last object on which his eyes rested.

It is supposed that the mountains of Estremadura were formerly infested by wolves, and that for this reason, the stream that springs from the highest peak of Altamira was called by the Arabs, in a mixed dialect, "Guadalupe," or river of the wolf. In time the name was applied to the surrounding territory, and in the little town of Guadalupe may still be seen the famous Gothic edifice built by the architect Juan Alfonso in the fourteenth century to receive the image miraculously discovered by a peasant after it had lain in the earth for over six hundred years.

According to Padre Mariana and other Spanish historians, this image was venerated as early as the fourth century, although we do not hear of it definitely until the sixth century, when it was sent to Spain as a gift from St. Gregory the Great to St. Leander, Archbishop of Seville, whom he had met at Constantinople, and with whom he had there formed a lifelong friendship.

In the year 580, all the bishops of Spain met in a general council at Toledo, when the





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king, Recared, solemnly abjured Arianism, and proclaimed the Catholic religion the religion of Spain. At this time St. Gregory, who was contemplating the conversion of England, requested Leander to come to Rome to assist him with his advice on this and other important matters ; but Leander, being unable to leave his country at such a critical period, sent his talented younger brother, St. Isidore, whose zeal and knowledge were most useful to the Holy Father in his great and glorious enterprises for the diffusion of Christianity. When Isidore returned to Spain, the Sovereign Pontiff sent by him two presents to his friend Leander, a copy of his own work, "Moral Commentaries on Job," and an image of the Blessed Virgin which he had kept in his private oratory for years, and which, on his accession to the Papal throne, he had commanded to be carried at the head of a procession through the streets of Rome, where the terrible plague that had caused the death of his predecessor, Pelagius II was raging, and which ceased from that hour.

Seville, the richest and most important city

of the south, was one of the first to be overrun by the Arab invaders. As soon as the fatal news of the defeat of Don Rodrigo was received, the Christians knew that their only safety lay in flight, and hasty preparations were made for an immediate departure. The peasant deserted his cottage, the nobleman abandoned his palace, and the monk rushed from his cloister, all actuated by the same motive, to escape from the fury of the infidel, who pillaged, destroyed, and slew as he swept through the lovely valleys and rich cities of Andalusia. Images were torn from their niches, sacred vessels and relics hurriedly snatched from the altars, and even the bodies of saints were carried away in their coffins by the clergy, who made every effort to save those objects of devotion that were specially dear to the Sevillanos. The cherished image of the Virgin, which Gregory the Great had sent to his friend Leander more than a century before, was carefully borne at the head of the fleeing multitude, who passed through Castile and entered the province of Estremadura after a long and tedious journey, during

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which they were frequently attacked by the enemy and their numbers greatly diminished. Many died from exposure and fatigue, or dropped by the wayside unnoticed by their companions, who missed them only when daylight dawned, for they had to travel during the night and hide in the daytime, and at each succeeding sunrise numbers of familiar faces were looked for in vain.

A sorrowful band of fugitives gathered one day at early dawn at the foot of a rugged mountain in Estremadura, and after a long and careful search they found a cave which seemed to them a safe and proper place in which to hide their treasures, and there they deposited the relics and the image of their Lady, placing in a casket with them a document which gave an exact account of the proceedings. This was signed by the clergy and by the persons of distinction present. All then knelt to say a last prayer before the sacred image, and with hands raised to Heaven they made a solemn vow to resist the infidel, and to shed their last drop of blood for their country and for their religion. After

piling stones and brushwood over the mouth of the cave, they marched away to join the straggling remains of the Gothic army that had succeeded in escaping to the mountains of Asturias with Pelayo, whose dauntless heroism was destined to raise again the standard of the Cross over the crescent of the infidel.

For more than six centuries the image remained undisturbed in the cave of Guadalupe until, in the year 1326 it was discovered, according to tradition, in a miraculous manner by a cowherd named Gil, a native of Cáceres, who, having lost one of his cows, searched for it among the mountains for three days without ceasing. Wearied at last with fatigue and thirst, and hearing the murmur of water, he made his way through the thick bushes until he came to a stream that ran down the side of the mountain. To his astonishment he found the lost cow lying there on a heap of stones, apparently dead. Being unable to remove the animal, he decided to take its hide, which he could sell ; he therefore made an incision on the cow's breast in



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the form of a cross, when it sprang up as though suddenly restored to life. The man, frightened at what he thought a miracle, was unable to move, and as he stood gazing at the cow in silent wonder, he saw a Lady of marvelous beauty come toward him ; she spoke to him kindly, and bade him go to the clergy and people of Cáceres, and tell them that, under the stones on which he had found his cow lying, was a cave wherein they would find an image of the Mother of God, whose will it was that they should build a chapel on that spot, which would become one of the most famous temples in the world.

The ignorant cowherd had much difficulty in persuading the dignitaries of the village to believe his story ; but seeing him give way to despair at their incredulity, and knowing that many treasures of the Christians had been hidden when the Arabs first made their incursions into Spain, they acceded to his earnest entreaties, and the whole village, headed by priests, knights, and noblemen, followed the cowherd in procession. When they reached the spot where he had found

the lost cow, they dug away the stones until the entrance to a small cave was found, in which they discovered the image of the Virgin in as perfect condition as if it had lain there but six days instead of six long centuries. They also found the document, stating the facts of the concealing of the image, the relics of St. Fulgentius and St. Florentina, and near them a small bell, such as is used at the Mass.

A rude hut was quickly constructed and a humble altar of stones erected, on which was placed the newly found image, known from that time as Our Lady of Guadalupe, from the fact of its having been found near the source of the river of that name. In a short time the city of Cáceres built a small chapel on the spot, and the bell found in the cave was melted, the metal divided into parts, mixed with other metal, and cast into two bells, which called the faithful to prayer at the shrine, and which are still preserved in the present edifice, and are rung during heavy storms, that all may pray for their own safety and the preservation of the crops.

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The reigning king of Castile at that time was Alfonso XI who gained honorable distinction among the kings of the fourteenth century as a patron of letters and of the fine arts. It was he who founded the post of royal chronicler, whose successors in their various *cronicas* have left those abundant records which afford such interesting and valuable reading to the student of Spanish history. When the news of the wonderful discovery of the image sent by Gregory the Great to Leander of Seville reached the king, he determined to visit the spot as soon as the duties of state would permit, and in the meantime he ordered the chapel to be much enlarged, endowing it with a liberal rental, and placing there six chaplains and a prior. In 1338 he gave lands for the maintenance of its clergy and for a hospital, which still exists, and which had been erected near the church four years after the discovery of the statue. The hospital was dedicated to St. John the Baptist, and was built for the reception of all kinds of sick persons, except incurables. It contained eighty beds, and was well equipped

with a corps of doctors, surgeons, and nurses. He also commanded a small town to be built, the present town of Guadalupe, and gave land to the residents for the erection of fifty houses near the church, with vineyards and orchards, free of all rent or taxation except the tenth of the produce, which had to be divided between the church and the hospital. The first to occupy one of these houses was the cowherd, Gil, whom the King ennobled with the title of don Gil de Santa Maria de Guadalupe. His former cabin was repaired and has been carefully preserved ever since, the coat-of-arms, placed over the door by the king's orders in memory of the discovery, being still intact.

On the 3rd. of November 1340 a great battle was fought between Christians and Moors near Tarifa, in which the Moorish army was completely routed, and Alfonso XI in gratitude for this victory, went himself to the shrine of Guadalupe with a brilliant following of knights and soldiers, and left there many jewels and articles of gold and silver, the spoils of the battle, leaving also as

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a curious memento, a number of large metal vessels which were found in the enemy's camp, and which had been used to cook the meals of the army. These served for many years in Guadalupe as cooking utensils for the poor pilgrims, and, as a perpetual memory of the triumph of the Christians, two of them were hung from the high vaulted roof of the church, where they may still be seen.

For forty-nine years the sanctuary was served by chaplains under the direction of a prior, who was always a high dignitary of the Church, but in 1389 it was placed in charge of the friars of St. Jerome, on the advice of the last prior, don Juan Serrano, Bishop of Segovia, and on the 22nd of October of that year, Fray Fernando Yañez, with thirty brethren of his Order, came from Lupiana to Guadalupe, and took possession of the monastery that same day. Shortly after their arrival the fine Gothic church which we see to-day was begun by the architect Juan Alfonso, and under the influence of the monastery the town of Guadalupe grew and flourished until it soon had some handsome

dwellings, a college, aqueducts, fountains, good roads, and other commodities of life until then unknown in this solitary region.

In 1485 a large house was built to accommodate the numerous persons of distinction who came as pilgrims, and also a palatial residence for the sovereigns and members of the royal family, who frequently visited the sanctuary and sought rest and health in the salubrious climate of Estremadura. Farms and summer homes soon arose, as well as a goodly number of small cottages, which were always filled to overflowing during the summer months, when the pilgrims were so numerous that sometimes hundreds had to pass the night in the open air.

The church was constantly enriched with magnificent gifts from monarchs, princes and nobles, and contains many valuable works of art, among them paintings by Zurbaran and Lucas Jordan, and sculptured altars and monuments with recumbent or kneeling figures by Geraldo de Merlo, Jorge Manuel, Juan Muñoz, and Juan Gomez de Mora, chief sculptor to King Philip III.

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The iron grill that divides the sanctuary from the body of the church was made by two lay brothers of the community, who are known to us only as Francisco of Salamanca and Juan of Avila. It is executed with much skill and artistic taste, the festoons, figures and emblematic designs being richly gilt. There was also in the monastery another lay brother, Juan of Segovia, who was one of the most skilful silversmiths of his day: most of the fine chalices, crosses, reliquaries, and other gold and silver vessels that the church contains, were designed and made by him, and when he died in 1487, he left several pieces which he had begun, and which were finished by a pupil named Pizarro.

The famous image is placed upon a throne of solid silver, the gift of don Octavio Centurioni, Marqués de Monasterio, and the two angels of the same metal that support it were presented by a Count of Alcaudete. The image is composed of an Oriental wood that has proved impervious to time, and shows no sign of decay, or of ravage by worms or other insects. The Child Jesus

rests on the left arm of His Mother, and in her right hand she holds a small golden sceptre, incrustcd with precious stones of great value. The treasure contains some magnificent chains of marvelous workmanship, profusely set with jewels of every description, and one of these is usually seen on the image on feast days. The mantles, too, are particularly beautiful, showing exquisite examples of the wonderful needlework of the women of a bygone age : one in particular, that cost forty thousand ducats, is almost covered with gems set in embroidered designs of gold, silver and silk.

Kings, queens, princes, nobles, and the wealthy classes of Spain have vied with one another in enriching and adorning this popular shrine, but time, and war, and necessity have contributed largely to the diminishing of the number of gifts that were once the pride of Guadalupe, although many objects of rare value are still treasured here.

In 1622 there burned continually in the church eighty-five lamps of gold and silver, donated by royal persons, warriors and



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grandees : one of the richest of these was presented in the year 1562 by Philip II as a thank-offering for the recovery of his son, don Carlos, from a dangerous illness, the same son whose death six years later shocked and mystified the whole of Europe. In 1571, after the celebrated victory of Lepanto, don John of Austria sent to Guadalupe a beautiful lamp of copper, thickly overlaid with gold, taken from the enemy's galley " *Capitana* . " Another of these magnificent lamps was given by Hernan Cortés on his return to his birth-place after the conquest of Mexico.

In the various chapels and around the spacious naves of the church are marble tombs, with life-size effigies, some recumbent, and others kneeling as if in prayer : these contain the remains of many illustrious persons who, during their lives, were zealous patrons of this temple, and who, by their works, or their generous donations, contributed towards ennobling and enriching it : one of the most interesting is that of the architect of the edifice, which is near the entrance and bears the simple inscription,

“ Here lies Juan Alfonso, the Master  
who built this holy church. ”

Nearby, guarded by an iron rail, is the stone which, tradition says, the Virgin stood upon when she appeared to the cowherd Gil : it was placed in the first wooden chapel erected on this spot by the villagers of Cáceres in the year 1326, and has been reverently preserved as a perpetual remembrance of the event of the apparition.

Among the number of great ones of the earth buried here may be mentioned Henry IV of Castile, who saw his people reject his descendants and place the crown on the head of his sister, Isabel the Catholic. Opposite him lies his mother, doña Maria, daughter of the king of Aragon, Ferdinand I : Prince Dionisio, son of don Pedro of Portugal and of doña Ines de Castro, who was taken from her tomb to be crowned queen of Portugal, rests here with his wife the Infanta Juana, daughter of Henry II of Castile, and many others too numerous to mention : but the tomb that most attracts the traveller — for many people from afar come to visit this

church, although there are no more crowds of pilgrims — is that of the cowherd Gil, who, ennobled and exalted in his lifetime by Alfonso XI, was given after death a sepulchre with kings and princes : near him is buried the last prior of Guadalupe, don Juan Serano, bishop of Segovia, who persuaded the king, don Juan II to put the shrine in the care of the friars of St. Jerome, and whose effigy in white marble, in full pontifical robes, lies upon the tomb.

The town of Guadalupe, which owed its existence to the shrine, and depended on the monastery and on the influx of pilgrims for its subsistence, is to-day an isolated hamlet. The rich farms, the busy workshops, the pleasant summer homes, have disappeared : the residences of kings, princes, and grantees, have fallen into decay : the cloister is empty, the gorgeous lamps that burned night and day are extinguished, the chisel and the hammer are still, the pilgrim has departed, and the glory of Guadalupe is a dream of the past, but the gift of Gregory the Great, the legacy of Leander of Seville, the famous Lady

of Guadalupe, still rests on her silver throne, and keeps silent guard over those who sleep in her temple, a lasting testimony to the faith of the race that placed for ever the standard of the Cross over that of the Crescent.

## OUR LADY OF ATOCHA IN MADRID

Our Lady of Atocha is renowned for her antiquity, her magnificent treasure, and the prominent place she occupies as Patroness of the royal court of Madrid. It has been alleged by some who have tried to delve into the vague legends of the far-off past, that the famous image is one that was known prior to the Moorish era as the Virgin of Antioch, having received this name, according to tradition, from the fact that it was sent from that place to Madrid, in the early days of Christianity, by no less a personage than St. Peter himself. Whatever may have been the origin of this image, it is certain that the small chapel or hermitage in which it was guarded, was a regular place of worship, and a popular pilgrim shrine, long before the Sarracens made themselves masters of the old city of Magerit, and to this day the

venerated image of Our Lady of Atocha is especially dear to the heart of the Madrileño.

The story of Our Lady of Atocha is a mixture of fact and fable, of history and legend, and has been repeated so often in verse and in drama by masters of literature that the persons who figure in it have become real, and the fabulous episodes in which they took part have been made history.

At the time of the Moorish invasion there lived in Madrid a wealthy and pious Christian noble named Gracian Ramirez, who had a wife of as high a lineage as himself, and two beautiful young daughters named Clara and Lucia. It was his custom to pay a daily visit to the chapel of Our Lady of Antioch, which was situated at some little distance from the city in a solitary common thickly overgrown with a species of feather-grass, called in Spanish "atocha", which was largely used by the natives for the weaving of a coarse rush floor covering. After the Conquest Gracian retired with his family to the village of Rivas, where he had an estate, and from where he could ride over to the hermitage

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every day unnoticed by the Moors. One morning, on entering the chapel at early dawn, he saw to his surprise and sorrow that the statue of Our Lady was missing; he gazed at the empty niche in consternation, and made a hurried search of the chapel, but all to no purpose. He went out, and meeting the worshippers on their way to mass, he questioned them eagerly, but they were just as surprised and shocked as himself, and could tell nothing of the strange disappearance. Gracian mounted his horse and returned to his home with the sad news, but his wife and daughters took a more cheerful view of the matter, and declared their belief that some pious Christians, fearing lest the Moors should transform the chapel into a mezquita, as they had done with the churches of Santa Maria, San Ginés, and others in Madrid, had taken the image to a place of safe keeping until such time as affairs should be more settled. Gracian was just as sure that the Moors had stolen it in order to cause annoyance and vexation to the Christians of Madrid, and he swore a solemn vow that he

would not sit down to meat or drink until the image was restored to its altar.

