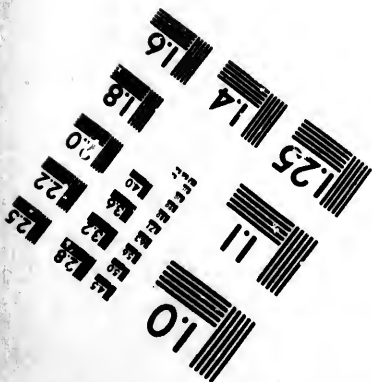
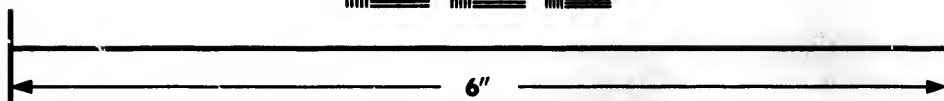
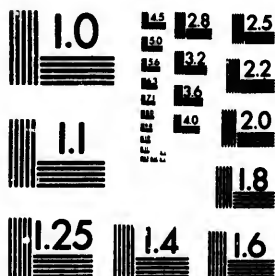


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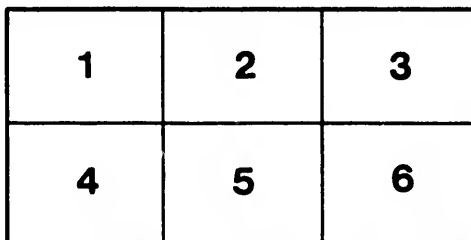
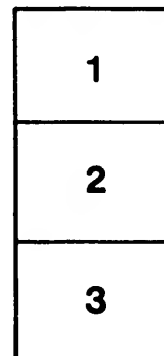
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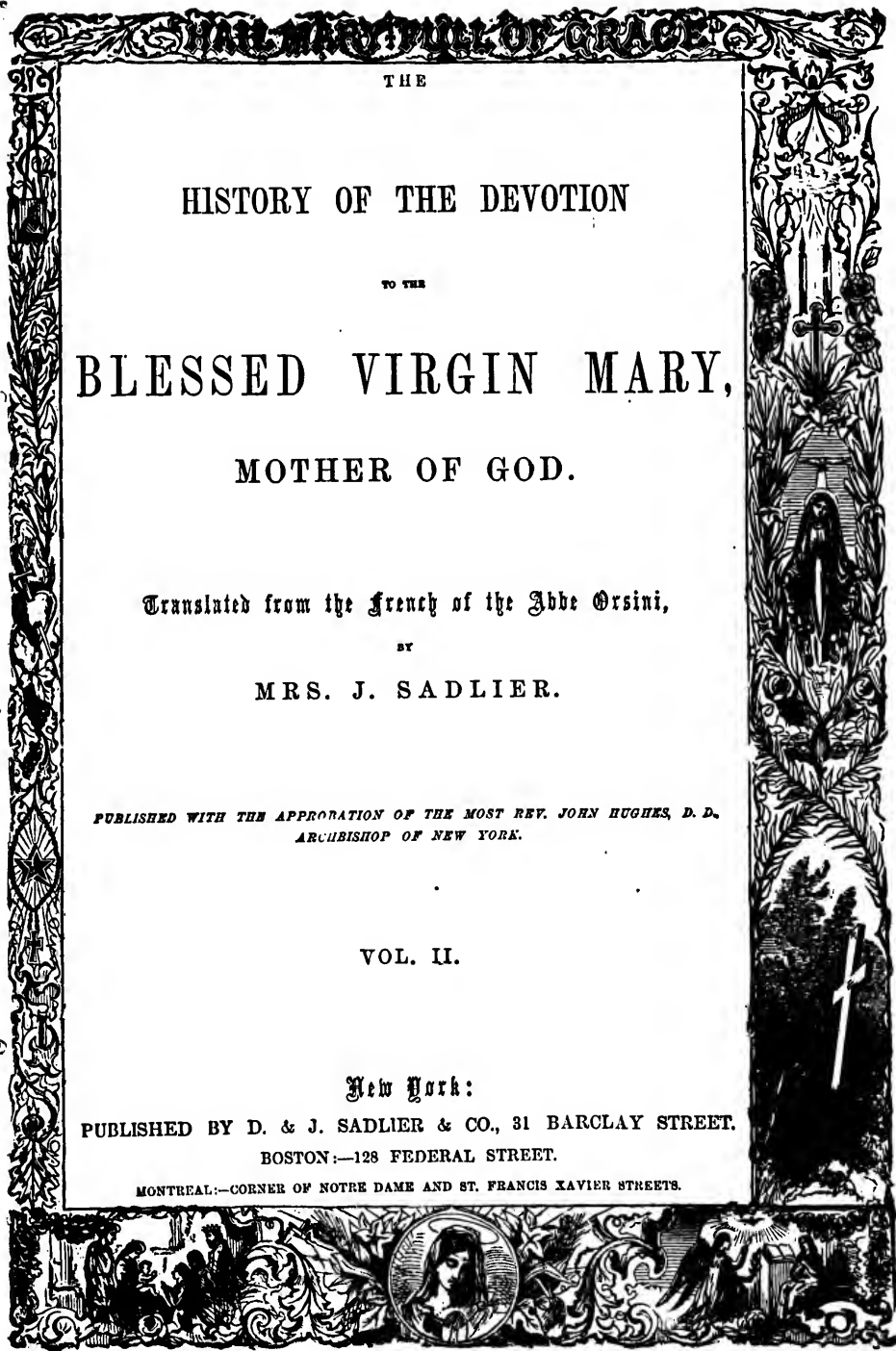
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The Virgin and Infant Jesus





THE

HISTORY OF THE DEVOTION

TO THE

BLESSED VIRGIN MARY,
MOTHER OF GOD.

Translated from the French of the Abbe Orsini,

BY

MRS. J. SADLIER.

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H I S T O R Y

OF THE

DEVOTION TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY,

MOTHER OF GOD.

CHAPTER I.

ORIGIN AND ANTIQUITY OF THE DEVOTION TO MARY.

THE invocation of Saints, which heretics impute to us as idolatry, and which a Protestant minister has been pleased to set down as *the malady of the Christians of the fourth century*, is so far from being of modern date that it may, in truth, be regarded as of Apostolical tradition and of Jewish origin. The Hebrews sought counsel and miraculous cures of the dead, when those dead had been accredited prophets of the Lord. The prophets were their saints, and saints who read the future clearly, from the depths of the sepulchral cave where they slept beside their fathers. Behold Saul with the witch of Endor; the ghost of Samuel, though conjured up by enchantments which the law of Moses condemns, appeared by God's permission, to terrify the reprobate monarch. The prophet, shrouded in his mantle, emerges slowly from the earth in awful majesty; the sorceress utters a cry of terror at sight of the illustrious shade which she takes for a God. Saul, bowing down before him who was so long the supreme judge of Israel, questions him on the issue of the battle which he is going to fight with the Philistines; and the



prophet answers him in a voice which no breath of life accompanies, for his body is at Ramatha, mourned by all Israel: "To-morrow, thou and thy sons shall be with me: and the Lord will also deliver the army of Israel into the hands of the Philistines!"

The Jews believed, then, that their saints knew the future.

In the fourth book of Kings, we see a dead man restored to life by touching the bones of Eliseus.

The saints of Israel, therefore, wrought miracles.

We read in the second book of Maccabees that the high-priest Onias and the prophet Jeremiah were seen, after their death, praying for the people; and we find in the Gemare that Caleb escaped from the hands of his pursuers, because he went to the tomb of his ancestors to ask them to intercede for him, that he might escape.*

Hence, the Jews believed that the intercession of the departed just was of some avail.

From the earliest times of their settlement in Palestine, the Israelites visited the tomb of Rachel, a primitive monument composed of twelve enormous stones, whereon every pilgrim inscribed his name; the tomb of Joseph, the saviour of his brethren,—*whose bones prophesied*,†—was also a place of prayer.

On the dispersion of the tribes, such immense crowds flocked to the sepulchral cave of Ezechiel, on the banks of the Chobar—the same place where he had his divine visions—that the Chaldeans, fearing lest these vast assemblages might conceal, under the cloak of religion, some political project, resolved to take the pilgrims by surprise, and disperse them at the point of the sword; a massacre would inevitably have followed, if the *dead* prophet had not wrought a miracle to save his people, by dividing the waters of the Chobar.‡ This sepulchre of a saint of Israel was surrounded by a superb edifice, and before it burned, day and night, a golden lamp, which the leaders of the captive people were charged to keep up;§ it is now once more a mere cavern; but still it is visited by all the Jews of

* Wagenseil, *Excerpta ex Gem.*

† *Eccles.*, ch. xlix., v. 18.

‡ Benjamin of Toledo, *Itinerary*, p. 70–80.

§ Epiphanius, *de Vitis Prophetarum*, v. ii, v. 241.

Asia, who never pass through Bagdad without turning aside to pray there.

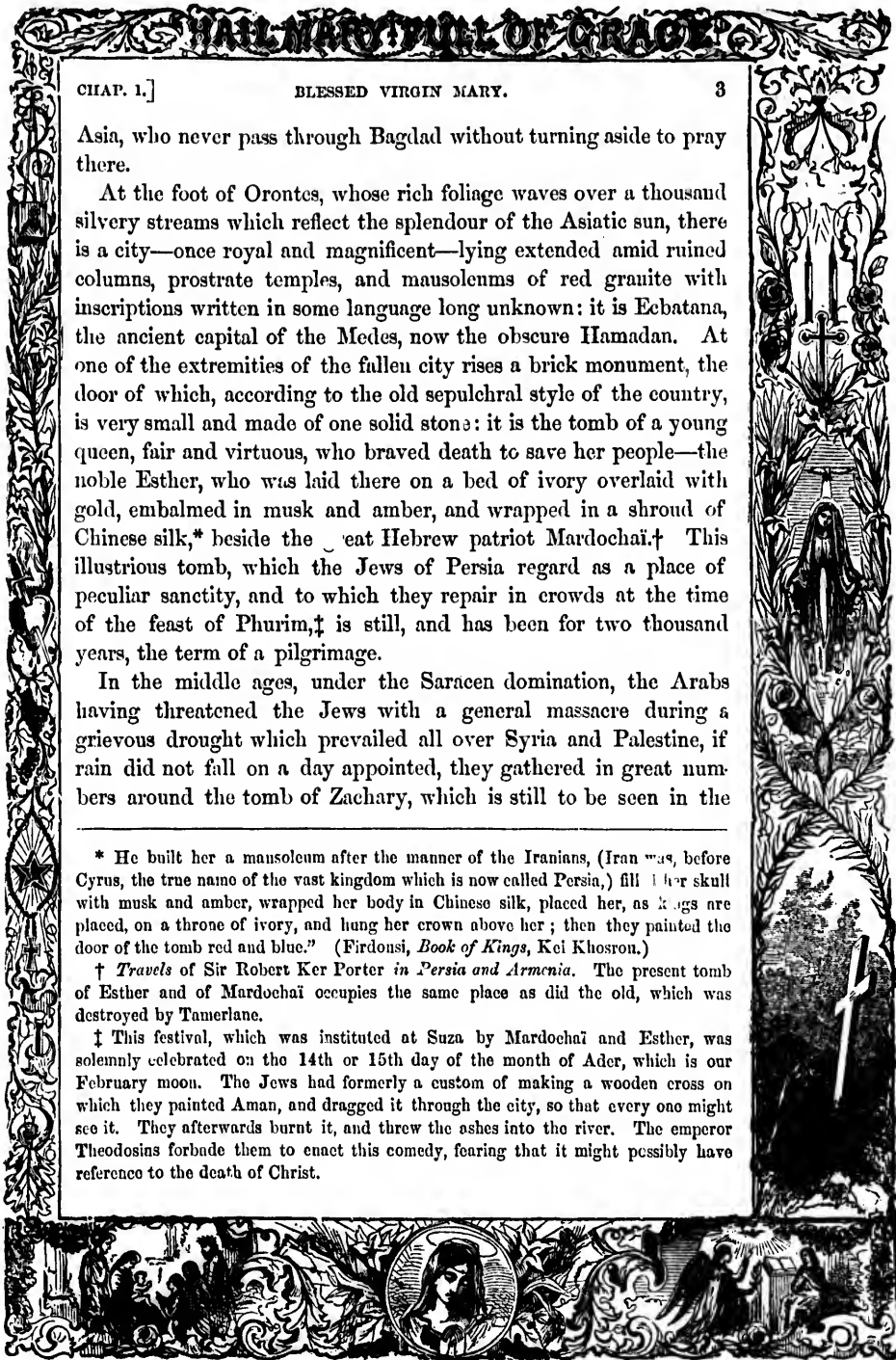
At the foot of Orontes, whose rich foliage waves over a thousand silvery streams which reflect the splendour of the Asiatic sun, there is a city—once royal and magnificent—lying extended amid ruined columns, prostrate temples, and mausoleums of red granite with inscriptions written in some language long unknown: it is Ecbatana, the ancient capital of the Medes, now the obscure Hamadan. At one of the extremities of the fallen city rises a brick monument, the door of which, according to the old sepulchral style of the country, is very small and made of one solid stone: it is the tomb of a young queen, fair and virtuous, who braved death to save her people—the noble Esther, who was laid there on a bed of ivory overlaid with gold, embalmed in musk and amber, and wrapped in a shroud of Chinese silk,* beside the great Hebrew patriot Mardochai.† This illustrious tomb, which the Jews of Persia regard as a place of peculiar sanctity, and to which they repair in crowds at the time of the feast of Phurim,‡ is still, and has been for two thousand years, the term of a pilgrimage.

In the middle ages, under the Saracen domination, the Arabs having threatened the Jews with a general massacre during a grievous drought which prevailed all over Syria and Palestine, if rain did not fall on a day appointed, they gathered in great numbers around the tomb of Zachary, which is still to be seen in the

* He built her a mausoleum after the manner of the Iranians, (Iran was, before Cyrus, the true name of the vast kingdom which is now called Persia,) fill'd her skull with musk and amber, wrapped her body in Chinese silk, placed her, as kings are placed, on a throne of ivory, and hung her crown above her; then they painted the door of the tomb red and blue." (Firdonsi, *Book of Kings*, Kei Khosrou.)

† *Travels of Sir Robert Ker Porter in Persia and Armenia.* The present tomb of Esther and of Mardochai occupies the same place as did the old, which was destroyed by Tamerlane.

‡ This festival, which was instituted at Suza by Mardochai and Esther, was solemnly celebrated on the 14th or 15th day of the month of Ader, which is our February moon. The Jews had formerly a custom of making a wooden cross on which they painted Aman, and dragged it through the city, so that every one might see it. They afterwards burnt it, and threw the ashes into the river. The emperor Theodosius forbade them to enact this comedy, fearing that it might possibly have reference to the death of Christ.



SHAL MARO FULL OF GRACE

vicinity of Jerusalem, fasted and prayed for several days in sack-cloth and ashes, in order to obtain from God, through the intercession of that prophet, that he might save them from certain death by making it rain upon the earth.

The custom of applying to the living the merits of the dead, is of Hebrew origin; the proof of this is found in a liturgy of the synagogue of Venice. In the office entitled *Mazir nechamot*, (*remembrance of souls*;) we find a prayer conceived in the following terms: "Hear us, O Jehovah, for the sake of those who loved thee and are now no more; hear us, for the sake of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Sara, Rachel," &c.

The invocation of saints is not, then, a *Catholic invention*.

Besides the saints, the Jews prayed to the angels, whom the ancient Arabs also invoked, and to whom the Assyrians offered sacrifice, attributing to them charming functions on the earth.* Jacob confesses himself indebted to an angel for deliverance from the evils which threatened him, and beseeches him to bless his children: *Angelus qui eripuit me de cunctis malis benedicat pueris istis.*† This prayer is addressed to an angel. It is even thought that the Jews carried the worship of the angels too far, since they are suspected of adoring them.‡ This veneration, or worship, never ceased amongst the modern Jews till the time of the pretended Reformation, when they abandoned it in order to conciliate the German innovators. There exists in the Vatican library a Hebrew manuscript containing a litany composed by R. Eliezer Hakalir, wherein is said to the angel Actariel: "Deliver Israel from all affliction, and quickly procure its redemption." Similar favours

* Amongst the Persians, every month was under the protection of an angel; to the angels was confided the care of seas, rivers, springs, pastures, flocks, trees, herba, fruits, flowers, and seeds; they also guided the stars; prayers were offered to the angels soliciting their protection in danger. The modern Persians still sacrifice to the angel of the moon. (Firdousi, *Book of Kings*.—Chardin, *Voyage en Perse*.)

† *Genesis* xlviii., v. 16.

‡ The author of the *Preaching of St. Peter*, which is very ancient, cited by St. Clement of Alexandria, makes that Apostle say that we must not adore God with the Jews, because, although they profess to acknowledge but one God, they adore the angels. (Clem. Alex., b. v.)



THE MARTYRDOM OF GRACE

are asked of Barachiël, Wathiël, and other princes of the heavenly court. The litany ended by saying to Michaël: "Prince of mercy, pray for Israël, that it may be greatly exalted."

The tombs of the martyrs were very early venerated by the Christians of Asia; the first to which pilgrimage was made was most probably that of St. John the Baptist, which, after the Holy Sepulchre and the tomb of the Blessed Virgin, is the most respected by Orientals of all creeds. The body of the precursor of the man-God was at Samaria, where it was visited by St. Paula in the fourth century, and his head, carefully embalmed by his disciples, was at Hems, whence it was transported to Damascus in the reign of Theodosius. It was placed in a superb church bearing the title of St. Zachary, which took, thenceforward, that of St. John. The caliph Abdelmelek took forcible possession of this church, and now the venerated tomb of him who was a prophet and more than a prophet, is enclosed within a Turkish mosque; but it is neither solitary nor without honour; the Mussulmans come there from all parts on pilgrimage, and the celebrated Saadi himself relates, in his Gulistan, that, going to pray there, he met with princes from Arabia. At the close of the first century, the faithful of Asia Minor were wont to repair in great numbers to Ephesus to visit the tomb of St. John the Evangelist, the dust of which, carefully gathered, was said to effect marvellous cures.*

St. Stephen, the first martyr, whose relics wrought so many miracles, as attested by St. Augustine, and who died before the Blessed Virgin, was likewise very early invoked by the primitive Christians, who also venerated the blessed remains of St. Ignatius and St. Polycarp.† St. Aster of Amasia has preserved to us, in a

* St. Augustino speaks of the miraculous cures wrought by dust from the tomb of St. John the Evangelist. There is now seen amongst the ruins of Ephesus, the church of St. John, of which the Turks had made a mosque.

† The history of the martyrdom of St. Polycarp, written in the form of a letter, in the name of the church of Smyrna, by those who had themselves witnessed it, and addressed to the church of Philomel, contains these words: "We took from the fire his bones, more precious than gold or jewels, and we put them in a suitable place, where we hope to assemble every year to celebrate the festival of the Lord's martyr, to the end that those who come after us may be encouraged to prepare for similar



SMALL MARTYR FULL OF GRACE



sermon on the martyrs, the prayer addressed by a Christian of the early days to a saint whose tomb she visited: "Thou didst invoke the martyrs before thou wert thyself a martyr; thou hast sought and found; be then liberal of the blessings which thou hast received."

Eusebins of Casarea, who flourished towards the end of the third century, defending our sacred dogmas against the sophisms of the idolaters, rests on the honours which they paid to their ancient heroes to justify the veneration of saints, and continues in these terms: "We honour as friends of God those who have fought for the true religion; we go to their tombs; we offer them our vows, professing to believe that through their intercession with God we are powerfully succoured."*

These words of Eusebins, who, in his double capacity of bishop and historian, must necessarily have been well informed, clearly indicate an ancient usage, a custom approved by the Church and generally received. On the other hand, Vigilantius and Arius, enemies of the veneration of saints, were openly treated as *innovators* and *heretics* by St. Epiphanius, St. Jerome, and St. Augustine. Now is it to be presumed that these great doctors would have dared to set down as heretics and *innovators* men who laboured but to establish in its native purity the ancient doctrine of the Church? The word *innovators* explains all; and it must not be forgotten that Vigilantius lived at a period so near the times of the Apostles that there was between them and him not more than three generations!

St. Cyprian, who suffered martyrdom in Carthage in the year 261, shows us the Christians of Africa crowding to the glorious tombs of the martyrs, making a funeral repast there on the day of their anniversary, and so eager to invoke them that, not even waiting for their death, they went to solicit the prayers of those imprisoned confessors of the faith who had as yet survived their

combats." St. Polycarp consummated his sacrifice in the year 166, on the 23d of January, on which day the church of Smyrna kept his festival in the middle of the third century, as we see by the acts of St. Peter.

* *Prapar. Evang.*, b. xiii., ch. 7.



torments.* St. John Chrysostom, on his side, asserts that in his time the tombs of the martyrs constituted the fairest ornament of royal cities; that the days which were consecrated to them were days of joy; that the great men of the empire, and even the emperor himself, laid aside the proud insignia of their power before they dared to cross the threshold of the sacred places which contained the revered sepulchres of the servants of the crucified God. . . . "How much more illustrious," exclaims the great Christian orator, "are the monuments erected to old men who were poor and humble while on earth, than the tombs of the mightiest kings! Around the tombs of kings reign silence and solitude; here do multitudes throng with prayer and homage."†

Behold, then, the worship of *dulia*, (of saints,) which Protestants style idolatrous and detestable—behold what it was in those ages which they themselves call the ages by excellence, *the pure ages*.‡

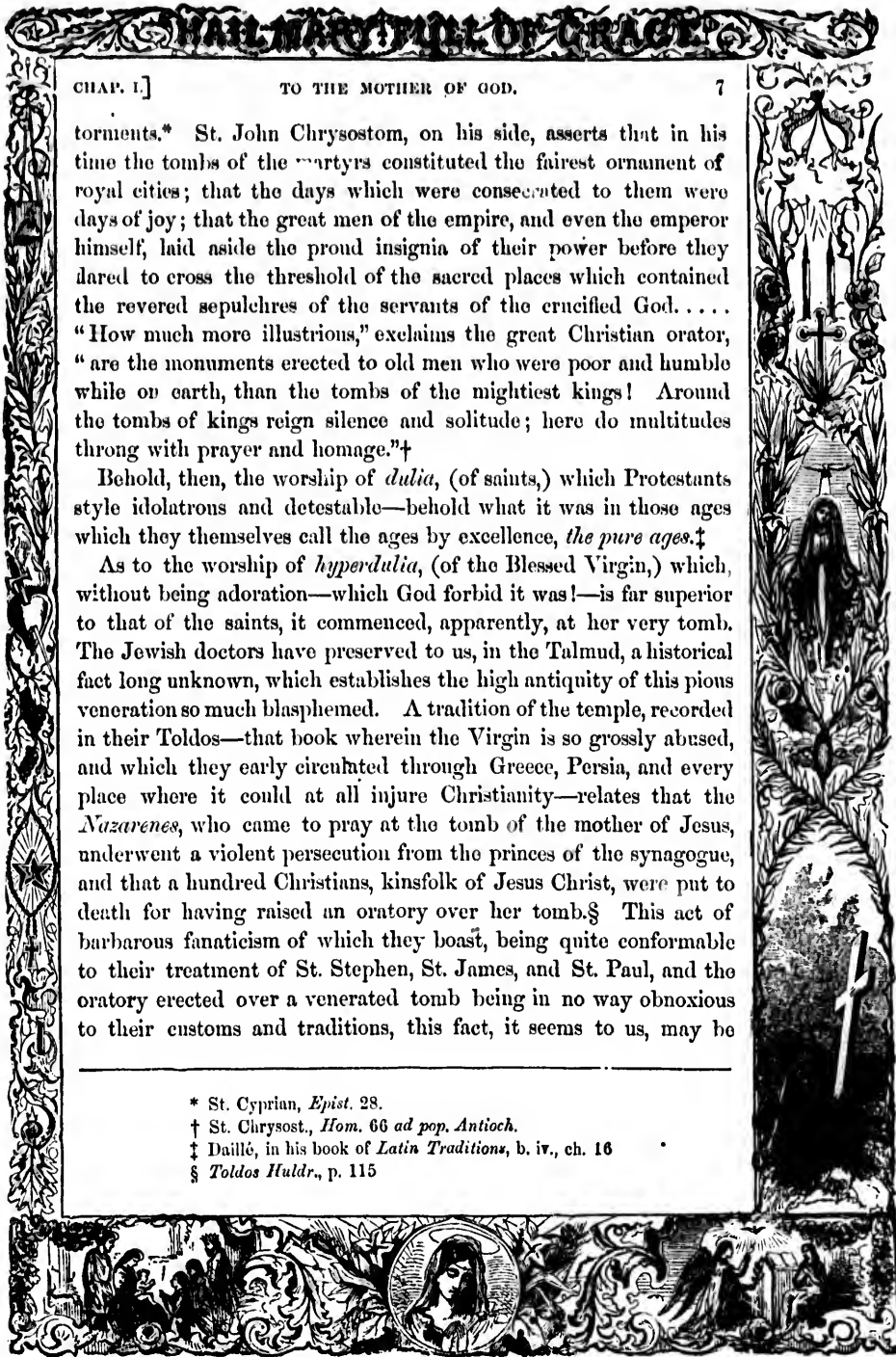
As to the worship of *hyperdulia*, (of the Blessed Virgin,) which, without being adoration—which God forbid it was!—is far superior to that of the saints, it commenced, apparently, at her very tomb. The Jewish doctors have preserved to us, in the Talmud, a historical fact long unknown, which establishes the high antiquity of this pious veneration so much blasphemed. A tradition of the temple, recorded in their *Toldos*—that book wherein the Virgin is so grossly abused, and which they early circulated through Greece, Persia, and every place where it could at all injure Christianity—relates that the *Nazarenes*, who came to pray at the tomb of the mother of Jesus, underwent a violent persecution from the princes of the synagogue, and that a hundred Christians, kinsfolk of Jesus Christ, were put to death for having raised an oratory over her tomb.§ This act of barbarous fanaticism of which they boast, being quite conformable to their treatment of St. Stephen, St. James, and St. Paul, and the oratory erected over a venerated tomb being in no way obnoxious to their customs and traditions, this fact, it seems to us, may be

* St. Cyprian, *Epist.* 28.

† St. Chrysost., *Hom.* 66 *ad pop. Antioch.*

‡ Duillé, in his book of *Latin Traditions*, b. iv., ch. 16

§ *Toldos Huldr.*, p. 115



SHALL MARY BE FULL OF GRACE?

regarded as authentic, even without any very great stretch of credulity.

Tradition, supported by religious monuments, asserts that the worship of Mary is of Apostolic tradition. St. Peter, on his way to Antioch, raised, it is said, in one of the cities of ancient Phœnicia, an oratory to the Blessed Virgin, and gave it a solemn consecration; St. John the Apostle placed the beautiful church of Lydda under the invocation of his adoptive mother; the first church of Milan was dedicated to Mary by St. Barnabas the Apostle. *Our Lady of the Pillar*, in Spain, and *Our Lady of Carmel*, in Syria, dispute the priority with these churches, and their claims are more boldly advanced, though more contestable. According to the Spanish tradition,* the Blessed Virgin should have appeared to St. James, before her death, on the banks of the Ebro, and commanded him to build a church on that spot. According to the Syrian tradition, the prophet Agabus, the same who predicted the famine which took place under Claudius, should have erected, also in the Virgin's lifetime, that church which is seen from so far at sea, and where pilgrims and travellers of all religions and of every region receive, in the name of Mary, such affecting hospitality. Without disputing the antiquity of these two sanctuaries, very venerable indeed, and justly revered by all nations, we must be permitted to say that it is very unlikely that the Blessed Virgin, the humblest of the daughters of Eve, would have solicited the Apostles, during her lifetime, to build churches in her honour. That the gratitude of nations and the piety of the Apostles may have erected them after her death, is both simple and natural, but that she gave orders for any during her life is extremely doubtful.

As to the oratory of Carmel, Flavius Josephus, who particularly mentions the disciples of Elias in connection with Vespasian, (to whom one of them promised the empire,) nowhere says that they were then converted to Christianity, and the contrary is inferred from his recital. This negative authority is very important.

* *Cronologia sacra . . . al ano 35 de Cristo.*



First Period of the Devotion to Mary.

BEFORE CONSTANTINE.

CHAPTER II.

THE EAST.—IDOLS.

As we have already observed, the devotion to the Mother of God had its origin at her very tomb, and the first lamp lighted in honour of Mary was a sepulchral lamp, around which the Christians of Jerusalem came to pray. This, it would seem, did not last long; the synagogue—oppressive, like all dominations beset by the fear of sudden overthrow, and suspicious, like all who are conscious of evil-doing—became alarmed at the simple homage rendered to the mother of the young prophet whom it had not only refused, after all his miracles, to acknowledge as the Messiah, but audaciously crucified, as a seditious man and an impostor, between two thieves. It extinguished the lamps, silenced the hymns, and mercilessly killed the first servants of Mary; so, at least, we are informed by the synagogue itself, and we know that it was very fit to do it. This was done a little through fanaticism, a little through self-love, and a little through fear. The Jewish authorities would not that that Jesus of Nazareth, whom they had unjustly condemned to an ignominious death, should arise, he and his, from the obloquy of the Golgotha. It was annoying to hear that the Galilean whom they called a son of Belial, and whose miracles they treated as vain illusions, was truly God, and his mother a great saint; and then it feared that this new worship, connected with the religion of the tombs, and supported by the incontestable miracles wrought by the Apostles in Jerusalem, might operate *injuriously* on the *fickle* mind of the multitude and provoke a *dangerous* reaction in favour of the crucified prophet. In fine, as it frankly acknowledged to Peter and John, it had no wish to be called on by the people to account for the blood of Jesus.

HALL MARY FULL OF GRACE

For all these reasons, the senators and chief priests took another step on the slippery road of guilt, in order to justify the abominable sentence which they had wrung from the Romans, and they openly boasted of having stifled in the bud the devotion to the Blessed Virgin. Their iniquitous hopes were defeated. The rancid furious tyrants, even when most implicitly obeyed in the gloomy caprices of their cruelty, cannot kill remembrance, that flower of the soul which blooms, mysterious and consoling, in the inaccessible region of ideas, and is but rooted the more firmly by the wind of persecution. The memory of the Virgin-mother resisted this Jewish hurricane; people sang no more in her grotto, but they went there to weep, and the tears which devotion sheds are equal to the incense of Saba, which, itself, trickles like tears from the pierce ' bark.

Violently uprooted by the sacrilegious hands of the princes of the reprobate people of God, the veneration of Mary was transplanted by the Apostles to the still idolatrous land of the stranger. In their own lifetime they saw it beginning to appear in Syria, Mesopotamia, Asia Minor, Egypt and Spain. It is true, that this devotion, so tender and so poetical, which was to replace the impure and seductive worship of the divinities of Olympus, shone, at first, but like a small star on the zenith of a few cities; for Christianity was, in the beginning, only the religion of cities, and of the common people in those cities. Paganism, repudiated by all serious minds, despised by philosophers, ridiculed on the stage, where men publicly read *the last will and testament of Jupiter, deceased*, and scoffed at in the true Voltairian style by the young Epicureans of the imperial court,* retained, nevertheless, an incredible number of partisans; connected with numerous interests, defended by prejudice and by ancient superstitions, attractive from the splendour of its festivals, and mingled with every glorious recollection, it still dazzled, though on its decline. Proud of its advantages, it did not, at first, condescend to fear *the carpenter's son* and the young *spinner of Nazareth*.†

* Most people are familiar with the sarcastic jest of that courtier of Nero, who, being scolded and threatened by an old priestess for having killed one of her sacred geese, threw her two gold pieces, saying, "There, you can buy both gods and geese."

† See Celsus.



SHALL MARY TULL OF GRACE

CHAP. II.]

BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

11

How could it see them? it saw them not. The religion of the poor God and his holy mother advanced, noiselessly, by the rough and toilsome medium of the people; it addressed itself especially to the artisan, the woman, the slave, to all, in fine, who were weak and lowly, and oppressed by pagan society—that society so profoundly selfish, so avaricious, so effeminate and corrupt, and which was brilliant and cold as its marble gods.

It was soon perceived that the moral world—that old decrepit Titan—was growing young again under the mighty though secret influence of a regenerating charm. What magician had restored to that new Æson the fresh, warm blood of its earlier years? What new Prometheus had scaled the heights of heaven to bring down to man, frozen to death by selfishness, a spark of the sacred fire? For there was no overlooking the fact that society was pregnant of something strange and grand which was to restore its pristine loveliness and strength; it was becoming again, to all appearance, what it was in the days so lamented by Horace, when it despised pomp, honoured the gods, and esteemed poverty as an honour. Invisible, but persevering hands, seemed already to have raised from their ruins, where they lay beneath the grass of ages, the altar of chastity, and the austere temples of Faith, Honour, and Virtue. Beneficence, long unhonoured with the smoke of sacrifice, in the frantic pursuit of material pleasures, began once more, it seems, to be mysteriously respected. The old equality of the age of Saturn re-appeared here and there on the earth. In fine, Humanity bore in her arms the children whom the elegant matrons of pagan society exposed on the banks of the river, in the depths of the forest, and on the verge of the precipice, where the eagles, dogs, and wild beasts tore them to pieces.* Charity, sustaining with one vigorous arm the old man panting under his load of toil, extended the other to the infirm creatures abandoned on the steps of the temples. O, gods of Greece, wandering gods who were sheltered beneath the cottage-roof of Philemon and Baucis, did you again traverse the

* Philo gives details of this abominable custom of exposing helpless abandoned children, which are enough to make one's hair stand on end. It was only the Jews who then condemned this barbarous practice.



SHALL MARCO FULL OF GRACE

earth to restore thereon the fair reign of virtue? Not so; for you were, as the Scripture says, deaf gods, powerless gods, blind gods, or, rather, you were nothing.

Behold! In the midst of that society—luxurious, effeminate, crowned with roses, drinking to the gods of Olympus from golden cups—there are seen, here and there, groups of persons with noble aspect and austere demeanour, who avert their eyes from those pagan orgies with indignation mingled with ridicule. . . . Can these be Stoic philosophers? No; for they give a tear of pity to the supplicating poor, while placing in their hand the liberal alms, concealing themselves as they do so. Can that be a vestal, that young maiden who walks, with folded hands and eyes cast down, beside her mother, veiled like herself? No; for she has neither the embroidered zone, nor the purple-bordered robes of the *amata*,* and modesty is her only ornament. Those youthful widows who light no more the hymeneal torch,† whilst the great ladies of paganism reckon their divorces by consulates,‡ whence come they? And those young men who bow with reverence before the aged, blush like young maidens, and yet, in war, are brave as lions, who are they? They are not seen in the theatre, they frequent not the circus, they figure not in the pagan festivals with garlands of flowers or baskets of sacred fruit on their heads, and pass by the stately temples of Greece and Rome without entering. The sight of a sacrifice makes them fly, and they quickly shake off from their dark cloaks the drops of purifying water which fall on them by chance. Finally, they prefer to die rather than touch the meats offered to the gods. Can these men be impious, they whose hands close with gold the gaping wounds of misery, whose lives are the mirror of

* The vestals bore the name of *Amata* in memory of Amnta, the first Roman virgin who was consecrated to the worship of Vesta. (Aulu-Gell., b. i., ch. 12.)

† The austere chastity of the Christian women excited the admiration of the pagans themselves. St. John Chrysostom mentions that the famous sophist Libanius, from whom he took lessons in oratory, hearing from him that his mother had been left a widow at twenty, and would never take a second husband, exclaimed, turning to his idolatrous audience, "O gods of Greece! what women are found amongst these Christians!" (*Sancti Chrysostomi vita.*)

‡ Seneca, *Treatise on Favours*, b. iii.



propriety? No; for they assemble thrice in the day, and sometimes in the night,* to pray in common, with uplifted hands, to an unknown God; and, on the altar of their ancient household deities, where the lamp still burns,† may be seen the graceful image of a young Asiatic woman, half veiled in a light blue drapery,‡ holding in her arms a divine infant. That woman, with the calm, deep eyes, is the Inspirer of chastity, modesty, devotion, mercy; the guardian of honour, the protectress of *home*; in a word, that sweet Virgin Mary to whom the Greeks have given the beautiful name of *Panagia*, which means *all holy*.

Asia claims the honour of having placed the first oratory and chapel under the invocation of Mary; the most ancient of these shrines was Our Lady of Tortosa, which St. Peter himself founded, according to the Eastern traditions, on the coasts of Phœnicia. These early Syrian churches were, at first, but very simple structures, with cedar roofs and latticed windows. The altar was turned towards the west, like that of Jerusalem, and during the day a wooden screen concealed the sanctuary, in memory of the famous veil of the Holy of Holies. There were crosses in those churches; and there were also, at a very early period, pictures of Mary, for tradition relates that her image was painted on one of the pillars in the beautiful church of Lydda, which had been dedicated to her by her adopted son, and that St. Luke presented to the cathedral of Antioch a portrait of the Virgin painted by himself. This image,

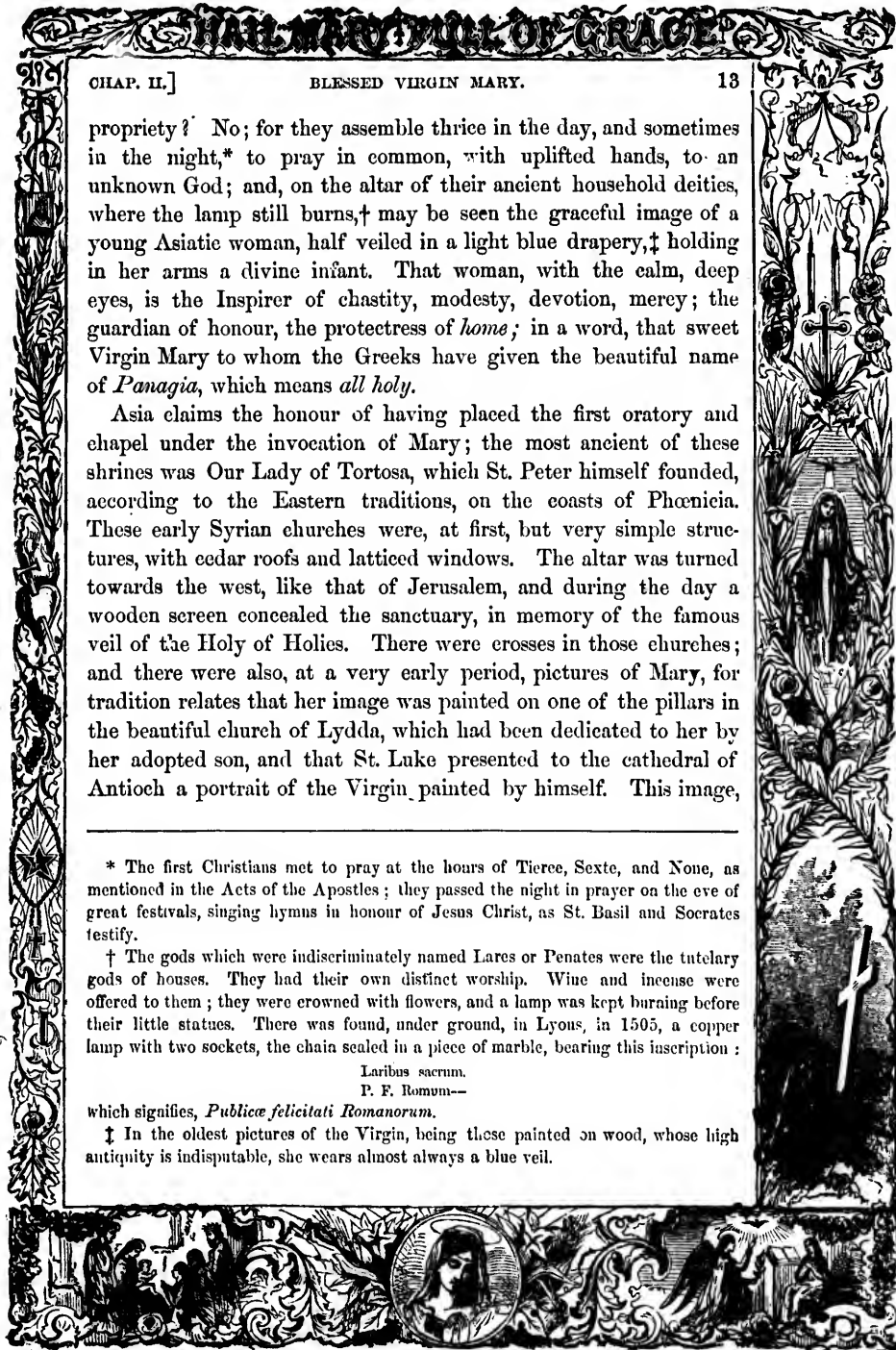
* The first Christians met to pray at the hours of Tierce, Sexte, and None, as mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles; they passed the night in prayer on the eve of great festivals, singing hymns in honour of Jesus Christ, as St. Basil and Socrates testify.

† The gods which were indiscriminately named Lares or Penates were the tutelary gods of houses. They had their own distinct worship. Wine and incense were offered to them; they were crowned with flowers, and a lamp was kept burning before their little statues. There was found, under ground, in Lyons, in 1505, a copper lamp with two sockets, the chain sealed in a piece of marble, bearing this inscription:

Laribus sacrum.
P. F. Romanum—

which signifies, *Publicæ felicitati Romanorum*.

‡ In the oldest pictures of the Virgin, being these painted on wood, whose high antiquity is indisputable, she wears almost always a blue veil.



to which the mother of God was believed to have attached signal graces, became so famous that the Empress Pulcheria had it brought to Constantinople, where she built a magnificent church to place it in.

Edessa, the capital city of that king Abgarus who was on the point of making war on the Jews to revenge the death of our Lord, and who was only prevented from doing so through fear of the Romans, their masters, as Eusebius tells us, had also, in the first century, its church of Our Lady, adorned with a miraculous image. Egypt boasts of having had, about the same time, Our Lady of Alexandria, and Saragossa in Spain, then called Cæsar Augusta, its famous shrine of Our Lady of the Pillar. But no where was the devotion to Mary carried on with such enthusiastic fervour as in Asia Minor. Ephesus, where the memory of the Blessed Virgin was still fresh and vivid, soon built in honour of Mary the *Miriam*, a superb cathedral, wherein was held, in the fifth century, the famous council which confirmed her proud title of Mother of God.

This example was followed from one end of the immense Roman provinces to the other. Phrygia, having become Christian, consigned to oblivion those Trojan gods sung by Homer; Cappadocia suffered those sacred fires to die away which the Persians had kindled side by side with the elegant temples of the Grecian deities; and the caverns, whose gloomy vaults had so recently witnessed the bloody mysteries of Mithra,* became, during the religious persecutions—which no where broke out with greater fury than amongst those Greek colonies—a place of refuge for the Christians and their proscribed God. At length, the gods of Greece—those indigenous deities, sprung from the sparkling foam of the Ægean sea, born under the still-existing palms of the

* The worship of Mithra, before it reached Greece or Rome, had passed from Persia into Cappadocia, where Strabo, who travelled there, says that he saw a great number of the priests of Mithra. The mysteries of Mithra, which were celebrated in the depth of caverns, were something horrible, according to the holy Fathers. Human victims were there sacrificed, as appears from a fact mentioned by Socrates in his Ecclesiastical History, viz., that the Christians of Alexandria having discovered a den which had been long closed up, and in which the Mithraic mysteries were said to have been formerly celebrated, they found therein human skulls and bones which they took out to show to the people of that great city.

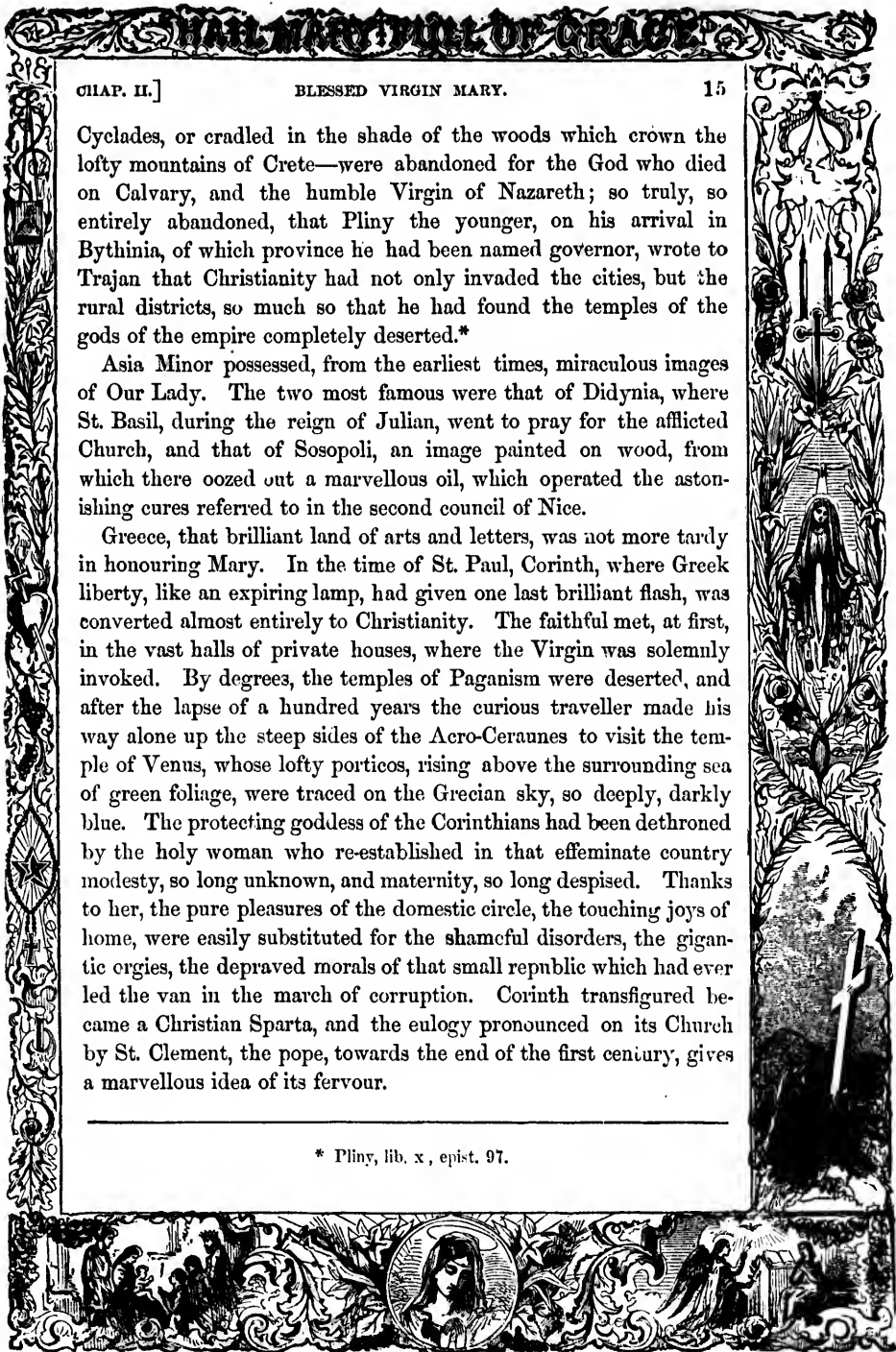


Cyclades, or cradled in the shade of the woods which crown the lofty mountains of Crete—were abandoned for the God who died on Calvary, and the humble Virgin of Nazareth; so truly, so entirely abandoned, that Pliny the younger, on his arrival in Bythina, of which province he had been named governor, wrote to Trajan that Christianity had not only invaded the cities, but the rural districts, so much so that he had found the temples of the gods of the empire completely deserted.*

Asia Minor possessed, from the earliest times, miraculous images of Our Lady. The two most famous were that of Didynia, where St. Basil, during the reign of Julian, went to pray for the afflicted Church, and that of Sosopoli, an image painted on wood, from which there oozed out a marvellous oil, which operated the astonishing cures referred to in the second council of Nice.

Greece, that brilliant land of arts and letters, was not more tardy in honouring Mary. In the time of St. Paul, Corinth, where Greek liberty, like an expiring lamp, had given one last brilliant flash, was converted almost entirely to Christianity. The faithful met, at first, in the vast halls of private houses, where the Virgin was solemnly invoked. By degrees, the temples of Paganism were deserted, and after the lapse of a hundred years the curious traveller made his way alone up the steep sides of the Acro-Ceraunes to visit the temple of Venus, whose lofty porticos, rising above the surrounding sea of green foliage, were traced on the Grecian sky, so deeply, darkly blue. The protecting goddess of the Corinthians had been dethroned by the holy woman who re-established in that effeminate country modesty, so long unknown, and maternity, so long despised. Thanks to her, the pure pleasures of the domestic circle, the touching joys of home, were easily substituted for the shameful disorders, the gigantic orgies, the depraved morals of that small republic which had ever led the van in the march of corruption. Corinth transfigured became a Christian Sparta, and the eulogy pronounced on its Church by St. Clement, the pope, towards the end of the first century, gives a marvellous idea of its fervour.

* Pliny, lib. x, epist. 97.



Arcadia, whose forests were peopled with rural gods, and where every grotto, every murmuring spring had its altar, likewise abjured, though not so promptly, the worship of Pan and the Naiads for the veneration of the humble Virgin, whose divine child was pleased to receive his first homage from simple shepherds. But as ancient superstitions are more difficult to eradicate from rural districts than from any other places, it was long believed in the Arcadian hamlets that Diana still followed the chase in the depth of the great forests of Menales and Lyceum. Young and credulous shepherdesses, divided between the Christian faith and their ancestral superstitions, sometimes imagined that they saw, by the flickering light of the moon, fair white Dryads amongst the trees, Naiads bending pensively over the springs, or playful elves dancing on the buttercups and daisies in the meadows. But, about the time of Constantine, the Blessed Virgin had definitely prevailed over deified nature; and the numerous churches bearing her name, which still adorn the rustic scenes of the land of the ancient Pelages, attest the profound devotion of the Arcadians to the Virgin Mother.

Elida, too, very early built a church in honour of the Blessed Virgin on the banks of its romantic river, the Alpheus, and as it was surrounded by noble vineyards, it received the name of Our Lady of Grapes.

Macedonia preceded Greece proper in the veneration of Mary. Thessalonica had a bishopric even in the time of the Apostles, and its church was a superb edifice with jasper columns, dedicated by the pious Macedonians to the Blessed Virgin; this structure is still to be seen, but the Turks have converted it into a mosque.*

Nero, travelling in the Peloponnesus, did not dare to cross the frontiers of Laconia; the stern gloom of Sparta inspired him with fear. The mild, sweet Virgin of Galilee was more valiant than Cæsar; she passed the Eurotes, which hides its waves under rose-bays, and presented herself to the people of Leonidas, whose ancient virtue was preserved in the bitter, but invigorating waters of poverty. She was welcomed with enthusiasm, and that brave people hastened to

* *Wheeler's Travels.*



HAIL MARY FULL OF GRACE

CHAP. II.]

BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

17

build the fairest church of Greece in honour of that young foreign Virgin who came to teach the daughters of Sparta to cast down their eyes.

Ever since that time, Mary reigns in Sparta with absolute power; for her are culled the earliest violets that bloom by the Eurota's stream; it is before her image, rudely painted in red and blue on the walls of their dwellings, that the young Lacedemonians nightly light a lamp of clay or bronze; a pious act which is duly noticed when the Grecian women pronounce the funeral eulogium of the dead. Finally, the inhabitants of Laconia substituted the name of CHRIST and the Virgin wherever their ancestors introduced the name of Jupiter in affirmation, and this oath has become of such common use that even the Turks of Misistra, prior to the Greek revolution, instead of swearing by Allah and by Mahomet, like the other Musulmen, swore, like the Greeks of Sparta, by the Blessed Virgin.*

Athens, the elegant and learned, celebrated for its monuments, the finest in the world, and its schools, which were frequented by the flower of the studious youth of Europe and Asia—Athens was slower in being converted to Christianity than the other countries of Greece. From the earliest times, however, it had had a bishop and a church dedicated to Mary, Our Lady *Spiliotissa*, or our Lady of the Grotto; but polytheism was sheltered under the brilliant ægis of Minerva, and Athens was at the same time full of Christian churches and of idols. It was in one of these churches that Julian filled the office of lector, by command of the Emperor Constantine; but it was in the Parthenon that he was to plan the revival of idolatry, while reading Homer.

That the devotion to the Blessed Virgin had a powerful influence on the spread of the Gospel in Greece and in Asia, is a fact which the habits and tastes of the Levantines would have rendered probable even were it not attested, before all the bishops of the East, by St. Cyril, at the first council of Ephesus, in a discourse which is still extant. "Hail, Mary, Mother of God!" said that holy and learned bishop; "it is through you that, in the cities, the towns, and the

* Ponqueville, *Voyage en Morée*, t. 1er.



islands, of those who have received the true faith, numerous churches have been founded!"*

Beyond the great sea, several tribes of Arabs were converted to Christianity, and greatly honoured Mary, the *Sultana of heaven*, as they still call her. Seated in the shade of the date-trees or tamarinds, which flourish best on the margin of brackish streams, and inhaling with delight the freshness which the night brings in those burning regions,† the story-tellers of the Christian tribes, by the light of those eternal lamps of God which they suppose fastened by chains of gold to the vault of the firmament,‡ related the principal facts in the life of the Blessed Virgin, colouring them with that marvellous tint so pleasing to the sons of Ishmael. They told, according to the Arab gospel of the holy childhood and the traditions of the desert, how the holy angels came to bring to the Virgin, in the temple where Zachary, her guardian, had placed her, delicious dates, amber grapes, figs sweeter than honey, and odorous flowers gathered in the celestial gardens where limpid streams and green trees abound; for Paradise, in warm climates, is always composed of fresh waters and cool shades. And there, they recite, in their own peculiar style, the prodigies of the birth of Jesus, which they still call (Mussulmen as they have since become) *al milad*—the birth by excellence. They placed the scene in the desert, on the banks of a stream and at the foot of a withered palm-tree, which was suddenly covered with leaves and fruit at the bidding of the angel Gabriel, whom God had sent to console Mary. These marvellous tales increasing their veneration for the Blessed Virgin, they believed, in time, that they might adore, in heaven, her whom angels had served on earth, and they offered her, in fact, oblations of cakes made of flour and honey;

* S. Cyr. Alex. *Opz.*, v. v., p. 2.

† Whilst the sun is above the horizon, as the heat is excessive in their climate, the Arabs usually remain under their tents. They go out when sunset draws near, and then enjoy the charms of a lovelier sky and cooler air. The night is partly for them what the day is for us. Hence their poets never extol the charms of a fine day; but the words, "Leili! leili! O night! O night!" are repeated in all their songs. (Saba, note on the 7th ch. of the *Koran*.)

‡ The first sky is of pure silver; it is from its beautiful vault that the stars are suspended with strong chains of gold. (*Koran, the legend of Mahomet*, by Savary, p. 15.)



HAIL MARY FULL OF GRACE

hence their name of *collyridians*, from the Greek word *collyre* (cake). St. Epiphanius warmly rebukes them for this worship, which exceeded the prescribed limits, explaining to them that oblation and sacrifice are only to be offered to God.

On the other hand, the idolatrous Arabs had placed the image of Mary in the Caaba, amongst the angels, whom they represented under the figure of young women, and called *the daughters of God*.* Mary, whom they had made the sister of those pure spirits, came in for a share of the divine honours paid to them. They sacrificed to her victims adorned with leaves and flowers; they offered to her the first of their crops, together with the first dates from their trees, and, in golden vases, the frothy milk of the sacred camels.† The image of the Blessed Virgin with the divine child in her arms remained in the temple of Mecca till the time of Mahomet, who had it removed with the genii and the angels.

The holy name of Mary began to be invoked amongst the nations who dwell between the Caspian and the Euxine seas; but the shrines of Judea and the scenes of the Redemption were, alas! profaned by Greek and Syrian idols which were only overthrown under Constantine. The statue of Jupiter was sacrilegiously raised on the spot where the weeping Mary saw Jesus crucified, and it was to Adonis that sacrifice was offered in the cave of Bethlehem.

* Geladeddin, note on the 16th ch. of the *Koran*.

† The idolatrous Arabs had several she-camels consecrated to the gods of the Caaba; the cream of their milk served to make libations. (Savary, in a note on the 5th ch. of the *Koran*.) The inhabitants of Mecca offered one portion of their fruits and of their flocks to God, another to their idols. (Geladeddin, note on the 8th ch. of the *Koran*.)



CHAPTER III.

THE WEST.—THE CATACOMBS.

THE sacred vine of Christianity already flourished in Asia so as to extend its branches over a multitude of nations;* but it did not take root so quickly in the West. Rome, thoroughly idolatrous—Rome, drunk with the blood of martyrs, which she shed like water—Rome protected polytheism with all her power, and her power extended over an entire world! In the east, a mysterious sign, which made Satan tremble in the depth of the fiery abyss, announced that the kingdom of God was near; but in Italy, and the regions beyond the Alps, Christianity was, as yet, in the condition of a secret society; people were received into its ranks with all manner of caution and even mystery; its members recognized each other by certain signs; and, doubtless, the sign of the cross, the origin of which is unknown, was one of those mysterious signs, which revealed an unknown Christian to his brethren scattered through the crowd. It was not that the Christians were so few in the regions of the West; they were already sufficiently numerous to form armies; but persecuted by idolatrous governors, tracked like wild beasts, and finding no protection in the Roman laws, which recognized only to punish them, they lived isolated *as drops upon the grass, as a dew from the Lord, which waiteth not for man, nor tarrieth for the children of men.*†

The first Latin churches were domestic chapels, and the first altars, portable wooden chests like the Ark, having the same form and the same iron rings.‡ Those primitive churches of Rome, which were

* We learn from Arnobus and Eusebius that the Gospel, during the three first centuries, had spread far beyond the limits of the Roman empire, amongst the Persians, the Parthians, the Scythians, and many other nations whom they do not name. (Arnob., *Adv. Gentes*, lib. ii. ch. 12.—Euseb., *Demonst. Evang.* l. iii. ch. 5.

† Micheas, ch. v., v. 7.

‡ One of these altars, whereon St. Peter was thought to have celebrated the divine mysteries, and which Pope St. Sylvester inclosed under the high altar of St. John of Lateran, was examined on the 29th of March, 1658, under Alexander VII., by the Cavalier Baromini, in concert with the chief sacristan of the church; it is four palms



in existence before the arrival of St. Paul, were composed chiefly of Greeks and converted Jews; but the Roman people soon heard speak of that new law which said that all men are brethren, that they are all equals, and ought to love each other. They found this holy law both fair and good; they would follow it, and came in crowds to receive the regenerating waters of baptism. "It was then perceived," says Tacitus, "that Rome contained an incredible number of Christians."* The pagan priests were troubled; Nero, emperor and supreme pontiff, took the alarm, and the persecutions commenced.†

They assembled, at first, wherever they could, as St. Justin, the martyr, said when asked by the prefect of Rome where the Christians were accustomed to meet; but the halls and upper chambers of private houses becoming too small, and the scrutiny of the senate daily more rigorous, it became necessary to seek a temple vast enough to contain a great multitude of people, and so hidden as to escape the eyes of that host of spies which then infested the empire, not unlike one of the plagues of Egypt. Some bold-hearted Christians proposed the catacombs. Therein were found vast and gloomy halls, interminable avenues, "where the darkness was so profound," says St. Jerome, "that it seemed as though one went down alive into the sepulchre, and the walls around were sheeted with mouldering bodies." This labyrinth of coffins, from which there appeared no egress, and where any one venturing in without a guide was sure to perish; those dreary vaults, where all was silence, fear and death, had no terrors for the first Christians of Rome. On the sabbath-day, then first called Sunday, they assembled in that dismal metropolitan church to read the writings of the Apostles or the Prophets; then, they offered up, on an altar of unhewn stone, the sacrifice of bread

long, by eight wide. Its form is that of a chest. The altar was moved from place to place by means of several rings.

* Tacitus, *Annal.*, lib. xv., ch. 44.

† This first persecution had for a pretext the burning of Rome, of which Nero accused the Christians, though it was his own act; it was extremely cruel; they clothed the Christians with garments soaked in pitch, or some other combustible matter; they then set fire to them, so that they served as torches during the night. Nero had a festival on the occasion, in his gardens, where he drove his chariots by the light of those fatal flames. (See *Eccles. Hist.*, v. i. p. 98.)



and wine, which was preceded by a sermon and followed by a collection for the poor.* Some rude frescoes, representing the Saviour or Mary, which are still to be seen, half effaced, in the catacombs of Naples and of Rome, were the sole decoration of this place of prayer, whose congregation consisted of ten *dead* and one *living* generation. What a temple! Instead of golden vases, there were wooden cups! instead of the Roman lamps of massive silver, there were flaring torches! instead of martial spoils, there were the fearful trophies of the angel of death! Behind, before, and all around the spot where the faithful assembled, were endless subterranean avenues where distant torches gleamed from time to time, and veiled figures were seen moving, looking more like spectres than human beings! Beneath was the dust of a republic which had carried off its virtues in the folds of its great shroud: terror within; and without, in case of discovery, was the amphitheatre, red with the blood of martyred Christians!

When we come to reflect on these things, we ask ourselves in amazement, what intrepid heroes were they who braved these horrors? . . . Those heroes, who thus braved death and terror, were ignorant men who had grown up amid the auguries, the signs, and the thousand superstitious fears of paganism; they were timid virgins *accustomed to bloom far from the world like solitary roses*; † fair and rich patricians, served by legions of slaves, who slept on beds of massive gold, eat from tables of lemon-tree wood, inhabited apartments ceiled with ivory, and trod but on flags of marble strewed with gold or silver dust; young men, wrapt up in rich scarlet cloaks, and bearing the names of *Anicius, Olibrius, Probus, Gracchus* ‡—in a word, the flower of the Roman patricians; knights, who might be known by their equestrian ring, great officers of the palace, tribunes of the people, favourites and kinsmen of Cæsar, whose sons were appointed to succeed him in the empire.§ . . . Who else?

* *Apolog.* S. Just.

† S. Ambr., *de Virg.*, lib. i., ch. 6.

‡ S. e Prudentius in his two books against Symmachus. According to that author, the family of Anicius was the first patrician family which embraced Christianity in Rome.

§ Flavius Clement, cousin-germain of Domitian, whose two sons had been appointed by the Emperor himself as his successors, was put to death as a Christian shortly after

Imperial princesses who traversed by night, escorted by some faithful slaves, the *atrium* of their gilded palace on mount Palatine, and glided like spirits out of the city of Romulus, to go worship the *Galilean* in the catacombs—the Galilean so despised and ridiculed by the haughty pagan aristocracy—and to invoke that sweet Virgin Mary for whom the noble descendants of the Gracchi and the Scipios abandoned their favourite temple of Juno Lucina.*

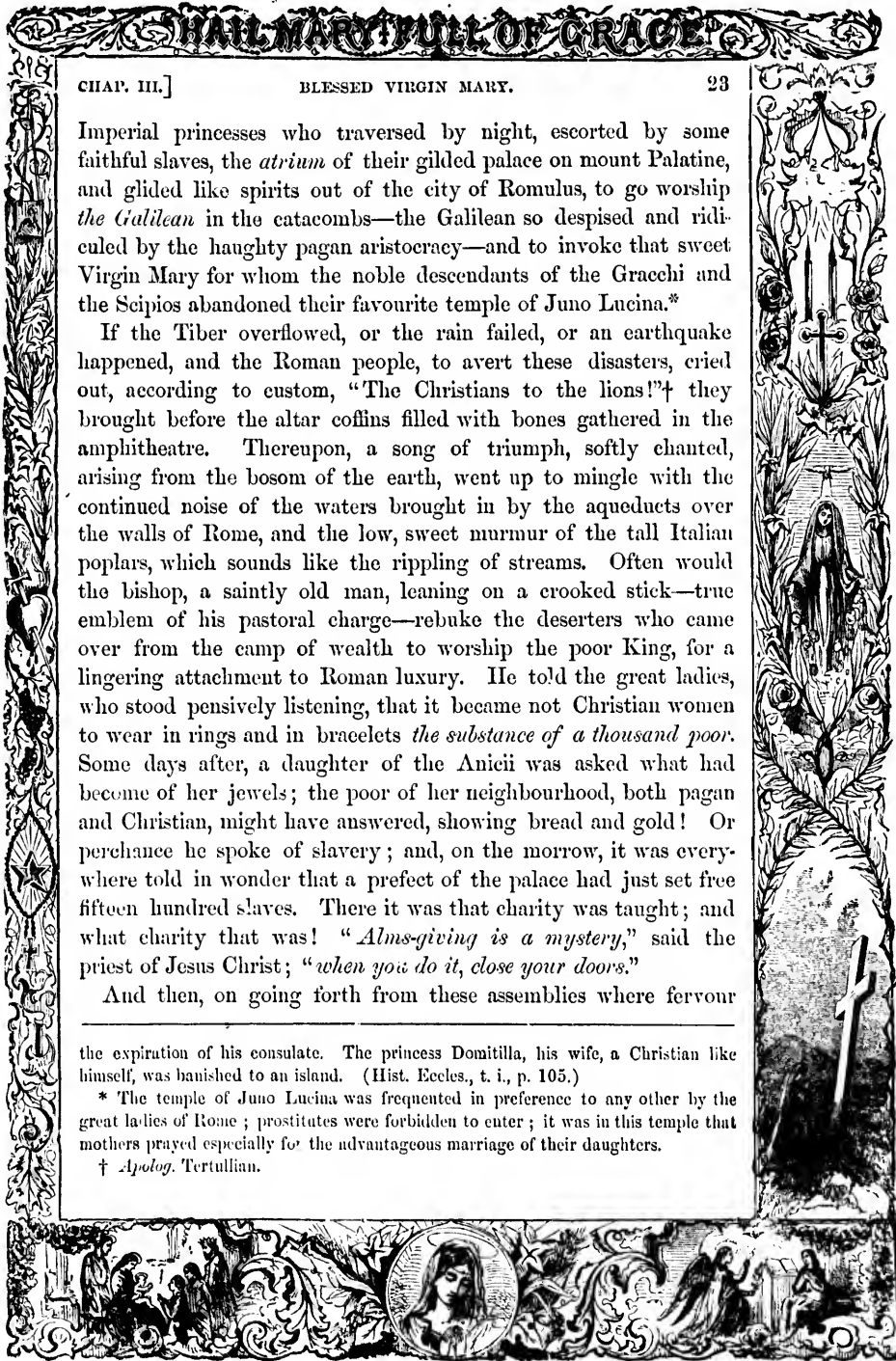
If the Tiber overflowed, or the rain failed, or an earthquake happened, and the Roman people, to avert these disasters, cried out, according to custom, "The Christians to the lions!"† they brought before the altar coffins filled with bones gathered in the amphitheatre. Thereupon, a song of triumph, softly chanted, arising from the bosom of the earth, went up to mingle with the continued noise of the waters brought in by the aqueducts over the walls of Rome, and the low, sweet murmur of the tall Italian poplars, which sounds like the rippling of streams. Often would the bishop, a saintly old man, leaning on a crooked stick—true emblem of his pastoral charge—rebuke the deserters who came over from the camp of wealth to worship the poor King, for a lingering attachment to Roman luxury. He told the great ladies, who stood pensively listening, that it became not Christian women to wear in rings and in bracelets *the substance of a thousand poor*. Some days after, a daughter of the Anicii was asked what had become of her jewels; the poor of her neighbourhood, both pagan and Christian, might have answered, showing bread and gold! Or perchance he spoke of slavery; and, on the morrow, it was everywhere told in wonder that a prefect of the palace had just set free fifteen hundred slaves. There it was that charity was taught; and what charity that was! "*Alms-giving is a mystery*," said the priest of Jesus Christ; "*when you do it, close your doors*."

And then, on going forth from these assemblies where fervour

the expiration of his consulate. The princess Domitilla, his wife, a Christian like himself, was banished to an island. (Hist. Eccles., t. i., p. 105.)

* The temple of Juno Lucina was frequented in preference to any other by the great ladies of Rome; prostitutes were forbidden to enter; it was in this temple that mothers prayed especially for the advantageous marriage of their daughters.

† *Apolog.* Tertullian.



GNAIL MARY FULL OF GRACE

was renewed, poor toiling women went and took up from off the banks of the Tiber the helpless infants left there by pagan ladies of rank; the patricians set apart a portion of their palaces for hospitals; and the young Christian nobles undertook distant voyages to succour their brethren in Africa or Asia. These acts of charity, of abnegation, of devotion, astonished the pagans, to whom they were wholly unaccountable.*

The noble matrons of Rome then wore images of Mary engraved on emeralds, cornelians, or sapphires, and, dying, bequeathed them to their daughters as symbols of their faith. Galla, the widow of Symmachus, had a superb church erected, long after, to deposit therein one of these precious stones, the relic of a persecuted faith; the workmanship of this stone was so fine that it was thought to have come from a hand more than human, and was venerated as a gift from heaven.†

Besides these religious ornaments which served those Christian women as distinctive marks, they exposed, amid flowers, on the domestic altar where the *lares* had so long reigned, miniature figures in gold or silver, representing Jesus Christ, the Virgin, and the Apostles. These statuettes, the discovery of which brought a whole family to the amphitheatre, were usually so small that they could be put out of sight on the first alarm, and even concealed on the person.‡

* Lucianus, *de Morte Peregrini*.

† Astolfi, *Delle Imagini Miracolose*.

‡ M. Kaoul-Rochette attributes the invention of these little statues to the Gnostics; but the Gnostics themselves make them go back much farther than their sect. According to all appearance, this custom was established amongst the patricians of Rome first converted to Christianity. The images of Jesus Christ, of the Virgin, and the Apostles, were substituted for those of *Fortune* and several other divinities, which they placed, crowned with flowers, on the altar of the *Lares*; they were small enough to be concealed about the person in case of necessity. One of these statuettes, representing Harpocrates, god of Silence, has been found in Bretagne; it was of gold, and about two inches in height.—(See *Hist. Eccles. de Bretagne*, t. iii., p. 358.) We know, moreover, that the ancients hung around their neck, or fastened to their clothes, little images of *Fortune*. Hence came the custom of wearing *mondannas*, crosses, and other sacred images in gold or precious stones. Being unable to destroy this ancient custom, the Church, in her wisdom, changed its object.



A little later, private chapels received the bodies of martyrs, which were clothed in costly white garments and enclosed in magnificent marble tombs. During the last persecutions, Aglaé, a fair and wealthy Roman matron, sent for these holy relics as far as Bithynia, where the Roman governors—who traded in every thing, even dead bodies—sold them at a high price.*

In the interval from one persecution to another, the Christians gathered their dead into cemeteries outside the walls of Rome, and went thither frequently to pray. The walls of these cemeteries painted in fresco, represented Jesus Christ on his tribunal, in the majestic and severe attitude which becomes the sovereign Judge of men; near him, Mary, veiled in the Roman style, stood ready to implore his mercy for sinners.†

During the halcyon days of the reign of Alexander Severus, the Christians of Rome, knowing that that prince honoured Jesus Christ, whose image he had placed in his *lararium*, amongst the holy souls,‡ and counting on the support of his mother, the Empress Mamea, who was a Christian, demanded and obtained, notwithstanding the clamorous opposition of the pagan priests, permission to erect a church on a waste spot which had long been encumbered with mouldering ruins. This was the first that reared its cross beside the marble fanes of the gods of the empire; it was dedicated to Mary, and took the name of Our Lady beyond the Tiber.

Christianity, violently oppressed in Italy, was cruelly persecuted in the Gauls, where it progressed but very slowly, according to Sulpicius Severus, who wrote in the fourth century. Nevertheless, there were a few bishoprics established so early as the third century, amongst others that of Lyons, where St. Pothin had introduced the veneration of Mary; and missionaries, amongst whom were even Roman knights, went all over the Gauls. But these sowers of the Gospel often fell beneath the impious sword of the idolatrous

* Simplician, governor of Cilicia, sold to the servants of the martyr Bonifacius, the body of their master for five hundred gold crowns.

† A very ancient painting in the cemetery of St. Calixtus, in Rome, still represents the Blessed Virgin in this costume.

‡ Lamprid., in *Alex. Sev.*, ch. 29-31.



governors—who hunted them like wild beasts*—before their task was fully accomplished. Their labours, however, though unfinished, were not lost; their generous blood fertilized the soil which they had cleared, and in after times other labourers came in to reap what they had sowed.

The island of Britain boasts of having preceded the Gauls in its conversion to Christianity, and, if we may believe its most ancient chronicles, it had the first Christian king. Venerable Bede relates that, in the time of the emperors Marcus Aurelius and Commodus, a prince named Lucius asked of Pope Eleutherus two Italian missionaries to evangelize the little kingdom which he governed for the Romans. His request was graciously received, and two apostolic men, to whom the Gauls subsequently erected altars,† went to preach the Gospel to the native tribes of Great Britain, then divided between Druidism—still in its prime—and the *gouïs of Augustus*. God blessed their efforts: the Britons, still in a semi-barbarous state, went forth in crowds from their bee-hive-like huts to hear them. Sometimes, in the midst of the desert and stony heath where they went to seek the sectaries of Esus, collected by the pale moonlight‡ for some secret sacrifice, a young priestess of the Celts having listened attentively to the divine doctrine, leaning against an aged oak, suddenly let fall the golden sickle which was to have cut the misletoe—that sacred plant which grew out of the furrowed bark of the oak—and bowing down before the minister of Christ, her fair tresses still bound with the sacerdotal wreath, she cried out in trembling accents, "I am a Christian!" whereupon, the priest, taking water from the still worshipped spring, administered the regenerating sacrament of Baptism to the young and stately neophyte, who gave up her proud title of *Uheldeda* (sublimity) for the sweet strange name of Mary.§

* "You have escaped us, then, if you be a Christian," said Heraclius to St. Symphorian, "for but few of them now remain."

† Harpisfield, *Hist.*, lib. i., ch. 3.

‡ The Gauls and the insular Britons assembled only by night in their temples, when the moon was in her first quarter, or at her full; this traditional custom dates from the most remote antiquity. (*Hist. Eccles. de Bret.*, t. iv., p. 540.)

§ The Venerable Bede asserts, in his *Ecclesiastical History*, that, at this remote period, a great number of Druids became Christians.



During the persecution of Dioclesian, according to the best authorities, Christianity crossed the double wall which separated the Britons, politically enervated by their conquerors, from their wild and restless neighbours of the North. The island of Britain, where Roman civilization flourished like a pale and forced exotic, had cities adorned with baths, palaces of marble, temples radiant with gold, side by side with dreary wastes of sand and rock, and thick primeval woods; but Caledonia, whither the eagle of the Cæsars had not yet penetrated, was still the land of foam and flood, of rock and torrent, having no other worship than a half-effaced Druidism, mingled with German superstitions. All was hazy and indistinct, like a landscape veiled in mist. The Druids, having a misunderstanding with the great chiefs, had been expelled in the fourth century,* and their notions relating to the one God were gradually almost forgotten; but the people believed in the spirit of the waters, and the spirit of the mountains, and in a certain aerial dwelling where the shades of their ancestors, wandering by night on their cloudy chariots, their white drapery glittering in the moonbeams, and their transparent hands, holding by way of sword, a half-extinguished meteor.† The Christian apostles of these regions, then almost unknown, took possession of the caves which the Druids had abandoned,‡ and established themselves on the margin of streams, in the depth of forests, or on the steep hill-side. It sometimes chanced that the highland hunter, careless of pursuing farther over the moor the red deer or the roe, came to seat himself on the gray, mossy stone which marked the grave of a warrior, in order to converse with the old man of the cave, the Christian *Culdee*,§ who told him of Christ and his Mother. With one arm thrown over his unbent bow, and the other resting on the head of his favourite hound lying at his feet, the Scottish chief listened, with respect and attention, to the grave discourse of the solitary; then, when the sanctity of the Gospel had, at length, touched his heart; when, with

* *Poems of Ossian. Dissertation on the Era of Ossian.*

† *See Ossian.*

‡ *Ibid.*

§ *Culdee*, in Gaelic *Culdich*, a hermit, a solitary.



clasped hands and kindling eyes, he said, "I believe!" his entire clan repeated like a faithful echo, "We also believe!"

Not content with having spread their doctrine over hill and dale, the priests of Christ would fain pursue the old idolatry even to its most ancient and remote sanctuaries. The isle of Iona, one of the islands of the Scottish archipelago, surrounded by a green and turbulent sea, was a sacred place for the lords of the isles and the mountain chiefs, who came to swear peace on an ancient block, which they called *the stone of power*. The stone quickly disappeared, and in its stead arose, amid the picturesque rocks, the most ancient and the most venerated abbey in Scotland: alas! its cloisters are now, and have long been roofless, though they cover the ashes of a race of kings.

Four centuries had passed away, and Christianity had already spread from east to west. "We are but of yesterday," said Tertulian to the senate of pagan Rome, "and yet we fill your palaces, your cities, your fortresses, your armies, both by land and sea; we leave you only your temples!" It was true; but what torrents of blood had, during all that time, reddened the great standard of the Cross! The last persecution was meant to eradicate Christianity: Dioclesian either levelled or closed up all the churches, and put Christian cities to the sword,* promising the most magnificent rewards to apostacy, which, however, was very uncommon, notwithstanding the imperial encouragement, the Christians of those times generally preferring martyrdom. Men thought that it was all over with Christianity: the idolaters clapped their hands in exultation over its approaching downfall, and hell was heard to bellow out its shouts of triumph; but the holy angels, looking on with a smile, said amongst themselves: "Christ is about to gain the victory; blessed be His name!" A young maiden of Bithynia, named Helena, whom the Emperor Constantius Chloris had married for her rare beauty and virtue, had just given birth to a son, who was named Constantine.

* Eusebius, *Eccles. Hist.*—Sulpicius Severus.



Second Period of the Devotion to Mary.

FROM CONSTANTINE TO THE MIDDLE AGES.

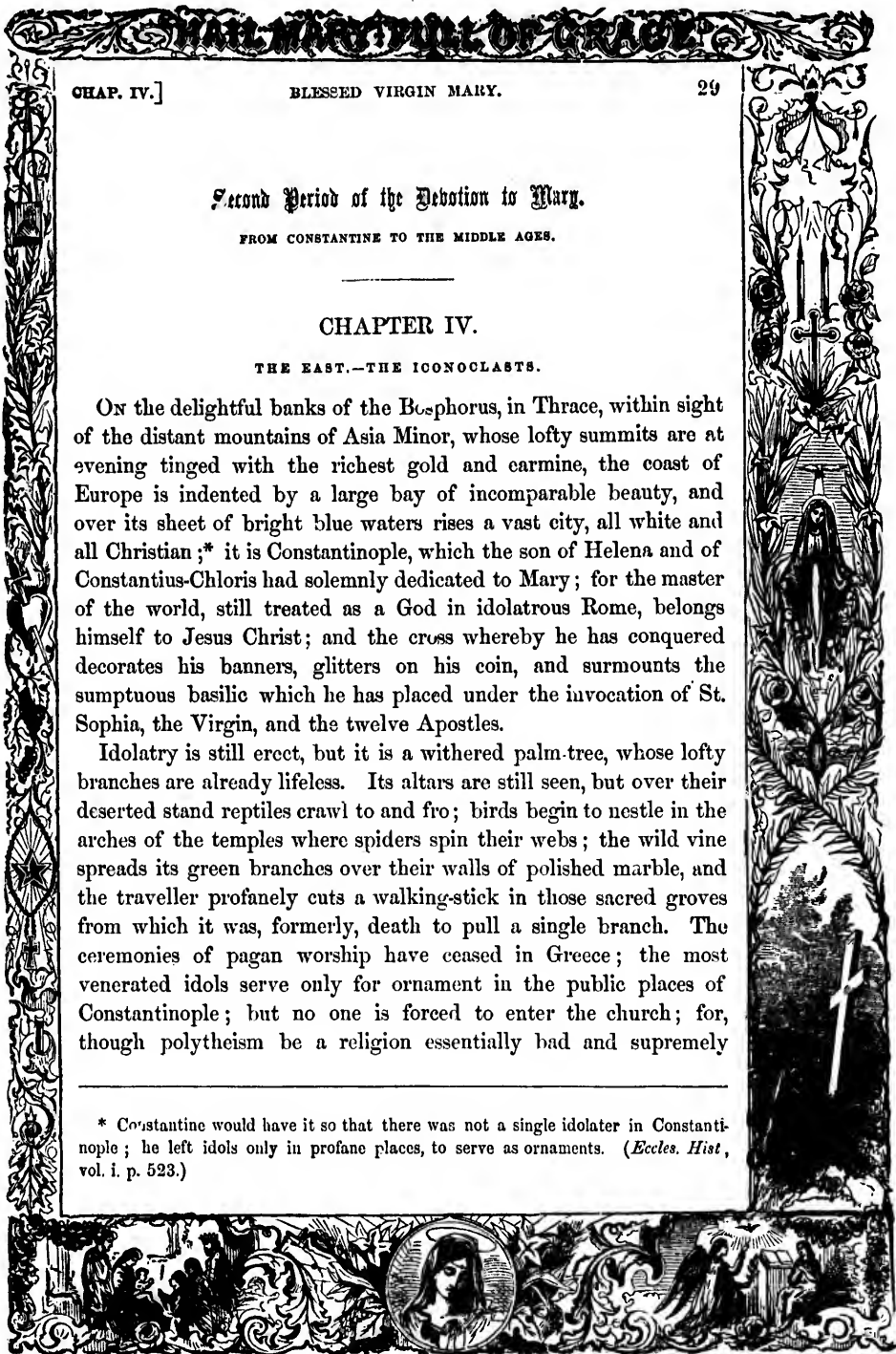
CHAPTER IV.

THE EAST.—THE ICONOCLASTS.

ON the delightful banks of the Bosphorus, in Thrace, within sight of the distant mountains of Asia Minor, whose lofty summits are at evening tinged with the richest gold and carmine, the coast of Europe is indented by a large bay of incomparable beauty, and over its sheet of bright blue waters rises a vast city, all white and all Christian;* it is Constantinople, which the son of Helena and of Constantius-Chloris had solemnly dedicated to Mary; for the master of the world, still treated as a God in idolatrous Rome, belongs himself to Jesus Christ; and the cross whereby he has conquered decorates his banners, glitters on his coin, and surmounts the sumptuous basilic which he has placed under the invocation of St. Sophia, the Virgin, and the twelve Apostles.

Idolatry is still erect, but it is a withered palm-tree, whose lofty branches are already lifeless. Its altars are still seen, but over their deserted stand reptiles crawl to and fro; birds begin to nestle in the arches of the temples where spiders spin their webs; the wild vine spreads its green branches over their walls of polished marble, and the traveller profanely cuts a walking-stick in those sacred groves from which it was, formerly, death to pull a single branch. The ceremonies of pagan worship have ceased in Greece; the most venerated idols serve only for ornament in the public places of Constantinople; but no one is forced to enter the church; for, though polytheism be a religion essentially bad and supremely

* Constantine would have it so that there was not a single idolater in Constantinople; he left idols only in profane places, to serve as ornaments. (*Eccles. Hist.*, vol. i. p. 523.)



absurd, yet the emperor respects that liberty of conscience which the pagans so badly understood when they abused the dread right of the strongest. Lactantius, one of the brightest luminaries of Christianity, lays down as a principle, in a famous contemporary work, that *nihil est tam voluntarium quam religio*.* It is such moderation as this that gains success for a holy cause.

It was not merely by dedicating to her the new Rome that Constantine testified his respect for Mary; at his request, the Empress Helena, converted by him, set out for Palestine, and covered that holy land with sacred monuments, in which Mary had her full share. The grotto of the Nativity, sheeted with marble and lit up with golden lamps, was surrounded by a magnificent church, which bore the name of St. Mary of Bethlehem. St. Mary of Nazareth, erected on the site of the humble dwelling of the Holy Family, was long considered one of the finest churches in Asia. The sepulchral cave in the valley of Josaphat was considerably enlarged, and adorned with a superb staircase of marble; silver lamps were suspended around the Virgin's tomb. Finally, two sumptuous churches commemorated the Visitation of Mary and her swoon near the rock from which the Nazarenes would have cast Jesus.

The successors of the first Byzantine emperors showed themselves in general very devout towards the Blessed Virgin. Theodosius the Younger, having learned that a great concourse of Christians from all parts of Europe and Asia, flocked to the tomb of the Blessed Virgin, had a stately Byzantine church erected there, which was called by the Arabs *la Giasmaniah* (the church of the body), Kosrou-Paviz (Cosroes II.) threw down this church at the instigation of the Jews, in his invasion of Syria and Palestine; but subsequently repenting of that act of violence, for which he was tearfully reproached by Sira, his Christian wife, the follower of Zoroaster built a church himself to the Blessed Virgin, in his city of Miafarckin.† The Empress Pulcheria, daughter of Theodosius and wife of the Emperor Marcian, had herself no less than three

* Lactantius, *Institut.*, v. 20.

† D'Herbelot, *Bibliothèque Orientale*.

churches constructed, under the invocation of the *Panagia*, within the limits of Constantinople. Being unable to enrich them with relics of the Mother of God, since the body of Mary is in heaven, she tried to make up the deficiency by some of her garments, sent by the faithful of Jerusalem. The beautiful church of the Blaquerne had her robe, that of Chalcopratée, her girdle; but that of the Guides obtained the best of all. Therein was placed on an altar glittering with gold and embellished with columns of jasper, a portrait of Mary sent from Antioch, said to have been painted by St. Luke during the life-time of the Virgin, and to which she had attached graces.*

This portrait was considered as the palladium of the empire; and the emperors—amongst others, John Zimisees and the Comneni—conveyed it to the army, whence it was brought back on a triumphal car drawn by magnificent white horses. In great solemnities, this miraculous image was taken from the church of the Guides, where it was usually kept with the most reverential care. The people always hailed its presence with shouts of joy and canticles of praise. The fate of this image remains doubtful. Some hold that it was this image which, after the taking of Constantinople by the Latins in 1204, was brought to Venice by the doge, Henry Dandolo; others maintain that it was the one found by the Turks when sacking the city of Constantine, and by them contemptuously trampled under foot, after being stripped of the jewels and gold wherein it was set.

Leo the First built, in 460, a superb basilic, which he dedicated to Our Lady of the Fountain, in gratitude for that the Holy Virgin had appeared to him on the margin of a lonely spring, whither he had led a blind old man, and promised him the empire, though he was then but a young Thracian soldier. The diadem of the Cæsars no sooner encircled his brow, than he set about perpetuating, by this monument, the remembrance of Mary's protection.†

* Niceph., *Hist. Eccles.*, l. xiv. and xv.

† Niceph., l. xv., ch. 25. This church, built with much magnificence, had windows of stained glass, but not representing historical subjects. At the end of the fifth century, painting on glass was still a new art.



The Emperor Zeno, son-in-law of Leo I., was not less devoted to Mary than his father-in-law had been; he built her a church on Mount Garizim—the sacred mountain of the Samaritans—and as that restless people, then in open rebellion, had spoiled some images of Mary, he surrounded the mountain with a wall, whereon he placed a garrison of soldiers to prevent the renewal of these sacrileges.

