

The Harvest Feast of Spain.

The second week of October, during the national feasts and popular festivals, included in its calendar three of the most beautiful and celebrated provincial feasts of Spain, viz., that of St. Francis Jorgia, fourth Duke of Gandia and third General of his illustrious Order and one of its earliest saints, in his picture-que natal city, that of Our Lady of the Pilar in this the historic and once highly privileged city of Our Augustae, and still more renowned as the prodigious city in whose once tiny church, over whose ruins the gorgeous Byzantine basilica of today arises, our loving souls in their hearts so frequently, in the primitive days of Spain's Catholicity, the Holy Mary, and third not least, that of St. Teresa of Jesus, Spain's mystic doctor and reformer of Carmel, at Alba de Tormes, near the "Athens of Spain, hallowed Salamanca, whose Carmelite convent was the site of her miracles, her raptures and her visions, the scene of her saintly death, and the resting place of her incorruptible heart and hand. To fair, floral Gandia the Catholics of "the Garden of the Peninsula," in the sunny province of Valencia, with her neighbors of Alicante, Forcal and Tarragona, hastened yesterday in their thousands to pay, both in its beautiful college at Basilica of St. Maria and in its neat and richly ornamented chapel of its ancient palace of the house of Dorgia, their tributes of devotion and of reverent homage to the greatest saint in the long rosary of the canonized sons of the "Isago de Loyola," to traverse the solons of her ducal residence, now the novitiate home of his successors in religion, and to gaze with affection on the cradle, to contemplate his oratory, and view with delight the many priceless tapestries which adorn its spacious reception rooms, on which were so exquisitely embroidered by the delicate fingers of his children, the loving "serenades" of his peaceful heart, some of the most stirring, heartrending episodes of his eventful, chequered life, as the youthful royal page, the stately courier of the Emperor's personal suite, afterwards the meditative recluse from the world's pageants, and the departure of the aged novice from the world's busy turmoil, amidst the embraces of his family and household, and the fond farewells and "adios of his alloted dependants. All, all these chapters in his life's history are here to day to be gazed on and admired, and so true to nature that the very canvases seem vivid with life and bright with artistic animation. There yesterday the very reverend children of the Wounded Hero of Pampluna had generously thrown open to the pilgrim and visitor to this once historic palace and courtly home of St. Francis for public inspection all the priceless souvenirs and historic memorials of that illustrious family that gave saints to Heaven and Pontiffs to the Church, and so nearly allied by the dearest of family ties with that of the great founder, St. Ignatius. No wonder that the possibility of inspecting such historic treasures should be availed of by tens of thousands, who annually journey to Gandia's famous feria and festival week; yea, there come men of science and of literature from every part of the Peninsula, and yesterday has been no exception to its predecessors, for on the streets and squares and promenades of Gandia were to be seen the representatives of universities and of colleges, the man of law and of commerce, of medicine and of jurisprudence, the representatives of the navy and of the army, the man of the brush, the chisel, the pencil and the pen; in fine, science, the arts and literature, and every other grade of social life had there its worthy representative; all, all, at intervals directing their steps to the ancient palace, which had treasured up for them, for their study, their admiration, their inspection and their criticism so many memorials of the halcyon days of Spain's glorious Catholicity, and all of which recall the most beautiful chapter of the golden pages of the "La Compenia." And all, all are contributing to make the name of Gandia a household word for the multitude, for all the various churches, are glowing graphic panegyrics, particularly that eloquent outburst of pulpit oratory that rolled in streams of choicest eloquence from the gifted lips of Dr. Joaquin Deltran, Canon of the Cathedral Basilica of Segorbe, and which kept entranced with its beauty of diction and charm of delivery, one of the most attentive and most critical of audients—a that has been seen in its collegiate church for many years, not since Gandia ceased to be the most illustrious of her sons, His Eminence Cardinal San y Fores, the late and deeply lamented metropolitan of Sevilla, ascend its pulpit, has it been so worthily filled as on yesterday did the Catholic sons of Gandia, listen so enthusiastically to the deeds of their

...the most loving mother of us many as live without human love. But this devotion of her of Arag... His Eminence Cardinal San y Fores, the late and deeply lamented metropolitan of Sevilla, ascend its pulpit, has it been so worthily filled as on yesterday did the Catholic sons of Gandia, listen so enthusiastically to the deeds of their

...the deeds of their... His Holiness having effected the unification of the different sections of the great order of the Serafico Franciscan, is now contemplating a similar happy result for the "Carmelite, since he has ordered Cardinal Goite, V. D. O., to examine how far the interests of the two branches of this ancient and time-honored order can be arranged and consolidated, so that both may be united under the illustrious general, that of the children of St. Simon stock and those of St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross may be—in the 20th century—in the near future against the outward soaring tide of infidelity and atheism what St. Teresa and her children and St. Ignatius and his had been against the avalanche of that Lutheranism which, in the 16th century, sought to annihilate Catholicity, if such an event were a human possibility. The feast of Gandia as well as those of the Capital of Aragon, time honored Saragossa have terminated. To-day this small, uninteresting little town, situated on the verge of a vast unbroken plain that stretches as far as the eye can reach to the mountain slopes of Bejar, without ought to dispel the mind or impede the vision, save an occasional hillock here and there scattered, was "en fetes," its narrow, steep, irregular streets are crowded, and such of its municipal buildings as have any kind of decent existence, are decorated with flags and national banners, for to-day is a red letter one in its annals. On leaving in the early morning the "Athens of Spain," noble Salamanca (so dear to Irish breasts and so loved by Celtic hearts) by the train of the Zamorra line for this world known carmelite little "Aldia," one crossed the historic portion of the plain on which was fought on the 12th July, 1812, the "Waterloo" of the Peninsula Campaign, when the Allies massed over its vast expanse 60,000, and the French 100,000, yet through the suddenness of the triumph and the impetuosity of onslaught, although superior in numbers, the martial hosts of the then "Colossus" of Europe, the Napoleonic armies of France's first Emperor had been completely routed, and the "Iron Duke" a sieved one of his greatest victories, and which an actual observer and participant in its fray, thus describes: "I saw Wellington late in the evening of that great day, when the advancing flashes of the cannon and musketry stretching as far as the eye could command, showed in the darkness how the field of battle was alive, the flash of triumph on his breast and his eyes were eager and watchful more than the rival of Marlborough, since he had defeated greater warriors, with present pride, he seemed only to accept the glory as an earnest of greater things, even the great French historian." Their sums up the history of this memorable defeat. "Cette funeste et involontaire bataille dite de Salamanca ou des arapales, est pour l'armee anglaise des consequences fort imprevises, car elle lui procura une victoire inesperee au lieu d'une retraite in evitable et commença la ruine de nos affaires d'Espagne." But what is this religious event that to-day causes to cross this historic plain and attracts to this little diurnal plaining village the immense crowd that travel rail and road to its rugged thoroughfares? It is no other than obedience to the mandate of Holy Writ, "Enlarge the place of thy tent and stretch out the skins of thy tabernacle, spare not; lengthen thy cords and strengthen thy stakes." None other than the laying of the foundation stone of the Temple that is to enclose a Divine Tabernacle by an eloquent son of St. Augustine, the illustrious Prelate of Salamanca, Dr. Castuera, over which will be erected a Tereian Basilica that will be the honor and glory of the Peninsular and

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