Day after day he left his home at daybreak, and night after night he returned weary and disappointed, but success finally crowned his efforts. He had spent several weeks of fruitless search and was riding homeward through the fields of atocha late one night when a white dove suddenly flew in front of him, almost touching his face with its wings, and after making several circles in the air, perched upon a briar-bush at a little distance, and somewhat out of his path. He took no notice but continued on his way deep in thought, when the bird again rose on the wing, passed in front of him exactly as before, and returned to the bush ; still he did not stop or turn aside, until for the third time the dove passed before him, fluttering its wings and making a low plaintive sound as if bent upon attracting his attention. Gracian then, noting its persistence, turned his horse towards the briar-bush, the dove flying joyously ahead of him, and as he approached the spot the thorny brambles suddenly burst into bloom







and were covered with beautiful roses, while the bird flew high into the air and disappeared. Gracian dismounted in haste, and approaching the bush saw near it an object which, on closer inspection he found, to his unbounded joy, was the missing image of Our Lady, concealed by the thick masses of tall feather-grass. He knelt down and made a vow that he would at once erect a chapel on the spot, after which he rode in all haste to Rivas to tell the good news to his family and friends.

Everyone was naturally anxious to assist in the work of providing a suitable temple in which to enshrine the image, and the building was begun without delay. Workmen offered their services, and, encouraged and aided by the zealous Gracian the chapel, although not completed, was ready in a short time to receive the statue, which was borne hither amid great rejoicings, and the work of completing and beautifying the chapel continued more ardently than ever.

When the Arabs saw so many men working on a building with such apparent fervor and

eagerness they became alarmed, supposing that the new edifice must be a fortress for the protection of the Christians who might be contemplating an uprising, and they determined to frustrate any such plan by making an attack on the building and destroying it before it was finished. Their design, however, became known to the Christians, who were much surprised that their modest chapel should be mistaken for a fortified stronghold, and they prepared themselves for resistance regardless of consequences : an improvised army of all sorts and conditions of men was hastily formed, with Gracian as its chief, but fearing for his wife and daughters in case of defeat, which he thought was inevitable, and knowing that a fate worse than death would be theirs if they should become the captives of the Arabs, he led them into the chapel, and, after embracing them tenderly, cut their throats and left them dead on the floor ; then, his sword dripping with their blood, he rushed forth to meet the enemy.

Gracian's elder daughter, Clara, was betrothed to a handsome and brave young noble

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named Lope de Mendoza, who fought valiantly against the Moors and was renowned for his skill and daring in warfare. In one of his many encounters with the enemy, having defeated several adversaries, and being exhausted from long fighting, he was overpowered and taken prisoner by a Moorish knight named Otoman, who, being very deeply in love with Zara, the beautiful young daughter of the Moorish king of Toledo, presented the captive knight to his sovereign in order to win his good graces and to further his suit for the hand of his daughter. Now it was said that Zara's mother was born a Christian, and it was rumored that she had had Zara secretly baptized; certain it is that she showed great sympathy for the captives of that faith who languished in Moorish prisons, or were held for ransom, and when she saw that don Lope was always weighted with a deep sadness, and that he never seemed to forget, even for a moment, his sorrow, her gentle heart was filled with pity for him, and she longed to hear the story of his woes and console him for his loss of liberty. Her pity

by degrees ripened into a more tender feeling, and it was not long before the Moorish princess was very much in love with the handsome Christian knight. She used to watch him for hours as he walked with bent head in her father's gardens, and one day she crossed his path and saluted him : this happened several times and at last she spoke to him ; then they met often, almost every day, and as her timidity wore off she questioned him about his home and his friends and his religion, and the battles he had fought, and the scars that he bore, and Zara found that the time passed very quickly and happily in his presence, and that the days were long and dull when she did not see him.

One evening she found him seated by the side of a fountain looking so dejected and unhappy that she asked him to tell her what it was that made him always so sad, and she promised him that, if it was possible for her to do anything to dispel the gloom from his face, she would give him all the aid in her power. He then told her of his love for Clara, and of his anxiety as to what she might think

of his long absence, whether she believed him dead, or false to his troth, for by that time he should have been a happy bridegroom instead of a miserable captive.

Zara's heart fell within her when she heard this, for she knew then that her love was not returned, and never would be, but she was noble and true to her word ; she told him to be of good cheer, for she would help him to go to his bride, and that in a very short time he would enjoy the liberty and happiness he had been deprived of for so long.

A few days later a Moorish cavalier rode gaily from the palace gates, and putting spurs to his horse, galloped quickly over the road leading to Madrid. Only Zara who, with tear-dimmed eyes, was watching him from her window, knew that this richly dressed Moor was don Lope de Mendoza. He reached Madrid just as Gracian Ramirez was about to sally forth to battle with the Moors, and although the news of Clara's tragic death, which he heard from Gracian himself, came as a thunderbolt, he did not pause to mourn, but marched off to meet the foe, and fought

with desperate valor throughout the encounter.

The battle was short and fierce. The Arabs, with no thought of defeat at the hands of such an insignificant force, had made the attack without due preparation, depending upon their numbers and the fame of their victories to cow the Christians and make them flee without striking a blow : but the valiant little army put them to flight, followed them to Madrid, and routing the Arabs completely, took possession of the city.

When Gracian found himself master of the situation, and realised that he had defeated the powerful enemy, he repented bitterly the rash act that had deprived his wife and daughters of their lives, and in company with don Lope de Mendoza and don Diego de Castro, who had hoped to make Lucia his bride, he returned to the chapel of Our Lady of Atocha to give thanks for his victory and to render a tribute to those whom he had slain. The surprise and joy of the three men may be imagined when, on entering the chapel, they saw the wife and two daughters



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of Gracian advance to meet them, all three alive and happy, and with no remembrance of the deed that had deprived them of life, but on the neck of each one was a bright red mark that never disappeared while she lived.

A joyous wedding feast followed in a few days, when Clara and Lucia were united for life to don Lope and Diego. We are also told that Zara was wooed and won by Otoman, whose constancy was thus rewarded, and that both were baptized, and gave valuable assistance to the Christians in many of their encounters with the Moors, especially in enabling captives to escape and return to their families.

This fabulous reconquest of Madrid by Gracian Ramirez is placed in the year 720, but there is no mention of it in the ancient chronicles, nor do the greater historians of more recent date make any reference to it: the event, therefore, is purely traditional, and is related only in connection with the legend of Our Lady of Atocha. Neither was it of long duration, for there is no authentic record of the peace of the Arabs of Madrid

being seriously disturbed until the year 933, when the King of Leon, Ramiro II, came with an army which he had hastily gathered together, and invaded the territory occupied by them, reaching the gates of Madrid, which he attacked with fury : he broke down the stone walls, and burned and sacked the city, after which he and his soldiers, laden with gold, jewels, and objects of great value, returned in peace to their homes.

Fernando I, the Great, in the year 1047, marched upon Madrid and took possession of the city. The Moorish king of Toledo, Almenon, alarmed at the destruction caused by the Christian army, made an alliance with Fernando, and purchased peace with immense quantities of gold and silver.

In 1085 Alfonso VI conquered Toledo and the surrounding places. Madrid was taken for the last time, and in memory of this victory Alfonso placed the royal standard which had been borne in the battle, in the chapel of Our Lady of Atocha, with that of the vanquished Moors, who never again occupied these parts. The King established his court in Toledo.

and the people of Madrid were now free to build churches and to devote themselves to the practice of their religion without restriction. Mezquitas were transformed into Christian churches, processions went through the streets, images were brought from their places of concealment and installed with much ceremony and pomp in magnificent churches built to receive them, and Madrid, now a Christian city, began to assume an important place in history : her area was extended, her population increased rapidly, and with her wealth, her loyalty, and her patriotic valor she aided materially to the success of the long and obstinate warfare against Mohamedanism.

When Philip II removed his court to Madrid, Our Lady of Atocha was chosen as its Patroness, and Philip III established the custom of visiting her chapel every Saturday afternoon in royal state to assist at the singing of the Salve. On certain occasions of solemnity, such as the advent of a sovereign to the throne, the celebration of his marriage, and the presentation of the newly-born heir to the crown, the most imposing ceremonies,

with all the magnificent splendor of church and court, are celebrated in this edifice, whose walls are adorned with the banners of the Castilian armies of ancient as well as of modern times, and in whose aisles are the tombs of many of Spain's most illustrious dead.

During the occupation of Madrid by the French from 1809 to 1812, the church was stripped of most of its paintings, lamps, and other movable adornments, and was used by the French army as a stable : the statue of Our Lady, however, and other valuables, had been removed to the chapel of the Dominican friars of St. Thomas. When Fernando VII was restored to his throne, he reconstructed the church and the statue was returned in triumph, accompanied by the King and court and nearly all the population of Madrid.

The church has lately been restored and embellished, and much of the interior remodelled : before the work of re-construction was begun the statue was removed to the church of El Buen Suceso, and is kept there for the present. The jewels of rare value,

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mantles and other objects which form the treasure of Our Lady of Atocha, are mostly the offerings of members of the royal family, for on any occasion of solemnity with which they are personally connected, a remembrance in the form of a valuable gift, is added to the treasure, and there are many inscriptions in the church which bear testimony to certain historic and religious events of great antiquity in relation to this sanctuary, and to the devotion of the citizens of Madrid during long centuries to the Virgin of Atocha.

# OUR LADY OF THE ALMUDENA IN MADRID

While Our Lady of Atocha is the Patroness of the Court, Our Lady of the Almudena, in the old church of Santa Maria, has the distinction of being the Patroness of the city of Madrid. This is one of the oldest images in Spain, brought, it is said, by St. James from Jerusalem, and placed by him in this church, the most ancient place of worship in the country, and the one in which the Gospel was first preached by Calocerus, one of the companions of St. James, who converted it from a Roman temple into a Christian church. There are differences of opinion as to the authenticity of these statements, and according to some the church was not built until the time of the Gothic kings ; its origin is so remote, however, that it is impossible to

know anything even approaching certainty regarding it, but all agree that it was used by the Moors as a mosque from the time they first entered Madrid, and that it was one of the oldest Christian churches in Spain when they took possession of it.

Four years before Madrid fell under the dominion of the invading Arabs, and while the fame of their conquests was spreading terror and despair throughout the land, the ancient statue of Our Lady was taken from its altar in the church of Santa Maria, and placed in a niche in a thick stone wall near by, which was then so carefully built up that it remained undiscovered for nearly four hundred years.

Madrid was conquered and occupied by the Moors, and the old church of Santa Maria was converted into a mezquita ; the rites of the Mohamedan religion were performed here without interruption until Alfonso VI, in the year 1083, wrested the city from the Arabs and entered it in triumph. The church of Santa Maria became once more a temple of Christian worship, and as there was a confus-

ed but persistent tradition concerning an ancient statue from Jerusalem that had been venerated here, and had disappeared at the time of the Conquest, Alfonso made a vow that he would search for it and restore it to its altar.

In the meantime he ordered a picture of the Holy Mother to be painted on the wall of the capilla mayor, and the artist, wishing to pay a compliment to the king, who was then married to the Princess Constance, daughter of Henry I of France, placed a lily in the hand of the Virgin. This painting is still preserved in the church and is known as "Our Lady of the Flower de Luce."

Alfonso VI was a prince of varied fortunes. From his father, Fernando I he inherited the kingdoms of Leon and Asturias, but was deprived of both by his elder brother Sancho II, King of Castile, who, dissatisfied with the division which his father had made of his dominions, took arms against his brothers and seized by force that which he considered his rightful inheritance, being materially aided in his feats of arms by don Rodrigo Diaz de Vivar, the Cid Campeador.



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Alfonso was defeated and was compelled by his brother to enter a monastery at Sahagun, where he took the habit in the year 1071 and followed the rules and regulations of the order of Saint Benedict as a humble friar for some months. His sister Urraca, who was greatly attached to him, helped him to escape from this enforced retirement, and he took refuge in the court of the Moorish king of Toledo, Almenon, who had been a faithful friend and ally of his father's and who received him with open arms. He gave him a sumptuous dwelling next to his own palace, and near a Christian church, provided him with servants, horses and attendants suitable to his rank, and treated him with as much kindness and consideration as if he had been his own son: in return, don Alfonso swore fealty to him, and fought valiantly in his service against his Moorish rivals, with whom he was at frequent warfare. When there was no fighting he passed his time hunting or jousting, so that the days of his exile did not drag heavily, but were as happy as his host could make them.

Alfonso was handsome and pleasing, modest, discreet, generous and open-handed : he soon won the affection of the people with whom he lived, and was free to roam about the city at will. It is said that during these walks he examined the fortifications carefully, and made a mental note of all the weak points of defence, which he stored in his memory for future use. Doña Urraca, who was always on the look out for his interests, sent a number of Spanish noblemen and knights to Toledo to keep him company, all of whom gave their services to Almenon, and were of great assistance to him in his skirmishes with his neighbors.

In the meantime don Sancho, who had made himself master of all the possessions of his brothers, became more ambitious and overbearing than ever, and made up his mind to appropriate the estates of his sisters also. With this intention he laid seige to Zamora, which doña Urraca had inherited from her father, and having stationed his armies around the walls, he vowed he would not move until he had taken the city : but the

fortifications were strong, and provisions were plentiful inside, so that the loyal citizens were able to hold out for a long time, and the patience of don Sancho and the endurance of his men were sorely tried.

The pangs of hunger, however, began to be felt at last, and forced the gallant defenders to consider ways and means of effecting peace with the enemy. While they were deliberating their plans, a man named Vellido Dolfos left the city on horseback, and repairing to the camp of don Sancho, declared that he had secrets to impart which would enable him to realize his project without further delay. The king felt so confident that his visitor was speaking the truth that he went with him unattended to examine a certain portion of the walls, by which, the man said, an entrance could be easily gained, as it was entirely unguarded. Once at a distance from the camp, and at a moment when the unsuspecting king was eagerly seeking the weak spot, Vellido thrust a javelin into his breast, which pierced his body through, then turning his horse's head he galloped towards the city. A

party of soldiers, among whom was the Cid, heard the king's cry and saw him fall ; they started in pursuit of the fugitive, but the sentinels of the city opened the nearest gate to him and he disappeared from their wrath.

The traitorous action of Vellido Dolfos caused a sensation of horror throughout the whole of Spain, where chivalry at this period was in its flower, and to this day the greatest term of opprobrium with which one can denote a man who is false and devoid of all principles of honour, is to designate him "as treacherous as Vellido."

A resolution was made by the followers of don Sancho to avenge his death, and don Diego Ordoñez, one of his bravest knights, presented himself before the gates of Zamora, on horseback and fully armed ; he rode up to an eminence so that all might hear, and in a loud voice proclaimed that he would raze the city to the ground, and put all within it to death as traitors and participators in the cowardly murder of his sovereign ; he swore that he would destroy every man, every bird, every fish, every herb and every tree, without

sparing any one thing. Then the citizens, perturbed and alarmed at this threat, and ashamed of what might be said of them, did not know what to do, until Arias Gonzalo, doña Urraca's chief counsellor, and the leader of the defence, in spite of his advanced age, decided to take up the challenge, and with his five sons sallied forth to meet the intrepid knight.