The Emperor Justin rebuilt, with increased splendour, in Constantinople, the church of Our Lady of Chalcopratée, overthrown by an earthquake. Two churches built at Jerusalem in honour of the Blessed Virgin, St. Mary the New, and another on the Mount of Olives, with a monastery erected on a shelf of Mount Sinai, and in Africa, a sumptuous basilic, with the name of Our Lady of Carthage, were lasting testimonies of the piety of the Emperor Justinian. Not content with building temples to her, the Cæsars of Constantinople piously venerated Mary in their private chapels; they offered her splendid crowns of gold,* and wore on their persons a little figure of her carved in the same precious metal.† They brought from the monastery Hodegium, to the imperial palace of Constantinople, the celebrated image of the Virgin *Hodégétris* (conductress), during the last days of Lent, and it remained there till the second Easter-holiday. It was to the Virgin, too, that Michaël Paleologus did homage, when he had succeeded in expelling the race of Courtenay from Constantinople.‡

The Greek people were not slow in following the example of their emperors; the *laves* and the Olympic idols were almost everywhere replaced by the *Panagia*. The altars of Bacchus were overthrown with their green garlands of ivy, and Our Lady of Grapes received amid the vineyards the homage of the vintagers; Ceres herself

* Leo IV., son of Constantine Copronymus, having taken from the church of St. Sophia one of the crowns of gold which the Emperor Maurice had consecrated to the Virgin, his death, which occurred soon after, was attributed to that sacrilege. (Blond., l. xxi., decad. 2.)

† The Emperor Andronicus II. usually wore round his neck one of these statuettes of the Blessed Virgin; it was of gold, and so small that he put it in his mouth, in lieu of other viaticum, at the moment of death.

‡ Antiquities of the chapel, &c., of the King of France.





began to be forgotten in the ruins of her mysterious shrine at Eleusis, destroyed by the Goths in the third century, together with the temples of Delphos, Corinth, and Ephesus; finally, Mount Athos, the mountain of Jupiter, had become, since the time of Constantine, a little colony of hermits and solitaries, of which Mary was proclaimed the queen. The Gospel facts of her life were reproduced in frescoes, grounded on gold, on the ceilings of an infinite number of chapels built in her honour amongst the vines and olives which clothe the sides of that lofty mountain, whose shadow extends across the sea to the distant isle of Lemnos.

Who would believe that it was amongst those very Greeks, so devout to the Blessed Virgin, that the ideas most opposed to her personal dignity and the perpetuity of her reign had their rise. It was within the walls of Constantinople that the heresy of Nestorius was first broached, disputing her right to be called the Mother of God; and also that of the Iconoclasts, who dragged her images through the mire, and burned them in the streets. Under Leo the Isaurian, who had acquired, it is said, amongst the Jews, a furious hatred for all religious painting and statuary, faithful Catholics were seen thrown in heaps into the Bosphorus, or beaten to death with rods, for having lit lamps before a domestic Madonna, prayed at the foot of a crucifix, or bent the knee in passing the statue of a saint.* Constantine Copronymus, successor of this wicked prince, even surpassed him in cruelty, and Leo, his son, walked in the ways of both, but Irene, sincerely attached to Catholicity, had the second council of Nice convoked, when the veneration of images was solemnly reestablished,† and the Empress Theodora, aided by the patriarch Methodus, consolidated the pious work of Irene.

* Leo the Isaurian was exceedingly cruel. Having failed in imparting his own hatred of images to the learned men charged with the care of the public library, he had them shut up within it, surrounded the building with wood and combustible matters, and then set fire to it. Medals, numberless pictures, and more than three thousand manuscripts were consumed in that conflagration.

† The Protestants have protested loudly against this council, which explains so clearly the veneration of images. In the sixteenth century, they had quite a horror of the Empress Irene, whom they surnamed *the furious*, affirming that she had established the *worship* of images. (*Letter to the Bishop of Angers on the Miracles of Our Lady of Ardilliers*, in 1594.)



SHALL MARY BE FULL OF GRACE

If the insult had been great, the reparation was complete; the Greeks, thenceforward, endeavoured to honour Mary by all imaginable means. They decreed her crowns of gold; they ever after represented her with the imperial purple, the tiara of pearls, and the diadem of the empresses;* they stamped her image on their coins; they struck medals in her honour, and fought under her auspices. "Romans," said Narses, when about to offer battle to the Goths at Taginas, "Romans, fight bravely, the Virgin is with us; fail not to invoke her during the combat; for she beholds our cohorts, and will deliver to us the wretches who dispute her title of *Mother of God*."† It was quickly rumored through the ranks that the *Panagia*, to whom Narses was very devout, had promised him victory, and appointed the hour for the attack. Persuaded that Heaven favoured their cause, the Greeks displayed an energy foreign to their character. Totila was slain; his army fled, leaving the plain covered with dead, and Italy, delivered in the name of Our Lady of Victory, loudly blessed the Virgin and Narses.

Nicetes records a historical fact, which proves how highly Mary was honoured by the princes of the Lower Empire. "John Comnenus, after gaining a battle," says that historian, "was to enter Constantinople in triumph, as he was entitled to do; all was prepared for the gorgeous ceremony; the streets were hung with silk and cloth of gold, and numerous scaffolds were erected through the streets for the accommodation of the multitudes of spectators who had come from all parts of the empire to see that glorious sight.

"The trumpeters crowned with laurel walked in front of the procession; then appeared representations of the conquered cities, together with the vanquished princes, in painting, in sculpture, in marble, and in ivory, all of the most exquisite workmanship;‡ then the spoils of the enemy—arms, precious robes, vases of gold

* It is under this costume that the Blessed Virgin is represented on the medals of Zimisces and Theophanes.

† *History of Arianism*, by Father Maimbourg, vol. ii.

‡ Josephus gives a magnificent description of the representations of cities which adorned the triumphs.



enriched with jewels, so as to dazzle the eyes of the beholders; after these came the captives, barbarian princes of majestic stature and of haughty bearing, walking in chains according to custom, their eyes cast down, and their heads, now bowed in shame, now raised in a sudden fit of fury and despair. After them came the triumphal car, drawn by four white horses; all expected to see the emperor seated on this car, clothed in a robe of purple or scarlet, richly embroidered, and his lordly brow encircled with laurel; but in his stead there was seen an image of the Blessed Virgin, to whom, and not to himself, he considered the triumph due. The emperor on horseback, followed by his brilliant court, closed this Christian procession, happier in the triumph of Mary than if he had triumphed himself."

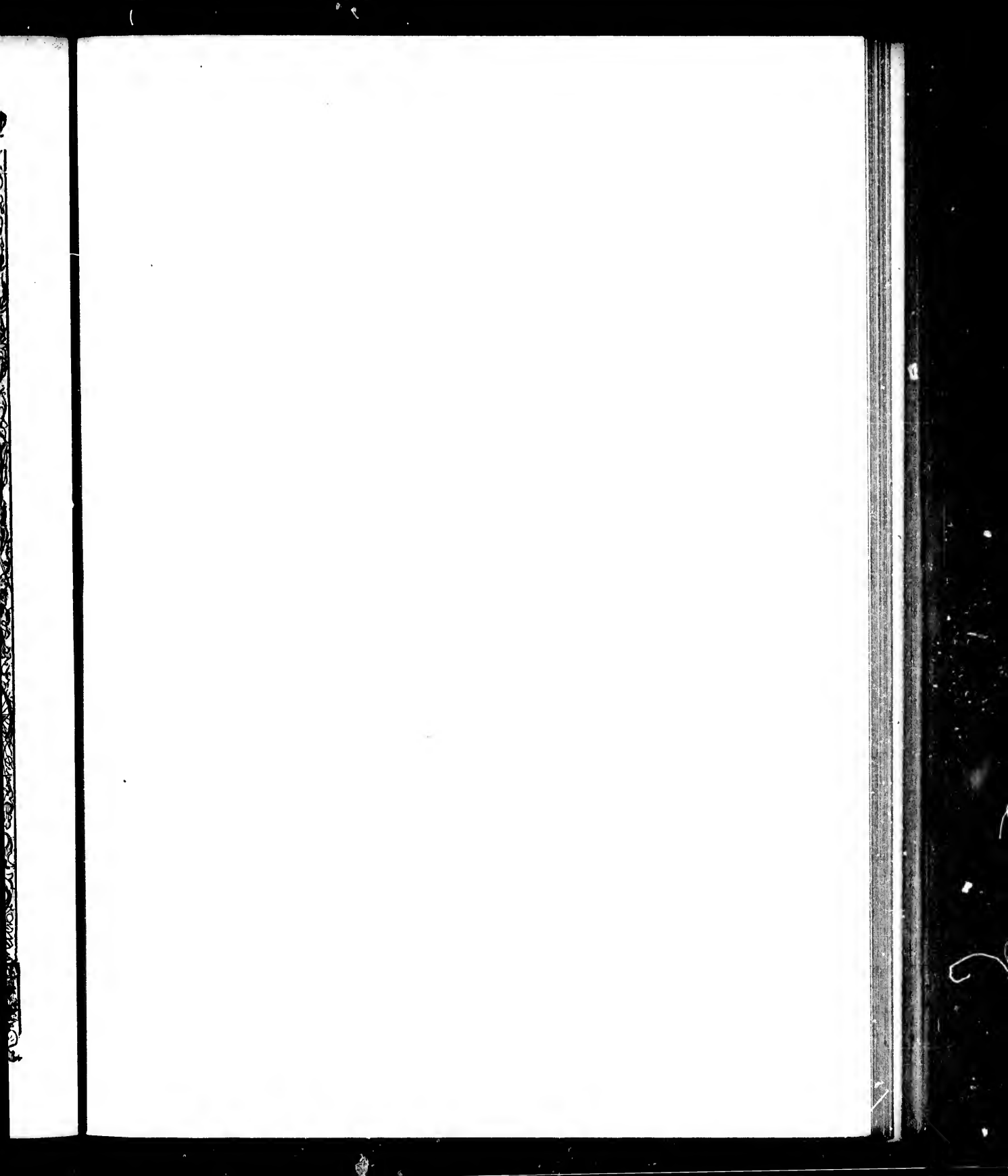
In order to show how far the Virgin was revered in Asia Minor, it will suffice to relate, as briefly as possible, what passed in Ephesus during the sitting of the council which condemned the heresy of Nestorius, in 431.

The day on which the council was to decide on the divine maternity of Mary, the people, anxious and disturbed, blocked up the streets and crowded around the magnificent temple which the piety of the inhabitants had built under the invocation of the Virgin. There it was that two hundred bishops were examining the propositions of Nestorius, who dared not come to defend them, so little confidence had he in the justice of his cause or the soundness of his arguments. Profound silence reigned amongst the vast multitude who thronged the vicinity of the basilic, and anxiety was painted on every countenance; the fine expressive features of the Greeks manifesting, as in a glass, every inward emotion of the soul. A bishop at length appears; he announces to the mute and attentive crowd that the anathema of the council is launched against the innovator, and that the Most Holy Virgin is gloriously maintained in her august prerogative. Thereupon, the most deafening shouts of joy burst forth on every side. The Ephesians and the strangers gathered together from all the cities of Asia, surrounding the Fathers of the council, kissed their hands and their garments, and burned odoriferous perfumes in the streets through which they were to pass. The city was spontaneously and suddenly illuminated, and never



was joy more universal. It is thought to have been in this council of Ephesus that St. Cyril, in concert with the holy assembly over which he presided, composed that beautiful and touching prayer to the Mother of God, which has been adopted by the Church:—
“Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen!”







CHAPTER V.

THE EAST.—THE HOLY WARS.

THE Christians of Asia were no less active than the Greeks in manifesting their devotion to Mary. Before the time of Constantine, a church bearing the name of the Blessed Virgin arose like a lighthouse on the lofty promontory of Mount Carmel. Tyre, the deposed but still mighty queen of the Levantine seas, was distinguished for her church of Our Lady, composed principally of cedar and marble, and rivalling the Byzantine basilica of the Cæsars. Damascus, the *emerald of the desert*, willingly expended two hundred thousand dinars of gold in building its splendid church of *Mart-Miriam* (St. Mary), which was burned by the Mahometans during the caliphate of Moctader, in the year of the Hegira, 312.* Antioch had, likewise, a superb basilic of Our Lady, and hung golden lamps before that image of her which was soon to be given up at the pious desire of the Empress Pulcheria; for this sacred image the good Christians of Antioch substituted a small cedar statue of the Mother of God, miraculously found in the time-hollowed trunk of an enormous cypress which overhung the Orontes.† Lebanon, that lovely mountain, which, “beneath a fiery sky remains faithful,” says Tacitus, “to snow and shade;‡ Lebanon, whose cedars were planted by the hand of the Lord, sheltered in its rocky caverns a crowd of solitaries who had devoted their labour to Mary. Seated on the banks of that river which took, from their vicinity, the name of *Holy*, which it still bears, and which flows between two mossy banks picturesquely shaded, those men of toil, of contemplation, and of prayer, carved, in the majestic shade of the cedars which let fall on them, through its rich foliage, a light like that which comes down tinged with purple, blue, and gold, through the stained windows of our cathedrals, those

* D'Herbelot, *Biblioth. Orient.*

† Astolfi, *della Imagini miracolose.*

‡ *Taciti Historiarum, lib. v.*



SMALL MARYS FULL OF GRACE

little statuettes of the Blessed Virgin, called *black virgins*, which the western pilgrims, who visited the Holy Land during the first ages of Christianity, brought back to Europe to place them either in the domestic chapels, or in churches which they have rendered famous by their miracles.

Mary had also shrines in the rocky solitudes of Mount Sinai. In the depth of a grassy ravine, so profoundly set amongst enormous rocks that the top of its loftiest cedars is never agitated by the wind, there arose, in the midst of a little grove of olives, poplars, and date-trees, a convent placed under the invocation of the Virgin. There was nothing to disturb the gloomy silence of that oasis; even the storm that shook the aged cedars of the mountain was scarcely heard there; that peaceful tomb of the living was only animated when there arose from it songs of praise to *Him who was before the mountains*, and to *Her in whom he hath done great things*.

In Persia, where the ruins of numerous churches and monasteries dedicated to Mary are still seen, the Christians were early distinguished by their zeal in building those places of prayer. Eliseus Vertabed, a highly-esteemed Armenian author who flourished in the fifth century, has preserved for us, in his religious history of the Armenian wars, a discourse of the king of kings Jesgird—in the west, Isdigerdus:—"I have learned from my fathers," said that prince in a great council composed of satraps and magi, wherein the question of an approaching persecution of the Christians was discussed, "I have learned from my fathers that, in the time of King Chabouh II., (in 319,) when the religion of Christ began to spread in Persia, and other eastern countries, our principal *mobeds* (doctors) advised the king to abolish Christianity in his states; he tried to do so, but in vain, for the more he exerted himself to arrest the progress of that religion, the more it seemed to flourish. The Christians of Persia were so bold that they built, in all the cities, churches which surpassed the royal dwellings in magnificence; they also raised oratories over the graves of their martyrs; and there was no place, whether inhabited or waste, where they did not put up convents."^{*}

* *History of the Rising of Christian Armenia*, by Eliseus Vertabed, ch. iii.



THE HISTORY OF ARMENIA

The extinction of Christianity was decided on in this council, where the Magi were all-powerful; but the king resolved to try bribery before he had recourse to violence, he tried, as the Persians have it, *to infuse deadly poison into the cup of milk*. Calling around him the *nakarars* or nobles of Armenia, who governed by feudal tenure the small principalities hereditary in their families, under the authority of a *marzban* or vice-king named by Persia, he loaded them with praise, with sweet words, and alluring promises, to obtain from them the sacrifice of their religion. Those who yielded were rewarded with governments, honorary titles, fair and fertile lordships, or Arab horses superbly caparisoned. Never had there gone forth from the royal treasury so many bracelets of emeralds, so many girdles of beaten gold, studded with rubies and pearls; so many pieces of brocade, grounded on red and gold, and spangled with precious stones—for no cost was spared to gain the desired end. But, alas! the deserters from the true faith to the camp of the Magi were so few in number, and the king of kings was so urged to put an end to Christianity, that, suddenly throwing off the mask of moderation which he had at first assumed, he issued a very curious proclamation, wherein, after having praised, according to the ancient formulas of the Persian court, the ho., God, *master of the moon and stars*, whose power nothing escapes, *from the sun to the darkness of night, from the little spring to the blue sea-wave*, he went on to expose the fundamental points of his own false doctrine, and to slander that of the Christians.* This royal edict was promptly followed by another commanding the Armenians to embrace without delay the worship of fire; to contract marriage with their nearest

* "Trust not your chiefs whom you name Nazarenes," said he to the Armenians, in this royal edict mentioned by Eliseus Vertabed, "they are liars and impostors. What they teach by word, they belie by their deeds. To eat meat, say they, is no sin, and yet they eat it not! It is lawful to marry, they tell you, and yet they will not so much as look on a woman! They will tell you that it is no sin to gather riches honestly, and yet they are forever preaching up poverty. They extol affliction and condemn prosperity; they despise glory of every kind; they love to clothe themselves in homely garments, like poor beggars, preferring worthless things to those that are of value; they praise death and despise life; finally, they have even gone so far as to make a virtue of chastity, so that if their advice were followed, the world would speedily come to an end!" (*Rising of Christian Armenia*, ch. ii.)



SHAL MARSHALL OF GRACE

relations, contrary to the laws of Jesus Christ, which declares such marriages criminal, and ending by ordering sacrifice to the sun, consisting of goats and white bulls.

The Apostle said *Be ye subject to the powers that be*; but God has commanded us to prefer death to idolatry. Hence, the Armenians, instead of conforming to the impious edict of the Persian court, continued to celebrate the divine service in their horse-camps, and to listen to the preaching of priests who, in imitation of the ancient Jewish Levites, accompanied the army. In vain did Isdigerdes, separating them into small bodies, station them at the most distant and dangerous points along the frontiers; in vain did he give them for winter-quarters the most unsheltered mountain-passes, and the most unhealthy localities; in vain did he seek to reduce them by the extremities of hunger and thirst, whilst, on the other hand, poor Armenia, squeezed like the grape in the wine-press, gave to the Persian treasury its last drops of gold. The tree of the faith, amidst all these miseries, remained *green as a stately cypress surmounted by the full-orbed moon*. The Christians of Armenia had endured all; but their patience failed when the king of kings madly undertook to destroy the monasteries placed under the invocation of the Saints, and to convert the churches into temples of the Sun. They rose from one end of the kingdom to the other, and, making up in enthusiasm what they wanted in numbers, all the Persian fortresses were taken, and the temples of the sun burned to the ground. A great battle, in which the Persians were ten to one, was fought on the frontiers of Georgia, on the banks of a small river which flows into the Gour (*Cyrus*). The Persian army presented the most splendid and imposing sight; its war-elephants—loaded with towers from whose top the skilful archers darted their long poplar arrows—extended over the wings, and in the centre was the terrible phalanx of the *immortals*. These numerous squadrons, resplendent with gold, moved to the sound of clarions, trumpets, cymbals, and little Hindoo bells; flags of yellow, red, and violet flaunted like tulips at the end of the spears; the captains and the satraps drew their Indian swords from their golden scabbards, and pushed on their swift Arabian horses with golden bridles and brilliant covers. Clothed in dark-coloured garments, and with the cross displayed on their banners—



dark like their garments—the Armenians, a handful of heroes, having raised their hands and hearts to heaven, marched to meet the enemy singing a canticle from the psalms. “Judge between us and our enemies, O Lord!” sang the insurgent Christians; “take up bow and buckler for us, for our cause is thine; spread terror through the countless hosts of the wicked. Let them fly and be dispersed before the august sign of the holy cross. We are willing to die for thy sake, and if we smite these infidels, we shall be martyrs to the truth.”*

Excited by this prayer, the Armenians burst with fury on the Persians, and shattered their right wing at the first shock. The conflict was terrible; the air, bristling with arrows, resembled *the vulture's wing*, and blue swords flashed like heaven's lightning. Enthusiasm, exalted by faith, prevailed; the Persians were completely routed, and the bodies of nine great satraps lay on the field of battle. The waters of the Lomeki were changed into blood, and only a single horseman escaped on his dromedary to bear these disastrous tidings to the Persian court.

But this victory, great and un hoped for as it was, could not be decisive; the Christians of Armenia had neither gold nor allies; Marcian, the Greek emperor, whom they had besought, in the name of Christ and his Blessed Mother, to assist them, basely sent an express ambassador to the court of Persia to protest to the king of kings that he had nothing whatever to do with the rebellion in Armenia, and was resolved not to interfere. Isigerdes understood that Cæsar was afraid; and, trusting to his cowardice, he resolved to pursue the extermination of Christianity in Armenia; happily, he did not succeed. The Christians, overwhelmed by numbers, lost a great battle, together with the hero who commanded them, Vartan the Mamigonian, a prince of Chinese origin, who fell after performing prodigies of valour. The Armenians, reduced to the last extremity, would not declare themselves conquered; they deserted the cities for the forests and mountains; they celebrated the divine office in the caverns of the rocks. The Armenian bishops suffered martyrdom with un-

* Eliseus Vertabed, ch. iii.



GENERAL HISTORY OF THE DEVOTION TO THE MARY FULL OF GRACE

shaken firmness; the princes, accustomed to the fresh, bracing air of their high mountains, were taken in chains to Korassan, where the sky is fire and the wind is the dread Simoom, which kills like 'hunder,* while the soil is a sea of flaming sand. There they would have perished miserably had not two confessors, mutilated by the Persian sabre, undertaken to collect alms amongst the Christians of the neighbouring provinces for the relief of the captive nobles: this lasted about seven years. One of these angels of charity died of fatigue in the burning deserts of Kohistan, the heat of which has been compared by a modern traveller to that of a plate of red-hot iron; the other continued alone the same work of mercy. Isdigrdes, overcome by so much constancy and devotion, at length put an end to this hard captivity; but it was only after fifty years of negotiations, treaties, and fighting, that Vahan the Mamigonian, nephew of the great Vartan, terminated this bloody war, commenced in 430.†

If the Christian churches of Persia deserved to be compared to the palaces of its kings, of whose magnificence the Arab poets have left such glowing descriptions,‡ those of the nations who dwelt between the Euxine and the Caspian seas were very poor in comparison. These were, at first, wooden buildings, to which the faithful were summoned, on festival days, by striking two planks, one against the other; bells were then unknown. The first stone church of the Armenians, built near the sources of the Tigris, was

* The Simoom is a deadly wind which stifles travellers and all sorts of animals, unless they fall prostrate on the ground. Curious details relating to the Simoom are found in Niebuhr's description, pp. 6, 7, and 8, Copenhagen edition. This wind rises between the 15th of June and the 15th of August. It whistles with great violence, appears red and inflamed, and kills every living thing that it strikes. But the death which it causes is not its most surprising effect: the bodies of those who die by it are dissolved, without losing, however, either their shape or colour, so that it would seem as though they were asleep. If one touch these bodies, the part which is touched remains in the hand.

† Continuation of Eliseus Vertabed, by Lazarus Parbe, ch. iii.

‡ Antar's description of the palace of Cosroes resembles that of the *Thousand and One Nights*: he gives it halls of marble and of red cornelian, fountains of rose-water, basins from which arise emerald pillars surmounted by birds of burnished gold, with topaz eyes, &c



placed under the invocation of Mary; it possessed, like many of the shrines of Syria and Asia Minor, a miraculous image of the Virgin which was intrusted to the care of pious women.*

The cathedral of Mtskhetha, the ancient capital of Georgia, was the first Christian church of that country; the Georgians dedicated it to the Virgin. In it was formerly kept the famous *khiton*, one of the torn garments of Jesus Christ. Often thrown down, but as often elegantly reconstructed in the highest Georgian style, it is still rich in marble and green jasper. An inscription, written on one of the pillars in letters of gold, announces that this divine and venerable temple of Mary, *Queen of the Georgians*, Mother of God, and ever Virgin, was rebuilt at the expense and by the care of a princess of Georgia, named Pebanpato.

The metropolis of the Mingrelians was likewise dedicated to the Virgin; one of her robes was venerated there, and was kept in a casket of ebony, adorned with silver flowers. This robe, composed of a precious stuff, of a buff colour, ornamented with embroidery of various colours, was exhibited in Chardin when it was taken through Mingrelia on its way to Persia.

In the Caucasian regions, which abound in convents dedicated to Mary, it was always on the loftiest heights that the most beautiful monasteries were seen: they were often even defended by strong castles. That of Miriam-Nischin, in Georgia, was built on a rock of the Caucasian chain, in the midst of a lovely mountain lake, which rendered it inaccessible by land; it was protected by a fortress that was considered impregnable. The castle and the monastery were besieged by Melik-Schah, in the reign of Alp-Arslan, his father, second sultan of the Seljoucides line. Just as the army of the Musulman prince was preparing to embark to commence the siege, and the garrison, decimated by hunger, regarded the approaching attack with fear and sad forebodings, a terrible earthquake took place, and the monastery of St. Mary fell shattered into the lake.† This strange catastrophe was considered miraculous. "The Virgin,"

* *Ancient Geography of Armenia*, Venice, 1822.

† D'Herbelot, *Biblioth. Orient.*



said the Georgians, "would rather see her sanctuary destroyed than desecrated."

Before the principal gate of Djoulfa, an ancient and commercial city of Armenia, situated near one of the most convenient fords of the Araxes, there stands a solitary peak, on whose narrow platform there was built, in the first ages of Christianity, a monastery in honour of the Blessed Virgin. The declivities of this steep rock, still adorned with the pretty blue hyacinth and the fragrant marjoram, are covered with rich tombs and ancient tumuli; but the living—where are they? One day it came into the head of a certain Asiatic despot* to erase Djoulfa, a city of forty thousand inhabitants, from amongst the cities of the globe, and he sent Thamas-Kouli-Beg with an order for the citizens to evacuate it in three days' time: he was obeyed. The inhabitants hastily concealed their treasures in secret places, hoping—vain hope!—that Schah-Abbas, when the storm of his wrath had blown over, would permit them to return to their city. At the end of the third day, when they were forced to set out, and the last moment of respite had passed, each one, taking the keys of his house, followed the priests, who carried those of the churches. Arrived at the foot of the rock where Mary's shrine still overlooks the ancient tombs of their fathers, their despair broke forth in heart-rending sobs. Forced to continue their journey, the unhappy exiles cast a parting glance on their poor deserted city; and, after placing their churches and dwellings under the special care of the Blessed Virgin, they threw their keys into the river.

The Egyptians, who had never bent the knee to strange gods, and who seemed enclosed, as it were, in their beastly region, (as Josephus called it while still flourishing,) had abandoned their *grazing divinities*, and giving back to the waters of the Nile the hideous crocodiles which had had their devotees for food,† they had come to adore the God of Calvary. The descendants of the ancient people of the Pharaohs had built, at an early period, a beautiful church in the small Egyptian village where the Holy Family had taken refuge

* Schah-Abbas totally depopulated the city of Djoulfa, in 1605.

† Josephus *against Appio*, b. ii.



from the fell designs of Herod, and they had given it the name of Our Lady of Matarieh; a pretty fountain, where of old the Blessed Virgin used to wash the clothes of the infant-God, had received the name of Mary's Fountain, and that fountain, together with a gigantic sycamore which had often shaded the Mother and Child, was the object of numerous pilgrimages. The metropolis of Egypt was also dedicated to Our Lady.

The church of Alexandria, which shone amongst all the churches of the Christian world like a beacon on a lofty eminence, had attached to its patriarchal see, in the fourth century, a kingdom almost unknown to the Romans, and of which Pliny related the strangest things;* this was Abyssinia, whose people, Jews, Sabæans, or fetichists, according as they pleased, were governed by kings descended from Makeda, the beautiful black queen who filled Jerusalem with jewels and perfumes, and who had a son by King Solomon. A young Tyrian merchant, a trader in jewels, having been shipwrecked on the African coasts of the Red Sea, was first plundered and then conducted to Axoum, the ancient capital of the Queen of Saba, where he was presented as a prisoner of note to the Neguz (*emperor*), that prince *at whose name the lions bow down*; he succeeded so far in conciliating the reguz that he made him his treasurer. After the death of the black prince, the education of his young son, Abreka, was confided to the Tyrian, who secretly instructed his pupil in his own belief, and conceived the magnificent hope of becoming the apostle of those half-savage regions. In order to succeed in this, he repaired to Alexandria, where St. Athanasius consecrated him bishop of Axoum. On his return, Frumentius, who was surnamed *Abba Salama* (the father of salvation), baptized Abreka, with the principal personages of his court; a great part of the nation followed the example of its chiefs. This religious revolu-

* According to Pliny and some other ancient geographers, Abyssinia was peopled with men who had neither nose nor mouth to their face, and whose eyes were placed in the pit of their stomach; they there met men without a head, and others with asses' heads, &c. Pliny, who relates (b. vi. ch. 30, and b. v. ch. 8) these prodigious things, leaves the subject unfinished, and modestly stops, for fear, he says, of not being believed.



tion was effected, as all religious revolutions should be effected, without shedding a single drop of blood. Abreka and his brother Atzbeka, who reigned together in edifying harmony, preached the Gospel themselves to their subjects,* and built a great number of churches in honour of the true God, under the invocation of Mariam (*Mary*). One of these ancient churches took, from the woods by which it was surrounded, the pretty name of *Mariam-Chaouïtou*, Our Lady the Green.

Christianity then spread over the opposite coast of the Red Sea, into Yemen, the inhabitants of which adored the stars and the trees; amongst them there were a good number of Jews; a prince of that nation, who had usurped the supreme power in Arabia, persecuted the Christians, and, in 520, banished St. Gregentius, an Arab by birth and Archbishop of Taphar, metropolis of that country. St. Aritas, Governor of Nagran, the ancient capital of Yemen, would not give up his faith; he was taken and conducted out of the city, where he was put to death on the banks of a rivulet. His wife and daughter likewise perished in the midst of torments, together with three hundred and forty Christians;† and as Dunaan continued to sacrifice all those who would not apostatize, Caleb, King of Abyssinia, marched against him, in 530, and gained a complete victory over him. Some time after, the same Caleb, disgusted with the throne, sent his crown to Jerusalem,‡ abdicated in favour of his son, and shut himself up in a monastery, taking with him only a cup and a mat. The African troops whom he had sent to the assistance

* "Hail, Abreka and Atzbeka, who reigned together with the greatest harmony, who preached the religion of Christ to the children of the Mosaic law, and erected temples to the honour of God." (*Abyssinian Liturgy, Commemoration of the dead.*)

† The following is a prayer addressed to the martyrs of Nagran by the Abyssinian Church :—

"Salute pulchritudinem vestram. amenam,
O sidera Nagrani ! gemmæ qui illuminatis mundum,
Conciliatrix sit mihi illa pulchritudo, et pacificatrix.
Coram Deo judice si steterit peccatum meum,
Ostendite ei sanguinem quem effudistis propter pulchritudinem ejus."
(*Abyssinian Liturgy.*)

‡ "Hail, Caleb ! who gave up the sign of your power when you sent your crown as an offering to the temple of Jerusalem : you did not abuse your victory when you destroyed the army of the Sabeans." (*Abyssinian Liturgy.*)

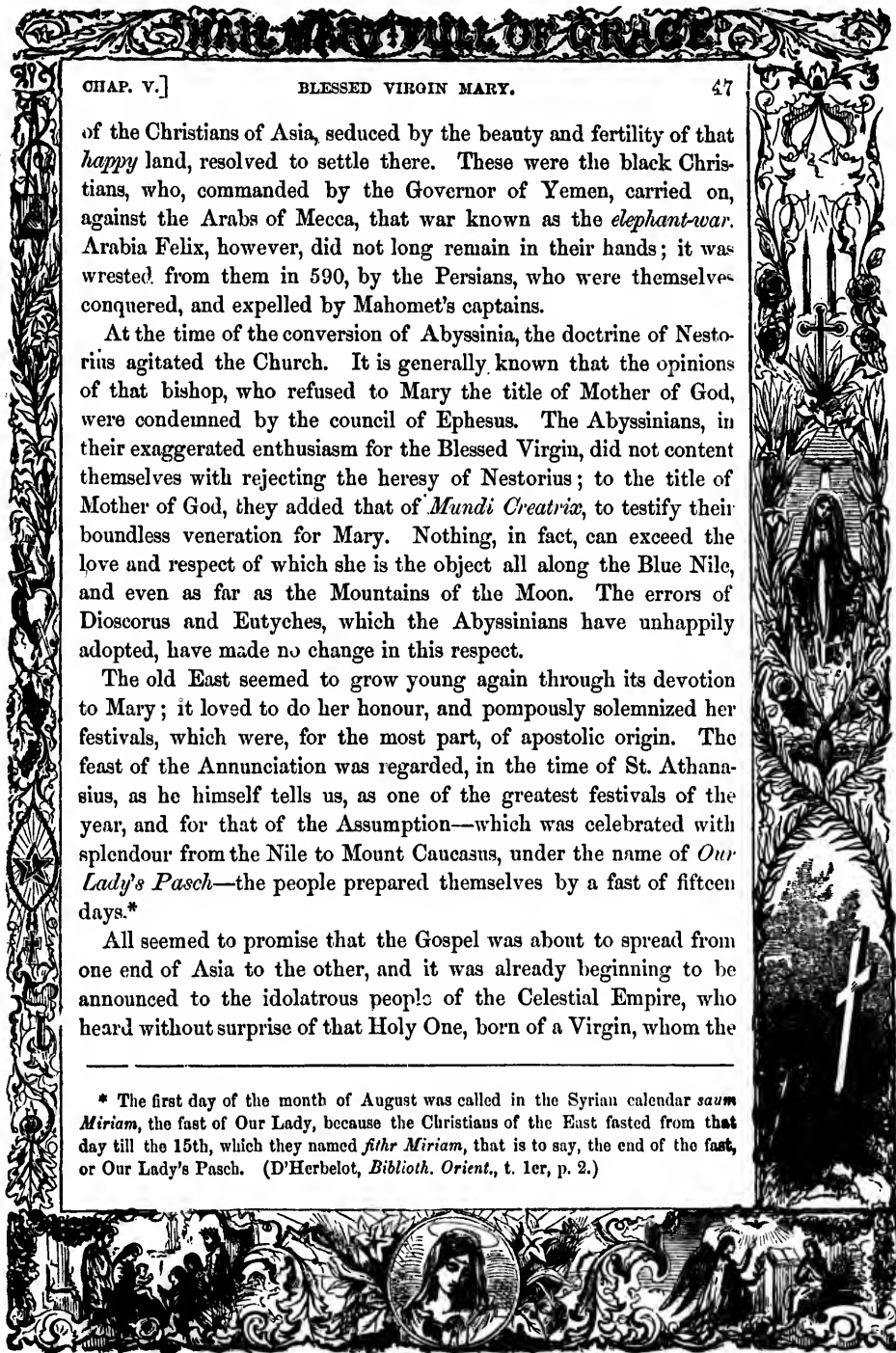
of the Christians of Asia, seduced by the beauty and fertility of that *happy* land, resolved to settle there. These were the black Christians, who, commanded by the Governor of Yemen, carried on, against the Arabs of Mecca, that war known as the *elephant-war*. Arabia Felix, however, did not long remain in their hands; it was wrested from them in 590, by the Persians, who were themselves conquered, and expelled by Mahomet's captains.

At the time of the conversion of Abyssinia, the doctrine of Nestorius agitated the Church. It is generally known that the opinions of that bishop, who refused to Mary the title of Mother of God, were condemned by the council of Ephesus. The Abyssinians, in their exaggerated enthusiasm for the Blessed Virgin, did not content themselves with rejecting the heresy of Nestorius; to the title of Mother of God, they added that of *Mundi Creatrix*, to testify their boundless veneration for Mary. Nothing, in fact, can exceed the love and respect of which she is the object all along the Blue Nile, and even as far as the Mountains of the Moon. The errors of Dioscorus and Eutyches, which the Abyssinians have unhappily adopted, have made no change in this respect.

The old East seemed to grow young again through its devotion to Mary; it loved to do her honour, and pompously solemnized her festivals, which were, for the most part, of apostolic origin. The feast of the Annunciation was regarded, in the time of St. Athanasius, as he himself tells us, as one of the greatest festivals of the year, and for that of the Assumption—which was celebrated with splendour from the Nile to Mount Caucasus, under the name of *Our Lady's Pasch*—the people prepared themselves by a fast of fifteen days.*

All seemed to promise that the Gospel was about to spread from one end of Asia to the other, and it was already beginning to be announced to the idolatrous people of the Celestial Empire, who heard without surprise of that Holy One, born of a Virgin, whom the

* The first day of the month of August was called in the Syrian calendar *saum Miriam*, the fast of Our Lady, because the Christians of the East fasted from that day till the 15th, which they named *fthr Miriam*, that is to say, the end of the fast, or Our Lady's Pasch. (D'Herbelot, *Biblioth. Orient.*, t. 1er, p. 2.)



MAIL MARY FULL OF GRACE

earth expected, according to the disciples of Confucius, as *drooping plants expect the dew*; but, alas! a storm more furious, more destructive, more irresistible than the burning wind of the desert, and born, like it, amid the sandy wastes of Arabia, came to trample down Christianity with a force derived, doubtless, from Satan himself.

At first, there was heard but a confused clashing of arms along the sea of reeds; Arab fought Arab with savage fury, and the idol-trees fell to the ground as well as the Christian temples; then, all was silent in that region, and myriads of horsemen wearing *abbas* striped in black and white, cast themselves on Syria like clouds of locusts, destroying with the back of their scimitars fourteen hundred Christian churches! Thence they swept on to Persia, which gave way before them, leaving in their hands the famous banner of Kaved, on which the fate of the empire of the Magi was thought to depend;* the flames of the superb library of Alexandria lit them on their devastating course through Egypt; a little time and they leaped on the African coast, where Carthage ruled of old, and conquered all before them. Arrived at the place where the ancients had planted the pillars of Hercules, the haughty conquerors pushed on their stately coursers into the waters of the Straits of Gibraltar,

* The ancient Romans had bound up the fate of their empire with that of the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, which was burned precisely on the first appearance of Christianity; the Persians had ancient traditions which announced the fall of the Magian empire when their famous standard should fall into the hands of the enemy. The empire did, indeed, fall at the same time that its standard fell into the power of the Mussulmans, in the battle of Kadesia. This banner was at first a blacksmith's apron, which was hoisted in a war of independence against the tyrant Zohak, and accepted as an omen of success by Feridoun, one of the greatest kings of Iran (ancient Persia); it was covered with brocade and adorned with a magnificent image of the sun, wrought with jewels; a globe of gold, representing the moon's orb, surmounted this image, and around it floated broad bands of red, yellow, and violet-colour. This standard was called *Kaveiani direfsh* (the standard of Kaved). From the time of Feridoun, the kings of Persia made it a point to adorn it with precious stones, and, in order to make room for them, they had been obliged to enlarge this famous banner beyond all proportion, so that it had obtained a dimension of twenty-two feet by fifteen, when it fell into the hands of the Arabs, who tore it in pieces and divided it with the rest of the booty. (Price, *Muhamm. History*, vol. i., p. 116; and *Hust Kolkoum*, vol. iv., p. 126.)



crying out, as they proudly waved their flashing scimitars, "God of Mahomet, thou seest it is the land which falls the *true believers!*"* Africa and Asia had to bow their dejected heads beneath the brutal and ferocious yoke of Islamism, and the shades of ignorance soon thickened and settled down over the splendid regions of the East.

* Florian, *Précis historique sur les Maures.*



CHAPTER VI.

THE WEST.—THE MADONNAS.

CONSTANTINE, after having raised within the very walls of Rome—that goddess city which Paganism placed amid the starry heavens*—the superb Lateran basilic, had closed the Pagan temples; but his hand was not strong enough to pluck up the deep roots of idolatry. It is certain that the greater number of the Roman patricians remained obstinately faithful to the ancient idols of the empire; the senate itself was divided into two parties, the one Pagan and the other Christian, which made St. Ambrose say that there was, as it were, two senates. It was of the idolatrous senators that Prudentius said: “The successors of the Catos, sunk in shameful error, still invoke the Trojan gods, and in the privacy of their homes venerate the exiled lares of Phrygia; the senate—I shame to say—the senate still honours two-faced Janus, and celebrates the feasts of Saturn.”

As to the great mass of the people, by far the greater number were sincerely devoted to Christ, and, despising the altars of Jupiter, thronged around the tomb of the Apostles.†

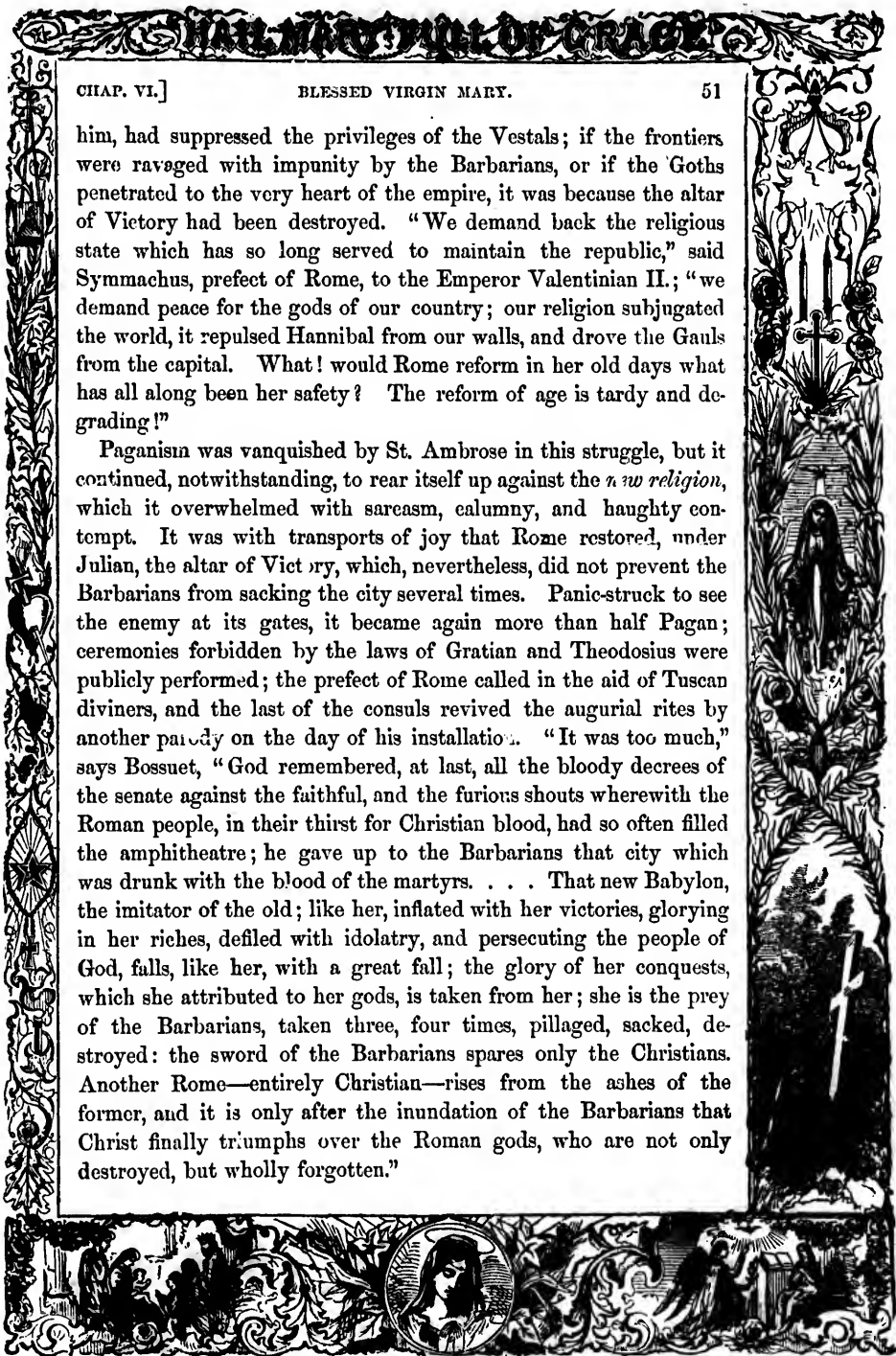
The Italian peninsula was divided, like its capital, between Jupiter and JESUS, Juno and Mary; the darkness of error struggled with all its might against the increasing light of truth. The heathen priests ascribed to the desertion of their gods the calamities which befell the empire. If the famine were unusually great in Latium, it was because Cæsar, *ill-advised* by the Christians around

* “Hear me, O magnificent queen of the universe—O Rome, admitted into the starry skies,” said Rutilius, a famous heathen poet of the last age of Roman letters. “Thanks to thy temples, I am not far from the heavens.” Rome was, in fact, a deified city, and had its priests and its temples.

† “All this populace, inhabiting the upper stories of the houses and living on the bread of the rich, visits, at the foot of the Vatican mount, the tomb which contains that precious pledge, the ashes of St. Peter, our father.” (Prudentius *contra Symmachum*.)

him, had suppressed the privileges of the Vestals; if the frontiers were ravaged with impunity by the Barbarians, or if the Goths penetrated to the very heart of the empire, it was because the altar of Victory had been destroyed. "We demand back the religious state which has so long served to maintain the republic," said Symmachus, prefect of Rome, to the Emperor Valentinian II.; "we demand peace for the gods of our country; our religion subjugated the world, it repulsed Hannibal from our walls, and drove the Gauls from the capital. What! would Rome reform in her old days what has all along been her safety? The reform of age is tardy and degrading!"

Paganism was vanquished by St. Ambrose in this struggle, but it continued, notwithstanding, to rear itself up against the *new religion*, which it overwhelmed with sarcasm, calumny, and haughty contempt. It was with transports of joy that Rome restored, under Julian, the altar of Victory, which, nevertheless, did not prevent the Barbarians from sacking the city several times. Panic-struck to see the enemy at its gates, it became again more than half Pagan; ceremonies forbidden by the laws of Gratian and Theodosius were publicly performed; the prefect of Rome called in the aid of Tuscan diviners, and the last of the consuls revived the augurial rites by another parody on the day of his installation. "It was too much," says Bossuet, "God remembered, at last, all the bloody decrees of the senate against the faithful, and the furious shouts wherewith the Roman people, in their thirst for Christian blood, had so often filled the amphitheatre; he gave up to the Barbarians that city which was drunk with the blood of the martyrs. . . . That new Babylon, the imitator of the old; like her, inflated with her victories, glorying in her riches, defiled with idolatry, and persecuting the people of God, falls, like her, with a great fall; the glory of her conquests, which she attributed to her gods, is taken from her; she is the prey of the Barbarians, taken three, four times, pillaged, sacked, destroyed: the sword of the Barbarians spares only the Christians. Another Rome—entirely Christian—rises from the ashes of the former, and it is only after the inundation of the Barbarians that Christ finally triumphs over the Roman gods, who are not only destroyed, but wholly forgotten."



Idolatry was dead at last; its marble fanes were re-opened and purified, and the most beautiful were dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, before whom all Italy bent the knee with a faith and a fervour which, thank God, still remains unshaken. The patricians built innumerable churches or chapels, and ornamented them with a munificence which testified their piety; the altars of Mary were incrustated with gold, silver, and precious stones;* lamps no less splendid gave them light; nothing was spared to have the splendour of religious decor on commensurate with the dignity of the saint.

The people, having no gold at their disposal, rendered her a homage more touching, more tender, and more picturesque. On the smiling sea-side hills, in the fertile valleys of Campania, amid the gorges of the Apennines, in the glaciers of the Alps, and amongst the arid heaths of the Abruzzas, humble altars were here and there raised to the Madonna. These little primitive chapels, shaded with a net-work of ivy or green vine-leaves, were sheltered by the old forest boughs, and their shade was cast over many a stream in the fervid heat of noon. This devotion, so fresh, so simple, so appropriate to the gentle heart and simple habits of Her who is its object, exists even now in all its religious poetry. Victorious over time and political commotions, the Madonna still shades her little mystic lamp beneath a canopy of foliage or of creeping-jasmine. Still at evening does the shepherd of the hills, the labourer of the valley, and even the fierce brigand, devoutly light the flickering lamp, which shines like a protecting star far up on the mountains, and serves as a beacon amid the woods. The little nook wherein it stands is sacred ground: there the most ferocious bandit of Calabria would not dare to draw his dagger; and there even he goes to pray when the distant bells chime forth the AVE MARIA; it is the last link which binds him to humanity, and rarely, indeed, is that link broken.†

* The counter-tables of some of the altars of Venice were of solid gold; that of the Virgin's altar, in the Church of St. Sophia, in Constantinople, was composed of jewels and gold, cast together in the same crucible.

† The respect entertained by the Italian banditti for the Madonna is a well-known

These little solitary chapels, lost amid the rocks or in the depth of the woods, awake in the soul of the traveller, be he ever so reckless, a thousand delightful emotions, like the long-forgotten perfume of home-flowers, suddenly greeting us in a strange land. A modern author, who is anything but partial to Catholicity, gives a charming account of the emotions which he felt on seeing one of these Madonnas, hidden in the mountains of the Tyrol. "At a turn of the path," says he, "I found a small niche hollowed in the rock, with its Madonna and the lamp, which the pious mountaineers light every evening, in the most remote solitudes; there was, at the foot of the rustic altar, a bunch of fresh garden-flowers; that lighted lamp, those blooming flowers, miles and miles in amongst the bleak mountains, were the offerings of a devotion more simple and more touching than anything I have ever seen of the kind. Not more than two paces from the Madonna was a precipice, along the verge of which lay the only path out of the defile; the Virgin's lamp must thus be of great service to the nightly traveller."

During the revolution of 1793, and when the French had just taken possession of the kingdom of Naples, there was a report circulated that they were about to close the churches and *abolish the worship of the Blessed Virgin*. On hearing this the Calabrian peasants seized their long muskets; all the bells of that wild region rang out the alarm, and the brigands themselves, bearing the image of the Madonna, suspended by a red ribbon, enrolled themselves in the regular army, and fought like lions. These Calabrian troops were the last to lay down their arms.*

From Italy the veneration of the Mother of the Saviour passed into Gaul. The Olympian gods had found their way thither in the train of Cæsar's conquering legions, and the temples of Augustus and of Jupiter arose beside the *dolmens*, the *menhirs*, and the more modern altars of Belenus. The idols of the emperors, basely

fact; one of them allowed himself to be taken without offering any resistance, because the *sbirri* attacked him on a Saturday, and he had vowed before the Virgin's altar never to make use of arms on that day, even in defence of his life. (See Father de Barry.)

* *Italy*, by Lady Morgan, vol. iii., ch. 24. *Travels in Italy*, by M. R. C.



accepted by the Gallic-Roman population of the large cities, failed not to disappear after the conversion of Constantine: but it required ages to destroy the Druidical worship of trees, rocks, and springs.* In vain did the active virtues, the unctuous meekness, the angelic abstinence of the hermits excite the admiration of the Gallic tribes; in vain did the ingenuous charity, the spotless integrity, the mild, compassionate religion of the bishops attract their souls to the crucified God; the sight of the gigantic *menhirs*, standing like dark spectres amid the arid heaths, the aspect of a mossy oak, or of a deified fountain, destroyed in some moments the tedious work of the Christian pastors.

In this state of things, so calculated to wear out the most tried patience, the clergy of Gaul showed themselves worthy of the religious and civilizing mission which it had received from its divine Master. They were by nature charitable and humble of heart; necessity rendered them skilful. Unable to break the superstitious habits which were closely intermingled with the deep roots of the old Celtic tree, they sanctified what they could not abolish, and turned the very practices of heathenism to the glory of God. The *menhirs* of the heath, where the children of Teutates went often to pray by the silvery light of the moon, which they called *the fair mute*,† were surmounted by a gigantic cross, which suggested a Christian thought amid the dark rites of Paganism. The oaks of eight centuries, where the Druids cut down with their golden sickles *the spirits' branch*,‡ received in their hollow trunks the sweet image of Mary; and it was also Mary and the saints whom the heathens found on the margin of their *fair springs*.§

This change, which manifests, in those who made it, a profound knowledge of the human heart, took place not only in the Gauls, but also among the Belgians, the Spaniards, and the Britons: everywhere it was crowned with success. In time the mysterious superstitions of Druidism descended from the songs of bards to popular

* See *Histoire Ecclesiastique de Bretagne*, Introduction.

† Bensozia, *Ben, bel, sos*, mute or silent. *Hist. Eccles. de Bret.*, t. iv., p. 496.

‡ Le gui. *Hist. Eccles. de Bret.*, t. iv., p. 564.

§ *Hist. Eccles. de Bret.*, t. iv., n. 561, and t. i., p. 293.

legends; the daisies of the meadow, the lilies of the valley, the odorous stems of the honeysuckle, were no longer stripped of their leaves over the stream in honour of the deified fountain; they were laid on the rustic altar of Mary, and the little lamp of her chapel replaced the torches of resinous wood burned by the Gauls around those aged oaks, which they then called *the oaks of the Lord*.

In the invasion of the Barbarians the Christians, in order to hide from the profanation of those fierce warriors the cherished objects of their veneration, carefully concealed the little statues of the Blessed Virgin in the wildest and most inaccessible parts of their forests. There those sacred images remained, not because they were forgotten, but because the sword of the Goths, Huns, and Vandals cut down the native tribes, as the mower does the grass of the meadows, so that, in the most fertile and populous countries of the Roman world, the traveller might then journey on for days together without seeing the smoke of a human dwelling.*

Long after some of these Madonnas of the woods and fountains reappeared with splendour; and, according to the old chroniclers, Spanish, Belgian, and French, their discovery was accompanied by miracles. At one time, a bright light attracted by night a Spanish hunter or a Pyrenean shepherd to a bush, where the birds warbled sweetly all the day long; at another, there was an image of Mary found hidden amongst the flowers of a thorny shrub, redolent with the perfumes of the wild-wood. Now it was that some shepherds, seeing their sheep bend the knee before a grassy knoll, covered with white violets, dug about the spot, and found, to their inexpressible surprise, a small statue, rudely carved in wood, but in a perfect state of preservation, representing the Blessed Virgin. Again, it was falling-stars, illumining the night with a long train of radiance, and all concentrating their rays on the same spot, pointed out to the Spanish troops, encamped under the walls of some Moorish city, the place where, in the time of Rodrigo, some holy monks had concealed,

* The general depopulation that followed the invasion of the Barbarians surpasses all belief. Muratori relates, that in the eighth and ninth centuries Italy was so totally destitute of inhabitants, that it was infested by wolves. (*Murat. Antiq.*, vol. ii., p. 168.)



on a night of fear and flight, a miraculous image, in order to save it from the sacrilegious hands of the Mussulman. At another time, it was valorous knights or illustrious dames who, riding, with falcon on arm, through the green forests of France or of Lusitania, discovered, in the hollow of some old, moss-grown oak, or in the brier-hidden crevice of a rock, a little hiding Madonna.* At this sight, the proud baron or the noble lady crossed themselves devoutly, descended in haste from their palfreys, knelt on the grass before the Madonna, and vowed to build her a chapel.

Our Lady of the Blossomed Thorns was found on a bushy rock, under marvellous circumstances. The following is the narrative, as told by a simple legend of the past:

"Not far from the highest peak of Jura, but a little downwards on its western slope, there was still to be seen, about half a century ago, a heap of ruins which had once formed part of the monastery of Our Lady of the Blossomed Thorns, built by the widow of a knight, the last of his race, who fell fighting for the Holy Sepulchre. The noble lady, walking one winter evening in the long avenue of her ancient castle, her mind occupied in pious meditation, reached the thorny bush which subsequently marked the site of the monastery, and was no little surprised to see that one of those shrubs was already adorned with the garb of spring; a calm, clear light, like that of the rising day, displayed the bush in full flower, and beneath its verdant screen, spangled with little white shining stars, was a statue of the Virgin, simply sculptured in rough wood, painted by no very skilful hand, but clad in robes of some value; it was from this image that the miraculous light proceeded. The sacred image was conveyed with great pomp to the castle chapel; but the next day it was not to be found. The Queen of Angels preferred the modest shade of her favourite shrubs to the splendour of the baronial chapel; she had returned to the freshness and solitude of the woods. In the evening all the inmates of the castle went thither and found her still more radiant than before. They fell on their knees in

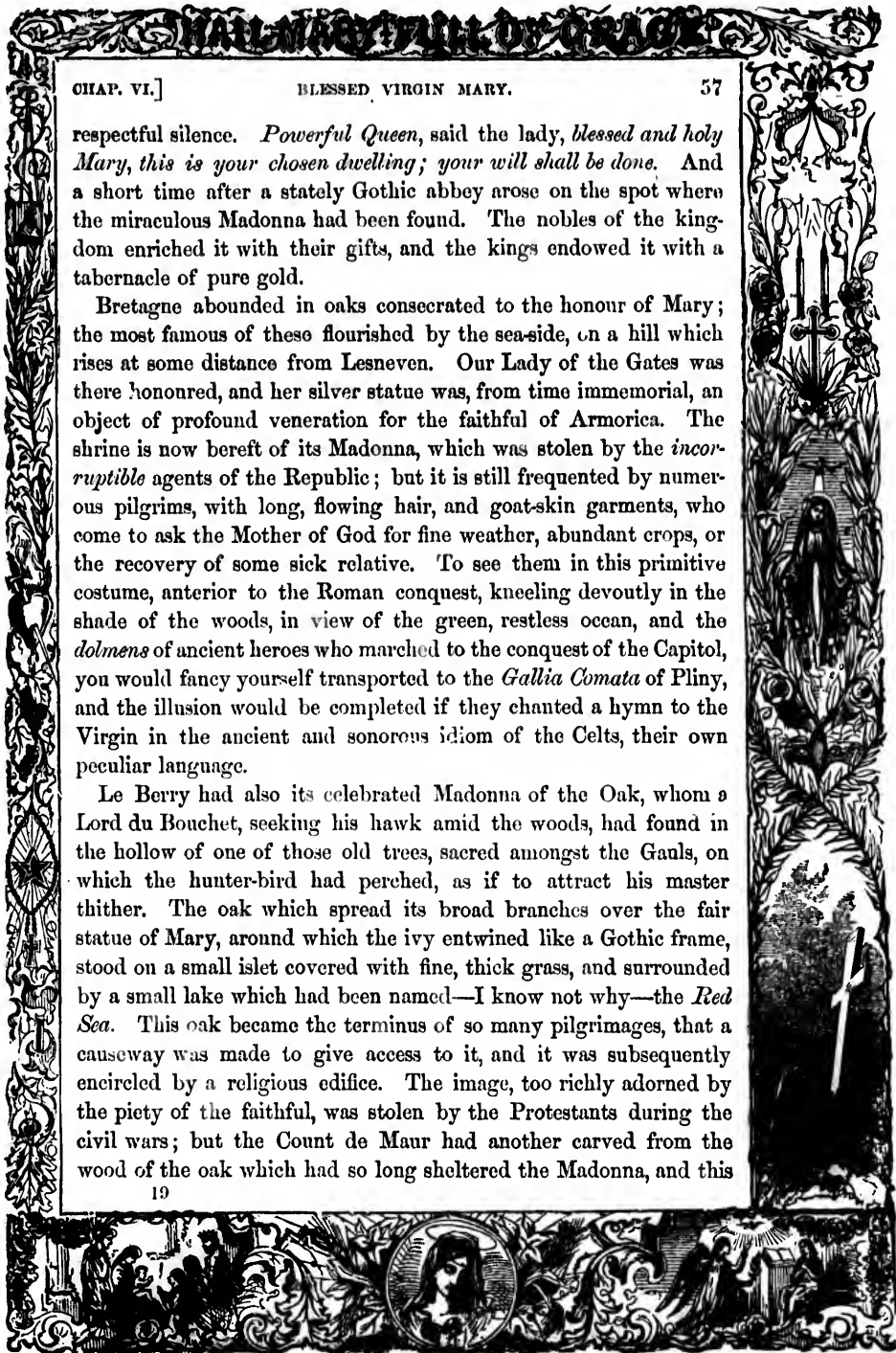
* Malfada, queen of Portugal, hunting with the falcon, found a small Madonna, which retained the name of Our Lady of the Forest. (See Vasconcellius, in *Descriptione regni Lusit.*, chap. vii., 1, 5.)



respectful silence. *Powerful Queen*, said the lady, *blessed and holy Mary, this is your chosen dwelling; your will shall be done.* And a short time after a stately Gothic abbey arose on the spot where the miraculous Madonna had been found. The nobles of the kingdom enriched it with their gifts, and the kings endowed it with a tabernacle of pure gold.

Bretagne abounded in oaks consecrated to the honour of Mary; the most famous of these flourished by the sea-side, on a hill which rises at some distance from Lesneven. Our Lady of the Gates was there honoured, and her silver statue was, from time immemorial, an object of profound veneration for the faithful of Armorica. The shrine is now bereft of its Madonna, which was stolen by the *incorruptible* agents of the Republic; but it is still frequented by numerous pilgrims, with long, flowing hair, and goat-skin garments, who come to ask the Mother of God for fine weather, abundant crops, or the recovery of some sick relative. To see them in this primitive costume, anterior to the Roman conquest, kneeling devoutly in the shade of the woods, in view of the green, restless ocean, and the *dolmens* of ancient heroes who marched to the conquest of the Capitol, you would fancy yourself transported to the *Gallia Comata* of Pliny, and the illusion would be completed if they chanted a hymn to the Virgin in the ancient and sonorous idiom of the Celts, their own peculiar language.

Le Berry had also its celebrated Madonna of the Oak, whom a Lord du Bouchet, seeking his hawk amid the woods, had found in the hollow of one of those old trees, sacred amongst the Gauls, on which the hunter-bird had perched, as if to attract his master thither. The oak which spread its broad branches over the fair statue of Mary, around which the ivy entwined like a Gothic frame, stood on a small islet covered with fine, thick grass, and surrounded by a small lake which had been named—I know not why—the *Red Sea*. This oak became the terminus of so many pilgrimages, that a causeway was made to give access to it, and it was subsequently encircled by a religious edifice. The image, too richly adorned by the piety of the faithful, was stolen by the Protestants during the civil wars; but the Count de Maur had another carved from the wood of the oak which had so long sheltered the Madonna, and this



new one might say, like the perfumed earth of the Persian poet: "I am not the rose, but I have lived near it."*

In Picardy, a small Madonna was deposited in the hollow of an aged oak, on the high-road from Abbeville to Hesdin; this miraculous image, shaded by the fragrant honeysuckle, overlooked a patch of soft verdure on the side of the dusty road, which offered a pleasant shelter to the passing traveller and the high-born pilgrim, who went barefoot, like St. Louis and the sire de Joinville, to some sacred place, in fulfilment of a vow made by himself or some one whom he loved. The bandit of the feudal times muttered an *Ave* to himself as he took off his coarse woollen hat before Our Lady of Faith; and the noble dame, after praying at the feet of the Madonna, opened her alms-purse, adorned with heraldic devices, and dropped her alms into the trunk of the old oak, where the Christian modesty of the faithful of those days secretly deposited, for the poor, the funds which the latter took without the shame of asking, and which no other ever touched.† The traveller, his devotions ended, sat down, with his feet stretched out in the soft, cool grass, which refreshed him after his long journey; he inhaled the perfume of the flowers, listened to the murmur of the neighbouring spring, and enjoyed the exquisite sense of repose, so precious when contrasted with his late fatigue. But, alas! he was at length forced to depart, and how reluctantly he turned away! The shade was so refreshing, the grass so soft, the gurgling of the fountain so sweetly soothing! Crossing himself, he murmured a parting prayer to the Virgin, slipped an alms into the hand of the poor invalid who knelt hard by, and whose blessing followed him on his way: "Worthy traveller, may Our Lady save you from hurt or harm!" At the bend of the road he turned his head to take a last look at Our Lady's Oak.

Anjou, where the pilgrimages in honour of Mary are of so old a date, had, near the village of Sablé, its oak, contemporary with the

* Saadi, *Gulistan*.

† These trees, wherein travellers deposited the alms which the poor came at dusk to take away unseen, were so venerable, says M. de Marchangy, that none, save those who really required it, would dare to take a farthing.



Plantagenets, furnished with a Madonna no less ancient. At the foot of the Vosges, on the borders of Lorraine, a huge old Gallic oak, which the peasants still call, through custom, *the fairy tree*, had, in its mossy bosom, a white and mysterious image of the Virgin, before which Joan of Arc, that pious maiden, went to pray with all her heart against the English, who were so soon after to fly before her victorious banner. Hainault had also its old oaks and miraculous images; Spain and Portugal were not without theirs; and England, so late as the reign of Charles the First, saw her Catholic children still kneeling to invoke the absent Madonna. Evelyn tells us that these trees were known by the name of *procession-oaks*.*

But of all the monuments of the vegetable kingdom ever consecrated to Mary, there is none to be compared to the oak of Allouville, in the District of Caux. The circumference of this ancient tree is thirty-four feet at its base, and twenty-six at a man's height from the ground. It has the broad, open top of the cedar, and its vast branches, which spring from the trunk, about eight feet from its base, extend horizontally, so as to cover an immense space. The interior of the tree is hollow throughout; the central part being destroyed many years ago, it is only by its bark and the inner coats of sap that it still subsists; and yet it is every year covered with acorns and adorned with an abundant foliage. In the hollow of this oak, which is, at least, nine hundred years old, and has seen the fall of the Druid-groves, pious hands have constructed a charming little chapel, lined with marble, and decorated with an image of Mary. A grating closes the front of the shrine, without concealing the sacred image from the eyes of the pilgrim or the traveller. Over the chapel is a cell, a fitting habitation for some new *stylite*; it is reached by a spiral ladder which winds around the trunk. This aerial dwelling, covered with a pointed roof, forms a steeple surmounted by an iron cross, which rises in a picturesque manner above the branches of the oak.†

* So late as the reign of Charles the Second, there were found in many counties of England, certain old oaks which were commonly called *procession-oaks*. (Evelyn's Memoir.)

† See Ducatel's *Norman Antiquities* (*Antiquités Normandes*).



On certain festivals of the year, and especially on the patronal feast, the chapel serves for the religious ceremonies of the day, and the people of the neighbouring villages repair in crowds to the feet of the Gallic Virgin, who seems to wrap them with maternal tenderness in her fresh, green mantle. These good people love their Madonna, and have proved it well. In those disastrous days when all that belonged to religion was proscribed, when the slightest manifestation of Catholicism was punished with death, a band of revolutionary bravos from Rouen marched towards Allouville, with the avowed purpose of burning the venerable oak, with the Madonna whom it sheltered. The peasants of Normandy, though much less susceptible of enthusiasm than the Bretons, assembled in arms around the oak, and defended it so valiantly that the republicans were completely foiled in their design, and had to retire in disgrace. When the Reign of Terror was at its height, and the sound of hymn or psalm was no longer to be heard in France; when a misguided people, worshipping Marat on the altar of Christ,* vociferated: "*There are no longer Saints, nor God, nor immortal soul!*" the iron cross of the hermitage was still seen tapering above the branches of the oak of Allouville, and on the front of its little chapel was still read the calm and touching inscription: "TO OUR LADY OF PEACE."

Under the successors of Constantine the Great, Gaul, where Paganism daily lost ground, became almost entirely Christian. In the time of Theodosius, it contained seventeen archbishop's sees, nearly all dedicated to Mary, and one hundred and fifteen bishoprics governed by men of great learning, of rare piety, of boundless charity, and of illustrious birth, which added much to their influence. Christianity was then seeking to restore the primitive gravity of manner and austerity of morals amongst those Gallic tribes so wholly given up to the sports of the circuses, their chariot-races, and the seductive pleasures of the theatre—enervating and pernicious amusements which heathen Rome, in her corruption, had cast, like flowery chains,

* "It was during the festivals of Reason," says Laharpe, "that the bust of Marat was placed on the altar, when all those who were suspected of fanaticism—that is to say, of believing in God—were forced to bend the knee before Marat." (See *Du Fanaticisme dans la langue revolutionnaire*, p. 51.)



over the primitive nations whom she could hardly subdue—undermining, by these means, their martial courage. The bishops, who have been too rashly accused of tampering with Paganism, because they were unable to eradicate these noxious Pagan practices, used every endeavour, on the contrary, to extirpate them, and flattered themselves that they were succeeding, when, all at once, amid profound peace, and whilst Gaul lived from day to day, careless of the morrow, secure in the legions who occupied her great cities, and the sixty fortresses which protected her frontiers against the barbarians, behold! the sound of trumpets is heard beyond the river which divides it from Germany. . . . Hostile battalions suddenly precipitate themselves on the plains whose echoes are still murmuring the Gallic songs; fire and sword devastate the country; rivers tinged with blood, cities given up to pillage, the marble temples of the old imperial gods laid prostrate on the ground, Christian churches desecrated, announce the dread approach of those ferocious warriors of the North, whose gods bear the ominous titles of *destroyers* and *fathers of carnage*; they burst on Gaul like a mighty avalanche; the warrior has no time to seize his arms, fear deprives him even of the power of thinking; wealth and poverty share the same fate. . . . A thick, gloomy cloud overcasts the fair Roman province, and naught is to be seen save the flow of blood and the flash of steel; from the Rhine to the Pyrenees, from the Mediterranean to the ocean, Gaul, lately so flourishing, is but one vast scene of carnage and desolation. This disastrous period, which witnessed the final overthrow of the Roman colossus, and changed the form of Western Europe, was the gulf which swallowed up the ancient civilization; and Robertson, the English historian, hesitates not to say that, were he asked to point out the most deplorable period of the world's history, he would name that which elapsed between the death of Theodosius the Great and the establishment of the Lombards in Italy.



Third Period of the Devotion to Mary.

THE MIDDLE AGES.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BARBAROUS TIMES.

THE invasion of the Barbarians was, for religion, as for the nations who lived enervated and civilized under the shadow of the Roman eagles, a period of mourning, of terror, and of tears—a night of blood, illumined by the distant glare of conflagrations, resounding with the clash of arms, and crossed by warlike chiefs who took to themselves the fearful title of *scourges of God*. When the sound of this great passage of men had ceased, and it became possible to distinguish objects through the smoke of conflagrations and the dust of battle-fields, it was found that Europe had changed its face. The Saxons occupied fertile England, the Franks had taken possession of Gaul, the Goths of Spain, and the Lombards of Italy. There remained not a single vestige of the sciences, the arts, or institutions of the mighty people of Romulus; barbarism had invaded all and swept away all before it. New forms of government, new laws, new customs were everywhere observed; one thing only had resisted the general transformation—Christianity, which was to console the conquered and humanize the conquerors.

The devotion to Mary, impeded for some time by Arianism, which was fatally predominant for some time after the invasion of the Goths and Vandals, flourished again under the victorious banners of the Franks. Clovis, the only Catholic king of his time, conceived the design of building, at the eastern extremity of the city, under the invocation of Our Lady, a metropolitan church, of which he himself laid the first stone, and which was completed by his son Childebert.* This church, built on the site of an ancient Druid temple, was

* Felibien, *Hist. de Paris*, t. i.



adorned with marble columns, frescoes on a golden ground, and a mosaic pavement. The poet-bishop Fortunat gives special praise to its windows, which filled the interior with a flood of light; these windows were a luxury imported from Greece and Italy, and were then first introduced into the Gauls.*

Clovis the First also founded Our Lady of Argenteuil, where the Princess Theodrade, daughter of the Emperor Charlemagne, took the veil after having accompanied her father to Italy; this abbey, which was then in the midst of the woods, was destroyed by the Normans, and magnificently rebuilt by the pious Queen Adelaide, wife of Hugh Capet, who delighted to adorn its altars with the finest works of her hands.

The other Merovingian princes, not even excepting Chilperic, the sanguinary spouse of Fredegonde, dedicated many chapels and abbeys to the Virgin. Radegonde, daughter of Berthaire, king of Thuringia, the holy and deserted wife of King Clotaire, requested with tears, in her last moments, that they would bury her in the unfinished Abbey of St. Mary, which she was then building at Poitiers. This same pious princess, who refused to accept the regal crown offered to her by her ferocious and inconstant husband, founded in Neustria, near a Druid spring which the Gauls of that time still obstinately persevered in secretly worshipping, the church of Our Lady of Cailliouville, which was adorned with so many sacred images that it was often compared to Paradise. Of the Merovingian church nothing now remains, but the fountain still pours forth its limpid stream, and people come from afar off to seek health in its waters. When the water is calm and undisturbed, the image of St. Radegonde may still be seen on the flag at the bottom, with the legend, "Pray for us!"

Another wife of Clotaire the First, Queen Waltrade, with the

* The most ancient author who speaks of stained glass windows is St. Jerome, in his Commentary on Ezechiel, quoted by Ducange, *verbo vitrae*. After St. Jerome it is Gregory of Tours, then Fortunat. Paul the Silent, a contemporary of Fortunat, to whom we are indebted for a minute description of the church of St. Sophia, such as it then was, has also described the beautiful windows of coloured glass which ornamented the dome of the Byzantine basilic. (See *l'Hist. de Byzance* by Ducange.)



Princess Engeltrude, a daughter of that king, founded at Tours, about the year 600, a noble abbey, with the title of Our Lady of the Casket, probably because those princesses employed their jewels in forwarding the work.* Several ladies of high birth shut themselves up with them in this monastery, which was destroyed by the Normans.

Gregory of Tours mentions that there was then in the capital of Touraine a church of Our Lady which was held in profound veneration. On solemn occasions, oaths were taken by placing the hand on the Virgin's altar, and those who perjured themselves were supposed to die within the year.†

The royal spouse of Clovis II., Bathilda, that fair and holy princess, who was the pearl of those barbarous times, founded the superb abbey of Chelles, whither she retired when her glorious regency was at an end. This abbey was placed under the invocation of the Blessed Virgin, and was situated in the midst of the dense forest where Chilperic had met his death. A great lady of the Merovingian court, Lutruda, wife of Ebroin, that famous mayor of the palace who was surnamed the Marius of the Franks, founded, after the death of her dreaded spouse, the splendid abbey of Our Lady of Soissons, which was inaugurated by St. Dronsin. Six Carlovinian princesses governed this abbey in succession, for a period of an hundred and forty-five years. During all that time Our Lady of Soissons was regarded as the flower of Frank monasteries, and the daughters of the highest houses took the veil there. Its affluence became so great that it was, at length, necessary to place it within bounds; on the prayer of the Abbess Imma, Charles the Bald fixed the number of nuns at 216. That prince also prescribed the establishment of an hostelry for travellers and an alms-house in front of the abbey gate. All was redolent of piety in this opulent house; the divine office was uninterruptedly kept up, and the nuns watched by turns, night and day, before the Blessed Sacrament. When the king was with the army, or his life exposed to any danger, a large number of the holy sisters passed the night in prayer. According

* *Gallia Christiana*, t. iv.

† Gregory of Tours, *de Gl. M.*, c. 19.

to the custom of the feudal times, this monastery was bound to send to the army its quota of men-at-arms. Its importance declined with that of the Frank empire; but numerous pilgrims were attracted thither from all countries during the middle ages by two relics of the Blessed Virgin. Now, there is nothing to be seen of this Merovingian cloister but a few broken arches.

An Austrasian princess, Plectruda, wife of Pepin of Heristal, likewise built, under the first dynasty, the church of Our Lady of Cologne, which still exists.

But of all the pious foundations in honour of the Blessed Virgin, which date from these remote times, there is none more worthy of note than that of Our Lady of Trèves, in the ancient country of Tongres, the fatherland of the Franks, which then made part of the duchy of Austrasia. Who does not remember the popular legend of Genevieve of Brabant? That moving tale, sung by so many troubadours and minstrels in the baronial halls of the feudal times, and told by the cottage hearth for a thousand years and more—this story of the barbarous ages, attested by a monument, commemorates a most tragical event, a true drama from which Shakspeare perhaps drew—for he loved to draw from ancient chronicles—the two most powerful characters that his fancy ever produced—Iago, the traitor and calumniator, and Othello, the hero with the credulous mind and jealous heart. Sigfred, palatine of Trèves, reluctantly tears himself from the arms of a beloved wife, to go fight the Moors under the glorious banner of Charles Martel. Golo, the master of the prince's household, to whom he had confided the care of his young wife, a model of virtue and a pearl of beauty, conceived a shameful passion for the princess, and was not slow in declaring it. Repulsed with the contempt which his treason merited, the unworthy favourite, who had deliberately planned his lord's disgrace, hesitated not to calumniate the woman whom he could not seduce: for all vices are sisters. Sigfred believed him; he was far away from home, he loved his wife madly, and was jealous; in the first burst of what he considered his just indignation, he condemned Genevieve to die, together with her child; but the servants charged to execute this fatal sentence, in the depth of a dark forest, had not the heart to do it, and the Belgian princess was left, with her new-born infant, in that





gloomy forest, peopled only with wild beasts; the child was suckled by a wild doe. For six long years did the innocent and injured wife live on roots and wild fruits, constantly begging of God that her innocence might be recognised. The compassionate Virgin, touched by so many tears and so much misery, came to her one day as she sat by a spring and promised her that her wishes should be accomplished. Soon after, Sigfred, who still loved his wife, and was inconsolable for her loss, being on a hunting-party, found Genevieve in a cave, covered with rags, her long hair hanging over her shoulders like a veil. Golo confessed his crime, and was torn asunder by four wild bulls from the Black Forest. This act of stern justice being done, Genevieve had a church built in honour of Mary amid the woods where she had so long wandered, and on the very spot where the Mother of God had appeared to her. Hydolphus, archbishop of Trèves, consecrated this church in the year 746.*

Notwithstanding these marks of respect bestowed on the Blessed Virgin, it would be falsifying history to represent the devotion to her as having attained its highest pitch under the first French dynasty; the truth is, that it was then only in its dawn. Local devotions absorbed both the nobles and the people: St. Martin of Tours, St. Denis, St. Germain, and St. Hilary, were each the object of such exclusive veneration that, excepting only Our Lord himself, all else was in the shade. It was the altars of those saints that were plated with gold; it was their tombs that were covered with beaten silver; it was under the arches of their *Roman* churches that robes of golden tissue, embroidered with pearls, were hung, *ex voto*.† The fair image of Mary, the grand figures of the Apostles, the army of martyrs, all fade away before the first Gallic bishops. Thus, an impostor of the name of Didier, who would fain found a sect in the sixth century, announced himself, with cool effrontery, *greater* than the Apostles, and *almost* as great as St. Martin.‡ This distorted vision, which causes us some surprise, proceeded from the gradual extinction of light; legends began to take precedence of the Gospel,

* *Add. ad Molau. de Belgic.*

† See *Life of Dagobert*, by the Monk of St. Denis.

‡ Gregory of Tours.



and ignorance, ever more productive of evil, did not always stop at the threshold of the Christian temple; the successors of the Basils, of the Ambroses, the Chrysostoms, unhappily deserved what Alfred the Great said of them, with sadness of heart. "From the Thames to the Humber, they no longer understand the *Pater*, and, in other parts of the island, it is still worse."*

Gaul was not entirely converted to the Gospel under the Merovingian kings; the Franks had completely abjured their fierce German deities, but there were still some vestiges of polytheism amongst the Romans of the cities, who continued to draw omens from the flight and singing of birds, to feast on Thursday in honour of Jupiter, to swear by Neptune, Pluto, Diana, or the genii; in fine, who dared to light lamps and hang up offerings in the deserted temples of the idols, as St. Eloi reproaches them with in his Homilies. These frail shoots of Greek and Roman idolatry soon withered of themselves on an adverse soil; but the religion of the Celts, as we have already said in a preceding chapter, stoutly resisted the sacerdotal axe, and was ages before it died away. So late as the fourth century the image of the goddess Berecynthia, representing the cultivated ground, was borne through the fields. In the fifth, it is decreed by a canon of the Second Council of Arles, that if a baron permits lamps to be lit before trees, rocks, or fountains, he shall be cut off from the communion of the faithful, after being first admonished and solemnly warned. At the end of the sixth century, the Council of Auxerre forbids vows being made to bushes, trees, or fountains.† In a Council of Nantes, the date of which is fixed by Flodoard at the year 658, the bishops are advised to uproot the trees which the Bretons still persist in worshipping, and from which they would not, on any account, cut a single branch. The priest Paulinus represents these same Gauls relapsed into their former idolatry, placing meats on the sacred stones at the foot of these trees, and beseeching a venerable oak (which was probably the sepulchre of some old chief Druid), with the humble offering of a

* Robertson's *History of the Emperor Charles V.*, vol. i., p. 186.

† This canon is conceived in these terms: "Non licet inter sentes, aut ad arbores sacros, vel ad fontes vota exolvere."

handful of beech-nuts,* to protect their wives, their children, their servants, and their houses.† The bishops of Charlemagne's time likewise pronounced severe penalties against these superstitions which had outlived the Merovingian dynasty,‡ and they must have been still of some account when the church passed laws against them, so late as the opening years of the ninth century. It was especially in the two Armoricas, east and west, where the Gospel was late sown and of slow growth, that the native worship, favoured by forests as old as the world itself, long held its ground despite of councils and bishops, who, nevertheless, strained every nerve to root it out. The desert of Scyey, in the Cotentine peninsula, was peopled, even in the seventh century, by Pagan Gauls, who lived there, as we learn from the canons of some of the councils of those times, positively *like wild beasts*. But if idolatry was obstinately sustained by the scalds and bards, and some Druids wandering in the woods, the zealous Christian had the ardour which secures victory, and proved it well. In the depth of those remote solitudes, said to be the haunts of demons, where strange things were indeed revealed when the torches of the Gauls flashed through the darkness of the wood in some forbidden ceremony, or formed a fiery circle around some dark *dolmen* planted on the moonlit heath,§ hermits, often of high birth, took up their dwelling in clay huts, covered with brambles, some hidden by a coat of mingled moss and ivy. Their beds were of dry leaves, sometimes the bark of trees; their food consisted of fruits, berries, and wild roots; their garment a toga or gown of white, coarse wool.¶ Making their way through the tall, tangled

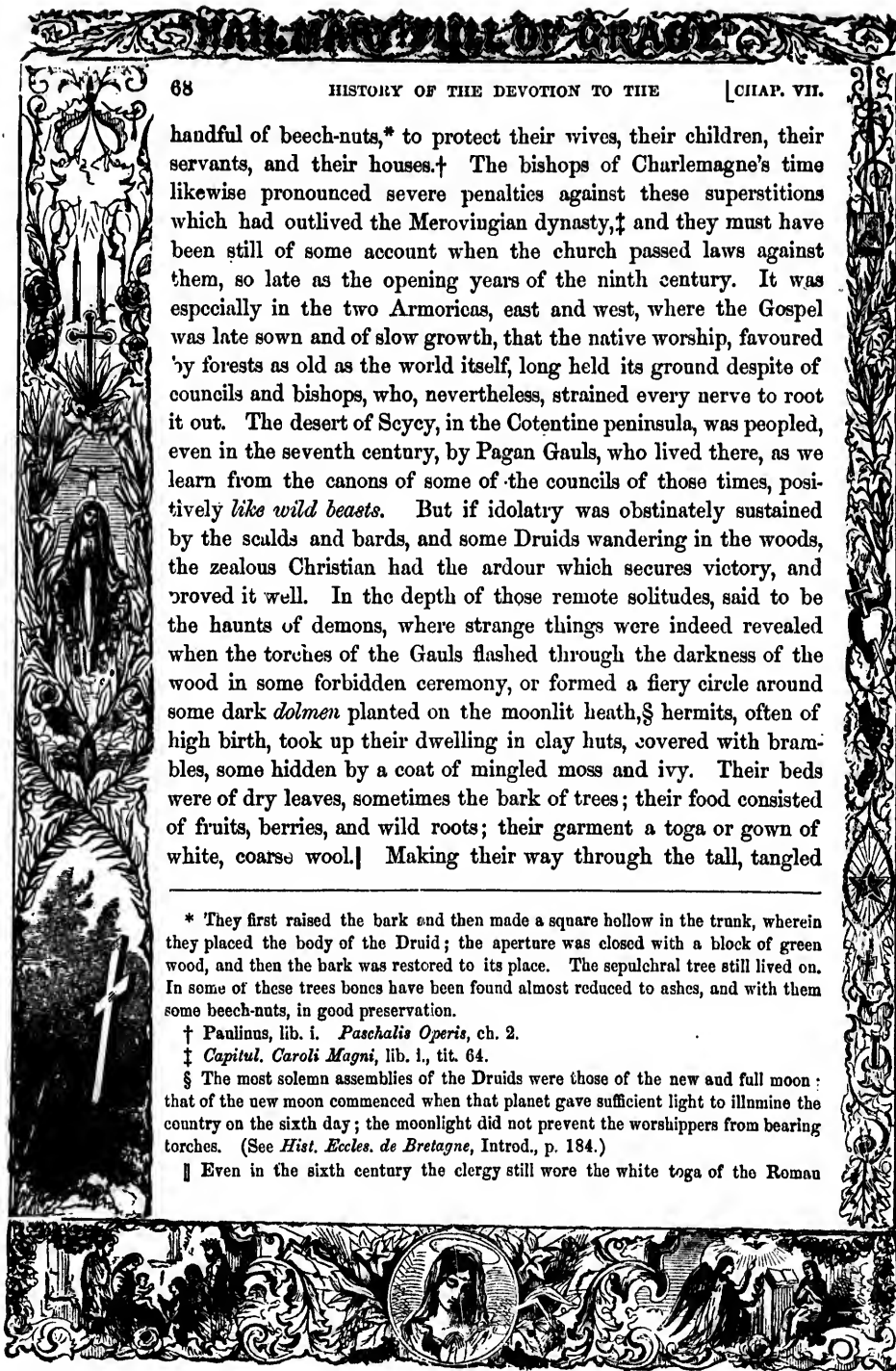
* They first raised the bark and then made a square hollow in the trunk, wherein they placed the body of the Druid; the aperture was closed with a block of green wood, and then the bark was restored to its place. The sepulchral tree still lived on. In some of these trees bones have been found almost reduced to ashes, and with them some beech-nuts, in good preservation.

† Paulinus, lib. i. *Paschalis Operis*, ch. 2.

‡ *Capitul. Caroli Magni*, lib. i., tit. 64.

§ The most solemn assemblies of the Druids were those of the new and full moon; that of the new moon commenced when that planet gave sufficient light to illumine the country on the sixth day; the moonlight did not prevent the worshippers from bearing torches. (See *Hist. Eccles. de Bretagne*, Introd., p. 184.)

¶ Even in the sixth century the clergy still wore the white toga of the Roman

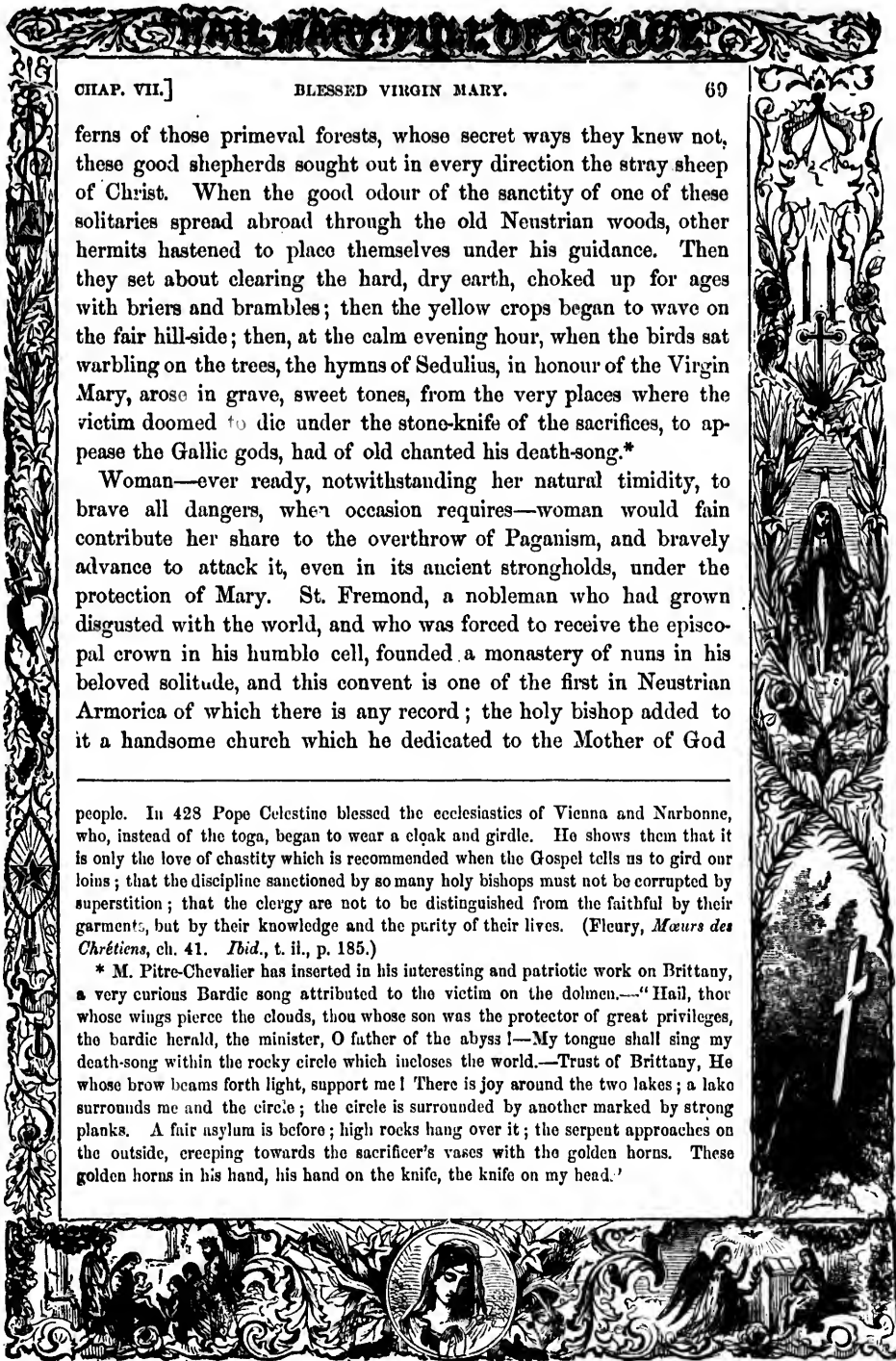


ferns of those primeval forests, whose secret ways they knew not, these good shepherds sought out in every direction the stray sheep of Christ. When the good odour of the sanctity of one of these solitaries spread abroad through the old Neustrian woods, other hermits hastened to place themselves under his guidance. Then they set about clearing the hard, dry earth, choked up for ages with briars and brambles; then the yellow crops began to wave on the fair hill-side; then, at the calm evening hour, when the birds sat warbling on the trees, the hymns of Sedulius, in honour of the Virgin Mary, arose in grave, sweet tones, from the very places where the victim doomed to die under the stone-knife of the sacrifices, to appease the Gallic gods, had of old chanted his death-song.*

Woman—ever ready, notwithstanding her natural timidity, to brave all dangers, when occasion requires—woman would fain contribute her share to the overthrow of Paganism, and bravely advance to attack it, even in its ancient strongholds, under the protection of Mary. St. Fremond, a nobleman who had grown disgusted with the world, and who was forced to receive the episcopal crown in his humble cell, founded a monastery of nuns in his beloved solitude, and this convent is one of the first in Neustrian Armorica of which there is any record; the holy bishop added to it a handsome church which he dedicated to the Mother of God

people. In 428 Pope Celestine blessed the ecclesiastics of Vienna and Narbonne, who, instead of the toga, began to wear a cloak and girdle. He shows them that it is only the love of chastity which is recommended when the Gospel tells us to gird our loins; that the discipline sanctioned by so many holy bishops must not be corrupted by superstition; that the clergy are not to be distinguished from the faithful by their garments, but by their knowledge and the purity of their lives. (Fleury, *Mœurs des Chrétiens*, ch. 41. *Ibid.*, t. ii., p. 185.)

* M. Pitre-Chevalier has inserted in his interesting and patriotic work on Brittany, a very curious Bardic song attributed to the victim on the dolmen.—“Hail, thou whose wings pierce the clouds, thou whose son was the protector of great privileges, the bardic herald, the minister, O father of the abyss!—My tongue shall sing my death-song within the rocky circle which incloses the world.—Trust of Brittany, He whose brow beams forth light, support me! There is joy around the two lakes; a lake surrounds me and the circle; the circle is surrounded by another marked by strong planks. A fair asylum is before; high rocks hang over it; the serpent approaches on the outside, creeping towards the sacrificer's vases with the golden horns. These golden horns in his hand, his hand on the knife, the knife on my head.”

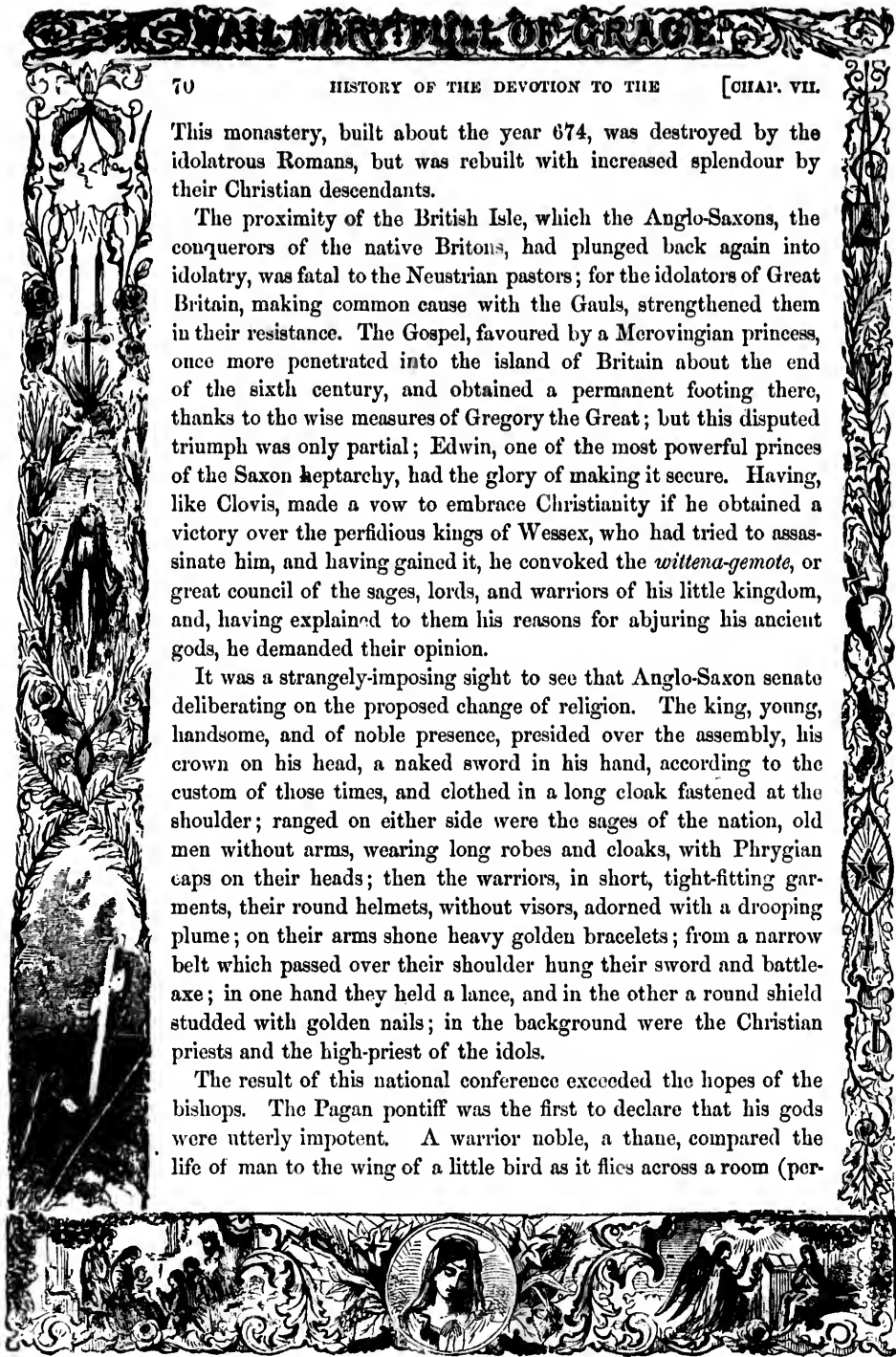


This monastery, built about the year 674, was destroyed by the idolatrous Romans, but was rebuilt with increased splendour by their Christian descendants.

The proximity of the British Isle, which the Anglo-Saxons, the conquerors of the native Britons, had plunged back again into idolatry, was fatal to the Neustrian pastors; for the idolators of Great Britain, making common cause with the Gauls, strengthened them in their resistance. The Gospel, favoured by a Merovingian princess, once more penetrated into the island of Britain about the end of the sixth century, and obtained a permanent footing there, thanks to the wise measures of Gregory the Great; but this disputed triumph was only partial; Edwin, one of the most powerful princes of the Saxon heptarchy, had the glory of making it secure. Having, like Clovis, made a vow to embrace Christianity if he obtained a victory over the perfidious kings of Wessex, who had tried to assassinate him, and having gained it, he convoked the *wittena-gemote*, or great council of the sages, lords, and warriors of his little kingdom, and, having explained to them his reasons for abjuring his ancient gods, he demanded their opinion.

It was a strangely-imposing sight to see that Anglo-Saxon senate deliberating on the proposed change of religion. The king, young, handsome, and of noble presence, presided over the assembly, his crown on his head, a naked sword in his hand, according to the custom of those times, and clothed in a long cloak fastened at the shoulder; ranged on either side were the sages of the nation, old men without arms, wearing long robes and cloaks, with Phrygian caps on their heads; then the warriors, in short, tight-fitting garments, their round helmets, without visors, adorned with a drooping plume; on their arms shone heavy golden bracelets; from a narrow belt which passed over their shoulder hung their sword and battle-axe; in one hand they held a lance, and in the other a round shield studded with golden nails; in the background were the Christian priests and the high-priest of the idols.

The result of this national conference exceeded the hopes of the bishops. The Pagan pontiff was the first to declare that his gods were utterly impotent. A warrior noble, a thane, compared the life of man to the wing of a little bird as it flies across a room (per-



haps he saw one at the moment). "We see the door by which it enters," said the Saxon chief, "the window by which it goes out; but whence did it come, and whither does it go? This is the emblem of our existence. If the new faith removes this uncertainty, let us hasten to adopt it."*

Thereupon, the king declared himself a Christian; the entire assembly solemnly renounced the worship of idols, and the people soon followed the example of the senate and the king. This religious revolution took place in the year 620.

The German gods were overthrown in Great Britain, but not so Druidism; it lived in the old insular forests where the Britons still tattooed themselves, like the savages of America, even in the middle of the eighth century, although it had been decreed by councils that this strange custom, which gave to the Scots or North Britons the name of Picts or painted warriors, was of diabolical invention.† King Edgar prohibited, by an ordinance dated 967, the superstitious assemblies called *frithgear*, held around the Druid stones which were still adored in Northumberland, Cumberland, Yorkshire, Devonshire, Somersetshire, and especially on Salisbury Plain,‡ where stood the famous stone-henge (the *chorea giganteum* of the ancients). This prohibition was not strictly adhered to, it would seem, since Canute, or Cnut the Great, a celebrated sea-king, was obliged, so late as the eleventh century, to forbid the worship of trees, rocks, and fountains. As to the Anglo-Saxons, they were absolutely converted, so that not a trace of their ancient worship remained, and no sooner had they exchanged the white horse of Hengist on their banners for the cross of Christ, than there arose simultaneously, all over the country, convents, cathedrals, churches, hermitages, and chapels in honour of the Blessed Mary, sometimes alone, sometimes associated with one of the Apostles or the Saxon saints, when they came to have any. Nothing could be more simple than the greater part of these first Anglo-Saxon chapels. Their walls were formed of huge trunks of

* *Hist. d'Anglet.*, by M. de Roujoux, t. 1er.

† This tattooing was condemned in 787 by a Northumbrian Council, as a Pagan superstition and a diabolical rite. (See *Concil. Labbe*, t. vi.)

‡ See Camden's *Britannia*.



trees, taken from the neighbouring forests and cemented with moss or green sods mixed with clay; the interior of the walls was rough-cast with a slaty earth which took a kind of polish, and on this were traced coloured figures, in barbarous designs.* At the further end of the little building, where wind, rain and light were all admitted through the osier lattice which served for glass,† there stood over a tomb-shaped altar, covered with a red cloth with a deep fringe,‡ an image of the Blessed Virgin in the costume of a Saxon lady. The straw roof of the chapel was surmounted by a little bell. In front of this primitive monument, there was seen a cross formed of two trees fastened together by branches of willow, and crowned with a wreath of box or ivy; this was the sign of the change of worship, and the trophy of CHRIST'S victory over Zernebock and Hertha. A little later, the Anglo-Saxon bishops brought from Rome painters, glaziers and builders;§ but the cathedrals and abbeys which they built under the invocation of Mary and the Saints were all in the heavy, cumbrous style which prevailed at that time.

When William of Normandy made the conquest of England, the Anglo-Norman churches, with their bold steeples, their splendid belfries, and their lofty towers, suddenly started up, in the pride of their fairy architecture, by the side of the heavy churches and rude chapels of the Saxons. But the latter, notwithstanding their want of elegance, still retained a charm which exercised a powerful influence over the conquered nation: it was there that the vanquished came to weep and pray. The Virgin, whom they had venerated in happier days—the Virgin who, according to the custom

* *Hist. d'Anglet.*, by M. de Roujoux, t. 1er.

† Sir James Hall, in his *Essay on Gothic Architecture*, traces up the stone mullions, so light and so elegant, of the great pointed windows, to the imitation of these osier lattices. (See *Edinburgh Phil. Trans.*)

‡ It must be remembered that the ancient altars of Christianity were the tombs of martyrs; the stuffs, often very rich, which covered the altars, were red, in imitation of the colour of blood; covers were sometimes brought from the tomb of Sts. Peter and Paul in Rome. (*Hist. Eccles. de Bretagne.*)

§ "Misit legatarios in Galliam, qui vitri factores, artifices videlicet Britanniiis en tenus incognitos, ad cancellandos ecclesie porticus et cœnacularum ejus fenestras, abducerent." (Bede, *lib. de Wiremuthensi monasterio*, c. 5.)



of those times, wore their national costume—seemed to them more attentive, more indulgent, more disposed to help them, in those places where she reigned over the graves of their fathers and the sculptured saints of old England.

Christianity, which, according to old Spanish tradition, was brought into Spain by St. James, four years after the death of Our Lord, made a rapid progress in that country, and flourished there, mixed up, it is true, with the tares of Arianism, from the invasion of the Goths and Vandals; the veneration of Mary was already common, though somewhat eclipsed by that of St. Vincent, the great martyr of Cæsar-Augusta, now Saragossa, whom Prudentius has celebrated in his hymns. Our Lady of the Pillar, which was, at first, it seems, but a poor chapel, built of clay and round stones, was already a Roman church frequented by numerous pilgrims, where the statue of the Blessed Virgin seemed to smile on the kneeling Spaniards from the height of her rich marble column. Our Lady of Toledo, the metropolitan church of Spain, the foundation of which is referred by some Spanish historians to the first ages of Christianity, was authentically consecrated in the year 680 under the Gothic king Recaredo, the first king of Spain who merited the title of Catholic, since he expelled the Arians from his kingdom, after having their errors condemned by a council held in Toledo. But the shrine of Mary most frequented by the Spanish people, in those remote ages to which we now refer, was that of Our Lady of Covadonga, in the Asturias. The reason was, that, under the natural arches of this Asturian cave, consecrated to Mary by the ancient hermits when they were waging war against Druidism in the depth of the Spanish forests, where it long maintained itself,* the flag of independence—the sacred banner of the Cross—had taken refuge, as a last resource, after the battle of Xeres, which delivered Spain to the Caliphs. Abandoning forest after forest, mountain after mountain, and retiring with heroic slowness to Mount Autiba, which commands a view of the Cantabrian Sea, the

* The twelfth and sixteenth council of Toledo, of which one was held in 681, and the other in 693, teach, by their eleventh and twelfth canons, that those who pay religious worship to stones or trees, sacrifice to Satan.

SHALMAYR FULL OF GRACE

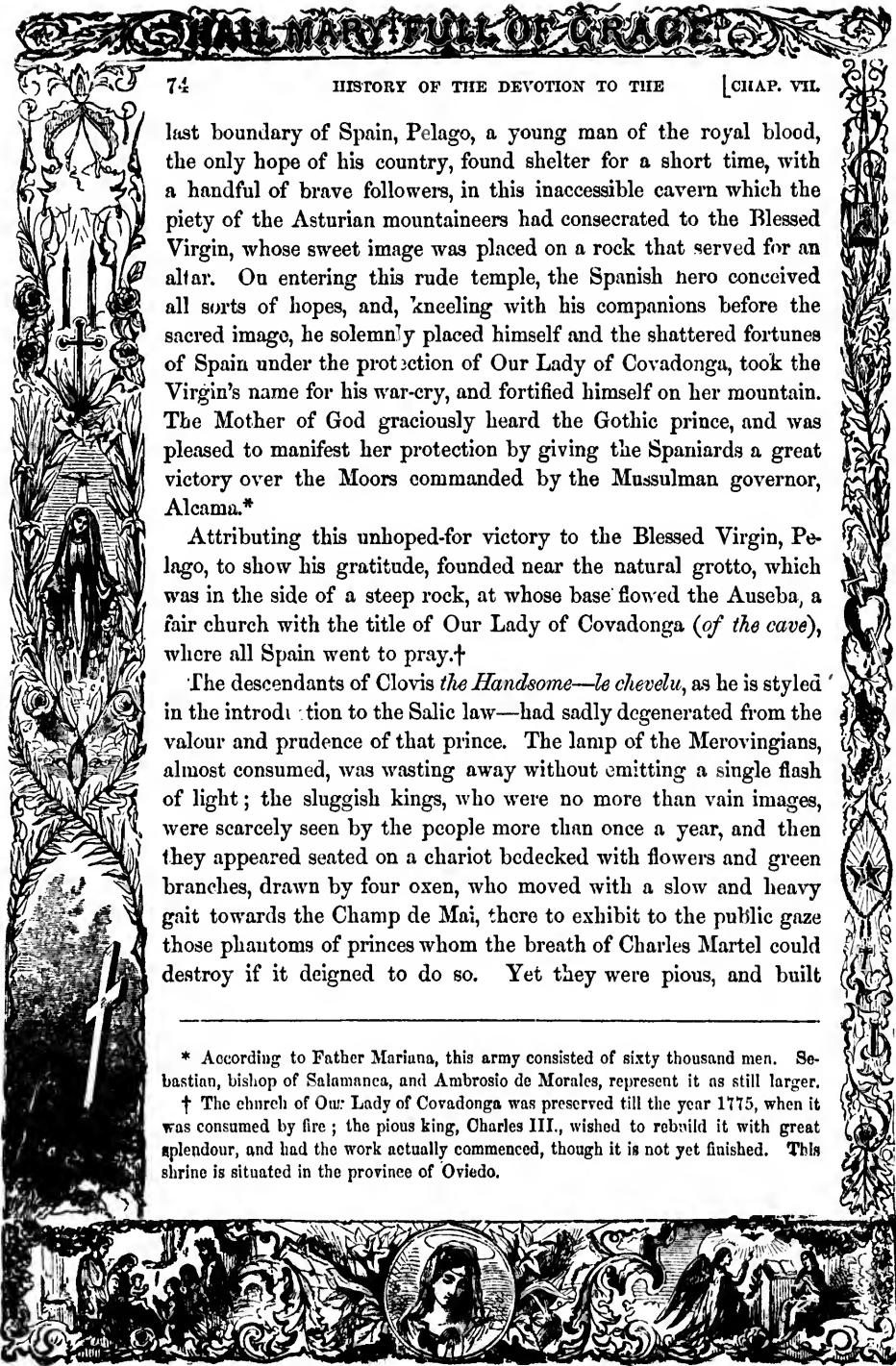
last boundary of Spain, Pelago, a young man of the royal blood, the only hope of his country, found shelter for a short time, with a handful of brave followers, in this inaccessible cavern which the piety of the Asturian mountaineers had consecrated to the Blessed Virgin, whose sweet image was placed on a rock that served for an altar. On entering this rude temple, the Spanish hero conceived all sorts of hopes, and, kneeling with his companions before the sacred image, he solemnly placed himself and the shattered fortunes of Spain under the protection of Our Lady of Covadonga, took the Virgin's name for his war-cry, and fortified himself on her mountain. The Mother of God graciously heard the Gothic prince, and was pleased to manifest her protection by giving the Spaniards a great victory over the Moors commanded by the Mussulman governor, Alcama.*

Attributing this un hoped-for victory to the Blessed Virgin, Pelago, to show his gratitude, founded near the natural grotto, which was in the side of a steep rock, at whose base flowed the Auseba, a fair church with the title of Our Lady of Covadonga (*of the cave*), where all Spain went to pray.†

The descendants of Clovis the Handsome—*le chevelu*, as he is styled in the introduction to the Salic law—had sadly degenerated from the valour and prudence of that prince. The lamp of the Merovingians, almost consumed, was wasting away without emitting a single flash of light; the sluggish kings, who were no more than vain images, were scarcely seen by the people more than once a year, and then they appeared seated on a chariot bodecked with flowers and green branches, drawn by four oxen, who moved with a slow and heavy gait towards the Champ de Mai, there to exhibit to the public gaze those phantoms of princes whom the breath of Charles Martel could destroy if it deigned to do so. Yet they were pious, and built

* According to Father Mariana, this army consisted of sixty thousand men. Sebastian, bishop of Salamanca, and Ambrosio de Morales, represent it as still larger.

† The church of Our Lady of Covadonga was preserved till the year 1775, when it was consumed by fire; the pious king, Charles III., wished to rebuild it with great splendour, and had the work actually commenced, though it is not yet finished. This shrine is situated in the province of Oviedo.



monasteries; but piety alone will not suffice to sustain a sceptre, that of France is heavy, and requires a strong arm, a fearless heart, a clear head, and a prudent mind. The mayors of the palace had all that, happily for Christian Europe, which was soon to be confronted with Islamism.*

The Moors, being masters of Spain, had looked with a longing eye from the top of the Pyrenees over the land of France, the fairest kingdom of the West; it seemed to them good to introduce Islamism there, and to change its churches into mosques. The project was no sooner conceived than executed. The rich plains of the South were quickly covered with a numerous army, which pillaged the shrines as it passed along, and dashed from their ancient pedestals the statues of the Virgin and the Saints, contemptuously treating them as idols. All France quaked with fear, from the Pyrenees to the Rhine; the churches could scarcely contain the multitudes who came to implore the assistance of God and the Blessed Virgin; the bishops took up arms; the mitred abbots marched to battle under the flag of their abbey; the abbot of St. Denis hoisted the *oriflamme*, which was then peculiar to his own convent; Aquitaine displayed the image of St. Martial, and Charles Martel the cloak of St. Martin of Tours, which was then the royal standard of France. It was truly a holy war; and we consequently see that those who fell in this contest were numbered amongst the martyrs.

The battle wherein the Moorish scimitar and the Frankish battle-axe were to decide the destinies of the world, and secure the triumph either of the Koran or the Gospel, was fought on the plain of Poitiers. The two armies viewed each other at first with equal surprise. The French could not help admiring the brilliant Eastern cavalry, proud of so many victories, and laden with the spoils of Africa and Asia. The ground shook beneath the fiery tread of their Arab coursers as they impatiently pawed and pranced, seeming as though they would cry "Forward!" like their type immortalized in the sublime description of Job; the eye was dazzled by the gorgeous flowing robes of the Saracens, the splendour of their jewelled turbans, and the meteor glare of their breastplates and scimitars.

* The word *islamism* signifies consecration to God.



The army of the Franks, ranged in angular form for the battle, presented to the sons of Ishmael a sight no less strange or imposing. Those agile warriors, clothed in short garments, and exceeding the swiftest horses in the celerity of their movements,—that formidable infantry, which united in its manœuvres the ancient tactics of the Roman legions and the wild ferocity of the Germanic races,—that bristling triangle of spears and axes, advancing eagerly but steadily to pierce the Moorish squadrons, struck the Arabs with surprise, and soon convinced them, say the ancient chronicles, that they had no longer to deal with the degenerate Goths, and that Charles was a different person from Rodriguez.

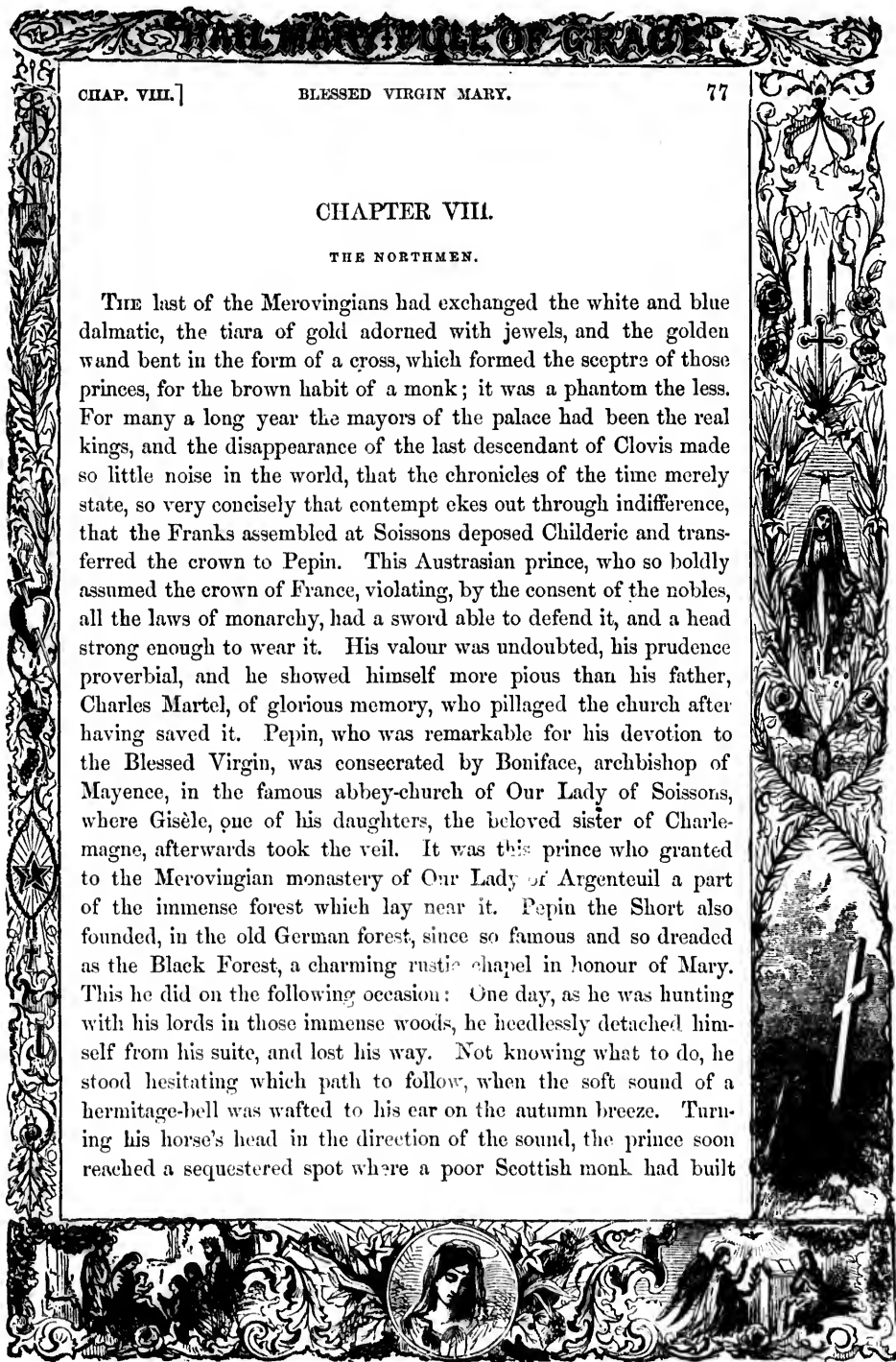
The battle of Xeres, which delivered Spain to the Moors, had lasted for eight days; the battle of Tours, which delivered France from them, lasted but a single day. The Arabs charged the Christian army several times, pouring in one battalion after another, like the overwhelming billows of the ocean; but their insatiate fury broke in vain against the solid phalanx of the Franks, whom a Portuguese bishop, Isidore, their contemporary, compares to *a wall of ice, against which the Arab host dashed itself to pieces*. At length the ferocious Abderama, lieutenant of the Caliph of Bagdad, whose authority extended even to Spain, fell under the crushing axe of Charles. The shades of night separated the combatants, and next day, when the Christian troops rushed on the African camp, in order to complete the ruin of their enemies, they found it empty—the Moors had fled! Then, each of the victorious battalions, as they marched into the grateful city, was greeted with the merry sound of bells and the music of joyful anthems; and the whole city resounded with the cry of "Praises be to Christ, who loves the Franks, protects their armies, and watches over their kingdom!"



CHAPTER VIII.

THE NORTHMEN.

THE last of the Merovingians had exchanged the white and blue dalmatic, the tiara of gold adorned with jewels, and the golden wand bent in the form of a cross, which formed the sceptre of those princes, for the brown habit of a monk; it was a phantom the less. For many a long year the mayors of the palace had been the real kings, and the disappearance of the last descendant of Clovis made so little noise in the world, that the chronicles of the time merely state, so very concisely that contempt ekes out through indifference, that the Franks assembled at Soissons deposed Childeric and transferred the crown to Pepin. This Austrasian prince, who so boldly assumed the crown of France, violating, by the consent of the nobles, all the laws of monarchy, had a sword able to defend it, and a head strong enough to wear it. His valour was undoubted, his prudence proverbial, and he showed himself more pious than his father, Charles Martel, of glorious memory, who pillaged the church after having saved it. Pepin, who was remarkable for his devotion to the Blessed Virgin, was consecrated by Boniface, archbishop of Mayence, in the famous abbey-church of Our Lady of Soissons, where Gisèle, one of his daughters, the beloved sister of Charlemagne, afterwards took the veil. It was this prince who granted to the Merovingian monastery of Our Lady of Argenteuil a part of the immense forest which lay near it. Pepin the Short also founded, in the old German forest, since so famous and so dreaded as the Black Forest, a charming rustic chapel in honour of Mary. This he did on the following occasion: One day, as he was hunting with his lords in those immense woods, he heedlessly detached himself from his suite, and lost his way. Not knowing what to do, he stood hesitating which path to follow, when the soft sound of a hermitage-bell was wafted to his ear on the autumn breeze. Turning his horse's head in the direction of the sound, the prince soon reached a sequestered spot where a poor Scottish monk had built



himself a cell and a small oratory by the side of a limpid brook. This lowly edifice, constructed without the aid of art or the mason's trowel, was yet not without its own magnificence: the brier had interlaced its brown branches through the narrow openings, adorned with dark green leaves, whilst the gold and purple foliage of the wild vine seemed to fix on the ruined wall the rich tints of the setting sun.

The kings of that time, though arrogant by nature, everywhere divested themselves of pride in presence of a Christian emblem. On seeing the black cross of the hermitage, the Frankish prince bent his head as humbly as the poorest shepherd would have done; then, tying his horse to a tree, he entered the humble sanctuary. The utter nakedness of the holy place, through whose broken roof were seen the waving pine and the passing clouds, cooled in no degree the simple piety of the valiant prince. Having prayed for a little time before a Madonna, so miserably sculptured that it would now frighten a child, and make an artist shudder, the king, wholly unprovided, yet unwilling to leave the little chapel without some token of his visit, laid before the altar his jewelled cap. Returned to his palace of Heristal, Pepin did not forget, amid the cares and pleasures of royalty, the little hermitage of Mary, which he rebuilt with splendour, and richly endowed.*

Charlemagne, or *Karl the Great*, as he is styled in the old Frankish chronicles, rejected not the religious inheritance of his father's piety: there is on record one of his pious visits to Our Lady of Marillais, in Anjou,—a pilgrimage which dates, it is said, from the fourth century, and which was then one of the most popular of the Christian world.† During his stay in Italy, his rich gifts to St. Mary Major dazzled the Roman people, accustomed as they were to splendour and magnificence; Germany was enriched by him with three churches bearing Our Lady's name: nor was this all.

Having exhumed the mineral city of Granus, the remains of which he accidentally found beneath the moss and weeds of the fair valley

* Astolfi, *Delle Immagini miracolose*.

† Grandet, *Hist. Eccles. d'Anjou*.



HALL MARTYR OF GRACE

which skirts the Rhine and the Meuse, Charles, having chosen it for the seat of the Frankish empire, erected there, by the side of his vast palace, under the invocation of the Virgin, a chapel or oratory of octagonal form, ornamented with Italian marble, lighted by windows incrustated with gold, and secured by brazen doors. This chapel, which equalled the basilica in extent, and subsequently afforded a magnificent asylum to the mortal remains of the great Emperor, soon became so famous, that the German city, whose glory it was, esteemed it a high honour to bear its name. From the Emperor Louis the First, till the year 1556, thirty-six kings and ten queens were crowned in this sanctuary of Our Lady. This shrine was so much frequented, that in 1496 there were reckoned, in one day, an hundred and forty-two thousand pilgrims.

The court of Charlemagne imitated him in his tender and profound devotion to the Blessed Virgin. When he declared war against the Mussulman king of Cordova, and summoned the lords of southern France to fight under the victorious banners whereon figured the Archangel Michael, the great patron of the French of that time, the famous paladin Roland, his nephew, before crossing the Pyrenees, which were to be so fatal to him, made a pilgrimage, in company with many high and mighty lords, to Our Lady of Roc-Amadour. The Carlovingian prince, after having piously invoked Mary, offered her the weight of his *bracmar* (sword) of silver, and consecrated to her that sword which had already acquired so much renown. As he was returning to France, covered with glory, the vanguard of the French army, commanded by him, was surrounded and attacked on all sides in the valley of Roncevaux. In vain did the French brave the danger with unflinching courage; they were cut to pieces; not one would surrender; all perished, both chiefs and soldiers. To perpetuate the memory of this disastrous event, there was erected on the spot, over the collected bones of those chivalrous warriors, a chapel dedicated to Mary, in which was placed an inscription bearing the names of Thierry of Ardennes, Riales du Mas, Guy of Bourgogne, Ogier the Dane, Olivier, and Roland. This chapel, situated near the abbey of Roncevaux, was adorned with frescoes representing a combat, and for six centuries none but Frenchmen were buried there. The last thought of the



paladin Roland, ere he expired on the field of battle, was an act of respect towards the Blessed Virgin; he desired that his sword might be borne to Our Lady of Roc-Amadour, and it was done as he had commanded.

Louis the Pious, or the Good, son of Charlemagne, always wore the image of Mary about his person whether in the chase or on a journey. When, straying a little from his court, he found himself alone in the woods, he hastily unfastened his gauntlets studded with golden nails, and, drawing from his bosom the venerated image, he placed it at the foot of an oak and knelt to offer up a prayer. He afterwards deposited it in the superb abbey of Hildesheim, which he founded in honour of the Blessed Virgin,* and where he planted a rose-bush with his own hand, which lasted nearly as long as his noble monastery.

Under Charles the Fat, a craven and deceitful monarch, whose disturbed and unhappy reign prepared the fall of the race of Charlemagne, the Normans, conducted by Sigefroy, came to lay siege to Paris. That ancient capital of the *Parisii* was no larger then than it had been in the time of Cæsar: the cathedral of Notre-Dame, built by king Childebert, to the east; two large towers to the north and south; and to the west, the king's palace, formed the four points of its circumference. The Seine encircled it with its blue waves. The river-side, towards the north, was covered with wood, and the octagonal tower which stood at the corner of the Cemetery of the Innocents served as a watch-tower to keep off the incursions of the robbers from the forest. In the present *quartier des Halles*, in the neighbourhood of St. Opportune, was a hermitage called the hermitage of Our Lady of the Woods, because it stood at the entrance of the forest. The mountain of St. Genevieve was thickly covered with vines, and the *faubourg St. Germain*, noted for its beautiful meadows, was a small abbatial village.

Sigefroy at first demanded permission for the troops whom he was leading to Burgundy to enter Paris as they passed; the Parisians refused to open their gates to him, and the Norman swore that his sword should break them open.

* *Triple Cr.*, No. 75.



Eudes, son of Robert the Strong, shut himself up in Paris and resolved to defend it against these barbarians, who, not content with pillaging the houses and churches, robbed even the venerated bodies of the Saints.* The siege was long and bloody. Seven hundred Norman barks blockaded the Seine; battering-rams, balistas, and catapults were employed on both sides, and either party darted against the other fiery arrows and burning brands. The Norman towers were placed over against the towers of the besieged ramparts, and the enemy approached the walls under covered galleries which the Parisians often succeeded in burning, or crushing beneath the weight of beams and stones.

From the very beginning of this desperate and heroic conflict, Paris had placed itself under the special protection of the Blessed Virgin. It was her statue that the clergy bore in procession around the ramparts during the siege, and many a Norman arrow was aimed at it in vain; it was Mary whom the archers invoked aloud as they hurled stones and other missiles from the height of the towers; it was in her honour that, as often as they repulsed the Northern pirates, the city was splendidly illuminated with white wax tapers. "It is she who saves us," said Abbon, "it is she who deigns to support us; it is by her help that we still enjoy life. Amiable Mother of our Saviour, bright Queen of Heaven, it is thou who hast deigned to shield us against the menacing sword of the Danes!"

Some years after, the Blessed Virgin assisted by a miracle in recovering the city of Nantes from the Normans, and expelling them from Bretagne, which they had invaded. Alain, afterwards surnamed the *Barbe-Torte*, who had taken refuge in England with the flower of the young Breton nobility, then undertook to regain his country; he was but twenty years old, an exile, and had little else than his sword and the protection of Mary; but a sword is something in the hands of a brave man, and Mary's protection is worth whole squadrons. He landed with some Bretons at Cancale, and from stage to stage, tracking his way with Norman corpses, the Bre-

* See *Antiq. de Rouen*, p. 102.



SHAL MARIE FULL OF GRACE

ton hero at length arrived under the walls of Nantes, where the plundering Northmen had taken refuge, as a last resource. Repulsed with loss by the Normans, who had collected numerous bands around the city, Alain, driven to the extremity of the mountain with his troops, stretched himself on the ground, *grievously tired*, says an old Breton chronicle, and tormented with thirst. "He, thereupon, began to moan piteously, and with humble supplication to implore the help of the Blessed Virgin Mary, mother of our Lord, beseeching her to open a fountain of water, so that he and his exhausted knights might quench their grievous thirst. Which prayers being heard by the Virgin Mary, she did graciously open a fountain which is still called St. Mary's Fountain, from which he and his did drink, and being sufficiently strengthened and refreshed, did marvellously recover their vigour and returned as valiant as ever to the battle. Falling again on the Normans, they slew them and cut them to pieces, excepting only those who fled with their booty to their ships."

Alain found the city of Nantes sacked and burned; all covered with dust and blood, the young liberator had long looked in vain amid the piles of smouldering ruins for the stately church of St. Felix, the roof of which, covered with fine tin, was so clear, says a contemporary work, that when shone upon by the sun or moon it resembled burnished silver. Alas! that roof had disappeared, and the sky was the only covering of the ancient church, whose altars were broken and its tombs laid waste. In order to reach the place where the high altar had been, Alain was obliged to clear away the briars with his sword. Yet the *Te Deum* of victory and the canticles of praise to the Virgin were chanted with no less fervour amid the ruins of that temple; and, before he arose from his knees, the young Breton duke, recognizing the tutelary support of the Blessed Virgin, promised to dedicate to her that cathedral which now bears the name of Our Lady of Nantes.

It was in the reign of Charles the Simple that a whole army of the bold Northern pirates who had so long ravaged the western coast of Europe was converted to the faith, though at the expense of the fairest jewel in the Frankish crown. Neustria, a rich and fertile province, which they had overrun for nearly a century, and



had even forced to conform to the savage worship of their gods,* was made over to them with the sovereignty of Bretagne, on condition that Rollo, their chief, whose progress through France had been marked by blood and flames, should become a Christian. The condition was accepted; the Norman pirate married a Carolingian princess (who lived but a short time), and was thoroughly converted. Strangely enough, the religious element had been always strong amongst these fierce Northmen, who several times sent presents and tapers to the very abbeys which they had come to pillage, when a storm rising at sea, in sight of the holy place, induced them to believe that the Christian sanctuary was guarded by some celestial power.† The first question put by the new Duke of Normandy to Franco, archbishop of Rouen, who was instructing him in the mysteries of Christianity, was to ascertain who were the most renowned saints of France and Neustria. The prelate immediately named Our Lady and enlarged upon her great power. "Well," said the Norman prince, after a moment's pause, "as she is so powerful, we must do something for her." And he thereupon made a large concession of lands to Our Lady of Bayeux. The city of Rouen had dedicated to Mary its metropolitan church, burned by the Normans of Hastings, and repaired as well as possible some time after; the duke was baptized therein with most of his Danish captains, and set on foot to enlarge and beautify it, works which his successors magnificently continued.‡ Our Lady of Evreux, one of the most ancient

* "For seventy-four years," says Rouault, "the Cotentine had the misfortune to be profaned by the pagan ceremonies of the Northmen and the idolatrous sacrifices offered to their idols even in the city of Coutances." (*Abridgment of the Lives of the Bishops of Coutances*, p. 151.)

† A Danish army, which had landed on the coast of Brittany to pillage the rich and famous abbey of Rhédon, was so terrified by a storm which burst on the camp, that, instead of sneaking and burning the abbey, the pirates, considering that it was forbidden by a God worthy of their respect, gave rich presents to the abbey, illuminated it with tapers, and placed sentinels around it to prevent pillage. Sixteen soldiers having infringed on the commands of Godefroy, their chief, and taken something from the abbey, were punished with death the same day. (Mabillonius, *in Actis S. S. Ord. S. Bened.*, sect. iv., 2d part.)

‡ This prince was interred in the cathedral of Notre Dame, which he had rebuilt. "He ended his days at Rouen, as a good Catholic," says Taillepie, "and was in-



churches of Normandy—if we believe the annals which relate that St. Taurin, first bishop of Evreux, founded it about the year 250, and consecrated it to the worship of the true God under the invocation of the Blessed Virgin—likewise received rich gifts from Rollo, who gave, even to his last moments, the most signal marks of sincere devotion towards *Madame Sainte Marie*, as she was respectfully called by the princes and nobles of that period.

These Norman dukes, by nature gay, generous, and brave, were in general very devout to the Virgin; it was before her altar that they were invested with the regalia of that fair duchy which they proudly styled *their kingdom of Normandy*. There it was, too, that they slept their last sleep, under the gray flags of her chapel, hung with tapestry of silk and gold, representing the principal events in the life of the Mother of God, and wrought by the duchesses of Normandy.* Robert the Magnificent had, himself, no less than three churches built in honour of Mary, and bearing her name: Our Lady of Deliverance, to accomplish a vow made during a storm whilst his bark was tossed about in the dangerous waters of the Norman Archipelago; Our Lady of Grace, near Honfleur; and finally, Our Lady of Pity, under the ducal castle which protected Honfleur.

This prince, so devoted to Mary, resolved on going to Jerusalem to visit her tomb and the Holy Sepulchre; he set out on horseback, accompanied by the richest and noblest lords of his court, all radiant with gold, sparkling with jewels and surrounded by a crowd of varlets, squires and pages, as though they were going to some great tournament. As they passed along, the people came forth in crowds to see them, and their entry into Rome was something remarkable. The Romans regarded with admiration those Northern barbarians

homed with great pomp and funeral state in the great church of Notre Dame, towards the south side." (*Antiquités de la ville de Rouen*, p. 107.)

* "The duchess Gonnor, second wife of Richard *Sans Peur*, duke of Normandy, gave great wealth to the churches," says Taillepie, "and especially to Our Lady of Rouen, to which she gave many splendid ornaments made by skilful artists and embroiderers; she likewise made tapestries of embroidered silk, representing sacred histories, with pictures of the Virgin and the Saints, to decorate the church of Our Lady of Rouen." (*Ibid.* p. 112.)



who had made even Italy itself tremble, and whose tall stature and noble mien reminded them of their ancient heroes. Seeing their lordly bearing, their brilliant armour, their long gold-hilted swords, and their pointed helmets whence their fair tresses escaped, they asked each other who were these princes from the North who came thus as humble pilgrims to visit the tombs of the Apostles? The Pope gave them a distinguished reception, bestowed on them his pastoral blessing, and with his own hands placed the pilgrim's staff on the shoulder of their princely chief. Thence they continued their route to Constantinople, the city of Mary, which they dazzled with their magnificence. They scattered gold and pearls through the streets as they passed along. The mule was shod with gold, and when a nail fell out, not a peasant dared to stoop in search of it; it was for the Greeks to gather from the dust the golden nails lost by the Norman's horse.*

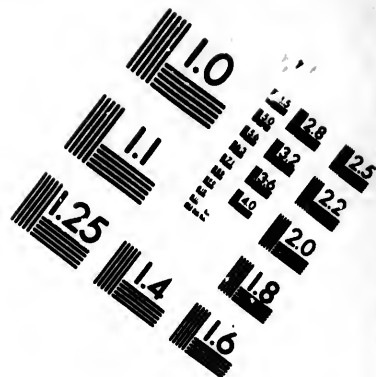
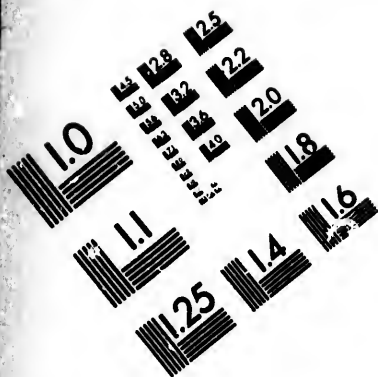
On approaching the holy places, the Christian spirit made itself felt; those same travellers who had crossed or braved, without acknowledging any right of toll, so many well defended rivers, and so many embattled walls, those bold companions who always took care to let the point of their swords be seen underneath the pilgrim's robe, they who were so lately proud even to insolence, could now be scarcely recognized, so humble, so modest, so collected were they made by the mere proximity of that Holy Land whose arid, rocky soil they trod barefoot. Robert, so justly styled the Magnificent, visited, with the most edifying devotion, the holy sepulchres of Jesus and Mary. Christians and Mussulmans alike received from him such munificent alms that the Emir of Jerusalem, excited to emulation, refused to accept the tribute due to him by these splendid pilgrims. Robert left a liberal donation at the Holy Sepulchre; Richard II., duke of Normandy, had already made an offering there of an hundred pounds of gold.

The pilgrimage accomplished, the Duke set out by land on his return to his fair duchy, which he was never more to see! He died at Nice, in Bithynia, jesting on the aspect of death, like the *sea-kings*

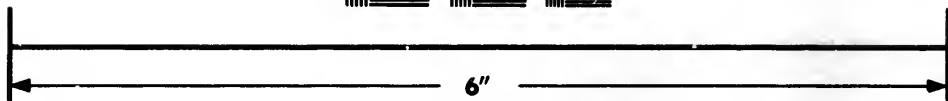
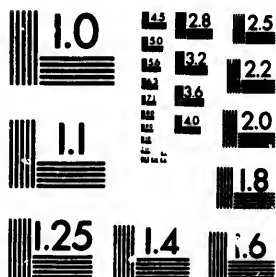
* See *La Normandie*, by M. Jules Janin, ch. 2.







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his fathers,* and commending himself to *Madame Saint Marie*, as his Christian predecessors had done.

The Norman nobles, who began to dream of kingdoms under the radiant sun of Italy, were no less devoted to the Virgin than their princes. The famous Tancred and Robert Guiscard were lords of the small maritime village of Hauteville, where not a stone remains of their castles, but where the old church in which these Norman lions received baptism is still seen, without a spire, all covered with moss and weeds;—they sent from the heart of Puglia, where with five hundred Norman lances they drove back sixty thousand Saracens, the half of a treasure which they had found, to Geoffrey de Monbray, bishop of Coutances, to build, under the invocation of *Holy Mary*, the beautiful fairy fabric which forced even from Vaban himself that cry of stupified admiration, "What sublime madman was it that reared this noble building to the clouds?"

Precisely at the same period, a brother of Robert Guiscard, Count Roger de Hauteville, founded in conquered Sicily the famous cathedral of Messina, which he failed not to dedicate to the Virgin, according to the custom of his house. This sumptuous building, which was consecrated in the year 1097, participated a little in all the styles of architecture then known; the Byzantine mosaic was there joined with the arabesque of the Saracens, and the graceful gothic spires adorned with statues of saints and angels exceedingly well gilt. In the sumptuous treasury of this cathedral is preserved a letter of the Blessed Virgin, in which the devout inhabitants of Messina take no small pride,† and on which several Sicilian bishops have written

* A Norman pilgrim, having met the Duke, whom some Arabs were carrying in a litter, sadly approached the dying prince, and said, "What tidings shall I bring home of your lordship?" "Say," replied Robert with a smile, as he pointed to his bearers, "that you saw me taken to heaven by four devils."

† This letter, which was first translated from the Greek by Lascari, who was suspected of having invented it, was subsequently found also in Syriac in the old manuscripts of the bishop of Mardin, in Syria, and was translated into Latin by D. Joseph Allemani, a noble Maronite, interpreter of Oriental languages for the Vatican library. We do not pretend to examine the value of this document, which is placed amongst the apocryphal writings, notwithstanding many protests; we give it here as a curious and ancient document.

"Maria virgo, Joachim et Annæ filia, humilis ancilla Domini, Mater Jesu Christi,

volumes, in order to prove its authenticity, which is somewhat doubtful. In the same cathedral is celebrated every year the feast of the *Varra*, destined to perpetuate the memory of the Saracen defeat by the Norman heroes. The Virgin, represented by a young maiden, figures in this festival, seated on a magnificent triumphal car, whilst the Mussulmans vanquished by Count Roger are represented by hideous colossal figures.

From Normandy came the religious light which dispelled the heathen darkness of the north, and it was Mary who received in her fair cathedral of Reuen the first-fruits of that sacred harvest. Harold II, king of Denmark, who came with an hundred galleys to the succour of Richard Sans-Peur, abjured Paganism there; and Oläus, king of Norway, who had joined his forces with those of Normandy in a war which Duke Richard II. maintained against Eudes, king of Blois, was converted by Robert, archbishop of Rouen, to Christianity, which he soon afterwards introduced into his states. This holy king had the courage to throw down with his own hands the statue of Thor, tutelary divinity of Norway, in the ancient temple of Drontheim; this statue had been encircled by the Norwegian pirates with a golden chain, and hence they were wont to swear by the armlets of that warrior-god whose club was so dreaded by the *giants of the frost*. Oläus sent into Sweden Christian missionaries, who were well received, and the gilded walls of the temple of

qui est ex tribu Juda, et de stirpe David, Messianensibus omnibus salutem, et a Deo Patre omnipotente benedictionem.

"Per publicum documentum constat vos misisse ad nos nuncios, fide magna; vos scilicet credere Filium nostrum a nobis genitum esse Deum et hominam, et post resurrectionem suam ad cælum ascendisse; vosque, mediante Paulo, apostolo electo, visam veritatis agnovisse. Propterea vos vestramque civitatem benedicimus et protegimus, et defendimus eam in sæcula sæculorum.

"Data fuit hæc epistola die quinto, in urbe Hierusalem, a Maria virgine, cujus nomen supra, anno xlii. a Filio ejus, sæculo primo, die 3 Junii, luna xxvii.

"La chiesa metropolitana de Messina fu dedicata alla beatissima V. M. della Sacra Lettera e vi si celebra tutti gli anni una grande festa.

"L'antica e pia tradizione della sacra lettera della gran Madre di Dio sempre vergine Maria, scritta alla nobili ad esemplare città di Messina, illustrata con nuovi documenti ragioni e verisimili congetture, dal P. Maestro D. Pietro Mezziti, abate generale di S. Basilio Magno."

Upsal, disencumbered of their idols, cleansed from their human sacrifices,* were adorned with the blessed images of Christ and his holy mother.

It was not the fault of the princes of Christendom that the sun of the Gospel rose so late on the horizon of the Northern kingdoms; in the middle of the seventh century, the Saxon Willibord had laboured in vain to convert Jutland; renewed efforts were made, with as little success, in the course of the eighth century, by missionaries sent by Witikind, the convert of Charlemagne; the ninth opened under more favourable auspices. Driven from his states, Harold Klack, king of a part of Jutland, came to take refuge at the court of Louis-le-Debonnaire, where he embraced Christianity. A contemporary annalist, Ermold the Black, Abbot of a Frankish monastery, gives a picturesque description of the *sea-king* and his Danish fleet. "What do I see," says he, "shining in the morning ray, and covering the waves afar? What ships ascend the proud Rhine in warlike pomp? How those white sails glance in the sunlight over the mirror of the waters and the dancing waves!" This conversion of the Jutland prince was almost alone, notwithstanding the exertions of Anschar, the apostle of the North; and those glittering ships, so admired by the brave and simple Franks, retained but too well the way to Western Europe.

The conversion of King Harold did more for the Christian religion than that of the Jutland prince. On his return to his own country, he forbade sacrifices, shut up the temples of the false gods, built Christian churches, and did all in his power to promote the propagation of the Gospel.

His son, Sueno, a cruel and ferocious prince, declaring himself the champion of idolatry, treacherously killed his father, re-opened the

* The Scandinavians sacrificed prisoners to Odin in time of war, and criminals in time of peace; but they did not always confine themselves to these classes, and in great calamities, even kings were sacrificed to appease the gods. It was thus that the first king of Vermiland was burned in honour of Odin in the time of a great famine; and we learn from the history of Norway, that kings spared not even their own children. Haquin, king of Norway, offered his in sacrifice to obtain a victory; and a king of Sweden sacrificed his sons to Odin in order that that god might prolong his life. (See Wormius, *Monument. Danic. et Sax. Grammat.*, l. x.)

temples of Odin and Thor, and destroyed the Christian churches. After his death, which happened in 1014, Christianity again raised its head and resumed its onward career. Still the transition from one worship to the other was not sudden, as amongst the young and impetuous conquerors of England and Gaul; the Christian churches of Denmark arose for a century side by side with the stone of sacrifice. If CHRIST and his mother were venerated, the gods of Walhalla were not forgotten; Thor still kept his place on the altar, with his club in his mailed hand, and if a hymn were sung to Mary in her chapel, the hymn of Odin was still chanted in the battle, and to Odin were thanks returned for victory, by a sacrifice of birds of prey. It seemed hard for the warriors of the North to abandon all at once those warlike deities whose tombs they possessed, and who had made their fathers so mighty in battle. They admitted that CHRIST was God, and were willing to adore him as such; but how could they dethrone the ancient gods of their country, to make place for the God of the stranger? Could not all reign together? The Walhalla was full of virtuous women, it might receive the Virgin Mary. Under favour of this last exception, Paganism was more formidable than ever, and the first Christian neophytes made a monstrous mixture of both worships by way of reconciliation.* This state of things continued till the reign of Canute the Great, who established the supremacy of the Christian religion.

The devotion to the Blessed Virgin contributed much to the establishment of the Gospel amongst the Scandinavians. From time immemorial they had deified virginity in the person of Falla, whose fair tresses were bound with a golden band, and Gesione, who, after their death, admitted virgins into her heavenly train. Three virgins, seated under the sacred oak, disposed of the fate of men, and those *white ladies* were also virgins who glided over the lakes like a pillar of mist, sat at midnight in the freezing shadow of the pines, and sang with a soft, low voice the Runic hymns which the Scalds had engraved with the point of their swords on the rocks which over-

* Muntev, *Hist. Denmark.*—Mallet, *Hist. Denmark.*

hung the sepulchral mound of the heroes *who were mourned by the crows of the air*.* It was hard to set aside these charming Northern fairies, who introduced themselves invisibly into the peasant's cot and the *jarl's* (earl's) fortress, and whose coming was sure to bring good fortune. These superstitions, equally cherished by the high and the low,† could never, perhaps, be totally eradicated without the Blessed Virgin, who became the protectress of cabin and palace. The influence of the Queen of Heaven on the conversion of the Scandinavians, is proved by a fact which none can dispute: it is, that Christianity owed its success amongst those nations to the mothers of families who afterwards gained over the warriors.‡

The first Christian kings of Denmark were faithful servants of Mary. St. Canute, duke of Sleswick, dedicated to her three superb churches. Waldemar II. placed her image on his shield, and having learned that the Russians, leagued with the Esthoniaus, threatened the rising church of Riga, he solemnly pledged himself to pass the following year in Esthonia, *as well for the honour of the Blessed Virgin* as for the remission of his sins.§ It was in this war, commenced under the patronage of Mary, that the Danes, surprised in their camp, lost their national banner. As they began to give way before the Pagans, the Blessed Virgin, whom they had piously invoked before leaving Esthonia, gave them, it is said, a sensible mark of her powerful protection; a red flag with a white cross fell from heaven, according to ancient chronicles, and with that flag

* "When Rogwald was killed," says the famous Northern Scald, Regnier Lodbrog, in his *Epicidium* or *Ditige*, "all the crows of the air mourned for him." Apparently because he gave them sumptuous feasts of dead bodies.

† The religion of the Scandinavians was wholly corrupt; it no longer insisted on the worship of one Supreme God; the intelligences who had emanated from him seemed no longer to depend on him, and, as a consequence of that almost invincible inclination which has ever prompted men to multiply the objects of their adoration, they had acquired an equal right to the government of this world. The belief in fairies and genii, omens, and divinations, had gradually become an essential part of the Northern religion. (Mallet, *Hist. de Danemark*.)

‡ *Ibid.*

§ *Livonian Chronicle*, p. 122.

victory returned.* The devotion to Mary flourished long in the three Kingdoms of the North, as is proved by the great number of cathedrals, hermitages, and monasteries which they dedicated to her. When the scorching wind of the Reformation had blighted that fair flower of Catholicism, this devotion was still secretly maintained, and fifty years after Luther, Mary was still venerated in the subterraneous chapel of the cathedral of Upsal.† This soothing devotion ended in those far northern regions as it began in Rome, amongst the tombs.

It was under the influence of Mary that Prussia, with all the coast of the Baltic Sea, received the light of the Gospel. The Knights Hospitallers of the Blessed Virgin, better known as the Teutonic Knights, civilized those barbarous countries whose principal deities were hell (*Poklus*) and the thunder-god (*Perkonnas*).

Amongst the nations of Slavonic origin, who substituted Christianity for their bloody rites, and polished their manners under its civilizing influence, no people were so devout to the Blessed Virgin as the Hungarians.

Towards the beginning of the eleventh century, St. Stephen, first Christian king of the Huns or Hungarians, founded Our Lady of Albe-Royale, in thanksgiving for a victory obtained over the Prince of Transylvania. This fair Slavonic basilic vied in magnificence with the most sumptuous churches of the East. Its walls adorned with beauteous sculptures, its marble pavements, its altars overlaid with gold and incrusted with fine jewels, its vases of silver, gold, and onyx, were marvellous to behold. Over the Virgin's altar were perfuming-pans of silver, in which two old men, fired with the exploits of Attila, burned the rarest perfumes of Asia. Processions came several times in the day to honour the Mother of God in her sanctuary.

All this splendour was not sufficient for the piety of the Hungarian

* Mallet, who disputes this legend, acknowledges, nevertheless, that no Danish historian explains in a satisfactory manner the origin of this banner, apart from the prodigy.

† M. Marmier, *Lettre à M. Salvandy*.

prince; descended though he was from the *Scourge of God*, it was his pleasure to hold his crown in subjection to the Virgin, whom he declared sovereign of his states. Thus, as often as the name of Mary was pronounced throughout the extent of that vast kingdom, there was not a Hungarian noble, no matter how high his lineage, who did not bend the knee and bow down, as a vassal, before his liege lady.* Within the fortified walls of every castle, there was a small chapel lit by several brass or silver lamps, which burned night and day before Mary's image. The prince-palatines even carried that same image to the battle, and made an altar for it within their tent.

The devotion to Mary was kept up with no less fervour on the banks of the Vistula. Dating from the day when Dumbrowka, the fair Bohemian princess, converted King Micislas, and made him break the idols which his fathers had raised to Pagoda (*calm air*), to Poëhwist (*the cloudy sky*), and to the gloomy deities of the abyss, the Poles became essentially Catholic, and built numberless chapels of larch-wood in honour of the Mother of God. Pagan banners, taken on twenty battle-fields, were the only ornament of these primitive churches, nestling amongst the ever-green pines of the Slavonic forests; but when, during the celebration of mass, the minister of Jesus Christ read the Gospel to those Northern heroes, kneeling before an altar as poor as the crib of Bethlehem, every sword was seen half drawn from the scabbard, in token of protection and defence.† Nor was this an idle show: Poland was long the bulwark of Christianity; were it not for John Sobieski, the Crescent would, perchance, have crowned the battlements of the cities beyond the Rhine.

Poland was early consecrated to the Blessed Virgin; Mary was solemnly invoked under the title of *Queen of Poland* long before John Casimir renewed that consecration. As often as the Polish army moved against the Tartars, it was Mary's banner that guided

* Bonifacius, *Hist. Virg.*, b. ii., ch. ii.

† This custom is traced to the time of Micislas, the first king of Poland. (*Hist. de Pologne*, par M. L. S., t. 1er, p. 43.)

its stately cohorts;* the name of Jesus twice repeated was their battle-cry, and a hymn to the Virgin their war-song.†

* The Virgin Mary was queen of Poland; hence, whenever the Poles marched against the Tartars, her image adorned the national banner. (*La Pologne Historique et Littéraire*, t. 1er, p. 396.)

† In the tenth century we see St. Adalbert, bishop of Gnezne, composing some songs for the Polish troops, who were fighting the pagan Prussians and Pomeranians. A hymn of St. Adalbert, *Boga-Rodzica* (Mother of God), was long the war-song of the Poles. (Alb. Sowinski, *A Historical Survey of Religions and Popular Music in Poland*.)



CHAPTER IX.

CHIVALRY.

THE gigantic empire of Charlemagne had vanished like a brilliant phantom; the last of the Carovingians had been stripped of his kingdom, already reduced to nothing by the thoughtless extravagance of his fathers, and the dukes of France, who were also pretending to the throne, as descendants of Charlemagne, having twice tried on the royal mantle, had at length taken possession of it. Before they appended the impoverished crown to the great fief wherewith they enriched it, the Counts of Paris had given striking proofs of their devotion to the Blessed Virgin. When that mysterious and dreadful malady called *fau des ardents*, after ravaging the southern parts of the kingdom, reached the Isle of France, Hugh the Great supported at his own expense the poor sick pilgrims who sought (and never failed to obtain) their cure from Our Lady of Paris.* Hugh Capet, founder of the third dynasty, had a sincere devotion for the Blessed Virgin; and Queen Adelaide of Aquitaine, his pious spouse, enriched with her gifts the fair Abbey of Our Lady of Argenteuil, which thenceforward possessed the sacred relic which is still exposed there to the veneration of the faithful. Robert, who proclaimed Mary *the Star* of his kingdom, built monasteries in her honour at Poissy, Melun, Etampes, and Orleans, as we learn from Helgaud. The church of Orleans was called Our Lady of Good Tidings, and was built on the spot where Robert, when heir-presumptive to the throne, was informed that his father, Hugh Capet, had escaped death. Worthy son of a good king!

In the reign of Philippe the First, grandson of Robert, a prince who showed himself more disposed to pillage the church than to enrich it, a great event took place, which gave the kings of France those of England for vassals. William the Bastard, son of that Robert the Magnificent who died returning from a pilgrimage to

* Felbien, *Hist. de Paris*, t. 1er.

the Holy Land, conquered England in a single battle, and established the Norman domination in that country. William, like his father Robert, held Mary in the utmost reverence; that conqueror, so brave, so politic, at whose frown all England quaked, was no sooner attacked by fever than he humbly clasped his hands and recommended himself to the Blessed Virgin. Having fallen sick at the Castle of Chierbourg, a small town then defended by moats and towers, he made a vow to build a fair chapel to the Virgin, if by her powerful intercession he quickly recovered his health. He was cured, and religiously kept his vow. He reconstructed at his own expense the superb Abbey of Jumièges, where the clerk found learning and the poor bread, on condition that its church, dedicated by the queen Bathilda to St. Peter, should be placed under the invocation of the Mother of God. He assisted in person, with the duchess Matilda and all his great Norman barons, on the 1st of July, A. D. 1068, at the dedication of this church, and some years after he crossed the sea to be present at that of Our Lady of Bayeux, with his sons William and Robert, Lanfranc, archbishop of Canterbury, and Thomas, archbishop of York, on the invitation of the bishop, Philippe d'Harcourt, who had rebuilt it. It was doubtless on that occasion that the duchess Matilda made an offering to Our Lady of Bayeux of that famous historical tapestry, on which her patient needle had wrought the great epic of the conquest of England. *This tapestry, embroidered with images and Scriptural scenes, was hung throughout the whole extent of the nave on the day of the exposition of relics and during its octaves, says an inventory of the treasures of Our Lady of Bayeux, drawn up in 1476.** But this was not the only mark of her devotion to the Blessed Virgin left by this lovely and pious princess, whose memory was so revered that the Saxon wife of her son, Henry the First of England, changed her pretty name of Edith for that of Matilda, *in order to please the Norman chivalry.*

* This precious tapestry, contemporary with the conquest of England, remained in some degree unknown for six centuries. Exposed only on certain days in the nave of the cathedral, tradition had given it the name of Duke William's toilet. It was Montfaucon who found out that it was at Bayeux, and enriched his *Monumens de la Monarchie Française* with designs from this tapestry, till then so little known.



She was walking, towards the end of October, in one of those beautiful Norman meadows, the grass of which resembles an immense carpet of green velvet, painted with flowers. She was accompanied by her two young sons—two future heroes, the eldest of whom was to immortalize himself by his chivalrous exploits in the taking of Jerusalem—and some ladies of her court, when a courier from Duke William, riding with all speed towards Rouen, drew up on perceiving her, and bounded into the meadow. "What news from my lord and the Norman army?" cried Matilda, pale with emotion. . . . "The battle" "Is gained, noble lady," replied the courier, as, bending his knee, he placed in the trembling hand of the young duchess the letter with its pendant seal, which confirmed the truth of his words: "the perfidious Harold is defeated; his body, which ought to have no other tomb than the sand of the sea-shore, now rests in the choir of the Saxon abbey of Waltham; England is the vassal of Normandy." The Norman princess joyfully blessed herself, and made a vow to raise on the spot where she had heard these good news, a commemorative church, under the name of Our Lady of the Meadow, since changed into that of Our Lady of Good Tidings. She commenced it some years after, and her son, Henry the First, after having it finished, endowed it munificently.*

In his last war with France, William the Conqueror delivered Mantes to the flames; but that fire which destroyed the church of Our Lady shed such a lurid and terrific light, that the king of England's horse took fright, began to rear and prance, and threw his rider, who was mortally wounded. Attributing the fatal accident to the burning of the Virgin's beautiful church, he bequeathed a considerable sum for the purpose of rebuilding it. Being conveyed to an abbey near Rouen, the conqueror of England was roused at the dawn of day, on the 7th of September, 1087, by the sound of a matin-bell. "What is that?" he asked, raising his head with difficulty, his face pale and emaciated, though still

* In the time of the archbishop Godefroy, King Henry the First of England built the Priory of the Meadow, called Our Lady of Good Tidings, near Rouen, which his deceased mother, Matilda, had commenced with the bridge of Rouen. (*Ant. de la Ville de Rouen*, p. 136.)

retaining a portion of that proud, masculine beauty which even the Saxon chroniclers ascribe to him. Being told that it was the bells of St. Mary's church ringing *Prime*, "Blessed Lady Mary!" said the Norman hero, raising his hands, "to you I commend my soul; may you reconcile me to your son, my Lord Jesus!" and with these words he expired.

Henry the First, his son, who usurped the crown from Robert, his elder brother, whose eyes he caused to be put out, was devout only in theory. Although he affected much piety, and made many splendid foundations in England, where he introduced the Norman architecture, yet he burned several churches in Normandy. For instance, he burned in 1120 (the date is memorable) the cathedral of Lisieux with the city itself. This ancient cathedral, which dated from the first ages of Christianity, was dedicated to the Virgin, like most of the Norman cathedrals. The punishment of this sacrilegious offence quickly followed; at the end of the same year, the vessel which carried Henry's only son, Prince William of England, with two of the king's illegitimate children, foundered at sea, during a calm moonlight night, not far from Harfleur. From that time forward, Henry was never seen to smile.

The empress Matilda, daughter of this prince, had a signal proof of the Virgin's protection, and her power over the elements. Whilst at war with Stephen of Blois, she was forced to embark for Normandy in unsettled weather, which very soon became stormy, and was overtaken in the very shoals where her brother William had perished, by one of those frightful tempests which are only seen on the angry ocean. The horizon was sheeted with a vast black cloud, which reached from sea to sky like a funeral veil; the mountain billows reared themselves up with ominous slowness, to dash with terrific crash against the sides of the royal bark, which they raised high in the air at one moment, to hurl it, the next, into the yawning abyss. The sailors shook their heads despondingly, whilst the English lords, crossing themselves devoutly, recommended themselves to God and the Blessed Virgin, and to St. George, the patron of chivalry. Matilda was standing on the deck, and her composed countenance, though pale, belied not the race of heroes from whom she sprung. "Be of good cheer, my lords," said she, turning to her



faithful nobles, "Our Lady is kind and powerful; she will save us. I will sing her a hymn of thanksgiving as soon as we desery the coast; and I pledge myself to build her an abbey wherever we shall land." Scarcely had the Anglo-Norman princess spoken these words, when the waves were seen to grow smooth, the winds were suddenly hushed, and the vessel flew swiftly over a calm sea. A dark speck was soon discerned on the blue sky, as the clouds cleared away; it grew larger and larger still; it was a lofty hill, whose bare summit was crowned with a hermitage, and a vast forest was seen stretching far and away in the background of the picture. There was heard the hoarse cry, so impatiently expected from the man at the mast-head, *Cante, Reyne! vechi terre* (sing, oh queen! here is the land); and Matilda instantly began to sing her hymn to the Virgin, which was fervently repeated by the English barons, with clasped hands and bare heads.

The bark, miraculously preserved from shipwreck, soon cast anchor in the little bay of Equeurdreville, in Lower Normandy. Matilda's first care on landing was to point out the site of her monastery, which she named the Abbey of the Vow, and before quitting the neighbourhood, she herself laid the first stone.

Matilda did not live to see the Church and Abbey of the Vow finished; it was her son, Henry II. of England, who accomplished the work. We read in the necrology of this abbey, "On the fourth day of the ides of September died the empress Matilda, foundress of this monastery; a *libera* is to be said for her, *as for a canon*."

Let not our age, so cold in all that relates to God and the Saints, scoff at these vows made to Our Lady during a storm; the most incredulous believe in *something* when in danger of perishing at sea, as is proved in the case of Volney. He was out on a pleasure party with some friends in Baltimore, when the wind suddenly arose, and the small American craft, freighted with the flower of the unbelievers of both hemispheres, seemed twenty times on the point of being lost. Every one on board was already praying, Volney as well as the rest, when the storm began to subside. Some one who had seen Volney during the danger lay hold of a rosary and recite his *Ave-Marias* with edifying fervour, approached him when the calm had returned. "My dear sir," said he, with an arch smile,



"to whom were you praying, just now?" "Oh!" replied Volney, somewhat embarrassed by the question, "one may be a philosopher in his study, but not during a storm."

The empress Matilda desired that her mortal remains should be interred in the most famous of the Norman abbeys, Ste. Marie du Bec; her son Henry, who was as yet only duke of Anjou and Normandy, had a tomb raised to her memory, which he covered with plates of silver. When he became king of England, he continued to protect and to honour, in reverence to the Virgin and his mother, that abbey which was partly erected by his royal munificence. In 1178, it was consecrated anew by Rotrou, bishop of Rouen; Henry the Second assisted at that pious ceremony, with his son Henry.

Richard the Lion-hearted, son and successor of Henry II., built before his departure for the Crusades, Our Lady of Good-Haven, in the diocese of Evreux, and assisted with his brilliant chivalry at the dedication of that monastery, which took place in 1190.* When his eventful life was drawing to a close, being mortally wounded by an arrow at the inglorious siege of a fortress, he dictated his last will, and decreed that his heart should be borne to Our Lady of Rouen, *on account of the great devotion which he had for said place*, and that heart, the bravest, perhaps, that ever beat under knightly cuirass, *was decently placed in the side of the choir, towards the revestiary, in a silver case, which was afterwards taken for the ransom of St. Louis, king of France, who was taken prisoner by the Saracens, and in place thereof was made one of stone.†*

This mighty champion of the Cross, whose name is never pronounced by the Saracens without a pious anathema, was, by his own orders, interred beside his father, in the abbey church of Fontevrault. By his side reposes his wife, Berangera of Navarre; their statues, painted and gilt, were laid on their tombs, and amongst the ornaments of Queen Berangera is a large square medal, whereon is seen the Blessed Virgin, surrounded by many tapers. The famous Eleanor of Aquitaine, mother of King Richard, retired to this abbey

* *Gallia Christiana*, t. iv.

† *Antiquités de la Ville de Rouen*, p. 137.



GALILEY FULL OF GRACE

some years after, and her tomb is one of those royal monuments which adorn the fair abbey church of Our Lady.

John Lackland, who died of indigestion in a Saxon abbey,*—(what an English death!)—was buried, by his own request, with great pomp, in the beautiful Anglo-Norman cathedral of Our Lady of Worcester; but if we may believe the ancient chronicles, the body of that base and cruel prince, who had steeped his hands in the innocent blood of his lawful brother, Arthur of Bretagne, and who had had a mind to turn Turk in order to conciliate the Moors of Spain, did not long pollute the sacred dwelling of Mary. They relate that strange noises were heard by night in that dishonoured tomb—blasphemies, fearful shouts of laughter, revelry, and all manner of terrifying sounds—which caused the monks of Worcester secretly to exhume the body of the reprobate prince, and transfer it to some less holy place.

The Plantagenets distinguished themselves by their devotion to the Virgin, and covered England with those fair Gothic churches of Mary, which still exist in every county, and constitute its chief archæological treasure: Our Lady of York, compared to a vessel under full sail, because of the stately beauty and lightness of its aerial architecture; Our Lady of Salisbury, another architectural gem, fashioned in the noblest style, which was covered with Flemish hangings, and filled with light and flowers on the solemn festivals of Mary; Our Lady of Westminster, "where there was an image of Mary," says Froissart, "in which the English kings had *great faith*, and by which *many miracles were wrought*;" the superb Gothic abbey of Our Lady of Walsingham, the favourite pilgrimage of Edward I. and his chivalrous court; the fair cathedral of Wells, the Lady-chapel of which is, according to *connoisseurs*, the pearl of the Gothic monuments of Great Britain: these are all there to prove the devotion of those princes toward the Blessed Mother of Our Lord.

The Anglo-Saxons, who formed the poorer classes, with the merchants and burghers of England, were no less devout to the Virgin

* According to the Saxon annalists, King John died of an indigestion of peaches and ale, in a Bernardine priory at Swineshead.



Mary than the continental princes, who ruled them by right of conquest. Differing from their conquerors on almost every point, they were in perfect harmony on that of religion, and both races went like brethren, staff in hand, on their pilgrimage to Our Lady of Radcliff, a fine old abbey, full of Saxon monuments, and to Our Lady of Worcester, where Lady Warwick, wife of the *king-maker*, offered sumptuous robes for the use of the Blessed Virgin, after praying at one time for *the red rose*, at another for the *white*, according to the party with which her valiant spouse was connected at the time.*

The fast of Saturday in honour of the Blessed Virgin was observed by the English people from the time of William Rufus. There was in those days a certain famous robber—a Saxon, without doubt, since St. Anselm, the Norman prelate who relates the anecdote, calls him a robber without any circumlocution—and he one morning entered the cottage of a poor widow with intent to rob her; finding nothing to his taste, he coolly seated himself on the only spare stool in the little dark room, with its earthen floor, where the widow was sitting at her wheel, and addressed her with a winning smile. “Well, gossip, have you had your breakfast?” “Is it I, good sir,” replied the poor woman, pausing a moment in her work; “God forbid that I had! Is it not Saturday? I fast every Saturday throughout the year.” “Every Saturday!” repeated the astonished robber, “and why?”—“Why, in honour of the Blessed Virgin, to be sure. Do you not know that that is the reason why she prevents you, and others like you, from dying unshriven?” “If that be so,” said the robber, “I am very glad to know it, and from henceforward I make a vow to fast myself.” He kept his word, and the Blessed Virgin, on her side, did not forget him at his last hour. Being mortally wounded on a perilous expedition, she miraculously prolonged his life until he had time to make his peace with God.

* The custom of dressing the statue of the Blessed Virgin, which still exists in France, Spain, and Italy, was likewise practised in England in former times. The Countess of Warwick frequently presented her richest veils and robes to Our Lady of Worcester, and we see, in Leland's *History of England*, that those statues wore rings of great price.



St. Anselm also informs us that the bold and haughty Norman knights piously honoured Mary, whilst oppressing, with all their might, the conquered Saxons. One of them, a great lord, had for varlets and pages a troop of vagabonds always ready for mischief, and for steward *an incarnate devil*, who constantly persuaded the poor baron now to outrage one, now to plunder another, and again to kill that other, so that not a day passed without some *detestable crime*. In the midst of all this wickedness, he kept praying devoutly to the Virgin night and morning, saluting her with seven *Aves* and as many profound genuflections, for which reason his infernal steward could not strangle him as he intended, and he finally obtained the grace of a sincere conversion.*

The Saxon outlaws who took refuge in the depth of the forests (where they became the most skilful archers in England), in order to escape the capital punishment decreed by the Norman law for crimes appertaining to the chase, regretted but one thing in their wild retreats: their being unable to pray at Mary's altar, when the bell of an old Saxon abbey pealed across the woods. Those ancient English ballads in black letter, "which are now worth their weight in gold," says an English antiquary, represent Robin Hood, *the forest king*, risking his head, after recommending himself to the Virgin, in order to perform his devotions in the monastery, whose distant bells seemed to summon him thither.

Spain, no less devoted to Mary than the island of Britain, had raised numerous shrines to her, and fought under her standard. In 1212, Alphonso IX. having obtained, under the banner of Our Lady of the Seven Sorrows, his great victory of Las Navas, where the Moors experienced one of their most signal defeats, built *Our Lady of Victory* in Toledo, to deposit therein that sacred banner of Mary. St. Ferdinand, that holy prince who could not endure to increase the taxes of his people, and who was more afraid, he said, of the curses of one poor woman than of all the Moorish host, attributed to the protection of the Blessed Virgin his conquests of Cordova, Jaën, and Murcia. Finally, Alphonso the Wise composed canticles

* St. Anselm, in his book of *The Miracles of Our Lady*.

to the Mother of God, and founded an order of knighthood in her honour.*

Portugal walked in the same way, with an ardour no less great. In 1142, after having defeated, through the protection of Mary (to whom she recommended herself before the battle), five Moorish princes, whose five standards she captured on the plains of Alentejo, Alphonso I. founded in honour of the Blessed Virgin the superb monastery of Alcobaça; deeming that insufficient, he did homage for his kingdom to Our Lady of Clairvaux, and ordained that every year, at the Feast of the Annunciation, a rent of fifty *maravedis* of gold should be paid, in token of vassalage, to the Suzeraine, in the person of the abbots of Clairvaux.† One of the successors of this prince, Don Juan I., after a victory, offered to Our Lady of the Olive the weight of himself (armed *cap-à-piè*) of silver, and hung from the roof of Mary's chapel, as *ex voto*, his lance and his brilliant suit of armour.‡

About the same time, the kings of Denmark undertook crusades against the Pagans of the North, in honour of the Blessed Virgin, and the Poles fought those of Prussia and Pomerania, singing the famous *Boga Rodziça* (Mother of God), a battle-hymn addressed to Mary, composed in the tenth century by St. Adalbert, bishop of Guezne.§

The kings of France had no mind to give way to other princes in devotion to the Queen of Angels. Louis the Young and Philip Augustus, of glorious memory, contributed liberally to the rebuilding of Our Lady of Paris, which Maurice de Sully, a great bishop of plebeian extraction, was reconstructing on the site of King Childebert's old Merovingian cathedral.

Attributing to the Blessed Virgin his splendid victory of Bouvines, Philip Augustus founded on the skirt of the forest of Chantilly, and

* El rey don Alonso el Sabio dedico varios libros de poesias à la Madre de Dios; y con respecto à algunas ordinò en su testamento que se cantasen en sus Estados (See *Poetica Espanola*, p. 162.)

† Angelus Manrique, *Annal. Cisterc.*, ch. 5, ad ann. 1142.

‡ Père Paul de Barry, *Paradis Ouvert*, etc.

§ See last note of chap. viii.



SMALL MARTYR OF GRACE

on the banks of the deep Oise, a magnificent royal abbey. Guerin, bishop of Senlis, minister of the king, and his companion in arms, who had ably filled the office of adjutant-general during the battle; Mathieu de Montmorency, who immortalized himself by taking full sixteen of the enemy's banners; Enguerrand de Coucy and Guillaume de Barres, who had formed a rampart around the king that day which the whole Anglo-German army could not force, would all have their share in this commemorative foundation, made in reverence to the *sacred Virgin Mary*, as she is called in the *Car-*
tularies.

Blanche of Castile, the celebrated regent of France, founded two fair abbeys in honour of the Blessed Virgin: the abbey of Maubisson, which she called Notre Dame la Royale (Our Lady the Royal), and Notre Dame du Lys. These two royal monasteries have each a share of her mortal remains, according to her last behest.

King Louis the Ninth, the holiest and most righteous prince that ever wore the crown of France, the best of kings and the model of knights, distinguished himself by his tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin. He contributed to the completion of Our Lady of Paris, and, after having that exquisite gem of art—the Holy Chapel—built by Pierre de Montereau, the most famous architect of his time, as a shrine for the sacred crown of thorns, he solemnly dedicated the lower part of it to Our Lady, whose statue, placed under the porch, wrought a charming miracle, one day, in behalf of a little girl who was *very wise*, if we may believe the tradition. As the pious child, mounted on a stone bench, destined for the use of the poor, stretched herself up on her little feet and reached her arms as high as she could, to place a wreath of white roses on the head of the Madonna, the kind Virgin graciously bent her fair marble brow towards the little earthly angel; “wherefore it is,” says a monk of the time of Louis XIII., “that she has still her head bent forward.”

St. Louis recited every day with his almoner the office of the Blessed Virgin, even in his travels, and forbade any one to interrupt him; he fasted on bread and water on the eve of Our Lady's festivals, and gave great alms on Saturday in her honour. “*When he thought of undertaking his crusade, he came to Our Lady of Paris,*” says an ancient chronicle, “*accompanied by his barons, all*



barefoot, the hood on their neck, and the pilgrim's staff in their hand, and there heard mass with great devotion."

On his arrival in Egypt, the king found a Mussulman army drawn up on the shore to oppose his landing. The air was darkened with the clouds of arrows aimed at the French barks by the Saracens, whose lances gleamed through the clouds of dust raised by their horses, like fire behind a dark curtain: their chief bore *arms of fine gold, so dazzling*, says Joinville, in his simple style, *that it seemed when the sun struck thereon as though it were actually that star himself.* Their standards were surmounted by that ancient golden crescent which had been the emblem of the Turkish kings long before the days of Cyrus,* and their war-music *was terrible to hear, and very strange unto French ears.* But Louis IX. and his warriors were not easily frightened. Being come within a short distance of the shore, the holy king, after commending himself to God and the Blessed Virgin, threw himself first into the sea; the foaming wave covers him even to the shoulders; a shower of arrows falls around him; neither wave nor dart arrests his course; buckler on arm, casque on head, sword in hand, he makes for the Saracens with fiery haste; the whole army hastens after him, and the Atricans are quickly routed to the thrilling cries of *Mont-Joie, St. Denis!* When the Egyptians had disappeared on the wings of fear, the gates of Damietta, the key of the Delta, had to open to the Crusaders, whose first care was to chant the *Te Deum* of victory in the Mussulman mosque, which was consecrated by the Roman legate under the title of Our Lady of Damietta.

The rumour of this glorious event soon reached Syria, where the honour was attributed to the protection of Our Lady of Tortosa, a famous Syrian Madonna, which the Mahometans themselves came to invoke; she was said to have left her shrine, in order to protect the descent of the French crusaders.†

* See Firdousi, *Mœurs de Bois.*

† Sire de Joinville, who repaired, while in Asia, to our Lady of Tortosa, relates that, in his time, that famous Syrian Madonna wrought a miracle in favour of a poor man who was possessed of an evil spirit; this man was brought, one day, before the altar of Our Lady of Tortosa, "and so," proceeds the Sire de Joinville, "whilst

The disastrous end of the Egyptian crusade—so brilliantly commenced—is but too well known. After paying an enormous ransom, St. Louis turned the prow of his vessels towards Syria; the Christians, who had taken possession of Palestine in 1099, had at that time only a few strong places there, amongst which was Nazareth, the birth-place of Mary, which they had transformed into a feudal fortress, its first French lord being the hero of heroes, Tancred, immortalized in the deathless lays of Tasso. St. Louis rebuilt the walls of the Galilean fortress, and, happening to be there on the Feast of the Assumption, he had the offices of the day sung with an instrumental accompaniment in the church of St. Mary, where he solemnly communicated.