Now it was an ancient custom of Castile that he who should charge a city with treachery or cowardice, and make a challenge to arms, should meet five combatants in succession, and should be declared victor only if he overcame all five. Three of Gonzalo's sons, Pedro, Diego and Rodrigo, met death at the hands of Diego Ordoñez, but the third, as he fell dying, raised his sword and inflicted a wound upon his adversary's horse, severing the reins; the frightened animal plunged madly forward and threw don Diego out of the saddle. He was declared defeated in spite of his protests, and thus was ended a siege that furnished many a song and story for the minstrel and romancer, and gave to

Spain one of her most popular proverbs ;  
    “ No se ganó Zamora  
    En una hora. ”

A speedy messenger was sent by doña Urraca to Toledo to acquaint Alfonso of his brother's death, and his friends advised him to steal away under cover of the night without saying a word of what had happened to Almenon, who might wish to detain him on learning that he was about to become a king once more, and perhaps a powerful rival : but Alfonso did not heed their counsels, for he felt that such scant courtesy would be an ill return for the many favors he had received from his Moorish host : so he decided to tell him all that he himself knew, and this frank conduct so pleased Almenon that he congratulated him on again coming into his own, offered him money and an escort for his journey, and, to show him further honour, accompanied him for some distance on his way. All he asked in return for his generous hospitality was a renewal of the oath Alfonso had made to be for all time a true friend to him and to his son Hisem, which he did with

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all sincerity, and God was called upon to be the Judge and Witness of this pact of friendship between the Moor and the Christian, a pact which was honorably kept as long as Almenon and his son lived.

At Zamora Alfonso was received with joy by his sister and the nobles, and messages were sent to all parts of his dominions with the news of his return, but the nobles of Castile gathered together in the city of Burgos to decide what should be done, and they finally resolved to receive don Alfonso as king of Castile provided he should swear that he had neither art nor part in the death of his brother. He took this oath in the church of Saint Gadea in the presence of the Cid and the nobles, with the addition that, if he spoke not the truth, an infinite number of maledictions, enumerated by the Cid, were to fall upon his head. This ceremony over, he was proclaimed King of Castile amid great rejoicings which lasted many days. These things happened in the year of Our Lord 1073, when Alfonso was thirty-seven years old.

Four years later Almenon, King of Toledo,

died, and was succeeded by his son Hisem, who, during his short reign of one year, preserved his friendly relations with Alfonso, according to the wishes of his father. He was succeeded by his brother Jiaya Aldafer, who, unlike his father and brother, was cowardly in war, weak in government, tyrannical and cruel to his vassals, and false in friendship, so that he was hated and despised as much by the Moors as by the Christians of Toledo. At the instance, it is said, of the inhabitants, don Alfonso, who had made no promises of friendship with Jiaya, assembled an army and marched on to Toledo ; he met with a stubborn resistance which baffled all his tactics for five years, but finally the king was forced by his people to capitulate : he was allowed to depart for Valencia, which was part of his dominions, and full liberty was given to the Moors to follow him or to remain under the rule of Alfonso, who established his court here, and Toledo, after having been subject to Mohamedan power for nearly four hundred years, became once more a Christian city and the capital of Spain, as it



had been in the time of the Gothic kings.

Ten years after this memorable event, Alfonso conquered the Arabs of Madrid and entered the city in triumph with all his army. The church of Santa Maria was purified and re-consecrated to the Christian religion, and a diligent search was begun for the missing image which Alfonso had vowed to place again in the temple from which it had been taken at the time of the Arab invasion.

On the 9th of November 1083, a large and brilliant procession entered the church of Santa Maria, which was decorated with all the splendor usually displayed on the occasion of a great festival : at the head was don Alfonso VI, King of Castile, accompanied by don Sancho, the king of Aragon and Navarre, and followed by a number of Infantes, cardinals, bishops, nobles, grandees and knights, all of whom were famous for some distinguishing trait, prowess in war, generosity, charity, or great learning.

In the throng was one commanding figure who, next to the King, attracted the most attention, and whom the crowds pressed

eagerly forward to see ; his name was on every tongue, and was repeated over and over in tones of patriotic pride, admiration, and awe : this was don Rodrigo Diaz de Vivar, the Cid Campeador, who, after being for years under the ban of his sovereign's displeasure on account of his adherence to don Sancho, had, by his valor, his loyalty, and his many victories over the Moors, been received into the favor and intimate friendship of the King whom he had forced to swear innocence of that same don Sancho's tragic death before he would acknowledge him as his lord.

When the cortege had entered the church Solemn Mass was sung, and at its close the procession formed again in the same order as before and marched out to the street, where a close investigation was made of all the places in the immediate neighborhood in which it seemed likely that the image might have been concealed. The legend says that while the King and his companions were examining a thick wall near the *Almudin*, the granary of the Moors, one of its small towers suddenly

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opened and disclosed the long lost image, with two candles burning before it, just as it had been left there three hundred and seventy-two years before. Its appearance was greeted with wild acclamations of joy, but it was not removed from its niche so that all might pass by and gaze upon it : the following day it was borne, with all the magnificent pomp of Church and State, to the place which it now occupies in the church of Santa Maria.

In compliance with the wish of don Alfonso, the image was henceforth known as "Santa Maria la Real de la Almudena," from the place of its concealment, and from the fact that it had been found by the king himself, and with this title was designated the Patroness of the City of Madrid. The church was enlarged and beautified, and many banners and royal standards won by don Alfonso from the Moors were hung upon its walls.

All traces of the old Almudin have long ago disappeared, although that part of the wall in which the image was found was preserved for centuries, but warfare, the ravages of time, and the natural growth of the

city have caused its complete annihilation.

Efforts have been made by several Spanish monarchs to elevate the humble church of Santa Maria into a cathedral, but these projects have never been realized, and never will be now, for the church of San Francisco el Grande has been given that honor. Charles V, the builder of great edifices, procured a Bull to this effect from Pope Leo X, dated June 23rd. 1518, but the preparations were stopped by the strenuous opposition of the Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo ; a century later, Philip III obtained another Bull from Clement VIII, which was again opposed by the then Archbishop of Toledo, Cardinal Sandoval y Rojas. Finally, Philip IV went a little further in the undertaking in order to comply with the last wishes of his wife, doña Isabel de Bourbon, who was greatly attached to this shrine, and who, by her will, endowed the future cathedral with sixty thousand ducats : the city of Madrid offered to augment the Queen's gift by adding to it the sum of one hundred and fifty thousand ducats. Committees were formed to take charge of the

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affairs, and architects were commissioned to draw up plans for a magnificent temple : on the 15th of November 1623, the King, in the presence of a vast concourse of his subjects, surrounded by the Court, the prelates, the religious communities and the knights of the military orders, laid the first stone of the new cathedral with great magnificence, but in spite of all this enthusiasm and splendor, the work went no further, and for many years all that was visible of this vast project was a simple cross that marked the spot, just behind the old church, on which the stone had been set, but even this has now disappeared.

On the 20th of August 1640, a confraternity was formed which called itself "The Slavery of the Virgin of the Almudena," the first slave to be enrolled being the king, Philip IV, and since that time every monarch who occupies the throne of Spain is a member of this brotherhood, whose duties are to preserve and adorn the sanctuary, to visit the shrine and maintain its devotion, and to perform certain works of charity and benevolence. The treasure has been depleted by

the exigencies of war and the nation's troubles, and is now very small, although it contains several interesting objects and jewels of rare antiquity and historic value.

The statue of Our Lady of the Almudena is carved in an Oriental wood, and is painted in colors, the robe red and gold, confined with a golden girdle, and the mantle blue with flowers of various colors and traceries of gold. This shrine is particularly dear to mothers, who, from the Queens of Spain to the women of Madrid's humblest classes, come here and place their unborn offspring under the protection of the Holy Mother.

## OUR LADY OF THE ANTIGUA IN SEVILLE

Among the many treasures of religion, of history and of art, which fill the soul with wondering reverence and admiration in that temple of marvels, the Cathedral of Seville, is the large and lofty chapel of Our Lady of the Antigua, in which is venerated a picture of the Blessed Virgin painted on a wall, all traces of whose origin have vanished with the passing centuries.

The legend says that it was in the old church of Santa Maria la Mayor, which stood on this site at the time of the Arab invasion, and when the first Moorish king of Seville, Abdalasis, the son of Muza, decided to use this edifice as a mosque, he ordered the painting on the wall to be effaced: when it was reported that this had been done, he came himself to see that no trace of the Christian effigy was left. To the surprise and conster-

nation of the king and all present, the painting had re-appeared in all its freshness and beauty : a second time it was blotted from sight, and again it returned, and when, after a third attempt, the phenomenon was repeated the king commanded that a strong, thick wall should be built in front of the one on which the image was painted : thus it was hidden from the Arabs who worshipped in the mosque, and remained immured for over five hundred years, until the building became once more a Christian church.

Abdalasis shortly afterwards married Egilona, the beautiful young widow of don Rodrigo, and he showed many kindnesses to the Christians, but his enemies asserted that, won over by his wife's persuasions, he had secretly adopted her religion. Without waiting for proofs to confirm this accusation, the caliph Suleiman, who had a jealous hatred for Muza, and was determined on the destruction of his family, sent orders that Abdalasis should be put to death immediately, and with his bride, he was dragged through the streets of Seville by a furious populace, and







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beheaded in the great square amid the frenzied execrations of the fanatic Moslem rabble. Their bodies were left upon the ground, and would have been devoured by dogs, but friends came secretly in the night and took them back to the palace from which they had been torn in the early morning, and buried them in one of the courts. This happened in the year of the Christian era seven hundred and fourteen.

Saint Fernando, after having captured Cordova, from which city he sent to Compostella, borne on the shoulders of Moors, those bells which, two hundred and sixty years before, the caliph Almanzor had commanded to be brought here from the tomb of the Apostle Saint James on the shoulders of Christian captives, conquered the kingdoms of Murcia and Jaen, and after numerous successful encounters with the Moors, finally laid siege to Seville, where he met with such a vigorous resistance that sixteen months passed before the Moors were finally forced, through lack of provisions, to give up their city.

The story says that four days before the capitulation, the wall built by the Moors five hundred years before to cover up the image of Our Lady of the Antigua, fell with a great crash, leaving the painting exposed to view. In the dead of that same night, the King-Saint left his pavillion alone, and wended his way towards the city : on nearing the gates, a youth of graceful mien and angelic beauty, appeared suddenly before him, and greeting him by name, took him by the hand and led him past the sentinels and into the streets of Seville, through which they walked unseen, traversing the principal thoroughfares, and admiring the wonders of architecture and the beauties of nature that crowded upon their view. On arriving at the old church of Santa Maria la Mayor, the great mosque of the Moors, the heavy doors swung back of themselves, and the king entered the temple with his companion, who conducted him to the wall from which the ancient image of the Virgin smiled at him amid her Moorish surroundings, with the débris of the fallen partition at her feet. The monarch knelt and

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prayed for the success of his arms, and it seemed to him that he heard a voice assuring him that victory was near. Comforted by this he arose, and with the youth retraced his steps to the camp. As he drew near to his tent his companion vanished as suddenly as he had appeared, and it was believed among the king's followers that it was either his own guardian angel, or that of the city of Seville, who had come to foretell him of his conquest.

Four days after this nocturnal visit, on the 23rd of November, 1248, King Ajatafe handed over the keys of the city of Seville to the king of Castile and Leon, Fernando III.

The Moorish residents were given one month in which to take their departure, or to become subjects of the Christian king. A hundred thousand of them left in one day, their wagons loaded with valuables, some passing over to Africa, while others sought new homes in different parts of the Spanish peninsula under Moorish rule.

On the 22nd of December the Christians entered Seville, escorting their King-conqueror in a triumphal procession headed by the

knights of the Military Orders, bearing their jewelled crosses, and preceded by their respective Grand Masters in full regalia : after these came the prelates of the Church in the vestments of their office, followed by the clergy, and the Religious Orders in their habits.

Behind these was a magnificent car drawn by four white horses, in which was borne the image of the Virgin of the Kings, which had always accompanied Fernando to the battle-field, and on all his military expeditions, and which, it is supposed, was given to him by his cousin Saint Louis of France, whose mother, doña Blanca, was the sister of Fernando's mother, doña Berenguela.

Immediately behind this car walked the king, his unsheathed sword in his hand ; with him were his queen, doña Beatriz, and his son Alfonso, who afterwards inherited the crown, and to whom History has given the name of the Wise : he was the first of the Spanish kings to make use of the language of his people for certain state documents and literary works, being anxious to refine and enrich it, as it was then coarse and unpolished ;

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he also, with the same object, ordered the Holy Scriptures to be translated into the Castilian tongue : even at this time he was renowned for his learning, and had composed a hymn in honor of the Blessed Virgin, which was sung by the multitudes as they scattered flowers before the car. The other sons and near relations of the king, with many princes and persons of high distinction, followed, and then came the victorious army, marching proudly with flying banners to the sound of martial music.

Solemn mass was celebrated in the mezquita mayor, which had been purified by the Archbishop elect of Toledo, don Gutierre, the triumphal car being used as an altar, and after five hundred years of Mohamedan worship, a Christian king and his people knelt on the marble floor and praised God in the ancient mosque which, replaced later by the grandest and most beautiful cathedral in the world, became the permanent home of the gift of Saint Louis to Saint Fernando, the Virgin of the Kings.

On the 8th of July, 1401, the Chapter of

the church of Santa Maria la Mayor, agreed to erect a cathedral, "such, and so great, that no other in the world should equal it, and that future generations, on contemplating it, should say that those who built it were madmen." The work was begun in 1403, and the last stone was laid on the 10th of December 1506. Most of the old church was demolished, but the beautiful Moorish tower of the Giralda, and several other portions, including the ancient wall of Our Lady of the Antigua, were preserved intact.

On Friday, the 4th of November, 1578, the Master of works of the cathedral of Seville, Alonso de Maeda, with five hundred skilled workmen, ninety horses, and thirty pieces of machinery, removed the wall containing the painting of Our Lady of the Antigua from the place it occupied to the beautiful chapel in which it now stands, and which is the largest and most imposing of all the thirty chapels of the cathedral. The Archbishop of Seville, don Cristóbal de Rojas y Sandoval, the Dean and Chapter of the cathedral, representatives of the king, Philip II, with all the officials



of the city, assisted at this solemn act, which was conducted in the most profound silence, so that the voice of the Master giving his orders might be distinctly heard by the army of workmen. The work continued all that day and until late in the afternoon of Saturday, when the wall was firmly fixed, without the slightest injury to the painting, in the place where it is now seen. All present fell on their knees as the Master announced that the prodigious feat was successfully accomplished, and the intense silence was suddenly broken by exclamations of delight : bells rang joyously and canon boomed loudly, carrying the news to the city and the villages beyond : the organs pealed forth their grandest notes, the glorious *Te Deum* was sung by all present, while the cheers of the multitudes that had crowded the streets in repressed excitement for nearly two days, rose in glad-some exultation over all.

A year later the Chapel Royal was finished, and the remains of Saint Fernando, doña Beatriz, and Alfonso the Wise were deposited here with all the solemn magnificence of

the Church ceremonial and the splendor of a court pageant : don Pedro I and the beautiful Maria de Padilla rest here with other royal personages, and among the many objects of historic value and national veneration preserved in this chapel, those most highly prized by the Sevillanos are the battered sword which the King-conqueror laid at the feet of Our Lady of the Kings after his triumphal entry into Seville, and the banner which was borne at the head of the procession on that memorable day. These two relics are shown to the people of Seville on certain occasions of great solemnity by the reigning sovereign, or a member of his family : when it is impossible for a descendant of Saint Fernando to be present, this act is performed by one of the highest officials of the city : they are also borne in the procession at the annual celebration of the anniversary of the conquest of Seville.