As King Louis IX. was leaving the Holy Land with Queen Margaret, the vessel which bore them was driven by a sudden squall under a lofty promontory which cast its shadow far out on the sea. The tempest having subsided, they cast anchor before that Syrian mountain, which was crowned by a monastery, and in the silence of the night, scarce broken by the murmur of the hushed waves, the sound of a distant bell came over the waters with the sweet perfume of marjoram and thyme from the woods. "What is that?" demanded the king, quickly. He was told by some Phœnician sailors, who were on board, that it was the convent of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. The holy king went ashore at the first dawn of day, to hear mass in Mary's monastery, the monks of which, clothed in Arab costume, lived on fruits and vegetables, fasted half the year, kept a rigorous silence, and lived by manual labour; the fervent and cenobitic spirit of the ancient solitaries still reigned there. Penetrated with respect for their austere piety, St. Louis brought with him six of these monks, who were named the Brothers of the Order of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, and established them in Paris, on the banks of the Seine. They subsequently removed

they were petitioning Our Lady for his cure, the devil answered from within his body, 'Our Lady is not here; she is in Egypt, assisting the king of France and the Christians who are now entering the Holy Land on foot, against the infidels who are mounted on horses.'" The Seneschal adds that, on the very day when the devil pronounced these words, the French army landed in Egypt.

to the Place Maubert, and their new church, consecrated under the title of Our Lady of Carmelites, was chiefly built by the munificent donations of Joan of Evreux, third wife and widow of Charles II., surnamed the Fair. This princess presented to the Virgin of Mount Carmel her crown of jewels, together with her zone, embroidered with pearls, and the bouquet of golden lilies studded with precious stones which the king had given her on the day of her coronation. Fifteen hundred gold florins accompanied this royal gift.*

The kings of France, no way sparing of their person in the battle, placed themselves habitually under the protection of the Blessed Virgin, when danger became imminent. Philip the Fair having "invoked Mary at a moment of extreme peril, during the bloody battle of Mons-en-Puelle (where he displayed the valour of a paladin), made splendid offerings to Our Lady of Paris, after his brilliant victory, and granted to Our Lady of Chartres, in perpetuity, the territory and lordship of Barres,† with a rent of an hundred livres.

After the taking of Cassel, Philip of Valois, say the Great Chronicles of St. Denis, came to this abbey to return the *oriflamme* which he had taken thence to march against the Flemings, and then proceeded to Our Lady of Paris; arriving there, he resumed the arms which he had worn at the battle of Cassel, mounted his charger, and thus entered the church of Notre-Dame, thanked the Blessed Virgin most devoutly, and presented to her the charger on which he sat, with all his own equipments.‡ The king redeemed his horse and armour, from the chapter of Notre-Dame, for the sum of one thousand livres, and had an equestrian statue of himself erected in front of

* Felibien, *Hist. de Paris*.

† Sebastian Rouillard, c. 6.

‡ We read in the old Paris breviaries (*lectio quinta*): "Quod intelligens gloriose memoria rex Philippus Valesius, cum opitulante Deo per merita Beatæ Virginis Matris, insignem victoriam de rebellibus Flandris obtinisset, quæ contigit, anno 1328, acturus Deo et sanctæ Virgini gratias, triumphans et equitans ecclesiam Beatæ Mariæ Parisiis ingressus est, non vana ostentatione elatus, sed Deo, per quem de ancipiti bello evaserat, profunda humilitate subjectus." (*Breviarii Ecclesiæ Parisiensis, festa Augusti, anno 1584.*)



Mary's altar. It is worthy of remark that these two great victories of Cassel and Mons-en-Puelle were gained between the Feast of the Assumption and its octave. After having fought the Flemings at Rosbecq, Charles VI., who was then but fourteen years old, and was called *the little king*, likewise sent to our Lady of Chartres his richly-ornamented armour and his royal sword.* The queens of France, on their side, on their first entrance into the capital of the kingdom, transferred to Our Lady the magnificent crown which they received from the city of Paris. That offered by Isabella of Bavaria was of gold and jewels.†

It was under Philip of Valois that the English wars commenced. King Edward III. of England declared himself the rightful heir to the throne, in right of his mother Isabel, sister of Philip the Fair, as the latter died without heirs, and he was his nephew, whereas Philip of Valois was only his cousin-german. The French peers and barons declared for Philip of Valois rather than the princess Isabel, not because of the Salic law, which speaks not of the exclusion of women, but by the authority of existing customs, which had acquired the force of law. Edward, in reply, advanced a most singular argument, which is found in a letter written by him to the Pope. "If the son," said he, "be debarred from ascending the throne because his mother could not, Jesus Christ had no right to the inheritance of David, seeing that he was only descended from that king by *Madam St. Mary, his mother*."‡

This unhappy notion of reigning over France, which in an evil hour crossed the mind of the English monarchs, and which deluged the kingdom of the lily with blood, was first aroused by a chivalrous appeal, made in the name of the *sweet Virgin Mary*, who showed herself, in the sequel, no way disposed to favour it. A *false traitor*, Robert of Artois, whom the king of France had *disobliged* (says an English historian), revenged himself by rekindling the all but extinguished flame of resentment in the mind of the young English king, who then thought of little else

* *Essais Hist. sur Paris*, par M. de Sainte Foix, t. iv. p. 162.

† Froissart, t. ii.

‡ *Stowe's Chronicle*.

than feasts and tournaments. He presents himself one day with a heron in the hall where Edward was entertaining the great barons and noble dames of his court. Walking to the upper end of the hall, where sat the king under a white canopy fringed with silver, "I bring," said he, "the most cowardly of all birds, and I will give him to the greatest poltroon amongst you. In my mind it is thee, Edward, who permittest thyself to be wronged of the noble kingdom of France, to which thou art lawfully entitled." The king's eyes sparkled with anger. The idea of any one suspecting his courage was worse than death: he blushed with shame, and swore a tremendous oath, that before six months he would declare war against that Count's son who wrongfully assumed the title of King of France. When the king had thus pledged himself, the Count d'Artois presented the heron to the English lords, who, each in his turn, swore to make war on the French, calling on the *honoured Virgin, who bore a God in her chaste womb*, to bear witness to their rash oath.

The first exploit of the English was the naval battle of *l'Écluse*. Sea-fights then had little or no resemblance to what they are now; the combatants were hand to hand; the crews of the hostile ships endeavoured to shatter the enemy's sails with arrows and long sickles, whilst divers pierced the hulls under water in order to make them sink. The *ne plus ultra* of skilful manœuvre consisted in driving the enemy on shore, or dashing him against the rocks. Edward, who commanded his fleet in person, was wounded by an arrow at the beginning of the action, and yet continued to fight, prefacing every thrust of his lance with one of his favourite ejaculations, "Ah, St. Edward!—Ah, St. George!—Ah, St. Mary!" and around his blood-red banner, whereon was emblazoned a golden dragon,* the English nobles shouted their piercing war-cries, *Our Lady of Arundel!—Our Lady of Arleton!—St. George!* for at that chivalrous period every warrior of note had a patron saint, whom he invoked aloud during the contest. Edward disgraced his victory by hanging, from the end of a yard, one of the French admirals

* *Stowe's Chronicle.*



who had bravely defended himself; the other, who died arms in hand, found a *grave* beneath the waters. In the midst of that scene of blood and tumult, some fair ladies from England, who came in the royal bark in search of pleasurable excitement, were heard applauding their knights;—not one demanded mercy for the vanquished! and twenty thousand French corpses reddened the blue waves of the German Sea. The king of England, who did not forget to invoke Mary during the combat, had no sooner landed in Flanders than he went *on foot* to thank her (says Froissart), with the flower of his chivalry, in her shrine of Ardenburg. This, then, was the opening of that famous war which lasted for a century, during which time the English carried their victorious banner from the Garonne to the Rhine, and from the Ocean to the Mediterranean.

During this long struggle, interrupted only by some truces when the combatants paused for breath—their hand on the dagger, and their feet in blood—the Blessed Virgin, whose abbey was often unscrupulously plundered by the English, was still the object of their profound veneration. After having destroyed an entire city, and retired loaded with booty, they sometimes left one of her statues perfectly safe on its pedestal; and, when the inhabitants, finding them gone, ventured to return in search of their ruined dwellings, they crossed themselves devoutly, and cried, "A miracle!"* It was indeed a miracle to see such an act of respect amid a scene of frightful devastation.

The shrines wherein it had pleased the Queen of Heaven to manifest her power, were held as neutral and sacred ground: each of them was, as it were, an oasis of peace, towards which journeyed knights and soldiers, from every country, and they were all but pious pilgrims from the moment they fastened a little image of the Madonna to their steel helmet or serge hood. We read in the manuscript chronicles of Querey, that certain English soldiers, having been arrested by those of Cahors, were restored to liberty

* Our Lady of Vassivière was thus respected amid the ruins of that strong city which the English had pillaged and destroyed. (See Du Chesne, ch. 9, § 19, nomb. 6.)



with kind and encouraging words, as soon as they were found to be pilgrims of Our Lady.

The feasts of the Blessed Virgin were scrupulously observed by the English troops, who even stopped on their march to celebrate them. In 1380, Buckingham, who made his way through the heart of France, sweeping all before him, halted with his army in the forest of Marchenoir, to celebrate the September feast of Our Lady. The English knights heard mass devoutly in an abbey which they found in the woods; and their long Bordeaux blades were innocent of French blood that day.*

An English captain, named Norwich, whom Prince John, duke of Normandy and heir-presumptive to the throne, had suddenly besieged in Angoulême, where provisions failed him, skilfully availed himself of that devotion to the Virgin, which was common to both nations, in order to escape the necessity of surrendering at discretion. On the eve of the Purification (one of the great festivals of Our Lady, kept in France from the time of Pepin the Short), he goes forth from the walls and demands to speak to the prince. The latter, coming forward, asks, "Do you come to capitulate?" "No!" replies the Englishman; "you and I are both devoted to the Blessed Virgin; I request, then, of your courtesy, a suspension of hostilities, and that, during the twenty-four hours consecrated to this festival, the soldiers on both sides be forbidden to use their arms on any pretence whatsoever." "Be it so," said the Prince, "I am well content."

Next morning, by the earliest dawn, Norwich marched out with the garrison and all its war-stores; the French sentries, stopping him, demanded what he meant by this sally. "I mean to profit by the truce," he replied, "to let my soldiers take a walk."

When Prince John was informed of the fact, he said, "I vow to God, the stratagem was a good one! Let them go and welcome, since we have the city."†

Notwithstanding all the testimonies of respect which she received

* See Froissart, vol. ii., p. 112.

† *Ibid*



from the invaders, the Blessed Virgin turned from them to protect the invaded. As an oppressed country, France had found favour before her, as was proved by more than one miracle. In Poitiers, the mayor's servant, who had sold the city to the English, and promised to admit them on a dark, moonless night, could nowhere find the keys, which he was stupefied to see next day in the hands of an ancient statue of the Virgin, in her own cathedral of Notre-Dame. At Rennes, which the Duke of Lancaster had long besieged in vain, the English, despairing of taking the brave city by storm, made a mine in order to blow it up. The city slept calmly over a volcano, unconscious of its danger; but Our Lady watched for it. When the mine had reached the cathedral of St. Mary, and the enemy was about to set fire to it, the tapers in the chapel of Our Lady of St. Saviour were seen to light of themselves in the midst of a dark night; the bells, put in motion by invisible hands, suddenly pealed out, and when the inhabitants, awoke from sleep and hastily clothed, came flocking to the strangely-lighted church, asking, "What is the matter?" the Virgin slowly extends her stony arm from the side of the Gothic nave, and points to the place where the mine was to explode. The city, warned in time, was saved. Many other examples might be given, showing how Mary protected France during that disastrous period; we shall content ourselves with giving, on the authority of contemporary writers, worthy of credit, the most striking of these numerous prodigies.

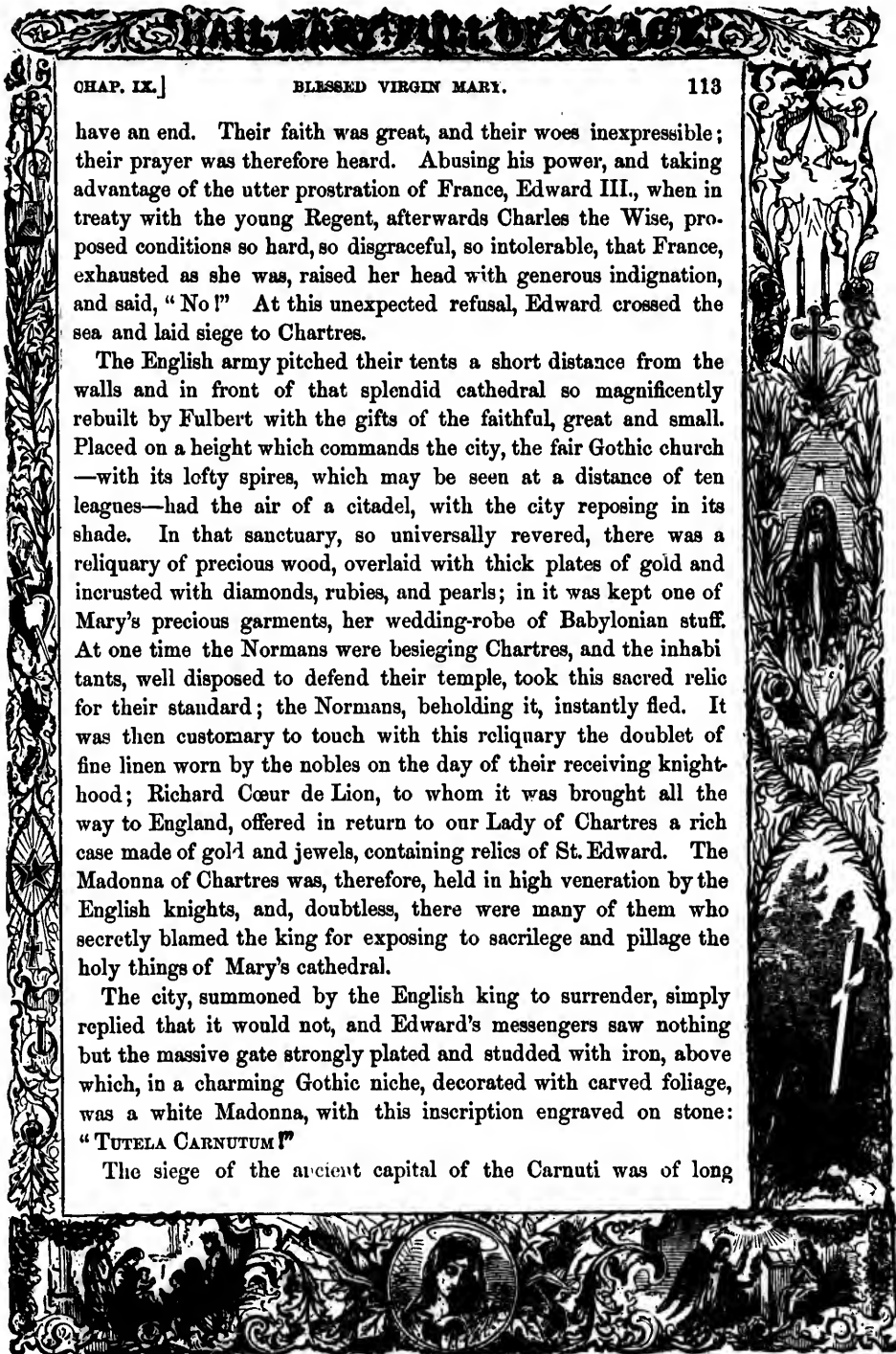
It was after those two lamentable days which France will never cease to mourn—Crecy, where the flower of the French chivalry fell, and Poitiers, where King John was made prisoner, with eight hundred of his barons, by the Black Prince. The nobles were ruined; the young Regent without troops; the most fertile fields were overrun with briars; the city, threatened with the horrors of a siege by the stranger who camped at their gates, was internally rent asunder by factions. When man has nothing more to expect on earth, he kneels and raises his suppliant hands to heaven; this is what was done by all good people in town and country, in the cities and the villages; they boldly demanded a miracle from God, through the intercession of Mary, so that these calamities might

have an end. Their faith was great, and their woes inexpressible; their prayer was therefore heard. Abusing his power, and taking advantage of the utter prostration of France, Edward III., when in treaty with the young Regent, afterwards Charles the Wise, proposed conditions so hard, so disgraceful, so intolerable, that France, exhausted as she was, raised her head with generous indignation, and said, "No!" At this unexpected refusal, Edward crossed the sea and laid siege to Chartres.

The English army pitched their tents a short distance from the walls and in front of that splendid cathedral so magnificently rebuilt by Fulbert with the gifts of the faithful, great and small. Placed on a height which commands the city, the fair Gothic church—with its lofty spires, which may be seen at a distance of ten leagues—had the air of a citadel, with the city reposing in its shade. In that sanctuary, so universally revered, there was a reliquary of precious wood, overlaid with thick plates of gold and incrustured with diamonds, rubies, and pearls; in it was kept one of Mary's precious garments, her wedding-robe of Babylonian stuff. At one time the Normans were besieging Chartres, and the inhabitants, well disposed to defend their temple, took this sacred relic for their standard; the Normans, beholding it, instantly fled. It was then customary to touch with this reliquary the doublet of fine linen worn by the nobles on the day of their receiving knight-hood; Richard Cœur de Lion, to whom it was brought all the way to England, offered in return to our Lady of Chartres a rich case made of gold and jewels, containing relics of St. Edward. The Madonna of Chartres was, therefore, held in high veneration by the English knights, and, doubtless, there were many of them who secretly blamed the king for exposing to sacrilege and pillage the holy things of Mary's cathedral.

The city, summoned by the English king to surrender, simply replied that it would not, and Edward's messengers saw nothing but the massive gate strongly plated and studded with iron, above which, in a charming Gothic niche, decorated with carved foliage, was a white Madonna, with this inscription engraved on stone: "TUTELA CARNUTUM!"

The siege of the ancient capital of the Carnuti was of long



duration, and the fertile fields of France were bristling with English swords instead of ears of grain. The Dauphin tried, by negotiation, to save the favourite city of Mary; but Edward was deaf to his offers and representations. The French negotiators, rudely repulsed, had no longer the shadow of a hope, and the city seemed all but lost, when there took place, says Froissart, a miracle which *humbled and broke down the courage* of the English king. "A thunderbolt, a storm so great and so horrible, descended from heaven on the king of England's army, that it seemed as though the end of the world had indeed come; for there fell from the sky stones so large that they killed both men and horses, and even the boldest were struck with fear."

"If thou sowest in the garden of life the seed of wrath," said the ancient sages of Iran,* "thy star shall have to mourn." The king of England must have had some such thoughts, when the sun arose like a golden lamp to show him the disasters of the previous evening. His whole camp was devastated; the canvass of the tents hung in tatters, and, all over that immense plain where the green corn had been trodden down by the English cavalry, seven thousand horses lay dead beside their masters. There is no historical fact better attested than this extraordinary event; Edward was so awed by it, that he was long before he recovered the shock, as he himself confessed to the continuator of Nangis.

Some time after, conformably to the promise which he had made in his fright to the powerful patroness of Chartres, he signed the peace concluded at Bretigny, a small town of the Chartrian district, and his haughty nobles, laying aside their arrogance for the time, came as peaceful and humble pilgrims to kneel before the Virgin's shrine.

But Mary's intervention in the desperate affairs of France did not stop here; she raised up one of those strong men whose iron arm is alone sufficient to sustain a falling kingdom; she inspired with a hatred of the British, a young Breton, who made his first achievements in arms under her auspices, and took her name for his war-

* *Iran* was the name of Persia before the time of Cyrus.

cry. The troops that followed the red flag of Albion were scattered like straw before the wind, at the cry of *Our Lady of Guesclin!*

When the idiocy of the unfortunate Charles VII.—that prince so brave, so beloved by the people, and so devoted to Mary—had revived the failing hopes of the English kings, and Henry of Monmouth, yielding to the temptation of uniting the diadem of France to his own badly-acquired crown, crossed the sea to do a hundred times worse than ever Edward had done, the Virgin opposed to him only a pure-hearted young maiden, who dropped the shepherd's crook to assume the sword of battle. It was while lighting mystic tapers before the venerated image of Our Lady of Bermont, and dressing with flowers the hermitage of St. Mary,* that Joan of Arc, hearkening to the interior voice which prompted her, conceived the bold project of ridding France of the *English people*, and of having the young Dauphin, Charles, consecrated at Rheims. Thus did the Virgin decree, and the inspired shepherdess announce; St. Mary of Rheims, where the kings of France of that time went to make the *vigil of arms* with the young lords of their court,† before they received the knightly spurs, joyfully opened its ponderous gates to admit the true king of France, he who could alone be anointed as the chosen of the Lord. A flight of birds was sent‡ to tell the angels these happy tidings, and near the kneeling prince, at the altar where Clovis bent his haughty head beneath the baptismal water, *the daughter of God, the high-hearted maiden*, the chaste heroine sent by the Virgin, unfurled (with a countenance at once modest and joyful) her banner of white mohair, whereon were emblazoned, in letters of gold, the two sweet names—the saving names—JESUS! MARY!

* Deposition of the witnesses in the investigation of Vauconleurs on the habits of Joan of Arc.

† Froissart.

‡ At the consecration of our kings, from time immemorial, two or three hundred dozens of birds were set at liberty. (*Essais historiques sur Paris*, par M. de Sainte-Foix, t. v., p. 26.)

CHAPTER X.

THE ORDERS.

THE star of chivalry, which shone from the time of the crusades over the zenith of Europe, began at length to descend towards the horizon; but, majestic even in its decline, it continued to shed a brilliant light, religious as well as martial. Those were, indeed, better and happier days than ours, when religion was respected, and its holy laws obeyed from the palace to the cottage, and the veneration of Mary was at its height; when all was done through her and for her. "It is very natural for all to invoke her," said the warlike troubadours of Germany, "since her bidding is done in heaven." And so she was universally invoked; and although each lord chose for his patron either St. James, St. George, St. Michael, or St. Martin, (whom, in their simple respect for the inhabitants of the heavenly kingdom, they distinguished by honorary titles,) yet the *honoured* Virgin, who contained within herself all the beauty, the sweetness, and the angelic purity which became a sovereign lady, was the object of a homage far superior to that paid *the baron* St. James, or the *good knight* St. George. Tournaments were proclaimed and feasts performed in honour of *Madam* St. Mary; kings and knights made the *vigil of arms* in her chapels; her name, translated into every European language, was the war-cry of the Norman, the Danish and the English barons, as well as of Du Guesclin. In the battle of Trente (the site of which is still pointed out amid the broom of Lower Bretagne by a mutilated pillar), Beaumanois recommends himself to God, Our Lady, and St. Yves. Seeing that his companions redden the grass with their blood, and that the English have the advantage, he knights a squire of noble birth, named Jean de la Hoche, in Our Lady's name, and fortune, quickly changing sides, declared for the Bretons.*

* Froissart, vol xiii

Having commended themselves to Mary, they fought one to ten with that confidence in the support of heaven which trebles the strength of man; a good cause, a clean conscience, and the Virgin's aid, sufficed to effect a *marvellous feat* and to obtain the most signal victories. In 1388, an army from Brabant entered the duchy of Gueldre, and destroyed all with fire and sword. The duke had neither men nor money to repulse the invaders; his councillors were of opinion that he should shut himself up in one of his fortresses; but he rejected their advice with indignant contempt. "Neither in town nor castle will I enclose myself," he exclaimed, "and leave my country to be burned; I would rather die manfully on the open field." Having made this chivalrous answer, the young duke armed himself for the fight; but before he left Nimègue, he went and prayed devoutly before the image of Our Lady, in whom he had great trust, and consecrated himself and his knights to her. This done, he mounted his horse, and set out, at the head of four hundred lancers, to fight an army of forty thousand men. At sight of the enemy, the advisers of the Flemish prince, frightened by the fearful odds, sought again to dissuade him from coming to an engagement; but the duke, laying his hand on his heart, replied, "Something tells me that the day is mine. On, then, unfurl my banner quickly, and let all who are true knights advance! I will do it in honour of God and *Madam St. Mary*, of whom I took leave on my departure; to her care I commit all my affairs. Forward! Forward!"

And the brave young duke charged the enemy at full gallop, crying, "Our Lady for Gueldre!" The army of Brabant was completely routed, and lost seventeen banners, "which may be found," says Froissart, "before the image of Our Lady of Nimègue, to the end that the victory may be kept in perpetual remembrance." After the battle, the Flemish knights held a council on the field. Some proposed to enter a neighbouring city, to place their prisoners in safety, and to dress the wounded. "Not so," said the duke; "I gave and pledged myself to the department of Nimègue, and to-day I consecrated myself, at the beginning of the battle, to Our Lady of Nimègue; I will and ordain, therefore, that we go back thither to see and to thank the Royal Lady who has helped us to



obtain the victory." So saying, he galloped back with his knights to return thanks to Our Lady, and to hang up his spoiled and broken arms as *ex voto* in her chapel.*

In 1363, King Louis I. of Hungary, finding himself, with only twenty thousand men, in presence of eighty thousand infidels, consecrated himself with all his army to the Queen of Angels, whose image he always wore. In order to thank Our Lady for the brilliant victory which he gained, he built around the chapel of Affleuz, in Carinthia, a very beautiful church, wherein he deposited the sacred image to which he attributed his victory, and the sword wherewith he had fought.†

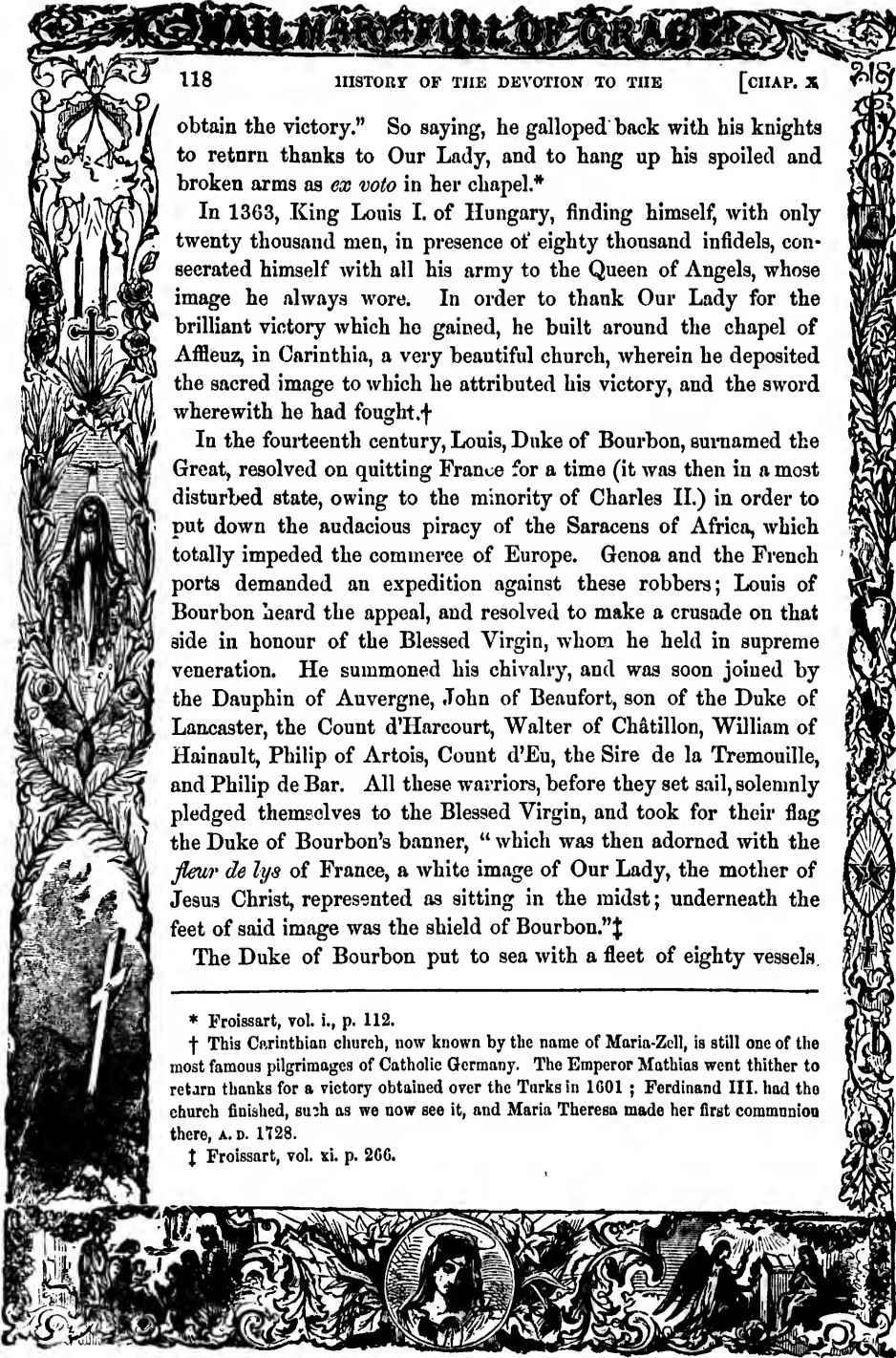
In the fourteenth century, Louis, Duke of Bourbon, surnamed the Great, resolved on quitting France for a time (it was then in a most disturbed state, owing to the minority of Charles II.) in order to put down the audacious piracy of the Saracens of Africa, which totally impeded the commerce of Europe. Genoa and the French ports demanded an expedition against these robbers; Louis of Bourbon heard the appeal, and resolved to make a crusade on that side in honour of the Blessed Virgin, whom he held in supreme veneration. He summoned his chivalry, and was soon joined by the Dauphin of Auvergne, John of Beaufort, son of the Duke of Lancaster, the Count d'Harcourt, Walter of Châtillon, William of Hainault, Philip of Artois, Count d'Eu, the Sire de la Tremouille, and Philip de Bar. All these warriors, before they set sail, solemnly pledged themselves to the Blessed Virgin, and took for their flag the Duke of Bourbon's banner, "which was then adorned with the *fleur de lys* of France, a white image of Our Lady, the mother of Jesus Christ, represented as sitting in the midst; underneath the feet of said image was the shield of Bourbon."‡

The Duke of Bourbon put to sea with a fleet of eighty vessels.

* Froissart, vol. i., p. 112.

† This Carinthian church, now known by the name of Maria-Zell, is still one of the most famous pilgrimages of Catholic Germany. The Emperor Mathias went thither to return thanks for a victory obtained over the Turks in 1601; Ferdinand III. had the church finished, such as we now see it, and Maria Theresa made her first communion there, A. D. 1728.

‡ Froissart, vol. xi. p. 266.



under the keeping of God, Our Lady and St. George. They arrived about midsummer, in front of a city to which Froissart and others give the name of Africa, and which is thought to be Tunis. The crusaders of the Blessed Virgin laid siege to this place, which they tried four times to take by assault, but could not succeed, the Turks making a vigorous resistance. The arrival of the Christians had been the signal of a holy war for the Mussulmans of Africa; the kings of Tripoli, Morocco, and others, sent their troops to succour the besieged city, and the Christians had to guard against the ambuscades and nocturnal assaults of the barbarians. But their stratagems were all defeated without the aid of sentinels or lights, in a manner which excited the gratitude of the crusaders for their divine protectors. A dog, which had no known master, kept watch every night around the Christian camp, so that it was impossible for the Turks to elude his vigilance. The soldiers, seeing something extraordinary in the unerring instinct of this animal, called him *Our Lady's dog*.

This African expedition, commenced under the auspices of the Blessed Virgin, was accompanied by prodigies, according to Froissart; he relates that "the Saracens, thinking to surprise the French by a nocturnal attack, stealthily approached the Christian camp, when they perceived before them a company of ladies, robed in white, and, especially, one at the head who was fairer than all the others, and carried in her hand a snow-white flag, with a ruddy cross. The Saracens were so amazed and confounded at the sight, that they had, for the time, neither the power nor the courage to advance."*

Whether it was that Mary wished to protect the chivalry of France, trusting in her protection, by placing herself and her heavenly train between the Christians and the Mussulmans, or that a hallucination caused by the doubtful light of the stars and the waving banners of the knights was the sole cause of the prodigy, the camp was none the less saved from a night attack.

Owing to the excessive warmth of the climate, an epidemic broke

* Froissart, t. xi., p. 266.



out amongst the Christians, which decimated their army, and forced them to raise the siege of Tunis, after nine weeks of unavailing efforts; but, before they retired, they twice gave battle to the Saracens, and defeated them, notwithstanding their numbers; the banner of Mary was gloriously borne by the chivalry of France, and the Christians achieved under that flag such prodigies of valour that the King of Tunis, thoroughly frightened, was but too happy to conclude a treaty, whereby he engaged to give up the Christian slaves, to leave the navigation of the Mediterranean undisturbed, and, finally, to pay ten thousand gold pieces to defray the expenses of the war.

The good cities of the kingdom, in times of calamity, placed themselves under the special protection of the Blessed Virgin, as well as the sovereigns. In 1357, after that fatal battle of Poitiers, which mowed down the flower of the French nobility, and in which the king was taken by the English, the merchant-provost then made a vow, in the name of the city of Paris, to offer every year to the Mother of God, in the cathedral church, a taper whose length should equal the circumference of the city walls. This offering was actually made down to the time of the league, when it was interrupted for twenty-five or thirty years. In 1605, the city substituted for this immense taper a silver lamp with a large wax taper, which burned continually before the altar of Our Lady till the year 1789.*

Rouen, where the image of Mary formerly adorned every street and square, the fountains and the public monuments, placed itself by solemn vow under her protection in 1348, on the appearance of that famous *black plague* which ravaged the whole earth, and which struck its victims so fiercely that they died, say the chronicles of the time, while looking at each other. When the intercession of the Virgin had put an end to this frightful pestilence, there was

* Sauval, *Mem. MS.* There is found in the accounts of receipts and expenses for the corporation of Paris, A. D. 1488, an item concerning this taper: "To the Widow Gerbelot, the sum of 27 livres, 19 sols, 8 deniers, to her likewise due by said city, for 117½ lbs. of wax, made into a large taper, and placed on a wooden tower by said widow duly delivered on the 12th February, at the price of 4 sols, 8 deniers per lb.; amount for Our Lady's candle, 53 livres, 11 sols, 8 deniers."



THE MARY OF GRACE

founded in the Norman cathedral one of the most magnificent chapels in the world, under the title of Our Lady of the Vow. The statue of Mary, in white marble, crowned with white roses, surmounted the altar erected to her by public gratitude, and over this sacred image the magistrates of Rouen suspended a massive golden lamp, which was kept lit, night and day, till the sixteenth century, when it was extinguished by the Protestants.*

The cities of France were not then alone in consecrating themselves to the Blessed Virgin. Genoa the Proud had inscribed on each of her gates, *Città di Maria* (the city of Mary), and Venice the Beautiful had adorned her grand council-hall, in 1385, with a magnificent work of Guariotto, a disciple of Giotto, representing Christ crowning his mother *Queen* of Venice. Underneath this painting, which has perished in the lapse of ages, were written these four lines from Dante :

L' amor che mosse già l'eterno Padre
Per figlia aver di sus Deita triua,
Costei che fa del Figlio suo poi Madre
Deil' universo qui la fa regina.

The doges of Venice were each obliged to leave in the ducal palace a picture in which they were painted kneeling before the Blessed Virgin, so as to make them remember that she was their sovereign and that of the republic.†

This devotion of Genoa and Venice to the Mother of God, was however eclipsed by the fervent homage rendered to her by the small republic of Parma, which was also consecrated to Mary. There was no day more solemn amongst the citizens of Parma than the 15th of August, the Feast of the Assumption of the Virgin, patroness of their cathedral and sovereign of their republic. This festival stood on a par amongst them with that of Easter, and was so respected that the Holy See, when placing Parma under an interdiction, always excepted the day of the Assumption from the excommunication. On that day the heads of families, with all the members of their household, repaired to the splendid cathedral of

* Amiot, *Hist. de la Ville de Rouen*, t. ii.

† *Délices de l'Italie*, t. i, p. 60.



Mary (the roof of which was subsequently painted by Corregio), with banners flying and the singing of hymns, and laid flowers and rich offerings on her altar. "An inhabitant of Parma, who failed to appear in the cathedral, would have been disgraced," says Turchi, "and held up to public scorn." At this solemn festival, in which all ranks were confounded, there were neither grades nor distinctions; it seemed as though the members of one family had joyously met to do honour to their mother.

Truly it is a fervent and sincere devotion that can stifle party feuds! Such was that of the Parmesans for the Mother of God. In the year 1323, on the day of the Assumption, the Guelphs, exiled from Parma, laying aside their old animosity, presented themselves under the walls of the city, and, with clasped hands, begged to be admitted for the Holy Virgin's sake; the people within the city, hearing Mary's name thus humbly invoked on the day of her solemn festival, were moved with compassion, and, by a spontaneous movement, each ran to open the gates; Guelphs and Ghibelines embraced each other with tears of joy, and the exiles were conducted, amid the *vivas* of the citizens, to the famous cathedral of Our Lady, where peace was sworn at the Virgin's altar: that peace lasted fifty years.*

To appease these fiery factions of the Guelphs and Ghibelines, which divided each of the Italian cities into two camps, and made their streets and public places fields of battle, it was thought best to create an order of knighthood of a purely pacific nature: the *Frati Gaudenti*, or Knights of the Virgin, who, without renouncing the world, applied themselves to restore peace and concord in the Italian peninsula, in the name and for the sake of the Mother of God.

This devotion to Mary, which restored the peace of cities and inspired warriors with courage, was the soul of the military orders—those great, all-conquering, medieval armies, which were generally founded on faith in the Mother of God, and achieved their heroic deeds in her name. In that austere and religious section of chivalry.

* *Chron. Parm. in med. ann. 1323.*—*Chron. Parm. apud Muratori, 10, Rev.*

the love and honour of absent ladies was represented by a particular devotion to the Blessed Virgin. Thus, the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem invoked Mary when receiving their sword, an invocation which is still practised by the Knights of Malta, the last phase of that celebrated order. The Teutonic knights took the name of *Knights of the Virgin*.* The territories which they wrested from the Pagans of Northern Europe, they called *Mary's lands*; the Virgin was their celestial lady, as she was, in fact, *the Lady of the world*, according to the simple legends of the middle ages. These orders—subject to a mighty organization, which participated in the discipline of a camp and the severity of a rule—conquered, in Mary's name, provinces which they collected into kingdoms; the order of Teutonic Knights became, as every one knows, the Prussian monarchy, and, under the name of the Knights of Rhodes, the Hospitallers governed one of the fairest islands of the Levant. To these religious and chivalrous orders, who extended the devotion to Mary by prodigies of valour, were added the royal orders, which were like them, in general, under the patronage of Mary. It was in her honour that King John founded the knightly order of Our Lady of the Noble House, better known as the Knights of the Star. Those knights fasted every Saturday when they could, and, when they could not, they were to give fifteen pence to the poor, in memory of the *fifteen joys* of Our Lady. They were allowed to hoist a banner, spangled with stars, with an image of the Blessed Virgin, whether in making war on the enemies of the faith or in the service of their liege lord. They were sworn to die rather than surrender, and not to retreat more than four acres, when forced by superior numbers to retire.

Charles VI., that poor prince whose precocious valour gained, when he was but fourteen, the famous victory of Rosbecq, likewise instituted, in the first years of his reign, an order of knighthood in honour of the Blessed Virgin, in consequence of a vow made by him in Languedoc. During his stay at Toulouse, he frequently went

* In 1191 the Pope approved of the institution of these knights, under the title of Brothers Hospitallers of the Blessed Virgin, and placed them under the rule of St. Augustine.



hunting with Oliver de Clisson, Peter of Navarre, and a number of other lords, in the ancient forest of Bouconne. Having one day separated from his suite while too ardently chasing a wild deer, night surprised him alone in the wildest recesses of the old Druid forest; to increase the dangers of his situation, the shades gathered deeper and deeper around him, so that not a single star was visible. Terrified by the awful loneliness of the place, and not knowing whither to turn, the prince made a solemn vow to Our Lady of Hope, and humbly put himself under her protection. Immediately a light wind dispersed the clouds, and a brilliant star shed its trembling light on a beaten track, which conducted the young monarch out of the woods. Next day, Charles, followed by his lords in complete armour, except their head, went to accomplish his vow in Mary's chapel. To perpetuate the memory of his perilous adventure, he founded, shortly after, the Order of Our Lady of Hope, and ordained that its emblem should be a star.*

In the year 1370, Louis II., Duke of Bourbon, instituted the order of the Knights of Our Lady's Thistle. This order consisted of twenty-six knights, who wore a girdle of sky-blue velvet, embroidered with gold, and having the word *hops* emblazoned thereon; the buckle was of fine gold, enamelled with green, and represented the head of a thistle. On the day of Our Lady's Conception, which was the grand festival of the order, the Knights of the Thistle wore a sumptuous robe of flesh-colour damask, and a sky-blue cloak embroidered with gold, whereon they wore the grand collar of the order, composed of golden lozenges and *feurs de lys*, with the word *hope* on every lozenge. From the end of the collar hung an oval

* The institution of Our Lady of Good Hope is proved by an ancient painting which is seen on the walls of the Carmelite cloister in Toulouse, near the chapel of Our Lady of Hope, where the King of France is represented on horseback, bending before an image of the Virgin. Some lords are also painted there, all armed, except the head. Their names, written below, are almost effaced; but those of the Duke of Touraine, the Duke of Bourbon, Peter of Navarre, Henry de Bar, and Oliver de Clisson, can still be distinguished. All these figures are of full length. The background of this painting is filled with bears, wolves, boars, &c. At the top, on a sort of frieze, angels bear streamers, whereon is thrice written the word "Hope." (Dom. Vaissette. *Hist. de Languedoc*, t. iv., p. 396.)



medallion bearing the image of Mary, under which was seen a thistle's head, enamelled with green and *etched with white*.*

Devout and chivalrous Spain had also, in the middle ages, royal orders founded in honour of Mary. Alphonzo, or rather Don Alonzo the Wise, founded an order of chivalry, which he placed under the patronage of the Virgin; and Don James II., King of Arragon—to reward the valour of the inhabitants of Montesa, whose castle, built on the top of a high mountain, had several times repulsed the Moors—founded, in 1319, an order of knighthood, under the title of Santa Maria de Montesa, to which he generously gave, with the Pope's consent, the property which the suppressed order of the Templars had possessed in Valencia.

A little later, about the middle of the fifteenth century, Christian the First, King of Denmark, founded, in honour of the Holy Trinity and the Blessed Virgin, the royal order of the Elephant, the members of which entered into divers pious engagements; for instance, that of defending the Catholic faith at the peril of their life; the elephant was symbolical of the virtues of the order.

But it was not only the royal and military orders that took Mary for their patroness; the religious militia, which gains its battles by prayer under the shield of Faith, would also move forward under the Virgin's banner, and distinguished itself by another kind of heroism. In the West, the first religious order founded especially in honour of Mary, was that of Citeaux, the founder of which was St. Robert, a young Norman gentleman who had been destined by his family for the profession of arms, but who chose rather to gain the kingdom of heaven than any of this world's gifts or honours. In the year 1098 he founded, in a desert place, given him by the Duke of Burgundy, the famous abbey of Citeaux, and caused the twenty monks who accompanied him thither to assume the white habit, in honour of the Blessed Virgin, and, according to the annalists of Citeaux, on a special revelation from her. In order to merit the protection of Mary, Robert and his monks condemned themselves to a life the most detached, the most laborious, the poorest, and the

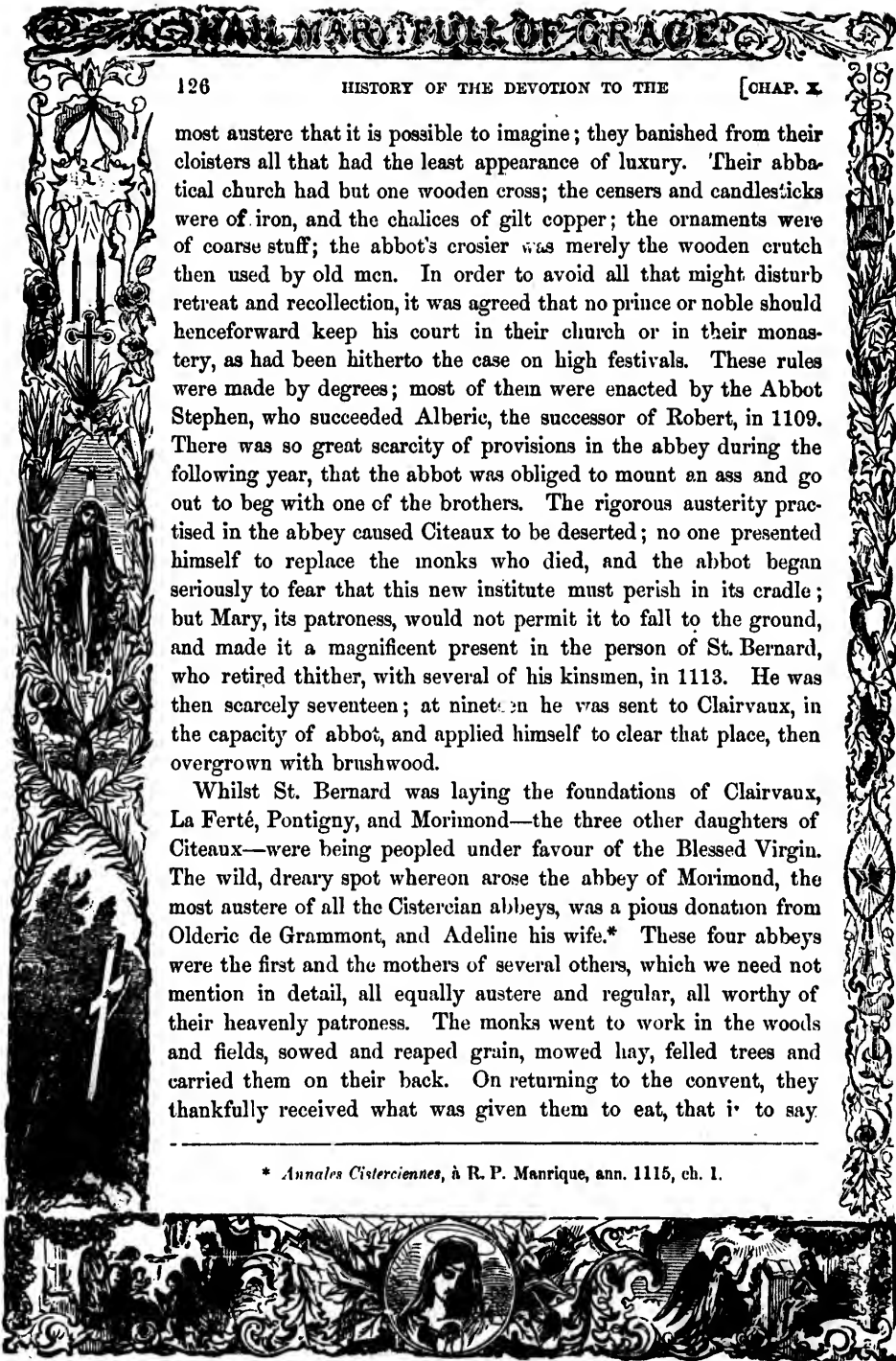
* Favin, *Hist. de Navarre*, l. viii.



most austere that it is possible to imagine; they banished from their cloisters all that had the least appearance of luxury. Their abbatial church had but one wooden cross; the censers and candlesticks were of iron, and the chalices of gilt copper; the ornaments were of coarse stuff; the abbot's crosier was merely the wooden crutch then used by old men. In order to avoid all that might disturb retreat and recollection, it was agreed that no prince or noble should henceforward keep his court in their church or in their monastery, as had been hitherto the case on high festivals. These rules were made by degrees; most of them were enacted by the Abbot Stephen, who succeeded Alberic, the successor of Robert, in 1109. There was so great scarcity of provisions in the abbey during the following year, that the abbot was obliged to mount an ass and go out to beg with one of the brothers. The rigorous austerity practised in the abbey caused Citeaux to be deserted; no one presented himself to replace the monks who died, and the abbot began seriously to fear that this new institute must perish in its cradle; but Mary, its patroness, would not permit it to fall to the ground, and made it a magnificent present in the person of St. Bernard, who retired thither, with several of his kinsmen, in 1113. He was then scarcely seventeen; at nineteen he was sent to Clairvaux, in the capacity of abbot, and applied himself to clear that place, then overgrown with brushwood.

Whilst St. Bernard was laying the foundations of Clairvaux, La Ferté, Pontigny, and Morimond—the three other daughters of Citeaux—were being peopled under favour of the Blessed Virgin. The wild, dreary spot whereon arose the abbey of Morimond, the most austere of all the Cistercian abbeys, was a pious donation from Olderic de Grammont, and Adeline his wife.* These four abbeys were the first and the mothers of several others, which we need not mention in detail, all equally austere and regular, all worthy of their heavenly patroness. The monks went to work in the woods and fields, sowed and reaped grain, mowed hay, felled trees and carried them on their back. On returning to the convent, they thankfully received what was given them to eat, that is to say

* *Annales Cisterciennes*, à R. P. Manrique, ann. 1115, ch. 1.



a pound of coarse black bread, with a potage of beech leaves. Their bed was of straw, their bolster a bag of oats, and, after having slept some hours, they rose in the middle of the night to sing the praises of the Lord. Such was the life of these monks of the Virgin, whom their conduct honoured according to the expression of God himself in the sacred books; hence she was pleased to give them the most striking proofs of her approbation. The annals of Citeaux relate that, when these good monks, whose life was so austere, whose heart so pure, and whose hands so occupied, were toiling and sweating in the heat of a harvest day, without daring to quench their thirst in the neighbouring stream, or to refresh their exhausted frame by a few moments' rest in the cool shade of the woods hard by, the Virgin wiped away with her white veil the sweat that bathed the pale and furrowed brow of the brothers.*

Men of high birth thronged to Citeaux: Prince Henry, brother of Louis the Young, became a monk of Clairvaux in 1149. St. Malachy, who was descended from the kings of Ireland, and was himself primate of that island, exchanged his pontifical robes for the serge and fustian of these austere monks. One of the first lords of the Scottish court, and much beloved by the king, who was his relative, abandoned the world and its glories, to shut himself up in a Cistercian monastery. The king had often noticed that the young nobleman withdrew from the exciting pleasures of the chase to read and pray amongst the tall ferns or the blooming hawthorns of the woods. "We must make him a bishop," said the pious monarch one day, with a thoughtful air. The young man anticipated him, and became a monk at Wardon.

In 1129, Everard, Count du Mans, gave up his princely coronet for the Cistercian cowl. He presented himself in disguise at one of the houses of the order, and was entrusted with the care of one of the flocks; he might have remained unknown had not some lords of his acquaintance met him while minding his sheep on the border of a wild heath. Another young nobleman, of very high birth, having taken the Cistercian habit, was charged to con-

* *Ibid.*, A. D. 1199, ch. 5, and 1228, ch. 6; A. D. 1121, ch. 6.



SMALL MARY FULL OF GRACE

duct a flock of swine every day to feed in a neighbouring forest, where they fared sumptuously on the acorns and beech-nuts. One evening, when the novice neglected to pray as usual, he heard the voice of Satan, the father of pride, whispering in his ear that his was certainly a strange trade for the son of a powerful baron. The young lord, hitherto so pious, bit his lip, and all his fervour fled like a dream; night came, he regained his monastery, and retired to the chapel. Any one who saw him kneeling before Our Lady's altar, buried in profound meditation, would have said, "There is a saint whose thoughts are in heaven." Yet his thoughts did not take so lofty a flight, for he was thinking of his father's castle, and began to entertain the idea of flight. "The night is dark," thought the novice, as he looked through the open door of the chapel; "the wind is high; it is just the time to make my escape. . . . Herding swine, indeed! and I the son of one of the first lords of the court! Why, it is a burning shame, and nothing less!" He arose, and crossed the nave with a firm step; he was about to pass the threshold, when he perceived a woman standing just before him! At first he thought it was but a dream; but no—there she was—a woman of majestic mien, and beautiful as an angel; with a graceful motion of her hand, and a sweet smile of compassion, she made a sign for him to follow, and was mechanically obeyed. The unknown directed her steps towards the cemetery, as it lay ghastly and cold in the light of the half-veiled moon; the huge yew-trees, agitated by the wind, seemed to mourn for the dead, and the night-birds mingled their doleful cries with the tumultuous voice of the tempest. A cold shudder began to creep over the young monk; his fair and calm conductress extended her hand, and behold! the turf coverings of the graves began slowly to open, and the dead arose, cold and pale in their shrouds. The novice was sinking to the ground with terror; but the unknown, regarding him with an eye of tender compassion, said, in a sweet and penetrating voice, "Yet a little while, and thou shalt be dead like these! Whither, then, wouldst thou go, and of what art thou thinking? This is the end of all earthly glory!" Saying these words the Virgin, for she it was, vanished from his sight; the graves closed again, and the young



novice, who thought no more of quitting the convent, became a model of humility and virtue.*

The order of Citeaux, which extended itself into every country of Christendom, was suppressed in France at the beginning of the Revolution.

The order of Fontevrault, founded in 1100 by Robert d'Arbricelle to honour the holy obedience of Jesus Christ to the orders of his mother, and the filiation of John with regard to Mary, could only have its origin in the chivalrous middle ages. In that order—whose nuns were high and noble ladies, and its abbesses princesses of the blood royal—the women governed the men, and the abbots dared not treat the abbess as a sister, but were bound, in all humility, to call her mother,† she being absolute sovereign of the order. The foundation of this order raised some storms at the outset. Marbode, bishop of Rennes, and Godefroi, bishop of Vendome, alarmed by the strangeness of this reversed obedience, declared against Fontevrault; but the order, nevertheless, existed till the time of the Revolution. It was in this abbey that the princesses of the royal family were brought up.

Seven merchants of Florence also founded, in the second period of the middle ages, the order of Servantes, or Serfs of Mary, which gave to the church St. Philip Benizzi, author of the touching devotion of the Seven Dolors of the Virgin. Finally, the sweet name of Mary was attached to the order of Our Lady of Mercy, destined to redeem Christian captives from the hands of the infidels. This order, founded on the 10th of August, 1218, is one of those holy works which do honour to humanity; its rules were extremely severe, and it formed the most perfect link between the military orders and those that were purely monastic.

If the other religious orders of chivalrous times were placed less directly than those of which we have spoken, under the immediate patronage of the Blessed Virgin, all united in honouring her, and

* A. D. 1207, ch. 4.

† The monks of the Abbey of Fontevrault were commanded, by an act of Parliament to call the Abbess their mother, and not their sister. (See the *Annals of Fontevrault*.)



were founded under her influence. The ancient Carthusians dedicated to Mary their first chapel, which still exists amongst the rocks where it was first built, and it retains the commemorative name of *Our Lady of Cottages*.*

The cradle of the Franciscan order was a small chapel, very old and in bad repair, built originally by four hermits of Palestine, who gave it the name of St. Mary of Josaphat, because they had in it some relics from the tomb of the Blessed Virgin.

The Dominican order had its origin in Our Lady of Prouille.

St. Norbert reformed the Premonstratensians by order of the Mother of God, and he obliged his monks to recite the office of the Virgin every day, under pain of mortal sin.

* *Socellum beatae Mariae de Casoliibus*. This chapel, which the Carthusians have preserved with all respect as the cradle of their order, is still in existence. Tastefully ornamented, and hidden in the depth of the woods, it has a very pleasing effect.



Third Period of the Devotion to Mary.

FROM THE MIDDLE AGES TILL OUR OWN TIMES.

CHAPTER XI.

THE REVIVAL.

At the opening of the fifteenth century, Catholic Europe was still kneeling before Mary, whose cathedrals, already secularized, were being finished with admirable constancy. At that time poor companions made their *tour of France*, offering their hammers and trowels wherever the piety of the faithful was raising churches; most of them asked no payment; they got bread and roots to eat, and slept on the bare ground. One hundred thousand men were seen working in this way for two centuries, at the cathedral of Strasburg, which Bishop Werner had dedicated to Mary.

Some of these workmen were wholly devoted to the construction of chapels in honour of the Blessed Virgin; they wrought for the *love of God*, and refused all other employment. Amongst these were some who imposed on themselves the daily fabrication of a certain number of oak leaves, trefoil or arabesques; this pious task was called the *stone-cutter's chapel*. The enthusiasm reached even the weaker sex; women were seen taking up the chisel to carve Madonnas; the statue of the Blessed Virgin, which may be observed over the portal of the cathedral of Strasburg, with a crown on the head and a chalice in the right hand, is the work of Sabina, daughter of Ervin, herself a famous architect, like her father and brother, whose great work she continued when they had worn away their lives.

Those artists who wrestled like giants with the idea of the infinite to translate it into stone, acquired no wealth by their colossal undertakings; they would have deemed it a disgrace. Their labour was more suitably rewarded; after their death, the stately basilic which they had built, raising its flags of black marble, took them respectfully to its bosom, and one might fancy that its tall, tapering steeples,



piercing the clouds like the just man's prayer, went up to plead their cause before the Eternal.

The carvers of wood likewise consecrated their work to the Virgin; the choir-stalls of the ancient churches were adorned, for the most part, with those sculptures where the artist delighted to concentrate, in a narrow space, some graceful scene from the life of the Blessed Virgin. The cathedrals of Auch and Evreux, both dedicated to Mary, are so fortunate as to have preserved many of these carvings, whose loss would be irreparable.

Under the vaulted roof of the cathedral of Paris, that dread periodical press which does so much good and so much evil, according to the passions which set it in motion, was then springing into life like a timid dove which fears to venture from the parent nest. A great iron branch, with tubes running hither and thither, as far up as the eye could reach, was fastened to one of the walls of Notre Dame, close by one of those side-doors which are masterpieces of the locksmith's craft. On a level with these tubes, garnished with tapers of yellow wax, was hung, by a flexible fastening, a hollow tablet, coated with wax. There, every morning, on the advice and responsibility of the directors or chief editors of the period, the bishop, the mayor, or the sheriff, the printer in wax inscribed with his pen the official announcement of whatever was most interesting to the people of the good old times, the arrival of a bull, the gaining of a battle, &c. Every lettered individual was then free to come, by the light of the tapers (which the stained glass windows rendered necessary, even in daylight,) and read to the assembled crowds that daily gazette, daily in the fullest sense of the word, since the news of the morrow effaced that of the day before.

Confraternities in honour of the Virgin were then founded all over Europe—still Catholic from one end to the other. The princes of Germany gloried in wearing her scapular, and the English kings of the Lancastrian line were consecrated with a miraculous oil *more radiant than fine gold, which the Blessed Virgin had given expressly for them—the Lancastrians—to St. Thomas à Becket during his exile.**

* Bouclier, Annales de l'Aquitaine, t. iv., p. 3.



In France, the students of the great colleges (where so many gratuitous burses were given in Our Lady's name) arose at the dawn of day to say the office of the Virgin in common. Princes recited it also, at regular hours, with some other offices of the Church. A small space, something like the domestic chapels of the Romans, was reserved in their apartments for these morning devotions. The Duke of Orleans, uncle of Charles VI., though his life was far from being edifying, had nevertheless, in the Hotel St. Paul, an oratory, adorned with Gothic sculptures in Irish oak, on the door of which was read, "*Retreat where Monsieur Louis of France says his offices.*"*

The rosary† and the chaplet were the favourite ornaments of great and small, the magistrate and the warrior. Kings of France substituted them for the knightly collar, the fashion of which had been brought by the Crusaders from Eastern lands, famous for their gorgeous costumes. A costly chaplet was put in every wedding casket; and the great ladies of the period of the Revival, as well as those of the middle ages, were often represented on their stone monuments with a chaplet in their hand. This prayer, originally invented for the poor, had become the prayer of all classes. Burgesses and gentlemen said their chaplet going out to the country or returning to the city, clients in court while awaiting their lawyers, and Christians of every grade when going to distant churches to gain indulgences. Kings themselves set the example. Blanche of Castile said her rosary every day. Edward III., King of England, gave his chaplet, enriched with pearls, to Eustace de Ribeaumont, a French knight, who had twice defeated him. In the inventory taken after the death of Charles V., there were, as La Sage tells us, ten gold chaplets. The Swiss, at Grandson, found in the ducal tent

* Felibien, t. 1er, p. 654.—Sauval, *Mem. M.*

† The rosary was instituted in 1208, by St. Dominick, but he was not precisely the inventor of it. In the year 1094, Peter the Hermit devised wooden beads, whereon the soldiers of the Crusade, for the most part unable to read, might recite a certain number of *paters* and *aves*, according to the solemnity of the feasts. Even before his time, some ancient historians relate that devout persons said a series of *paters* and *aves* on knotted cords, *per cordulam n. v's distinctam*. (*Regles de la Confr. du Rosaire*. Astolfi.—Gabriel Pennotus, in *Hist. tripart.*)



of Charles of Burgundy his *pater* (chaplet), whereon the Apostles were represented in solid gold.* It is well known that the famous constable, Anne de Montmorenci, was accustomed to say his beads while riding at the head of his men-at-arms. "Sometimes, leaving a *pater* unfinished, he commanded some military expedition, or gave the signal for attack; then he carefully resumed his *pater*, or *ave*," says a contemporary historian, "so devout was he."

The chaplet, which takes its name from the crowns of flowers called in the middle ages *chapels* or *chapeaux*, was the spiritual crown of Mary; people said then—and it was a graceful and poetical idea—that there was beside every person who recited it devoutly, an angel, sometimes visible, who strung on a golden thread a rose for every *ave*, and a golden lily for every *pater*, and that after laying this garland on the brow of the devout servant of Mary, the angel disappeared, leaving behind him the sweet perfume of roses.†

The kings of Scotland and their great vassals wore chaplets of golden beads to *preserve themselves from all evil*; the bold troopers of the borders provided themselves with others, simpler and less costly, consisting of filberts browned by the autumn sun, "and never did they recite them with more fervour," says Leslie, "than in their expeditions against the English." The golden chaplets disappeared with poor Queen Mary, the last of the Catholic sovereigns; but those which the borderers gathered in the woods long withstood the shock of the Reformation. It was the last Catholic practice kept up in Caledonia; with it fell the ancient religion of Bruce, of Wallace, and of David I., the religion to which England and Scotland both owe, according to Cobbett, all that they have of greatness both in men and things.

* History of Louis XI., by M. Lisken, p. 91.

† The chaplet owes its origin to a young monk of the order of St. Francis. Before taking the habit of the Friars Minors, this young man made it a practice to crown an image of Our Lady every day with a wreath of flowers. Being unable to continue this pious practice in the convent, he was on the point of giving up the habit, but Our Lady appeared to him, and ordered him to substitute the spiritual crown of the chaplet for the wreath of flowers. (P. Alex. Salo, *Meth. ad. pour hon. la V. M.*, p. 672.)



The Georgians and the nations of Italy fabricated beads for themselves with as little expense as the Scotch: they made them of the nuts of the *azedarah*, so known amongst the Italians as *l'albero dei paternostri*.

The tender and sincere piety of our ancestors for the Blessed Virgin then manifested itself in forms the sweetest and most touching. Berries from the shrubs, and fruit from the bushes, sufficed to form a religious garland; flowers, heath, the plants of Europe and of Asia, were honoured with her name, and kept her memory alive amid the woods and fields. The narcissus, with its purple-tinted bell, received the name of *Mary's lily*; the rose of Jericho, the seal of Solomon, became her rose and her seal; the lung-wort, spotted with white, was *Our Lady's milk*; the Scotch took for their emblem her blessed thistle; the Christian Arab gave the name of *St. Mary's smoke* to a sort of wormwood, with a white flower, which grows on his sandy wastes; the mountain shepherd designated as *St. Mary's grass* the Alpine mint, the rosemary, and the persicaria; the Mussulmans of the East call the fragrant cyclamen *bokour Miriam* (Mary's perfume), and the same plant bears in Persia the name of *tchenk Miriam* (Mary's hand); a vernal plant of Europe received the name of *Our Lady's cloak*; the plant that bears the blue, sweet wortleberry was her signet, the sherbets of the Alps her pears; and the bed of wild thyme, whereon the wearied bee rests, had likewise her name.

In some northern countries, on the other hand, they scrupulously avoided giving the Virgin's name, not only to things but to persons, fearing lest that name might eventually be treated with irreverence, or unworthily borne. Amongst the Poles, no woman was called Mary, and this prohibition extended so far, that Ladislaus IV., when marrying Marie Louise of Nevers, would have a clause inserted in the marriage contract to the effect that the new queen should give up her name of Marie, which was displeasing to the Poles, because of their respect for the Mother of God, and that she retain only the simple name of Louise.*

* Dovendo Ladislaw IV. prendere per moglie la figliuola del duca di Nevers, chiamater Maria Aloisa, messe questa special condizione che la reina, per riverenza



In the first years of the fourteenth century, Pope Innocent XXII., justly alarmed by the conquests of the Mussulmans, instituted a prayer to the Blessed Virgin, under the name of *Hail, Mary!* This prayer, for which the sweetest and most mysterious hour of the day had been chosen, that is, the close of day,* was said in France and England at the first toll of the curfew-bell. All Catholics then said three *Hail Marys* for the success of the Christian arms, and besought the Blessed Virgin that peace, union, and prosperity might prevail in every Christian kingdom. Louis XI., in 1475, instituted the *Angelus*, as it now is, in honour of the mystery of the Incarnation, and desired that, to the evening prayer offered up for the general peace of Christendom, one might be added at noon for the particular peace of his kingdom. His decree is thus conceived: "It is hereby ordained, that all Frenchmen, knights, men-at-arms, and clowns, do kneel *on their two knees* at the stroke of noon, cross themselves devoutly, and offer a prayer to Our Lady for the maintenance of peace."

The ordinance was executed with an exactness which proves how popular was the devotion to Mary. During the fifteenth century, at the first stroke of the *Angelus*, there was not a single Frenchman in the houses, in the streets, in the fields, or on the highways, who did not prostrate himself to invoke the Blessed Virgin. That duty fulfilled, the wayfarer and traveller arose and went on his way.†

In those immense processions, the head of which was at St. Denis when the end was still on the steps of Notre Dame,‡ the Virgin's banner of mohair, embroidered with gold, was borne high over all the other sacred ensigns, and was carried immediately after the cross. Kings, queens, bishops, and burgesses of high degree, were all members of our Lady's confraternity,§ and in pious assemblies

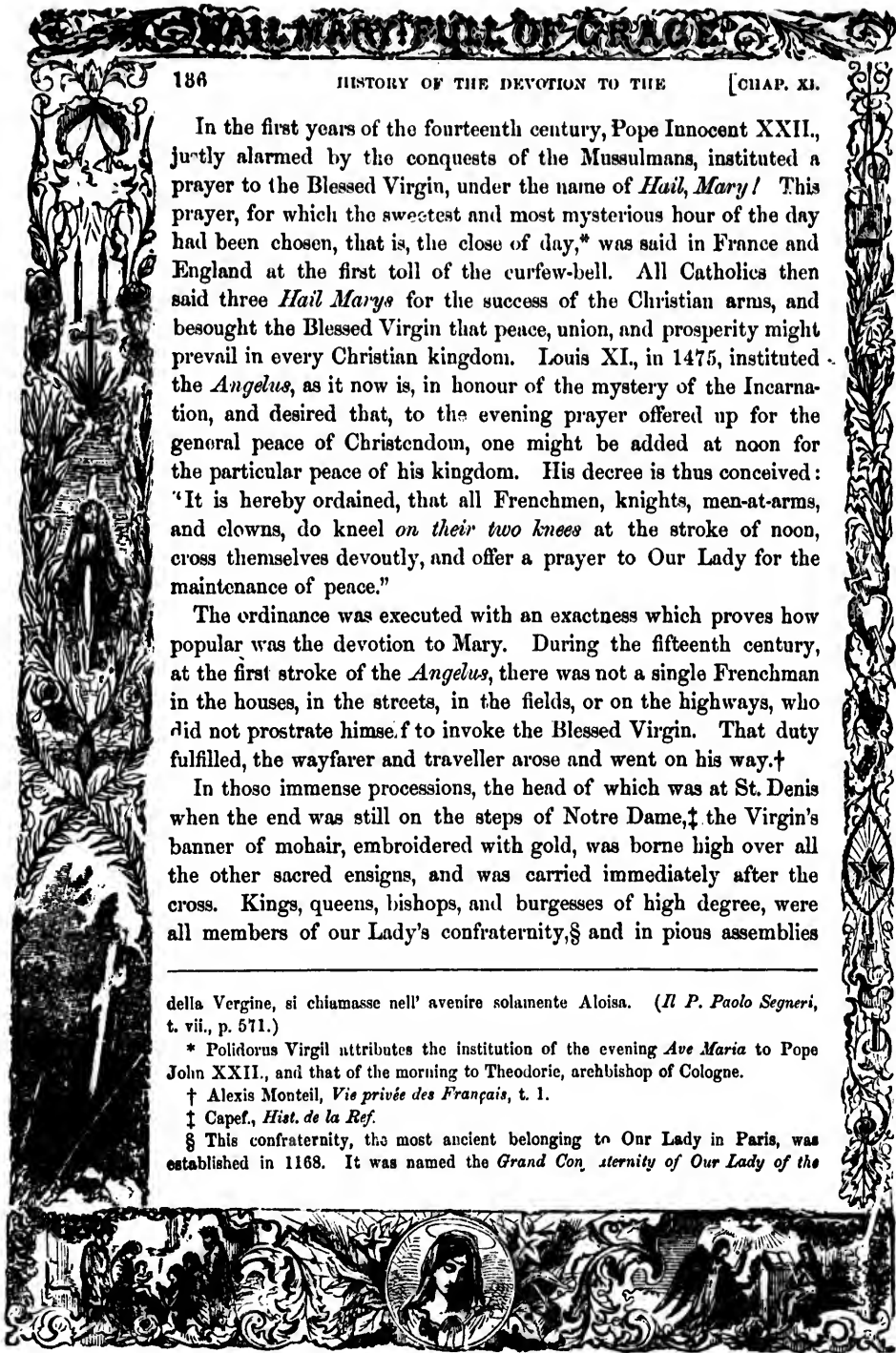
della Vergine, si chiamasse nell' avvenire solamente Aloisa. (*Il P. Paolo Segneri*, t. vii., p. 511.)

* Polidorus Virgil attributes the institution of the evening *Ave Maria* to Pope John XXII., and that of the morning to Theodorie, archbishop of Cologne.

† Alexis Montell, *Vis privée des Français*, t. 1.

‡ Capel, *Hist. de la Ref.*

§ This confraternity, the most ancient belonging to Our Lady in Paris, was established in 1168. It was named the *Grand Confraternity of Our Lady of the*



the gold embroidered hoods of princes were seen side by side with the blue and red hoods of the Parisian citizens.

At every corner of the streets, a little statue of Mary, rudely carved in oak, blackened by time, and covered with a veil of antique lace, raised its guardian head above a pile of flowers, which the good people renewed every morning when the trumpets announced the dawn from the towers of the Châtelet.* Sometimes these flowers, placed there secretly before daybreak, were taken for the gifts of angels, who came, it was said, to teach Christians to honour their Queen. During the night lamps burned continually in these little grayish niches, which on Saturday were illuminated all day long.† This was the first lighting of streets, and though it was less brilliant than that now in use, it had, at least, one great advantage: it was connected with a pious thought, calculated to excite reflection amongst a believing people. The mystic lamps of the Madonnas, shining here and there like a light chain of stars, through the perfumed stems of flowers, seemed to say to the nightly wanderer, intent on crime, There is on this slumbering city an eye which never closes, but watches for ever over those silent and deserted streets—the eye of God!‡

These little corner-Madonnas, though not so richly adorned as those which figured in massive silver over altars of marble and gold, were none the less dear to the people. Young men and women came there from all sides, in procession, barefoot and crowned with flowers, singing the Litanies of the Blessed Virgin; every one followed them, let the time be what it might, and the crowd was sometimes so dense that the street was completely blocked up. A

Lords, Priests, and Citizens of Paris. The king, the queen, and the bishop of Paris, were members, and none but the most exemplary persons were received into any of the three orders of the confraternity. (Le Maire, t. ii., p. 79.—*Trait de la Police*, t. i. p. 372.)

* Alex. Montell, t. i.

† *Hist. de Notre Dame de la Paix*, par le P. Meiard, Capucin.

‡ It is still the only lighting of several towns in Italy. The following are the words of an author who wrote in 1803: "Il popolo è devoto alle Madonne, per cui ve ne sono in ogni angolo delle strade con fnali accessi di notte. Essi tengono illuminate le strade, e così la divozione supplisce alla polizia."—(*Descrizione di Napoli*, p. 269.)

little cedar statue, about a foot high, which had belonged to the house of Joyeuse, and which stood between two pointed turrets over the gate of the reverend Capuchin fathers in the Rue St. Honoré, came near being the cause of a civil war on a small scale, between two of the wards of Paris. Some persons of more zeal than prudence would fain carry off the miracle-working Madonna, to enrich their own parish. The people of the neighbourhood came to hear of their intention, and forthwith took up arms, mounted guard day and night before the tutelary Virgin, and made up their minds to chain the street across. Tranquillity was only restored by the formal translation of the sacred image to the very church of the convent.*

The Queen of Heaven, who inspired the armies of the middle ages with the confidence of victory, reigned over the fleets and merchant vessels of that fifteenth century, which was justly styled the age of discoveries. Christopher Columbus undertook the discovery of the New World under the auspices of the Virgin, whose office he read on board his ship, from a precious manuscript given him at his departure by Pope Alexander VI., and which he bequeathed at his death to the republic of Genoa, his native country. Don Henry of Portugal, who presided over and promoted the discovery of the East Indies, raised a church at Belem in honour of Our Lady, accompanied by an hospital for Portuguese sailors. John Goncalvo Zaius, his first and ablest navigator, had a church built to Our Lady in Madeira. When the Portuguese, under the direction of Vasco de Gama, landed for the first time on the coast of Comandel, where they expected, on the faith of some old tradition, to find some of St. Thomas's Christians, they were conducted by the natives to the temple of an Indian goddess, whom they had the simplicity, notwithstanding her four arms and her long golden ears, to take for the Blessed Virgin, and prayed to her accordingly. One of them, however, began to have some doubts, and cried out, as he looked at the hideous features of the idol, resembling nothing less than the fair, sweet Virgin of the Christians: "If the devil be worshipped here, which is very possible, it is well understood that we are only addressing our prayers to the Mother of God!"

* See *Hist. de Notre Dame de la Paix.*



After establishing themselves in the Indies, the Portuguese, faithful in their devotion to Mary, dedicated to her in Goa, a superb church, wholly gilt in the inside, styled *Our Lady of Asara*, or Mercy. Several other churches, such as *Our Lady of Cranganor* and of *Meliapour*, arose, by their means, in several parts of India, even to the mouth of the Ganges, the sacred river of Hindostan. There was then amongst them a pious practice of offering to Mary the tenth part of the booty obtained from the heathen, and that custom caused the construction of many private chapels in her honour. Even in our days their vessels never pass in sight of the Virgin's chapels, situated along the coast of their superb Macao, without saluting them with discharges of all their guns.* The Spaniards, no less devout than the Portuguese to the divine Mother of the Saviour, bore on their gold-laden galleons her statue in massive silver, before which the brave Castilian mariners of Isabella the Catholic said their morning and evening prayers. At a somewhat more recent period, the buccaneers of the Island of Tortue, having taken one of these images in a naval engagement, the Spaniards, robbed of all they possessed, thought only of recovering their revered Madonna. The governor-general opened a negotiation with the pirates, solely to save the *Santa Senora* from the profanations to which she was exposed amongst those lawless men who gloried in living without any religion, but they refused to give it up.

Italy—then conspicuous amongst all Catholic kingdoms by the revival of the arts—consecrated the pallet of her painters, the chisel of her sculptors and the pen of her poets, to celebrate the greatness of Mary.

From Cimabuë, who founded the Italian school about the year 1240, to Carlo Maratti and Salvator Rosa (who are considered its last masters), that is to say, for a period of five centuries, religious painting produced a series of master-pieces to which the history of the Blessed Virgin contributed the largest share. Raphael, then fine, poetical, and pious as an angel, was the first to divine, in his admirable *sposalizio*, the noble yet simple bearing, the fair and

* *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith.*



SHALL MARSHALL OF GRACE

serious countenance, the celestial attitude of the Mother of divine Love and of holy Mercy. One would say, that on a day of fervent prayer Mary appeared to him seated on the clouds, with her angelic train, and that he painted her in her glory, such as he saw her. How many men of genius followed in the footsteps of that great master! Michael Angelo, Corregio, Titian, the Carrachi, Spagnoletto, Dominichini, that austere Carlo Dolci who consecrated his pencil to the Blessed Virgin, and the fierce Salvator who made pilgrimages to Our Lady of Loretto. What richness of imagination! What superhuman conceptions! What a profound sentiment of the holiness of their art amongst those great Italian masters! Those wondrous men, who disinherited the future and effaced the past, feared not to show themselves faithful servants of the Blessed Virgin; they lit tapers before her images, took off their *beretta* as they passed before them, said their beads like every one else,* and their greatest ambition was to adorn a Christian church with some sacred painting, for which they prepared themselves as a holy work. "Sound the trumpets, ring the bells," wrote Salvator Rosa to Dr. Ricciardi; "after thirty years' residence in Rome, after six whole lustres of blighted hopes and a life of continual tribulation both from man and heaven, I am at last called on, for once, to paint a picture for a high-altar!" † This is downright ecstacy, as we cannot but see. But, on the other hand, how Catholicism loved, encouraged, and protected the art which enriched its temples with so many master-pieces!—how the Holy See honoured and exalted the man of genius!—how it levelled heights and effaced social distinctions, to honour illustrious talents and to raise their possessors to a level with the rich and nobly born! Giotto, the peasant who left his flock in a romantic Tuscan valley to work in the school of Cimabuè, was the *protégé* of Pope Clement V.; and it was the successor of St. Peter who first sought out the artist. Michael Angelo, destined by his father for a weaver of wool, was honoured with something more than the favour, he possessed the confidence and

* There is still to be seen in the domestic chapel of Michael Angelo, in Florence, large rosaries which belonged to him, and which he took with him on his travels.
 † *Lettere di Salvator Rosa al dott. Giov. Batista Ricciardi*, Lettera 20.



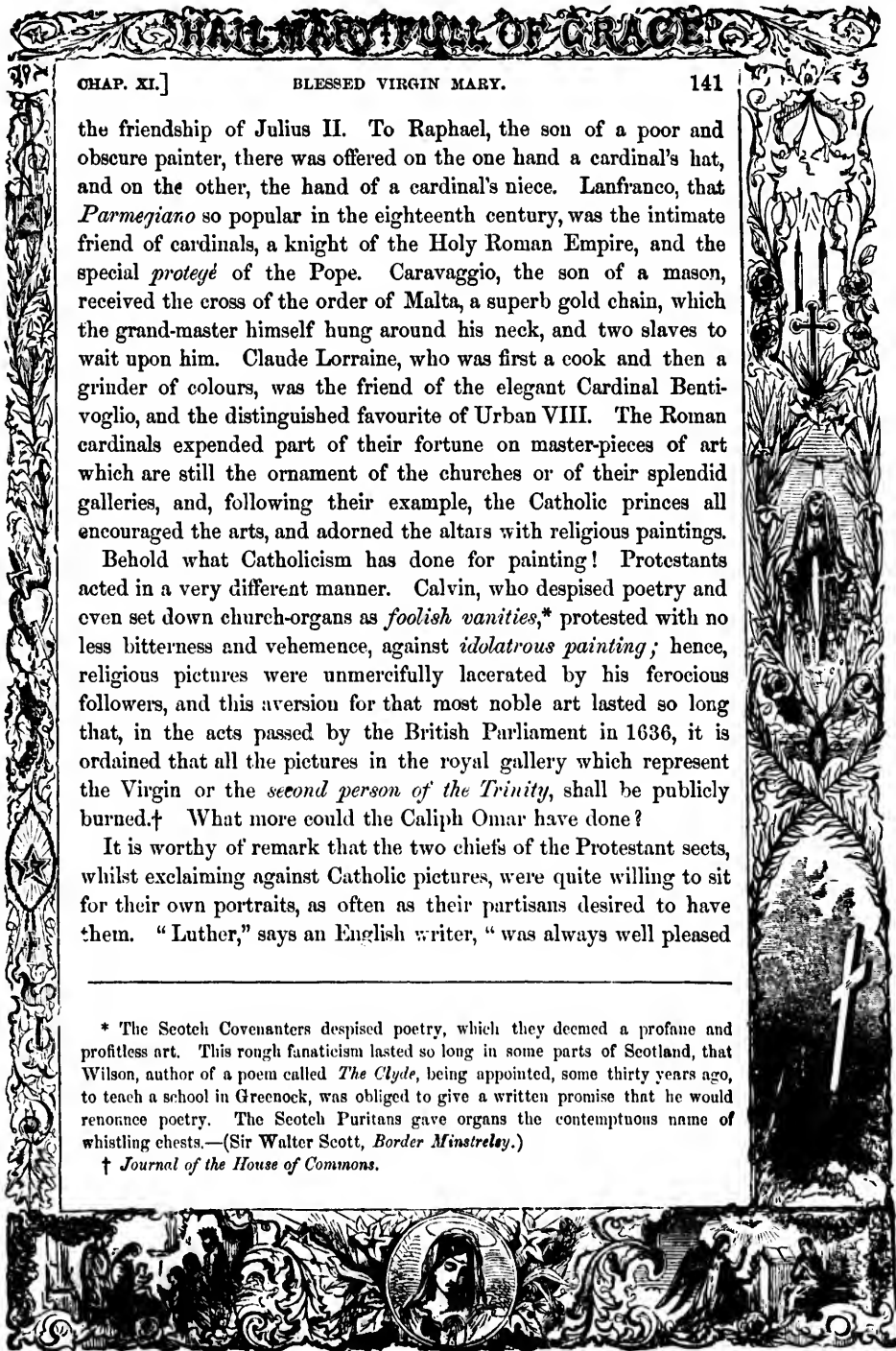
the friendship of Julius II. To Raphael, the son of a poor and obscure painter, there was offered on the one hand a cardinal's hat, and on the other, the hand of a cardinal's niece. Lanfranco, that *Parmegiano* so popular in the eighteenth century, was the intimate friend of cardinals, a knight of the Holy Roman Empire, and the special *protegé* of the Pope. Caravaggio, the son of a mason, received the cross of the order of Malta, a superb gold chain, which the grand-master himself hung around his neck, and two slaves to wait upon him. Claude Lorraine, who was first a cook and then a grinder of colours, was the friend of the elegant Cardinal Bentivoglio, and the distinguished favourite of Urban VIII. The Roman cardinals expended part of their fortune on master-pieces of art which are still the ornament of the churches or of their splendid galleries, and, following their example, the Catholic princes all encouraged the arts, and adorned the altars with religious paintings.

Behold what Catholicism has done for painting! Protestants acted in a very different manner. Calvin, who despised poetry and even set down church-organs as *foolish vanities*,* protested with no less bitterness and vehemence, against *idolatrous painting*; hence, religious pictures were unmercifully lacerated by his ferocious followers, and this aversion for that most noble art lasted so long that, in the acts passed by the British Parliament in 1636, it is ordained that all the pictures in the royal gallery which represent the Virgin or the *second person of the Trinity*, shall be publicly burned.† What more could the Caliph Omar have done?

It is worthy of remark that the two chiefs of the Protestant sects, whilst exclaiming against Catholic pictures, were quite willing to sit for their own portraits, as often as their partisans desired to have them. "Luther," says an English writer, "was always well pleased

* The Scotch Covenanters despised poetry, which they deemed a profane and profitless art. This rough fanaticism lasted so long in some parts of Scotland, that Wilson, author of a poem called *The Clyde*, being appointed, some thirty years ago, to teach a school in Greenock, was obliged to give a written promise that he would renounce poetry. The Scotch Puritans gave organs the contemptuous name of whistling chests.—(Sir Walter Scott, *Border Minstrelsy*.)

† *Journal of the House of Commons.*



to multiply his portrait and that of his homely rib.* His statue, erected at Wittenberg, is exposed to the veneration of the Lutherans of Germany, and M. Lermnier himself compares this veneration to that which Catholics bear to Our Lady of Loretto. Calvin, possessed by the same strange mania, drew on the Huguenots of France that judicious question of Baconay: "Why are ye so much opposed to paintings and images? Does not your own Calvin take pleasure in having his likeness multiplied, carved in Geneva with so much skill that his hollow eyes and countenance are vividly represented, and he is shown to the life ungainly as he is."†

Statuary also arose, graceful and majestic, under the inspiration of Mary. Greece had seated, erected, and reclined her statues; but she had not devised the suppliant posture of Our Lady of Dolors; she had not placed innocence and purity kneeling before God; she confided to Bacchantes, or to old Silenus, her fair marble children. Mary, bearing the infant Jesus in her arms, came to reveal both to art and to society the religion of maternity, and opened to sculpture the unexplored career of moral things. Sculpture revived, like her sister, in the classic land of art—fair, sunny Italy; like her sister, she was protected there by the princes of the Roman church, who had preserved the noble productions of the great masters of ancient Greece. A bull had been issued by the Vicar of Jesus Christ, for bidding the mutilation of ancient statues; and if the modern sculptor can yet study those master-pieces, he owes it to Martin V.

Benvenuto Cellini, one of the greatest artists of the time of Leo X., and one of the most dangerous bravos of Italy, had, nevertheless, a profound faith in the Virgin; vindictive as he was, and there was no one more so, he would not dare to draw his richly-chased stiletto from his silken sleeve, in presence of a Madonna. One day, when he had been cast into prison for his misdeeds, he thought he saw the Virgin, in the midst of the sun's disc, holding her divine Son on her knee, and looking down on him with the sweetest smile. "I saw her," says he, in a letter which is still

* *Memoirs of Salvator Rosa*, by Lady Morgan.

† *Archives Curieuses*.



extant, "I saw her clearly and distinctly, and I glorified God aloud."

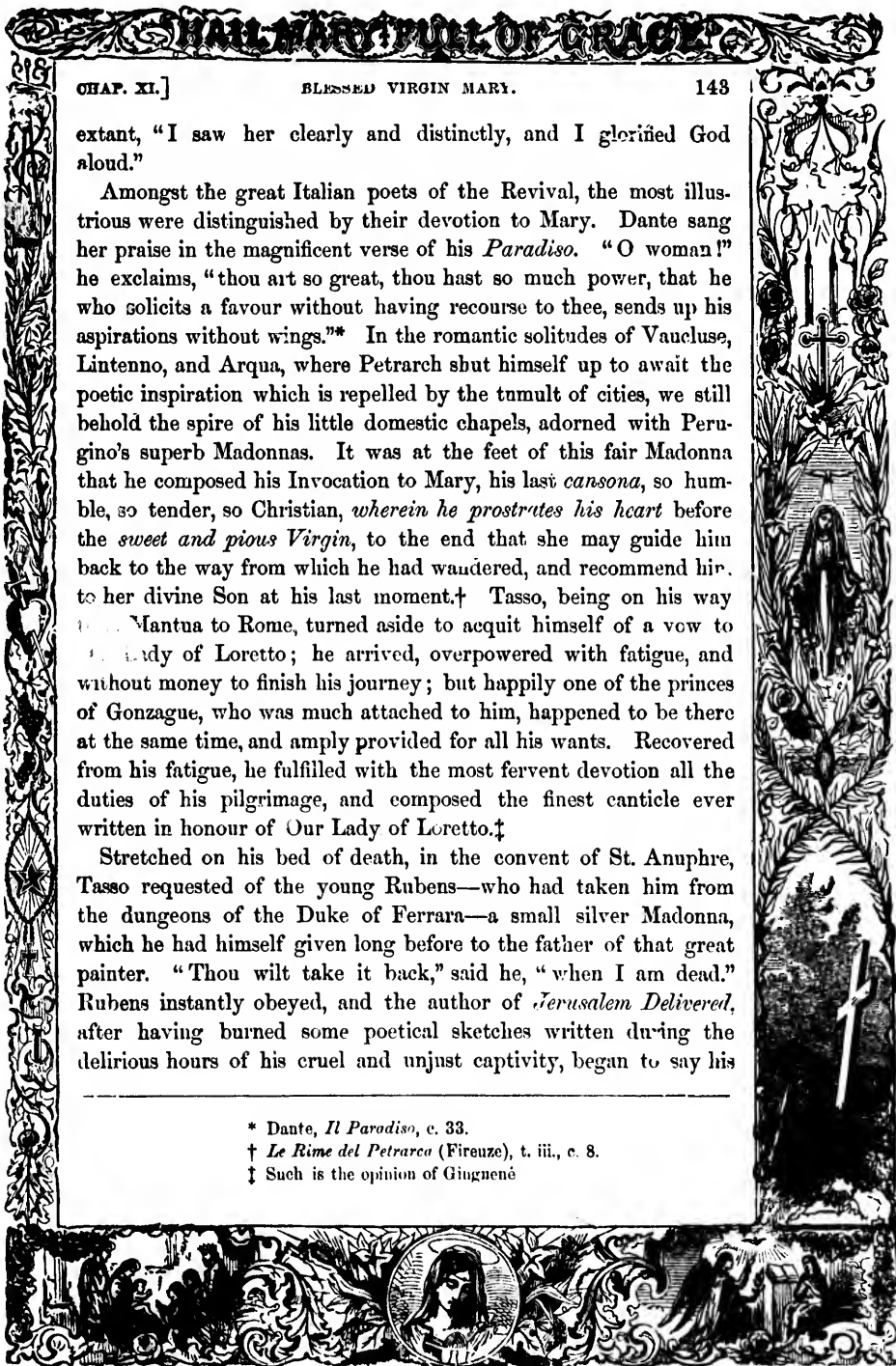
Amongst the great Italian poets of the Revival, the most illustrious were distinguished by their devotion to Mary. Dante sang her praise in the magnificent verse of his *Paradiso*. "O woman!" he exclaims, "thou art so great, thou hast so much power, that he who solicits a favour without having recourse to thee, sends up his aspirations without wings."* In the romantic solitudes of Vacluse, Linteno, and Arqua, where Petrarch shut himself up to await the poetic inspiration which is repelled by the tumult of cities, we still behold the spire of his little domestic chapels, adorned with Perugino's superb Madonnas. It was at the feet of this fair Madonna that he composed his Invocation to Mary, his last *cansona*, so humble, so tender, so Christian, *wherein he prostrates his heart* before the *sweet and pious Virgin*, to the end that she may guide him back to the way from which he had wandered, and recommend him to her divine Son at his last moment.† Tasso, being on his way from Mantua to Rome, turned aside to acquit himself of a vow to the Lady of Loretto; he arrived, overpowered with fatigue, and without money to finish his journey; but happily one of the princes of Gonzague, who was much attached to him, happened to be there at the same time, and amply provided for all his wants. Recovered from his fatigue, he fulfilled with the most fervent devotion all the duties of his pilgrimage, and composed the finest canticle ever written in honour of Our Lady of Loretto.‡

Stretched on his bed of death, in the convent of St. Anuphre, Tasso requested of the young Rubens—who had taken him from the dungeons of the Duke of Ferrara—a small silver Madonna, which he had himself given long before to the father of that great painter. "Thou wilt take it back," said he, "when I am dead." Rubens instantly obeyed, and the author of *Jerusalem Delivered*, after having burned some poetical sketches written during the delirious hours of his cruel and unjust captivity, began to say his

* Dante, *Il Paradiso*, c. 33.

† *Le Rime del Petrarca* (Firenze), t. iii., c. 8.

‡ Such is the opinion of Giuguené



SMALL MARYFULL OF GRACE

prayers in a low voice, clasping in his convulsed hands the sacred image which encouraged him to hope till the last. When the body of the great poet, so cruelly neglected during his life, was borne triumphantly to its last resting-place, Rubens could not bring himself to join the funeral procession; he hastened to take shelter in the most obscure corner of St. Peter's, in Rome, where, prostrate before the Virgin's altar, he prayed with great fervour, holding in his hands the little silver Madonna which he had taken from the icy hands of Tasso.

Music, purified by the tender and inspiring breath of the Blessed Virgin, was then beginning to revive under her auspices. In the fifth century, Sedulius, whose verses were considered very pleasing to her, had sung her praise in his *Carmen Paschale*. In the twelfth, a monk of St. Victor composed the Litanies, which accorded so well with the lofty arches of the cathedrals, the majestic tones of the organ, the white veils and scarfs of gold-brocade, and the roses scattered by the hands of innocent children. These Litanies were sung, during the middle ages and those which immediately followed, by the pilgrims as they journeyed to some shrine built on the sandy beach, or afar amid the granite and basalt of the mountains. That long series of divine titles and graceful appellations, broken only by the simple and most touching words, "pray for us," went floating on the wind to awake the slumbering echoes of the valleys, or to die away on the distant wave in many a plaintive cadence.

The Christmas carols—those joyous hymns so full of the memory of the Virgin of Bethlehem—sung by torch-light through the snowy fields, or by the antique cribs adorned with verdure and winter-flowers, were then the favourite song of all the French provinces. Our church-hymns have impressed on the music a noble and severe character, which fills the soul to overflowing, and plunges it into the infinite. The Christmas carols, more simple in their effect, gave it a tinge quite Arcadian. It is a bird-like song, which goes up gaily to God to celebrate a joyous mystery; it is a woodland perfume, which embalms the altar of the Saviour's youthful mother. The fresh and simple lays connected with these charming airs, all breathe the coolness of the woods, the smell of the white-thorn, the perfume



of the hive, and the bleating of lambs. It is the song of the people, the song of the shepherds, the song of Nature itself.

In the carols, Mary is always represented as a youthful Virgin, fair and pure, wrapping up in her linen veil the King of Angels, and too much absorbed in her joy to heed the bareness of the stable or the straw in the crib. The people, inured to privations of every kind, dwell not on the poverty but on the happiness of the Mother of CHRIST; it is like one of Claude Lorraine's paintings—all light. In the *Stabat**—that hymn of the 13th century which the Italians have so poetically styled *il pianto di Maria* (Mary's wail)—there is no longer aught of the joys of the Nativity, but all the terrors of the Golgotha. It is a strain burthened with the deepest sorrow, and breaking forth at times into heart-rending cries of anguish; it is the piercing recital of the sufferings of a mother, who sees an adored son expiring before her eyes. To understand the inconceivable sadness of that hymn, and the mournful mysteries which it reveals, it must be heard, as we have heard it, in one of those vast Italian churches where people pray with faith and sing with soul; one would say that the majestic voice of the organ is choked with sobs, and that the angels are weeping for their queen. No religion, since the world began, ever furnished such a theme for poetry and music as the *Stabat*. The sorrows of Mary at the foot of the cross call forth all the power of harmony and all the inspiration of poetry. That theme, although most effective as it now stands, is still far from perfection; to give it as it *ought* to be, or *might* be, would be the last and most sublime reach of art.

At the period of the Revival, those competitions in poetry founded in honour of the Blessed Virgin during the ages of chivalry, were still kept up with great pomp and splendour in Rouen, Dieppe, and Caen, under the name of *puy*s or *palinods*. The meeting was held in one of Mary's churches, and the successful competitor received from the *prince of the puy*s a golden palm.†

* It is thought that the *Stabat Mater Dolorosa* was composed by Innocent III., one of the greatest popes that ever ruled the church, and the founder of two great orders, the Dominicans and the Franciscans; others attribute it to Jacopone de Todi, St. Gregory, and some to St. Bernard.

† *Antiquités de la Ville de Rouen*



This was the germ of the French Academy. A little later, that of the Floral Games, which awarded a silver lily to the best piece of poetry on the Virgin, was established in Toulons, where it still exists.

In the fifth century it was said of Mary that she was *bonorum poetarum magistram*; in the fifteenth, she was still the queen of all the poets of the Christian world. The Britons, who had substituted the dialogue-ballad for the sacred and mystic songs of the Druids, almost invariably introduced an invocation to Mary. The Cantabrigians of Guienne, the bards of Provence, never passed a shrine of hers without going in to sing there (accompanying themselves with the lute or hand-organ) some pretty hymn composed in her honour, and it was said by those exemplary sons of song that the Madonna sometimes rewarded their simple strain by a smile or a graceful inclination of the head, which made them happier than the golden cups given them as guerdons by princes whose victories they sang. The descendants of the English bards—who sang, like the birds of the air, now in the shadow of the cloister, anon in the shade of the woods, to the sound of the Saxon harp—had no song sweeter or more admired than the ballads wherein they related some miracle of the Blessed Virgin. Italian song, so highly extolled, began with the *madriale*, the hymn to Mary which the gondolier of Venice sang on his lagoons, the Neapolitan contadino in the shade of his vine, and the Sicilian fisherman in his light bark. Spanish poetry had, even in the middle ages, signalized its awakings by songs consecrated to Mary. In the thirteenth century, Gonzalo de Berceo, the first Spanish poet on record, styled himself the Blessed Virgin's poet, and Louis of Leon soon after created Spanish lyric poetry, the better to celebrate her name. In Germany, the Teutonic poets early softened their rude idiom for Mary, whom they sang, even in the sixteenth century, with admirable faith and charming simplicity. "Thou canst not choose but hear us," sang the most popular poet of Germany, Walter de Wolgelweide; "we delight so much in honouring thee!" Conrad de Wurzburg was no less devout to Mary. In the northern kingdoms, the Virgin's hymns superseded the fierce and warlike songs of the Scalds, of which none now remain except the funeral hymn of Regnier Lodbrog, that wild sea-



king, who wrote, on the dark walls of his dungeon, the sanguinary exploits which he had committed on the gloomy shores of the Baltic and the stormy German Sea, whose waves he had made *red as the fresh wound of a warrior*. In Lithuania, with difficulty converted to Christianity, the hymn to Mary replaced the canticles of *Milda*, the goddess of beauty, spring and roses; and the *bartinikas*, those roving minstrels of White Russia, who were regarded as inspired, and who presided at the musical choruses of the feast of crops and the still more joyous feast of flowers, abandoned, in the fifteenth century, the god *Sotwaros*, their eastern Apollo, to seek their poetic inspiration from Mary, who was proclaimed Grand Duchess of the Lithuanians.*

The Virgin, who vivified the arts, watched ever and always over the preservation of empires, and the sweet Queen of Heaven had still for her vassals the kings of Catholic Europe in general, and those of France in particular. In 1478, King Louis XI. detached the earldom of Boulogne from Artois, and transferred it to the Virgin Mary, whom he declared Countess of Boulogne. In payment of his feudal debt, he laid on her altar a golden heart of the weight of thirteen marks, and engaged that his successors on the throne should be bound to renew the homage and the offering to the Virgin *suzeraine*. It is well known that this cruel, but politic prince, disdainful of pomp even so as to fall into the opposite extreme, wore no other ornament in his public audiences than a small leaden Madonna in his royal hat. He was accustomed to say that he thought more of that little bit of lead than of all the gold in his kingdom.

He was buried, according to his orders, in the church of Our Lady of Clery. So particular was he about the execution of this command, that Pope Sixtus IV., at his request, forbade any one, under pain of excommunication, to remove the body of Louis to any other place.

Anne of Brittany, who was twice queen of France, built chapels to the Blessed Virgin and wished that her scapular might be placed in the golden box wherein her heart was to be sent to the Bretons.

* *Sketch of the Pagan religion and the popular traditions of the Lithuanians*, by Felix Wrotnowski.



The tomb of Francis II., last Duke of Bretagne, having been opened in the year 1727, there was found in the vaults, between the coffin of that prince and that of Marguerite de Foix, a small leaden chest containing a golden box shaped like a heart, surmounted by a royal crown, and encircled by the cord of the Franciscan Order, all of exquisite workmanship. This box, which had enclosed the heart of Queen Anne, then contained only a little water, and the remains of the scapular which the pious princess had worn in honour of Mary.

Francis I., having learned that a certain Huguenot had had the audacity to strike off, in the very heart of Paris, the head of an image of Our Lady, made a solemn act of reparation to the Mother of God, walking barefoot and bareheaded, with a taper in his hand. The lords of the court and the members of parliament walked in procession after the monarch, who replaced, with his own hands, on the altar where the mutilation had taken place, a magnificent statue of the Virgin.*

In Spain, the work commenced by Prince Pelagius, under the auspices of Mary, to deliver the peninsula from the Moors, was consummated by the taking of Grenada. The first war-cry of Spanish independence was *Mary!* in the cave of Covadonga; this victory was gained under her banner, by Ferdinand the Catholic, who had engraved in gold, on his good Toledo blade, the guardian image of Our Lady, and on his banners was inscribed: *Ave Maria.*

* P. de Barry, *Paradis*, etc.



CHAPTER XII.

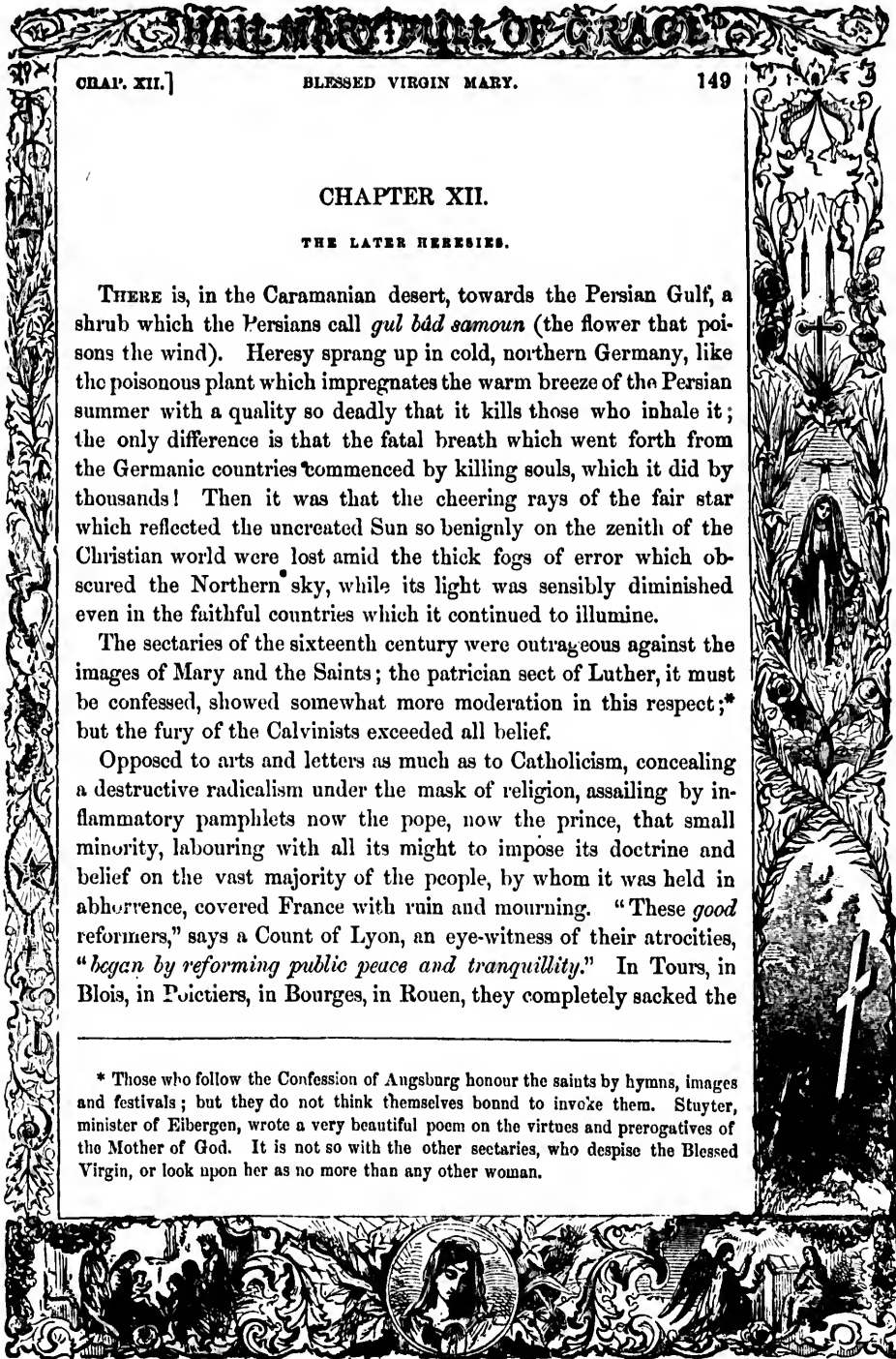
THE LATER HERESIES.

THERE is, in the Caramanian desert, towards the Persian Gulf, a shrub which the Persians call *gul bad samoun* (the flower that poisons the wind). Heresy sprang up in cold, northern Germany, like the poisonous plant which impregnates the warm breeze of the Persian summer with a quality so deadly that it kills those who inhale it; the only difference is that the fatal breath which went forth from the Germanic countries commenced by killing souls, which it did by thousands! Then it was that the cheering rays of the fair star which reflected the uncreated Sun so benignly on the zenith of the Christian world were lost amid the thick fogs of error which obscured the Northern sky, while its light was sensibly diminished even in the faithful countries which it continued to illumine.

The sectaries of the sixteenth century were outrageous against the images of Mary and the Saints; the patrician sect of Luther, it must be confessed, showed somewhat more moderation in this respect;* but the fury of the Calvinists exceeded all belief.

Opposed to arts and letters as much as to Catholicism, concealing a destructive radicalism under the mask of religion, assailing by inflammatory pamphlets now the pope, now the prince, that small minority, labouring with all its might to impose its doctrine and belief on the vast majority of the people, by whom it was held in abhorrence, covered France with ruin and mourning. "These good reformers," says a Count of Lyon, an eye-witness of their atrocities, "*began by reforming public peace and tranquillity.*" In Tours, in Blois, in Poitiers, in Bourges, in Rouen, they completely sacked the

* Those who follow the Confession of Angsburg honour the saints by hymns, images and festivals; but they do not think themselves bound to invoke them. Stuyter, minister of Eibergen, wrote a very beautiful poem on the virtues and prerogatives of the Mother of God. It is not so with the other sectaries, who despise the Blessed Virgin, or look upon her as no more than any other woman.



churches, mutilated the statues of the Saints and dragged the images of Christ and his Blessed Mother through the mire, singing the Litanies in derision.* In Gascony, they buried Catholics alive, cut infants in two, ripped priests open and tore out their bowels. The dead themselves were not respected in their dusty sepulchres; the Huguenots tore Louis XI. from his tomb, burned what decay had spared, and audaciously flung to the winds the ashes of a king of France whose race still occupied the throne. The ancestors of the Kings of Navarre and the Princes of Condé were no better treated than Louis XI.; the tombs of the house of Angoulême (the reigning house) shared the same fate. The lords of Longueville were taken but half decayed from their coffins, and thrown to the dogs.†

The Count-Canon Saconay, who lived near the time of the Huguenots, of whom little good was then to be told, has left us the relation of their doings in the churches of Lyon. "Ruffi, one of their principal preachers," says he, "with a two-handled sword, which he wore while preaching, like a St. Paul in painting, entered with his satellites into the great church of St. John, where he beat down and demolished a crucifix of great height, which was in the middle of said church, partly of solid silver and the rest overlaid with the same precious metal. Having thrown it down, Ruffi fell on it with great fury, setting his feet on its head; and seeing some of his soldiers and ministers drawing nearer than he wished, fearing lest they might *secure the silver*, he drew his huge sword, and brandished it five or six times. 'What!' said he, '*am I not to be respected? shall any other have the glory of smiting this great idol before me?*' So saying, he struck off the head of said likeness of Jesus crucified, and held it up, saying, '*Behold the head of the idol.*' But *what was not of solid silver, he left to the others.*

"The lesser thieves must needs have their share of the plunder; they scraped the gold or silver images so as to get a mouthful for themselves before they handed them over to the greater thieves. From an angel they took a wing, from a saint an arm, from a virgin

* *Archives Curieuses de l'Histoire de France.*—Capefigue.—Astolfi

† *Archives Curieuses.*—Capefigue, *Hist. de la Ref.*

the head, &c. They melted down a massive silver crucifix which was in the church of St. Stephen, saying in derision that the poor crucifix had been a long time cold, being naked, but that they would give it such a warming that it should never be cold again. They likewise melted the copes, and other ornaments of the altars which were of knapped cloth of gold, and could not but make great profit of the same, which were of the value of ten thousand crowns. Truly theirs was a hot and a fiery gospel. . . ."

The hermitages, whose little secular spires invited the belated traveller to turn aside, promising him, in the Virgin's name, a lodging for the night, a frugal meal and a kindly welcome; these were demolished by the Calvinists, who had the cruelty *to shoes*, as they did their horses, the pious old men who inhabited those calm retreats.*

The priests fled with the relics, the crucifixes and the statues of Our Lady, as in the time of the Norman invasion; one of them went all the way to Galicia, (where it still remains,) to hide the image of Our Lady of Beth-Aram, which shepherds of the olden time had miraculously found in the woods.†

In Paris, under the very eyes of the court which then protected them, they massacred in St. Medard, during the sermon, a crowd of unarmed Catholics. The parishes, frightened by the insolence of these sectaries, who went to their conventicles dagger in hand and harquebuss on shoulder,‡ petitioned to have artillery placed at the entrance of the churches as a means of defence, and the day was seen when the ceremonies of Catholic worship could no longer be celebrated, in the most Christian kingdom, without the protection of a range of cannon.§ "It was then that they commenced in Paris,"

* *Archives Curieuses.*

† The chapel of Our Lady of Beth-Aram, which had been destroyed by the Huguenots, was rebuilt in 1615, by John de Salette, bishop of Lecar; but the miraculous image was wanting.

‡ The Calvinists went to meeting armed to the teeth; they were met journeying thus in hostile array, twelve cavaliers, accompanied by twenty footmen.—(*Archives Curieuses.*) These *evangelical* people, who came forth from their conventicles with fierce looks and threatening gestures, according to the testimony of Erasmus, were always ready to take up arms, and as ready to fight as to dispute.

§ *Arch. Cur.* etc.



says M. Capestigue, "a war of popular pamphlets destined to annihilate all the old belief; they posted placards against the Eucharist, and especially against the Mass, even in the palace of the Louvre. The walls of the churches and posts in the squares, displayed every morning that thirst for proselytism which distinguished the Reformers.*

After having gone to the most unheard-of excesses, so as to exasperate the Catholic population to the last degree, the Huguenots published a number of hypocritical apologies, wherein they set themselves forth as martyrs. "Protestantism," says M. de Chateaubriand, "cried out against the intolerance of Rome whilst slaughtering Catholics in England and France, throwing to the winds the ashes of the dead, kindling funeral-piles in Geneva, perpetrating all manner of atrocities in Munster (Germany), and dictating the vile penal laws which oppressed the Irish, and do, in great measure, oppress them still, after three centuries of persecution!"†

Kings were not more quiet than the people, and the throne was no less menaced than the altar. "These people are disturbers of the public peace," said Henry VIII., sending them to the stake with the English Catholics. "I see anarchy through their banner," said Francis I. In fact, Luther established the principle that it is lawful to make war on sovereigns for the propagation of Protestantism;‡ and the Calvinist preacher, des Rosiers, laid down in his pamphlets this maxim, which he subsequently applied to Catherine de Medici: *It is lawful to kill a king or queen who opposes the reformation of the church.*§

This insolence and these subversive theories, duly carried out, drew down on the authors of our civil discord, the heaviest and most

* Capestigue.

† M. de Chateaubriand, *Essai sur la Litt. Ang.*, t. i.

‡ This was also the opinion of Calvin, who added: "The powers of the earth give in their resignation when they oppose the progress of our doctrine. . . . It is better to spit in their face than obey them." The Huguenots understood their apostles so well that Catherine de Medici found, in her very chamber, a notice that she should be stabbed if she did not dismiss all Catholics from about her person.—(Capestigue, *Hist. de la Ref.*)

§ *Ibid.*



severe reprisals; the policy of a prince exasperated to the last degree by an attempt of the Protestants on his person,* threw the whole court into an extreme party; it believed, what was really true, that the question was whether the kingdom was *to be or not to be*, and hence it was that a bloody page was added to our history. St. Bartholomew's day saved the house of Valois from the fate of the Stuarts,† and Catholicism from imminent danger. Still, it was an

* It must be acknowledged that if Charles, our king, was cruel to the Huguenots, it was not without just cause. The affair of Meaux, in particular, gave him great offence: the others might all be excused by some covering of religion; but that one might be truly called an attempt on the person of the king, his brother and the queen, whom they would gladly have put to death, if they could. Hence, the king often said that he could never forgive them for that, and well for him, he said, that he made a good show of defence amongst his Swiss, to whom he often said that he would rather die a king than live a captive and a slave. The transactions of Strove-Tuesday likewise touched him to the heart, and excited him still more against the Huguenots for having corrupted Monsieur his brother, and the King of Navarre, and inducing them to make war on him while he lay dangerously ill. "They might at least" said he, "have waited for my death; this was the worst of all."—(*Vie de Charles IX.*, par Br. p. 16.) It is to be remarked that the author was a cotemporary of Charles IX., that he lived at his court, that he boldly called the affair of St. Bartholomew a *base slaughter*, and that he no where assigned religion as its motive.

† Hear how Swift, a great politician and a distinguished member of the English church, judged the Calvinists in 1732: "The Puritans, who had, almost from the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, been a perpetual thorn in the church's side, joining with the Scotch enthusiasts in the time of King Charles I., were the principal cause of the Irish rebellion and massacre, by distressing that prince, and making it impossible for him to send over timely succours. And after that prince had satisfied his parliament in every single point to be complained of, the same sectaries, by poisoning the minds and affections of the people, with the most false and wicked representations of their king, were able, in the compass of a few years, to embroil the three nations in a bloody rebellion, at the expense of many thousand lives; to turn the kingly power into anarchy; to murder their prince in the face of the world; and (in their own style) to destroy the church, root and branch."—(*Swift's Works, Queries relating to the Sacramental Test.*) At the battle of Philliphaugh, in Scotland, when Leslie, the chief of the Covenanters, defeated the Marquis of Montrose, the Presbyterians massacred many of their prisoners in cold blood; others, as Wishart relates, "were cast from a bridge into the Tweed," whilst a Presbyterian minister, who presided at the execution, rubbed his hands and cried: "Bravely done!"—(*Border Minstrelsy.*) Under Cromwell the church of England was declared *malignant*, and the Puritans who had so loudly demanded freedom of conscience for themselves, shut up all the Anglican churches when they came into power. It is related by Evelyn that they went on Christmas Day, armed with muskets, into the English cathedrals, and insulted

inhuman step, which the religion of Christ must ever condemn, and the guilt of which she indignantly denies. Catherine and Charles dealt themselves with heresy; they annihilated the conspiring faction. The Catholic bishops protested against that act of intimidation and violence by sheltering the Calvinists in their palaces.* *This is the only fact omitted* by these sectaries, who took good care to magnify and exaggerate their losses in every possible way.

Ferdinand the Catholic, unwilling that the pernicious weed of heresy should make its way into the fair land of Spain, or dry up that truly Christian soil, debarred its entrance from the very outset by raising up the Inquisition, which arrested its audacious march at the foot of the Pyrenees.

Italy, then torn asunder by civil wars, was not so fortunate as Spain, and Protestantism there manifested all its horrors in the sack of Rome. The Constable de Bourbon had pointed out to his heretic soldiers the capital of the Christian world as a rich and defenceless prey, which they might strip almost at pleasure. From the spirit

the Anglicans who were preparing to take the Supper. Hence Swift said of them: "There is one small doubt I would be willingly satisfied in, before I agree to the repealing of the Test; that is, whether these same Protestants, when they have by their dexterity made themselves the national religion, and disposed of the church revenues among their pastors or themselves, will be so kind as to allow us dissenters, I do not say a share in employments, but a bare toleration by law? The reason of my doubt is, because I have been so very idle as to read above fifty pamphlets, written by as many Presbyterian divines, loudly disclaiming this idol toleration: some of them calling it (I know not how properly) a rag of Popery, and all agreeing it was to establish iniquity by law. Now, I would be glad to know when and where their successors have renounced this doctrine, and before what witnesses." Under the first Hanoverian princes, they began once more to cry out against Anglican persecution, and were answered with cutting sarcasm: "If the dissenters will be satisfied with such a toleration by law as has been granted them in England, I believe the majority of both houses will fall readily in with it; further, it will be hard to persuade this House of Commons, and perhaps much harder the next. For, to say the truth, we make a mighty difference here between suffering thistles to grow among us, and wearing them for posies."--(*Ibid.*)

* The bishop of Lizieux, Jean Hennayer, boldly prevented the execution of the king's order, by opening the doors of his palace to those Calvinists who insulted and outraged the Roman bishops. Several other prelates, and especially those of Bayonne, Valence, Vienne, Oleron, and Uzès, incurred the displeasure of the court by extending their protection to the Calvinists.

which animated the leaders of these disorderly hordes, we may form an idea of that of the soldiers: the Lutheran Colonel Frunsberg, who accompanied the constable to the siege of Rome, had a chain made of solid gold, taken from the churches, for the express purpose, he said, of strangling the pope with his own hand.*

Rome, without a single ally, and attacked unawares, still defended itself bravely, and, at the first assault, the Constable de Bourbon was mortally wounded by an arquebusade. He had scarcely time to order that his body should be covered with a cloak in order to conceal his death from his troops. But the precaution was useless: the ominous news quickly spread, "and the heretic soldiers," says a cotemporary historian who gathered his materials on the very spot, "the heretic soldiers thenceforward fought only in the diabolical spirit of revenge, to the furious cries of *sangre! sangre! Bourbon! Bourbon!* Nothing could resist these imperial bands mad with rage and thirsting for blood; the ramparts were scaled; the Romans gave way, and the fatal victory of impiety went on from street to street with so great fury that it seemed as though *hell were unchained* and fought under the banners of the Prince of Orange, who had the melancholy glory of accomplishing this criminal enterprise. "The arquebusades," says Brantome, in his *Life of Constable de Bourbon*, "the shouts of the combatants, the cries of the wounded, the clashing of arms, the shrill sound of the trumpets, the incessant roll of the drum urging the soldiers to the fight, kept up such a noise that the very thunder itself could not have been heard." So hotly did the victors pursue the vanquished that the latter had barely time to lower the gates of the castle of San Angelo, the stronghold of modern Rome, where the pope had hastily taken refuge with some of the cardinals. Even that could not have been done but for the chivalrous devotion of three young Roman nobles, descendants of one of those rare patrician families which authentically date from the time of Augustus. When all Rome lay at the mercy of the ruthless marauders and the princes of the Church rode for life or death towards the citadel, pursued by the lansquenets,

* Brantome, *Capitaines étrangers*, t. I.

three of the Orsini, Juannin, Antonio and Valerius, *brave and valiant lords*, says Brantome, and Jerome Mathei, rallied with *two hundred chosen men* at the head of the Sixtine Bridge, to keep back the Imperials and leave the passage free. The Prince of Orange, at the head of his heretic battalions, set upon them, *and the contest was right valiantly sustained on both sides. But, at length, the prince made such a furious charge that the Romans were forced to abandon the bridge which they had defended so bravely*; yet not before they had seen the iron gate of the citadel close behind the illustrious fugitives. "Rome being thus vanquished," pursues the same historian, "the lansquenets, *who were recently imbued with the new religion*, began to rob and massacre, not sparing even the sacred relics in the temples, the convents, or the ornaments of the Madonnas: *their cruelty extended itself even to marbles and ancient statues.* According to the usual practice of the Huguenots of those days, they mingled sacrilegious buffoonery with those scenes of blood and pillage. *Robed as cardinals, they made sham processions through the city, reciting the Litany of the Blessed Virgin in derision.* After having polluted themselves with crimes shameful either to tell, or to hear, these miscreants," observes Brantome, "went, nearly all to die at the siege of Naples a short time after, having previously lost, in one way or another, the gold sacrilegiously taken from temples and altars; which made the Spaniards say that *el diablo los avia dado, y el diablo los avia llevado*—that is to say, *the devil gave, and the devil took.*

In Great Britain, where the veneration of Mary, once so popular, was abolished by Henry VIII. and the fratricide Somerset, the people long regretted the Mother of Mercy, and often went back to pray, by the glimmering light of the stars, amid the desolate ruins of her plundered shrines. The Welsh peasants—the Armoricans of England—who had embraced Christianity before the invasion of the Saxons, could by no means reconcile themselves to the absence of the saints with whom they had adorned their ancient oaks, their Druid stones* and fountains. Watched and harassed as they were by the last Tudors, and afterwards by Cromwell, they could not

* In Brecknockshire, there is still to be seen a *menhir* of gigantic size which bears the name of *Mayen y Marynnion*, or the Virgin Mary's Stone - (Camden's *Britannia*.)

profess Catholicity, and gradually returned to a state bordering on paganism. Not many years have passed since the Anglicans talked of going to convert *these gross idolaters* who, for want of sympathy with the arid yet multiform thing called Protestantism, had fallen back on the worship of trees and brooks, as practised by the ancient Britons in the time of Cæsar.*

The people who dwelt along the Scottish frontier were just as unwilling as the Welsh to embrace the new doctrines. The border was, more than any other part of the kingdom, under the immediate protection of Mary, whose name was given to the clearest lake,† the most sparkling fountains, and the most picturesque sites. There stood Jedburgh and Melrose, two stately abbeys dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, and reared by the faith which worketh miracles, in a poor country continually torn by foreign and internal warfare. Who, of all the border troopers, had not asked and freely obtained hospitality at Jedburgh, in the Virgin's name? Was there a highland chief who did not doff his blue bonnet with its eagle's feather before the Virgin of Melrose, the most famous and the most frequented of the four great shrines of Scotland? The flags of its vast chapel covered all that the land had ever owned of brave and noble; heroes whose effigies reposed on their tombs, with their hands devoutly joined as though still invoking Jesus and Mary, two names which Catholics always unite. The Blessed Virgin reigned there over the living and the dead. By day, the place resounded with sacred songs, and by night, when the tempest roared and the flickering light of the moon illumined at intervals the richly-stained glass, set, as it were, in the light stone tracery of the windows, it seemed as though all the petrified wreaths and all the knightly banners which adorned the church quivered in the blast, and that the old Scottish lords, rising armed from their tombs, saluted the Blessed Mother of the Redeemer.‡

* Gordon's *Modern Geography*, p. 217.

† The beautiful lake of St. Mary (situated at the rise of the river Yarrow, on the Scottish border), which is often covered with numerous flocks of wild swans, took its name from a pretty chapel of Our Lady, which was formerly a favourite pilgrimage of the Scottish nobles of the border. The chapel has been destroyed, but the lake has still its sweet name and its snow-white birds.

‡ Who knows not Sir Walter Scott's charming description of the ruins of Melrose



Before the revered altar of Our Lady of Melrose, the English and Scotch, laying aside their hereditary hatred, were nothing more than humble and peaceable pilgrims. Chiefs of *clans* came there to pray for the souls of those who had fallen beneath their dirk or claymore in the course of a mountain-war or foray.* Sinners there bewailed their crimes before the *Comfort of the Afflicted*; and, rising full of confidence in her merciful intercession, went thence to found expiatory monuments whose name perpetuated the memory of their remorse.†

The Calvinist preachers, enemies of the arts as they were of the saints, destroyed Melrose and Jedburgh, with a considerable number of shrines of lesser note. Of all the splendour which once surrounded the Virgin of Melrose, there was left but one shattered fragment of an altar, which was soon overgrown by the rank grass and the

Abbey—a description marked by the exquisite taste of a painter and the research of an antiquarian :—

If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go view it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild but to flout the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruin'd central tower;
When buttress and buttrees, alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die,
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owl to hoot o'er the dead man's grave;
Then go—but go alone the while—
To view St. David's ruin'd pile;
And home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair!

(*Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto II.*)

* There is still extant a treaty of peace between two hostile clans, whereby the chiefs of both bind themselves to make the four pilgrimages of Scotland, for the repose of the souls of those who had fallen on either side. These four pilgrimages were Seone, Dundee, Paisley, and Melrose.—(Introduction to *Border Minstrelsy.*)

† These monumental penances were frequent along the borders; some of the buildings still remain, for instance, the *Tower of Repentance* in Dumfriesshire, and, according to vulgar tradition, the church of Linton, in Roxburghshire.—(*Border Minstrelsy, Int.*)

wild shrub, springing up amid the ruins. For some time after the destruction of the abbey, a dark shadow might be seen by night gliding beneath the broken arches of the chapel, and a murmur of human voices was heard to mingle with the voice of waters from the neighbouring Tweed. It was a monk stealing back to celebrate the divine mysteries for the few who were yet faithful to the old religion. These visits became at length so hazardous that the clergy were forced to give them up; but nothing could prevent the people from burying their dead in the lonely cemeteries of the old abbeys, and through a sense of propriety highly honourable to the Scotch, none but women were interred, for a long course of time, within the precincts of those grounds where the virgins of the Lord reposed.*

The first attempt of the Calvinists on the Scottish Highlanders was so discouraging in its result that they resolved on leaving the clans to their fate, hoping that the want of instruction, the privation of the Sacraments, and the total absence of all religious ceremonies, would eventually throw them into the net of Protestantism; which really came to pass in the course of time.†

Even in the reign of James VI., the Highlanders were so cool towards the doctrine of Geneva, that it was on their warlike clans the

* See *L. Johnson's Tour in the Hebrides*. The Highlanders of Scotland even now bury their dead in the old Catholic cemeteries. One of the most picturesque islands in Loch Lomond, called *Nun's Island*, is the burial-place of several clans; the tombs of the MacGregor chiefs, and some other noble families, who claimed kindred with the ancient kings of Scotland, are still to be seen around the ruins of the abbey-church, destroyed by the ferocious followers of Calvin and Knox.

† This policy was not only put in practice, but openly avowed by the Anglicans themselves. Swift recommends it as the best course to pursue, in his *Letters on Ireland*: "Their lands," says he, "are almost entirely taken from them, and they are rendered incapable of purchasing any more; and for the little that remains, provision is made by the late act against Popery, that it will daily crumble away: to prevent which, some of the most considerable among them are already turned Protestants. Then the Popish priests are all registered, and without permission they can have no successors; so that the Protestant clergy will, perhaps, find it no difficult matter to bring great numbers over to the church."—(*Swift's Works, Letter concerning the Sacramental Test*.) The Scottish borders were likewise subjected to this negative system, and if the people came not forth victorious like the Irish, they, at least, did not yield without a struggle; and if Protestantism finally prevailed, it was only after having destroyed the churches, and extinguishing the lights of the ancient faith.



SMALL MARTYR OF GRACE

king chiefly relied in his numerous disputes with his democratic church.* A hundred years after, they still prayed at times near the fountains which gushed out before the ruined chapels of Mary and the Saints, and the water from those springs was carried far and near to restore health to the sick.†

The associations connected with the veneration of Mary still live in the valleys and glens of the Highlands, and are found in the historical ballads sung by the peasantry. At one time it is a knight treacherously slain on some lonely moor, whose wounds are washed at Our Lady's fountain, and his corpse *waked* in Our Lady's chapel; again it is a noble baron who is buried at the foot of St. Mary's Cross, and at whose tomb Christians shall come to pray, *whilst Scotland invokes Our Lady's name*. The bard who thus sang, doubtless meant *forever!* At another time, knights are described as leaving their golden rosaries as a pledge of their faith, &c. In every danger, God and Our Lady are invoked: never one without the other.

The scattered remains of Catholicity took refuge in the north of Scotland, and there, protected by interminable heaths and ramparts of wild barren mountains, they maintained themselves in some solitary castles along the shores of the North Sea. There they prayed

* "Never," says a Scotch writer, "could the Calvinist clergy forget that they owed their elevation to the fall, or at least to the depression of royalty. In Scotland, the reformed church was, for nearly two centuries, either the declared enemy or the ambitious rival of its prince. The disciples of Calvin could hardly divest themselves of a tendency to democracy, and the republican forms of their ecclesiastical administration were often held up as a model for the state to follow. The theocracy, haughtily proclaimed, was rigorously exercised; the offences committed in the king's household fell under the insolent jurisdiction of the ministers. The prince was formally reprimanded for having neglected to say grace before or after meals, and for tolerating the amusements of the queen. A solemn malediction was pronounced against man, horse, or lance, that should assist the king in his quarrel with the Earl of Gowrie, a conspirator. The monarch's courtiers, present at the sermon, were compared to Aman, the queen to Herodias, and the prince himself to Achab, Herod; and Jeroboam. This excessive zeal was far from being agreeable to James VI.—(Sir W. Scott, *Hist. of Scot.*, and *Border Minstrelsy*.) Charles II. often said to his courtiers in confidence that Calvinism was not the religion of a gentleman.

† A Calvinist physician of the seventeenth century bitterly censured the people along the borders for having recourse, even in his time, to several consecrated fountains, to procure water for the sick.—(*Account of the Presbytery of Penfent*.)



HALL OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

for many a long year for the restoration of the Stuarts, invoking that Virgin whom the Stuarts honoured. Cardinal York, the last branch of that unfortunate family, had followed his brother to the tomb, and yet they prayed on, nay, there is little doubt but some of the simple mountaineers are praying still, unable to believe in the total extinction of that ancient race.*

Ireland, thoroughly Catholic, remained faithful in its devotion to the Blessed Virgin amid persecution the longest and most oppressive that the world ever saw. Under pain of losing house and home and the means of subsistence, the poor Irish were forced to pay the ministers of a religion which they did not profess, while every means were tried to induce or compel them to embrace its doctrines. Yet still they remained heart and soul attached to the faith of their fathers. Disinherited of their churches, they went stealthily to assist at the divine office in the secret vaults of their old castles, amongst the ruins of the monasteries, or in the gloomy caverns where the Druids had, of old, celebrated their bloody rites. They planted sentinels on the heights to protect the proscribed prayers and the priced head of the priest; for Protestant bloodhounds, who were known by the name of *priest-hunters*, attracted by the bait of the twenty pounds sterling given for the head of any ecclesiastic belonging to the communion of the church of Rome, tracked the *papists* through the woods and mountains as though they had been wild beasts. Happily, those fearful times are past, and the faithful Irish people now freely invoke Our Blessed Lady in that *green isle* of the ocean, so well deserving of its glorious title: *The Island of Saints*.

It was not in England alone that the devotion to Mary, swept away by the tempest of Protestantism, left numerous traces of its existence. The mournful and picturesque ruins of monasteries dedicated to Mary still occupy the fairest sites of Germany; many cities of the North still bear her name; so too with some of the gulfs of

* It is related by a famous Scotch writer, that, long after the death of Cardinal York, the restoration of the Stuarts was prayed for in the Catholic castles of Scotland. Many of the Scottish Highlanders cannot yet persuade themselves that the race of their ancient kings is extinct. "It is not that the Stuarts are dead," said one of them to a French traveller, "but that loyalty is dead."



Denmark; and Styria, Austria, Illyria, Switzerland, the Tyrol and the Grand Duchy of Baden still possess shrines whither the Catholic people from beyond the Rhine come to invoke Our Lady. By these ruins—still so majestic—of a devotion once so general, we may judge the extent of its former influence, even as we estimate the greatness of the shipwreck by the number of broken masts and tattered sails which float on the water.

The devotion to Mary regained in the New World what it had lost in the Old. Spanish and French missionaries, embarking with an image of Our Lady, whom they invoked during their perilous voyage, undertook, with the assistance of Mary—who rendered them strong, they said, *as an army in battle array*—to civilize and convert the two Americas. Landing on the unexplored coasts of the Western continent, they placed their *Madonna* beneath some over-arching canopy of palm-branches.

Warriors, when undertaking the conquest of foreign countries, take with them all that is necessary for the work of blood and destruction: arms, soldiers, parks of artillery; devastation precedes, and mourning follows them on their way. The Catholic missionaries marched to the conquest of the New World with an image of Mary, a rosary and a cross. Thanks to their almost superhuman labours, whole tribes came forth from the dens of the mountains and the shade of the great woods, and formed little colonies wherein Christianity was once more seen to flourish pure and fresh as in the first ages of the Church.

These religious, who enriched botany, history and geography with numberless valuable discoveries, became artists, and even mechanics, in order to instruct their neophytes, and led them on in the way of art and science as well as in that of salvation. Savages, who but a short time before feasted on human flesh, might then be seen taking hold of the architect's compass, the sculptor's chisel, the painter's pallet, and raising with their own hands temples to God and chapels to Mary. The repetition of the Rosary was the most suitable practice of piety for a hunting people; thus, at evening, when the shade of the tulip-tree and the magnolia lengthened over the glade or along the savannah, you heard the Angelical Salutation repeated in every savage tongue, throughout the American wilds. Mary was the



mother of the Indian as well as of the European, and she was not more piously invoked in the temple glittering with gold which the first Spanish conquerors built in her honour in Mexico and Peru, than in the rustic chapels, dedicated to her by the pious missionaries under the title of Our Lady of Loretto and Our Lady of Sorrows, on the banks of the great Amazon river and the river of the Hurons.

But the conquests of these faithful servants of God and of Mary did not end here: they explored the burning regions of Africa and converted the black princes of Guinea and Monomotapa. At the same time they penetrated to Ceylon, the Indian peninsula, Japan, and China; and wherever they went, Our Lady's image was treated with respect and veneration. The Mongolese ladies, bowing down before the Mother of Jesus, called her the *holy*, the *glorious* Mary; the Prince of Cashmere sent her tapers and other gifts, and the Grand Lama had a temple raised to her under the title of the Annunciation. The ladies of China offered her flowers and perfumes, and the Japanese, who, alas! paid dearly for their energetic devotior to the true faith, said the rosary on their long crystal beads, while walking through the streets of the idolatrous cities full of bonzes and pagans.*

These triumphs gained in far-off lands were not, however, the only consolations of Mary's faithful servants for the outrages of Protestantism. Scarcely had Calvin gone down to the grave when the naval battle of Lepanto was gained by the Spaniards, under the banner of the Blessed Virgin.† John Sobieski likewise did homage to the Mother of God for his famous victory over the Turks at the siege of Vienna, and his first care, on entering the delivered city, was to throw himself, *prostrate on the ground*, before the altar of Our Lady, where he chanted aloud a *Te Deum* of thanksgiving. The magnificent standard of the Mahometans was sent to Our Lady of Loretto,‡ and the Polish hero reserved to himself a trophy which

* *Lettres Edifiantes.—Annales de la Propagation de la Foi*

† The pope sent this blessed banner to Don Juan, who had it hoisted on his own ship.

‡ The length of this banner was twelve feet by eight in width. The border was



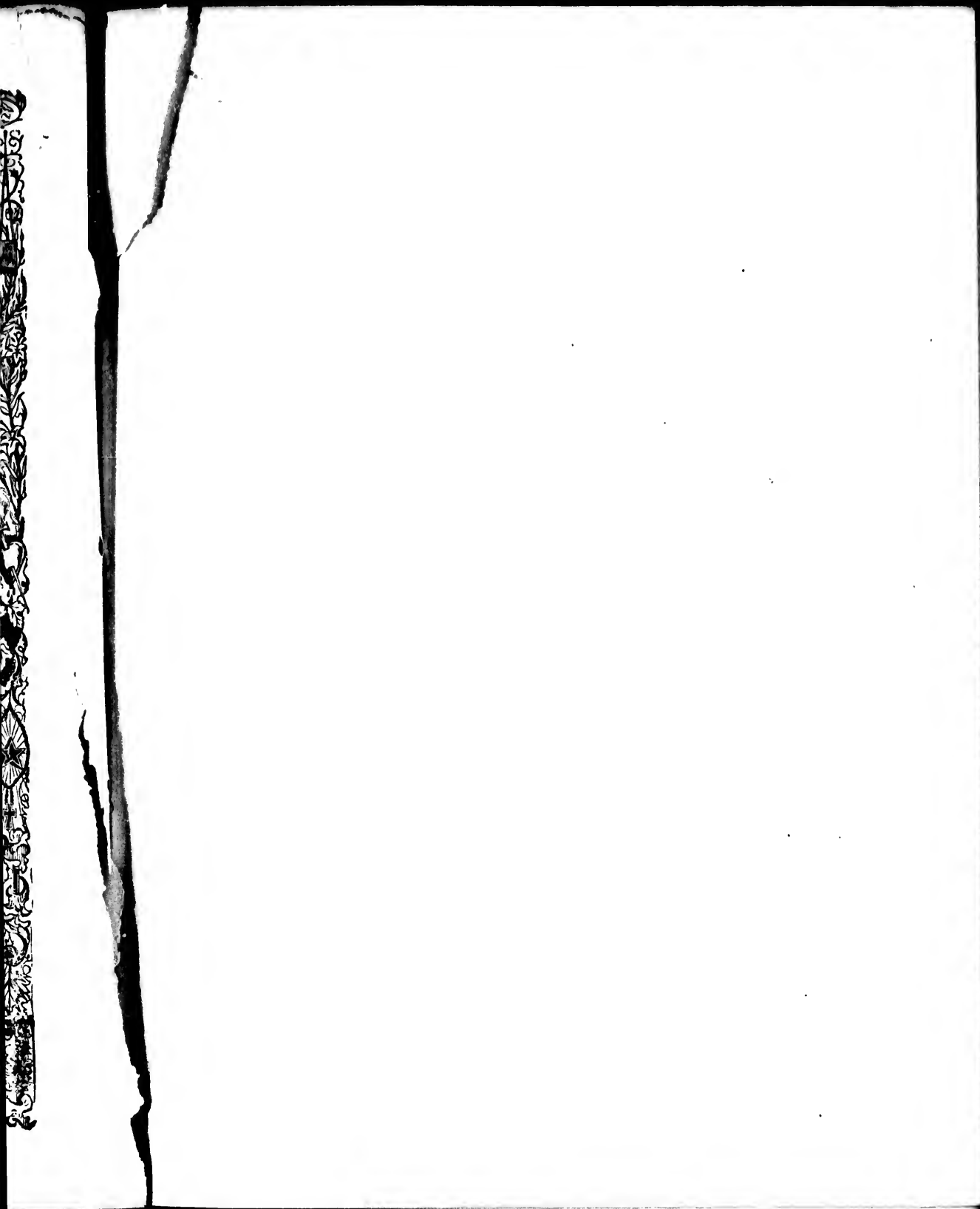
he said touched him more than all the others: it was an old picture—apparently very old—which had been found in the ruins of the village of Wishau. It represented Our Lady with two angels supporting her crown, and in their hands were scrolls bearing the Latin inscriptions: "*In hoc imagine Mariae, vinces, Johannes.—In hoc imagine Mariae, victor ero, Johannes.*" By this image of Mary, thou, John, shalt conquer.—By this image of Mary, I, John, shall be the victor."

This image was regarded as miraculous; John Sobieski intended it for his royal chapel at Zolkiew, and in the mean time it followed him through all his campaigns.

In the year 1647, the Emperor Ferdinand III solemnly consecrated himself, his family, and his empire, to the Queen of Heaven. A lofty column was erected in the grand square of Vienna in honour of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and her statue was placed on the top, with the moon under her feet, and her heel on the serpent's head.

Calvinism still agitated France, and its freezing influence, penetrating the masses, slowly but fatally cooled the religious sentiment; profane speech and impious scoffing have at all times a bad effect on the people, who cannot reason on their faith, and therefore lose or recover it according to the arguments which captivate their attention. The bare altars and devastated churches had no longer that holy prestige imparted by splendour and long traditions of homage. The Madonnas, stript and cast down from their pedestals, arose so poor and naked, that the heart and the feet turned away from their shrine. The clergy, calumniated, ruined, disparaged, had fallen into disrepute amongst the people, who, at heart impressed with a reverence for high birth, never respect their own equals. Finally, the abbeys having passed into the hands of military owners,

green and the centre red. It was of cloth, the ornaments being embroidered in silver, and the Arabic inscription in letters of gold. In the middle of this Mussulman flag, laid by the Polish hero at the Virgin's feet, was seen these words, strikingly contrasted by the Christian banners whereon the crescent fell before the cross: "There is no God but one, and Mahomet is his prophet."—(See *Hist. of Poland*, by Leonard Chadzko.)





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they took care to give them superiors who would merely act in the capacity of stewards over a community whose savings were no longer applied to the use of the poor, but to that of the officer or courtier who was the legal proprietor. This vile system, which would, of itself, have been sufficient, without the aid of revolutions, to ruin all the monasteries of France, continued even through the reign of Henri IV.,* notwithstanding the just complaints of the clergy, and was only abolished under Louis XIII. From the reign of Louis XI. till that time, the historian must glean one by one the facts which testify the devotion of the kings towards the Blessed Virgin. Louis XII., nevertheless, made a pilgrimage to Our Lady of Loretto, and Henri III. sent the Duke de Joyeuse there in 1585, with a magnificent equipage, to offer gifts and pay homage to the holy Madonna. The same prince, having founded the Order of the Holy Ghost, made it one of the statutes that *every knight should recite daily a decade of the beads.*

The beads were then the distinctive mark of Catholics. One of the conditions imposed by the Holy See on Henri IV., after his abjuration, was to say the rosary every Saturday, and the beads every Sunday.

Even in the end of the sixteenth century, people fasted, all over Catholic Europe, on the eve of the feasts of the Blessed Virgin, and no one failed to observe that pious practice. The profligate generals of Charles IX. and Henri III. took great pains to excuse themselves for having broken the abstinence on the vigil of the Assumption; some having done it, by mistake, going through Italy. One of the boldest and least scrupulous historians of the time deems it necessary to suppress their names, *in order to save their credit*, and protests that those gentlemen were wholly *forgetful* of the feast of the morrow.

The devotion to Mary—for some time on the decline—revived in all its splendour under Louis XIII. That prince, in order to thank the Blessed Virgin for the advantages he had gained over the Protestants, and hoping to obtain, through her intercession, an honour-

* See the *Memoirs of James Sobieski*



able peace with the European Powers who then made war upon him, declares, in an edict dated from St. Germain-en-Laye (February 10th, 1633), that "taking the most holy and glorious Virgin for the special protectress of his kingdom, he consecrates to her his person, his States, his crown, and his subjects, beseeching her to defend France against the power of her enemies, whether in war or peace." And, as a memento of this consecration, Louis promised to have the high altar of the cathedral of Paris reconstructed, and to place thereon an image of the Virgin, holding in her arms *her precious Son taken down from the Cross*, having himself represented kneeling at the feet of the Mother and Son, offering to them his crown and sceptre.

He also decreed, that every year, on the day of the Assumption, there should be a commemoration of his edict, at high mass, in all the churches of France; and, after vespers, a solemn procession, in which the magistrates and other functionaries of the different cities were to join.

Louis XIV. inherited his father's devotion to the Blessed Virgin. It was he who engaged Custou in 1723 to execute the group known as *the Vow of Louis XIII.*, together with the two figures in marble placed on either side, representing Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. offering their crown to the Virgin. That prince presented to the Church of Boulogne a sum of 12,000 livres, in place of the *ex voto* of gold which the kings of France, from Louis XI., offered as a tribute to the Blessed Virgin. He did his utmost to propagate the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, and obtained, in 1657, from Pope Alexander VII., a bull, which was confirmed by Clement XI., in 1668, ordaining the celebration of that festival throughout the realm of France. It was also at his solicitation that, in 1670, the Pope granted indulgences for the recital of the *Angelus*.

It was his wish to receive confirmation on the feast of the Immaculate Conception. This fact is attested by that inscription in the chapel of the Louvre:—

HAC SACRA DIE INMACULATÆ CONCEPTIONIS,
LUDOVICUS XIV, REX,
SUSCEPIT HIC SANCTISS. CONFIRMATIONIS SACRAMENTUM.



Beneath is the following :—

IMMACULATA DOMINA, SALVUM FAC REGEM.

Louis XIV. took from his mother, Anne of Austria, a great veneration for Our Lady of Liesse; he went there in 1652 and 1673, and twice with the queen in 1680. The pious Spanish princess, Maria Theresa, who never gave her royal husband *other grief than that of her death*, went thither also in 1677 and 1678. After the death of Anne of Austria, her son vowed fifty thousand masses for the repose of her soul in the principal places of devotion specially dedicated to the Blessed Virgin.

After the treaty of the Pyrenees, he sent his thanksgiving, together with rich gifts, to Our Lady of Chartres, Our Lady of Loretto, and Our Lady of Grace.

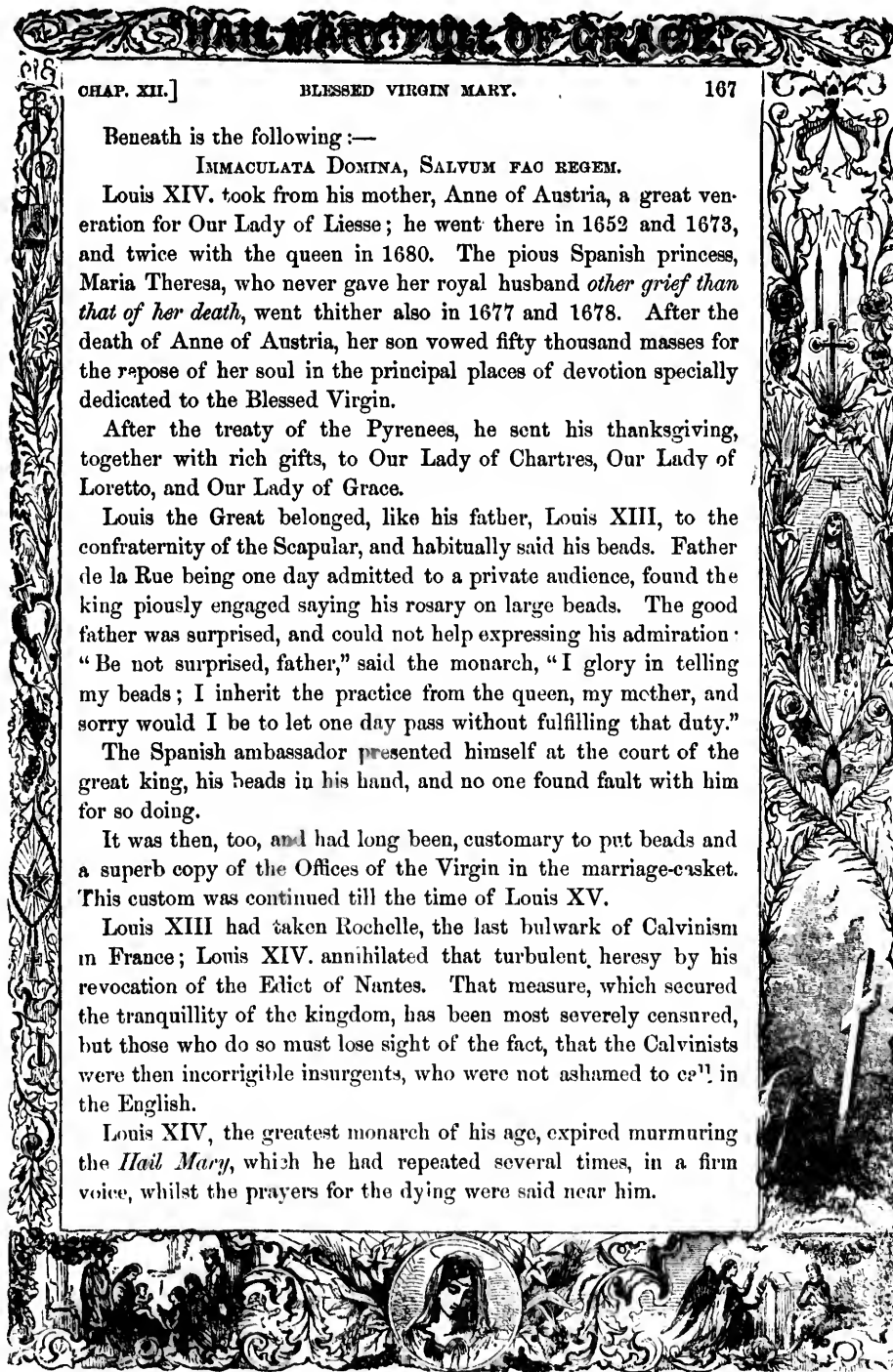
Louis the Great belonged, like his father, Louis XIII, to the confraternity of the Scapular, and habitually said his beads. Father de la Rue being one day admitted to a private audience, found the king piously engaged saying his rosary on large beads. The good father was surprised, and could not help expressing his admiration: "Be not surprised, father," said the monarch, "I glory in telling my beads; I inherit the practice from the queen, my mother, and sorry would I be to let one day pass without fulfilling that duty."

The Spanish ambassador presented himself at the court of the great king, his beads in his hand, and no one found fault with him for so doing.

It was then, too, and had long been, customary to put beads and a superb copy of the Offices of the Virgin in the marriage-casket. This custom was continued till the time of Louis XV.

Louis XIII had taken Rochelle, the last bulwark of Calvinism in France; Louis XIV. annihilated that turbulent heresy by his revocation of the Edict of Nantes. That measure, which secured the tranquillity of the kingdom, has been most severely censured, but those who do so must lose sight of the fact, that the Calvinists were then incorrigible insurgents, who were not ashamed to *ce* in the English.

Louis XIV, the greatest monarch of his age, expired murmuring the *Hail Mary*, which he had repeated several times, in a firm voice, whilst the prayers for the dying were said near him.



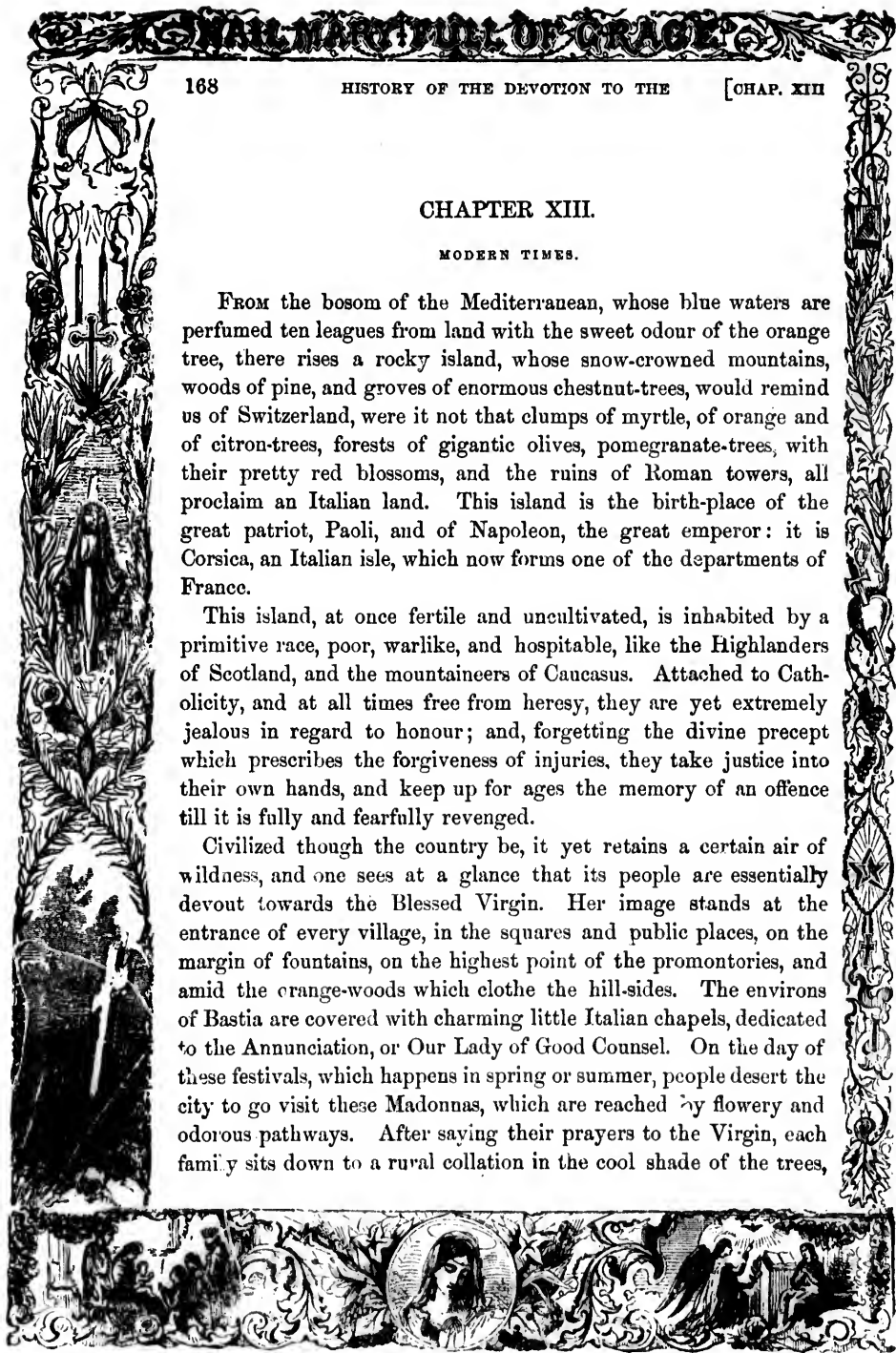
CHAPTER XIII.

MODERN TIMES.

FROM the bosom of the Mediterranean, whose blue waters are perfumed ten leagues from land with the sweet odour of the orange tree, there rises a rocky island, whose snow-crowned mountains, woods of pine, and groves of enormous chestnut-trees, would remind us of Switzerland, were it not that clumps of myrtle, of orange and of citron-trees, forests of gigantic olives, pomegranate-trees, with their pretty red blossoms, and the ruins of Roman towers, all proclaim an Italian land. This island is the birth-place of the great patriot, Paoli, and of Napoleon, the great emperor: it is Corsica, an Italian isle, which now forms one of the departments of France.

This island, at once fertile and uncultivated, is inhabited by a primitive race, poor, warlike, and hospitable, like the Highlanders of Scotland, and the mountaineers of Caucasus. Attached to Catholicity, and at all times free from heresy, they are yet extremely jealous in regard to honour; and, forgetting the divine precept which prescribes the forgiveness of injuries, they take justice into their own hands, and keep up for ages the memory of an offence till it is fully and fearfully revenged.

Civilized though the country be, it yet retains a certain air of wildness, and one sees at a glance that its people are essentially devout towards the Blessed Virgin. Her image stands at the entrance of every village, in the squares and public places, on the margin of fountains, on the highest point of the promontories, and amid the orange-woods which clothe the hill-sides. The environs of Bastia are covered with charming little Italian chapels, dedicated to the Annunciation, or Our Lady of Good Counsel. On the day of these festivals, which happens in spring or summer, people desert the city to go visit these Madonnas, which are reached by flowery and odorous pathways. After saying their prayers to the Virgin, each family sits down to a rural collation in the cool shade of the trees,



and give themselves up for a time to innocent amusement and social enjoyment.

In former times, Corsica had several cathedrals; most of them were built under the title of the Assumption; now, the most solemn feast of Mary is that of the Immaculate Conception. It is preceded by a novena, and is ushered in by the ringing of bells; the vessels are full-rigged, and the streets are strewn with myrtle. A solemn procession is formed, wherein the Brothers of the Conception, in penitential garments, and with lighted torches in their hands, precede the statue of the Virgin, adorned with a crown of silver, necklaces and bracelets of jewels. The procession makes the circuit of the city to the sound of martial music, whilst Mary's altars, profusely adorned with flowers, illumine the holy place with the light of their thousand tapers. It is a true Italian festival, radiant with light and joy, and full of religious enthusiasm.

In the country, the priest, or, perhaps, some venerable old man, recites the Rosary every evening, just as the village bell rings out *the death-bell of the dying day*.* Sometimes there is seen in the haze of distance, on the point of a steep rock, a dark figure, leaning on his carbine; it is an outlaw, who risks his life to join in the common prayer: for the Madonna is the last hope of these fierce yet believing men, who wear her image around their necks, and ask the shepherds in her name for a little milk and some black bread to sustain their miserable existence. Very recently, a young Corsican, a companion of the famous brigand, Santa Lucia, defending himself, though wounded and alone, against a whole regiment of the line and a posse of police, invoked the Virgin during that desperate struggle, whilst his friends, kneeling at the foot of the rock which was his last refuge, recited for him the prayers for the dying. "There is every reason to believe," says the record of this affecting scene, "that the last thoughts of this unhappy young man were raised to God, for there was found on his body a small medal

* Squilla di Contano
Che paila 'l giorno pianger, che si muore.
(Dante, *Purgat.*, l. viii.)



of the Blessed Virgin, which he held in his hands while his parents and friends prayed for him."

On the 30th of January, 1735, the nation assembled in general council at Corte to form a national government, after having thrown off the yoke of the republic of Genoa, elected the Blessed Virgin as queen of Corsica, and carried her banner during the last struggles of their expiring liberty. The two Paolis, Pascal and Clement, made this banner respected, being both devoted servants of Mary.* Clement, of whose history little is said, except by local tradition, made his soldiers recite the Rosary *on their knees* before every engagement. Some Englishmen, amazed at this custom, reminded him, on several occasions, that the enemy was before them, and that his kneeling soldiers could not defend themselves. "Let them pray, gentlemen," responded Paoli in his deep, martial voice. The prayer being ended, the Corsicans rose like lions, and not one moved an inch from his post, for soldiers who pray know not how to fly. The Vendéans taught this lesson to the French republic.

Pascal Paoli had two chapels built in honour of the Blessed Virgin: one at Pastoreccia, near Ponte-Nuovo, the theatre of that bloody battle which destroyed the nationality of Corsica, and where many of his friends lost their lives; the other at Morosaglia, near his own family mansion. During his exile, he built a third in England.

In the time of King Theodore, the national council had the words *Monstra te esse Matrem* stamped on their issue of gold and copper coins.

Napoleon took pleasure in saying that the Holy Virgin was queen of his native country. Whilst he was yet but a simple officer, he testified much devotion for a French Madonna in the chapel of the Ursuline Convent at Auxonne, and went often to pray before it. This statue was since removed to the parish church, where it is still seen.

* Pascal Paoli heard mass every day when in Corsica, and subsequently in England, in a chapel built by him in honour of the Holy Virgin.



The saturnalia of the Regency, and the corrupt reign of Louis XV, bring us to the last years of the eighteenth century, when religion was blighted by the pestiferous breath of false philosophy. The revolution of 1793 drove the Virgin from her altars and God from his temples. The order was given to close the churches and demolish every thing that resembled a Christian shrine. Alas! it was mournful to see the Calvaries thrown down, and the poor little Madonnas shattered to pieces where they modestly sheltered themselves beneath the green foliage of the woods. It was especially in Lower Brittany that devastation reached its height. "We may say, without exaggeration," says M. Émile Souvestre in his interesting work on the Bretons, "that, in certain places, our highways are paved with saints—regularly *macadamized* with heads, bodies, and limbs of Christian statues." Those unhappy days saw grievous profanations, but they likewise witnessed instances of self-devotedness that would have done honour to ancient times. Bretagne, in particular, offered a resistance, passive indeed, yet firm and persevering so as to tire out persecution itself. It gave way neither to fear nor anger. The Breton peasant, as he passed the empty niches where the Madonnas were wont to stand, took off his broad felt hat piously and reverently, and went his way sadly, murmuring a *Hail Mary*. On Sunday, he sat down with his family at the door of their dwelling, and remained in profound silence, with his eyes fixed on the village church* where he had so often invoked Jesus and Mary. "I will pull down your steeples," said Jean-Bon St. André the mayor of a village, "so that you may have nothing to remind you of your former superstitions." "You must leave us the stars, though," rejoined the peasant, "and they are seen farther off than our steeple." Their devotion, surviving their altars, acquired something lofty and melancholy, connected by sympathy with the religious ruins which covered the land. The Virgin, who had disappeared from their country churches, took refuge under their cottage roofs; and beneath the little earthenware statues, an hundred times more respected than the *lares* of the ancients, was

* *Voyage dans le Finistère.*



seen the inscription—"Holy Mother of God, vouchsafe to protect this dwelling." And I know not whether a *blue* would have dared to break that image thus sheltered in the household sanctuary; for there was often an old carbine under the green serge curtains of the Breton farmer; and if Bretagne is the land of religious sentiments, it is also that of strong and lasting hatred. The sterling virtues of these people are still somewhat tarnished by the Celtic rust: for instance, the Bretons are the only people in Christendom who have conceived the idea of associating the name of the merciful Virgin with the thought of vengeance, and of raising chapels to her under the strange and rather Druidical title of *Our Lady of Hatred*.*

The pilgrimages to the Blessed Virgin were not discontinued in Bretagne during the reign of terror—they merely assumed old Celtic forms. They took place by night, through dreary wastes, where the menhirs and dolmens of the *nameless* God rose gray and mossy and spectral-looking. Every pilgrim held in the right hand a rosary—in the left, a torch; and all these pale figures, half seen through their long hair, or the hanging lappets of their white caps, passed slowly along through the mists of night, singing a hymn to the Virgin. Sometimes it happened that a party of republicans, concealed in the skirt of a wood, or behind a hedge, would fire upon the little rustic procession. Yet this did not deter the Breton peasant from renewing his perilous devotions some days after. In a neighbouring province, the villagers who went by night to pray to God and Our Lady in some lonely ravine, passed through the hamlets occupied by the revolutionary soldiers singing hymns to the Virgin set to republican airs.

During all this time, the churches in the cities were everywhere pillaged. Gold, silver, iron, marble, gratings, and wood-work, were all carried off. The works of art were torn from the walls, the pictures destroyed, and workmen were paid high wages to deface the sculptures from the walls and arches. Even the clocks were

* "A chapel, dedicated to Our Lady of Hatred, still exists near Tréguier, and the people still continue to believe in the efficacy of the prayers therein offered up." (*Les Derniers Bretons*, by M. Souvestre, t. ii.)



pulled down and converted into coin, and this *patriotic* fabrication cost the State (by its own admission) full twenty millions.*

"Fools!" said La Harpe, addressing the perpetrators of these sacrilegious crimes; "Fools! is faith engraved on walls? is religion painted on canvass? No, it is in the heart, which you cannot reach; in the conscience, which condemns you; in the sight of the whole world, speaking to all men; in heaven where it shall be your judge. Poor imbecile destroyers, you have cried 'victory!'—where is now your victory? Day by day, you are convulsed with rage, seeing the multitudes who throng our temples: they are no longer rich, but they are still sacred; they are bare and naked, but they are full. Pomp has disappeared, but worship remains; men tread there no longer on marble, and costly carpets, but they kneel on the cold pavement and weep over the ruins.†

That beautiful hymn to Mary, beginning with

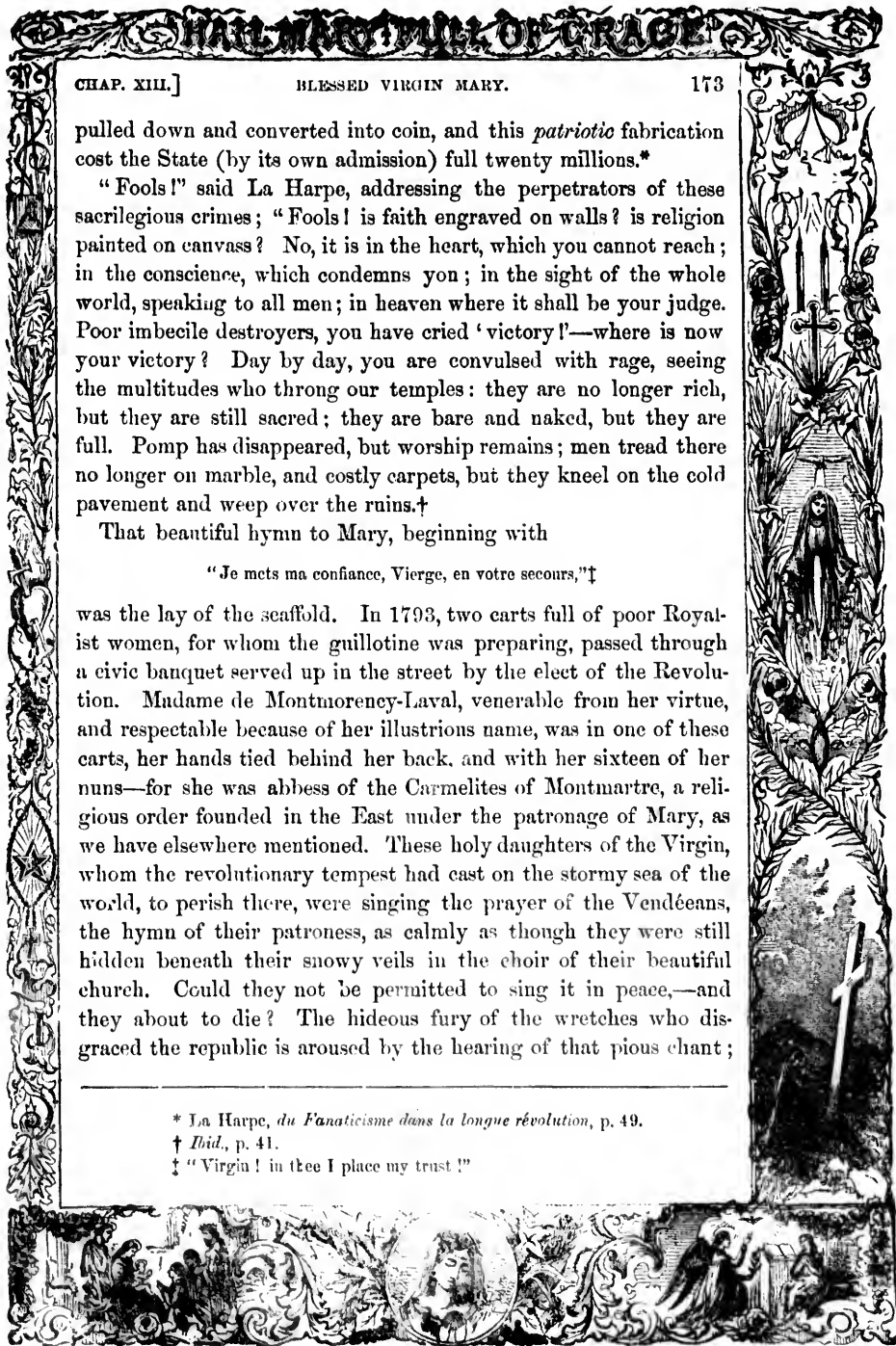
"Je mets ma confiance, Vierge, en votre secours,"‡

was the lay of the scaffold. In 1793, two carts full of poor Royalist women, for whom the guillotine was preparing, passed through a civic banquet served up in the street by the elect of the Revolution. Madame de Montmorency-Laval, venerable from her virtue, and respectable because of her illustrious name, was in one of these carts, her hands tied behind her back, and with her sixteen of her nuns—for she was abbess of the Carmelites of Montmartre, a religious order founded in the East under the patronage of Mary, as we have elsewhere mentioned. These holy daughters of the Virgin, whom the revolutionary tempest had cast on the stormy sea of the world, to perish there, were singing the prayer of the Vendéans, the hymn of their patroness, as calmly as though they were still hidden beneath their snowy veils in the choir of their beautiful church. Could they not be permitted to sing it in peace,—and they about to die? The hideous fury of the wretches who disgraced the republic is aroused by the hearing of that pious chant;

* La Harpe, *du Fanaticisme dans la longue révolution*, p. 49.

† *Ibid.*, p. 41.

‡ "Virgin! in thee I place my trust!"



an hundred ruffians in red caps rush towards the carts, brandishing their sticks, and crying, "Silence the nuns! Let them sing the *Marseillaise*! Let them obey the people! Come! the *Marseillaise*, instantly!" The daughters of Mary continued their sweet canticle as though they heard not these fierce vociferations. Exasperated by this passive resistance, which they did not at all expect, these ferocious bandits stopped the horses, with the most fearful oaths and imprecations, and would have struck down these poor defenceless females who were so soon to die; but there is still so much honour and chivalry in the French people, even when going astray, that others of the republicans pressed forward, crying, "No murder! Would you kill women?" Then a terrible struggle took place around the carts. A young patriot in a Phrygian bonnet snatched a sabre from one of the archers, and planting himself close to the cart wherein the terrified Carmelites pressed around their venerable abbess, he succeeded in parrying the blows destined for them, defending himself and them with as much courage as coolness. Yet, notwithstanding all his efforts, one of the nuns received a sabre-wound in the breast. Her life was ebbing fast away, the blood flowed profusely over her black robe, and the paleness of death soon overspread her mild, sweet features. "Bless me, oh holy saint, who will soon be in heaven!" cried a woman from the crowd, throwing herself on her knees before the expiring nun. "Be you blessed!" replied the daughter of Carmel in a failing voice. "And you, who have defended us on our way to death," she continued, presenting her valuable rosary to the softened republican "accept this token of gratitude."

The carts moved forward once more, and the pious chant was resumed; when it ceased, the hearts of the martyrs had ceased to beat, and Mary had taken her faithful servants to her bosom.

The revolutionary vortex swallowed up the religious orders consecrated to Mary, as the stormy wind sweeps away many useful plants. But that of the Carmelites left behind something like the perfume of the withered rose, a fragrant and balsamic water which bears its name.

Of seventeen hundred thousand sacred buildings which covered the soil of France, each of which had an altar to the Blessed Virgin,



there remained barely two thousand churches worthy the attention of the artist or the antiquary; the others—sold, bought, pillaged, destroyed, cast into the oven to make quick-lime—left only some mournful ruins, sad subjects for contemplation! "Behold, then," exclaims M. Jules Janin, with generous indignation, "behold, then, the result of so much money, so much patience, so much genius, heaps of mouldering ruins! They have disgraced the cities. Deprived of these master-pieces of art, what does a community of men resemble? it is no longer a city—it is an ant-hill. They have disfigured the landscape which was so adorned by these turrets, and spires, and lofty walls. What they could not destroy, they have marred and defaced. Of the noblest Gothic towers they have made shops, and stables of the purest ogival churches. That fabulous period was so perverse, and so infinite in its destroying genius, that one can hardly realize it."*

The devotion to Mary, which had slumbered for a while in France, soon began to awake, and insensibly resumed its soothing influence on the souls of men. Napoleon, faithful to his early impressions, chose the day of the Assumption for his own patronal feast, and made it the greatest festival of the empire. The processions, the crosses, the white banners, and the sacred songs, soon reappeared in those fair Gothic churches whose bare walls and poor altars recalled the days of the primitive Church; whilst their dazzling lights and slender pillars and cloud-piercing spires spoke of the chivalrous period of the ages of faith. All who had suffered, all who had groaned or trembled, under the fearful Reign of Terror, came to kneel at Mary's feet: the religious reaction was energetic, immense, and was felt alike in the city and the hamlet. The Virgin had again her rustic altars in the depth of the woods. Her shrines, where for long years nought had been heard save the singing of birds or the humming of bees, again resounded with the pilgrim's hymn. The Restoration, by re-establishing the processions of the Vow of Louis XIII, placed France once more under the dominion of Mary. A gigantic stride was made in the devo-

* M. Jules Janin, *la Normandie*.



tion to the Immaculate Conception, and all France consecrated to the Virgin the month of flowers, now piously and poetically named the Month of Mary. The higher classes gave the example of devotion to the Virgin; the descendants of the valorous knights and stately nobles, who built so many chapels and monasteries for her, delight to honour her now as she was honoured in the good old times. First in this pious work was the virtuous queen Marie-Amelie.

In France, the devotion to Mary is tender, but respectful; the French always behold the Virgin as she is in heaven, and honour her accordingly. In Italy, the devotion to the Madonna has something more ardent, and at the same time more familiar. From his cradle, the Italian has before his eyes those graceful images which remind him only of Mary's goodness and mercy; she is the protectress of childhood, the dream of youth, the last refuge of the sinner; the thought of her is uppermost in all the religious festivals, like the rose of the Nenuphar over the deep waters; the fiery Italian sees her every where, blesses her for every good, and when his prayer is not granted, far from blaming Mary, he says, striking his breast, "It is my fault! The Madonna will not hear me because I am so great a sinner!" What admirable faith is that! what truly Christian faith! for in such a case the heathens would drag their gods through the mire.

The devotion to the Virgin is still as fervent in modern Italy as when it brought forth the *Duomo* of Pisa, that beautiful cathedral of Mary, the bronze gates of which, executed on the design of John of Bologna, represent the principal scenes of the life of Our Lord and of the Blessed Virgin; Our Lady of Flowers, the sumptuous metropolitan church of Florence, resembling a mountain of marble of various colours, cut in the form of a Latin cross; and many other master-pieces of Christian art—a period the most illustrious in Italian history!