The historic keys which, according to the tradition, were delivered to King Fernando by the Moorish king, Ajatafe, during the act of the capitulation, are also guarded in this

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chapel : there are two of these, the smaller one, a beautiful specimen of the finest Moorish ironwork, bears two inscriptions in Mohamedan characters, " May Allah grant us the conservation of the city, " and " From Allah comes all empire and all power. "

The larger key is of silver, and is of Mudéjar workmanship : around the ring, from which hangs the cord, is inscribed in Hebraic letters, " The King of kings will open : the King of all the earth will enter. " and on the side of the key is this other, delicately chased in monachal characters, " God will open : the King will enter. "

The painting of the Virgin of the Antigua is a curious work of art, and bears traces of many accessories of adornment having been added at different periods to the original figure, which, according to the legend, was painted by angels, but which unpoetic critics assert to be a work of about the twelfth century. The Virgin Mother holds a rose in her right hand, symbol that, as the rose is the queen of flowers, so Mary, the Mystical Rose, is the Queen of all virgins. The Infant Christ rests

on her left arm, and raises His right hand in benediction, while with His left He holds a bird in such a manner that, while it is perfectly safe in His grasp, with a slight pressure He could deprive it of life, thus showing that as God, the Creator, He alone has the power of life and death over His creatures.

Many lamps of exquisite workmanship and of great value burn day and night in this chapel, among them one of solid silver which was the gift of doña Isabel the Catholic, who presented it to Our Lady of the Antigua after the birth of her son, don Juan, with an endowment of oil, that it might burn perpetually in memory of this event, which happened in Seville on the 30th of June, 1478. Great were the rejoicings with which the birth of this much desired heir was celebrated by the court and the people of Seville. The 9th of July was appointed for his baptism, and the church of Santa Maria la Mayor was hung with priceless tapestries, velvet and gold brocades, and embroidered banners for the occasion. The royal infant was carried to the church in the arms of his nurse, doña Maria de Guzman,

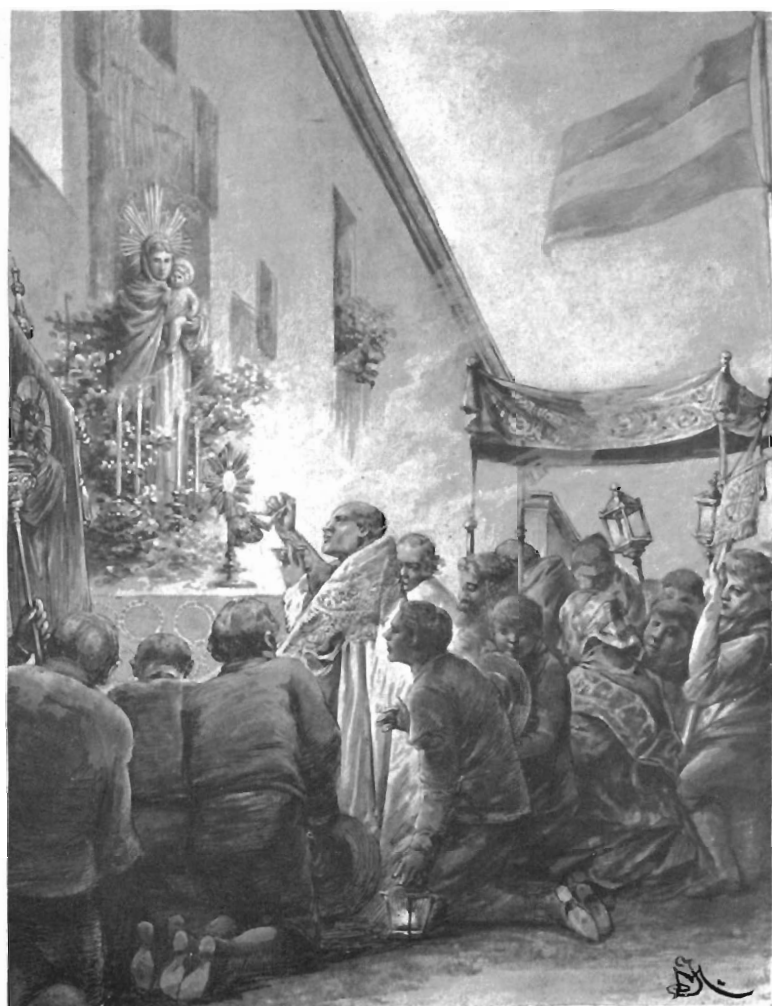
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under a canopy of rich brocade borne by eight members of the town council with their batons of office, and clad in suits of black velvet. The god-mother, the Duchess of Medina Sidonia, was attired in a brocaded kirtle thickly embroidered with pearls, and a tabard of crimson silk lined with damask, which she presented after the ceremonies to the king's jester. She rode on a pillion behind the Count of Benevente, and was followed by a train of nine maidens of rank wearing kirtles and tabards of different colored silks. All the grandees and gentlemen of the court, with the high officials of the city in gorgeous uniforms, followed, while bands of musicians with trumpets, clarions, sackbuts and cymbals, accompanied the procession, and gladdened the hearts of the crowds that lined the way with lively strains of music. The sacred rite of baptism was performed by don Pedro Gonzalez de Mendoza, Cardinal of Spain, and Archbishop of Seville, and the god-fathers of the royal baby were the Pope's legate, the Venetian ambassador, the Count of Benevente, and the constable

don Pedro de Velasco, Count of Haro.

On Sunday, the 9th of August, the Queen, on a snow white palfrey, rode to the church to render thanks, according to custom, for the birth of the prince, and to present him to Our Lady of the Antigua. The king headed the procession, wearing a splendid suit of brocade interwoven with threads of gold, and mounted on a magnificent grey horse: the Constable of Castile walked on the right side of the queen, with his hand on her bridle rein, while the Count of Benevente walked on her left in the same fashion. The nurse, with the royal babe in her arms, was mounted on a mule with a velvet saddle and trappings of scarlet brocade embroidered with the royal arms. All the lords and gentlemen of the court, as well as those nobles who were in Seville at the time, went on foot, and after the celebration of solemn high mass, and the presentation of the Infant Juan to the Virgin, the procession returned in the same order to the royal palace.

But the destined heir to the greatness of the Catholic sovereigns did not live to rule







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the country which his illustrious parents had made one nation, and nineteen years after these splendid rejoicings, Isabel saw her promising young son borne to the tomb. The grief occasioned by his death was not confined to the royal family: he was so universally loved that the whole nation mourned his loss, and the court, instead of the white serge hitherto worn on such occasions, adopted sackcloth as a deeper mourning. Even the hound that had followed his footsteps in life grieved so deeply that he could not be removed from the tomb that held his master's remains, and died there. But the queen found strength in her sorrow to submit to this bereavement, and to the condolences of those who surrounded her, and wept with her, she replied in the words of the Scriptures. "The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord."

There are many objects in the cathedral of Seville that bring to mind the great ones of the past at every step. Holiness, Majesty, Valor and Genius, have all left precious

remembrances in this edifice, on whose site was first a pagan temple, then a Gothic basilica, later a Moorish mosque, again a Christian church, and now the marvellous pile in which are blended the highest and best of the Mauresque, the Gothic, the Graeco-Roman, and the plateresque, and which, after four hundred years, still remains one of the wonders, not of Seville alone, but of the whole world, for nothing else has arisen that can compare with it in grandeur and in beauty, although not so much as the name of the architect who conceived this admirable work is known to us, for it perished with his plans in the fire that consumed the Alcazar of Madrid on the 24th of December 1734.

Every Saturday morning, "los Seises", in their quaint, mediaeval costumes, sing the Mass in the chapel of Our Lady of the Antigua, composed for this purpose by the Maestro Francisco Javier Garcia, familiarly known as "el Españoletto," and after the Mass they intone the Litany of the Virgin, by Capitán. In the Capilla Mayor they perform the historic dance, which is the privilege of this

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cathedral alone, on certain festivals, such as Christmas, Easter, Corpus Christi, and others, at which times the edifice, vast as it is, is crowded to the doors, especially at Easter, when large numbers of foreign tourists are always in Seville.

The magnificent silver altar gleams with the lights of many candles, dimmed by the vaporous veil of perfumed incense that rises in clouds and disappears slowly in the lofty arches above. On the centre of the altar, in a gold remonstrance set with diamonds, is the Sacred Host: rich hangings of red velvet, embroidered with gold, drape the immense columns their full length: as the Seises slowly enter the Sanctuary, and prostrate themselves before the Blessed Sacrament, the twenty-five bells in the tower mingle their joyous peals with the swelling notes of the organs, and the vast cathedral seems literally to tremble with the torrent of harmony that rolls through its spacious naves. The boys rise, and placing themselves in two rows, one on each side of the altar, they sing villancicos to the music of those

distinguished chapel masters, Andrevi, Esclava, and Garcia Torres: the dance follows, simple, graceful, and devotional in the extreme, accompanied by the sweet singing of the Seises, and the measured click of the castañets.

Seeing this beautiful prayer of motion and song, grave, calm, and full of religious expression, and hearing the childish voices rise clear and sweet to Heaven, the spirit is transported from the mere outward semblance, and sees beyond, and understands the emotions of the Sevillanos who, from infancy to old age, have assisted at this devotion, and of whose lives it is a part. One sees tears in the eyes of men — some bent with the burden of many years, others erect in the strength of early manhood—who, in their innocent youth, trod these same measures, and sang these same coplas, and who have come from afar to witness again the scenes of their happy childhood. There are women who weep copiously as the memory of “Seises” of the past comes to them, and through the mist of the incense they see the

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young face of one who was taken by the Master ere his term of service expired, or another who, in a far off land, gave his life for his country, or still another, a wayward one, who has, perhaps, wandered from the Faith, and for him the tears are the saddest of all.

In the chapel of Our Lady of the Antigua kneeling figures are seen from the time the doors of the cathedral are opened at early dawn, until they are closed at nightfall. Here is neither bench, nor chair, nor kneeling stool, and no one is allowed the privilege to use such articles except on very rare occasions, when there is a good reason for it. There are pictures on the walls that tell the story of Our Lady of the Antigua, one showing the mezquita mayor with the painting re-appearing to the astonished Arabs: opposite this we see the wall falling and disclosing the sacred painting: on another, Saint Fernando is visiting the shrine in the silence of the night, accompanied by the angel who has opened the door of the mosque for him: and still another portrays the Master of

works, Alonso Maeda, removing the massive wall to its present position.

In this, as in every one of the thirty chapels, one feels the presence of a Saint, a Sovereign, or a Warrior, who has fought for the Faith with word, with sword, or with pen, who has worshipped here in life, who has knelt where we now kneel, and who lies under the sculptured marble near-by, while new generations come and go, and the lamps that were lit centuries ago by hands long turned to dust, burn on through the ages before the ever beautiful Lady of the Antigua and the Divine Christ-Child, telling their story of faith, and hope, and love, and charity, while the Virgin of the Kings, the gift of Saint Louis of France, the companion of Saint Fernando of Castile, enthroned on the high altar of her Chapel Royal, keeps a perpetual vigil over the warrior Saint who sleeps at her feet.

# OUR LADY OF LA FUENCISLA IN SEGOVIA

Just outside the city of Segovia is a small range of bare mountains known from ancient time as "Las Grajeras," the "Rookeries," on the heights of which is a never ending source of innumerable springs, whose crystal waters, as they flow down the cliffs, seem to form a transparent veil of silver gauze, which glints and sparkles in the sunlight, falling gently over the crags and disappearing into the valley below. This conjunction of springs is called La Fuencisla, a corruption of Fonsstillans, by which name it was known to the Romans, and an ancient image of Mary, which, from the early days of Christianity until the defeat of Guadalete, used to occupy a modest cave chapel near the summit of one of the rocks, has given to this region a mira-

cle story of such human interest that, after a lapse of over six centuries, the sight of the shrine of Our Lady of La Fuencisla, stationed like a watchtower on the precipitous hillside above the valley, brings before the mind a vivid picture of the drama enacted here on a bright summer's day in the year 1230.

There is a very old tradition in Segovia concerning the origin of the image of Our Lady of La Fuencisla, which says that it was placed in its cave on the bleak hills by Saint Geroteo, who brought the tidings of Christianity to this region in the year 71, and was the first bishop of Segovia. The statue remained in its primitive chapel until the news arrived of the events at Guadalete, so fatal to the Christians, when a priest attached to the church of San Gil took it away, and hid it in one of the vaults of his church, placing with it a parchment, on which was written in Gothic characters, "Don Sacharo, beneficiary of this holy church, removed this image of Blessed Mary from the cliff over the springs, and concealed it in this holy church in the year







714." And below this, " Misera Hispania ! "

Segovia remained subject to the Moors until Alfonso VI conquered Toledo, when it again came under the domination of the Christians, but it was not until the reign of Alfonso VII, in the year 1130, that the image was discovered in the vaults of San Gil, with the document of don Sacharo by its side. The finding of the image has been connected with marvellous supernatural happenings by the village story weavers, but it was merely the natural outcome of an ordinary event — the repairing of that part of the church near the vault in which it was placed, which necessitated the demolition of a wall, resulting in the subsequent discovery of the image, which was at once removed and borne amid great rejoicings to the high altar of the cathedral, where all the Christian inhabitants from far and near came to look upon it. Here it remained for some months, and was then placed in a niche outside, over the main entrance, as the times were not yet considered sufficiently settled to trust it again to its solitary abode on the hillside.

In the early part of the thirteenth century there lived in Segovia a beautiful young Jewess named Esther, whose father, a wealthy and influential rabbi, had given her in marriage to a Hebrew merchant whose business interests were closely allied with his own, and this union was intended to serve as a bond of fair dealing between the two. It is needless to say that the sentiments of Esther were not considered in the transaction, but, like an obedient daughter, brought up to look upon her father's will as law, she became the wife of his associate with submissive unquestioning to the parental authority, and assisted him materially in his business.

He was a dealer in rich cloths and silks from the Orient, and was patronised by all the wealthy families of Segovia and near by places, who came frequently to his shop in search of rare fabrics and costly raiment. It was Esther's custom to wait upon the ladies, and spread the wares temptingly before them, extolling their merits, and showing their beauty to greater advantage by sometimes throwing a priceless shawl around her grace-

ful shoulders, or draping her lovely head with a veil cunningly woven with gold and silver threads.

A certain noble lady of the city, who came with her husband to make purchases at the establishment of the Jewish merchant, conceived a deep dislike for the young woman, whose beauty and charm of manner she heard continually praised by all who saw her, for she herself was plain of face and small of soul : she gave vent to her sentiments by sneering at the young woman's race and faith, and when she found that her ill-natured remarks were received coldly, she attacked the character of the merchant's young wife. Her husband reproved her severely for her maliciousness, and, infuriated with jealous hatred, she accused him of having transferred his affections to the Jewess, and vowed in her heart that she would be revenged on her unconscious rival.

She set about her task without delay, procured false witnesses, whom she paid liberally, and accused Esther before the Jewish tribunal of infidelity to her marriage vows,

and of having robbed her of her husband's affections. In vain the husband made emphatic denials, in vain the unfortunate Jewess protested her innocence, and pleaded for justice : the witnesses were there, supported by the sworn declaration of a lady of high degree, and certain circumstantial evidence forthcoming, which made it appear as if there had been meetings between the two, the accused woman was condemned to be hurled over the cliffs of Las Grajeras to her death.