Landing at Genoa, so justly called the Superb, "seeming," says Madame de Staël, "as though it were built for a congress of kings," the first thing that strikes the eye is the devotion of the Genoese to the Holy Virgin. At every angle of those "streets of palaces," filled with men in their picturesque costume, and women in long white veils, there stands a graceful Madonna

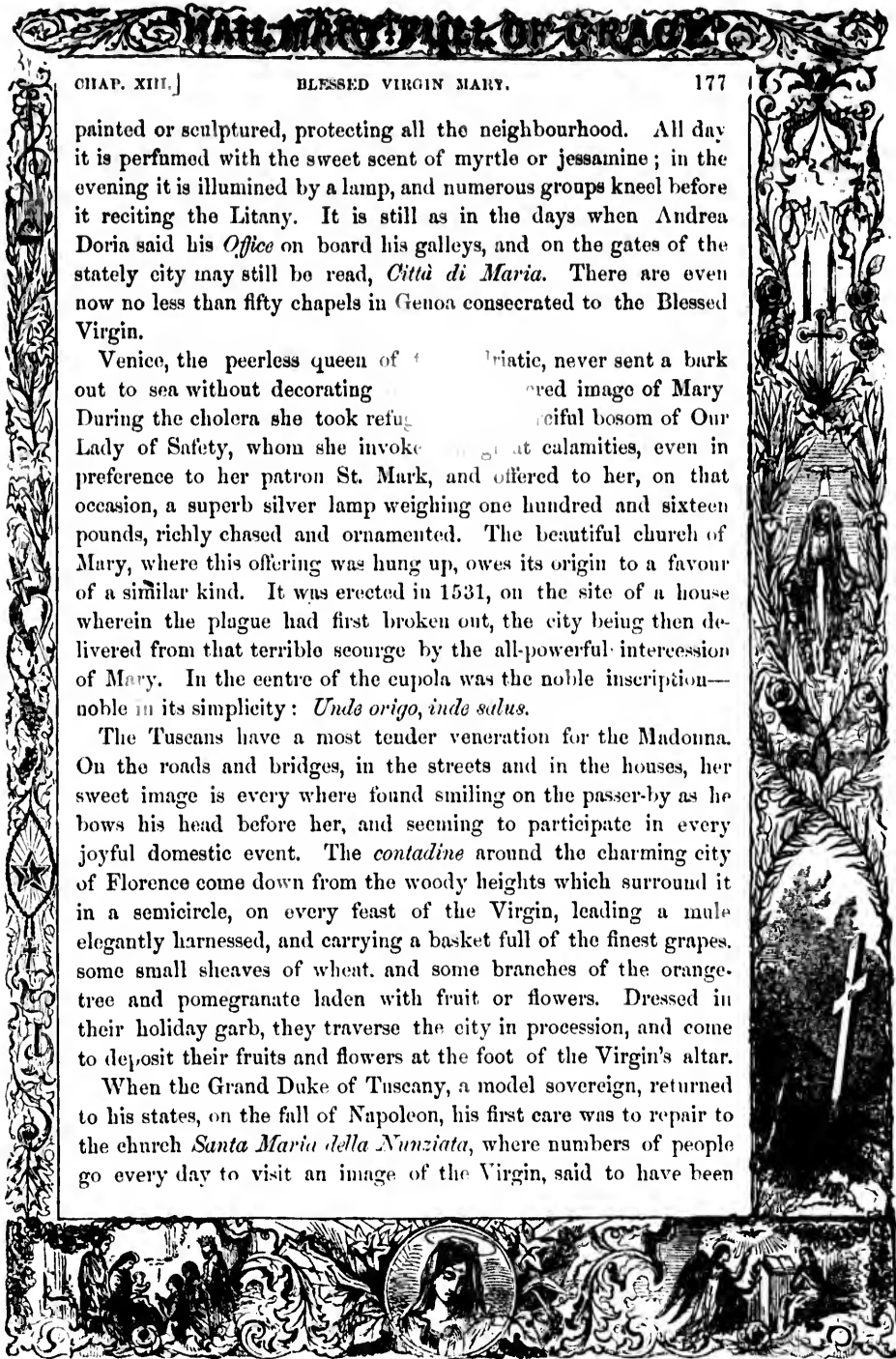


painted or sculptured, protecting all the neighbourhood. All day it is perfumed with the sweet scent of myrtle or jessamine; in the evening it is illumined by a lamp, and numerous groups kneel before it reciting the Litany. It is still as in the days when Andrea Doria said his *Office* on board his galleys, and on the gates of the stately city may still be read, *Città di Maria*. There are even now no less than fifty chapels in Genoa consecrated to the Blessed Virgin.

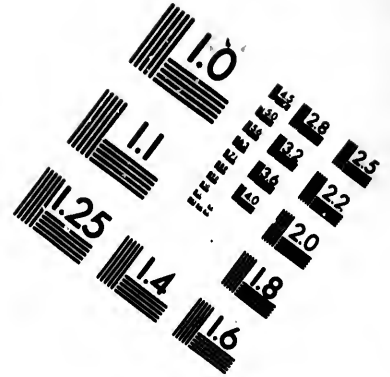
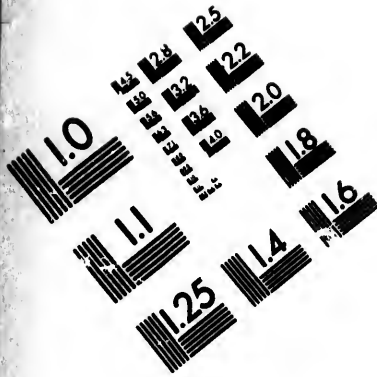
Venice, the peerless queen of the Adriatic, never sent a bark out to sea without decorating it with the sacred image of Mary. During the cholera she took refuge in the merciful bosom of Our Lady of Safety, whom she invoked against calamities, even in preference to her patron St. Mark, and offered to her, on that occasion, a superb silver lamp weighing one hundred and sixteen pounds, richly chased and ornamented. The beautiful church of Mary, where this offering was hung up, owes its origin to a favour of a similar kind. It was erected in 1531, on the site of a house wherein the plague had first broken out, the city being then delivered from that terrible scourge by the all-powerful intercession of Mary. In the centre of the cupola was the noble inscription—noble in its simplicity: *Unde origo, inde salus*.

The Tuscans have a most tender veneration for the Madonna. On the roads and bridges, in the streets and in the houses, her sweet image is every where found smiling on the passer-by as he bows his head before her, and seeming to participate in every joyful domestic event. The *contadine* around the charming city of Florence come down from the woody heights which surround it in a semicircle, on every feast of the Virgin, leading a mule elegantly harnessed, and carrying a basket full of the finest grapes, some small sheaves of wheat, and some branches of the orange-tree and pomegranate laden with fruit or flowers. Dressed in their holiday garb, they traverse the city in procession, and come to deposit their fruits and flowers at the foot of the Virgin's altar.

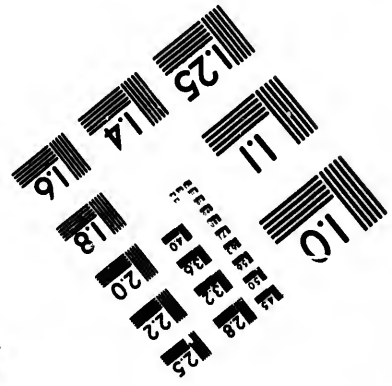
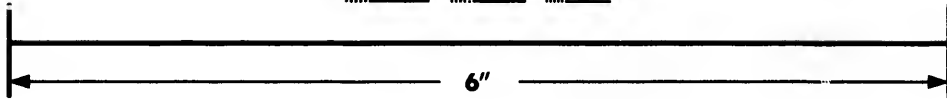
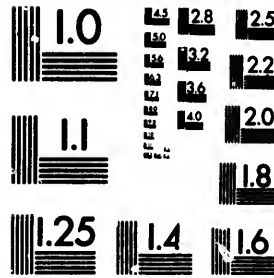
When the Grand Duke of Tuscany, a model sovereign, returned to his states, on the fall of Napoleon, his first care was to repair to the church *Santa Maria della Nunziata*, where numbers of people go every day to visit an image of the Virgin, said to have been







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finished by an angel. In gratitude for his unhopèd-for restoration, the excellent prince suspended a lamp of the rarest workmanship in Mary's chapel.

Rome is no less devout to the Madonna than Florence. Pass when you will through the city, you will find groups of Romans kneeling before the Madonna, praying with a fervour and an earnestness truly remarkable. In the streets, on the public places, and in the houses, her image is seen with a lamp of the purest of oil burning before it; the poor, as well as the rich, go to this expense, and would deprive themselves of bread to provide the oil. It is both edifying and picturesque to see a street in Rome lit up by thousands of luminous points like the *luciole* of Italy, and resounding with the simple music of the Calabrian or Abruzzian *pifferari*. These mountain-minstrels attract a great concourse of the faithful around the Madonnas at all times, but especially in Advent; for it seems as though they wished to introduce, by their pastoral strains, the feast of the shepherds, the holy night of Christmas.

It is especially on the day of the Assumption that the ardent devotion of the Romans for Mary is manifested. On that day all the churches are deserted for that of St. Mary Major, the royal church, with walls of Parian marble. The villa of the noble is abandoned, with its healthful air and refreshing shades; *varia cattiva* prevails in Rome, and with it fever; but what of that? They would go even though the plague were there. Is not the Madonna more powerful to save than either fever or plague is to destroy? What pious confidence, and how truly wonderful is such faith in these days of ours! The Roman people are assembled *en masse* on the streets and squares around the superb church, which is adorned with all possible splendour for this festival. The men are clothed in their picturesque costume of blue velvet; the women are bedecked with their coral necklaces, and their jet black hair is fastened up with a gold or silver pin under a graceful white drapey. Every one carries a large bunch of the most beautiful flowers as an offering to the Madonna. That immense crowd of believers kneels in the hot dust, parched by the fervid sun of Italy, or stand in the shade of the adjacent houses. The Italians, natu-



rally noisy, and given to gesticulation, forget on those occasions their wonted habits: one thought engrosses their mind, and that is prayer; and how well they do understand prayer! They pray with look, gesture, lips, heart, and do indeed pour out their soul at Mary's feet.

When the Pope has finished the holy sacrifice, and solemnly blessed the kneeling multitude, the immense doors of the church are thrown open to admit the crowd, who fill it with sweet music and fragrant flowers. When evening comes, the whole city is illuminated, and all Rome prays in the street. Every one throngs without distinction, without privilege, with a fraternity worthy of the golden age, around his own Madonna, the Madonna of the district. For this purpose, the prince leaves his marble palace, the artisan his workshop, and the maiden her father's roof, all to join in prayer with touching fervour. The women say the rosary, the men chant the litany; sometimes one of those fine Italian voices, of heavenly sweetness, sings a hymn to Mary, and all are silent to hear; but that silence is itself a mental prayer to the Virgin.

"I shall remember all my life," says a modern traveller, "the beauteous festival of the Nativity of the Virgin, and the evening of the 8th of September, on the Place de Navona, where from ten to twenty thousand persons were congregated. The image of the Madonna, splendidly illuminated, presided over the popular festivities, as was manifest from the decency, the reserve, and the half-seriousness every where seen; the dwelling of a numerous family, submissive all to the paternal control, can alone give the idea of such serenity amid the excitement of public rejoicing; this was apparent even at the moment when the crowd dispersed after the fire-works. I thought it afforded a fair proof of the wisdom and mildness of the pontifical government."

In Naples, the devotion to the Virgin blooms ever with the freshness and the beauty of a full-blown lily. The feasts of the Madonna are popular festivals, full of joyful enthusiasm; her churches, of which there are no less than fourteen in the city of Naples alone, unite within themselves all that is grandest and most luxurious in painting, sculpture, and architecture; the chapels of Mary, all rich and beautiful, are adorned with lapis-lazuli, topazes,



jasper, and other precious stones. In the church of *Santa Maria Nuova*, the miraculous image of the *Madonna delle Grazie* is placed under a canopy of silver all covered with jewels. On Mount Pausilippo the church of *Santa Maria Fortunata* replaces an ancient temple of Fortune, where the heathens were wont to hang their offerings. Mount Rulignano is crowned by one of the most beautiful of Mary's churches. Five of the suburbs of Naples bear the name of the Blessed Virgin. To her the Neapolitans have also consecrated Vesuvius, whose base resembles the gardens of Armida, and its summit one of hell's gates, opening on a dreary chaos. When the crater vomits forth its torrents of burning lava, and the whole bay is illuminated in the middle of a dark night, as though the last fire foretold by the sibyls were about to destroy our little planet, the terrified Neapolitan prays to Mary and forgets his alarm, and the inhabitants of the neighbouring hamlets run to meet the fiery stream of lava with images of the Madonna, which they hold out to bar its progress.

Sicily is still, as well as Sardinia, a land essentially Catholic. The devotion to Mary is particularly popular in Palermo and Messina; in the latter city, the noble cathedral dedicated to the Virgin by the Norman kings, is still in existence; only that the *campanile* and the spire of the principal tower were destroyed by the great earthquake of 1753, and the Sicilians have never set about rebuilding them.

In Piedmont and Savoy Our Lady is still religiously honoured. In 1669 King Charles Emmanuel declared the mother God principal patroness of his house and of his states, and that veneration has been frequently renewed by the pious successors of that prince.

Even at the close of the eighteenth century, the veneration of Mary was universal in Spain. In the cathedral of Toledo, placed under the invocation of the Blessed Virgin, the chapel of Our Lady of the Sanctuary (*del Sagrario*) was of wonderful richness and beauty. It was of octagonal form; its pillars and pavements were of marble; in the niches were seen golden vases enriched with diamonds, and other gems of great value. The statue of the Blessed Virgin was of solid silver, and she was seated on a throne



of the same metal, with an Infant Jesus in her arms twelve inches high, formed of massive gold, incrustated with diamonds. The cathedral of Seville had its famous chapel, Our Lady of Kings, built by St. Ferdinand, the splendour of which was so great that it was reckoned the most magnificent chapel in the world. The chapel of the Presentation, in Burgos, was almost as celebrated. In Madrid, the church of Our Lady of Almameda is one of the most splendid in the city; to this Madonna is ascribed the discovery of a quantity of corn found by a providential chance in the vaults of a tower, just as the city, besieged by the Moors, was about to surrender for want of provisions. The miraculous fact is still painted in fresco on the walls of Our Lady's chapel, but we doubt whether the altar and the balustrade of solid silver are still there.

About a quarter of a league from Madrid, in a vast Dominican convent, (now doubtless deserted, like many others,) was the miraculous image of Our Lady of the Bush, (*d'Atocha*), a black Madonna, usually dressed in weeds; this is a custom peculiar to the place, as far as we know, but on solemn feasts the statue was arrayed in queenly garments, studded with large jewels. Her chapel, gloomy in its structure, was lit by an hundred lamps of massive gold and silver. The Catholic kings had their gallery in this chapel with a screen in front. It was there, too; that the *Te Deum* of victory was sung.

Charles III., king of Spain, founded an order of knighthood in honour of the Blessed Virgin, whom he declared *universal patrona de España é Indias*, (universal patroness of Spain and the Indies.)

At present, the fair moon of Christianity is somewhat obscured in Spain, but the cloud shall pass away, and the Blessed Virgin shall speedily recover her rights of supremacy over that most Catholic and most chivalrous nation. We hope, like the Spanish doctor who has done us the honour of translating this work, that posterity will add many a luminous page to the Spanish portion of this history.

In Portugal, where Mary has reigned as queen from the time of Alphonso the First, the devotion to her is still national and flourishing; she is the first godmother of all female children, and her images are venerated in rich and beautiful chapels.



England, that land of hydra-headed heresy, begins at last to turn her head towards Rome; numerous Catholic churches are being erected in every county, under the title of chapels. In Ireland, bonfires have been recently kindled on every hill to celebrate, in the ancient manner, a miracle obtained after a Novena to the Virgin—the marvellous liberation of O'Connell.

The Belgians are still, as they have ever been, pre-eminently devout to Mary; they make pilgrimages to her shrines, and consecrate to her the most beautiful chapels of their noble Gothic cathedrals.

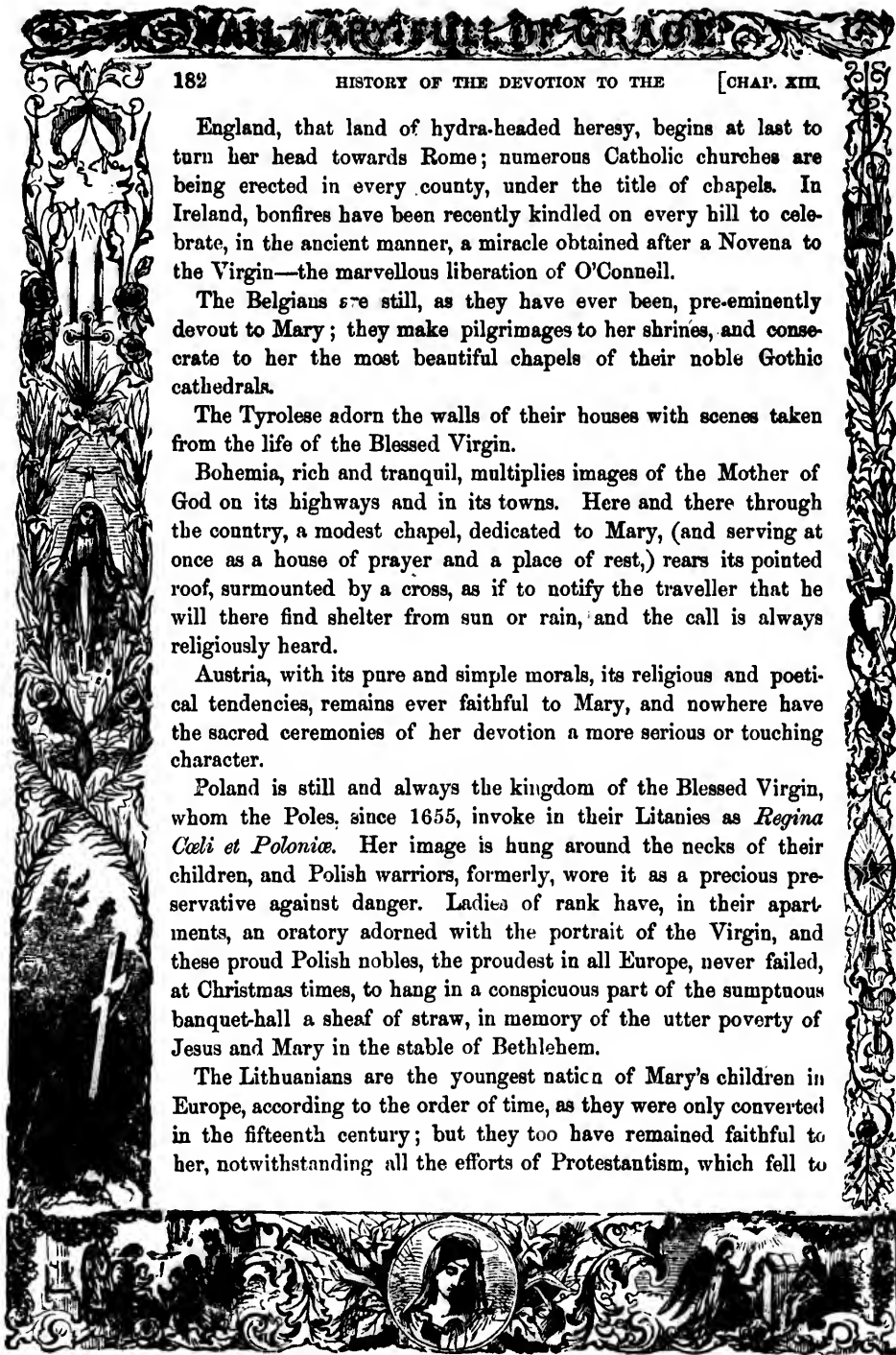
The Tyrolese adorn the walls of their houses with scenes taken from the life of the Blessed Virgin.

Bohemia, rich and tranquil, multiplies images of the Mother of God on its highways and in its towns. Here and there through the country, a modest chapel, dedicated to Mary, (and serving at once as a house of prayer and a place of rest,) rears its pointed roof, surmounted by a cross, as if to notify the traveller that he will there find shelter from sun or rain, and the call is always religiously heard.

Austria, with its pure and simple morals, its religious and poetical tendencies, remains ever faithful to Mary, and nowhere have the sacred ceremonies of her devotion a more serious or touching character.

Poland is still and always the kingdom of the Blessed Virgin, whom the Poles, since 1655, invoke in their Litanies as *Regina Cæli et Poloniae*. Her image is hung around the necks of their children, and Polish warriors, formerly, wore it as a precious preservative against danger. Ladies of rank have, in their apartments, an oratory adorned with the portrait of the Virgin, and these proud Polish nobles, the proudest in all Europe, never failed, at Christmas times, to hang in a conspicuous part of the sumptuous banquet-hall a sheaf of straw, in memory of the utter poverty of Jesus and Mary in the stable of Bethlehem.

The Lithuanians are the youngest nation of Mary's children in Europe, according to the order of time, as they were only converted in the fifteenth century; but they too have remained faithful to her, notwithstanding all the efforts of Protestantism, which fell to



the ground amongst them as soon as it spoke of suppressing the popular devotion to Mary. Faithful to the ancient customs of their country, the Lithuanian women still celebrate the return of spring and the close of autumn under the auspices of Mary; it is on her altars that they deposit the violets which they go far and near to gather the first morning of spring, before sunrise; and it is also her whom they invoke, seated around the last sheaf, while their dexterous fingers weave floral hieroglyphics, giving, as in the East, a thought to every leaf and a symbol to every plant. These simple Lithuania's are passionately fond of their woods and fields, and especially of the fair flowers which the poorest of them cultivate, but they love the Blessed Virgin better than all these.

The Russians, who follow the rites of the Greek Church, profess the greatest veneration for the Virgin; as far off as they can see her image they prostrate themselves several times, crossing themselves with extreme rapidity. In Moscow, one of the gates of the Kremlin is decorated with a statue of the Virgin, to which miracles are ascribed; it is guarded by two sentinels night and day, and the people never fail to uncover their heads in passing this sacred image.

The Czars were formerly crowned in the splendid Muscovite cathedral of the Assumption, where the bodies of the Russian patriarchs are laid. The wall around the sanctuary was sheeted with gold and silver. The sacred vessels and the episcopal vestments of this cathedral are still wonderfully rich; the image of the Blessed Virgin, placed in a heavy gilt frame at the end of this church, figures in the processions, mounted on a superb coach all covered with mirrors, like the carriages formerly seen in France at the consecration of the kings. This modern car of triumph is drawn slowly along by four horses richly caparisoned.

The Greeks, although schismatic, have still the same respect for the *Panagia*; in the Morea there are several convents dedicated to Mary; the most famous is that of the Assumption, on Mount Cylene, a few hours' journey from the famous cascade of the Styx, now called Mavronero. This convent has a miraculous image of Mary, which was given it in the eighth century by an imperial princess of Constantinople, named Euphrosine; it is nearly all



built within a large cavern one hundred and twenty feet high, and as many wide. The entrance is reached by a steep and narrow path winding along the side of the mountain, and, like a fortress of the middle ages, it is defended by a gate and an iron portcullis, together with a lateral wall pierced with numerous loop-holes and furnished with four pieces of cannon. This narrow path, in which the winter torrents make every year large breaches, is yet the only way of reaching the convent; hence this sacred asylum, where the *Panagia* has been invoked for ages by the Hellenes, is considered impregnable. In the last war of independence, the famous Ibrahim tried to take it, but in vain. The three hundred monks who dwell in it, becoming soldiers from necessity, were well able to defend the altar of their patroness.

The life of these Caloyers, as they are called by the Mussulmans, is simple and pure as in the time of their ancient foundation. They enjoy a complete independence; they are laborious and robust, and, as worthy servants of the compassionate Virgin, they have ever extended a helping hand to the suffering or the oppressed. In the fourteenth century the monks of Thessalia and Phocida found an asylum in the convent of the Assumption, when, pursued by the Turks, they fled from their beloved country with out a hope of seeing it again. Again, in the seventeenth century, the poor monks who escaped the massacre of Constantinople, took refuge in this convent. Finally, in the eighteenth century, when the ruinous war which followed the insurrection of the Morea had destroyed all around them, it was the Christian conduct of these religious towards the Turks of Calavrita, their prayers and the sacrifice which they made of a portion of their wealth, that enabled them to save from apostacy or death a great number of the Greeks of Achaia.

The Klephts, those bold mountaineers who have so long kept the Turks at bay, are no less devout to the *Panagia* than the people of the Morea. For ages long they have had no other places of prayer than some ruined chapels which they believe haunted by vampires, or some rock-hewn oratory under the patronage of the Virgin. They are sometimes seen, at the dawn of day, climbing the loftiest crest of their steep mountains, with their



crooked poignard in their belt, and their long gun slung over their shoulder, going to hear mass, or perhaps simply to pray in some lonely chapel overhanging frightful precipices, the very sight of which would make a Turkish soldier shudder. There it was that they went to hang the offerings promised to the *Panagia* in the hour of danger, and always faithfully given. These gifts were often articles of value wrested from the Turk with sword and steel, and were regarded with the most religious reverence; public devotion was their safeguard, and no matter how great might be his distress, no Klepht would ever think of purloining the least of these things, which became sacred in his eyes. M. de Houqueville, in his *Travels in Greece*, relates an incident of a brigand chief who, having taken some of these *ex-voto* from a chapel dedicated to the Virg', near Vonitza, was given up by his own band to Ali-Pacha, by whose order he was hung. The practice of making distant pilgrimages, difficult as it was for men placed in the position of the Klephts, was still far from being unknown to them. The famous partisan, Blachavas, at the age of seventy-six, set out on foot for Jerusalem, his musket on his shoulder, followed by his lieutenant, and died, as he appears to have wished, in the Holy Land.*

Mount Athos, named by the modern Greeks *Hagion Oros*, (the holy mountain,) still belongs to Mary, as it did in the time of the first Cæsars of Byzantium.

The islands of the Bosphorus and the Archipelago contain numerous, though poor, convents of Mary; the bells of these Greek monasteries are suspended from the trunk of some huge cypress, which stands in spectral gloom near a church or cemetery. In Scio, the fairest of those islands, nearly all the inhabitants were Catholic. Being mildly governed, thanks to the powerful protection of the Sultana Valida, that charming island kept its religion, its gaiety, and its refreshing shades. The stranger was welcomed there with branches laden with fruits, and when he departed they offered him flowers in remembrance of hospitality. Nothing could equal the pomp of its festivals: it had its Catholic archons, like

* Faurliel, *Popular Songs of Greece*.



Athens of old; its maidens were pure and fair as the smile of Mary, their beloved *Panagia*. . . . The revolution broke out . . . all this peace, all this joy, ended in a massacre . . . three hundred young girls, the fairest in the island, were mercilessly slaughtered on the sea-shore by the fierce Osman soldiers. They fell, one after the other, their hands joined and their eyes raised to heaven, invoking that Virgin mother who failed not to avenge them. Ali-Pacha, the tiger who ordered this brutal massacre, was burned soon after by the intrepid Canaris, he and his vessels, and came to lie miserably on that very strand which he had crimsoned with blood, and the conqueror did public homage to the Virgin for his victory.

In Anatolia and the adjacent isles, in Cyprus and in Tenedos, the Greek race have maintained in all its fervour their devotion to the Virgin. Mahomet prevailed in the cities; but high on the mountain-tops, in the region of clouds, the sacred banner of the *Panagia* waves over many a convent. Some of the Hellenes have forgotten the language of Demosthenes and Isocrates, but not the Gospel, nor their devotion to Mary, and they repeat in the Turkish language the Apostles' Creed and the Angelical Salutation.* There the illuminations of the Courban-Bairam are opposed by the bonfires known by the name of St. John's, and the feast of Mahomet by that of Our Lady of Mount Olympus.

The Georgians, who bear on their standard the image of St. George, won for themselves in the middle ages the privilege of entering Jerusalem with banners flying, to perform their devotions, without paying the tribute imposed on other Christians†; they are still the faithful subjects of the Holy Virgin, the heavenly queen of their mountain-land. The highest peaks of their mountains are everywhere crowned with a church or chapel dedicated to Mary, placed so high that they cannot reach it themselves, and are forced to content themselves, says Chardin, with profoundly saluting it from the depth of their valleys, which they never fail to do.

* *Occident et Orient*, par M. Barrault.

† De Belleforest, l. ii., ch. 5, de son *Hist. Univers.*—Chalcondyle, *Hist. des Turcs*



The Mingrelian, who sleeps with his head on his carbine and his cimeter by his side, venerates in his churches, certain relics of the Blessed Virgin,* kept therein with profound respect since the first ages of Christianity.

Armenia, inclosed amid Mussulman nations, has no more yielded to the Koran than it has to Zend-Avesta, and remains nearly as it was in the fifth century, after the Holy Wars, were it not that it is divided into two camps, one professing Christianity with Rome, and the other with Nestorius. The Virgin is devoutly honoured by both. Every Armenian fasts fifteen days before the feast of the Assumption, which was introduced very early into the Caucasian regions.

Lebanon, that fair mountain an hundred leagues in circumference, is entirely peopled with Catholics. On one of its highest tablelands is the village of Eden, full of limpid streams and cool shades; it is topped by an archiepiscopal church, in which there is an altar to Mary, and at the right of that altar rises (in a truly marvellous manner) the Nakar-Rossena (*chief river*), which descends from an immense rock clothed with cypress. The *Nakar-Kadisha* (holy river), the offspring of eternal snows, on whose banks so many solitaries were once engaged in carving images of Mary, still retains the name which it owed, in the first ages of the Church, to the piety of the hermits who dwelt amid its rocks. An hour's journey from the spot where the Holy River collects its rapid and noisy waters, Tyre, the ancient ruler of the seas, displays the mournful wreck of greatness past; her famous cathedral of Our Lady, destroyed in the last crusades, a short time after its reconstruction, is now but a magnificent ruin, whose stately vaults and orches are still traced on the blue sky of Syria, but there is another church, less conspicuous, wherein the four or five hundred Catholic families who people Tyre still fervently invoke Mary. The pretty town of Nazareth, approached by an avenue of olive-trees, is inhabited solely by Catholics; its church, built on the site of St. Helena's, has three naves, and is

* By relics of the Blessed Virgin we, of course, understand certain articles which were used by her during her mortal life.—TRANS.

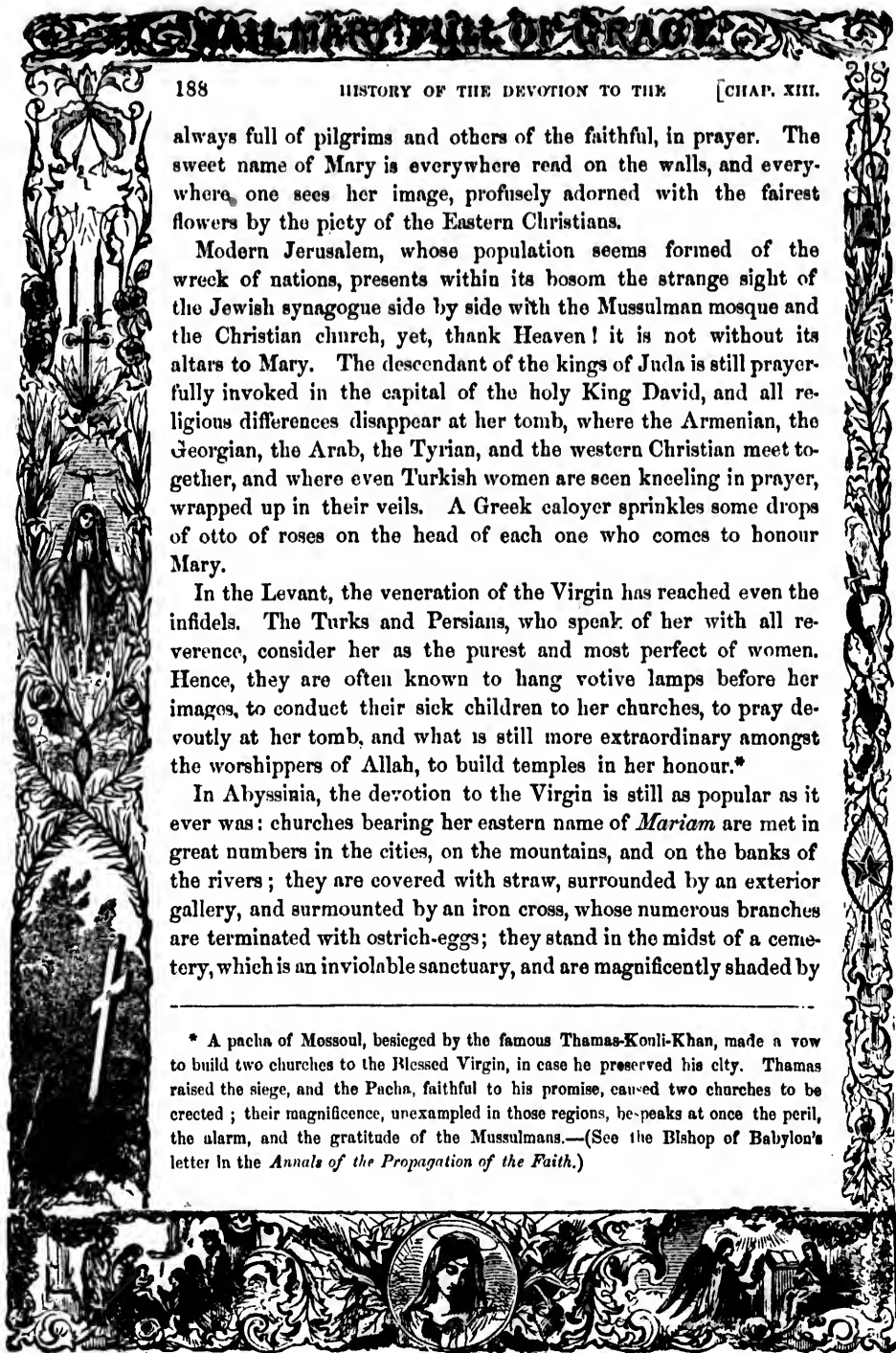
always full of pilgrims and others of the faithful, in prayer. The sweet name of Mary is everywhere read on the walls, and everywhere, one sees her image, profusely adorned with the fairest flowers by the piety of the Eastern Christians.

Modern Jerusalem, whose population seems formed of the wreck of nations, presents within its bosom the strange sight of the Jewish synagogue side by side with the Mussulman mosque and the Christian church, yet, thank Heaven! it is not without its altars to Mary. The descendant of the kings of Juda is still prayerfully invoked in the capital of the holy King David, and all religious differences disappear at her tomb, where the Armenian, the Georgian, the Arab, the Tyrian, and the western Christian meet together, and where even Turkish women are seen kneeling in prayer, wrapped up in their veils. A Greek caloyer sprinkles some drops of otto of roses on the head of each one who comes to honour Mary.

In the Levant, the veneration of the Virgin has reached even the infidels. The Turks and Persians, who speak of her with all reverence, consider her as the purest and most perfect of women. Hence, they are often known to hang votive lamps before her images, to conduct their sick children to her churches, to pray devoutly at her tomb, and what is still more extraordinary amongst the worshippers of Allah, to build temples in her honour.*

In Abyssinia, the devotion to the Virgin is still as popular as it ever was: churches bearing her eastern name of *Mariam* are met in great numbers in the cities, on the mountains, and on the banks of the rivers; they are covered with straw, surrounded by an exterior gallery, and surmounted by an iron cross, whose numerous branches are terminated with ostrich-eggs; they stand in the midst of a cemetery, which is an inviolable sanctuary, and are magnificently shaded by

* A pacha of Mossoul, besieged by the famous Thamas-Kouli-Khan, made a vow to build two churches to the Blessed Virgin, in case he preserved his city. Thamas raised the siege, and the Pacha, faithful to his promise, caused two churches to be erected; their magnificence, unexampled in those regions, he-peaks at once the peril, the alarm, and the gratitude of the Mussulmans.—(See the Bishop of Babylon's letter in the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*.)



dark sables and gigantic olive-trees. Within, the walls are adorned with garish frescoes representing the Virgin, St. Michael, or St. George, who is very popular amongst the Eastern nations; the floor is sometimes covered with Persian carpet, which the Mussulmans bring from Massouah and sell at an exorbitant price to the Christians. A gallery runs all around these churches, and in the centre there is a square sanctuary which none but the priests may enter; there is kept the sacred ark containing the bread and wine intended for communion. The Abyssinians hold the Virgin in so great veneration that, according to them, the world was created for her and by her; they precede the feast of the Assumption by a fast of fifteen days, like the Copts and Syrians; their kings style themselves *sons of Mariam's hand*, and many of them assume her name. Finally, we learn from travellers who visited Abyssinia in 1837, that, when the Abyssinians ask a favour or give an invitation, it is always in the name of Mary; they swear only by Mary (*bé Mariam*), and her name is ever in their mouth.*

This ardent devotion of the Abyssinians to the mother of God has sometimes broken out into real acts of fanaticism. In 1714, when German missionaries of the order of St. Francis, sent by Pope Clement XI, tried to bring them back to the unity of faith, the schismatic monks defeated their efforts by circulating the report that these European monks were avowedly hostile to the Blessed Virgin. This falsehood of theirs had frightful consequences; the people revolted; the emperor, who protected the missionaries, was poisoned, and Fathers Liberat, Veis, Pié de Zerbe, and Samuel Bienco were stoned to death by an infuriate mob. An Ethiopian monk cast the first stone, exclaiming: "Accursed and excommunicated by the Virgin be he who will not cast five stones at her enemies!"† Alas! these poor Franciscans were the most faithful and devoted servants of Mary!

The devotion to the Virgin is now spreading gradually over all the Indies. The chaplet is recited amongst the Hindoos of the

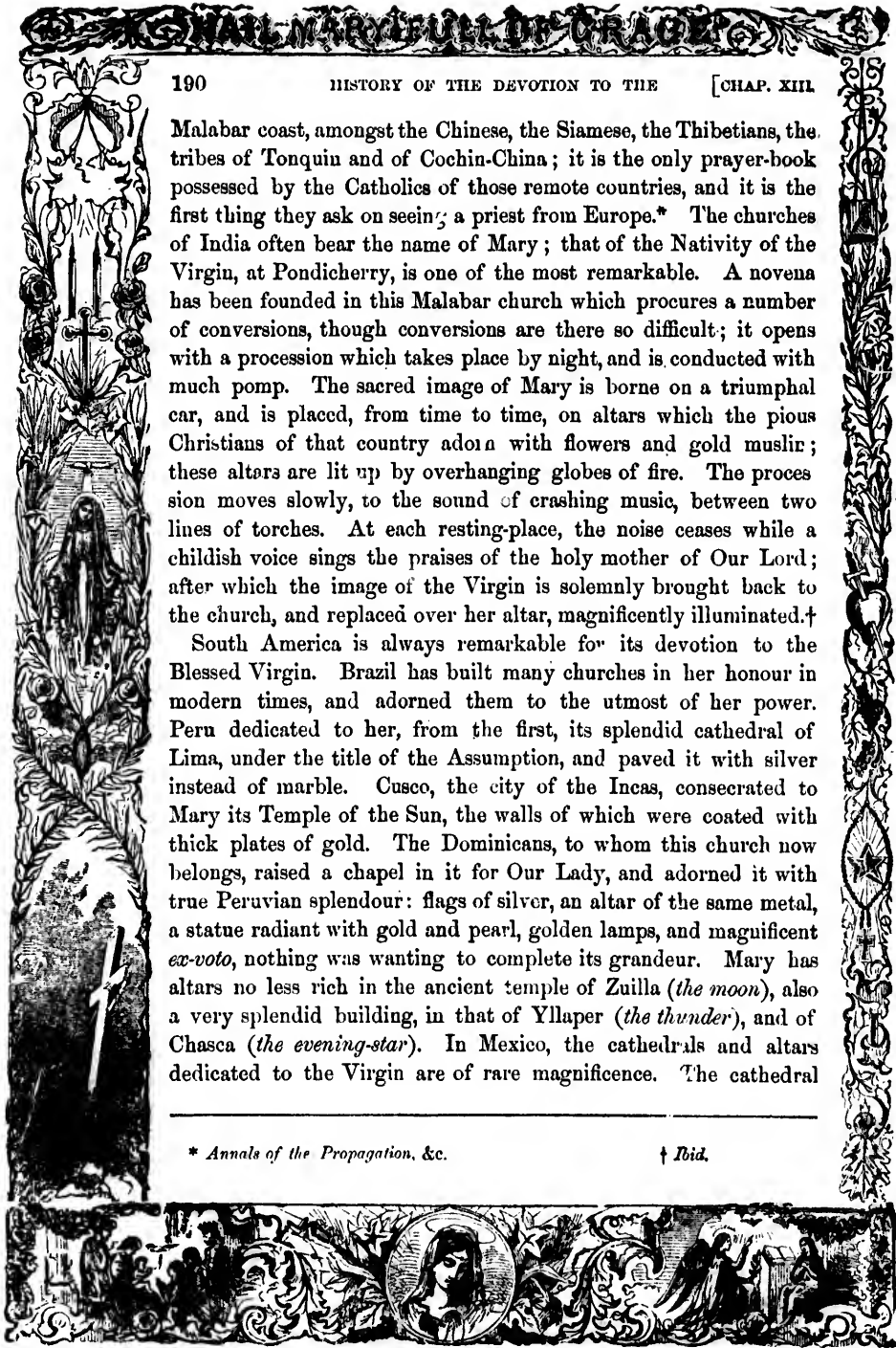
* *Voyage en Abyssinie*, par MM. Combes et Tamisier, 1835-37

† *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*.



Malabar coast, amongst the Chinese, the Siamese, the Thibetians, the tribes of Tonquin and of Cochin-China; it is the only prayer-book possessed by the Catholics of those remote countries, and it is the first thing they ask on seeing a priest from Europe.* The churches of India often bear the name of Mary; that of the Nativity of the Virgin, at Pondicherry, is one of the most remarkable. A novena has been founded in this Malabar church which procures a number of conversions, though conversions are there so difficult; it opens with a procession which takes place by night, and is conducted with much pomp. The sacred image of Mary is borne on a triumphal car, and is placed, from time to time, on altars which the pious Christians of that country adorn with flowers and gold muslin; these altars are lit up by overhanging globes of fire. The procession moves slowly, to the sound of crashing music, between two lines of torches. At each resting-place, the noise ceases while a childish voice sings the praises of the holy mother of Our Lord; after which the image of the Virgin is solemnly brought back to the church, and replaced over her altar, magnificently illuminated.†

South America is always remarkable for its devotion to the Blessed Virgin. Brazil has built many churches in her honour in modern times, and adorned them to the utmost of her power. Peru dedicated to her, from the first, its splendid cathedral of Lima, under the title of the Assumption, and paved it with silver instead of marble. Cusco, the city of the Incas, consecrated to Mary its Temple of the Sun, the walls of which were coated with thick plates of gold. The Dominicans, to whom this church now belongs, raised a chapel in it for Our Lady, and adorned it with true Peruvian splendour: flags of silver, an altar of the same metal, a statue radiant with gold and pearl, golden lamps, and magnificent *ex-voto*, nothing was wanting to complete its grandeur. Mary has altars no less rich in the ancient temple of Zuilla (*the moon*), also a very splendid building, in that of Yllaper (*the thunder*), and of Chasca (*the evening-star*). In Mexico, the cathedrals and altars dedicated to the Virgin are of rare magnificence. The cathedral

* *Annals of the Propagation, &c.*† *Ibid.*

of the Assumption, in the city of Mexico, commenced in the sixteenth century and finished in the seventeenth, has two statues of Mary which exceed all European ideas of splendour; the first is an Assumption of massive gold incrustated with precious stones of considerable weight; the second, a Conception in solid silver. The cathedral of Pueblo d'Angeles, bearing the title of the Conception, has a high altar dedicated to Mary which is itself worth a whole basilic; the altar is of massive silver, and the balustrading around it has plinths and capitals of burnished gold.

In San Domingo, in the time of the French domination, the procession of the Vow of Louis XIII. was every year made with all possible pomp. Since Hayti declared itself a republic, this custom is discontinued, but not the devotion to Mary, whom the blacks of that island still invoke with boundless confidence. The Haytians have two pilgrimages to the Blessed Virgin, one in the part that formerly belonged to Spain, and the other in the old French district. They often make these pilgrimages by proxy. a black pilgrim who sets out on this pious journey, visits all his acquaintances and collects the offerings which they wish to send to the Virgin. The negroes of distinction imported from Africa a heathen custom which they made a Christian one in the Antillas. When they wish to ascertain whether they possess the affection of their husbands, they take to the sea-shore a thin plank of native wood pierced with holes, wherein they place lighted tapers of white wax; after invoking Mary, they carefully and timidly commit their little illuminated raft to the waves of their sunny gulf, and if it floats a little time on the water without sinking, they bless the Virgin, persuaded that they may rest content.

Numismatics, which has preserved to us the effigy of sovereigns lost to history, has also helped to perpetuate the remembrance of the devotion to Mary. Nearly all Christian nations have struck medals in honour of the Virgin, and stamped her image on coins.

The empress Theophania, who married Romanus the Younger in 959, is the first whose coin bears the image of Mary. She is placed on the reverse; her head, surrounded by the aureola, is covered with a veil, and her two hands are raised to the height of the chest; around, is the Greek inscription signifying MOTHER OF GOD. The



THE MARY FULL OF GRACE

second husband of that princess, John Zimisce, who ascended the imperial throne in 969, also had a medal struck, bearing on one side the figure of Christ EMMANYHA (*Emmanuel*), and on the other, the Virgin seated on a throne with the Infant Jesus on her knee. Before her are the three magi offering their gifts; above her head is a star, and beneath her two doves. The first emperor who placed the effigy of Mary on the front side of his coins, was Romanus IV., styled Diogenes, who ascended the imperial throne A. D. 1068. On his medals is seen the Blessed Virgin with the head of the divine Infant reclining on her bosom, according to the decree of the council of Ephesus. The Virgin is there attired as an empress. Several strings of pearls are seen around her head and twined amid her hair, and her brow is encircled by the imperial diadem. She also retains the glory or aureola, but has no veil. On the reverse of the medal is the Greek inscription meaning *May the Mother of God be propitious to the Emperor Romanus Diogenes*. Many of the succeeding emperors also stamped the image of the Virgin on their coins; but from the time of John Zimisce till the taking of Constantinople, the letter M is no longer found on the coins of the Lower Empire.

The Greeks were not the only nation who gave Mary this mark of respect; many modern states still bear on their coins the effigy of the holy Virgin.

In the States of the Church, the new silver crown has on it the Virgin borne on clouds, holding the keys in one hand, and in the other an ark, with this inscription: *Supra firmam petram*. The city of Genoa also presents, on some of its gold coins, the Virgin borne on clouds, and holding the Infant Jesus on one arm. The inscription is: *Et rege eos*. Austria has gold ducats whereon is seen the Virgin, in like manner, borne on clouds, holding the Infant Jesus on one arm, with the globe in his hand; the inscription is: *Maria Mater Dei*. The same state has also gold maximilians, on the reverse of which is seen the Virgin and Child, the latter holding the globe in his hand; the legend is: *Salus in te sperantibus*. The three-florin gold pieces of the same empire have also on the reverse the Virgin and Child, with the same legend as the maximilians. Bavaria, too, strikes gold maximilians and caroluses with



the same figy and inscription. Portugal stamps on her gold cruzades the name of Mary: *Maria*, surmounted by a crown, and encircled by two branches of laurel; on the other side is seen a cross with this inscription: *In hoc signo vinces*.



CHAPTER XIV.

[We have, in the preceding chapters, a most interesting chronicle of the rise and progress of the devotion to the Blessed Virgin: the learned author has collected much valuable information on this subject: he has glanced over many lands, giving a brief space to all, and, as far as he has gone, his work leaves nothing unnoticed that could throw light on the fair picture of filial love and reverence. But we could wish that he had devoted more space to this New World, where he had assuredly an ample field before him: where the devotion to Mary is, and has been, for ages, steadily on the increase, till, like the grain of mustard-seed mentioned in the Gospel, it has become a stately tree, overshadowing with its branches all the land. It is with some hesitation that I attempt to "take up the wondrous tale," but, as I have endeavoured to give it an English form, and make it accessible to those who know not the French language, I should be sorry to present it to them without adding a few pages on the history of the devotion to Mary in these countries.]

THE countries of the New World were nearly all settled by Catholics, and by Catholics who loved and honoured Mary, as we see by the names of many of the older settlements. Columbus was a faithful servant of Mary, and Jacques Cartier, the discoverer of Canada, or New France, was equally devoted to her service. The latter brought with him from old Catholic France that zeal for religion which then characterized all the navigators of that great country. The beads and crucifix were his most trusty weapons, and when he succeeded in effecting a landing, or making a treaty with the Indians, it was to God and the Virgin that he returned thanks. The first tree felled by Europeans was hailed as a triumph for religion—as the first step towards the foundation of a new empire for Jesus and Mary.* Those sacred names were the watchword of all the French and Spanish Christians who led the van in civilizing America, and strong in the strength of those mighty names they triumphed over every obstacle that the powers of earth and hell

* "THE SALVATION OF A SOUL IS WORTH MORE THAN THE CONQUEST OF AN EMPIRE." Such was the golden maxim of Champlain, the founder of New France (Canada); a maxim which was adopted and acted on by all the Catholic pioneers of the New World.—(Life of Bishop Flaget, p. 179.)



raised up to bar their progress. These northern regions of America were especially placed under the protection of Mary from their first settlement by Europeans. Jacques Cartier's grim old followers, with hand of iron and heart of faith, had passed away; several voyages had been made by successive companies from France, but none of them succeeded in effecting a permanent settlement; all designs that were of a purely worldly nature failed, and it was only the faithful sons of Loyola who braved and at length surmounted every difficulty. They it was who explored the interminable woods of Canada, seeking, through incredible toils and hardships, to gather in the harvest, already ripe for the sickle; martyrdom itself had no terrors for these valiant soldiers of Christ, and, armed only with the cross and beads, they boldly advanced, regardless of the tomahawk and scalping-knife, intent on conquering the land for Him who sent them, and making his name known to the heathen. Well and aptly have they been called the pioneers of civilization, for where the foot of European never trod, never dared to tread, they planted the standard of the Cross. God and the Virgin were with them wherever they went. It may well be said that Mary presided over the opening of American civilization, since they who laid its earliest foundations were her own faithful servants, her devoted clients. Thus, in the cruel torments inflicted on them by their savage captors, we find them consoled by the thought of Mary's maternal care and protection. "It was my consolation," wrote one of these fervent missionaries, addressing the Superior-General of his order; "it was my consolation to know that I was doing the will of God, since I undertook this journey only through obedience. I was full of confidence in the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, and in the assistance of the many souls who were praying for me."* And again, describing another of his grievous trials: "I desired and expected death, but was not without a certain dread of the fire. I, nevertheless, prepared for it as well as I could, commending myself to the *Mother of Mercy*, who is truly

* Bressani's *Relation de la Nouvelle-France*, abridged by the Rev. Père Martin, S. J., p. 118

the *Amiable Mother*, the *Admirable Mother*, the *Powerful and Clement Virgin*, the *comfort of the afflicted*. She was, after God, the only refuge of a poor sinner, forsaken by all creatures on a foreign soil, in that *place of horror and of waste wilderness*,* without a tongue to make himself understood, or friends to console, or sacraments to strengthen him, or any human remedy to alleviate his sufferings."†

Father de Nouë, one of the first missionaries, was frozen to death while wandering alone in the trackless forest, and was found in a kneeling posture, his head uncovered, his eyes wide open and raised to heaven, and his arms crossed on his bosom. He was quite dead. "Father de Nouë died, it is thought, on the day of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin, for whom he had a great devotion. . Every Saturday he fasted in her honour, and, every day, he recited the office of the Immaculate Conception. When he spoke of her, every word was from his heart."‡

Father Jogues, the illustrious champion of the faith, who lived through torments that would have killed an hundred ordinary men, giving an account of his capture by the Iroquois, says: "At length we reached the first Iroquois village; it was on the eve of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, and I thanked Our Lord Jesus Christ for that he was pleased to call us to share his cross and sufferings, on the day whereon the Christian world celebrates the triumph of his divine mother ascending to heaven."§ On another occasion, when he and his companion had retired from this Iroquois village, during a tumult, to pray on a little neighbouring hill: "Returning to the village, we were reciting the chaplet of the Blessed Virgin, and had already said four decades, when we met two young men who ordered us to return to the village. 'Brother,' said I to René, 'we know not what these men intend to do with us, now that they are all so much excited. Let us recommend our-

* Deut. xxxii. 10.

† Bressani's *Relation de la Nouvelle-France*, abridged by the Rev. Père Martin, S. J., p. 126.

‡ *Relation Abregée*, pp. 178, 179.

§ *Ibid.*, p. 198.

selves with the greater fervour to God and the Blessed Virgin, our good mother.*

Of Father Charles Garnier, another of the martyrs of Canada, it is related that from his childhood he had a great inclination for virtue, and especially a great devotion to the Blessed Virgin, whom he always called his mother. He had bound himself by a solemn vow, to defend, till death, the doctrine of her Immaculate Conception, and he loved to honour her under that title. His death took place on the eve of that festival, which he went to celebrate with greater solemnity in heaven.†

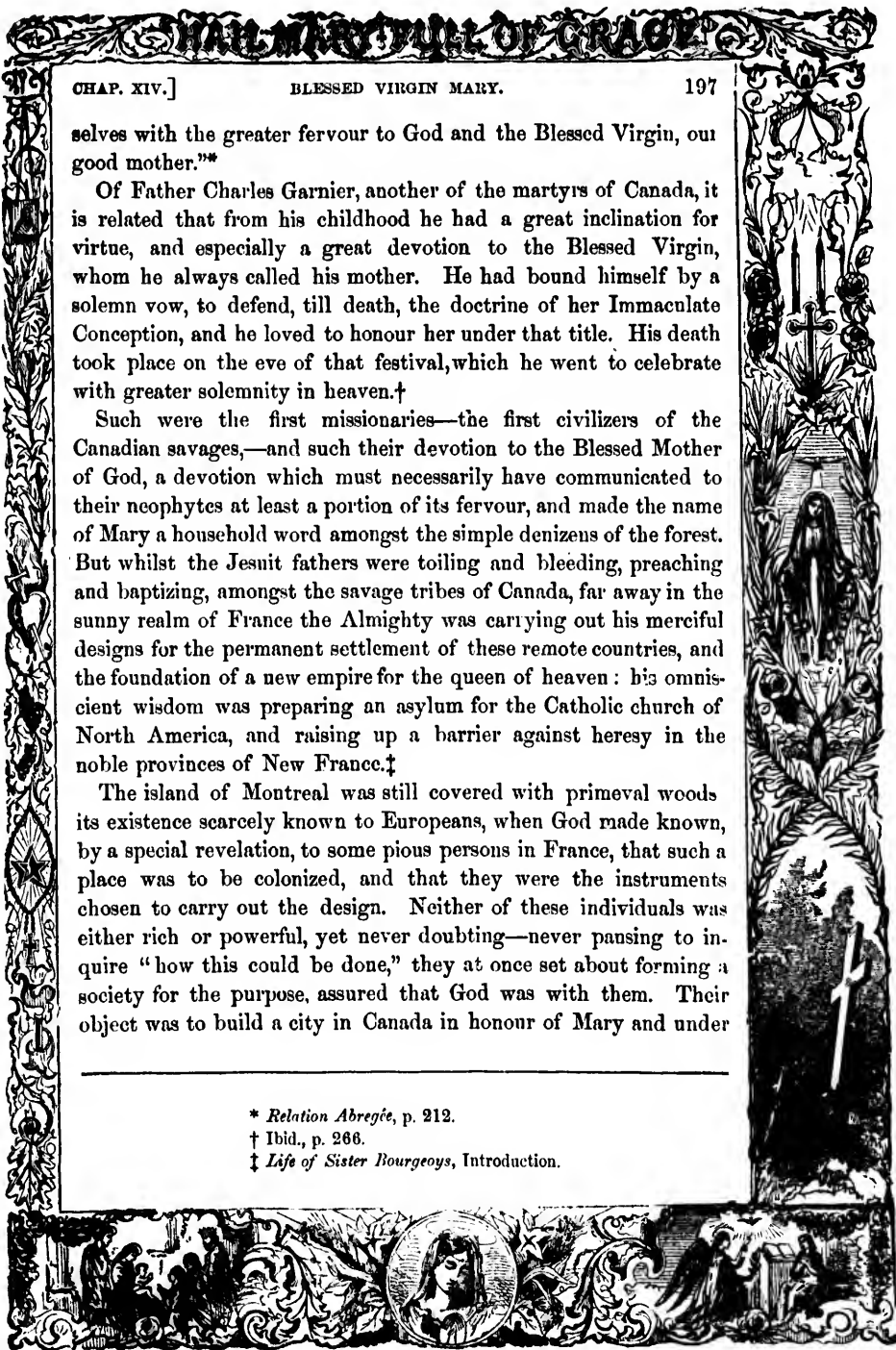
Such were the first missionaries—the first civilizers of the Canadian savages,—and such their devotion to the Blessed Mother of God, a devotion which must necessarily have communicated to their neophytes at least a portion of its fervour, and made the name of Mary a household word amongst the simple denizens of the forest. But whilst the Jesuit fathers were toiling and bleeding, preaching and baptizing, amongst the savage tribes of Canada, far away in the sunny realm of France the Almighty was carrying out his merciful designs for the permanent settlement of these remote countries, and the foundation of a new empire for the queen of heaven: his omniscient wisdom was preparing an asylum for the Catholic church of North America, and raising up a barrier against heresy in the noble provinces of New France.‡

The island of Montreal was still covered with primeval woods its existence scarcely known to Europeans, when God made known, by a special revelation, to some pious persons in France, that such a place was to be colonized, and that they were the instruments chosen to carry out the design. Neither of these individuals was either rich or powerful, yet never doubting—never pausing to inquire “how this could be done,” they at once set about forming a society for the purpose, assured that God was with them. Their object was to build a city in Canada in honour of Mary and under

* *Relation Abregée*, p. 212.

† *Ibid.*, p. 266.

‡ *Life of Sister Bourgeoys*, Introduction.



GENERAL HISTORY OF THE DEVIATION TO THE

her especial patronage, to serve as the stronghold and nucleus of religion in those (then) remote regions. The city was to be called Villemarie. The principal movers of this project were the inspired persons above mentioned: M. de Maisonneuve, a virtuous and pious layman, M. Olier, afterwards founder of the illustrious order of St. Sulpice, and sister Marguerite Bourgeoys, an humble maiden of Troyes. Each of these, but especially the two latter, were favoured, all through, with the most singular graces, and guided by light and knowledge from above, clearly showing that they were chosen instruments of the divine will. When all things were prepared for the voyage, the good sister Bourgeoys began to shrink from the prospect of embarking alone on such an undertaking, as she was to have no female companion. She had taken all possible pains to ascertain whether she was really called to this perilous enterprise; she had consulted the most pious and the most enlightened ecclesiastics of the time, and was, through them, assured of her vocation, yet still she feared to go alone to Canada. Her historian tells us "that the project of such a voyage for a woman of thirty-three, the prospect of being unaccompanied by any of her own sex, amidst a company of soldiers; the idea of having no female to assist her at Villemarie in the education of children, and of being constantly exposed to the danger of being taken and burned by the Iroquois; all these considerations were very fit to inspire her with fear, and prudence seemed to render it necessary that she should have some more convincing proof of the divine will. Even this was granted to her, though she asked it not. The Blessed Virgin, for whose honour and glory she was resolved to sacrifice her life, by going to Canada to procure faithful servants for her, vouchsafed to assure her with her own lips, that the design was well-pleasing to her, and that she would herself protect her amidst so many dangers. The good nun being in her own chamber, thinking at the moment of anything but her voyage: 'I saw before me,' says she, 'a tall lady, clad in a robe as it were, of white serge, who said to me: *Go, I will not desert thee;* and I knew it was the Blessed Virgin, though I saw not her face. This reassured me and gave me courage to undertake the voyage.' After this vision, sister Margaret no longer hesitated to set out. Yet still her great



prudence made her fear that it might be an illusion; knowing that God conducts his children by the common rules of faith, and not by extraordinary means:—'After this apparition,' says she, 'being fearful of illusions, I considered that if this one were from God, I had nothing to provide for my voyage. I said to myself: if it be the will of God that I should go to Villemarie, I have no need of anything; whereupon I set out without a penny or a box of any kind, having with me only a small bundle which I could carry under my arm.'

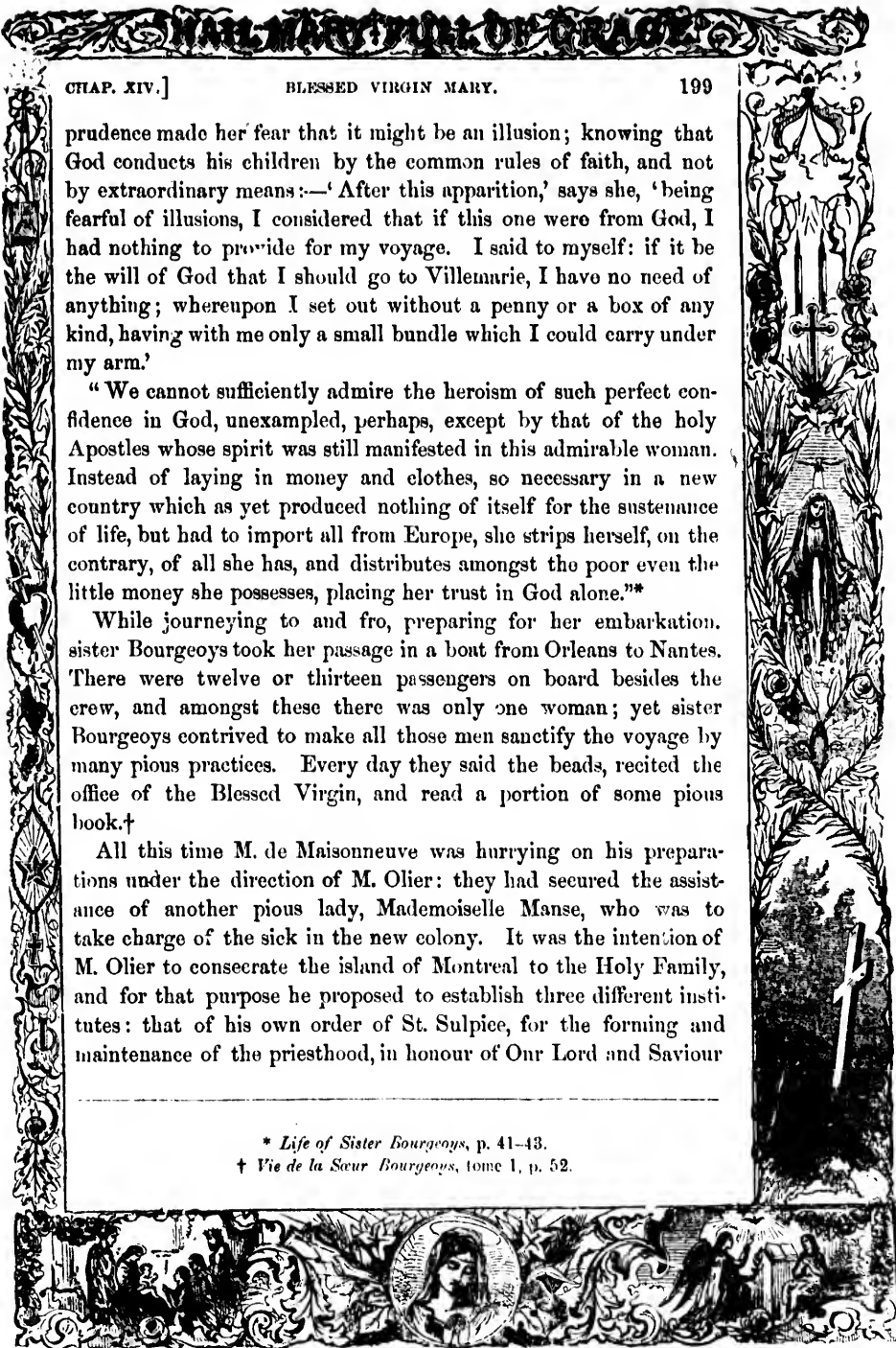
"We cannot sufficiently admire the heroism of such perfect confidence in God, unexampled, perhaps, except by that of the holy Apostles whose spirit was still manifested in this admirable woman. Instead of laying in money and clothes, so necessary in a new country which as yet produced nothing of itself for the sustenance of life, but had to import all from Europe, she strips herself, on the contrary, of all she has, and distributes amongst the poor even the little money she possesses, placing her trust in God alone."*

While journeying to and fro, preparing for her embarkation, sister Bourgeoys took her passage in a boat from Orleans to Nantes. There were twelve or thirteen passengers on board besides the crew, and amongst these there was only one woman; yet sister Bourgeoys contrived to make all those men sanctify the voyage by many pious practices. Every day they said the beads, recited the office of the Blessed Virgin, and read a portion of some pious book.†

All this time M. de Maisonneuve was hurrying on his preparations under the direction of M. Olier: they had secured the assistance of another pious lady, Mademoiselle Manse, who was to take charge of the sick in the new colony. It was the intention of M. Olier to consecrate the island of Montreal to the Holy Family, and for that purpose he proposed to establish three different institutes: that of his own order of St. Sulpice, for the forming and maintenance of the priesthood, in honour of Our Lord and Saviour

* *Life of Sister Bourgeoys*, p. 41-43.

† *Vie de la Seur Bourgeoys*, tome 1, p. 52.



Jesus Christ; that of the Congregation of Our Lady for the education of females, in honour of Our Blessed Lady, and that of the Hospital Nuns, for the care of the sick and diseased, in honour of her illustrious spouse, St. Joseph. Come we now to the actual foundation of the city, which I will give in the simple, graphic words of M. Olier's biographer.

"In the month of February, 1642, he assembled in the church of Notre Dame all the members of the company of Montreal, celebrated the Holy Mass at the Virgin's altar, where he gave communion to those who were not priests, whilst the latter celebrated at the neighbouring altars; and all consecrated the island to the Holy Family, under the special protection of the Blessed Virgin, and consecrated themselves to that pious intention. On leaving the church, they repaired to the Hotel de Loson, to concert the means of consolidating the good work. It was resolved that they should freight at least three vessels, to convey to Montreal as many decent families of different states as they could find willing to emigrate; that they should take possession of the island in the name of the Blessed Virgin, who was always to be regarded as its first and true mistress, and that, with the king's permission, they would build a city on it to be called *Villemarie*.

"On the 17th of May following, the little troop (having passed the winter in Quebec,) at length arrived at Montreal. Immediately on landing, they prostrated themselves on the shore, and, in the transports of their holy enthusiasm, they sang several psalms, to testify their gratitude to God. In the place destined for the new city, they erected tents for their own accommodation, and then proceeded to raise an altar, where, next day, Father Vimont, after the *Veni-Creator*, first celebrated the holy sacrifice, and exposed the blessed sacrament, to obtain from heaven an auspicious commencement to that pious work. It was in a *chapel* constructed of bark that the blessed sacrament was first placed, and it has ever since been preserved in Ville-Marie; as the country furnished neither oil nor wax, they placed before the tabernacle which they brought from France, instead of a lamp, a glass vial containing a number of fire-flies, insects which, when there are several of them put

together, produce a light like that of numerous wax tapers.*

"Such was the beginning of Ville-Marie," adds the biographer, and it will at once be seen from his description, that the foundation of the city of Montreal was essentially a religious one, resembling that of a monastery rather than a city. We are inclined to think that no other city was ever founded under circumstances so interesting or so edifying. The motives of its founders were of a purely religious nature; they had no thoughts of aggrandizing themselves or even their nation; they desired not to enrich themselves by drawing forth the natural resources of the country; its wealth of woods and waters, and minerals, gave them no concern; their sole ambition was to promote the glory of God and the salvation of men, and to do honour to their sovereign lady and mistress, the Blessed Mother of God. Assured of her protection, they calmly prosecuted their work of building habitations for themselves, fearing neither the savage Iroquois of the surrounding woods, nor the severity of the climate, nor the privations of every kind yet to be endured. They were doing the will of God, and working for Mary, their beloved queen, and all considerations of a purely personal or selfish nature were forgotten.

During the first days of the colony's existence, the river St. Lawrence rose in fury one Christmas-eve, threatening to sweep away the little inclosure of stakes which then contained the whole of Montreal. M. de Maisonneuve, the pious governor of the island, made a vow that if the fort were preserved, he would plant a wooden cross on the summit of the mountain which overhung the infant city. The waters retired after some time, without doing any injury, and the grateful governor planted the cross as he had promised. This cross was destroyed soon after by the Iroquois, but when sister Bourgeois arrived in the colony, she prevailed upon M. de Maisonneuve to have it put up again, and it continued to be a place of pilgrimage for several years, notwithstanding that the woods around it were infested by the ferocious Iroquois who took every opportunity of attacking those who went to pray there.

* *Vie de M. Olier, abrégée.*

Yet many did go for some time after the replanting of the cross, to perform novenas and other devotions for the conversion of the savages. In the lapse of time there was a mission established on the mountain, and the savages began to gather to the place: hitherto they could never be induced to settle on the island. A school-house and a small chapel were built; the latter dedicated to Our Lady of Snow—*Notre Dame des Neiges*, around which a pretty village has since sprung up.

The good Sister Bourgeoys succeeded, after some years, in forming her admirable institute under the title of *the Congregation of Our Lady*, but not without having her full share of the sufferings and privations of the infant colony. At first, she went from house to house teaching, but her strength soon began to fail under this excessive fatigue; she was then presented by the governor (in the name of the company) with a stone building which had been used as a stable;* here she commenced her school, herself and her four assistants sleeping in a sort of loft to which they ascended by a ladder. This humble building, cleaned and ornamented by the pious sister as well as her poverty would permit, was converted into a school-house, and formed the foundation of the stately convent now known as the Congregation Nunnery. After considerable delay and many disappointments, Sister Bourgeoys was so happy as to see a chapel erected near her school-house, in honour of Our Lady of Good Aid—*Notre Dame de Bon Secours*.

"Nothing could be more touching," says the reverend biographer of Sister Bourgeoys, "than the disinterested and courageous charity of these fervent colonists for each other. M. de Maisonneuve had formed amongst them a company of soldiers styled the Blessed Virgin's Company, who were to be ready at any time to sacrifice their lives to preserve those of the other colonists, and kept guard night and day around the houses and fields, where the savages were accustomed to conceal themselves in order to surprise the colony. 'M. de Maisonneuve,' says Sister Bourgeoys, 'had enrolled sixty-three of these soldiers, in honour of the number of years which the

* *Vie de la Sœur Bourgeoys*, t. i., p. 93.

Blessed Virgin is thought to have passed on earth. Every Sunday he appointed certain of their number to receive daily during the ensuing week, and gave them a pious exhortation. When these soldiers mounted guard, it was always with prayer; and when they had any religious duty to fulfil, they were taken to the church where they said their prayers and performed their other devotions in common, with every appearance of satisfaction."*

Meanwhile, Mademoiselle Manse had her hospital already in operation, under the title of the *Hotel Dieu*. M. Olier being unable to come himself to Montreal as he had desired, the governor prevailed upon him to send four of his ecclesiastics to establish a seminary there for the education of priests and to minister to the spiritual wants of the rising colony, the Jesuit fathers having no permanent settlement there, and being desirous of devoting themselves in a particular manner to their missions amongst the Indians. From this time the colony progressed rapidly under the pastoral and paternal care of the pious Sulpicians, who in the course of some years, became seigneurs or proprietors of the island of Montreal, which was transferred to them by the company.

During the whole period of her long life, Sister Bourgeoys continued to labour, under the patronage of Mary, for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the colony. Not content with training up her pupils in the way of godliness and virtue, she instituted an *external congregation*, consisting of those young women who had been brought up in her schools. This excellent confraternity is still kept up in Montreal under the title of the Confraternity of Our Lady of Victory.

About the same time was formed the pious confraternity of the Holy Family, which grew out of the three religious communities already in existence. The object of this association was to place before Christian families the example of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph; the men to form their conduct on that of St. Joseph, the women on that of the Blessed Virgin, and the children on that of the child Jesus.† This confraternity is also in existence at the present time.

* *Vie de la Sœur Bourgeoys*, t. i., p. 77, 78.

† *Ibid*, t. i., p. 170.

In 1673, the wooden chapel of Our Lady of Good Aid was replaced by one of stone on the following occasion: amongst the members of the company of Montreal, before it made over the island to the Sulpicians, there were two brothers named Le Prêtre, lords of Fleury in France. They were both very pious, and having a peculiar devotion to the Blessed Virgin, they were exceedingly anxious to promote the prosperity of her new city. For this purpose they made a sacrifice highly honourable to themselves and well calculated to prove their generous devotion. They had, in the chapel of their castle, a small statue of the Blessed Virgin which had been an object of particular veneration for more than a century. The desire of promoting the devotion to Mary in a colony specially consecrated to her, induced them to send this precious treasure to Montreal, with a request that it might be placed in a chapel dedicated to the mother of God. Sister Bourgeoys happened just then to be in France on some important business for the colony, and to her care the statue was confided. It was but six or eight inches in height, skilfully carved in brown wood. The niche whereiu it stood was of gilt wood, adorned with sculpture and with precious stones. This statue was at first deposited in the little wooden chapel, but the piety of the colonists did not permit it to remain long in that humble abode. They resolved to erect a stone building, and on the 30th of January, 1673, the first stone was solemnly blessed by the Superior of the seminary, amidst a general assembly of all the inhabitants of the island.* This church was consecrated on the 25th of August, 1675, and was the first stone church erected on the island of Montreal. Every day a priest went there to say mass, and when Mary's festivals came round, they were celebrated with so much pomp and solemnity that the people gathered from all parts, and the place became a famous pilgrimage. It became the term of public processions, and in times of danger or calamity, the faithful hastened thither to offer up their supplications.

In 1754, the church of Bon Secours was burned in a conflagration which destroyed a considerable portion of the city, but "great was

* *Manuel du Pelerin de Notre Dame de Bon Secours à Montreal*, pp. 14, 15.

the astonishment of all the world, and great the consolation of virtuous souls, when, on searching amongst the ruins, the venerated image of Our Lady of Good Aid was found in a state of perfect preservation."*

War and famine visited the land, so as to keep the public mind in an unsettled and anxious state, and it was many years before the project of rebuilding the church could be carried into execution. On the 30th of June, 1771, the first stone of the new building was laid. This stone bore the inscription :

D. O. M.

ET

BEATÆ MARIE AUXILIATRICI

SUB TITULO ASSUMPTIONIS.

High up in the wall of the church, overlooking the St. Lawrence, there was a figure of the Blessed Virgin placed in a niche, inviting all those who sailed up or down the river to invoke the *Star of the Sea*. Time, and the ravages of the weather, have long since destroyed this venerable image.

There is in Montreal another interesting monument of past times also dedicated to Our Lady : it is a church which formerly belonged to the Récollet fathers, and from them popularly named the church of the Récollets. It now belongs to a congregation of men piously associated together under the patronage of Our Blessed Lady. It bears on its front the date, 1725.

But we have yet to speak of the noblest monument of piety ever erected in these northern regions : the parish church of Montreal, dedicated to Almighty God, under the invocation of Our Lady. This magnificent structure is built in that stately style of architecture which characterized the old French and Flemish cathedrals of the middle ages, and though, perhaps, not quite so florid as most of them, its exterior is of rare beauty. Two lofty towers rise on either side of the portal ; † in one of these there is a bell

* *Manuel du Pelerin de Notre Dame de Bon Secours*, p. 21.

† The height of the principal towers is 220 feet, and of the others 115 feet

which weighs 29,400 lbs., and in the other a very good chime of bells; the *bourdon*, or great bell, is only rung on solemn occasions, and when it is, its deep, booming sound, is heard reverberating for miles along the river. The interior is divided by two rows of lofty pillars into a nave, and two lateral aisles, with a spacious choir, surrounded by the stalls of the reverend Sulpicians to whom the church belongs. The roof is groined and arched. There are two ranges of galleries running around three sides of the walls, and opposite the choir, just over the principal entrance, is the organ-loft. Over the high altar is a niche containing a statue of Our Lady, nearly of life-size. In the side aisles there are several *chappelles*, with altars and balustrading of dark wood, handsomely ornamented. One of these is dedicated to the infant Jesus, another to St. Amable: these two are on either side of the high altar. There is also one bearing the name of St. Joseph, and another that of St. Anne. Each of these has a handsome altar-piece. The nave is lit by chandeliers of the most costly kind, and the aisles by oil-lamps. Before each of the altars where the blessed sacrament is kept, there hangs a heavy silver lamp of antique style and workmanship. Take it for all in all, it is a superb memento of Catholic piety and devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

Quebec is scarcely behind Montreal in devotion to the Mother of God. One of the first churches founded in the city was that of Our Lady of Victory, where the faithful still go to invoke the aid of her who is called the Help of Christians. The Sisters of the Congregation have an establishment in Quebec, as they have in various parts of the country, and wherever they have charge of the rising generation of females, Mary is sure to be loved and honoured.

Space will not permit me to particularize all the churches and chapels dedicated to Our Blessed Lady in Canada; suffice it to say that many of the parish churches bear her name, and that, in all the cities and towns, there is one altar dedicated to her wherever

each; the great window behind the high altar is 64 feet in height, by 32 in width. The total number of pews is 1,244, capable of seating between six and seven thousand persons. [*Guide to the Cities of Canada.*]



there is a second one in the church. Throughout all the rural districts Mary reigns supreme: her festivals are celebrated with all possible solemnity, and her altars adorned as richly as the means of the people will allow. There is scarcely a family all the country over without a Mary, and it is no unfrequent thing, amongst the French Canadians, to find several daughters of the same family bearing the name of Mary in addition to their distinctive appellations. *La Sainte Vierge* is still the chosen patroness of all Lower Canada, from one end to the other, and it may with truth be said that the wives and mothers of that province are entirely devoted to that great queen, and live, for the most part, as becomes her servants. Lower Canada is essentially Catholic, a fact which stares the traveller in the face as he journeys along the peaceful highways. At every few miles he will perceive a pretty parish church raising its cross-crowned steeple, and over its portal, perhaps, a small statue of the Blessed Virgin set in a niche. The exterior of these churches is simple enough, but within they are, in general, well finished and tastefully decorated.*

And the sweet Mother of Christians is not insensible to all this homage: many and many a time has she manifested her gratitude and her protecting care on behalf of these good Canadians. Passing over the numerous instances on record, we will only mention two which occurred within the last few years in view of the whole province.

In 1847, when the terrible typhus fever raged in Montreal and in all the ports of the St. Lawrence, many of the priests had already fallen victims to the dreadful pestilence; the devoted daughters of St. Vincent de Paul, the heroic Sisters of Charity, had suffered severely, no less than thirteen of their number having died within a few weeks; the worthy bishop of Montreal was at length attacked by the fever and the whole city was thrown into consternation. Then it was, when all human succour was vain,

* There are also wooden crosses erected, at short intervals, to remind the people of Christ's passion and death; they are generally accompanied by some of the instruments of Our Saviour's torture—the ladder the spear, the crown of thorns, &c., and are inclosed by a wooden railing.



that the faithful had recourse to the Mother of Mercy. A novena was made in the church of Bon Secours for the recovery of the bishop; the good prelate himself made a vow that if the Blessed Virgin would be pleased to arrest the progress of the pestilence by her powerful intercession, and relieve his suffering people, he would have the event recorded on canvass. The prayers were heard; the vow was accepted; the fever stopped its ravages almost immediately; the bishop recovered, contrary to all expectation, and a handsome painting was executed by his orders, representing the emigrant sheds, the chief scene of the pestilence, the Sisters of Charity and some ecclesiastics in attendance on the sick, with the Blessed Virgin seated on a cloud, looking down on the sufferings and the charitable labours of her faithful servants. The picture is now to be seen over one of the side altars in the church of Bon Secours.

The other instance referred to occurred during the visitation of the cholera to Montreal in 1849. The disease was making fearful ravages amongst the people, and was daily on the increase, when the same pious prelate* had again recourse to the maternal heart of Mary. The statue of the Blessed Virgin was borne in triumph around the city, followed by a vast concourse of people, amounting, it was thought, to twenty thousand, walking in procession with banners flying; some of the pious confraternities reciting the Rosary and Litany, and others singing hymns. After visiting some others of the churches, the procession returned to that of Our Lady of Succour, and the scene at that moment was one which the mind cannot easily forget. It was a lovely evening and a lovely sight when the gray, soft, summer twilight faded into night, and the vast multitude knelt in front of the quaint old church, lighted up and wreathed with flowers as for a joyous festival. Above was the cloudless sky, where Mary sits enthroned beside her divine Son, and below, at the end of a long, long vista of glittering lights and over-arching boughs, was seen the statue of that amiable Virgin, reminding the thousand, thousand supplicants, of her many claims

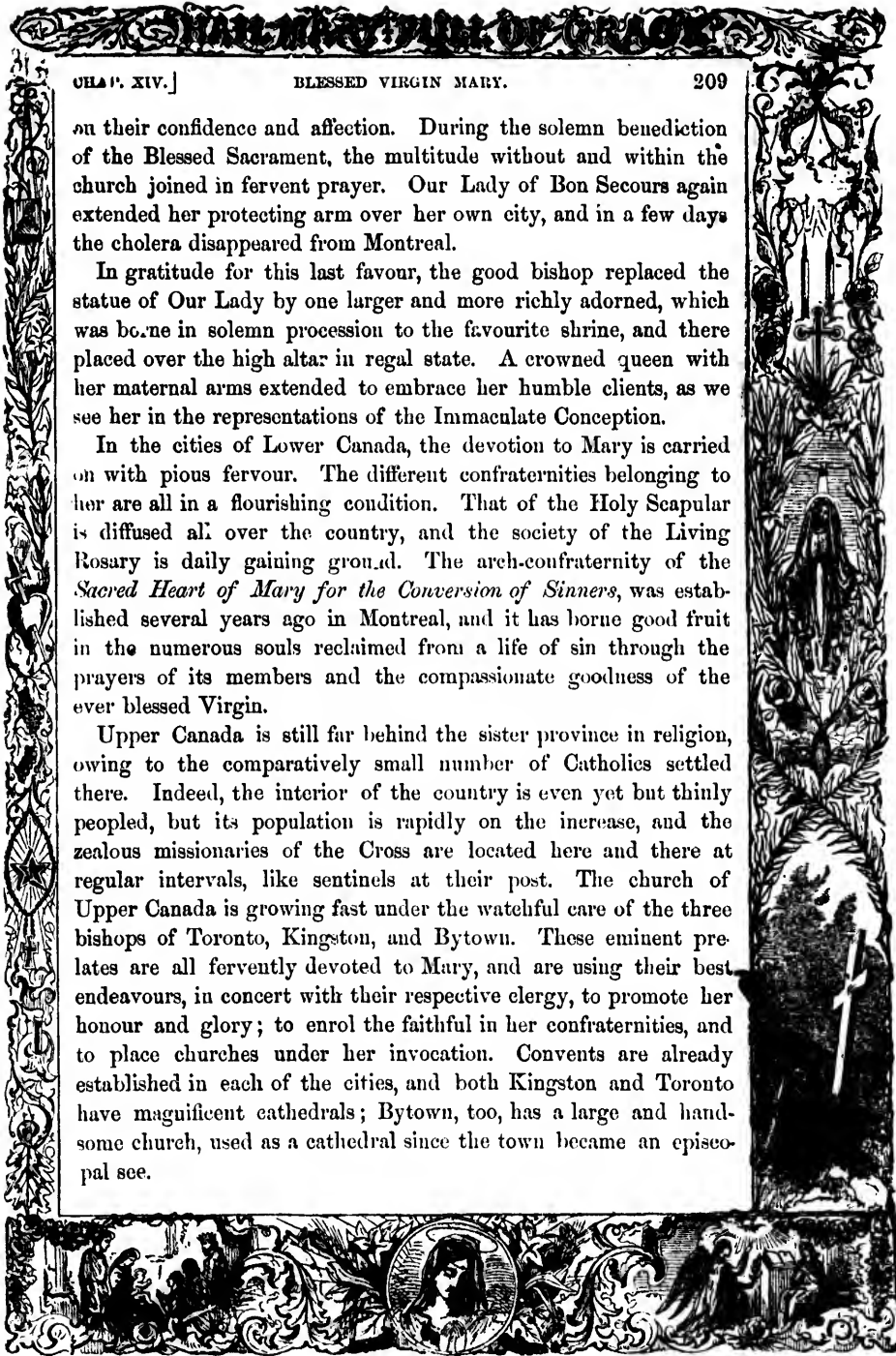
* The Right Rev. Ignatius Bourget, titular bishop of Montreal.

on their confidence and affection. During the solemn benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the multitude without and within the church joined in fervent prayer. Our Lady of Bon Secours again extended her protecting arm over her own city, and in a few days the cholera disappeared from Montreal.

In gratitude for this last favour, the good bishop replaced the statue of Our Lady by one larger and more richly adorned, which was borne in solemn procession to the favourite shrine, and there placed over the high altar in regal state. A crowned queen with her maternal arms extended to embrace her humble clients, as we see her in the representations of the Immaculate Conception.

In the cities of Lower Canada, the devotion to Mary is carried on with pious fervour. The different confraternities belonging to her are all in a flourishing condition. That of the Holy Scapular is diffused all over the country, and the society of the Living Rosary is daily gaining ground. The arch-confraternity of the *Sacred Heart of Mary for the Conversion of Sinners*, was established several years ago in Montreal, and it has borne good fruit in the numerous souls reclaimed from a life of sin through the prayers of its members and the compassionate goodness of the ever blessed Virgin.

Upper Canada is still far behind the sister province in religion, owing to the comparatively small number of Catholics settled there. Indeed, the interior of the country is even yet but thinly peopled, but its population is rapidly on the increase, and the zealous missionaries of the Cross are located here and there at regular intervals, like sentinels at their post. The church of Upper Canada is growing fast under the watchful care of the three bishops of Toronto, Kingston, and Bytown. These eminent prelates are all fervently devoted to Mary, and are using their best endeavours, in concert with their respective clergy, to promote her honour and glory; to enrol the faithful in her confraternities, and to place churches under her invocation. Convents are already established in each of the cities, and both Kingston and Toronto have magnificent cathedrals; Bytown, too, has a large and handsome church, used as a cathedral since the town became an episcopal see.



In the lower provinces of British America religion begins to raise her head. Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward's Island, and the island of Newfoundland, have now their titular bishops, suffragans of the new archiepiscopal see of Halifax. The good bishop of St. John's, N. F., lately undertook to prosecute the building of a spacious cathedral, commenced many years ago by his predecessor, and nothing could equal the enthusiasm with which the honest fishermen of Newfoundland seconded his pious undertaking. The people not only furnished great part of the building materials, but drew them to the spot, and the church being placed on a steep hill, it was no easy matter to draw heavy loads to the top. But this was no obstacle, or at least it was one which the piety of the people easily overcame; it was no uncommon thing to see several fishermen drawing a cart up the hill loaded with wood or stone, and all seemed vying with each other who should do most to forward the work. Every one gave what he could: those who had nothing else, freely gave their manual labour. It has been justly observed that never, in modern times, was the faith of Catholics, and its all-powerful efficacy, so strikingly displayed as in the building of a superb cathedral by the poor fishermen of Newfoundland.* Honour to them, then, honour to their pious prelate who incited them by word and example in their noble enterprise, and honour, above all, to that "miracle-working faith" which is more precious than gold or silver, or all that the world holds dear; that faith which makes the poor man rich, and raises the humble above the princes of the earth; that faith which annihilates time and space, and raises men to a level with the angels, doing the will of God, and "ministering unto Him!"

In August, 1852, there was a provincial synod held in Quebec, on which occasion nearly all the prelates of British America were present either in person or by proxy. The bishops of Upper Canada were met in Montreal by some of the prelates of the lower provinces, and, after vespers on a Sunday evening, a procession was formed consisting of the greater part of the Catholic popula-

* *New York Freeman's Journal.*

tion of the city, to visit Our Blessed Lady in her shrine of *Bon Secours*, and to implore her blessing on the council about to open during the following week; at the head of the procession walked six bishops with the reverend Superior of the Seminary, followed by the countless multitude of the faithful. A solemn benediction was given at the altar of *Bon Secours*, and one of the prelates* addressed the assembly from the steps of the church, announcing the object of the approaching assembly in Quebec, and soliciting the prayers of the people on behalf of their pastors during the sitting of the council, that the Holy Ghost might preside over their deliberations, and that Mary might be with them as she was of old with the Apostles when they met together. This scene is one of the proudest and most cherished reminiscences in the annals of Montreal, and will, we doubt not, be related with pride and pleasure by generations yet unborn.