A prominent member of the Order of the Holy Sepulchre, don Lope Hinestrosa, made every effort to persuade the judges of Esther's innocence, but in vain, and finding that it was impossible by human means to save her from the shameful and terrible fate to which she had been condemned, he endeavored to instil into her heart the Christian spirit of faith in the Divine mediation, and to inspire her with resignation to face her executioners calmly and courageously. By his words of consolation, and his unbounded belief in the goodness and mercy of God, he succeeded in imparting to the mind of the condemned wo-

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man his own convictions, and on the day that the sentence was to be carried out, he walked by her side, comforting her with the assurance of the Divine justice, until she became convinced that her innocence would be finally proved to the world.

Without a tear, without a sigh, without complaint or reproach, she walked, with eyes upraised, neither seeing nor heeding the crowds that surrounded her, surprising the spectators, among whom were her husband and her accuser, with the calm of her demeanor, and the beatified expression of confident expectation that illumined her face, giving it a far greater beauty than ever, and exciting murmurs of admiration and pity from Christian, Saracen and Jew.

As the melancholy procession passed the cathedral, Esther, falling on her knees, and turning her eyes towards the image of Our Lady of La Fuencisla over the portal, pronounced these words, which tradition has preserved, in a clear appealing voice ;

“ Most Holy Virgin, thou who dost protect

the Christian women, protect this Jewess, who believes in thee, and is innocent. ”

She was then taken to the edge of the cliff and hurled over it by the executioner, and at this moment happened the miracle sung by the king don Alfonso the Wise in his “ Can- ticles of the Virgin ” : the virtuous Esther, instead of being dashed to death on the rocks, and falling lifeless and mangled to the depths below, descended slowly through the air, and alighted on her feet, her face and hands raised to heaven, and a prayer upon her lips. As she touched the ground she knelt and gave thanks for this proof of her innocence, and her miraculous deliverance from an ignominious death, while the multitude above, crying out in a transport of enthusiasm, “ A miracle ! A miracle ! ” hastened down the mountain to the spot where she knelt. Don Lope de Hinestrosa, placing over her shoulders the mantle of the Order of the Holy Sepulchre, exclaimed,

“ Thus has God proved to you all the innocence of this woman ! ”

Then he too knelt on the ground, and the



spectators followed his example, while through the air resounded the echo of fervent prayers, and joyous vows of devotion to Our Lady of La Fuencisla.

Then Esther, with all deference and honor, was conducted to the cathedral, where she was baptised by don Bernardo I, the bishop of Segovia, who gave her the name of Maria, to which the people afterwards added, as a distinguishing feature, " La del Salto, " She of the Leap. This soon became abbreviated into " Marisaltos, " by which name the Christian Jewess is always spoken of by the Segovians with affectionate reverence.

She never returned to the husband who was so easily led to believe that she was culpable, and to whom her innocence had to be proved by a miracle, but passed her life in the cathedral, where she devoted her time to the care of the altars and images, and in the performance of acts of piety and kindness to her fellow creatures. She was greatly loved by everyone, and to this day her memory is fresh in the hearts of the Segovians, who are as fond and as proud of Marisaltos as they were

six hundred years ago, for she is still with them, having been buried in the church to which she had devoted the remaining years of her life.

The old cathedral, which was built in 1088, and had passed through many vicissitudes during the various wars between Moors and Christians, fell into a condition of dilapidation and decay beyond repair, and Fernando the Catholic, in 1510, decreed the erection of a new edifice, but on account of the troublous times this was delayed until, in the reign of Charles V, the first stone was laid by the then bishop of Segovia, don Diego de Ribera, on the 25th of May, 1525. Thirty three years later, on the 15th of August 1558, the present cathedral was opened to public worship, and on the 25th of the same month, the remains of the prelates and persons of distinction were removed from the old building, and borne in solemn funeral procession to the new cathedral.

The body of Marisaltos was interred in the wall of the principal cloister, which had been removed stone by stone from the old cathe-

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dral and replaced in its entirety in the new one, and on the tomb is a bas-relief of the miracle with this inscription below ;

HERE IS INTERRED THE BODY OF  
THE DEVOUT MARI-SALTOS,  
BY WHOM GOD WORKED THIS  
MIRACLE AT THE FUENCISLA.  
SHE PASSED HER LIFE IN THE  
OTHER CHURCH. SHE ENDED  
HER DAYS AS A CATHOLIC  
CHRISTIAN IN THE YEAR 1237.  
HER BODY WAS BROUGHT HERE  
IN THIS YEAR 1258.

In view of the miracle wrought in behalf of Marisaltos, it was decided to return the image of Our Lady of La Fuencisla to its former home on the hillside from which it had been taken at the time of the Arab invasion, and the inhabitants of Segovia, impelled to great efforts by what they had witnessed, worked day and night until they had erected a small chapel, as near as could be ascertained to the spot which Saint Geroteo had chosen for its first dwelling.

The enthusiasm was such that persons of

all classes, nobles and peasants, worked together, all inspired with the same religious fervor, and without regard to rank or condition, bringing the materials up the steep incline in small handcarts, or on donkeys, and helping, according to their strength and ability, in the construction of the chapel, which was finished in a short time, when the image was borne in procession by the Archbishop don Bernardo and the clergy, followed by all the Christian inhabitants of Segovia, from the cathedral to the new chapel.

Although this chapel proved to be much too small for the numbers of visitors that came from all parts as the story of Marisaltos became known throughout the peninsula, it was not until the 12th of September 1598 that the first stone was laid for a more commodious building. Fifteen years later, on the 12th of September, 1613, the image was removed with all solemnity, and after having been first taken to the cathedral, was borne to the new chapel, followed by a brilliant procession, in which walked the king, Philip III, with his children and all the court.

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Segovia to-day, except for an occasional brief visit of the court, is a dull provincial town, and Our Lady of La Fuencisla, in her solitary home on the hill, is seldom visited by the great ones of the earth, but the peasants of the surrounding villages, and the residents of the city of Segovia, pay her faithful homage, and her shrine is by no means deserted, although she is practically unknown to the tourist, who is rarely interested in Marisaltos, and who comes here simply to take a passing look at the ancient buildings, eloquent historians of glories of the past, and to stand in admiration before the great aqueduct, which, built as is supposed by Trajan, gives to this almost forgotten place, a distinction that no other city of Spain possesses, for it still performs the work for which it was constructed, and brings water from the Sierra de la Fuenfria to the city of Segovia, as it did in the old Roman days. When the Moors first entered Spain, in 714, it had been standing for twelve centuries, and when Almenon, the Moorish king of Toledo, besieged Segovia in the year 1072, he destroyed a large number of the

arches, the stones of which were used by Alfonso VI in the erection of the walls with which he fortified the city ; the mutilated arches, however, were restored by Fray Juan de Escobedo, a friar of the convent of El Parral, in 1483, under the Catholic sovereigns. The aqueduct is commonly called by the people El Puente del Diablo, and, according to the story, was the work of Satan.

It seems that a young girl of Segovia, whose daily task it was to fetch water from the valley, attracted the attention of Satan by her unusual beauty, and, assuming the outward semblance of a gay cavalier, he accompanied her every morning to the spring, but did not succeed in making any impression on her heart. In order to gain her favor, he promised to give her anything that she might desire if she would marry him, and she, in the hope of putting an end to his importunities, bade him build a bridge in one night to bring water to the city, so that she would find it there at daybreak, and thus be spared the long tiresome journey to the spring. When she sallied forth the following morning, her admirer was wait-

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ing for her, and showed her the Devil's Bridge, stretching far away across the country, with the fresh pure water from the mountain springs pouring into Segovia. The frightened maid fled in terror, for she knew then that her suitor could be none other than the Evil One himself, and she was in despair lest she should have to keep her word. However, a young swain of the village, who had long been secretly in love with her, made an examination of the bridge, and found that it was not quite finished at the far end, so she was declared free of her promise, and Satan was baffled, for she married the young man who had helped her out of her difficulty, and was happy for ever after.

The historic church of Vera Cruz, modelled after the Basilica of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem as it was at the time of the Crusades, and one of the most beautiful examples in existence of the romanesque-byzantine style of the early thirteenth century, is closely associated with the story of Marisaltos, on account of the action taken by don Lope de Hinestrosa to save the Jewess from the un-

just sentence of her judges, and inspiring her with Christian sentiments, and a detailed account of the miracle is preserved in the archives. This little round church stands in its perfect beauty amid the desolate surroundings, strong, simple, and indestructible, a monument of the glories of the Knights Templars, teeming with memories of the past, still guarding within its solid walls the relic of the True Cross, from which it takes its name, enclosed in its splendid cross of gold. This relic was given to the church by Pope Honorius II in May 1224, and it was the custom of the knights to take their oaths kneeling before it. Carved on the stone wall is an inscription that all who enter must read with interest, and meditate upon, for it is a perpetual prayer for the knights who worshipped in this temple centuries ago, and for all who may worship here in the centuries to come :

MAY THE FOUNDERS OF THIS TEMPLE  
BE RECEIVED INTO THE CELESTIAL MANSION :  
AND GOD GRANT THAT THOSE WHO COME HERE TO PRAY  
MAY ACCOMPANY THEM.



# OUR LADY OF THE ASSUMPTION AT ELCHE

The beautiful little town of Elche, the "Paradise of the Moor," with its long avenues of date-laden palm trees, sparkling fountains and its flowery gardens, sleeps peacefully all the year round on the shores of the Mediterranean, unknown to the outside world, forgotten by its neighbors, and ignored by the tourist. Only once a year does it awaken, when, on the 11th of August, with ringing of bells and blare of trumpets, it announces that the Feast of the Assumption is about to be celebrated in its magnificent church with the same ceremonies and splendor with which it has been observed annually for the past five hundred years.

Elche, nestling in a secluded corner of the ancient kingdom of Valencia, between the cities of Alicante and Orihuela, an oasis of

luxuriant palms and rich vegetation, surrounded by miles of sandy desert, is one of the oldest cities of Spain, and boasted of an Episcopal See in the time of the Visigoths. The Romans called it Ilici, and left numerous traces of their stay there. The Mohamedan invaders were so enchanted with it that they spared neither money nor talent in beautifying it, and they succeeded so well that after more than a thousand years their handiwork endures in all its perfection.

It is this old Moorish garden that forms the setting of the Mystery play that has been performed here without interruption for over five hundred years, and to find the origin of which we must go back to the year 1370.

The story tells us that in the early morning of the 29th of December, 1370, when the country was plunged in the civil war between Don Pedro, the Cruel and his brother Enrique, which terminated in the death of the king by his brother's hand, a soldier named Francisco Canto, having been sent to reconnoitre the coast, found a large box lying on the beach, where it had evidently been thrown by the





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waves. Although it was heavy he succeeded in placing it across his horse. Day had not yet dawned and the little town was dark and silent, but a bright light was shining at the door of the hospital, and to this building the soldier took his burden, leaving it in the care of the porter. The next day it was examined by the authorities, who found on the lid the words "pera Elig," "for Elche" in the Valencian dialect, and on opening it a very beautiful image of the Virgin of the Assumption, carved in wood, was discovered; by her side was a roll of papers on which was written in the old Catalonian dialect, the libretto of the opera which is sung every year in the cathedral on the feast of the Assumption.

A chapel was quickly built to receive the statue, but the number of people who flocked to Elche for the celebration of the annual festival soon made it necessary to provide a more commodious building. It was moved from church to church until, on the 7th of December, 1636, it was taken in solemn procession to the cathedral in which it has remained ever since.

The reconstruction and enlargement of this edifice was begun in 1675, but its completion was retarded for many years, the work being interrupted by the War of Succession, and it was more than a hundred years later, in 1768, that the last workman threw down his chisel ; since that time it has been constantly improved and embellished, and today it is one of the finest churches in the Christian world. It can hold comfortably over fourteen thousand persons, and its noble architecture and marvelous interior decorations attract many artists and architects from all countries.

And now a few words about the curious ceremony that brings so many people to Elche during the month of August that they have to sleep by thousands on the roadside, under the palms, in the fields, anywhere in fact, where they can find a spot on which to rest their heads.

For weeks before the feast the entire town is in a state of feverish expectation and preparation. Accommodation must be provided for the friends and relatives who invariably appear at this time, as well as for the great

influx of strangers and tourists. The Ayuntamiento gives the sum of three thousand five hundred pesetas, and presents to all the notabilities, distinguished visitors, clergy, and participants in the play, small fans on which are printed picturesque and quaint corners of Elche, with the words " Ayuntamiento Constitucional de la Ciudad de Elche, " and the year ; these are preserved by the recipients as precious souvenirs, and are eagerly sought for.

From the 10th of August the vast cathedral is converted into a theatre, the altars are stripped, the sacred vessels disappear, and a modest stage, composed of a few planks surrounded by a railing, is erected in front of the choir. This is the Tablador, on which the different scenes of the Mystery are performed, and which the actors reach by means of a narrow plank called the Andador, which extends from the stage to the principal entrance of the church. An immense canvas, on which are painted, in somewhat primitive style, groups of angels, cherubim and seraphim, playing divers musical instruments, is stretch-

ed under the cupola immediately over the stage : this represents Heaven, to which the Virgin ascends at the end of the play.

A most curious collection of seats is brought into the church, stools, chairs, benches, boxes, logs, and even barrels being pressed into every available corner ; a tribune placed near the stage draped with red is reserved for the Ayuntamiento, and all is ready for the great solemnity.

On the evening of the 13th of August the peaceful old town presents a scene of unusual animation. Every one is in the street, natives and visitors, and thousands of small fireworks sparkle and hiss and shoot on all sides, but as midnight approaches the noises cease. No one, however, thinks of going to bed ; this is a night of vigil, and the multitudes that have been streaming into the city all day sit under the palms, and almost in silence watch the stars grow pale and the bright moon fade from the ever cloudless sky, until the first gray tints of dawn announce that the doors of the church are open, and that the hour for the ceremony is nigh.



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At about four o'clock the Ayuntamiento, heralded by the music of the Municipal band, makes an imposing entrance, followed by two mace bearers in scarlet robes. The church at this time is filled to the doors, over twenty thousand persons are crowded together, and as the edifice, large as it is, is incapable of affording comfortable quarters to such a throng, numbers of men and boys find an uncertain foothold on pillars, gallery railings, windows, cornices and other elevated places so dangerous that it makes one dizzy to look at them as they hang in their perilous positions.

The ceremony is long and most of these people have journeyed on foot from some distance, many of them have had no sleep for a night or two, and one sees them calmly nodding as they cling to an almost imperceptible support near the arched roof. The surprise is that they do not drop on to the heads of the people below, but the Illicitans relate with pride that not the slightest accident has ever disturbed the celebration of this great feast.

When all the dignitaries are in their seats the actors pass slowly along the Andador to the stage: Mary, represented by a boy of twelve with a delicate innocent face, heads the procession dressed in a long robe of pale blue silk, and followed by the two "other Marys" similarly dressed. Four angels follow, and from this little group the sweet soprano voice of the young actor rises, uncertain and wavering at first, but gaining strength and confidence as the chant proceeds. The music is monotonous and plaintive, the words a sort of dying lament with the prayer that she "may again see her dear Son."