It may be well to mention here that the Indian tribes of Canada are for the most part firmly attached to the Catholic faith. They have a large settlement near Quebec, named *Loretto*;† one near the southern shore of St. Lawrence, named *Caughnawaga*, and another on the Lake of the Two Mountains, an expansion of the river Ottawa. These people are extremely simple and well-disposed, and are remarkable for their piety and reverence for religion.‡

When Bishop Flaget visited Canada a few years before his death, he was taken by the Sulpicians of Montreal to visit the Indian village on the lake of the Two Mountains, where an old schoolmate of his was their pastor. Here a large band of Algonquins came to visit him and to receive his blessing. They bore before them a crimson banner, inscribed with the *Ave Maria* of the Sulpicians; and falling upon their knees, appeared full of humility and faith. They conducted him to their village, and on his arrival, he was saluted with firing of cannon, while all the inhabitants were on their knees to receive his benediction. At this mass the Indians chanted canticles in two responding choirs, and the bishop was moved even to tears. He next visited their superb

* The Right Reverend Armand de Charbonnel, bishop of Toronto.

† The chapel of *Loretto* was founded by the Jesuit Father Chaumonot, in fulfilment of a vow made by him in France; it was opened for service in 1674, and is an exact counterpart of the famous *Santa Casa*.

‡ *Life of Bishop Flaget*, p. 191.



Calvary carved in wood.* This representation of Calvary is a work of great ingenuity: it is situated on a sand-hill behind the village, and is used by the Indians as a sort of pilgrimage. What a beautiful proof is here of the maternal tenderness of the Catholic church, and her wonderful power as a conservator of the human race. Had not these Algonquins and Ottawas been converted to Catholicity, and remained faithful to its precepts, they would in all probability have disappeared long ago from the face of the earth like many of their kindred tribes.

* *Life of Bishop Flaget*, p. 191.



CHAPTER XV.

DEVOTION TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN IN THE UNITED STATES.

If Canada and the other British provinces were discovered and settled under the auspices of Mary, the same may be truly said of the Great West. Father Marquette, the illustrious Jesuit missionary, who, in pursuit of "the lost sheep" through the pathless forests of the west, discovered the great river since known as the Mississippi, tells us himself that he had "always invoked Mary since he had been in the Ottawa country, to obtain of God the grace to be able to visit the nations on the river Mississippi."* His biographer tells us that "from his pious mother the youthful Marquette imbibed that warm, generous, and unwavering devotion to the Mother of God, which makes him so conspicuous among her servants."† Marquette was, in relation to the Mississippi, what Jacques Cartier was to the St. Lawrence: each disclosed to the civilized world a vast region before unknown, and both were servants of Mary. No other discoverer, in ancient or modern times, occupies so grand a position in history as the Jesuit Marquette. Others laboured and explored at the bidding of earthly princes, for the advancement of human science, or, perhaps, even for self-aggrandizement, but Marquette did all, undertook all, *for the greater glory of God*, according to the well known motto of his order: no earthly prince or princess gave him his commission, but Jesus Christ was *his* sovereign, and Mary "the patroness of his mission." Thus we find him having resource to her in all his doubts and dangers. "Despairing now of being able to reach his destined goal without the interposition of Heaven, the missionary turned to the patroness of his mission, the Blessed Virgin Immaculate, and with his two companions began a novena in her honour. Nor was his trust belied," adds the biographer; "God heard his prayer, and his ill-

* *Life of Father Marquette*, by J. G. Shea.

† *Narrative of Father Marquette*, p. 6.

SMALL MARTYR FULL OF GRACE

ness ceased. During this painful wintering, which, for all his expressions of comfort, was one of great hardship and suffering, his hours were chiefly spent in prayer. Convinced that the term of his existence was drawing rapidly to a close, he consecrated this period of quiet to the exercises of a spiritual retreat, in which his soul overflowed with heavenly consolation, as rising above its frail and now tottering tenement, it soared towards that glorious home it was so soon to enter.** When opening a new mission amongst the savages, we find him adorning the rustic altar which he had raised with pictures of the Blessed Virgin, under whose invocation he had placed his new mission;† and when he felt his end approaching, the names of Jesus and Mary were ever on his lips.‡

* *Life of Father Marquette*, p. 69.

† *Ibid.*

‡ The account of the death of this famous missionary is so very beautiful that we cannot forbear giving it here. "Calmly and cheerfully he saw the approach of death, for which he prepared by assiduous prayer; his office he regularly recited to the last day of his life; a meditation on death, which he had long since prepared for this hour, he now made the subject of his thoughts; and as his kind but simple companions seemed overwhelmed at the prospect of their approaching loss, he blessed some water with the usual ceremonies, gave his companions directions how to act in his last moments, how to arrange his body when dead, and to commit it to the earth with the ceremonies he prescribed. He now seemed but to seek a grave; at last perceiving the mouth of a river which still bears his name, he pointed to an eminence as the place of his burial. . . His companions then erected a little bark cabin, and stretched the dying missionary beneath it as comfortably as their want permitted them. Still a priest, rather than a man, he thought of his ministry, and, for the last time, heard the confessions of his companions, and encouraged them to rely with confidence on the protection of God, then sent them to take the repose they so much needed. When he felt his agony approaching, he called them, and taking his crucifix from around his neck, he placed it in their hands, thanked the Almighty for the favour of permitting him to die a Jesuit, a missionary, and alone. Then he relapsed into silence, interrupted only by his pious aspirations, till at last, with the names of Jesus and Mary on his lips, with his eyes raised as if in ecstasy above his crucifix, with his face all radiant with joy, he passed from the scene of his labours to the God who was to be his reward. Obedient to his directions, his companions, when the first outbursts of grief were over, laid out the body for burial, and to the sound of his little chapel bell, bore it slowly to the spot which he had pointed out. Here they committed his body to the earth, and raising a cross above it, returned to their now desolate cabin. Such was the edifying and holy death of the illustrious explorer of the Mississippi on Saturday, 18th May, 1675."—*Life of Father Marquette*, p. lxxi.



He died as he had lived, devoted to the Mother of God, who had ever been the especial object of his love and veneration. "The privilege," says his biographer, "which the Church honours under the title of the Immaculate Conception, was the constant object of his thoughts; from his earliest youth, he daily recited the little office of the Immaculate Conception, and fasted every Saturday in her honour. As a missionary, a variety of devotions directed to the same end, still show his love for her, and to her he turned in all his trials. When he discovered the great river, when he founded his new mission, he gave it the name of the Conception, and no letter, it is said, ever came from his hand that did not contain the words, "Blessed Virgin Immaculate." The smile that lighted up his dying face, induced his poor companions to believe that she had appeared before the eyes of her devoted client.*

That the Blessed Virgin took an active part in the discovery of the Mississippi, no candid mind can doubt. Marquette himself tells us in his narrative that "he put his voyage under her protection, promising her, that if she did them the grace to discover the great river, he would give it the name of Conception, and that he would also give that name to the first mission which he should establish among those new nations, as he actually did among the Illinois."† . . . The name which the pious missionary gave to the Mississippi is found only in his own narrative, and on the map which accompanies it. The name of the Immaculate Conception, which he gave to the mission among the Kaskaskias, was retained as long as that mission lasted, and is now the title of the church in the present town of Kaskaskia. Although his wish was not realized in the name of the great river, it has been fulfilled in the fact that the Blessed Virgin, under the title of the Immaculate Conception, has been chosen by the prelates of the United States assembled in a national council, as the patroness of the whole country, so that not only in the vast valley of the Mississippi, but from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the Blessed Virgin *Immaculate* is as dear

* *Life of Father Marquette*, p. lxxii.

† *Narrative*, Sec. i., p. 8.



to every American Catholic as is Our Lady of Guadeloupe to our Mexican neighbours."*

The immediate successors of Marquette in the evangelization of the western regions were scarcely less devoted to Mary than he was himself. Thus we find Father Hennepin, a Recollet friar, during his missions on the upper Mississippi, chanting the litany of the Blessed Virgin as he journeyed with his Indians in a canoe on the great river. The name of Mary, and the glorious titles wherewith the Church delights to honour her, were among the first sounds that awoke the slumbering echoes of the Father of Waters after its discovery by Europeans.

When the great valley of the Mississippi became partially peopled by settlers from the different nations of Europe, religion continued to progress until the fatal breaking up of the Jesuit missions, when those zealous champions of the cross were forced to leave the rich harvest of their toil to be gathered in by others; then the scattered flock, being deprived of pastoral care, and surrounded by a half heathen population, began to lose the fervour and simplicity of that faith which they had received in happier days: coldness and indifference prevailed among them, and how could it be otherwise, when they had neither bishop, nor priest, nor sacrament. The Catholic regions of the west and south, the conquests of the Jesuits and Recollets, were fast falling away from their high vocation. The Eastern and Middle States were meanwhile peopled with an active, bustling population, professing either some Protestant *fancy*, which they called religion, or otherwise no religion save that of expediency and worldly prosperity. The immense countries now constituting the United States were on the point of being lost to the universal church, but God in his own good time raised up the means of defence. A branch of the order of St. Sulpice was founded at Baltimore, in the Catholic State of Maryland, about the year 1791, and their establishment was a tower of strength for Catholicity. The priests whom they trained for the mission were men of rare prudence and of fervent zeal,

* *Narrative of Father Marquette*, Sec. i., p. 8, note.

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devoted to the Blessed Mother of God, and ready to sacrifice all for the honour and glory of God. Baltimore had already a bishop, the only one south of the St. Lawrence, east or west of the Alleghanies. The venerable Bishop Carroll bore on his own shoulders the whole episcopal burden of all those infant churches founded by the early missionaries, and none but a man endowed with the rarest qualities, and the most vigorous intellect, could have borne as he did, for many years, this heavy weight of care and responsibility, or fulfilled the arduous duties of his sacred office.

In 1792 some pious missionaries arrived from France, and amongst them was M. Flaget, afterwards bishop of Louisville. "Having unreservedly offered his services to Bishop Carroll, he cheerfully accepted from the latter the distant mission of Vincennes, where there was a considerable number of French settlers, who had been long deprived of the services of a clergyman . . . M. Flaget arrived at Vincennes a few days before Christmas, 1792. He found the church in a sadly dilapidated state. It was a very poor log building, open to the weather, neglected, and almost tottering. The altar was a temporary structure of boards badly put together . . . The congregation was, if possible, in a still more miserable condition than the church. Out of nearly seven hundred souls of whom it was composed, the missionary was able, with all his zealous efforts, to induce only twelve to approach the holy communion during the Christmas festivities. His heart was filled with anguish at the spiritual desolation which brooded over the place."* But things were soon changed: the zealous efforts of the pious missionary, through the grace of God, soon fructified, and a manifest change took place in the congregation, so that, at his departure from Vincennes, he might say with truth, says his biographer, "that if but twelve adults could be found, on his first arrival, to approach the holy communion, there was then probably not more than that number of persons who were not pious communicants."

In 1811 the excellent pastor of Vincennes was made bishop of Bardstown, in Kentucky, the first bishopric erected in the West

* *Life of Bishop Flaget*, ch. i., pp. 30, 33, 35



It was much against his will that he accepted the appointment, but he could not disobey the positive injunction of the Holy See, and cheerfully gave up his own will for the good of religion and the salvation of souls. He tells us himself, in a letter to the directors of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith, that it was six months afterwards before he was enabled to reach Bardstown, his episcopal see, and that through a subscription made by his friends in Baltimore.*

There was, as yet, no church in Bardstown—a poor prospect for a bishop; but M. Flaget was not the man to be easily discouraged where there was question of doing good, or advancing the interests of religion. The ceremony of his installation must, we think, be interesting to our readers. “The Bishop there found the faithful kneeling on the grass, and singing canticles in English: the country women were nearly all dressed in white, and many of them were still fasting, though it was then four o’clock in the evening; they having entertained a hope to be able on that day to assist at his mass, and to receive the holy communion from his hands. An altar had been prepared at the entrance of the first court, under a bower composed of four small trees which overshadowed it with their foliage. Here the bishop put on his pontifical robes. After the aspersion of the holy water, he was conducted to the chapel in procession, *with the singing of the Litany of the Blessed Virgin*, and the whole closed with the prayers and ceremonies prescribed for the occasion in the Roman Pontifical.”†

Here again we see Mary presiding over the installation of the first bishop of the West, and that the new prelate considered her protection as of the last importance to religion is clearly proved by the interesting memoir from which we have already quoted. Passing through Lancaster, a village on his way, he found some Catholic families of good standing in society, and baptized their children. He had hopes that a good congregation would, in time, be formed

* *Annals of the Propagation*, vol. iii., p. 189.

† *Life of Bishop Flaget*, chap. iv., p. 72

there; but he remarked with regret that "the devotion to the Holy Virgin seemed unknown in those parts."^{*}

At another station where the good Bishop remained some days, he found the church in such a miserable condition that he could not say mass. Not much more than a quarter of a century has since passed away, yet these poor villages, so utterly destitute of religious accommodation, have many of them become large cities and episcopal sees, so rapidly do things progress in the West. The biographer of Bishop Flaget quotes in this connection an interesting passage from the Annals of the Propagation: "Following the traces of this journey of seven hundred leagues, one would say, that wherever Bishop Flaget pitched his tent, he there laid the foundations of a new church, and that each one of his principal halts was destined to become a bishopric. There is Vincennes, in Indiana; there is Detroit, in Michigan; there is Cincinnati, the principal city of Ohio; there is Buffalo, on the borders of the lakes; there is Pittsburg, which he evangelised in returning to Louisville, after thirteen months' absence, after having given missions wherever, on his route, there was a colony of whites, a plantation of slaves, or a village of Indians."

In 1799 the Russian prince Gallitzin, a convert to the Catholic faith, who might well be called one of the apostles of North America, established in western Pennsylvania a mission under the title of *Loretto*, doubtless under the invocation of the Blessed Virgin.

In 1812 a convent was founded in Kentucky, by the Rev. Charles Nerinx, for the education of young females, "and was called *Loretto*, after the famous asylum of the Holy Virgin in Italy. Besides the object alluded to above, the sisterhood was to take charge of destitute orphans, and its members were taught to love poverty, and to earn their own livelihood by manual labour. They were to cherish a special devotion towards that model and pride of her sex, the pure and holy One,—

" ' Our tainted nature's solitary boast,'

* *Life of Bishop Flaget*, p. 109.



the Immaculate Mary, Mother of God made man. They were styled, 'The Lovers of Mary at the foot of the Cross.' Standing with her near the Cross, they were daily to sympathize with the dying Son and the afflicted Mother, with the pious ejaculations: 'O suffering Jesus! O sorrowful Mary!' Such was the idea of the sainted founder, and God bestowed an abundant blessing on his enterprise. The society grew apace, and the most edifying fervour reigned throughout the establishment of Loretto. The mother house was soon able to send out colonies to other parts of Kentucky, and subsequently to found houses in Missouri and Arkansas.*

"These women sought for poverty in every thing: in their monasteries, and in the plain neatness of their chapels . . . They were the edification of all who knew them, and their singular piety and penitential lives reminded one of all that we have read of the ancient monasteries of Palestine and Thebais.†

"The same year (1812) which gave birth to the Loretto Society, likewise witnessed the commencement of another sisterhood, destined also to do much for promoting the cause of religion and education.‡ The mother house of this community is named Nazareth in commemoration of the humble abode of Mary. The members are known as the Sisters of Charity, and they are devoted to the twofold object of teaching and exercising the corporal and spiritual works of mercy. The institution has attained a high reputation for sanctity and usefulness, and has extended itself far and near over the country.

In 1819, when, in consequence of the increasing age and the numerous infirmities of the venerable Bishop Flaget, a coadjutor was given him, the new prelate was consecrated on the feast of the Assumption, in the newly-erected cathedral of Louisville. "This was the first episcopal consecration which took place beyond (or west of) the Alleghany mountains," and we see that the ceremony was performed under the auspices of Our Blessed Lady.

* *Life of Bishop Flaget*, p. 289-90.

† *Ibid.*

‡ *Ibid.*, 291, 293.



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CHAP. XV.]

BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

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In 1820 the college of St. Joseph was founded, and in 1821 that of St. Mary's; both in Kentucky. Thus did the pious bishop, who was mainly instrumental in founding both, place the education of the rising generation under the tutelary care of Mary and her blessed spouse.

This holy patriarch of the West went to Rome about the year 1837, and having business to transact at Vienna, he made it a point to visit the sanctuary of Loretto, "to satisfy that tender devotion he had from childhood cherished towards the Immaculate Virgin, Mother of God. He made a retreat there, under the direction of the Jesuit father.* God was pleased to attest the sanctity of this holy prelate, even by the gift of miracles, as we see from his memoirs. The young lady thus miraculously cured was a Miss Olympia de Monti; she was attacked by a fever, which finally became of the most malignant kind, and she was reduced to the very point of death. She received the holy viaticum with sentiments of the greatest fervour, and made up her mind that she was to die. Just then Bishop Flaget was induced to pay her a visit. When Madame de Monti had conducted him to her daughter's room, she retired. The Bishop remained fifteen or twenty minutes with Miss de Monti. She afterwards related to her parents that he gave her his blessing twice, and made the sign of the cross on her forehead. Moreover, the holy prelate promised to pray for her intention during nine consecutive days, and recommended to her to recite the Litany of the Holy Name of Jesus, and a prayer to the Blessed Virgin. The prayers were heard, and the young lady was restored to health. This miracle is so well authenticated that no rational mind can doubt it.† Jesus and Mary, never invoked in vain, were pleased to honour their faithful servant by this miraculous cure.

"He had always cherished a most tender devotion to the Virgin Mother of God; he had imbibed this feeling at the same pure fountain of living waters, from which all the saints of God—from

* *Life of Bishop Flaget*, p. 315.

† *Ibid.*, p. 318-323.



St. John, the beloved disciple, down to St. Alphonso Liguori—had drunk it in so abundantly. He had made it a practice through life to recite a part of the Rosary daily; and now, while unable to perform other devotions which required reading, he gladly availed himself of the occasion to multiply this simple, but touching form of supplication.*

Following the march of civilization to the Far West, we find in the van the stalwart champion of the Cross, the Rev. Father de Smet, and M. Blanchet, now the venerable archbishop of Walla Walla. The former may truly be called the apostle of Oregon, the greatest explorer of the western wilderness since the days of Father Marquette.

We find this illustrious missionary planting the devotion to Mary wherever he went, side by side with the worship of God. At each of his principal missions he gave her name to either a church, a school, or some other charitable institution. Thus, when a convent of the sisters of *Notre Dame* was established in Willamette, its chapel received the name of St. Mary's; when a church was erected amongst the Flathead Indians, it was named St. Mary's Church; that established amongst the Flatbows was dedicated to Mary, under the title of the Assumption, and that of the Koetensis was called the Church of the Holy Heart of Mary.† "Nowhere," says Father de Smet himself, "nowhere does religion make greater progress or present brighter prospects for the future than in Oregon."‡ We have every reason to hope that this remark will be verified, for the foundations of those infant churches were well laid. "On the feast of the Holy Heart of Mary," says the missionary again, "I sang High Mass, thus taking spiritual possession of this land, which was now for the first time trodden by a minister of the Most High. This station bears the name of the Holy Heart of Mary."§ Speaking of another tribe amongst whom he celebrated the feast of the Assumption, he says, "Since my arrival

* *Life of Bishop Flaget*, p. 350.

† *Oregon Missions*, p. 50.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 98.

§ *Ibid.*, p. 126.



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among the Indians, the feast of the glorious Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary has ever been to me a day of great consolation . . . The Cross was elevated on the border of a lake, and the station received the beautiful name of the Assumption. Under the auspices of this good mother, in whose honour they have for many years sung canticles, we hope that religion will take deep root and flourish amidst this tribe, where union, innocence, and simplicity reign in full vigour.* A Canadian, settled in those parts, had been many years without seeing a priest, and on hearing of the arrival of the missionaries at the source of the Columbia, (near which he resided,) he hastened thither with his wife and children in order to have them baptized. "The feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, this favour was conferred on them. . . This was a solemn day for the desert! The august sacrifice of Mass was offered; Morigeau devoutly approached the Holy Table. At the foot of the humble altar he received the nuptial benediction, and the mother, surrounded by her children and six little Indians, was regenerated in the holy waters of baptism. In memory of so many benefits, a large cross was erected in the plain, which, from that time, is called the *Plain of the Nativity*."†

The name of St. Mary's river was also given to one of the principal streams in those remote regions,‡ so that woods, and wilds, and waters, were alike consecrated to her, and her name impressed on every striking object. When the good Indians prayed for their benefactors, it was the Rosary they recited for them,§ invoking the tender heart of Mary on their behalf. "How happy should I be," writes Father de Smet to one of these benefactors, "how happy should I be, could I give you to understand how great, how sweet, how enrapturing is their devotion to the august Mother of God! The name of Mary, which, pronounced in the Indian language, is something so sweet and endearing, delights and charms them. The hearts of these good children of the forest

* *Oregon Missions*, p. 135.
 † *Ibid.*, p. 121.
 ‡ *Ibid.*, p. 218.
 § *Ibid.*, pp. 245, 246.



melt, and seem to overflow, when they sing the praises of her whom they, as well as we, call their mother.* In another place, the whole week preceding the Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary was devoted to the preparation for receiving the Holy Communion on that festival. And again, we find the hunting-party who travelled with the missionary, stopping under the shade of a majestic tree to celebrate the feast of the divine maternity. "The sun's last rays had long disappeared beneath the horizon, ere all was ready for the evening prayer. After which, notwithstanding the fatigues of the day, a fire was kindled before the missionary's tent, and the greater part of the night consecrated by these fervent children of the woods, to the reconciliation of their souls with God."†

How beautiful is the fervour of these guileless Christians; how edifying their example! Religious confraternities had been formed amongst them at St. Mary's, and when their spiritual father was forced to leave them, to bear the tidings of salvation to others of their brethren, we find them adding some short ejaculations to their morning and evening prayers; "first, to the Heart of Jesus, as protector of the men's confraternity; second, to the Blessed Virgin, patroness of the women's sodality; third, to St. Michael, model of the brave; fourth, to St. Raphael, the guide of travellers; fifth, to St. Hubert, the patron of hunters; sixth, to St. Francis Xavier, for the conversion of idolaters. We shall see," adds the zealous missionary, "that these pious aspirations were not addressed to Heaven in vain."‡ Let us hope that such may be the case, and that the vast regions thus happily evangelized, may continue to progress in civilization—that true civilization founded on religion—and that Mary, the Mother of God, may ever reign over the hearts of its people, of what origin soever they may be.

Now that we have followed the veneration of Mary in its pro-

* *Oregon Missions*, p. 284.

† *Ibid.*, pp. 389, 390.

‡ The present Archbishop of Baltimore, the Most Rev. Dr. Kenrick, when Bishop of Philadelphia, composed a very excellent manual of devotion for the Month of Mary.



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gress through the Far West, let us return to the eastern regions of the vast empire known as the United States. It would carry us far beyond our prescribed limits to give even a brief sketch of the foundation of each bishopric and archbishopric; and as we have only to do with the history of the devotion to Mary, that end will be best attained by a cursory glance at the different churches, convents, colleges, and seminaries in her honour and placed under her patronage. It may be well, however, to show the exact state of the hierarchy of America before I proceed farther, as the subject is so closely connected with that on which I profess to treat. It is a well-known fact that the prelates of the United States are collectively and individually devoted to the Blessed Virgin, under whose protection they formally placed their several bishoprics in the first general council of Baltimore. Each one of them endeavours to promote the devotion to her by all the means in his power, and in every city of the United States the exercises of the Month of Mary are publicly performed in the different churches; the society of the Living Rosary and that of the Holy Scapular have been introduced into most of the towns and cities, and the fruits of these devotions are already manifested in the increased piety and fervour of the faithful.

First in the order of time* is the see of Baltimore, the mother church of the United States, these many years invested with the primatial dignity. There are in the arch-diocese, or province of Baltimore, about twelve churches dedicated to the Blessed Virgin under her various titles, exclusive of the convent chapels; one of the chief theological seminaries is called St. Mary's, in her honour, and the other Mount St. Mary's; the latter is famous throughout the Union, and is also known as Mount St. Mary's College. There are also five convents of the order of the Visitation, one of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, and one of the Sisters of Notre Dame. In the city of Baltimore alone there are four or five churches and chapels under the invocation of the Blessed Virgin.

The diocese of Charleston has one church dedicated to Mary

* The following statistics are taken from the Catholic Almanac for 1854.



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and one to *Mary and Joseph*; St. Mary's Collegiate Institution, and one convent of the order of Our Lady of Mercy.

In the diocese of Philadelphia there are sixteen churches and chapels under the invocation of Mary; three of these are in the city of Philadelphia, viz., St. Mary's Church, the Chapel of Our Lady of Consolation, and the Church of the Assumption. There is also St. Mary's College at Wilmington, Delaware State.

There are in the diocese of Pittsburg eleven churches and chapels dedicated to the Blessed Virgin; of these, four are in the city of Pittsburg. One of them bears the title of Our Lady of Mercy. There is also a convent of the Sisters of Mercy.

The new diocese of Erie has already four churches bearing the name of Mary; it has also a town called St. Marystown. A very good beginning for so young a diocese.

In the arch-diocese of Cincinnati there are fifteen churches and chapels under the invocation of the Blessed Virgin, exclusive of the chapel of the Convent of Notre Dame in the city of Cincinnati. Overhanging the city is Mount St. Mary's, with its ecclesiastical seminary. In Cincinnati there is an establishment of the sisters of Notre Dame, and two female academies with the name of St. Mary's.

The diocese of Cleveland has, in the city of Cleveland, one church dedicated to St. Mary, and one at Harrisburg, to the *Sacred Heart of Mary*. The ecclesiastical seminary of the diocese is also named St. Mary's.

The diocese of Louisville (formerly Bardstown) has, in the city of Louisville, the cathedral dedicated to Our Lady, under the title of the Assumption, the church of the Immaculate Conception, (for the use of the German population,) that of Notre Dame du Port, (Our Lady of the Port,) and also a chapel at the Orphan Asylum, called the Chapel of the Immaculate Conception. At Manton, is the Church of the Holy Rosary; St. Mary's, in Marion county; and St. Mary of the Woods, in Davies county. Near New Haven, in Kentucky, is the famous abbey of Our Lady of La Trappe, affiliated to the great mother house of the order in France. There is also St. Mary's College in the same diocese; Nazareth Convent, belonging to the Sisters of Charity, and another excellent



institution, the Sisters of Loretto, already mentioned in our sketch of the progress of religion in Kentucky.

In the new diocese of Covington, (established only in July, 1853,) the cathedral, not yet completed, is to be dedicated to St. Mary; there are also, in the city of Covington, the Church of St. Mary's, and the Church of the Mother of God.

In the diocese of Vincennes there are three churches dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, and one to the Holy Family; the university of *Notre Dame du Lac*; the convent of the Sisters of Providence, called St. Mary's of the Woods. There is also St. Mary's Female Orphan Asylum in the city of Vincennes.

In the new diocese of Wheeling there is one church dedicated to St. Mary, and also a convent of the Visitation; the latter is in the episcopal town of Wheeling.

The diocese of Detroit has four churches called St. Mary's, (one of them in the episcopal city,) two in honour of the Assumption, and one bearing the title of the Holy and Immaculate Heart of Mary; St. Mary's Hospital, in Detroit, a convent of the Sisters of Notre Dame, and an academy under the care of the Sister-servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. There is also St. Mary's academy, conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Cross, at Bertrand, in Michigan.

In the Apostolic Vicariate of upper Michigan, lying around the lake shore, and embracing the islands which stud its bosom, we find a church dedicated to St. Mary, and another bearing the title of the Holy Name of Jesus.*

Passing down to the extreme south, we find in the arch-diocese of New Orleans nine churches dedicated to Mary, under various titles; a parish bearing the name of Assumption, a college of the Immaculate Conception, and two convents of the order of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

In the diocese of Natchez we find St. Mary's Cathedral in the

* The Indians belonging to this mission are continually advancing in civilization, good religious conduct, and industrious habits. They live peaceable and contented, and enjoy already, in this world, the reward of their sobriety and Christian-like mode of living.—*Catholic Almanac*, 1854, p. 136.

episcopal city; one church bearing the name of St. Mary of the Springs, another that of the Assumption, another Our Lady of the Gulf, and another of the Nativity. In the city of Natchez, the Orphan Asylum and school are under the patronage of St. Mary.

Coming to the great valley of the Mississippi, we there find the arch-diocese of St. Louis growing with a rapidity almost unexampled; in the episcopal city of St. Louis there is the church of Our Lady of Victory (commonly called St. Mary's); at Carondelet, the seat of the theological seminary of St. Louis, the church of St. Mary and St. Joseph, and five other churches dedicated to the Blessed Virgin under her several titles, throughout the diocese; also, St. Mary's Preparatory Seminary, two establishments of the Sisters of Loretto, and a convent of the Visitation.

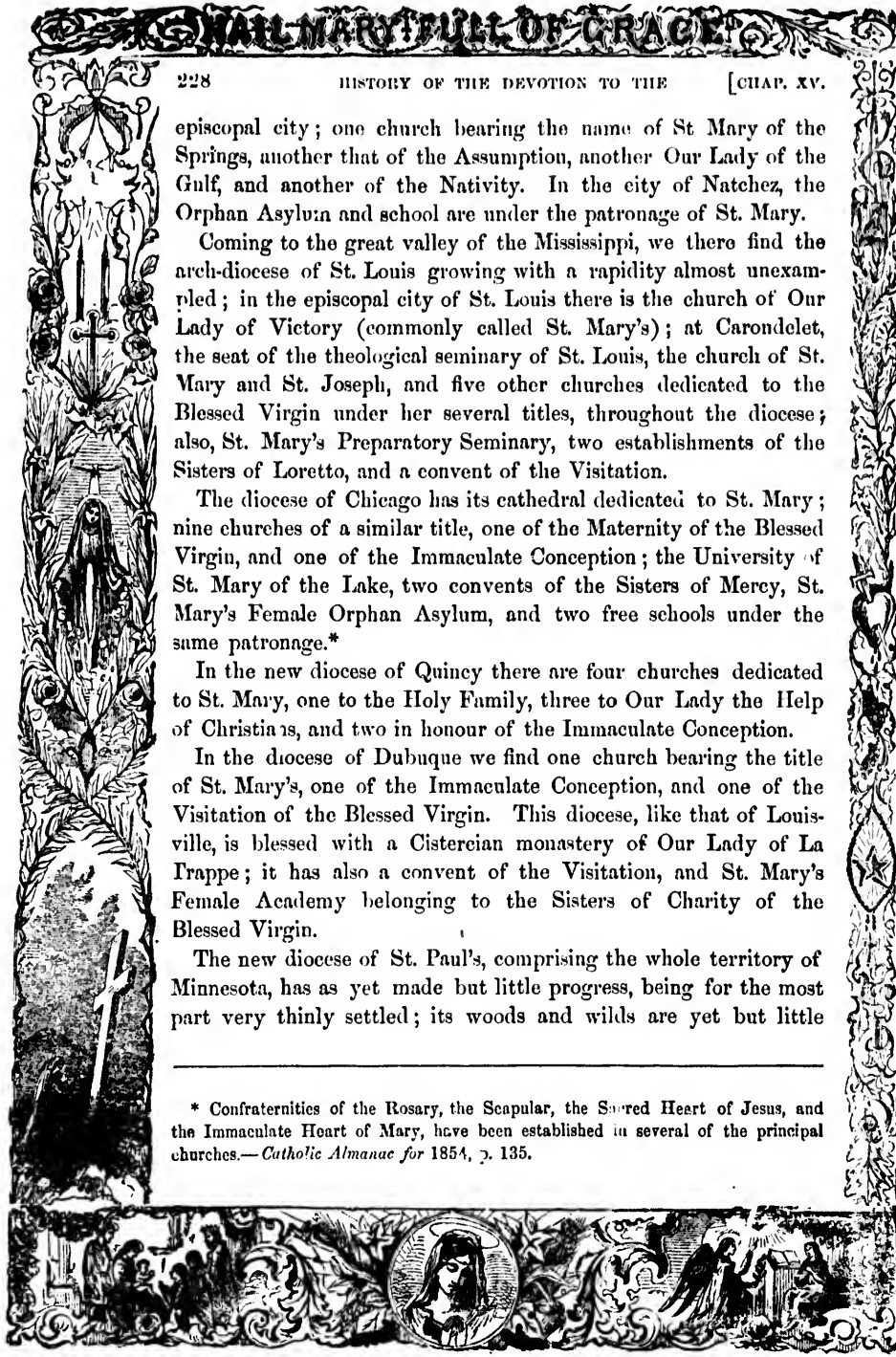
The diocese of Chicago has its cathedral dedicated to St. Mary; nine churches of a similar title, one of the Maternity of the Blessed Virgin, and one of the Immaculate Conception; the University of St. Mary of the Lake, two convents of the Sisters of Mercy, St. Mary's Female Orphan Asylum, and two free schools under the same patronage.*

In the new diocese of Quincy there are four churches dedicated to St. Mary, one to the Holy Family, three to Our Lady the Help of Christians, and two in honour of the Immaculate Conception.

In the diocese of Dubuque we find one church bearing the title of St. Mary's, one of the Immaculate Conception, and one of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin. This diocese, like that of Louisville, is blessed with a Cistercian monastery of Our Lady of La Trappe; it has also a convent of the Visitation, and St. Mary's Female Academy belonging to the Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin.

The new diocese of St. Paul's, comprising the whole territory of Minnesota, has as yet made but little progress, being for the most part very thinly settled; its woods and wilds are yet but little

* Confraternities of the Rosary, the Scapular, the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and the Immaculate Heart of Mary, have been established in several of the principal churches.—*Catholic Almanac for 1854*, p. 135.



known to Europeans, and its vast prairies are still the haunt of the buffalo and bison; its churches are few, and built only of logs, but there is a good prospect for the future; there is a church about to be built in honour of Our Lady of the Visitation. Amongst the Indian missions belonging to this diocese, there is one under the patronage of Our Lady of Seven Dolors.

Next to St. Paul is the diocese of Santa Fé, consisting of the territory of New Mexico. This new diocese was chiefly settled from Mexico, as we see by the Spanish titles of the churches and chapels, and also from the number dedicated to Our Blessed Lady. Honour to the noble Spanish nation!—its descendants, however remote, seldom fail to cherish the pious traditions of their worthy fathers. Well may this infant diocese be called Santa Fé, for we trust it bids fair to do honour to the Holy Faith. In the city of Santa Fé we find Our Lady of the Light, Our Lady of Guadalupe, Our Lady of the Rosary, and the chapel of the convent of Our Lady of the Light; and scattered over the vast diocese there are no less than twelve churches and chapels dedicated to Our Lady under various titles. There is also, in the episcopal city, the convent of Our Lady of Light, belonging to the Sisters of Loretto. How ingenious are these good Spaniards in devising titles of love and honour for our common Mother!

In the diocese of Nashville we find the cathedral of the Seven Dolors, the church of the Immaculate Conception, and St. Mary's school for girls. The arch-confraternity of the Immaculate Conception, for the conversion of sinners, is established in all the churches of the diocese.* This is, in itself, a sufficient guarantee for the prosperity of the diocese of Nashville; wherever such a society exists, there religion is sure to flourish, and piety to increase amongst the faithful.

Come we now to Albany, a young, yet flourishing diocese, taken a few years since from the overgrown diocese of New York. In the episcopal city of Albany the cathedral, a superb building, bears the title of the Immaculate Conception, and there is also in

* *Catholic Almanac for 1854*, p. 176.



SMALL MARY FULL OF GRACE

the same city St. Mary's Church. This diocese is honourably distinguished by the number of churches it has placed under the invocation of the Mother of God: exclusive of the two already mentioned in the episcopal city, there are no less than nineteen of its churches dedicated to Mary. It has also St. Mary's Asylum for Boys, St. Mary's Orphan Asylum, and three schools under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin. The arch-confraternity of the Immaculate Heart of Mary is established at the cathedral, and the society of the Living Rosary in nearly all the churches of the diocese.*

In the diocese of Hartford we find thirteen churches and chapels under the invocation of the Blessed Virgin: of these there are two in the city of Providence, one of them being a children's chapel, dedicated to Our Lady of Mercy; one at Crompton, to Our Lady of Mount Carmel; and one at Newport, to Our Lady of the Isle; this last is the tutelary church of Rhode Island. There is also St. Mary's Convent in Hartford.

The new diocese of Buffalo has four churches called St. Mary's, and one in honour of the Immaculate Conception. The excellent bishop of Buffalo has not, as yet, been enabled to carry out his pious intentions for the promotion of religion in his diocese. Let us hope that the time is not far distant when this large bishopric will be as thickly studded with monuments of devotion to Mary as even the piety of its chief pastor could desire.

In the diocese of Savannah, embracing Georgia and part of Florida, we find, in the episcopal city, the chapel of Our Lady of Mercy, and in other parts of the diocese, St. Mary's Church, the Church of the Immaculate Conception, the Church of the Assumption, the Church of the Purification, and the Church of St. Mary, Star of the Sea; also a convent of the Sisters of Our Lady of Mercy. The society of Our Lady the Help of Christians is established in Savannah, and also the confraternity of the Rosary.

The diocese of Richmond, comprising the eastern part of Vir

* Catholic Almanac for 1854, p. 183.



ginia, has one church under the invocation of St. Mary, and also an Orphan Asylum, and a free school bearing her name.

We have now reached the diocese of Boston, consisting of the State of Massachusetts, one of the oldest and most respected sees of America. In the episcopal city of Boston we find St. Mary's Church, and the Chapel of the Holy Family; eighteen other churches already dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, and one about to be built in her honour under her beautiful title, Star of the Sea. There is also in Boston a female school under the patronage of St. Mary, conducted by the sisters of Notre Dame. So much for the Puritan city of Boston, the capital of old anti-Catholic New England.

The infant diocese of Portland, embracing Maine and New Hampshire, has already no less than seven churches dedicated to the Mother of God.

The diocese of Burlington, consisting of the State of Vermont, and but recently erected, has three churches placed under the invocation of Mary.

Next comes the arch-diocese of New York, and in it we find six churches* under the special invocation of Mary, and St. Mary's Free School in New York city, conducted by the Sisters of Charity. The arch-confraternity of the Immaculate Heart of Mary is established in nearly all the churches, and also the society of the Rosary.

The new diocese of Brooklyn has five churches dedicated to the Blessed Virgin; of these, two are in the episcopal city of Brooklyn. The arch-confraternity of the Immaculate Heart of Mary is established in the Church of the Assumption, and the society of the Rosary in many of the others.

Newark is also a newly-erected diocese, but it, too, has several churches in honour of Mary: the episcopal city has one St. Mary's church, and there are ten others in various parts of the diocese.

* The arch-diocese of New York is not fairly represented in this enumeration: it would seem from the comparatively small number of churches it has dedicated to Mary, to be deficient in love and veneration for her, but be it remembered that the two dioceses of Brooklyn and Newark have been taken from it within the last year, and they have each a large number.



OUR MARY FULL OF GRACE

The diocese of Mobile has dedicated its cathedral to Our Blessed Lady, under the title of the Immaculate Conception. It has also a convent of the Visitation.

Even the newly-settled province of California, known to the church as the arch-bishopric of San Francisco, and the bishopric of Monterey, has one of its churches dedicated to Our Lady of the Angels (*los Angeles*). There is hope for that remote region, wild as its condition is, so long as religion has planted the cross on its world-renowned soil, and hoisted the banner of Mary. The one solitary church will, we doubt not, be followed by many others in honour of the Queen of Angels.

In the diocese of Milwaukie (State of Wisconsin) we find no less than thirteen churches under the invocation of Our Blessed Lady, and one dedicated to the Holy Family: a convent of the Sisters of Notre Dame, and an academy for young ladies, under the patronage of St. Mary of the Holy Angels. The arch-confraternity of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, and the Rosary Society, are established in many of the churches. It will be seen, from this, that the devotion to Our Lady is already flourishing in Wisconsin, although the country is far from being all settled. What can be more cheering than to see the desert thus made to blossom like the rose, and the dark places to shed light on more civilized lands!

Passing on towards the Rocky Mountains, we come upon the diocese of Little Rock, consisting of the State of Arkansas, and there we find in the episcopal city, a chapel to Our Lady of Mercy, a convent of the same title, a church dedicated to St. Mary, and a site called Mount St. Mary's.

The newly-annexed State of Texas is now the diocese of Galveston, and even there, on the extreme verge of civilization, we find St. Mary's Cathedral, St. Mary's Church, St. Mary's Chapel, the Chapel of Our Lady of Guadalupe, of Our Lady del Pilar, and of the Immaculate Conception. There is at San Antonio a religious community called the Brothers of Mary.

In the Nebraska Territory there are the following churches and chapels dedicated to the Mother of God. The church of the Immaculate Conception on Kansas river, the chapel of the Seven Dolors on Mission Creek. In the heart of the Indian Territory



there is a convent of the Sisters of Loretto, who are engaged in teaching the children of the natives. In the arch-diocese of Oregon city we find a church of the Immaculate Conception, and two establishments of the Sisters of Notre Dame. The sister diocese of Nesqually has a chapel to Mary, Star of the Sea, and one in honour of the Immaculate Conception.

Here, then, is a brief summary of the present state of the devotion to Mary on this Western continent: of Mexico I have said nothing, because the Abbe Orsini has given it a passing notice when speaking of America, but I have endeavoured to give the reader a bird's-eye view of all the other countries as they now stand in their relation to the ever blessed Mother of God. Some more competent historian may hereafter take up the subject, and treat it as it deserves.

Canada, and especially Lower Canada, has ever been devoted to the Blessed Virgin; the fervour of the early settlers has scarcely, if at all, diminished, and Mary is now, in the nineteenth century, as loved and honoured by the great mass of the French Canadians as she was two hundred years ago, when Champlain and de Maisonneuve, Sister Bourgeoys, and Madame de la Pelletrie, all vied with each other in promoting her glory. Nor is this devotion of Mary confined to the descendants of the French settlers: the Irish emigrants are gradually spreading abroad over all the country, and wherever they go, they bring with them at least the germ of that devotion, and readily fall in with the French ceremonies and religious exercises, in honour of her who is especially dear to them as the most afflicted of Catholic nations. In fact, no people are more sincerely devout to Mary than the Irish: from their earliest youth they are trained up in love and reverence for her: the devotion of the Rosary and that of the Holy Scapular are popular in every part of Ireland, and in the cities, there are various other confraternities established in honour of Mary. Hence it is that they propagate, with the Catholic faith, that reverence for the Blessed Virgin which has raised so many noble churches and convents in her honour throughout the United States. The German Catholics have also contributed largely to spread this devotion: many of their churches in the American cities are dedicated to Mary, while

the Spanish element, so strong in the South and South-west, has done much to promote the public veneration of the Mother of God.

America, then, from north to south, from Hudson's Bay to the Gulf of Mexico, and from Chili to Massachusetts, is deeply imbued with the devotion to Mary. Montreal, the capital of the British provinces, is still, and will, we trust, ever be the city of Mary, seated like a queen on her own majestic river, and watching with anxious interest the increasing homage offered to her divine Mistress in the less favoured countries around. Even in the United States the prospect is cheering: within the last few years religious communities are springing up every where under the auspices of the bishops, and the masses of the people are beginning to catch some of the holy fervour of their prelates.

In Ireland, the Apostle-nation of the world, there is, just now, a great revival taking place under the new impulse given to religion by the great national Synod of Thurles, opened and conducted under the patronage of Mary, and followed up by provincial synods in every part of the country. Religious institutions are being founded and revived all the country over: the ancient churches and monasteries, so long ruined and deserted, are now being restored; some of them with renovated splendour, and the National University about to be founded in Dublin will be, as it were, an impregnable bulwark for the Irish Church—a wall of brass rearing itself up against the furious attacks of heresy and infidelity. And Mary will reign as a queen within those honoured walls, presiding over the education of the generations who are yet to come, and of the faithful missionaries who are to perpetuate the faith of Christ and the devotion to her through all the nations of the earth, who *in her are blessed.*



Pilgrimages.

CHAPTER XVI.

PILGRIMAGES OF FRANCE.

"THE practice of making pilgrimages," says Michaud,* "has been encouraged in all religions; it is, moreover, based on a sentiment natural to man."

This remark is just and true; all nations have had consecrated places whither they made it a duty to repair, at certain commemorative periods, to obtain favours more easily from the divinity, by visiting the sites which they believed sanctified by his presence or by his miracles.

Pilgrimages are as ancient as society itself; those of the East are, nearly all, connected with diluvian memories; indeed, those pilgrimages, whose institution is lost in the obscurity of time, have generally, for their object, the lofty mountains whereon was formed the kernel of the great nations of Asia, who choose to descend like their rivers, from the rocky bosom of their mountains. The Chinese, who style themselves sons of the mountains, climb on their knees the steep sides of Kicou-hou-chan; the eastern Tartars go to venerate the mountain of Chan-pa-chan, as the root of their tribes, and some of the Gentile Hindoos, that of Pyr-pau-jal; the Japanese undertake, at least, once in their life, the perilous pilgrimage of Jsje, a mountain from which their ancestors descended: the Apalachites, or Floridian savages, repair, on the return of every season, to sacrifice on Mount Olaimi, in thanksgiving to the sun who, they say, saved their fathers from a deluge, &c. These pilgrimages are founded on traditions corrupted by time, but undoubtedly historical; in them are perceived the traces and the effects of the terror which prompted the building of the famous tower of Babel. Discouraged by the confusion of tongues, the post-diluvian tribes, finding that they could not take refuge in towers reaching to the

* *Hist. des Crois.*, t. 1.



clouds, took up their abode on high mountains, to preserve themselves, if possible, from the disastrous consequences of another deluge. It was only when pasturage failed on the mountains, and the soil would not yield sufficient produce to support the rising colonies, that they were forced to settle on the plains which they had often drained before they were fit for tillage. Hence comes the respect entertained by the Eastern nations for their sacred mountains, a respect which they testify by annual visits, accompanied by vows, offerings, and prayers.

After having venerated the cradle of nations, men venerated that of creeds; then the sites which recalled great remembrances; then persons who made themselves illustrious by heroic or religious acts. Thus it is that the gratitude of the Jewish people preserves, from age to age, the tomb of Esther and of Mardocheai, whither the Hebrews, from every part of Asia, go on pilgrimage for two thousand years. Strange it is that the tomb of two exiles, erected by the gratitude of some captives, has survived the great Assyrian empire, and that it alone saves the ruins of Ecbatana from utter oblivion!

Man is like the ivy; he must rest somewhere, and cling to something that he may have courage to live. When he finds neither sympathy nor consolation among his fellows, he instinctively conjures up the beings of a better world, and seeks from them that succour which society either will not or cannot give. Of this we have a remarkable proof in the conduct of the Indians, when oppressed by the first Portuguese viceroys; these unarmed and inoffensive people, finding neither protection nor support from the successors of Alphonso d'Albuquerque, sat down, as suppliants, before the tomb of that great man, to demand from the illustrious dead that justice which the living would not grant either to their rights or their prayers.

Protestantism, which discolours and pulverises all it touches, did not fail to do away with the pious visits which Christians made in every age to places sanctified by the sufferings of Christ, or those which his Mother made famous by her favours. Turks, the infuriate enemies of images, have lighted golden lamps before the altars of Mary; but what Protestant has ever placed a lamp in



the Holy Sepulchre; what Protestant has prayed before the manger of Bethlehem, as did Saladin and the Caliph Omar? "These local devotions," say they, "are superstitions: God is everywhere." Doubtless God *is* everywhere, and Catholics know it well; they have not yet to learn the first question of their catechism. They knew, fifteen centuries before the time of the apostate monk, Luther, and they know it now, that God hears in all places the prayer of the faithful soul; but what is there to prevent God from attaching some particular graces to those ancient shrines where he has often vouchsafed to manifest his power by prodigies. There was many a verdant hill in Judea which he might have pointed out to David for the place of his temple, yet he chose the rocky threshing-floor of Arenna, the Jebusite, because he had there once before displayed his mercy;* and also, if we may believe a charming tradition, preserved like a desert-flower amid the dark tents of Arabia, because the place was sanctified of old by a noble instance of fraternal love.† Man is, by nature, so imperfect and so prone to evil,

* It was over the threshing-floor of Arenna that the destroying angel ceased his ravages, after the prayer of David. "From all time," says a great ecclesiastical writer, "God has particularly marked on certain places for receiving the prayers and vows of men. One must be more incredulous as to the history of the church than to any other, not to believe that God wishes his saints to be specially honoured in certain places where he bestows graces not given elsewhere, and this in order to attract the nations.

† Jerusalem was a ploughed field; two brothers owned the lot of ground on which the temple was subsequently built; one of these brothers was married, and had several children; the other lived alone, but they farmed together the piece of ground left them by their father. The harvest-time being come, the two brothers bound up their sheaves, of which they made two equal shares, and left them on the field. During the night there came a happy thought into the mind of the unmarried brother. He said to himself, "My brother has a wife and children to feed, and it is not meet that my share should be as large as his; I will go then and put some of my sheaves with his secretly; knowing nothing of it, he cannot refuse them." And he did accordingly. The same night, the other brother awoke, and said to his wife, "My brother is young; he lives alone, and has no one to comfort him in his toil and fatigue; it is not just that we should take from the common field as much as he; let us arise and add some of our sheaves to his without his knowledge, so that he cannot refuse to take the sheaves." And it was done as he said. Next day, each of the brothers was surprised to see that the heaps were still equal; neither could account for the prodigy. So it went on for several nights; but as each carried to his brother's



that he has always some expiation to make before approaching the source of all sanctity; when that expiation seems to him in some measure proportionate to the fault, he feels a more sensible trust in the assistance of Heaven; hence came the generous confidence of the martyrs, who hoped in proportion to their sufferings. The pilgrim acts on the same principle; to prayer he adds fatigue, privation, and the toil of travel, and he hopes, in virtue of the sufferings he imposes on himself, that he may find favour with God who himself suffered so much! How can such a hope be vain?

The illustrious Robertson, unblinded by the narrow privileges of his sect, candidly acknowledges the benefits for which Europe is indebted to foreign pilgrimages. In the first place, the enfranchisements of the commons, the creation of commerce and shipping, the propagation of knowledge, the improvement of agriculture, and the introduction of numberless plants and trees, with various kinds of grain, which now contribute to the maintenance of the western nations; then, the emancipation of the serfs to which the pilgrimages contributed more than any thing else; for the feudal lord who mingled, barefoot, with the pilgrims of all conditions who set out with him on some holy journey, (*à l'age,*) more easily understood, in those hours of penance and humility, that those despised slaves, whom antiquity placed in the rank of *things*, were his brethren before God, and, when he obtained the grace which he came to seek, far away from his castle, in some ancient shrine, it often came into his mind to free a certain number of his vassals, in honour of Christ, the enemy of slavery, and of the Blessed Virgin Mary, who is nought but meekness and mercy.*

Pilgrimages, which date from the deluge,† and have been adopted

heap just the same number of sheaves, the heap always remained the same, till, one night, both having set up to watch for the cause of this miracle, they both met with their load of sheaves. Now, the place where so good a thought came at once into the minds of two men, and was so perseveringly carried out, must be a place agreeable to God, and the men blessed it and chose it for the site of a house of prayer.

* Many old acts of emancipation still bear the pious formula, "We transfer and give up to Our Lord and the Blessed Virgin Mary all our rights over such a one," etc

† If credit may be given to the old traditions of Asia, pilgrimages are of still more ancient origin. According to the Rabbins, the children of Adam returned more



by all nations, strengthen the religious sentiment amongst Catholics, opening the soul to many a generous and sanctifying emotion;* let Protestants, then, in their utter ignorance of the human heart, say what they may, pilgrimages are good, and useful, and praiseworthy, and well-pleasing to the Divinity. We see this pious practice in use from the first ages of the Church; Mary, the holy women, and the Apostles, were the first pilgrims, and the faithful of Europe and Asia quickly followed their example.

"People throng hither," wrote St. Jerome, in the fourth century, "from every part of the world: Jerusalem is full of men from every nation. Every Gaul of distinction comes to Jerusalem. The Breton, beyond the range of our knowledge, if he have made any progress in religion, leaves his wild home to visit a land which he knows only by name and on the testimony of the Scriptures. Need I speak of Armenians, Persians, the people of India, of Ethiopia, of Egypt fertile in solitaries, of Pontus, of Cappadocia, of the two Syrias, of Mesopotamia, and the swarms of Christians that the East pours north. According to the Saviour's own words, where the body is there shall the eagles gather. They come in crowds to these places, and edify us by the lustre of their virtues. Their language is different, but their religion is the same."†

The Mussulmans say, with great reason, that it is a pious and salutary practice to visit the tombs of the *holy dead*, and have often knelt side by side with Christians in places where the latter went on pilgrimage. After the taking of Jerusalem, the Caliph Omar repaired to Bethlehem; he entered the church, and prayed before the crib wherein the Lord-Messiah (*Aisa Resoul*) was born. He commanded the Mussulmans to pray only one by one, lest there might arise in the crowd some confusion incompatible with the

than once to contemplate from afar the inclosure of the terrestrial paradise, and some of the sons of Seth took up their abode on the summit of a mountain whence they could behold it, always hoping that the promised liberator would soon restore them to it.

* Doctor Johnson, a zealous Protestant and a most profound thinker, himself acknowledges that.

† St. Jerome, Ep 17.



sanctity of the place; he also forbade them to go there for any other purpose than that of prayer. Saadi himself relates this fact,* and the local tradition of Jerusalem adds that the same prince went to pray at the tomb of Mary.

Besides the scenes of the Redemption, there are several famous pilgrimages in the Holy Land: Our Lady of Edessa, in Mesopotamia, where the first Christians repaired in great numbers; Our Lady of Seydnai, where a Sultan of Damascus founded a perpetual lamp, in gratitude for a favour which he had obtained through the intercession of Mary; Our Lady of Belmont, within two hours' march of Tripoli; finally, Our Lady of Tortosa, famous in medieval times, throughout Christendom, and where the Mussulmans themselves sometimes brought their children to have them baptized, persuaded as they were that that ceremony, through the protection of the Blessed Virgin, would preserve them from all evil.†

We read in the memoirs of the Sire de Joinville that he went on a pilgrimage to Our Lady of *Tortouse*, whence he brought relics and some camlets which gave rise to a droll mistake. The seneschal, who had himself brought the relics to the king, sent by one of his officers some parcels of rich stuffs to the pious queen Margaret, to whom he was very willing to pay his court. The queen, knowing that the Sire de Joinville was returned, and had brought relics from Tortosa, no sooner saw his knight enter her presence with a parcel in his hand, than she fell on her knees before the package, supposing it to contain the relics in question. The knight, ignorant of the queen's motive, knelt in his turn, and kept looking at Margaret in mute surprise. The princess, perceiving this, told him to rise, adding, with pious condescension, "that it was not for him to kneel, having the honour of bearing holy relics." "Relics, your highness," replied the knight, "I have no relics. This is a package of camlets which the Sire de Joinville sends you." Then

* Omar would go to Bethlehem; he entered the church and said his prayers at the crib where the *Lord-Messiah* was born. He commanded his Mussulmans to pray there only one by one, and forbade them to assemble there or make any noise — *Gulistan, des Mœurs des Rois*, p. 301.

† *Tortosa* is now Tripoli of Syria.

the queen and her ladies began to laugh. "And," said the queen to the knight, "*your lord has played me a pretty trick to make me kneel to his camlets.*"*

Pilgrimages in honour of the Mother of God have lost nothing of their fervour in Asia, and Europeans are sometimes surprised to meet Turkish women praying devoutly at the Virgin's tomb,† with the daughters of Sion, wealthy Armenians, Greeks from beyond the sea, and Catholics from Arabia. The devotion to the Virgin amongst the Christian nations of the East is sure to strike all travellers; they consider it worthy of note that this devotion submits all human destinies to the power of a woman, in countries where women rank so low.‡

Amongst the Gauls pilgrimages were made long before the introduction of Christianity; one of the most famous shrines of western Gaul was a gloomy cavern, consecrated to the god Belenus, on the rock—then surrounded by woods—where now rises, amid moving sands, the amphibious fortress of Mount St. Michael.§ There it was that the pilots of Armonica went to buy of the Druids of Mount Belen, to which they foolishly ascribed the power of changing the winds, and averting storms. When this steep mountain, the last stronghold of Druidism, received a Christian abbey, solemnly dedicated to the archangel Michael, the grotto of Belenus was transformed into a charming marine chapel dedicated to the Star of the Sea, to Mary, protectress of sailors. This chapel was built of pebbles polished by the waves, and rolled up by the ocean; inside, the walls and roof were adorned with coral branches, amber, and shining shells, brought there from every shore by pious mariners; the altar was a portion of rock still retaining the rough-

* *Hist. de St. Louis*, by the Sire de Joinville.

† *Occident et Orient*, by M. Barrault.

‡ All the East, with the exception of the Jews, is full of respect for the Virgin, whom Mahomet placed in the Koran as one of the four just women. Charidin relates that the Jews of Persia, having taken it into their heads to speak ill of her before some of the followers of Ali, were near being killed for their pains, and had to leave the city where it happened.

§ The vast forest which surrounds Mount St. Michael was submerged about the year 709.



ness of a shoal, and all around were hung up, as *ex-voto*, anchors saved from the ocean, and the chains of captives. Before the Revolution, this chapel was often visited by long files of marines saved from shipwreck; those sons of the ocean, with a fervour by no means uncommon amongst them, chanted in a voice hoarse as that of the waves, the *Ave maris stella*, or the sweet *Salve regina*. Nearly all the kings of France, down to Louis XV., visited this shrine, and there is said to be an ancient prophecy preserved in the archives of the abbey, threatening great misfortunes, till the third generation, on the posterity of that king who should fail to make a pilgrimage to Our Lady and St. Michael. If the prophecy really exists, it has been but too truly verified.

The pilgrimages of France present themselves to us surrounded by marvels which conceal their origin; we will speak of them as our worthy fathers spoke before us. These wonders, handed down by tradition from age to age, are not an article of Catholic faith, and criticism may attack them without wounding the church; nevertheless, it is our opinion that we should gain little by rejecting them: the marvellous belongs to Gothic legends like moss to aged oaks, or ivy to mouldering walls.

According to certain Lyonese traditions, based on a bull of Innocent IV., St. Pothin erected the first chapel wherein Mary was invoked in the Gauls. It is said that he brought from Asia a little statue of the Virgin, which he placed in a solitary and shaded crypt on the banks of the Saone, in front of the hill of Fourvière. In that wild and retired place he raised an altar to the true God, and there placed the image which was afterwards removed to a temple built on the same hill, and called from it Our Lady of Fourvière. This church was famous as a pilgrimage, in the middle ages, through all the Lyonese country; but the Calvinists, who pillaged and destroyed so many rich shrines, spared not that of Lyon. The church of Fourvière, where every generation from the birth of Christianity, had marked its passage by gifts which would be now as precious to the antiquary, the sculptor, and the painter, as to the pilgrim, was stripped of all but its four bare walls; these could not well be melted in the crucible that had swallowed up so many



gems of art, because they had the misfortune of being gold or silver.

The chapter of St. John could not think of restoring that of Fourvière till long after the ravages of the Protestants. It was done, however, as soon as the cathedral and cloister were completed. Mary's altar was at length consecrated on the 21st of August, 1586. From that moment the confidence of the people turned towards that beacon of salvation. "The source of miracles seemed dried up," says an ancient historian, "but they began again at the close of the eighteenth century, to the great joy and satisfaction of the whole country."*

During the Revolution of 1793, the church of Fourvière was sold; but when tranquillity was restored, the zealous prelate who governed the ancient church of Pothin and of Ireneus recovered the shrine for religion. The inauguration was performed on the 19th of April, 1805, by the sovereign pontiff Pius VII.†

In 1832 and 1835, Lyon, threatened with cholera, raised its eyes to the holy mountain, and the Virgin said to the plague, "Thou shalt go no farther!" The city escaped, contrary to all expectations: the cries of terror were changed into canticles of joy, and public thanksgivings were solemnly offered to Mary in her favourite shrine.

Ever since the auspicious period when this sanctuary was restored to religion, the devotion to Our Lady has steadily increased, and Fourvière is, as it were, its fountain-head. The inhabitants of Lyon and the surrounding country crowd the paths of Mary's hill, and no matter at what hour you go there, you are sure to find yourself amidst a crowd of pious persons of every rank, age, and condition. One day, in the year 1815, a pilgrim of no ordinary mien, having first taken a view of Lyon from the top of the hill, like one who studied its strong and weak points, at length entered Our Lady's church, and the faithful, raising their downcast eyes a moment, said to themselves, "It is Marshal Suchet!" It was indeed he—the

* *Hist. de Notre Dame de Fourvières, ou Recherches historiques sur l'autel tutélaire des Lyonnais.*

† *Ibid.*

GAUL MARCY FULL OF GRACE

marshal of the Empire, the son of Lyon, to whom the defence of his native city was entrusted. He slowly paced up the aisle of Mary's church, with a subdued and respectful countenance; entering the sacristy, he sent to request that one of the chaplains would come to him. "Reverend sir," said the marshal, advancing towards the priest, "when I was quite a child, my good and pious mother often brought me here, to Our Lady's feet, and that remembrance is still before me . . . I will say more, that remembrance is dear to me, and I have willingly cherished it. Will you have the goodness to say some masses for my intention?" And having placed three Napoleons on the table where the offerings are registered, the brilliant hero of that wondrous period knelt some time at Mary's altar in fervent prayer. Marshal Suchet, as might be expected, ended his loyal and noble career by a Christian death, as is recorded on his tomb.

The pilgrimage of Notre Dame du Puy, in Velay, is also considered as one of the oldest in France. It is said that, during the occupation of Gaul by the Romans, a Gallic lady who had been baptized by St. George, first bishop of Puy, finding herself in danger of death, was apprised that she should recover her health on the top of Mount Anicium, not far from her own dwelling. She had herself conveyed thither accordingly, and was scarcely seated on a volcanic rock of the Puy,* when she fell into a gentle slumber. She then saw in a dream, a celestial woman clothed in white flowing robes, with a crown of jewels on her head; she was of dazzling beauty, and surrounded by a train of heavenly spirits. "Who is she?" demanded the Gallic lady, addressing one of the attendant spirits; "who is this queen so lovely and so noble, who comes to visit a poor sick woman in her affliction?" "It is the Mother of God," replied the angel; "she has chosen this rock for a shrine, and commands thee to make it known to her servant George. Lest thou shouldst take this behest of Heaven for an idle dream, awake, woman, and be healed!" She awoke, accordingly, without fever,

* In Languedoc and Auvergne the name of *puy* is given to a high mountain, from the Italian word *poggio*.



pain, or even languor. Penetrated with gratitude, she hastened to the bishop, and gave him, word for word, the message of the angel.

Having listened in silence to the orders of Her whom he revered next to God, St. George bowed down, as though the Virgin herself had spoken, and went without delay to visit the miraculous rock, followed by some servants and the Gallie convert. How great was his surprise to find the spot covered with snow, although it was then July! Whilst he yet stood, lost in astonishment, a deer was seen running over the snow, marking out with its light feet the site for a vast building. The holy bishop, still more amazed, had the ground thus marked, fenced in with a hedge, and on that favoured spot there soon arose a cathedral around which the city of Puy was soon formed. This town was considered impregnable—thanks to the protection of Mary.

The little statue which people come from Spain and all the southern provinces of France to venerate, dates from the time of the crusades; it is two feet in height, and is seated after the manner of the Egyptian deities, with the Infant Jesus on her knee. What is most remarkable is, that this statue is wrapped, from head to foot, in several bandages of fine linen, carefully and solidly fastened to the wood, much in the same way as an Egyptian mummy. The appearance of this statue, the cedar of which it is composed, and the bandages in which it is swathed, give reason to suppose that it is the work of the hermits of Lebanon, who fashioned it on the model of the Egyptian statues. This image of Our Lady was brought by St. Louis from the Holy Land.

The sovereign pontiffs have encouraged this pilgrimage by their favours and by their example: several popes went there as simple pilgrims.

The bishops of Puy received great privileges from the court of Rome on account of Our Lady, amongst others, that of immediate dependence on the Holy See and the Pallium. Many of the kings of France went likewise to honour Mary on the mountain of Anicium. In 1422, Charles VII., while yet but Dauphin, went there to recommend his almost desperate cause to Notre Dame du Puy, and it was in that very church that he was afterwards proclaimed king.



King René also made this pilgrimage with a great train of men and horses; a crowd of Moors, probably converted to the Christian faith, followed in their Oriental costume.

The Chapel of Our Lady of the Mountains, or of Ceignac, seated on a hill surrounded by others, in the ancient forest of Cayrac, between the Viaour and the Aveyron, is famous through the pilgrimage of a Hungarian palatine who, in 1150, miraculously recovered his sight, through the intercession of Our Lady. This nobleman, afflicted in the very prime of life with total blindness, left the banks of the Danube with an hundred men-at-arms, to ask Our Lady of the Mountain to put an end to his long-protracted sufferings.

He embarked on the Adriatic Sea, and, after coasting along the Italian shore, entered the Gulf of Lyons; but there, a terrible storm dispersed his ships, and it was with great difficulty that his squire saved him in a long boat, which succeeded in reaching the shore. Shocked by this sad catastrophe, and deploring the fate of his followers, the blind prince, accompanied by his faithful servant, plunged into the mountains of Languedoc, journeying by short stages towards the Chapel of Our Lady of the Mountains, where he arrived in 1150. A huntsman, watching his snares on the verdant shores of the Viaour, pointed out the ford to the two pilgrims, and conducted them to a rising ground commanding a view of the little church. The palatine, for years deprived of the sweet light of heaven, could not behold the welcome sight; but he heard the merry chime of the morning bells, and, prostrating himself on the dewy grass, he blessed God and Our Lady for that he had reached the end of his long journey. Full of faith he entered the sanctuary which he came so far to seek, and had a solemn Mass said at Mary's altar. The Mass ended, the blind prince was praying in tears before the image of the Virgin, when his attention was attracted by a clang of arms, as if caused by many pilgrims entering the church together. He instinctively raises his sightless eyes, and, behold! he *sees* his own banner, and those prostrate pilgrims whose Eastern costume contrasts so strongly with the brown capes of the Languedoceans, they are his own faithful Hungarians! A cry of joy and gratitude escapes him; he has recovered his sight, and his men-at-arms are there before him! Our Lady treated her vassal



with royal generosity, and favoured him beyond his most sanguine hopes.

Seven lamps of massive silver were the gift offered by the Hungarian noble to the Virgin; by his orders, a cross was raised on the hill where he had prayed, and on it was inscribed in Gothic characters the history of his cure. A group in *relievo* was placed in Mary's shrine, representing the prince palatine and his squire, on their knees before the image of the Virgin; above was a Latin inscription conceived as follows:—

Ecce palatinus privatus lumine princeps,
Munera magna ferens, sed meliora refert.
Virginis auspiciis, divino in lumine, lumen
Cernit, et exultat, dum pia perficerent.
Insuper et centum famulos in litore fractos
Invenit incolumes; dicitur inde locus.

Amongst the benefactors of the Chapel of Our Lady of Ceignac, are reckoned the Dukes d'Arpajon, Cardinal de la Pelagrna, nephew of Pope Clement V., with a great number of bishops and other eminent personages.

The pilgrimage of Our Lady of Roc Amadour, not far from Cahors, is situated in the most barren and mountainous part of Quercy. A saint, whom local tradition would fain set down as the Zaccheus of the Gospel, retired about the middle of the third century to a maze of rocks which rear their lofty heads above the narrow and deep ravine through which the Lauzon rolls its waters; this ravine, now known as the glen of Roc Amadour, was then called the Dark Valley, (*val tenebreux*), and was infested with wild beasts.

This gloomy, yet somewhat grand landscape, having some resemblance to the Theban desert, had doubtless some analogy with the lofty and austere thoughts of the anchorite; he made himself a cell on one of the culminating points of the mountain, and hollowed in the rock, on a level with the eyrie, an oratory to the Mother of God. The Gallo-Roman inhabitants of the fair valleys of Figeac and St. Céré, seeing him sometimes from a distance on the crest of those bare, wild mountains, surnamed him *Amator rupis*; this



name, the only one which has come down to us, was changed into that of *Amador*, and then *Amadour*, which is more conformable to the genius of the dialect spoken there.

The little statue of the Virgin, like those which the early Christians of Gaul venerated in the hollow of oaks, wrought miracles in behalf of the fervent pilgrims who went to visit it in its rocky shrine. Pilgrimages were multiplied, and they soon became so frequent that a city was built at the foot of the holy place; that city, though situated in a desolate region, on a barren soil, and in a place difficult of access, nevertheless became, through the devotion of our fathers, one of the principal towns of Quercy; it had its towers, its consuls, and its coat of arms—three silver rocks with golden lilies on a field *gules*.

Just over the steeple of the ancient church of Roc Amadour, at a prodigious height, was a citadel intended to protect the rich shrine of Mary; but those lofty walls, towering proudly in the air, were not sufficient to save the holy mountain from the fierce followers of Calvin, who would have braved hell itself for the sake of gold. Our Lady's Chapel has now a surer protection in its poverty.

This pilgrimage was famous even in the time of Charlemagne; Count Roland, nephew of that Emperor, visited Roc Amadour in 778; he made an offering to the Blessed Virgin of the weight of his sword of silver, and when he fell on the field of Roncevaux, that sword was carried to Roc Amadour.* In the year 1170, according to Roger de Hoveden, Henry II., King of England and Duke of Guyenne, (in right of his wife Eleanor,) made a pilgrimage to Roc Amadour, in fulfilment of a vow made by him during a long illness which he had had. As the people of Quercy had no great love for the English, Henry had to make this pious journey under the escort of a strong guard. The English prince left marks of his munificence in Our Lady's Chapel, and amongst the poor of Roc Amadour.

* Duplex, *Hist. de France, Charlemagne*, ch. 8.—This *bracmar* (sword) having been stolen or lost, was replaced by a club which retained the name of Roland's sword



Amongst the illustrious pilgrims who went to honour Mary in her mountain-shrine, were Simon de Montfort, the pope's legate; Arnaud Amalric, afterwards bishop of Narbonne; St. Louis, accompanied by his three brothers; Blanche of Castile, and Alphonso, Count of Boulogne, who subsequently ascended the throne of Portugal; Charles the Fair, King John, Louis XI., and many powerful lords.

Of the great bishops who, at various times, visited the miraculous Chapel of Our Lady, there is one whose name is so dear to humanity, to Catholicity, that we cannot omit to mention it: that name, so honourable to France, so imposing even to unbelievers, is that of the Swan of Cambrai. Vowed from his birth to Our Lady of Roc Amadour by his pious mother, Fenelon went more than once to invoke, in her favourite shrine, her who gave him that courageous wisdom which he turned to such good advantage. Two pictures, hung as *ex-voto* in Mary's sanctuary, represent two solemn phases of his existence. In the first, he is lying in his cradle, a new-born infant; in the second, a young man, and already a doctor of divinity, he is returning thanks to his divine protectress for the first step in his brilliant career. At a little distance there is a tomb, at which he often wept and prayed; it is that of his mother, who would sleep her last sleep in the shade of Mary's altar.

Sometimes it was not only single individuals, but whole towns and provinces, that repaired to Roc Amadour. "In 1546," says M. de Malleville, in his *Chronicles of Quercy*, "the 24th of June, the feast of St. John and of the Blessed Sacrament, was the great *pardon* of Roc Amadour; to which place the concourse of people, both natives and foreigners, was so great that persons of every age and of both sexes were smothered in the crowd, and tents were spread over all the adjoining country like a great camp."

The offerings made at the shrine of Roc Amadour were truly magnificent; amongst them was the forest of Mont Salvy, given in 1119, by Odon, Count de la Marche, to the Blessed Mary of Roc Amadour; and the lands of Fornellas and Orbanella, given in 1181, by Alphonso IX., king of Castile and Toledo, *for the benefit of the souls of his parents.*



In the year 1202, Sancho VII., king of Navarre, gave an annuity of forty-eight gold pieces for the lighting of Our Lady's Chapel, and in 1208, Savarie, prince of Mauléon, a great captain and a famous troubadour, gave, as a free and perpetual donation, to the Blessed Mary of Roc Amadour, his estate of Lisleau, with a full exemption from tax or charge of any kind. Pope Clement V., in 1314, left a legacy to the same church, "to keep a taper perpetually burning in a silver vase or basin in the Chapel of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Roc Amadour, in honour of that ever-blessed Mother, and for the salvation of his soul."

It would be too long to enumerate all the benefactors of Mary's Chapel; its interior was radiant with offerings of gold, pearls, and precious stones; Spanish princesses wrought rich hangings for it with their own hands, and it was lit, both night and day, by fourteen lamps of solid silver, whose chains were intertwined into a magnificent net-work. By a contrast, peculiar to Christianity, the Madonna's altar was of wood, as in the days of St. Amadour, and the miraculous image was a little statue of rough black oak. High in the dome of the chapel, where windows of rich stained glass surrounded the steeple, there was a little bell without cord, which rung, of its own accord, when it pleased the Star of the Sea to manifest her power in behalf of distressed mariners who called upon her from the wastes of Ocean.

The Virgin of Quercy was too rich a prey to escape Protestantism. On the 3rd of September, 1592, Durais took possession of Roc Amadour; the crosses were broken, the pictures defaced, the rich ornaments burned and torn to pieces, the bells melted down, and the body of St. Amadour was smashed with the hammer, and then consigned to the flames.* The atheists of 1793 gave the finishing stroke to this work of destruction.

Now, the towers of the city are prostrate and overgrown with grass; shrubs are growing amid the ruins of the citadel; tall weeds are waving over the disjointed stones of the immense flight of two hundred and seventy-eight steps which led from the city to the

* Odo de Giscey, *Hist. de Roc Amadour*



ærial shrine of Mary; the lute of the Languedocian *cantadour* no longer celebrates Our Lady's miracles, and the night-wind alone is heard whistling through that ancient chapel, where the organ once pealed its solemn music. The Virgin of Roc Amadour might now be called *the Virgin of Ruins*, and yet she still works miracles there.

The pilgrimage of Our Lady of Liesse, in Picardy, is not so ancient as those of southern France, since it only dates from the twelfth century; but it is still more famous than they are. The origin of the statue which decorates the sanctuary is truly marvellous; tradition has preserved the wondrous tale not only in the French province where it is located, but even in the Holy Land;* nay, it is even said to exist in the archives of the Knights of Malta.† The following is the story, and it bears a decidedly Eastern character.

Fonleques of Anjou, king of Jerusalem, having rebuilt the fortress of Bersabee, within four leagues of Ascalon, to protect the frontier of his kingdom from the incursions of the Saracens, entrusted its defence to the brave and pious Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. This valiant garrison had often to combat the infidels who held the ancient country of the Philistines for the Sultan of Egypt. One day, the Knights of St. John, including three brothers of the ancient and noble house of Eppes in Picardy, fell into an ambuscade, and, notwithstanding that they performed prodigies of valour, they were taken and loaded with chains by the Mussulmans, who sent them to Egypt. The brothers d'Eppes had the majestic mien and lofty stature of the ancient knights of the north of France. The Sultan quickly distinguished them from the others, and hoping to gain them for his false prophet, he commenced by casting them into a dungeon in order to break down their courage, and then proceeded to spread before their eyes the most seducing prospect, making them all manner of fair promises if they would only give up their religion. The three valorous knights, as they

* See *Hist. de Notre Dame de Liesse*, par l'Abbé Villette, Addit au disc. prelim. p. 100.

† *Hist. de Notre Dame de Liesse*, p. 10, 11, et 12.

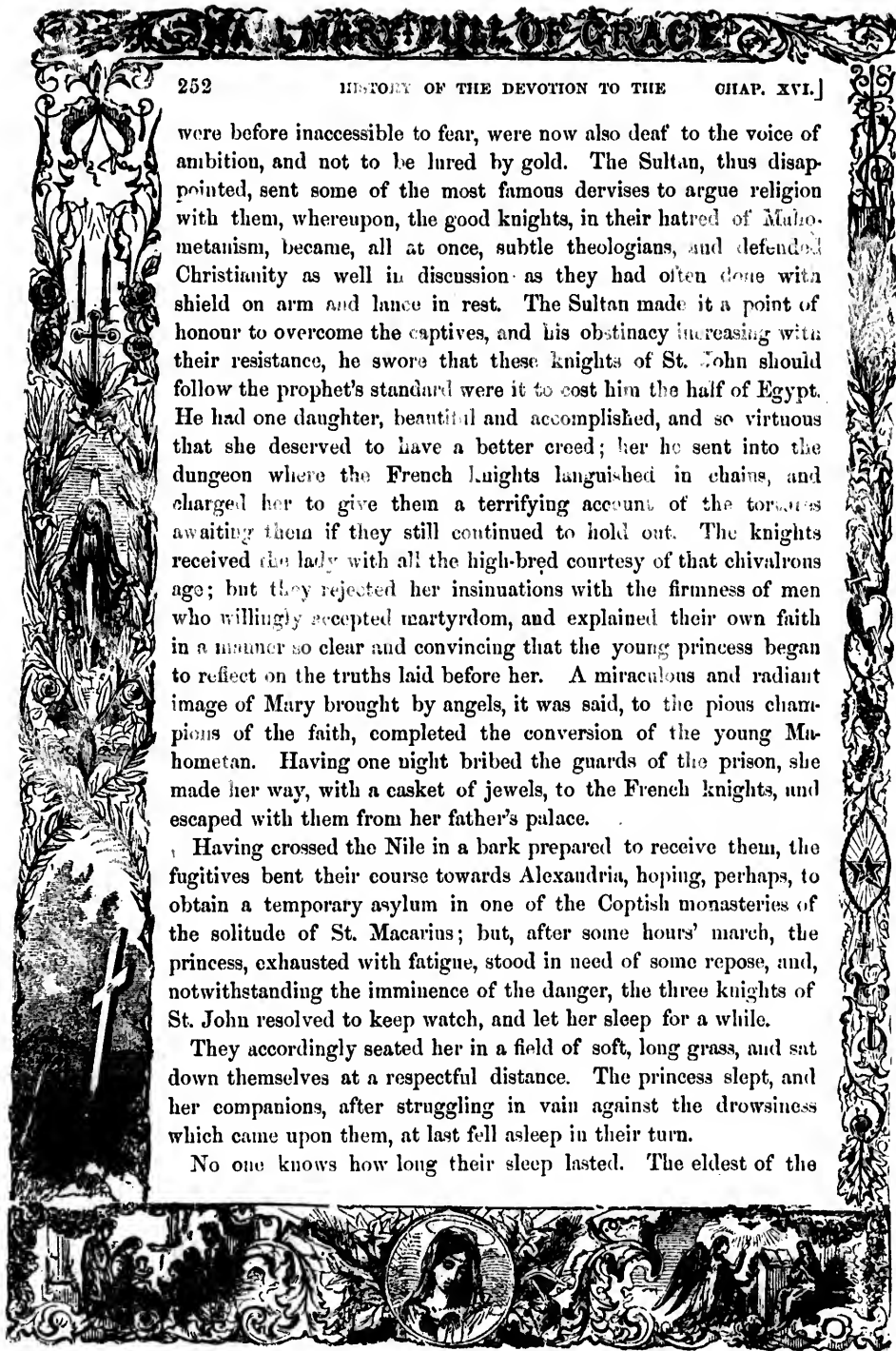


were before inaccessible to fear, were now also deaf to the voice of ambition, and not to be lured by gold. The Sultan, thus disappointed, sent some of the most famous dervises to argue religion with them, whereupon, the good knights, in their hatred of Mahometanism, became, all at once, subtle theologians, and defended Christianity as well in discussion as they had often done with shield on arm and lance in rest. The Sultan made it a point of honour to overcome the captives, and his obstinacy increasing with their resistance, he swore that these knights of St. John should follow the prophet's standard were it to cost him the half of Egypt. He had one daughter, beautiful and accomplished, and so virtuous that she deserved to have a better creed; her he sent into the dungeon where the French knights languished in chains, and charged her to give them a terrifying account of the torments awaiting them if they still continued to hold out. The knights received the lady with all the high-bred courtesy of that chivalrous age; but they rejected her insinuations with the firmness of men who willingly accepted martyrdom, and explained their own faith in a manner so clear and convincing that the young princess began to reflect on the truths laid before her. A miraculous and radiant image of Mary brought by angels, it was said, to the pious champions of the faith, completed the conversion of the young Mahometan. Having one night bribed the guards of the prison, she made her way, with a casket of jewels, to the French knights, and escaped with them from her father's palace.

Having crossed the Nile in a bark prepared to receive them, the fugitives bent their course towards Alexandria, hoping, perhaps, to obtain a temporary asylum in one of the Coptish monasteries of the solitude of St. Macarius; but, after some hours' march, the princess, exhausted with fatigue, stood in need of some repose, and, notwithstanding the imminence of the danger, the three knights of St. John resolved to keep watch, and let her sleep for a while.

They accordingly seated her in a field of soft, long grass, and sat down themselves at a respectful distance. The princess slept, and her companions, after struggling in vain against the drowsiness which came upon them, at last fell asleep in their turn.

No one knows how long their sleep lasted. The eldest of the







brothers was the first to awake, the sun was already far above the horizon, and the birds were warbling on every tree. The crusader looked around in amazement; he fell asleep within sight of the Nile and the pyramids, under the fan-like branches of a palm-tree, and he awoke under a venerable oak, on the margin of a purling stream, in a fresh green meadow spangled with daisies. At a little distance rose the dark, round turrets of an old baronial castle, very much resembling that in which he left his sorrowing mother, when setting out for the Holy Land. His doubts were dispelled by a shepherd who was leading his flock to the pasture: the castle before him was his own good castle of Marchais, and he found himself in Picardy, under one of the old ancestral trees which his fathers had planted. He blessed the Holy Virgin, and awoke his companions, whose surprise equalled his own.

The image of the eastern Madonna was still in their possession; so they built a fair church wherein to place it, and the Mahometan princess was baptized in the cathedral of Laon.

That this statuette of Mary reached France by means more natural, we may well believe; but it is quite certain that it was brought from the Holy Land by three brothers of the house of Eppe, knights of St. John of Jerusalem.

Some of the most illustrious names of the French monarchy are found on the list of the pilgrims to Our Lady of Liesse. Amongst them are the Duke of Burgundy, Louis II. of Bourbon, Prince of Condé, the Duke de Mercœur, Prince Albert Henry of Ligne, Madame Henrietta Frances of France, Queen of England, some of the princes de Longueville, Marshal d'Ancre, Mademoiselle de Guise, the Count of Egmont, Louis, Duke of Orleans, brother of Charles VI., Charles VII., King René, Louis XI., Francis the First, Henry II., Charles IX., Queen Mary de Medici, Louis XIII., Ann of Austria, Louis XIV., &c.

Many of these great personages, not content with leaving rich donations at Notre Dame de Liesse, also placed their statue there; that of Louis II. of Bourbon, prince of Condé, was of gold.

Mary of Arquin, who was afterwards queen of Poland, visited Our Lady's chapel in 1671; she offered to the Blessed Virgin a silver child, representing Prince Alexander Sobieski, her son. to-



gether with a chain of gold enriched with jewels, denoting that she devoted him to the Mother of God as her slave.*

This shrine, like the others, was plundered by the Huguenots, and the Revolution completed the work: yet still the chapel of Our Lady of Liesse is frequented by a concourse of pilgrims.

In the legend of St. Siphard of Meaney, who lived in 550, there is mention made of the town of Clery, and an oratory therein dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. In 1280, some labourers placed there a small statue of Our Lady, which had been turned up by their ploughshare. This discovery was rumoured abroad, and attracted the attention of the most powerful nobles of the time. Amongst these was Simon de Melun, a nobleman who had accompanied St. Louis to Africa, and was raised by Philip the Fair to the dignity of Marshal of France; he formed the design of founding a college there, but, dying gloriously, soon after, at the siege of Contrain, he was prevented from executing his pious intention, which was, however, carried out by his wife and son. Philip the Fair, after his victories in Flanders, was deeply sensible of what he owed to Mary; struck with the vast numbers of the faithful who visited Our Lady of Clery, he increased the number of its canons, and resolved to rebuild the church, but death came suddenly upon him, too, in the midst of so many projects, religious and otherwise, and left him little more than the merit of a good intention. The church was, nevertheless, commenced in his reign, and was duly continued, thanks to the munificence of his third son, Charles, duke of Orleans. The completion of the church was reserved for Philip of Valois, that noble prince who charged his soldiers, in a conquered country, to *respect the churches*. This magnificent temple was pillaged by the English during the famous siege of Orleans. Louis XI., who had new sleeves put to his old doublet, so as to make the most he could of them, knew well how to act as became a sovereign prince, when he felt so inclined; he had the church of Clery rebuilt, made it a donation of 2,330 gold crowns, endowed it with great revenues, erected it into a royal chapel, and richly provided for its canons.

This monument, the object of so much care and expense, was

* *Hist. de Notre Dame de Liesse.*



THE MARTYRDOM OF GRACE

destroyed by fire in 1472, whilst the workmen were engaged in covering it. *The whole was consumed by fire*, says the chronicle of Louis XI., but the church was constructed anew under the inspection of the king's secretary.

Louis XI. having recovered his health at Clery, and attributing his cure to the Blessed Virgin, enriched her college with new gifts, and caused his tomb to be constructed there. "He placed himself in it several times," says one of his historians, "in order to see whether it fitted his body well, and was ready to receive him after his death." He was buried there according to his desire. His wife, Charlotte of Savoy, was soon after laid beside him.

The Calvinists, who had as little respect for the sepulchres of kings as for the altars of saints, demolished the statue of Louis XI., and broke open his royal tomb for the sake of pillage. This tomb, reconstructed by Louis XIII., was again broken and mutilated during the Revolution, and repaired by Louis XVIII. The devotion to the Virgin is still kept up with pious fervour in the old church of Louis XI.

The pilgrimage of Our Lady of the Thorn, (*Notre Dame de l'Epine*,) near Chalons-sur-Marne, commenced in the first years of the fifteenth century. On the eve of the feast of the Annunciation, A. D. 1419, two young shepherds leading their flocks by the side of a little chapel dedicated to St. John the Baptist, perceived a bright light in the midst of a thorny bush which grew near it. The first sheep of the flock being frightened by the light, took flight; but the young lambs approached the bush; the shepherds followed their example, and discovered a small statue of the Blessed Virgin with the Infant Jesus in her arms. The miraculous light increasing when night came, people ran from all parts to see it, and as the place where the prodigy occurred was very high, the light could be seen for ten leagues around. The bishop of Chalons came in procession with all his chapter and many of the neighbouring priests to visit the place. They found the bush as green as though it were summer; and they took the little statue of the Madonna and conveyed it to the neighbouring chapel of St. John.