This desire is granted. On reaching the Tablador Mary kneels beside the bed prepared for her, a loud burst of music peals from the organ, accompanied by the roll of drums, heaven opens, and a large blue globe, decorated with angels' heads slowly descends from the cupola. This is the Mangrana (pomegranate) whose appearance is always received with vociferous applause. The fruit opens, and as its quarters separate an angel is dis-



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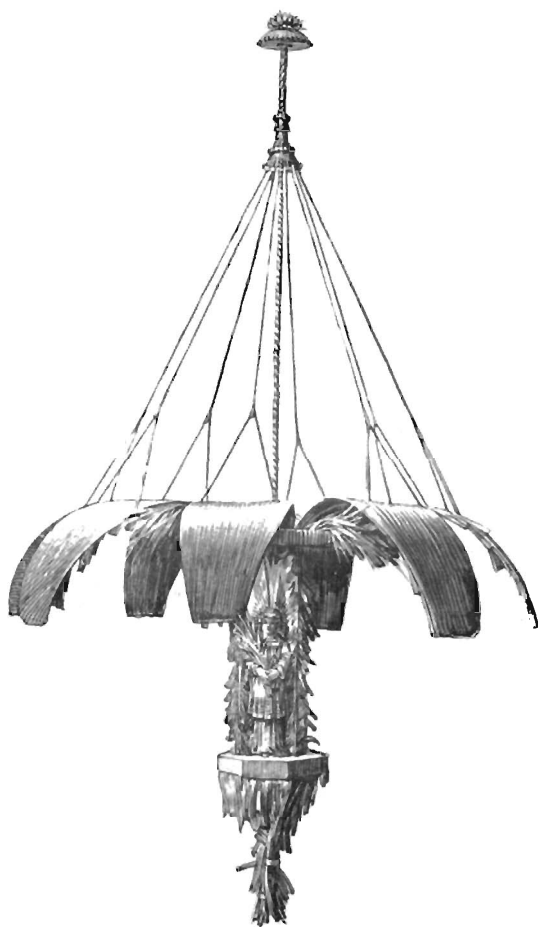
covered standing inside it, who announces, while slowly descending, that Mary is about to die, and when the Mangrana touches the ground he steps out and hands her a golden palm, which he tells her is from her Son, and must be borne before her when she is carried to the tomb. Mary expresses her gratitude, asking only that she may see the Apostles before she dies ; the angel grants the request and re-enters the Mangrana, which closes upon him and ascends to heaven, while the bells ring joyously, the organ peals loudly, and the delighted audience applauds with clapping of hands and other demonstrations of pleasure.

The standard bearer then goes out to bring the Apostles ; St. John is the first to arrive, and kneeling by the side of Mary's couch, he salutes her. She confides the palm to him and he then calls the other Apostles, who enter two and two, with St. Peter at their head. They sing a chorus which is a curious mixture of Liturgic Latin and old Catalonian verse, and surrounding the bed on which reclines the Mother of their Master, they weep and

pray. Here the music, full of pity and enthusiasm, becomes intensely religious and dramatic, and many of the spectators are moved to tears as Mary, stretching her arms towards heaven, falls back dead. The Apostles then close around her, and when they withdraw a few seconds later the boy actor has disappeared, and the famous statue is in his place.

Now the gates of heaven open again and a new apparition, more imposing than the first, glides down from the cupola ; this is the Aracœli, the celestial altar. On a pedestal of gold stands an angel clothed in white, with a crown on his head ; two cherubs and two angels kneel beside him playing the guitar and the harp, while their voices blend harmoniously in the couplets which they sing as they descend through the air.

The Aracœli has come to fetch the soul of Mary, represented by a very small statue, richly dressed and superbly crowned. The angel takes her in his arms and bears her to heaven, holding her aloft facing the people, while the bells ring out again, and a loud



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burst of melody from the organ accompanied by the roar of artillery, announces that the ceremonies of the first day are over.

The rest of the day is given up to silent devotion : crowds flock in and out of the church, which is not deserted for an instant throughout the whole day and night, and at eight o'clock on the morning of the 15th the general procession is formed. The statue, reposing on a couch covered with rich draperies, is carried through the town, preceded by St. John bearing the golden palm, and followed by an immense concourse. On returning to the church it is again placed on the bed on the Tablador ; prayers are chanted, Vespers are sung, and then follows the solemn act of burial according to the ancient rite, which is strictly observed at Elche. When the statue has been placed in the sepulchre the Aracœli again descends, while, to the accompaniment of their instruments, the angel and his attendants sing : “ Rise, excellent Queen, come and be crowned in your eternal dwelling ; there you will have no sorrow, you will pray for sinners, and will reign

for ever, contemplating God the Almighty. ”

As the Araceli enters the tomb St. Thomas arrives, out of breath and with the evidences of long travel in his appearance. The patron of late-comers is in great grief at his tardiness, but like all those who are never on time, he has a good excuse, and sings in a deep bass voice : “ Oh great misfortune, I am sad and inconsolable at being absent from this holy interment, I pray you, O Virgin most excellent, to accept my excuses : I was detained by the Indians. ”

The Araceli now reappears from the tomb and the statue of the Virgin is in the angel's place ; with arms outstretched towards the kneeling crowd she slowly mounts, while the angel musicians play softly on their harps and guitars. As she nears the cupola a gold crown is let down gently by a cord and rests upon her head ; the bells, the organ, the military band and the voices of the singers blend in one mighty chorus of joy, and as the Gloria Patri rings out the statue disappears from sight. The crowds file out of the cathedral, and in two or three days Elche has



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again assumed that aspect of peaceful calm for which it is noted.

Efforts have been made from time to time by the prelates of the diocese of Orihuela, to which the town of Elche is subject, to omit the performance of this memory of a bygone age from the celebrations of the feast of the Assumption, and to hold in its place a purely religious function, stripped of all theatrical effect, but the people have opposed these innovations so strenuously that it has been impossible to make even the smallest change in the presentation of the drama. It is held in such esteem by the inhabitants of the surrounding districts that many women of Alicante, Valencia and Murcia, when they are about to marry, insist upon having a written agreement from their future husbands to the effect that they will take them, at least once in every two or three years, to assist at this ceremony.

And so the old Christian Mystery play of the Middle Ages is as inseparable from the Paradise of the Moor as are the palm trees, and the gardens, and the fountains which

were the joy of the followers of the Prophet, and which they left with such regret, and spoke of ever after with such fondness, that it is said their descendants even now never fail to pray that Allah may some day lead them back to the beautiful land of their forefathers.

The Illicitans are proud, and justly so, of their Moorish city ; they are proud of the natural beauty with which heaven has so liberally endowed her, and of the works by which she has been further beautified by Roman, Moor and Spaniard ; they are proud of the fact that they have the finest irrigation system in the world, established by the Moors in the year 913, and preserved and improved by the Illicitans ever since ; they are proud that Elche was the first city in the province of Alicante to place electric lights in her streets, and that she maintains a handsome theatre, where plays of the highest class are performed, and dispenses with a bull ring and bull fights.

Above all they are proud of their magnificent cathedral and of the old drama enacted every year within its walls, and which, as an

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historical monument of literature and a fine sample of old Catalonian verse, is worthy the attention of men of letters and lovers of literary antiquities of all nations.

## OUR LADY OF CHARITY IN ILLESCAS

In the province of Toledo, about half way between Madrid and the ancient capital, is the old town of Illescas, which, in spite of the neglect and abandonment of over three hundred years, still retains many traces of its former grandeur : among these is a church, erected in 1562, in which is venerated the celebrated image of Our Lady of Charity, which, according to the legend, was made by St. Luke the Evangelist, and was brought to Toledo by St. Peter, or some of his disciples, and left in the care of a holy man named Julian, who was afterwards bishop of that see, and died a martyr for the faith.

When St. Ildefonso, as a young man, was a friar in the monastery of Sts. Cosmos and Damian, on the outskirts of Toledo, about the year 630, this image was venerated there, and was later removed by him to a convent which







he had erected in Illescas on lands inherited from his father, and where he spent a great deal of his time. When the Arabs, in 714, became masters of Toledo, this convent was one of the few places of worship conceded to the Christians, and during the three hundred and sixty years that Toledo and Illescas were governed by Moorish sovereigns, the image of the Virgin of Charity was a special object of devotion in this church.

In the year 1500, Cardinal Francisco Jimenez de Cisneros, Archbishop of Toledo, founded in Illescas a convent of Franciscan nuns, and ordered the ancient image to be sent there, as the edifice built by St. Ildefonso was in a state of ruin, and was no longer fit for habitation. It remained here until 1592, when it was removed to the church in which it is now kept, and which was erected for its reception. In the construction of this church the stones were used from an old Moorish fortress that had seemed indestructible for centuries, but which was blown down one night by a terrific wind storm. The new edifice was built by Domenico Theotocopuli, el

Greco, the one great artist who is lastingly associated with Toledo, where he lived his life, and left indelible marks of his genius in almost every church, every convent, and every noble house of the old citadel. All the notable paintings in the town are the product of his brush, and there are few, even among the many lesser works here, that are not masterpieces. In the church of Our Lady of Charity at Illescas, which he built, are pictures, retablos and statues by el Greco, who was, we are told, a student, a philosopher, an architect, a sculptor, a wood-carver and a painter. Of his studies and his philosophy we have no evidences, but Toledo, the city of his choice, possesses many rare examples of his architecture, his sculpture, his wood-carving and his painting.

We know almost nothing of his life, or where he was born. He sleeps in the church of Santo Domingo el Antigua, built by him for the nuns of St. Dominic, and the same obscurity that envelops the personal life of the artist follows him in death, for the stone that covers his remains bears no carved in-

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scription to tell who rests beneath, and that he is buried here is known only from the record of his death and burial in the church of Santo Tome, which says, “ En siete de Abril del 1614 faleció Domenico Greco. No hizo testamento, recibió los sacramentos, enteróse en Santo Domingo el Antigua. Dió velas. ” “ On the seventh of April 1614 there died Domenico Greco. He made no will, he received the sacraments ; he was buried in Santo Domingo el Antigua. He gave tapers.”

He gave tapers to burn at his coffin, and that is all that is recorded of him. For the rest, we have his works. He sleeps in his nameless grave in some forgotten corner of the beautiful church which he himself built and adorned, and which is a fitting urn for the ashes of the “ Miracle Greek. ”

## OUR LADY OF THE SAGRARIO IN TOLEDO

Our Lady of the Sagrario, in the cathedral of Toledo, is another venerable image that is associated with the name of Saint Ildefonso, and the legend of the miraculous apparition of the Virgin to him is told over and over on wood, and stone, and bronze and canvas in many parts of the grandiose edifice. The Archbishop had been most zealous in defending the dogma of the perpetual virginity of the Holy Mother, and had just finished a notable treatise on the subject, which refuted the heretical doctrines of Elvidio and his followers, who were completely crushed by his admirable work, and in thanksgiving for this triumph, on the 9th of December 667, the whole court, headed by the King, Recesvinto, and the

Archbishop, proceeded to the church of Saint Leocadia to give thanks. While they were kneeling at the Saint's tomb, a group of angels suddenly appeared, enveloped in clouds of sweet smelling incense, and as the clouds parted the young martyr was revealed : she smiled graciously upon the Archbishop, and said, " Ildefonse, per te vivit domina mea ! " As she was about to disappear, the King unsheathed his dagger, and cut off a portion of her veil ; this fragment, together with the dagger, has been guarded to this day among the treasures of the cathedral.

Nine days after this event, in the night of the eve of the Annunciation, which, shortly before, the bishops had ordered to be celebrated in the month of December, as the Archbishop, accompanied by his clergy, entered the cathedral to recite matins, they saw a great and marvellous splendence that illumined the church with a brilliant radiancy : those who were with the Saint, overcome by a mighty fear, fled, but Ildefonso advanced alone, and knelt on

the steps of the high altar : there he saw, seated in the chair from which it was his custom to instruct the people, the Mother of God, surrounded with a heavenly light, who spoke to him in this manner.

“ Hasten and approach, most dear servant of God, receive this small gift from my hand, which I bring thee from the treasure of my Son. ” This said, while the celestial choir chanted sweet music, with her sacred hands she placed on his shoulders a chasuble wrought by angels, which she commanded him to wear when celebrating the festivals of her Son and her own. She then arose, and approaching an image of herself which stood on the altar, she embraced it tenderly, and disappeared.

This image is the one that is now known as Our Lady of the Sagrario : it had been an object of devotion to the people of Toledo from the early times of Christianity, but of its origin nothing was known.

After the fall of the empire of the Goths, when the Saracens took possession of Toledo, the image was hidden under the



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stones of the cathedral, which became the Mezquita Mayor of the conquerors, where it remained during the three hundred and seventy nine years of Moslem rule, and for some years after the re-conquest, until it was discovered and restored to the veneration of the Toledanos.

When Alfonso VI re-conquered Toledo and made his triumphal entry into the city on the 25th of May 1085, one of the terms of the capitulation was that the Mosque should be retained by the Arabs, and that the rites of the Mohamedan religion should continue to be celebrated here undisturbed. The Moorish king, Hiaya, departed for Valencia, and many of his people went with him, but by far the greater number of the Moors of Toledo preferred to remain, and as the Christian inhabitants were few in comparison, don Alfonso was anxious to secure the good will of his new subjects, and keep at peace with them.

About a year after the re-conquest, don Bernardo of Cluny, the Abbot of Sahagun, was elected Archbishop of Toledo, and his

see was established in the Mozárabe church of Santa Maria de Alficen. The Christian population had by this time increased to some extent, although it was still far less than the Moorish. Feeling, however, that everything was now secure, don Alfonso went to Leon, and during his absence his queen, doña Constanza, and the Archbishop don Bernardo, deeming it an affront that the Christians, who were now the masters of the city, should be obliged to worship in an inferior church, while the Moors had the finest in the kingdom, which had been built by Christians, and consecrated to their rites until the advent of the Arabs, determined to disregard the King's agreement with the Moors, and take possession of the old Gothic Cathedral by stealth.

In the night of the 25th of October, 1087, the Archbishop, with a company of armed men, led to the cathedral a band of laborers and carpenters, who broke open the doors and swept out of the temple everything that pertained to the Mohamedan rite, raising altars for the celebration of mass,

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and placing in the tower a bell, with which, at daybreak, they called the Christians to worship. Great was the surprise of the Arabs when, the following morning, they found that their mosque had been wrested from them, and they were so indignant at this violation of the pact between them and don Alfonso, that a general attack on the Christians was imminent, and the absent king had nearly lost again his newly acquired kingdom.

News of this act of perfidy was sent to Alfonso at Leon, and he immediately made a hasty departure for Toledo, sending word ahead of him that both the Queen and the Archbishop should be put to death for thus breaking his word of honor, in order that the Moors should receive satisfaction for the outrage, and that others should be given a warning for the future.

This assurance filled every one with consternation, and the Christian nobles, with the clergy, all clad in mourning, went forth to endeavor to pacify the irate monarch, and on coming into his presence they fell on

their knees, and with tears streaming from their eyes, besought his pardon for the delinquents. Their supplications, however, had no effect, and when the Moors heard of this their Alfaqui, Abu-Walid, went himself, with other Moorish chiefs and persons of distinction, to the near-by village of Magan, and there awaited the coming of the King. As soon as he arrived they knelt before him, and the Alfaqui, speaking for his people, said that they willingly forgave the Queen and the Archbishop, and would gladly forego all rights to the Mosque, adding that their death for such a cause would only arouse others to vengeance, and if the King persisted in refusing his clemency, the Moorish people would leave the city and seek other lands, where they might live without peril.

The King, touched by this generous appeal of the injured Moors, granted their wish, and promised them that the memory of their good will should always be kept. He then entered the city, and the day that had begun with grief and disgrace, ended

amid gay rejoicings, and it was ordered that, in memory of the generosity of the good Alfaqui, a special festival should be celebrated every year for all time on the 24th of January, in honor of Our Lady of Peace, a custom which is still faithfully observed in Toledo.

The Chapter of the cathedral, to show its gratitude for the intervention of the noble-minded Alfaqui, placed his effigy, carved in wood, in the Capilla Mayor, on the Epistle side of the altar, where it still stands, so that the people of Toledo may never forget "the good Alfaqui", "and presenting," as the Spanish chronicler naively remarks "the unique spectacle of the statue of a misbeliever in a Christian temple, honored and venerated by all who come here to pray, in company with those of saints, kings, and prelates."

Shortly after these events, the ancient statue of the Virgin, which, it was said, she had embraced on the occasion of her visit to Saint Ildefonso, was discovered in the tomb underneath the cathedral, where

it had been hidden at the time of the Arab invasion, and with solemn ceremonies was restored to the place it had formerly occupied on the high altar. In the thirteenth century, Fernando III decided to destroy the old Mosque, and rebuild a truly Christian temple that had never been profaned by Moslem rites, and on the 14th of August, 1227, the first stone was laid of the present cathedral. This stupendous edifice took two hundred and sixty years to finish : it contains more wonders of art than any other church in the world, and even the most meagre description of the sculptures, wood-carving, iron and bronze work, sumptuous tombs, marvellous choir stalls, exquisite stained glass windows, silver and gold vessels, reliquaries, jasper columns, marble altars, bronze pulpits, gilt railings, massive doors, and the countless treasures contained within its walls, would fill volumes.

The new cathedral was formally opened in the year 1492, the side chapels being added later. In 1504 the Mozárabe chapel was built by order of Cardinal Jimenez,

and at his expense. It is devoted to the quaint Gothic ritual which was used in Spain until the introduction of the Roman breviary by Bernard of Cluny in 1087, and which was continued in some churches long after this, especially in those parts of the country governed by the Moors, but it would undoubtedly have fallen by degrees into complete disuse, and probably have been lost altogether, had not Cardinal Jimenez taken the precaution to build a chapel in the cathedral of Toledo, and endow it for the celebration of mass and the offices of the Church, according to this rite. Every morning at nine o'clock the mass and office are chanted in the Mozárabe chapel, in order that, as Padre Mariana says "a custom so famous, and a service of such ancient usage, should not be forgotten."

There have been various definitions of the word "Mozárabe," but that most commonly accepted in Spain is that it is a corruption of the Arabian word, "moçtareb," "Arabized", and it is the name by which those Christians were known who, while

dwelling in the dominions of the Moors, and conforming to their customs, remained faithful to their religion. On the other hand the "Mudéjares" were the Moorish inhabitants of Christian kingdoms, who observed the faith of Mohamed. Besides these there were the "Maulas," or Christian captives who, in order to gain their freedom, embraced Islamism, and continued to live voluntarily in the land of their captors; the "Mulades," the children of a Christian and a Moorish parent, who were obliged, by the Moslem law, to profess the Mohamedan religion, and the "Marranos," or renegados, Christians who, from motives of interest, or ambition, or alliance, became followers of the Prophet.

The Mozàrabes came into existence with the invasion, for, as the Arabs were lenient to those who surrendered, most of the Christians in the conquered territory remained in their homes, conforming to the rule of the Moors, which forbade them any outward semblance of religious worship, the ringing of bells to prayer, the erection of



new churches, and opposition to those members of their families who might wish to adopt the religion of Mohamed. Those who observed these rules enjoyed full liberty, and neither they nor their priests were interfered with in the performance of their religious duties.

The sacred relics of the Gothic Christians of Toledo, which had been jealously guarded for so long by the Chapter, were placed in a depository built for this purpose in the new cathedral, and called the Sagrario. Here also was placed the ancient statue of the Holy Mother, which the people now began to call the Virgin of the Sagrario. In the year 1616 the present chapel of the Sagrario was finished, through the efforts of Cardinal Sandoval y Rojas, who devoted all the rents of his benefice to this object, and the image was borne to the magnificent altar where it is now seen. It is of a very dark colored wood, and is covered, with the exception of the face and hands, with a plating of silver, dotted here and there with jewels. This, however, is

hidden by the rich mantles with which the Virgin is usually vested, according to the festivals, the most famous of these being the one given by Cardinal Sandoval, which is considered to be the most remarkable specimen of embroidery extant. It is made of cloth of silver, which, however, is not visible, for it is completely covered with gold and precious stones ; there are eighty-five thousand pearls set in the embroidered design of flowers and pomegranates, and many jewels of various kinds are placed around the border, including several rows of large pearls, besides an immense number of diamonds, rubies, emeralds, amethysts, and every variety of gem. In the centre is an ornament of amethysts and diamonds, and on the lower part are the arms of Cardinal Sandoval, enamelled on gold, and studded with sapphires and rubies. The mantle of the Divine Child is of the same material and design as that of the Holy Mother, and is of equal magnificence.

There are other treasures in the Sagrario, the gifts of royal persons, princes of the

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Church, prelates and nobles, each one of which is a priceless marvel in itself ; here are rare examples of early Gothic brocades, with gold and silver embroideries, such as cannot be found elsewhere in the world ; altar pieces, banners, vestments, and wonderfully wrought robes, besides jewelled crowns, exquisite laces, silver and gold ornaments, splendid reliquaries, statues of silver and ivory, precious volumes bound in gold, enamelled and jewelled, and magnificent specimens of all the arts and crafts known to mortal man.

Kneeling in the chapel of the Sagrario after the last notes of the Salve have died away, when the vast cathedral is peaceful and quiet, when the curious sight-seers, talking in unsubdued voices, laughing, exclaiming, grumbling, reading their guide-books aloud, have all departed, and only a few devout worshippers have lingered to say a last Ave before the closing of the doors ; when, from the beautiful windows the soft glow of sunset falls in many hues on the pillars, and the shadows have dark-

ened below, when the star-like lamps dimly outline the majestic altars standing back in the gloom, and glimmer on the effigies of sceptred kings, armoured knights, and mitred bishops sleeping their everlasting sleep on their sculptured tombs ; when the air is heavy with the fragrance from swinging censers, and the chanting of the departing choristers grows fainter and fainter in the distance... the spirit forgets the outer world, and lives again in the visionary past ; then, through the haze of the incense a WOMAN appears, and, approaching the altar, lays a caressing hand on the venerable Image, and lovingly kisses its darkened cheek.

## OUR LADY OF THE UNPROTECTED IN VALENCIA

On the 24th of February 1409, a friar was hastening through the streets of Valencia towards the cathedral, where a vast throng had gathered to hear him preach. His head was bent, and looking neither to the right nor to the left, he walked on rapidly, with the air of a man deep in thought. As he neared his destination he noticed a crowd of boys teasing a half demented lad, who, on catching sight of the friar, ran to him for protection. He was covered with mud, and blood was streaming from his face, for his thoughtless tormentors had spared neither sticks nor stones in amusing themselves at the expense of the idiot, whose grimaces and gesticulations as he tried to escape from

their clutches, added to their gaiety and increased their desire to make sport of him. The friar was touched with pity at sight of the frightened boy, and throwing his cloak around him, he soothed his fears with gentle words and led him to a place of safety

When he ascended the pulpit the eloquent sermon which he had prepared seemed to have slipped his memory, while the ragged figure of the poor neglected imbecile rose before him, distracting his thoughts and confusing his speech, so that he could not frame a rational sentence. He was conscious that the congregation looked wonderingly at him, for he was famed as a preacher, and such hesitation was unusual ; suddenly stopping, he covered his eyes with his hands, and knelt for some seconds in silent prayer ; then rising, he spoke of charity, not the charity that simply drops a coin into an outstretched hand, or contributes lavishly to the building of churches, but that charity which gives time, and labor, and self denial in behalf of helpless

beings who are unable to look after themselves, and who have no one on earth to protect and assist them: he then called upon those present to show compassion to the unfortunate, and especially to the half-witted, to helpless children, and to those whom age and infirmity rendered unfit to help themselves. His earnest words had such an effect upon his hearers that, at the close of the service, one Lorenzo Salom, according to some a converted Jew, gathered nine of his friends from the congregation, and all ten, proceeding to the sacristy, made a vow, in the presence of the friar, who was the Blessed Juan Gilaberto Jofré, to devote their time to the assistance of the aged poor, the sick, the demented, the infirm, and the orphan, and to found a home wherein they could shelter such poor pilgrims and travellers as might be passing through the city without friends and without money. This modest band of ten kindly souls developed into one of the most famous benevolent societies that the world has known, "La Cofradia de los Desamparados,"

the Confraternity of the Unprotected.

In a short time the zeal of the first ten associates inspired others to join in the good work, and in the year 1413 a brotherhood was formed under the patronage of Our Lady of the Innocents, of which the Blessed Juan Jofré was the spiritual director: as the members increased in numbers, so did the works of charity grow until, besides caring for orphans, the aged, and the demented, they visited the sick, took charge of the bodies of those who had no one to bury them, attended criminals condemned to death, and after the execution, removed their bodies from the gibbet, and buried them in their own cemetery.

The members of the brotherhood, having placed their institution under the protection of Mary, were anxious to have a statue of their Patroness in the chapel of the hospice, but were unable to find one that satisfied their ideals, when their desire was realized, according to tradition, in an entirely unexpected and miraculous manner.



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One evening, in the year 1414, three young men, clad in pilgrim garb, came to the house which was set apart for this purpose by the fraternity. The brother in charge, who lived here with his wife, a blind cripple, greeted the travellers with the affability and courtesy with which he habitually received those who came daily to seek rest and shelter beneath the hospitable roof. The strangers, after partaking of the simple refreshment placed before them, told the brother that they were sculptors and carvers in wood, and offered to make, in three days, an image of Mary that would be acceptable to the brotherhood, provided they were given a room in which they could work alone and undisturbed during that time.

The offer was accepted, and the three mysterious artists were conducted to a small pavilion, called the hermitage, in one of the gardens of the hospice, and having been supplied with the necessary materials, and sufficient food for three days, were left alone.

On the fourth day, as the pilgrims did not appear, and the door was locked on the

inside of the hermitage, the brother knocked, and called loudly for admittance ; there was no answer, and while he was still knocking he saw his wife, who had been hopelessly crippled and blind for years, running towards him crying out that she could see. By this time several persons had gathered, and, forcing open the door, they found in the centre of the room, a beautiful statue of the Holy Mother, with the Child in her arms, but of the three pilgrims there was no trace, nor were they ever seen again, and this, together with the fact that the wife of the brother in charge had recovered her sight and the use of her limbs, gave credence to the rumor that three angels had been entertained unawares.

The room in which the three pilgrims had performed their task was converted into a chapel, and the image thus mysteriously presented to the confraternity was known henceforth as *Our Lady of the Unprotected*, this name being considered the most appropriate to the works of the society, whose principal aim was to help those who had no other source of protection or assistance. The hermitage,





however, was much too small to accommodate the ever increasing crowds who desired to perform their devotions at the shrine of the Patroness of the Unprotected, and in 1489 the image was placed in one of the chapels of the cathedral, where it remained until the year 1667, when it was removed to the beautiful church which was built for its reception in the Plaza Mayor.

The confraternity by that time had grown rich and powerful, for men of all classes of society had joined its ranks, from the robust artisan and the sturdy peasant, to the opulent merchant and the noble scion of a ducal house ; inspired by charity and religion, it appealed to all hearts ; he who could not leave the world and retire to a monastic retreat, found vent for his piety, occupation for his time, and work for his hands at any hour of the day or night : he who was not called upon to fight for his country, could perform acts of heroism in his own city, visiting those who were stricken with infectious or loathsome diseases, burying the dead, or sacrificing his repose and comfort to go on errands of

mercy ; and he who had neither the health nor the strength for these arduous duties, could contribute with his means to the needs of his poorer brethren.

On the 18th of March, 1667, Our Lady of the Unprotected was proclaimed the Patroness of the city and kingdom of Valencia, and her image was borne in triumph from its chapel in the cathedral to the sumptuous church in the Plaza Mayor which bears her name, and which is the most popular place of worship in the whole of Valencia.

The image rests upon a throne of silver clouds, supported by angels, in a niche above a rich altar of Genoese marble, the table of which is supported by figures of the four Evangelists ; an angel stands in an attitude of worship on either side of the Virgin, whose head is slightly bent, and whose left hand supports the Child, while the right holds a branch of lillies, around which many legends have been woven. It used to be the custom in Valencia, before executing a criminal condemned to death, to take him publicly to the shrine of Our Lady of the Unprotected, and

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it is said that on various occasions, when the condemned man was innocent of the crime for which he was about to forfeit his life, on making this last appeal for her protection in his hour of need, she inclined the lily towards him, at which proof of his innocence he was immediately given his liberty. This custom has been kept up to the present day, but as it has sometimes been made a pretext, in later times, for unseemly demonstrations on the part of the mobs, the criminal is now conveyed to the church privately, in a closed carriage, and only at his own request.

The hospital of the Society, which was built in 1494, contains spacious wards and accommodations for the treatment of every kind of malady, and over six thousand patients are received in it annually ; it possesses clinics, laboratories, pharmacies, operating rooms in which the most modern appliances are found, an asylum for the insane, a home for foundlings, and another for incurables. The statue of the founder, Fray Gilaberto Jofré, stands in the patio in front of the principal entrance.

The Cofradia de los Desamparados is a republic that has endured without change without dissension, and without break, for five centuries, and while the necessity for individual tasks, thanks to what it accomplishes in its fine hospital, is not what it was in 1409, and for many years afterwards, there is still ample work for its members, who assemble at the processions, exercises, and reunions of the Society, just as in the old days, who hold meetings to devise way and means of helping those who are in need, or sick, or bereaved, on which occasions the nobleman leaves his title at the door, the grandee rubs shoulders with the laboring man, and each addresses the other as "Brother."

At a short distance from the city of Valencia is the old monastery of el Puig, which stands on the site of an ancient hermitage in which, up to the time of the Conquest, an image of the Holy Mother, carved in stone, had been venerated. The tradition relates that this image was made by angels out of the stone of the sepulchre of the Blessed Virgin. Shortly after the invasion the monks aban-



doned their monastery and dispersed, but before leaving, they made a deep hole in a nearby hill, and there buried the stone image ; in order to preserve it from injury by contact with the earth, they placed over it a large bell, which completely covered it, and around which were engraved scenes depicting the origin of the statue ; angels with chisels, hammers, and other tools working on the stone, and others bearing the finished image through the air to its final destination. An inscription in Gothic letters read, " Holy Mary, pray for us ; may thy image be our defence, the which was by angels made in the stone of thy sepulchre, and by these same brought here, as was shown by the coming of the Apostles. Thy servants reverence thee. Banish thou the lightning and the thunder at the sound of the bell which we made in the Era 660. "

When don Jaime I, el Conquistador, laid siege to Valencia, his soldiers, while making excavations in el Puig, came across the immense bell, and when, on raising it out of the earth, the image of

the Blessed Mother was discovered, perfectly preserved, the rejoicings were great in the Christian army. After the Moors had capitulated, and peace was secured, a monastery was built on the site on which the image had been found, and was given to St Pedro Nolasco for his brotherhood of the Order of Mercy. This was replaced in the year 1300 by a finer building, which continued to be the home of the celebrated Order, whose chief mission was to redeem Christian captives from the Moors, to care for them, assist them, and send them to their families or friends ; the Order has departed from el Puig, and the government has established in the monastery two schools, one for boys and one for girls ; the church on the hill still guards the old stone image, which is concealed in a niche of the altar, covered by a canvas on which is painted a copy of the Virgin, and which is drawn aside only on certain festivals.

Valencia had an Episcopal see as early as the third century, although there is no

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mention of her bishops before the year 531, from which time they were elected without interruption until the city was taken by the Moslems. When the Cid became Lord of Valencia in 1093, the Chronicler tells us that "He turned the Mosques into Churches, and rents were appointed for the table of the Bishop and for his canons, and for all the clergy of the city of Valencia. And nine parish Churches were made. And the greatest was called St. Pedro's, and another was called St. Mary of the Virtues. This was near the Alcazar, and there the Cid went oftenest to hear service. After this manner the Cid ordered his city that it should be a Bishopric, for the honor of the Catholic faith. God ! how joyful was all Christendom that there was a Lord Bishop in the land of Valencia !"

The Cid reigned gloriously and wisely for five years, and then, "this noble Baron yielded up his soul, which was pure and without spot, to God, on that Sunday which is called Quinquagesima, being the twenty and ninth of May, in

the year of Our Lord one thousand and ninety and nine, and in the seventy and third year of his life. And then all the honorable men, and all the clergy who were in Valencia, assembled and carried his body to the Church of St. Mary of the Virtues, which is near the Alcazar, and there they kept their vigil, and said prayer and performed masses, as was meet for so honorable a man. ”

Then the Cid was taken from the city on his good horse Bavieca with his sword Tizona in his hand, and the Moorish King Bucar, and the six and thirty Kings who were with him, and all their hosts, not knowing that the Cid was dead, fled before him in terror, and all the Christians followed their Lord. Then the Moors, seeing that they did not return, ventured into the city, and “ they went into the Alcazar, and looked through all the halls and chambers, and they found neither man nor living thing ; but they saw written upon a wall in Arabic characters by Gil Diaz, how the Cid Ruydiez was dead, and that they had carried him away

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in that manner to conquer King Bucar, and also to the end that none might oppose their going. And when the Moors saw this they rejoiced and were exceeding glad, and they opened the gates of the town, and sent to tell these tidings to those in the suburbs. And they came with their wives and children into the town, each to the house which had been his before the Cid won it. And from that day Valencia remained in the power of the Moors till it was won by King Don Jayme of Aragon, he who is called the Conqueror, which was an hundred and seventy years. But though King Don Jayme won it, is always called *Valencia del Cid*.

## OUR LADY OF THE FUENSANTA IN CORDOVA

In the suburbs of Cordova, just beyond the walls of the city, in a beautiful garden filled with flowers and orange trees, there is a small chapel dedicated to the Virgin of the Holy Fountain ; this is a popular shrine with those seeking relief from bodily ailments, either for themselves or for others, and the many emblems of gratitude left in remembrance of favors granted, give touching testimony to the faith and devotion of the pilgrims who come here to invoke the aid of the Lady of the Holy Fountain.

The legend relates that the image venerated in this chapel was discovered in 1442 by a poor weaver of cloth named Gonzalo Garcia, who, having to work early and late to support a sick wife and a daughter who was bereft of







her reason, finally, through over work and insufficient food, fell a victim to a sickness against which he struggled in vain.

Overwhelmed at last by his many troubles and his inability to provide for his family, and seeing no hope of cure for his sickness, he decided to put an end to his miserable existence, so one night, after his wife and daughter had retired, he secured a rope and prepared to hang himself ; before slipping the noose, however, he knelt down, and closing his eyes, prayed that God would forgive him for the crime of taking his own life, and show mercy to his soul in the next world. On rising he was astonished to see a beautiful Lady standing before him, and, overcome with fear, he prostrated himself at her feet, when she spoke to him gently and told him to desist from his evil intent, for it was not God's will that he should die at that time. Then she bade him go without delay beyond the walls of the city, where he would see a large and luxuriant fig tree, at whose foot there flowed a copious spring of clear and sparkling water, of which he was to drink

freely, and he should also take a vessel with him, and bring some of this water to his wife and daughter, and after they had drunk of it they would both become well, and would aid him in his work, so that they would never again be in such sore straits, but would enjoy good health, and would be able to earn a comfortable living, until it should please God to take them to Himself. She then added that, as soon as he was able, he was to take a spade, and dig deep into the earth at the root of the fig tree, where he would find an image, which would be received with great joy by the people of Cordova, who would guard it and venerate it in that place for all time, and would be favored with many blessings of health and happiness through their devotion.

The Lady disappeared, and Gonzalo Garcia remained for some time in a state of bewilderment, uncertain as to whether he had been dreaming, or whether he had really been visited by a celestial apparition. After some reflection he decided to go in search of the healing spring, and taking a jar with him, he crept from the house without saying a word

to his family, and made his way out of the city. There, just beyond the walls, in a delicious valley, he saw a fig tree, at whose foot a gurgling stream poured forth its crystal waters. He knelt on the sward and drank a deep draught, and no sooner had the cool refreshing water passed his lips than the fever left him. Hastily filling his jar, he returned in joyful mood to his home, and gave the water to his wife and daughter, who thereupon were cured of their maladies, and they all rejoiced together and praised God.

Then Gonzalo Garcia did as the Lady had commanded him, and dug deep at the root of the fig tree, and beneath it he found an image of the Blessed Mother, but there was nothing with it to show when or by whom it had been left there, and it is supposed that it was one of the many images that were thus concealed by the Christians in the early days of the coming of the Moslems.

The news of the miraculous power of the Holy Fountain soon spread through all Cordova and places surrounding, and peo-

ple came in great crowds to drink of its waters, many being cured of sickness and infirmities that had troubled them for years, and had baffled all the science of the doctors. A chapel was built in the valley without delay, in which the image found by Gonzalo was placed with all due devotion, and from that day to the present time it has been known as Our Lady of La Fuensanta, or the Holy Fountain.

The picturesque valley, with its gardens of roses and its groves of orange trees, is a favorite resort of the people of Cordova and near-by villages, who come here in large crowds on Sundays and holidays. The Holy Fountain, besides possessing properties for the healing of bodily diseases, is also famous for its miraculous powers in securing wedded happiness for lovers, and many young people come here to partake of the magic waters that will surely lead them to the altar.

In the city of the Caliphate, where the blending of the Oriental and the Occidental is encountered at every step, where

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Christian bells ring from the Muezzin tower of the Great Mosque, where Moorish lamps of wrought silver and gold burn before Christian altars, and the Christian ritual is chanted where the Moslem sang the praises of Allah and his Prophet, it is not surprising to find a shrine of the Holy Mother ensconced in the wall of the ancient Mezquita Mayor, before which fresh flowers are always blooming, and lamps burn night and day. Our Lady of the Lanterns is one of those open air shrines that are common throughout Spain, and which one is apt to come across in all sorts of unexpected places, on the lonely hill side, on the high road, in the village street, in the depths of the woods, and in the corners of crowded city thoroughfares.

Our Lady of the Lanterns is much beloved of the Cordobeses, whose first memories of childhood are associated with this wayside shrine, who are accustomed to bring offerings of flowers here, and to lisp the name of Mary as they kiss their hand from

their mother's arms : there are few men who do not doff their hats as they pass this cherished spot, and still fewer women who do not pause to say an Ave, no matter how hurried they may be.

On a stone tablet in front of the railing that encloses the altar, an inscription is engraved, which reads ;

IT THOU WOULDST THAT THY SORROW BE  
TURNED INTO JOY, SINNER, THOU WILT  
NOT PASS WITHOUT PRAISING MARY.

## OUR LADY OF HOPE IN SEVILLE

The beautiful image of Our Lady of Hope, in the church of San Gil, is not an object of ancient tradition and legendary lore, as are so many of the famous images of Spain, for it is the work of the great sculptor, Pedro Roldan, who was born in Seville in 1624, and died in his native city in 1700.

The church of San Gil, which was originally a Moorish mezquita, is situated in that quarter of Seville known as La Macarena, so named, it is said, after a Moorish princess. This is the home of second hand dealers, fruit vendors, cheap jacks and metal workers, whose beaten brass, iron and copper ware is displayed for sale in the street of La Feria, where an odd candle-stick, an old sword, or a Moorish lamp of rare workmanship, may occasionally be picked up. It was here that,

in former times, young and unknown artists used to gather to sell their pictures ; Murillo, and many other painters who afterwards rose to fame, hawked their works in La FERIA, their palettes and brushes near at hand in case the buyer should desire something altered to suit his taste, in which case his wishes could be carried out on the spot. Many of the canvases thus sold are now priceless, and as La FERIA was considered the market for budding genius, it was the custom to go there in search of pictures that bore the stamp of merit, for in this way it was possible to secure at a low price works that might in time become valuable.

Seville is one of those rare cities, rare even in Spain, which has faithfully preserved, in spite of the inroads of modernism, the traditions and customs of its past, and its religious feasts are celebrated to-day with the same splendor, the same ritual, and the same active devotion as in days gone by. The processions of Holy Week, especially, are a manifestation in themselves of the genuine religious fervor of the people who, through







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the Cofradías, maintain them, and carry out every detail in keeping with their immemorial traditions.

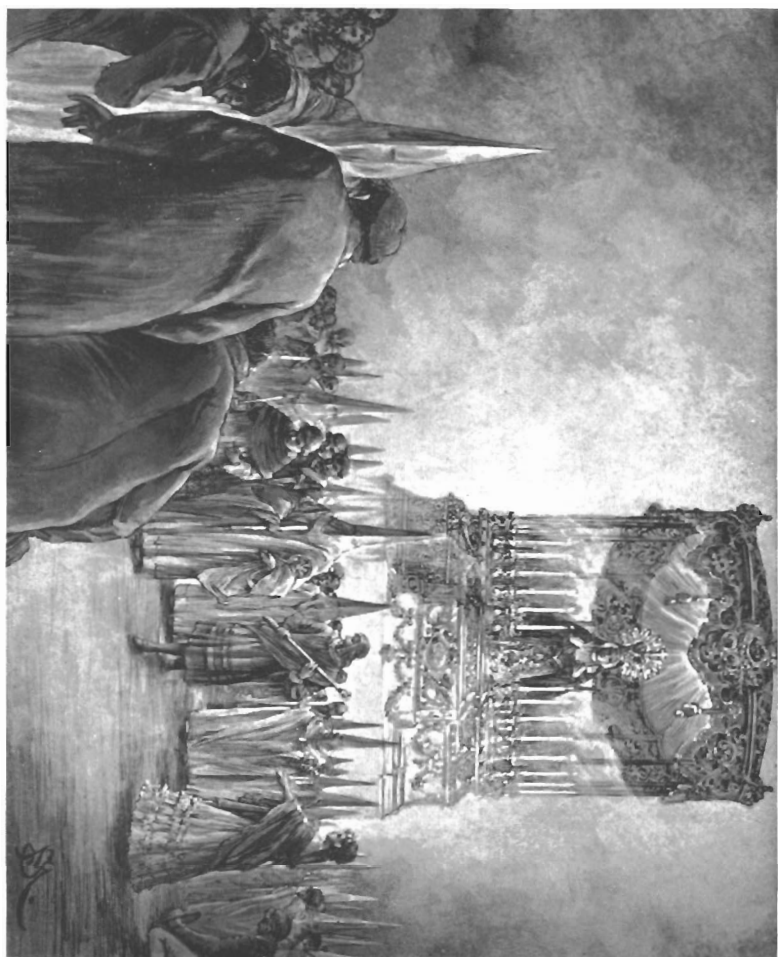
Many of the figures and groups borne in these processions are very finely conceived, touching and dramatic in expression, and are the works of Montañés, Cornejo, Roldan, and other notable sculptors. Every parish has its "paso" and its Cofradía, but there is not one among them all that is as popular with the Sevillanos as that of La Patrona de la Macarena, whose appearance always causes a demonstration among the vast crowds that line the streets through which the processions pass.

The Brotherhood of la Macarena, although numerous, is not wealthy, for its members are nearly all of the working classes, but their devotion is such that the appointments of the chapel of their Patroness, the gold and silver ornaments, the jewels and vestments are all of the finest, the famous green velvet mantle alone, with which the Virgin is attired in Holy Week, having cost over six thousand dollars. Time and labor are given freely,

and the treasury is never empty, for constancy and fidelity are the chief characteristics of this society, in which many of the higher offices are hereditary, and some of the swords, shields, and other insignia worn in the processions have been for generations in one family.

The peculiar devotion of the *Macarenos* for the Virgin of Hope is seen in all its enthusiasm on one of those beautiful spring mornings of Holy week when, before the break of day, the *cofrades* return to their respective parishes. Mysterious *Nazarenos* in double file, with flowing robes and high pointed cowls, which completely hide both head and face, having only two small openings for the eyes, the uncertain flame of their large tapers feebly lighting the way, and casting a curious glare on the scene, alternate with the *Armados*, whose costumes are an exact reproduction of those worn by the soldiers of the pretorium, the axe on the right shoulder, the shield on the left arm.

The procession files slowly past, while the throngs on either side of the street





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preserve deep silence ; the “ pasos ”, each one descriptive of a scene of the Passion of Our Lord, are borne by men hidden beneath the draperies of the platforms, and as they approach, the irregular step of the invisible bearers gives the figures a motion that makes them seem, in the semi darkness of the morning twilight, as if they were walking on a level with the heads of the multitudes. At intervals one sees an effigy of the Holy Mother, richly attired, and with magnificent jewels gleaming on her head and breast ; historic banners, which were borne to battle against the Moors, or wrested from them, splendid crosses of gold and silver, enamelled and jewelled, ancient reliquaries and other treasures that recall memories of the past glories of Seville. Many of these objects are tawdry, faded finery to those who do not know what they are, but to the Sevillanos they are the witnesses that tell of the deeds of their Saints, their Kings, and their forefathers, and the sight of them always awakens a thrill, and evokes exclamations of delight, admiration and wonder.

A strange spell of mediævalism comes over one at sight of this spectacle, weird, fantastic, and altogether of a bygone age ; all the artistic, as well as the religious sentiments are aroused, mingled with a feeling of respectful admiration for a people that has known how to preserve its venerable traditions, and to guard so faithfully the treasures and relics of its past for future generations

Presently there is a stir among the crowds, expectant murmurs pass from one to another, and a strong current of suppressed emotion is apparent ; then from out the gloom in the distance comes the reflection of many moving lights, and the *Cofradia de la Macarena* advances at a slow and solemn pace ; the last stars have disappeared, and the rays of the rising sun tint the grey sky and pale the flames of the tapers flickering in the fresh morning breeze, and throwing a peculiar glimmer on the strangely garbed figures of the phantom-like Nazarenos and the eager faces of the spectators.







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It is the Lady of Hope that approaches, surrounded by the Brotherhood ; the gracious, sad-faced Dolorosa is enfolded in her gorgeous mantle of dark green velvet, so thickly gold embroidered in a large flowing design that its color is hardly visible ; in her hand she holds a handkerchief, emblematic of tears, and her eyes are cast down, as if weary with much weeping. The bystanders kneel reverently and suddenly a young girl of the people darts forward, and facing the image, sings in a clear high voice, one of those pathetic *saetas*, which, from time to time, surprise the stranger along the route ;

In the street of Bitterness,

Christ and His Mother met,

But such was their sorrow,

They could not speak to each other.

When the procession reaches the church of San Gil, the first rays of the bright sun of Seville rest on the figure of the Virgin, enveloping her in a luminous veil of pale golden light, glinting on the jewels that sparkle on her breast, and making a glorious halo of the

crown that adorns her head. The Macarenos accompany their Patrona to the church door, and she passes from their sight to her chapel amid a frenzy of saetas, hurras, and enthusiastic shouts of " Viva la Virgen de la Esperanza. "

*Y con esto,  
Dios te dé salud,  
Y à mi no o'vide.  
Vale.*