This prodigy attracted all the faithful of Champagne to the chapel, which speedily became a famous pilgrimage. With the



offerings of the pilgrims, a superb church was constructed on the plan of an Irish architect; the work was steadily prosecuted; notwithstanding the war then being carried on against the English, the inhabitants, though plundered and impoverished, cheerfully quitted their plough to draw stones all the way from Lorraine. The building went on with renewed activity when Charles VII. sent a considerable sum towards the completion of the church. It took a century to build it, and during all that time the fervour of the people continued through war, and pestilence, and famine, and all imaginable plagues, the worst of which was certainly the harassing presence of the English. The cities of Chalons and Verdun would fain contribute their share towards the decoration of this building, which was to perpetuate the memory of the miraculous bush. The one gave it superb stained glass windows, representing the history of the miracle; the other, magnificent bells; the liberality of the faithful, great and small, rich and poor, did the rest.

During the religious wars the English Protestants, who were masters of Champagne, having heard of the great riches contained in the sanctuary of Our Lady of the Thorn, formed the project of pillaging and destroying it; but the lord of the soil, a man full of faith and courage, had the noble church surrounded with stakes and putting himself at the head of a band of brave young men, drawn together by patriotism and devotion to Mary, they succeeded in repulsing the enemy and saving the Virgin's altar. Forced to beat a retreat, the English acted like Vandals; they fired a parting volley through the beautiful windows, which were nearly all destroyed. Nevertheless, by a sort of prodigy, the famous pane of glass on which is represented the finding of the miraculous statue remained uninjured. In memory of that happy day, the fabric (or trustees) of the church of Notre Dame de l'Épine, down to the time of the Revolution, gave to the descendants of the valiant gentlemen, who saved the shrine from profanation and pillage, two blessed swords which they received on the feast of the Assumption before the Virgin's altar.

A solemn procession took place every year in this church. A number of delicate children, bound to wear white perpetually in honour of the Blessed Virgin, assisted in the procession on the 15th



HAIL MARY! FULL OF GRACE!

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BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

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of August, with tapers in their hands: these were the supplicants of Mary. The verdict of death seemed pronounced against them on their entrance into the world: their mothers piously called on the Virgin, and hope, through her powerful aid, to preserve those fragile plants which thus grow up under her sacred protection, and depend on her for their very existence. It was an affecting sight to see these little angels, clothed in white, and pale as the flowers wreathed around their heads, kneeling at Mary's feet, and repeating the prayer which they are not able to understand, asking that their life be spared, that life so precious to their tender mothers. . . . When the rose of health begins to bloom on their childish features, when the seventh year is past, and they at length leave off the white livery of the Virgin, how joyfully do their mothers hasten to return thanks to Mary! What heartfelt prayers are then poured forth at the altar of Our Lady of the Thorn!

There is in the Vosges a pilgrimage which perpetuates, amongst the humble matrons of the country, a beautiful superstition wherein the Christian and the maternal sentiment are closely commingled. About the year 1070, a monk of Senones built, on the margin of a lonely torrent, a hermitage and chapel, whither the people went to honour Our Lady of Meix. This pilgrimage was afterwards either discontinued or suppressed. The chapel is now in ruins, and a shattered stone cross is the only thing yet standing; but under these ruins there are subterraneous vaults, and an altar of rough stone, whereon children who die unbaptized are still laid. "They are hardly placed on that stone," says the mountaineer who serves as a guide through the gloomy cavern, "when their eyes open, a slight breath escapes from their little icy lips, the water of baptism falls on their brow, and they sleep again to go up to heaven." A little gravé is made near the altar, and the mortal remains of the faded floweret are left under the protection of Mary: the ignorant, but exalted tenderness, which induced the parents to ask a miracle of the Virgin, makes them bury them in the precincts of her ancient shrine, in order that she may not forget them!

Let incredulity blame as it may this superstition of the heart, to the tender and pious soul it is full of melancholy beauty, and de-



serving only of pity. Doubtless, more than one mother may have been mistaken in fancying that she saw the pale lips of her infant quiver with momentary life as it received the water of baptism; but no one will dare to say that Mary has not power to work miracles as great as this, at her pleasure.

Even amongst the wild recesses of the Pyrenees there are sanctuaries dedicated to Mary. The most ancient and the most famous of these is Our Lady of Heas, frequented by all the people of the neighbouring valleys. Amongst the precipitous rocks of Heas there is an altar raised where the goatherd would not dare to hang up a temporary shelter against the storm: the Romans would have dedicated this altar to the Spirit of the Storm, but Christians have erected it in honour of Her who appeases the winds and waves. On the 8th of September, the feast of the Nativity of Mary, and on the 15th of August, the day of her glorious Assumption, an immense concourse of people repairs to the shrine of Our Lady of Heas; each one, on going away, detaches a small fragment of the blessed rock, which is taken home respectfully to their cabins, as a relic of some value.

Mountain pilgrimages are picturesque; but how touching are those on the sea coasts! What a pleasing object is a sanctuary of Mary, with its tapering spire standing on the point of a promontory, whence it may be seen from afar over the deep sea! The mariner salutes it with a heavy heart on quitting the land where he leaves his wife and children, and hails it with delight on his return; that spire is to him the emblem of hope, and amid all the anxious perturbation of his heart, as he approaches his home after months, perhaps years of absence, he feels a certain religious confidence, a certain assurance that all goes well—thanks to the protection of the good Virgin . . . And then, who knows but it was Our Lady that saved him from shipwreck, he and his vessel, and the first care of these poor people, on reaching land, is to go barefoot, as in the middle ages, to hang up in the maritime chapel the offering promised when the tempest shivered the masts and rent the sails. One of the Dieppe papers recently published an account of one of these touching scenes, which made a deep impression on the public mind, notwithstanding the impiety of the times. "A ceremony of a most



affecting kind took place yesterday in St. James's church," said the writer. "The crew of the lugger *Autonne* (which encountered so violent a storm on the 3d of September) gave themselves up for lost, when the mate, Louis Coreteur, thought of making a vow, in the name of his companions, to Our Lady of Succour, the patroness of sailors. Scarcely had he made the vow, when a sunbeam, darting through the mass of heavy clouds which obscured the sky, cheered the drooping hearts of the mariners with renewed hope. This vow was yesterday accomplished by these good sailors in the chapel of Our Lady of Succour: the whole crew of the vessel walked in procession to Our Lady's chapel barefooted and bare-headed, in their sea costume, bearing on their robust shoulders the promised offering placed on a litter, and ornamented with blue streamers; they were accompanied by their parents and friends, and followed by a numerous concourse of people. The parish priest addressed them in an affecting discourse, and after the mass of thanksgiving, he recited the *De Profundis* for the captain and four sailors who perished during the storm."

Our Lady of Grace is one of the most ancient maritime chapels of Normandy; this sanctuary was built, as we have already said, in consequence of a vow made, during a tempest, by a Norman duke, who was very devout to the Blessed Virgin. The site of this pretty chapel, shaded by tall trees, and surrounded with flowery turf, is calm and beautiful as the rich, fresh landscapes of the magnificent province to which it belongs. Our Lady of Grace seems to be the fortress of Honfleur; the hill on which it stands commands a view of the mouth of the Seine, with the distant line of the dark green sea and the bright blue river gliding into its bosom. There are two roads leading to this chapel: one rough and rocky, the other smooth and level. In former times, the inhabitants of Honfleur took a pleasure in keeping the road clean and covering it with fine sand, in order that a fair and gentle princess, much beloved by the people, might climb the ascent to the Virgin's shrine without fatigue. The revolutionary storm drifted the noble lady to other climes, but the memory of her beneficence still remains.

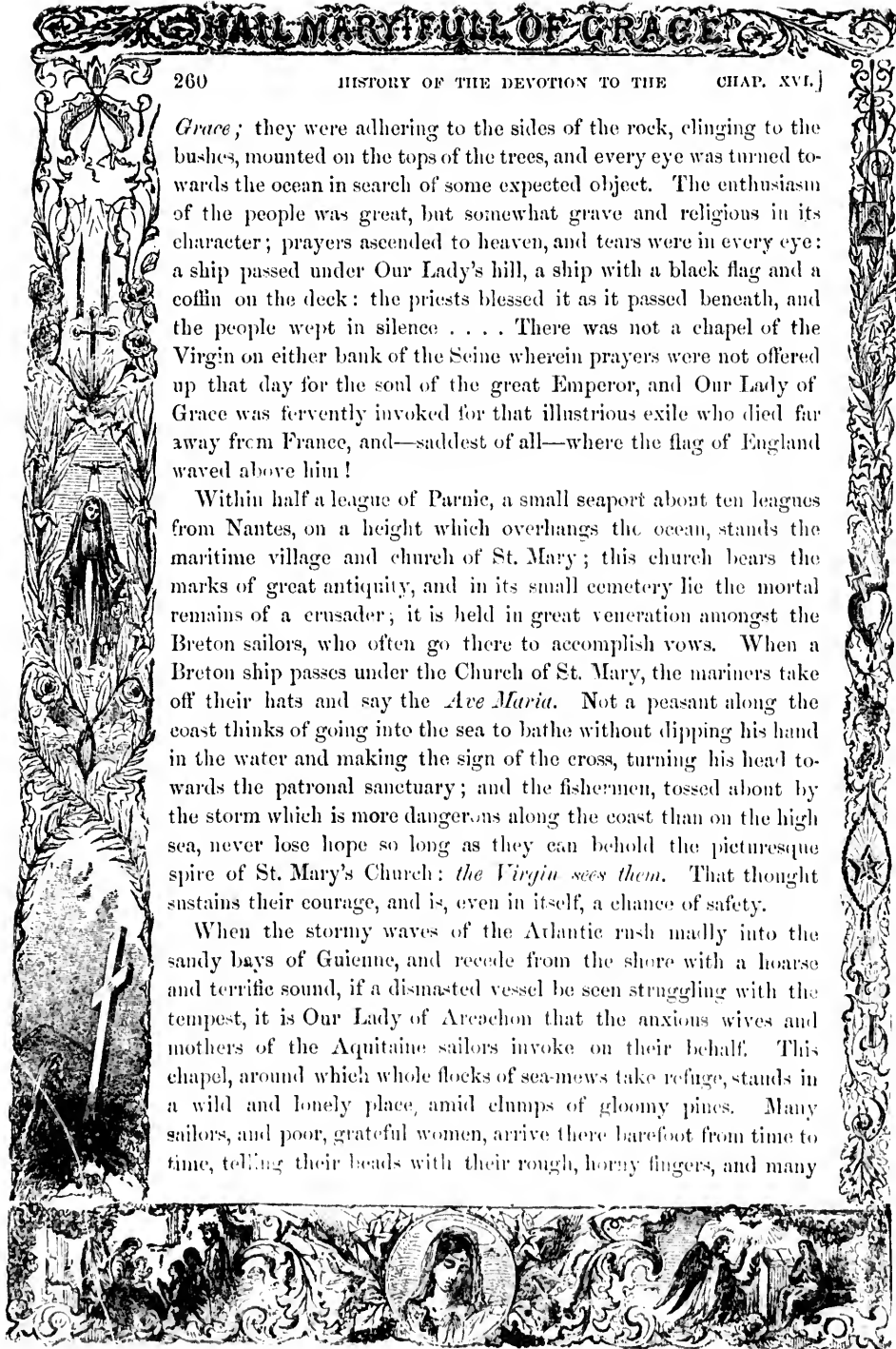
One day, not long ago, great crowds of people were assembled on the little green esplanade which extends in front of *Notre Dame de*



Grace; they were adhering to the sides of the rock, clinging to the bushes, mounted on the tops of the trees, and every eye was turned towards the ocean in search of some expected object. The enthusiasm of the people was great, but somewhat grave and religious in its character; prayers ascended to heaven, and tears were in every eye: a ship passed under Our Lady's hill, a ship with a black flag and a coffin on the deck: the priests blessed it as it passed beneath, and the people wept in silence . . . There was not a chapel of the Virgin on either bank of the Seine wherein prayers were not offered up that day for the soul of the great Emperor, and Our Lady of Grace was fervently invoked for that illustrious exile who died far away from France, and—saddest of all—where the flag of England waved above him!

Within half a league of Parnic, a small seaport about ten leagues from Nantes, on a height which overhangs the ocean, stands the maritime village and church of St. Mary; this church bears the marks of great antiquity, and in its small cemetery lie the mortal remains of a crusader; it is held in great veneration amongst the Breton sailors, who often go there to accomplish vows. When a Breton ship passes under the Church of St. Mary, the mariners take off their hats and say the *Ave Maria*. Not a peasant along the coast thinks of going into the sea to bathe without dipping his hand in the water and making the sign of the cross, turning his head towards the patronal sanctuary; and the fishermen, tossed about by the storm which is more dangerous along the coast than on the high sea, never lose hope so long as they can behold the picturesque spire of St. Mary's Church: *the Virgin sees them*. That thought sustains their courage, and is, even in itself, a chance of safety.

When the stormy waves of the Atlantic rush madly into the sandy bays of Guenne, and recede from the shore with a hoarse and terrific sound, if a dismasted vessel be seen struggling with the tempest, it is Our Lady of Arcahon that the anxious wives and mothers of the Aquitaine sailors invoke on their behalf. This chapel, around which whole flocks of sea-mews take refuge, stands in a wild and lonely place, amid clumps of gloomy pines. Many sailors, and poor, grateful women, arrive there barefoot from time to time, telling their beads with their rough, horny fingers, and many



an *ex-voto* hangs in the venerable chapel, denoting that so many prayers have been heard and granted by Mary.

Our Lady of the Watch (*Notre Dame de la Garde*) is the last object seen or noticed by the Provençal sailor as he leaves his native land: its chapel, built in the thirteenth century, is of bluish-gray limestone, and stands on the summit of a lofty mountain commanding a view of the Mediterranean, with its numerous isles, its castle of If, and its changeful billows. Thither does the sea-worn mariner first bend his steps when his vessel reaches the port, after a voyage to the distant countries of the Levant; it is no uncommon sight to see these seafaring people going on their knees up the mountain path to this ancient chapel to thank Her whom they name, with true Italian familiarity, the good *Mother of the Watch*, for having saved them from the dangers of sea, wind, and plague. But it is not to sailors alone that the Madonna of Marseilles is kind and propitious; she is the guardian angel of the city, which has recourse to her in all public calamities. When the cholera, raging all over France, first broke out on the Provençal soil, the fair old Phocian city knelt as one man at the feet of its beloved patroness, who failed it not in its hour of peril. In testimony of its gratitude, Marseilles has consecrated to her a superb statue of solid silver, admirably executed. That is as it should be.

In Corsica, Our Lady of Lavasina, looking down on the blue waves of the Mediterranean, refreshes the way-worn pilgrim, and even the sailor passing in his vessel, with the perfume of its orange trees. This sanctuary, dedicated to the Nativity of the Virgin, was long left in obscurity, visited only by the coral fishers who frequent that lovely coast, when, about the middle of the seventeenth century, miracles were wrought by the Corsican Madonna which were noised abroad even through Italy. The church was then enlarged and beautified; great numbers of the faithful went there on the patronal feast, with bare feet and tapers in their hands. This pious practice is still kept up with as much devotion as in any former time. The painting which decorates this chapel, the work of an Italian artist, represents Mary when a child, with St. Anne throwing a transparent veil gracefully over her head.



SWITZERLAND.

The origin of the famous pilgrimage of our Lady of Hermits, the Loretto of Helvetia, dates from the heroic times of Charlemagne. The saint who first inhabited the hermitage of Einsiedeln, was a young Suabian lord named Meinrad, belonging to the illustrious house of Hohenzollern. Being of that contemplative turn of mind so common amongst the Germans, Meinrad, even in his early days, loved to wander through the woods which then overspread his native land, and to commune with the Deity face to face, where no sound broke in on the silence of the place save the murmur of streams or the rustling of leaves. Night often surprised him poring over an old book clasped with gold, which he had inherited from his fathers, or meditating profoundly on the miracles and favours of the Blessed Virgin. His soul soared aloft in solitude; pitying the world and its fleeting goods, Meinrad made his vows in the Abbey of Reichenau, which he afterwards quitted for a small hermitage built on the brow of Mount Etzel. There he passed seven years; but the fame of his virtue descended to the valleys; the shepherds and woodmen first went to visit him, then lords, then noble ladies, humbly soliciting his prayers and counsels. This public homage was torture to the young hermit, who sighed only for meditation amid the deep silence of the woods; one night, he stealthily quitted his hermitage, taking with him only the statue of the Virgin, the sole ornament of his chapel, and took refuge in a forest of the canton of Schwytz, which bore the characteristic name of the *dark forest*.

Thirty-two years after, he was assassinated by ruffians with whom he had shared the water of his spring, and the wild fruits of his forest. The birds of heaven pursued the murderers, till they suffered the penalty of their crime.*

* The murderers were betrayed by two ravens who followed them all the way to Zurich; they even made their way through the windows of the inn where the assassins took refuge on entering the town, and never left them till they witnessed their execution. It is in memory of this event that the Abbey of Reichenau bears two ravens on its arms.



HAIL MARY FULL OF GRACE

[CHAP. XVI.]

BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

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After the tragical death of Meinrad, his cell, wherein he had wrought miracles, remained uninhabited for nearly half a century: at the end of that time, a little society of hermits settled there under St. Bennon, a member of the ducal house of Burgundy. Hence the surname of *Our Lady of Hermits* given to the chapel of Einsiedeln. St. Eberhard consecrated his wealth, which was considerable, to the erection of a monastery there, and he himself was the first abbot.

The Virgin's chapel, such as it was in the time of St. Bennon, was placed in the vast church of the convent, of which Meinrad's cell formed the choir. The French destroyed this chapel, which had withstood the furious attacks of Protestantism, but God permitted the statue of the Virgin to be saved. It was replaced in the church of Einsiedeln in 1803, with much solemnity, and in 1817 this ancient shrine recovered a portion of its former splendour, thanks to the concurrence of some distinguished artists and the abundant alms of the faithful.

The convent of Einsiedeln is not situated in the mildest climate: its steeple, covered with snow the greater part of the year, pierces the dull, heavy clouds secreted by the long frost; at its base stretches a barren waste yielding with reluctance a scanty crop; the fruits are few and tasteless, and the fields are only adorned by the pretty lilac blossom of the potato; but still Our Lady is pleased to manifest her power there, and the rugged path of the holy mountain is often moistened with the noblest blood of Germany. More than one count of the empire, and noble German ladies not a few, make it their duty to ascend barefoot to Einsiedeln: there is still some of the ancient fervour of Frederick's knights remaining in old Germany. As for the Catholic population of Switzerland, nothing can equal their confidence in Our Lady of Hermits; and there are few families, even in the more distant cantons, who do not keep up the pious practice of making this pilgrimage.

"The first thing which strikes the eye, in the beautiful church of Einsiedeln," says a French traveller who visited it in 1839, "is the miraculous chapel where the modest image of the Virgin is exposed. Mass was being said there, and a great crowd of the faithful, men, women, and children, of every age and station, were assist



SHALL MARVELL OF GRACE

ing at the holy sacrifice, piously awaiting the time for communion; others were gathered around the confessionals; others, after having received the Holy Eucharist, were hearing a mass of thanksgiving at some of the side-altars. Nearly all the Swiss cantons were represented there. In a group from which the other pilgrims seemed to keep respectfully aloof, we recognized the graceful mien and elegant costume of the women of France. The men, less numerous, and more uniformly clad, still betrayed their origin by a certain diversity of countenance. Amongst them we could distinguish French, Germans, and Italians; but all were equally pious and collected."

In a visit of devotion to the Abbey of Einsiedeln, Queen Hortense, that fair, unhappy princess, once the brightest ornament of Napoleon's court, placed on the altar of the Swiss Madonna a superb branch of hortensia, composed of large diamonds. This *ex-oto* was the offering of a mother who had but one son to love, and who besought the Mother of Christ to protect and save from all evil the noble-hearted youth who remembered but too well that he was born within hearing of the cannon of Wagram, and amid the fabulous exploits of the imperial epoch.

Volumes have been written in Switzerland on the miracles wrought by the Madonna of Einsiedeln; we shall give but one of these, a little fanciful legend of the seventeenth century, which we found in a book of devotion published in Fribourg, but now somewhat scarce. The Swiss piously believe in the authenticity of this strange fact, but others are not bound to follow their example.

In a vast mediæval hall, whose walls were adorned with paintings in *fresco* of the most terrific subjects, and around which were seen those stone benches only found in the feudal castles of Germany, were seated some Helvetian gentlemen quaffing deep draughts of Rhenish wine from large, old-fashioned goblets. In the midst of this Teutonic banquet, whilst a young officer named Berthold was uttering some of the most extravagant nonsense, a pilgrim was ushered in; he was going alone and barefooted to visit Our Lady of Hermits, when the approach of a violent storm forced him to ask hospitality at the castle. The noble host arose from his seat, and courteously conducted his new guest to the corner of a vast Gothic fire-place, where whole oaks were burning. This duty accomplished,



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Berthold, without any respect for the austere presence of the pilgrim, resumed the silly and impious discourse which his entrance had for a moment interrupted, casting from time to time a furtive glance at the stranger to see what effect his words produced on him; but the pale, emaciated face of the holy man remained perfectly calm and motionless. The banquet over, the guests ordered their horses, and prepared to go to their several homes. "The night is dark," said the host to the young miscreant, Berthold, who was a relative of his own; "thou hast to pass through a glen haunted by evil spirits. . . . Something bad might happen to thee. . . . Be advised by me, and stay here to-night."

"Pshaw!" laughed the officer, who was in the service of France, "I fear neither God nor devil!"

"Are you quite sure of that?" demanded the pilgrim, in a tone of gloomy rallery, which made all the others afraid.

"So sure, honest pilgrim, that I now drink to Lucifer, and beg the favour of his company to escort me home to-night, if it be convenient."

"And thou wouldst deserve it well," cried the host, turning pale

"We will petition Our Lady for you," said the immovable pilgrim; "you will need her help."

"Oh, pray do not trouble yourself—I can dispense with your prayers;" and he bowed ironically to the holy man. Some minutes after, he was in the stirrups, and dashing down the hill on which the castle stands, singing the chorus of a bacchanalian song.

The night was far advanced, the silence profound, and the solitude unbroken; the full-orbed moon, fair and lonely, shone out at times through thick, dark clouds, in a starless sky, and flashes of lightning darted at intervals along the horizon. For some reason, best known to himself, the young man left off singing, but kept swearing occasionally. He at last reached the dangerous place mentioned by his friend, which was known by a name very common in Helvetia, *The Devil's Road*. It was a deep gorge, hollowed between the reddish flanks of two mountains—a wild and gloomy spot, where the Alpine goat would have scarcely ventured even in the light of day. At that dead hour of the night, when the deep stillness and the fearful gloom called forth every superstitious feel



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ing latent in the mind, the young Swiss, becoming somewhat uneasy, mechanically placed his hand on his sword; then, ashamed of himself, he began to laugh at his own fears.

"I have specially invited Lucifer to see me home," said the miscreant, willing to indulge his pride by an idle boast; "but he is deaf, it seems—or, hell is empty."

The thunder growled in the distance, and a flash of lightning illumined the woods and mountains, showing him two hideous dwarfs at his horse's head. "Ha!" cried the officer, with a shudder; but quickly resuming his wonted insolence, "Avaunt, ye fiends!" he cried, proudly waving his sword; "two wretched dwarfs would be only a fitting escort for some Alpine cowherd!"

The dwarfs disappeared, and the gallop of two horses rapidly descending the almost perpendicular face of the mountain made Berthold turn his head. The horsemen were two knights, in black armour, mounted on steeds of the same colour. Their eyes shone like blazing coals through the bars of their closed helmets; to their arm was attached the morgenstem of ancient Germany, a club studded with long iron points apparently reeking with human gore, and streams of fire waved above their helmets instead of plumes.

The gloomy knights drew up in silence on either side of the terrified officer, snatched the reins from his trembling hands, and the three horses dashed along at lightning speed; mountain after mountain disappeared; sparks of fire darted from the stones of the road, and distance was no sooner perceived than passed. Frail bridges of flexible branches, spanning cataracts so fearful that even the boldest hunter of the Alps would scarce set foot upon them, were crossed with the swiftness of the wind. The regions of eternal snow were quickly gained, and the horses, redoubling their fury, made straight for a tremendous gulf, where, far down as the eye could see, rolled a mountain stream, its noise hardly perceptible from the immense height above. Suddenly, from amidst those gloomy waters, reddened at times by subterranean fires, a multitude of hoarse, hollow voices were heard. "Revenge! revenge!" they cried; "give us the seducer, the false friend, the duellist!"

"We bring him!" replied the knights, brandishing their ponderous clubs.



THE MARY OF GRACE

[CHAP. XVI.

BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

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A cold sweat bedewed Berthold's brow; his hair stood on end, and his features were convulsed with mortal terror; for amongst those accusing voices there were many that he well knew—voices that pierced his very soul: remorse began to speak as loud as fear within his wretched soul.

"Give us the gambler, the slanderer, the blasphemer, the perjured!" cried the voices from the abyss; and Berthold's gloomy companions, laughing within their helmets, with a clanking, horrible laugh, answered the voices from below: "We bring him! we bring him!"

"Give us the impious!"

"We bring him!" was still the answer of the black knights, and Berthold well nigh lost his senses.

Already were the three horsemen on the edge of a steep rock overhanging the dread abyss. . . Another moment, and all were over. . . But suddenly the two black knights stopped in the midst of a furious gallop, and stood still and mute as statues. The light tinkle of a bell was heard from afar: it was the midnight office ringing in Our Lady's Chapel at Einsiedeln. Berthold understood that Mary's influence had paralyzed the fearful power which was dragging him down to hell, and, hastily making the sign of the cross, he fervently recommended himself to the protecting Virgin, who seemed to interpose between him and the condign punishment which his conscience told him he so well deserved. The bell ceased ringing, and the young officer felt his heart sink as he saw the two knights once more moving on their black coursers. But the voice of repentance had ascended to the starry throne of Mary; and the demons, with an impotent gesture of rage and despair, plunged headlong into the chasm, leaving Berthold alone on the brink. The moon, just then emerging from a mass of dark clouds, shone brightly down from her meridian height, and the officer discovered, to his great surprise, that he was on the highest ridge of the mountains, and would find it extremely difficult to descend. Some days after, the young nobleman went barefooted to *Our Lady of Hermits*, to the great amazement of his boon companions, and made a vow, in expiation of his sinful orgies, never to drink any other beverage than the pure water from the spring.



In a remote corner of the canton of Underwald, on the edge of a path which winds in a serpentine form amongst the rocky knolls which cover the mountain-side, at the narrowest part of the pass, where the traveller sees *below* the most frightful precipices, and *above* overhanging masses of rock, where death seems threatening on either hand, there stands a small open chapel, adorned with simple pictures of the Blessed Virgin. This place, often accursed, was long ago called the *Devil's Cullender*. After trying in vain to make it more secure, people conceived the idea of building a chapel, and placing in it a sacred image, so that no one might forget, how great soever was his danger, to invoke the holy name of God, and make the sign of the cross. But where were workmen to be found bold enough to undertake the work? This obstacle was speedily got over, for several came forward and repaired to the spot, after renewing their fervour by hearing Mass. And the Mother of God, willing to show these pious workmen that their heroic devotion was pleasing to her, made fast the tottering rocks by *virgin's threads*, fastened to the grass and moss. "Ever since," say the Swiss of Underwald, "the passage is safe; no accident happens there either day or night. Our Lady is so good as to protect all the passers by, even those who do not see, or will not honour her."*

The pilgrimage of Maria Zell, in Austria, is almost as famous as that of Einsiedeln. Its founder, whose name is no longer known, was a monk of the Abbey of St. Lambert, who took up his abode, about the middle of the twelfth century, in the vale of Affenz, for the purpose of converting some Carinthian tribes who were still idolaters. This pious German missionary brought with him a small wooden statue of the Blessed Virgin, which he exposed to the veneration of his neophytes on the trunk of a fallen tree, for want of other pedestal. The Carinthian shepherds sheltered their Madonna as well as they could, in a sort of hut erected by them for the purpose, and went in crowds to invoke her in that humble shed, where their simple demands were often heard and granted by the powerful Virgin.

* See M. Veuillot, *Voyage en Suisse*, 1829.

THE MARVELLOUS OF GRACE

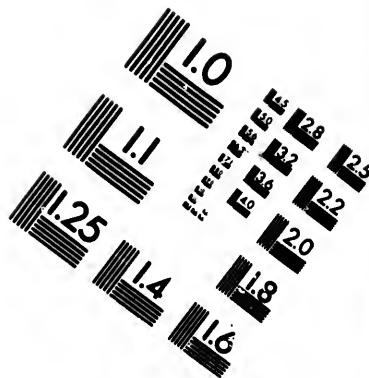
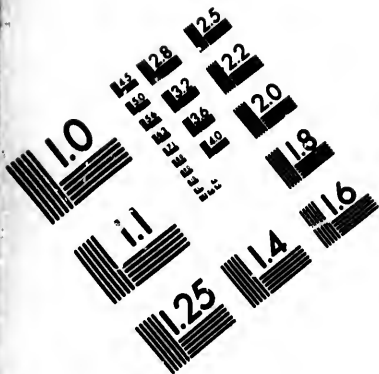
Such was the commencement of this famous pilgrimage, now frequented by emperors and princes. In 1220, Henry, margrave of Moravia, and his wife Agnes, in gratitude for a marvellous cure obtained through the intercession of Mary, built the stone chapel which is now seen in the middle of the church; on its altar was placed the sacred image, which had till then remained on the stump. Louis I., king of Hungary, after gaining an unhoped-for victory over the Turks, erected the church which surrounds the chapel. The Mussulmans surrounded Maria Zell in 1530; but, at the moment when the chief was directing the point of his lance against the miraculous statue of the Virgin, he was struck with blindness, and his soldiers, seized with terror, took flight. The emperors Mathias, Ferdinand II., Ferdinand III., and Leopold I., made the pilgrimage of Maria Zell. Maria Zell made her first communion there, in 1728; the Emperor Francis went thither himself in 1814; and the late emperor, no less devout to Mary than his great ancestors, made that pilgrimage with the empress and a part of his court. A magnificent offering of precious stones signalized the munificence of the two illustrious pilgrims who went to solicit the aid of the Queen of Heaven in governing their people wisely and paternally, as their pious and glorious ancestors did before them.

On the shores of the Illyrian sea there rises, about two thousand feet above the level of the sea, a mountain which bears the name of *Monte-Santo*; on the top of this mountain there is a Franciscan monastery, which possesses the miraculous image of St. Mary of Castagnavizza. King Charles X., a good prince and a pious monarch, reposes there under the guardian care of the heavenly patroness of France; one day, perhaps, when the stormy passions of men have subsided, six feet of French earth will be granted to the descendant of St. Louis, of Henry IV., and of Louis XIV.

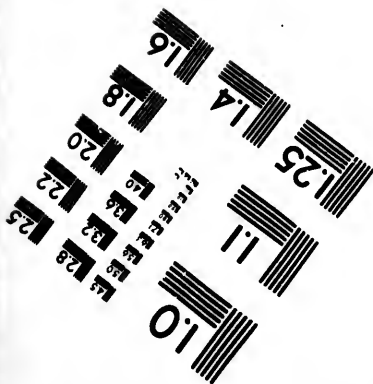
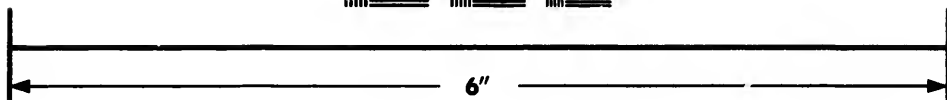
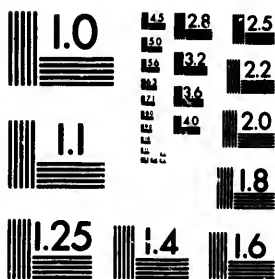
In the palatinate of Kalish, in Poland, there is a small town seated advantageously on a height, and praised for the strength of its fortifications even in 1750. This town, named Czenstochowa, was always garrisoned by companies of artillery, but it was best known through its abbey of the *Fathers of Death*, or the congregation of St. Paul, which contained a miraculous image of Mary; both natives and foreigners flocked to this sanctuary, where every







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wealthy pilgrim left magnificent offerings. Besides the image of the Madonna, which, according to the monks, is the identical portrait of the Virgin painted by St. Luke, (an opinion somewhat questionable,) they expose to the veneration of the faithful a more authentic relic: the table at which the Holy Family took their meals. Polish sentinels were stationed at the gate of Our Lady of Czenstochowa, and in different parts of the monastery; fresh-blown flowers were every morning laid at the Virgin's feet; but not all the sweet and simple grace of Mary's worship could exclude from that chapel a sort of religious horror which froze one's very blood. The catacombs, with their mournful ornaments of human bones, were scarcely more frightful than those spectral-looking monks, who wore on their drapery the death's-head and cross-bones, such as we see on funeral-palls,* and had similar devices painted in a hundred different places through the church. This devotion to the Virgin of Czenstochowa has been transplanted into France by the Poles of our own times. A pious Polish family, residing in the neighbourhood of Paris, conceived the idea of inaugurating the image of the tutelary Madonna of Poland in an ancient oak in the forest of St. Germain. On the 13th of August, 1840, a Polish ecclesiastic, in the presence of a multitude of Poles of both sexes, consecrated the sacred image in the beautiful tree chosen for its temple, (doubtless, for want of means to build one;) then, all the assembly, kneeling on the grass, began to recite aloud the Litany of the Blessed Virgin; they then prayed for the dead, and for their beloved country; they besought Heaven for happier days, and dispersed with their souls strengthened and encouraged by that religious sentiment which gives men patience and fortitude.

Belgium has been always distinguished amongst the nations of Europe for its tender devotion to Mary; of the numerous pilgrimages which it had, and still has, we will only mention that of Our Lady of Hall, of which an interesting description was left us by one of the most learned writers of the seventeenth century, Justus Lipsius.

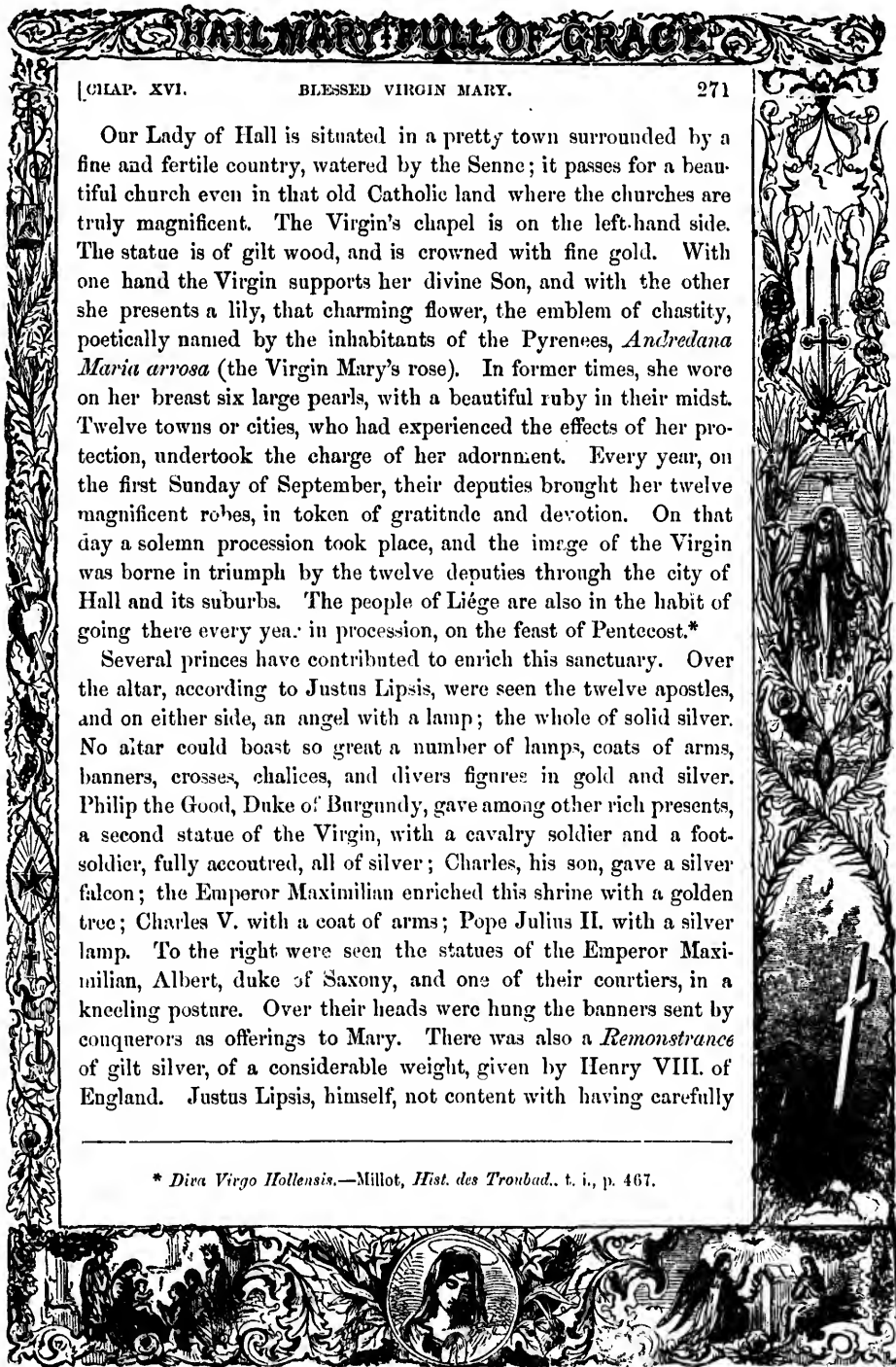
* *Histoire des Ordres Monastiques*, t. iii., ch. 44.



Our Lady of Hall is situated in a pretty town surrounded by a fine and fertile country, watered by the Senne; it passes for a beautiful church even in that old Catholic land where the churches are truly magnificent. The Virgin's chapel is on the left-hand side. The statue is of gilt wood, and is crowned with fine gold. With one hand the Virgin supports her divine Son, and with the other she presents a lily, that charming flower, the emblem of chastity, poetically named by the inhabitants of the Pyrenees, *Andredana Maria arrosa* (the Virgin Mary's rose). In former times, she wore on her breast six large pearls, with a beautiful ruby in their midst. Twelve towns or cities, who had experienced the effects of her protection, undertook the charge of her adornment. Every year, on the first Sunday of September, their deputies brought her twelve magnificent robes, in token of gratitude and devotion. On that day a solemn procession took place, and the image of the Virgin was borne in triumph by the twelve deputies through the city of Hall and its suburbs. The people of Liège are also in the habit of going there every year in procession, on the feast of Pentecost.*

Several princes have contributed to enrich this sanctuary. Over the altar, according to Justus Lipsius, were seen the twelve apostles, and on either side, an angel with a lamp; the whole of solid silver. No altar could boast so great a number of lamps, coats of arms, banners, crosses, chalices, and divers figures in gold and silver. Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, gave among other rich presents, a second statue of the Virgin, with a cavalry soldier and a foot-soldier, fully accoutred, all of silver; Charles, his son, gave a silver falcon; the Emperor Maximilian enriched this shrine with a golden tree; Charles V. with a coat of arms; Pope Julius II. with a silver lamp. To the right were seen the statues of the Emperor Maximilian, Albert, duke of Saxony, and one of their courtiers, in a kneeling posture. Over their heads were hung the banners sent by conquerors as offerings to Mary. There was also a *Remonstrance* of gilt silver, of a considerable weight, given by Henry VIII. of England. Justus Lipsius, himself, not content with having carefully

* *Diva Virgo Hollensis.*—Millot, *Hist. des Troubad.* t. i., p. 467.



written the history of Our Lady of Hall, hung up his silver pen before Mary's image.

After the Holy Sepulchre, and St. Peter's in Rome, there is not, in all Christendom, a pilgrimage more famous than that of the Holy House of Loretto. *Santissima casa di Loreto*. The holy house of Nazareth was venerated by Christians even in the life-time of the Apostles, and St. Helen surrounded it by a temple which received the name of St. Mary. Under the domination of the Arabian caliphs, crowds of European pilgrims went to adore God and honour his Mother in that simple, holy dwelling where Jesus and Mary led, for so many years, a laborious and hidden life; but when the Turks had subjugated their former masters, the Christian pilgrims who ventured into Syria to visit Jerusalem and Nazareth, were so barbarously treated, that the West became thoroughly exasperated, and rushed forth as one man to do battle against the infidels.

When Godfrey de Bouillon was proclaimed king of Jerusalem, Tancred (whose valorous deeds have been sung by Tasso) was named governor of Galilee: that prince, who was very devout to Mary, enriched the Church of Nazareth with sumptuous gifts.

Galilee having fallen under the Mahometan yoke, though whitened with the bones of Christian warriors, "God would not permit Mary's holy house," says Father Torsellini,* "to remain exposed to the profanation of the Barbarians; he had it conveyed by angels to Slavonia, and thence to the march of Ancona, where it was placed in the midst of a laurel grove, belonging to a pious and noble widow, named *Lauretta*. It was rumoured abroad," he added, "that on the arrival of the holy house, the tall trees of the Italian forest bowed down in token of respect, and further, that they retained that inclination till the winds or the woodman's axe laid them prostrate on the ground."

The Church of Loretto, one of the most beautiful in Italy, has been tastefully and munificently adorned by the popes, who often went there as pilgrims; three doors of chased bronze gave admission to the holy temple, in the centre of which stands the Holy

* *Historia Lauretana*, ch. 2, p. 6.

House, with its covering of white marble, adorned with magnificent *basso-relievo*, designed by Bramante, and executed by Sansovino, Sangallo, and Bandinelli.

The miraculous statue of the Virgin is thirty-three inches in height; it is carved in cedar-wood, covered with the richest drapery, and placed on an altar sparkling with jewels.* It is said that the niche in which it stands is overlaid with gold.† Numerous lamps of massive silver are constantly burning before it.

La sala del tesoro (the treasure-room) no longer displays the boundless wealth that it did in former times; but even in our days it has received some splendid gifts from popes and princes. Amongst these pious offerings is seen an ostensory of gold enriched with diamonds, a chalice and a censer, offered to the Madonna by the Emperor Napoleon; a chalice of gilt silver adorned with rubies and beryls, presented in 1819 by Prince Eugene Beauharnais; another chalice ornamented with brilliants, by the Princess of Bavaria, his wife; a large cross of gold and diamonds, and a crown of amethysts, rubies, and diamonds, offered in 1816, by the King and Queen of Spain, then on their pilgrimage to Loretto; a *bouquet* of diamonds, offered, in 1815, by Maria-Louisa, sister of the King of Spain, Queen of Etruria, and Duchess of Lucca; an immense heart of the purest gold, with a jewel in the centre, suspended by a chain of emeralds and amethysts, the Emperor of Austria's gift to the Madonna. It would be impossible to enumerate all the precious stones and rich presents of every kind offered by kings and princes, under the simple title of *dono di una pia persona* (the gift of a pious person) on the register which contains the names of the benefactors of the Holy House.

The music of the beautiful Litany of Our Lady of Loretto was the offering wherewith a famous Florentine composer repaid a miracle of the Virgin in the beginning of the eighteenth century. This composer, named Barroni, suddenly lost his hearing, like Beetho-

* The altar of the Madonna is radiant with gold and jewels. (*Italy*, by Lady Morgan, vol. iii., ch. 25.)

† La vaga nicchia è ricoperta di lame d'oro. (Don Vincenzo Murri, *Storia della Santa Casa*.)



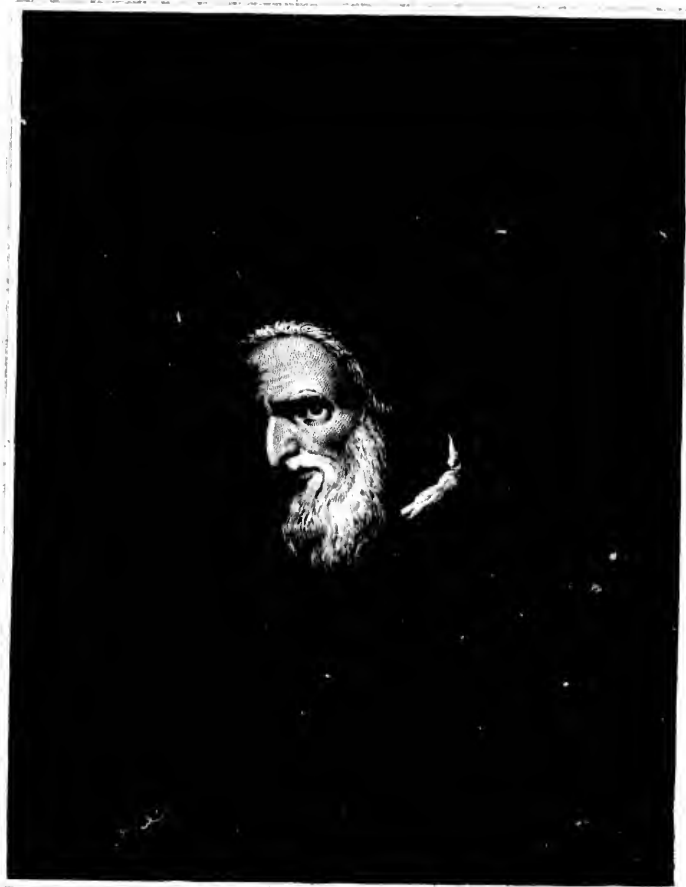
ven; after exhausting all the efforts of art, he besought the assistance of Mary, and made a pilgrimage to Our Lady of Loretto. There he was cured after having prayed with fervour and devotion and in his gratitude to the Holy Madonna, he composed a chorus of praise in her honour, which, under the title of the Litany of Loretto, was executed for the first time on the 15th of August, 1737. This Litany is since sung every year on the feast of the Madonna; Rossini, passing by Our Lady of Loretto, was struck with the beauty of the music, and introduced it, they say, into his *Tancredi*.*

The popes have taken pleasure in showing their respect for Mary by their tender solicitude for her miraculous shrine at Loretto. Pope Pius V. offered to the Holy House two silver statues of St. Peter and St. Paul; he did still better by turning from its natural channel a river whose waters, sluggish and partly stagnant, sent up the most unwholesome exhalations to the top of the hill where a small town was formed in the shade of Mary's magnificent church. Gregory XIII. founded a college for the Illyrian youth, within the very bounds of Loretto, as if to console the Dalmatians for the loss of the Madonna, who stopped but a moment amongst them ere she took her flight to the lovely shores of Italy. Sixtus V. founded the Order of the Knights of Loretto, specially intended to protect the coast of the Mediterranean from the incursions of the Barbarians. Benedict XIV. embellished this sanctuary with persevering generosity, and Pius VII., on being liberated, went to kneel before Our Lady's altar before he returned to Rome, and left, as a mark of his passage, a superb golden chalice with this inscription: "The sovereign pontiff, Pius VII., restored to liberty on the feast of the Annunciation, being on his return from France to Rome, left at Loretto this token of his gratitude and devotion." His Holiness, Gregory XVI., likewise made the pilgrimage to Loretto.

The Spaniards have consecrated to Mary the lofty mountain of Mount-Serrat, ten leagues from Barcelona, which was, according to the great naturalist Humboldt, the great Atlas of the ancients;

* *Gazette Musicale.*





spread out beneath lies the fair kingdom of Valencia, the ancient garden of the Hesperides. This mountain, whose singular form gave rise to its name of *Monte-Serrats* (the cut mountain), seems composed of detached pieces which make it appear divided, and covered with spiral cones, so that at a distance it would be taken for the work of man. Seen from afar, it is a pile of grottoes and gothic pyramids; on a nearer view, each particular cone appears a mountain, and all these cones, terminated by miniature spires, forms an enormous mass about five leagues in circumference. It was probably this strange configuration that gave rise to the fable of the giants heaping mountain on mountain in order to scale the heavens.

On a platform of this famous mountain was built the superb convent dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, one of the most renowned pilgrimages in the Christian world. The foundation of this noble monastery is recorded as follows, in an inscription over a large picture of the same time (1239): In the year 808, under the government of Geoffry the Bearded, Count of Barcelona, three young shepherds having, one evening, seen a great light coming down from heaven, and heard melodious music in the air, went and told their friends. The bishop of Manresa repaired to the spot accompanied by a magistrate and a great number of the people; they also beheld the heavenly light, and after searching for some time, they discovered the image of the Virgin, which they resolved to take to Manresa; but, on reaching the place where the monastery now is, behold! they could go no farther! This prodigy induced the Count of Barcelona to build a convent there for nuns, whom he procured from the royal abbey of *las Puellas* in Barcelona; the first abbess of Our Lady of Monte-Serrat was his daughter Richilda, who took possession of it about the year 895. This community of nuns lasted till 976, when Borrell, Count of Barcelona, with the pope's consent, established the Benedictines on Mount-Serrat.

The convent of Montserrat is a grand and noble building, situated on a narrow table-land of the mountain, known by the name of St. Mary's Platform; it is overhung by enormous rocks, which seem ever on the point of falling; it is defended by the declivities



of the mountain, like natural fortifications, and on the side where it is accessible, by six strong towers. Besides the convent and church of Our Lady, the fortified inclosure contains a lodging-house for travellers, an hospital, and an infirmary. The Church of Our Lady of Montserrat, though having but one nave, is yet very spacious; the choir-stalls are of remarkable workmanship. The face of the Virgin's image is almost black, like that of Toledo, Guadaloupe, and many others in Spain; it represents Our Blessed Lady of a matronly figure, and advanced in age, although very dark; her face is serene and beautiful; she is seated on a sort of throne, and holds in her right hand a globe, from which springs a *fleur de lys*, while with the other she supports the Divine Child, sitting on her knee, giving benediction with his right hand, and holding in the other a globe surmounted by a cross.

The inhabitants of the mountain are divided into four classes, namely, monks, hermits, choristers, and lay-brothers, who regularly and uninterruptedly succeed each other at prayer. The place is so arranged, that the singing in the monastery is heard in the different hermitages; and the bells of the latter, repeated by the echoes, is conveyed from one station to another round the whole mountain. The top of Montserrat commands one of the finest prospects in the world, consisting of the kingdoms of Valencia and Murcia, and even the Balearic Isles.

Spanish kings and princes often ascended on foot the mountain-path which leads to Mary's altar, and numberless captives went thither, in the old times, to hang up the chains which they had worn amongst the Moors. St. Ignatius Loyola, before he devoted his life to religion, went there to make his *vigil of arms*, according to the custom of ancient chivalry, with whose spirit he was strongly imbued. "After having passed the night in prayer," says Father Bonhours, his biographer, "and solemnly consecrated himself to the Virgin, as her knight, in conformity with those martial ideas in which he conceived the things of God, he hung his sword on a pillar near the altar, as a sign that he renounced the secular service; then, after receiving the holy communion very early in the morning, he left Montserrat."

Our Lady of the Pillar, at Saragossa, is one of the oldest and



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most magnificent pilgrimages in Spain. King Ferdinand went there with Queen Christina a short time before his death; and both, after praying devoutly, like true Catholic princes, before the venerated image of the Virgin of Saragossa, left her, at their departure, munificent proofs of their devotion.

The cathedral dedicated to Mary is a vast building, five hundred feet in length, with three spacious naves, and a multitude of chapels. Modern travellers speak with admiration of these chapels of marble and of jasper, hung round with offerings of gold, silver, and precious stones; its silver lamps shed such a dazzling radiance on these walls covered with bright and precious objects, that it produced around the statue, itself sparkling with jewels, such an overpowering brightness that the eye can scarcely bear to rest upon it; the whole like a splendid vision, with the glitter of gold and the flash of rubies and diamonds. The Virgin's statue stands on a jasper column about three feet high; her garments and jewels were valued at several millions of pounds.

A pilgrimage, still very famous in Spain, is that of Our Lady of Guadalupe. Father Mariana assures us that this image, which was renowned so early as the fourth century, was sent by Pope Gregory the Great to St. Leander, bishop of Seville. King Alphonso endowed this shrine in 1340, and annexed it to his private domains. Forty-nine years after, Don Juan I. gave it to some Jeromite monks, together with the lordship of a large town formed in the neighbourhood. The convent, which took the name *Santa Maria*, is situated in the midst of the present town; and, as times were very unsettled when it was first founded, it has rather the appearance of a stately fortress than of a peaceful monastery. It has an infirmary for the sick poor, a caravanserai for strangers, two colleges, and some fine cloisters.

In 1389, the famous Spanish architect, Juan Alfonso, commenced the church, which has three naves, and its walls are hung round with magnificent offerings, acknowledging, as the Spaniards say, more than three thousand authentic miracles wrought by the Blessed Virgin. Her image is over the high altar, and was lit, some years ago, by more than one hundred lamps of massive silver; she is clothed in white, and has the Divine Infant in her arms. Queen Donna Ma-



ria, wife of Juan II, her son, Don Henrico, and many other princes, chose their burial-place in this church, which is adoraed with handsome trappings from Zurbaran and Jordan.

The devotion to Our Lady of Guadalupe crossed the ocean, and was established by miracles in Mexico, a country entirely devoted to the Mother of God. It is recorded, in a narrative published at Rome in 1786, that a converted Indian, who went every Saturday to Mexico—eight miles from his own village—to hear mass in honour of the Blessed Virgin, had a miraenlous vision on a hill formerly very famous among the Mexican idolaters, who named it *Tepijacac*, and consecrated it to *Tonantim*, the mother of the gods. One Saturday, being the 9th of December, A. D. 1531, the pious Diego, passing the foot of this hill, heard a soft strain of music, which he took at first for the singing of birds; but on listening more attentively, he was inclined to attribute it rather to the angels. Over the *Tepijacac* hovered a variegated cloud of the loveliest hues imaginable, and from it came forth a sweet voice, calling the pious Mexican by name. Amazed, and unable to account for this strange adventure, Diego climbed the hills, on the summit of which he perceived a woman of the most majestic beauty: from her white drapery issued rays of light, which, reflected on the surrounding rocks, seemed to have transformed them into precious stones. The Blessed Virgin, for she it was, told Diego that she wished to have a temple built to her on that hill, under the name of Our Lady of Guadalupe, and commanded him to acquaint Juan de Zumarraga, who was then bishop of Mexico. The prelate listened in silence to this strange recital, and dismissed the Indian, telling him that he would need to be assured of the truth of his statement, and to have a more convincing sign of the will of Heaven. Apprized by her messenger of the ill success of his mission, the Virgin ordered him to ascend the hill, and gather a bunch of flowers. Now, it was not the season for flowers, and, moreover, the top of the rock had as yet produced only briers and thorns; but Diego obeyed, nevertheless, and his submission was rewarded, for he quickly found himself in the midst of flowers balmy and beautiful; he proceeded to cull a nosegay, which Mary told him to present to the bishop. "He will believe this time," said the Virgin, with a smile



Diego repairs to the episcopal palace, where the fragrance of the flowers hid under his cloak attracts the attention of the officers of the household; they force Diego to let them see them, and stretch out their hands to take them. Astonishment! the flowers are imprinted on the cloth, and are nothing more, as it were, than painted roses and lilies! The bishop appears, and Diego, opening the folds of his garment, now exhaling a celestial odour, finds, to his extreme surprise, that the flowers had shaded themselves into a beautiful image of Mary. The prelate, after prostrating himself, takes the cloak from off the Mexican's shoulders, and exposes it in his chapel, until another could be built on the spot pointed out by the Virgin. The church was erected as soon as possible, and when it was completed, the image was conveyed thither: ever after it performed many miracles, and became the most famous Madonna in America.

This new sanctuary being unable to contain the crowds who flocked thither, people thought of building another about the year 1695. The archbishop of Mexico, Francisco de Aquiar e Seixas, laid the first stone. This is the splendid church now so much admired. It cost 2,270,000 pounds. On the 1st of May, 1709, the sacred image was transported thither, and placed on a silver throne valued at 400,000 francs. The gifts increasing from day to day, altars were constructed of the finest marble, and the treasury was enriched with precious vessels. The great silver-gilt lamp alone weighs more than six hundred and twenty marks, and is still more valuable from its workmanship. Around the sanctuary runs a grand balustrade of silver, continued as far as the choir, which, according to the Spanish custom, occupies the lower end of the church. This first railing is protected by a second of precious wood, adorned with an infinite number of silver figures of exquisite workmanship. A vice-king of Mexico, Don Antonio-Maria Buccarelli, surrounded the image with a cornice of massive gold, and enriched the altar with twelve golden candlesticks. In 1749, a chapter was founded for the service of this sanctuary. Mexico was solemnly consecrated to Our Lady of Guadalupe, and her feast was fixed on the 12th of December, with an octave, as a festival of the first class. Benedict XIV. extended this festival to all the do-



minions of the Catholic king. A town has since sprung up around the sanctuary. Guadalupe is the Loretto of America. The image represents an Immaculate Conception, with the inscription: *Non fecit taliter omni nationi.**

We will content ourselves with the pilgrimages already described, as they are the most famous in Christendom: it would be tedious to ennumerate all those which still subsist in Catholic countries. We will merely mention, then, Our Lady of Lampadouze, placed, like a beacon, on a desert isle, between Malta and the African coast, whose lamp, kept up alternately by Christians and Mussulmans, burned uninterruptedly for ages; Our Lady of Monte-Nero, overlooking Livourne, whose church is frequented by an innumerable crowd of pilgrims, and its walls covered with *ex-voto*; it commands a view of that fair Tuscan sea into which the Italian maidens cast, on the eve of the Virgin's festivals, those garlands of flowers which they once offered to the nymphs of Amphytrion; Our Lady of Mercy, near Savona, in the valley of St. Bernard, the fairest sanctuary constructed by the piety of the Genoese people in honour of Mary; Our Lady of Consolation, in Turin; Our Lady of Charme in Maurienne; Our Lady of Chasms, near Chambery; and Our Lady of Passaw, where the French priests, driven from home by the Revolutionary bayonets, went to pray for a happy return to their country—sighing for the limpid streams of France on the banks of the majestic Danube, the king of German rivers. As to the other sanctuaries of Mary scattered all over the world, the greater part will be found in the annexed historical calendar. This calendar, published during the minority of Louis XIV., contains all the pilgrimages of the Virgin throughout Christendom, with a number of pious foundations, which render it extremely valuable; it is, moreover, a very rare work, only to be found in libraries. It is needless to say, that things have changed since then, and that many religious edifices consecrated to the Mother of God, and then in a flourishing condition, are now but a heap of ruins, thanks to the

* The Mexicans, to show their respect for Our Lady of Guadalupe, gave her name to their first steamboat.

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"march of intellect" and the "age of progress." This calendar, which completes our notice of the pilgrimages, is given without other authority than that of the writers quoted, together with the dates and miracles as they stand from age to age.

2:



HISTORICAL CALENDAR

Of the Feasts of the Blessed Virgin,

WITH THE FOUNDATIONS AND CHURCHES DEDICATED TO HER.

JANUARY.

1. Dedication of Our Lady of the Annunciation, in Florence, by Cardinal Guillaume d'Estoville, A. D. 1452. In this church is preserved a picture of the Annunciation, which was found miraculously finished when the painter came to give it the last touches. *Archangel. Janius.*
2. Foundation of the Abbey of Dunes, in Flanders, in honour of the Virgin, A. D. 1128, by Foulques, a Benedictine Monk. *Chronic. Bertinense.*
3. Our Lady of Siehem, near Louvain, in the duchy of Brabant. This image is said to have sweated four drops of blood in the year 1306. *Just. Lips. in hist. Siehem., cap. 5.*
4. Dedication of Our Lady of Treves, in Germany, A. D. 746, by Hydolph, Archbishop of Treves. The Princess Genevieve, wife of Syfred, palatine of Treves, and daughter of the Duke of Brabant, had this church built in a wood on the very spot where Our Lady appeared to her, and assured her that her innocence should be recognized. *Additiones ad Molanum de Sanctis Belgicis.*
5. It is stated that on this day a paralytic man was miraculously cured in the church of Our Lady of Siehem, in Brabant. *Justus Lipsius in hist. Siehem., c. 24.*
6. Our Lady being on this day at the wedding of Canaan, prevailed upon her son, then thirty years of age, to change water into wine; this was his first public miracle. *S. Epiaph. hares. 51.*
7. Our Lady's return from Egypt to Judea with Jesus and St. Joseph. *Martyrolog Rom., 7 Januar.*
8. Our Lady of the Commencement, in Naples. This chapel was built by St. Helen, and consecrated by St. Sylvester, A. D. 320. *Petrus Stephanus, de Locis Sacris Neapolit.*
9. Our Lady beyond the Tiber, in Rome. This church was built by Valixtus I., A. D. 224. *Baronius in apparatu ad Annal. et in Annal. ad ann. 224.*
10. Our Lady of Guides, in Constantinople, where there was some of Our Lady's spindles to be seen, with some of the swaddling-clothes of the divine Infant, given by St. Pulcheria to that church. *Niceph., Tract. 3, cap. 7.*
11. Our Lady of Bessière, in Limousin. A heretic who had scoffed at the devotion



testified for this image, saw his house burned before his eyes without any visible cause. *Trip. Couronne*, l. i., Trait. 2, 8, 10, nomb. 6.

12. Our Lady of the *Rue Large* in Rome, built on the spot where St. Paul languished for two years in chains, while he preached the Gospel and wrote several of his Epistles. *Trip. Cour.*, place quoted, nomb. 6.

13. Pius V. revises the little office of the Blessed Virgin, a. d. 1571. *Balinghem in Calend.*

14. Our Lady of Speech, near Montserrat, in Spain, so called because she is said to have restored his speech to a dumb man, a. d. 1514. *Balinghem in Calend.*

15. Our Lady of the Porch, in Rome, where may be seen an image said to have been brought from heaven by an angel to the blessed Galla, widow of the Consul Symmachus. *Ex monument. S. Marice in Portic.*

16. Our Lady of Montserrat, in Spain, on this day, miraculously delivers several captives from the tyranny of the Turks. *Hist. Montiser.*

17. Our Lady of Peace, in Rome. In the year 1483, the Duke of Calabria having besieged Rome to revenge himself on Sixtus IV., for his having prevented him from assisting the Duke of Ferrara against the Venetians, the Pontiff had recourse to the Queen of Heaven, and engaged by vow to build her a church under the title of Our Lady of Peace, if she would vouchsafe to deliver the city from the siege, and restore peace to Italy. His prayer being heard, he accomplished his vow, and commenced a church, which was finished by his successor, Innocent VIII. *Gabriel Peinotus in hist. tripartita Canon. regul.*, l. iii., cap. 33.

18. Our Lady of Dijon, in Burgundy. This image, formerly called Our Lady of Hope, delivered the city from the fury of the Swiss, a. d. 1513; in gratitude for this favour, a general procession takes place every year. *Trip. Cour.*, n. 42.

19. Our Lady of Gimont, near Toulouse. This Cistercian church is celebrated in that part of the country for its miracles. *Trip. Cour.*, nomb. 34.

20. Our Lady of Tables, in Montpellier; an ancient and very famous church. In the arms of the city the Virgin is seen holding her divine son in her arms. *Trip. Cour.*, nomb. 38.

21. Our Lady of Consolation, in Rome, at the foot of the Capitol. This Madonna commenced to work miracles in 1471. *Trip. Cour.*, nomb. 38.

22. Espousals of Our Lady. This feast, long celebrated in France by pious persons, was approved of by Popo Paul III., in 1546. *Petr. Auratus, lib. de Imag. Virg.*, c. 10.

23. Espousals of Our Lady, according to the custom of Arras. This feast was first celebrated in the year 1556. *Monum. Eccles. Attrebat.*

24. Our Lady of Damascus. There is said to proceed from this image painted on wood, a miraculous oil, which restored sight, a. d. 1203, to the Sultan of Damascus, infidel as he was; in gratitude for this favour, he founded a lamp to be kept constantly burning before the image. *Spend. in Annal.*, ad ann. 1203.

25. Translation of Our Lady's shroud and tomb to Constantinople, by Juvenal, Bishop of Jerusalem, in the reign of the Emperor Marcian, a. d. 455. *Ferreol, Locrius in Chron. anacephal.*



26. Our Lady of Long-Fields, founded in 1261, by Elizabeth, sister of St. Louis. *Gallia Christ.*, t. iv.
27. Our Lady of Life, at Venasque, in Provence. Chronicles say that this image frequently restored life to unbaptized children, in order that they might receive baptism. *Trip. Cour.*, nomb. 89.
28. Our Lady of Succour, near Rouen. This image is famous throughout the country. *Ex archiv. hujus ecclesia.*
29. Our Lady of Chatillon-sur-Seine. Bernard had a great devotion for this image, because of a miracle which it wrought in his favour. *Trip. Cour.*, nomb. 43.
30. Our Lady of the Rose, at Lucca, in Italy. Three roses were found in the month of January, in the arms of this image, according to a Latin Chronicle. *Cesar Franciot. in hist. Lucensi.*
31. Apparition of Our Lady to Sister Angela de Foligny. *In ejus vita.*

FEBRUARY.

1. The Vigil of the Feast of the Purification. *Locrius in Calend.*
2. The Purification of Our Lady. This festival was instituted in 544, under the Emperor Justinian, on occasion of the plague which ravaged Constantinople, where ten thousand persons sometimes died in one day. In the year 701, Pope Sergius added to this feast the solemnity of the Tapers. *Baronius in Annal. ad ann. 544.*
3. Our Lady of Seidancida, near Damascus. From this image, painted on wood, there flowed an oil which was never exhausted, no matter what quantity was taken. The virtue of this oil was so great that it cured even the infidels themselves. *Arnold abbas Lubec. apud Baron. ad ann. 870, et apud Spondan ad ann. 1203.*
4. Our Lady of the Pillar, at Saragossa, in Spain. So named, because, according to the tradition, the Blessed Virgin appeared to St. James the Major on a pillar of jasper, A. D. 36, and commanded him to build her a church, which the Spaniards hold to have been the first dedicated to Our Lady. *Beuterens*, l. i., c. 2 et 3.
5. Dedication of the first Temple to Our Lady by St. Peter, in Tripoli, now Tortosa. *Canisius*, l. v., de *B. Virg.*, c. 32.
6. Our Lady of Louvain, in the Netherlands. This Madonna, highly venerated in the country, began to work miracles in 1444. *Balinghem in Calend.*
7. Our Lady of Grace, in the Abbey of Saint Sauve, in Montreuil-sur-Mer. *Chron. S. Salv.*
8. Our Lady of the Lily, near Melun. This Abbey of Cistercian nuns was founded by Queen Blanche, mother of St. Louis. *Gallia Christiana*, v. 4.
9. Octave of the Purification of Our Lady, established in the Cathedral of Saintes, because it was said that on the night of the Octave, the bells were heard to ring harmoniously of their own accord. The sacristans having hastened to the church, beheld a number of strange men with tapers in their hands, singing hymns of honour to the Virgin, venerated in that church under the title of Our Lady of Miracles, and, entering softly, they begged the nearest of the august band to give them his taper, in proof

of the prodigy. This taper is religiously preserved in that church. *Savanejus Martyr. G^o. die 9.*

10. Our Lady of the Dove, near Bologna, in Italy, built, it is said, in the place marked out by a dove, who kept for two days flying round some masons who were at work, seeming to them to indicate a certain spot. *Trip. Cour.*, nomb. 107.

11. St. Mary of Liques, near Calais. This monastery, of the Premonstratensian Order, was founded in 1131, by Robert, lord of Liques. *Gal. Christ.*, t. iv.

12. Our Lady of Argenteuil, near Paris, built by Clovis I., A. D. 101. This priory possesses a part of Our Saviour's seamless garment. *Thomas Bosius*, l. ix., *de Sig. eccl.*, c. 9.

13. Our Lady of the Hot Oven, in Bourges, so called because in the year 526 a certain Jew, it is said, shut up his son in a heated oven, because he had received Baptism and the Holy Communion; he was taken out safe and sound, thanks to the protection of Our Lady. A church was built to the Blessed Virgin in memory of this event. *Annales de France en Childebert.*

14. Our Lady of Bourburg, in Flanders. It is said that this image having been struck by an impious man, A. D. 1383, the sacrilegious offender fell dead on the spot. *Dzovius, ex Archiv. eccl. Burburg.*

15. Our Lady of Paris, built in the first place by King Childebert, A. D. 522. About the year 1257, St. Louis had a more spacious one erected on the same site, on the foundations laid by Philip Augustus in 1191. *Du Breuil, Theatre des Antiq. de Paris*, l. i.

16. Our Lady of the Thorn, near Chalon, in Champagne, so named because this image was found in a hawthorn bush. *Trip. Cour.*, nomb. 54.

17. Our Lady of Constantinople, formerly the Jewish Synagogue, which was converted into a Christian Church by the Emperor Justin the Younger, A. D. 566. *Locrius.*

18. Our Lady of Laon, erected into a cathedral and founded by St. Remi, Archbishop of Rheims, about the year 500; this prelate also consecrated St. Geneband, his nephew, its first bishop. Miracles were often wrought there, and, amongst others, we read that in 1395 there was seen on the spire, a crucifix, whose stigmata shed blood. *Thomas Walsingham, Hist. Ang. in Richardo I. rege.*

19. Our Lady of Good-tidings, near Rouen, visited by a vast concourse of people, especially on Saturdays. *Trip. Cour.*, nomb. 52.

20. Our Lady of Boulogne-sur-Mer. In this church there is seen an image said to have been brought in a ship by the ministry of angels, A. D. 633. Louis XI. gave this church a massive golden heart, weighing as much as two thousand crowns, A. D. 1479, and ordained that all the kings of France, his successors, should make a similar offering on their accession to the crown. *Trip. Cour.*, nomb. 53.

21. Our Lady of Good Haven, in Dol, propitious to mariners. *Trip. Cour.*, nomb. 51.

22. Our Lady of Help, at Rennes, in Brittany. *Idem.*

23. Our Lady of the Rocks, near Salamanea, in Spain. There is an image venerated in this church which was miraculously found, A. D. 434, by Simon Vela, who built a church on the spot. *Balinghea in Calend.*

24. On this day, in the year 591, St. Gregory the Great, having the image of the



Virgin which St. Luke painted, borne in procession, the plague ceased in Rome. *Balingham in Calend.*

25. Our Lady of Victory, in Constantinople. The city was delivered from the siege of the Saracens by the aid of the Blessed Virgin, A. D. 621. *Fereolus Loerius.*

26. Our Lady of the Fields, in Paris, formerly dedicated to Ceres. St. Denis, after having cast out the demons, consecrated it to Our Lady. In it is seen an image of the Virgin, on a small square stone, about a foot in diameter, made after that which St. Denis brought to France. This house, a Benedictine priory, was occupied by the Carmelites, who were received into it, A. D. 604, and founded by Catherine, Princess de Longueville. It was the first settlement of these nuns in France: Mother Anno of Jesus, a companion of St. Theresa, was the first superior. *Du Breuil, Theatre des Antiq.*, l. ii.

27. Our Lady of Lights, near Lisbon, in Portugal. A light was long seen shining in this place, without any one being able to account for the phenomenon, when Our Lady, appearing to a prisoner, promised him liberty on condition that he would build her a church on the place thus pointed out by her. *Anton. Vasconcell., in descript. reg. Lusitan.*, c. 7, § 5.

28. Institution of the Monastery of the Annunciation, at Bethune, in Artois, by François de Melun and Louise de Foix, his wife, A. D. 1519. *Fereolus Loerius.*

MARCH.

1. Establishment of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception of Our Lady, by Sixtus IV., A. D. 1476, and grants of indulgences to those who assist at mass or divine service. *T. IV. Conciliorum.*

2. Our Lady of Apparitions, in Madrid, so named because in 1449 the Virgin appeared on eight successive days to a young girl named Yves, and commanded her to build a church on the spot where she should find a cross in honour of Our Lady. *In vita B. Joan.*

3. Our Lady of Longpont, in Valois. This abbey of the Cistercian Order was founded in the year 1131, by Josselin, Bishop of Soissons. *Gal. Christ.*, t. iv.

4. Our Lady of Guard, in Arragon, so named for having saved the life of a child who fell into a well, A. D. 1221. *Bzovius, ad. ana. 1221.*

5. Our Lady of Good Aid, at Nancy, in Lorraine. This image is believed to have obtained the victory for René, Duke of Lorraine, over Charles the Bold, the last Duke of Burgundy. *Trip. Cour.*, nomb. 55.

6. Our Lady of Nazareth, at Pierre-Noire, in Portugal. This image was honoured in Nazareth from the time of the Apostles, if we may believe a document which was found by a hunter fastened to the image, A. D. 1150. *Trip. Cour.*, nomb. 13.

7. Our Lady of the Star, at Villa-Vicioza, in Portugal. So called because of a star which a shepherd saw shining where the church is built. *Trip. Cour.*, nomb. 17.

8. Our Lady of Virtues, at Lisbon, in Portugal. *Ant. Vasconcel., in descript. reg. Lusitan.*, c. 7, § 5.

9. Foundation of Savigny in the diocese of Avranches, in Normandy, in honour of

the Blessed Virgin, about the year 1112, by the Blessed Vital, hermit, who was its first Abbot. *Gall. Christ.*, t. iv.

10. Our Lady of the Vine, near Viterbo, in Tuscany. A handsome church now occupied by the monks of St. Dominick. *Bzovius, ad. ann. 1487.*

11. Our Lady of Forests, at Porto, in Portugal. This image was discovered in a forest, where it had been hid by Queen Malfada, wife of Alphonso I. *Joan. Barrus, lib. de reb. interamensis.*, c. 12.

12. Our Lady of Miracles, in the cloister of St. Maur-des-Fossés, near Paris. It is said that this image was found already made, when the sculptor, named Rumoldi, thought of working on it. *Du Breuil, Theatre des Antiq.*, l. iv.

13. Our Lady of the Empress in Rome. There is a tradition that this image spoke to St. Gregory the Great, A. D. 593. *Anton. Ypez. ad. ann. 84, divi Benedicti.*

14. Our Lady of the Breach, in Chartres, where a general procession is held every year, in gratitude to Our Lady for having delivered the city, when besieged by the heretics, A. D. 1568. It was during this siege that the image of the Virgin, standing over the Porte-Drouaise, remained uninjured by the cannonading or musketry of the besiegers, the marks of which are still seen on two or three of the fingers. *Sebastien Rouillard, Parthenie*, c. 3.

15. In the year 911, the city of Chartres was miraculously delivered from the siege maintained by Rollo or Ralph, Duke of the Normans; as he was on the point of taking the town, Ganeclin, forty-seventh bishop of Chartres, ascended the ramparts, holding a relic of Our Lady by way of a banner;* this raised such a commotion in the enemy's camp, that they were forced to retire in disorder; in memory of this event, the fields of the Porte-Drouaise are still called the Field of Retreat. *Sebastien Rouillard, Parthenie*, c. 7, nom. 5.

16. Our Lady of the Fountain, in Constantinople, built by the Emperor Lec, A. D. 460, in gratitude for the Blessed Virgin having appeared to him on the margin of a stream where he had charitably led a blind man, and promised him that he should become an Emperor, though he was yet only a simple soldier. *Niceph.*, l. xv., cap. 15.

17. A. D. 1095, under Urban II., there was a council held at Clermont in Auvergne, and the office of Our Lady was instituted. *Concil. Clurom.* Foundation of the Abbey of Baumont-lez-Tours, by Ingeltrude, in the year 600. *Gallia Christiana*, t. iv.

18. In the year 1586, Our Lady of Loretto was erected into a cathedral by Sixtus V. *Tursel. Hist. Lauetana*, 5, 10.

19. Our Lady Fair (La Belle Dame) at Nogent-sur-Seine. It is said to be impossible to convey this famous image from its little chapel, which is no more than four or five feet square. *Et monument. Novigent.*

20. Our Lady of Calevoirt at Uckelen, near Brussels. This image began to work miracles in 1454, when upon a magnificent chapel was built there, in honour of Our Lady, A. D. 1623; the shrine was piously visited that same year by the Infanta of Spain, Isabella Clara Eugenia. *Aub. Mirceus, in Annal. Belg.*

* This relic (so called) is the wedding garment of the Blessed Virgin. —TRANS.



21. Our Lady of Bruges, in Flanders, where there is a tress of the Blessed Virgin's hair, given by a Syrian Bishop named Moses. *Hugo Farcitus*, l. i., *miracul. B. Virg.*

22. On Palm Sunday, in the year 1098, St. Robert, Abbot of Molèue, retired, with twenty-one of his monks, to the diocese of Chalons-sur-Saone, where he built, in honour of Our Lady, the famous monastery of Citeaux, the mother house of the order. *Arnold Vionus*, l. i., *Ligni vite*, c. 47.

23. Our Lady of Victory. This Imago bears that name, because the French, having happily taken it from the Greeks, in a bloody battle fought near Constantinople, A. D. 1204, it obtained a complete victory for them. *Spondanus in Annal.*, ad ann. 1204.

24. Vigil of the Annunciation of Our Lady, instituted by Gregory II. On that day Our Lady made the Pasch in Jerusalem, A. D. 49. *Balingh. Metaphrastes.*

25. The Annunciation of Our Lady. This festival was instituted by the Apostles, and is the most ancient of all. *Joan. Bonifacius*, l. ii., *Hist. Virg.* c. 5.

26. Our Lady of Soissons, occupied by nuns of the Benedictine Order. This Abbey possesses one of the Blessed Virgin's shoes. *Hugo Farcitus.*

27. Apparition of Our Lord to his Blessed Mother, after his resurrection. *Alphons. a Castro*, c. 17.

28. Our Lady of Castelbruedo, at Olian, in Catalonia. It is said that every year, on the feast of the Annunciation, three lights of an azure colour are seen to penetrate the windows of this church, light the lamps and tapers, go out by the way they came, and disappear immediately. *Ludo Marinaeus*, l. v., *de reb. Hisp.*, c. ultimo.

29. Apparition of Our Lady to St. Bonet, Bishop of Clermont in Auvergne, whom she commanded to say mass one night when he had remained in the church to say his prayers. The Saint, pressing against a pillar as if to conceal himself, the stone he came soft and made him the place which is still seen there. But the Blessed Virgin having compelled him to officiate, left him, when the ceremony was over, the chasuble brought by angels from heaven. This celestial gift is still shown at Clermont, where it is religiously preserved. *In ejus vite, apud Surium*, die 15 Jan.

30. Restoration of the Chapel of Our Lady of Boulogne-sur-Mer, by Claude Doray, Bishop of that city. *Trip. Cour.*, nomb. 53.

31. Our Lady of Holy Cross, in Jerusalem, where there is seen a portion of Our Lady's veil, given by St. Helen. *Onaphrius*, l. vii., *Eccl.*

APRIL.

1. Octave of the Annunciation of Our Lady, in the Carmelite Order. *Balingh. in Calend.*

2. Our Lady the Great, at Poitiers. There is in this church an image of the Blessed Virgin, in whose hands were miraculously found the keys of the city, whilst a servant of the mayor sought them everywhere, in order to open the gates to the English, to whom he had promised to deliver the city. *Jean Boucher, Annals d' Aquitaine.*

3. Apparition of Our Lord to his Blessed Mother and the Apostles, eight days after his resurrection. *Balingh. in Calend.*



4. Our Lady of Grace, in Normandy. This image is famous all over the country, and people come from all parts to venerate it. *Es. Archiv. hujus eccl.*
5. Apparition of Our Lady to Pope Honorius IV., in confirmation of the Order of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. *Balingh. in Calend.*
6. Our Lady of the Conception, attached to the Capuchin Convent of Douai, in Flanders. There is in this church a picture of the Immaculate Conception, which was miraculously preserved from fire, a. d. 1553. *Amatus Francisc. in libello M. S.*
7. Our Lady of the Forsaken, at Valencia, in Spain. This image is in a chapel where there is said to be a loud noise made when any one is drowned or murdered in the neighbourhood of the city. *Trip. Cour., nomb. 28.*
8. Feast of the Miracles of Our Lady, at Cambon, near Mons, in the Low Countries. *Locrius.*
9. Our Lady of Myans, near Chambery, in Savoy. It is thought that this image arrested the devastating progress of the lightning which had already consumed the town of St. Andrew, with sixteen villages, and prevented it from destroying Myans, a. d. 1210. *Trip. Cour., nomb. 114.*
10. Our Lady of Laval, in Vivarais. This church is much frequented, in order to obtain rain for the preservation of the goods of the earth. *Trip. Cour., nomb. 41.*
11. It is said that on this day a blind man recovered his sight in the church of Our Lady of Montserrat, a. d. 1538. *Balingh. in Calend.*
12. Our Lady of Charity, in the Abbey of the Bernardines, seven leagues from Toulouse. It is said that this image has several times shed tears. *Trip. Cour., nomb. 34.*
13. Apparition of Our Lady to the Blessed Jane of Mantua. *In ejus vita.*
14. Apparition of Our Lady to St. Lulivina, a. d. 1433. *Joua Bruchman.*
15. In the year 1101, the Holy Virgin gave the blessed Alberic the white habit, instead of the black one which he then wore. *In ejus vita.*
16. Our Lady of Victory, in the church of St. Mark, in Venice. This is the famous image which the Emperors John Zimisceus and John Comnenus caused to be borne on a triumphal car; it is now borne in procession by the Venetians when they wish to obtain rain or fine weather. *In ejus vita.*
17. Our Lady of Arabida, in Portugal, where there is an image which an English merchant was accustomed to wear on his person. Being one day in danger of shipwreck, he beheld his image surrounded by a great light, on the top of the rock of Arabida, where he then built himself a small hermitage and in it spent the remainder of his days. *Trip. Cour., nomb. 16.*
18. Grant of Plenary Indulgences, by Urban VI., to those who visit the church of Our Lady of Loretto. *Balingh. in Calend.*
19. Confirmation of the Feast of the Conception of Our Lady, by the Council of Trent, a. d. 1545. *Concil. Trident.*
20. Our Lady of Scheir, in Bavaria. This church was built on the site of the castle, voluntarily made over to Our Lady by all the members of the house of Scheir, with the exception of Arnold, who, in punishment of his obstinacy, was drowned in neighbouring lake. *Thrich. de Orig. gentis et princ. Bav.*



21. Institution of the Confraternity of the Immaculate Conception, in Toledo, A. D. 1506, by Cardinal Francis Ximenes, Archbishop of that city. *Gomesius, in ejus vita.*
22. Our Lady of Betharam, in the diocese of Lescar, country of Bearn. This image was found in 1503 by shepherds who, seeing an extraordinary light in the place now occupied by the high altar of the chapel, approached and found there an image of Our Lady, to whom a chapel was immediately built. *Trip. Cour., n. 52.*
23. Concession of Indulgences, by Pope Callixtus III., A. D. 1455, to those who visited the Cathedral of Arras, where there are preserved a veil and a cincture of Our Lady. *Andreas Herby, ex codice MS. Eccles. Attreb.*
24. Dedication of Our Lady of Reparation, at Florence, by Eugenius IV., A. D. 1486. *Balingh. in Calend.*
25. Dedication of the Lower Holy Chapel of Paris, in honour of Our Lady, by Phillip, Archbishop of Bourges, A. D. 1248. *Du Breuil, Theatre des Antiqu.*
26. Our Lady of Naiera, in Navarre. This image was miraculously found 1048. Don Garcias de Naiera, King of Navarre, built a church for it, which was visited by several of the kings of Navarre. *André Favin, l. iii., Hist. de Navarre.*
27. It is said that in the year 1419, Our Lady of Haut, in Hainaut, restored life to a child who had been three days dead. *Just. Lips. in Hist. D. Virg. Hottens, c. 19.*
28. Our Lady of the Oak, near the town of Sablé, in Anjou. This image has wrought so many miracles that it is now very famous in that country. Marshal de Bois Dauphin built it a handsome church and an hospital for pilgrims. *Trip. Cour., nomb. 50.*
29. Our Lady of Faith, in the Augustinian Church of Amiens. This image remained a long time in the oratory of a young lady who gave it to the Augustinians, and in their church it has since wrought many miracles. *Ex. MS. Aug. Ambier.*
30. Our Lady of Nantes, in Bretagne. This church, which was dedicated to the Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul, by Felix, Bishop of Nantes, was thrown down by the Normans, A. D. 937, and rebuilt by Alain, Duke of Bretagne. *Fortunat, l. iii., Carm., c. 1, 2, 3 et 4.*

MAY.

1. In the year 1449, some of the principal goldsmiths of Paris began to give the May-pole to the church of Notre-Dame. *Du Breuil, Antiqu. de Paris, l. i.*
2. Our Lady of Oviedo, in Spain, where there is some of the Blessed Virgin's hair. *Balingh. in Calend.*
3. Apparition of Our Lady to the Blessed Mary Razzi, of the Order of St. Dominick, A. D. 1597. *Balingh. in Calend.*
4. Our Lady the Helper, three leagues from Caen, in Normandy. There is a solemn procession held every year at this chapel. *Trip. Cour., nomb. 51.*
5. Our Lady is present on Mount Olivet, at the Ascension of Our Lord, and then returns to Jerusalem to retire with the Apostles. *Acts Apost., c. i.*
6. Our Lady of Miracles, in the church of our Lady of Peace, in Rome. It is said

that in 1483, a man who had lost his money at play, having blasphemed this image, stabbed it four times with his poignard, when it shed so much blood that the miracle was noised abroad all through the city. This image is still preserved in the church of Our Lady of Peace, where it is seen over the high altar, enshrined in marble. *Gabr Pen. in Hist. Triple Canon. Regul.*, l. iii., c. 33, § 2.

7. Our Lady of Haut, in Hainaut, where there is one of the three little statues of the Blessed Virgin which St. Elizabeth, daughter of Andrew II. of Hungary, honoured religiously, and bequeathed by will to her daughter, St. Sophia, who gave it in 1267 to the church of Haut, where several miracles have since been wrought. *Just. Lips. Hist. D. Virg. Hallens.*, c. 3.

8. A. D. 1202, the learned Justus Lipsius gave his silver pen to the church of Our Lady of Haut, in Hainaut, where it still hangs before the high altar. *In ejus vita.*

9. Our Lady of Loretto, in the March of Ancona, in Italy. This chapel is the house of Nazareth, where the mystery of the Redemption was announced. *Tirselin, in Hist. Lauretana*, l. i., c. 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10.

10. Dedication of the city of Constantinople to Our Lady, by Constantine the Great, under the Patriarch Alexander. *Niceph.*, l. viii., c. 26. Our Lady of La Saussaic, near Paris. The church of this Benedictine priory was dedicated to Our Lady, A. D. 1305, by Pope Clement V.

11. Apparition of Our Lady to St. Philip of Neri, whom she cured of a grievous malady, A. D. 1594. *In ejus vita.*

12. Our Lady of Virtues, at Aubervilliers, near Paris. This image has wrought so many miracles in this church, that it is called Our Lady of Virtues, although it is dedicated to St. Christopher. *Du Beuil*, l. iv.

13. Dedication of Our Lady of Martyrs, called the Rotunda, in Rome, by Boniface IV., A. D. 608. This temple was styled the Pantheon, because it was dedicated to all the gods of the gentiles. *Bele, Hist. Eng.* b. ii., ch. 4.

14. Dedication of Our Lady of Noyon, by Hardouin, thirty-seventh bishop of that city, A. D. 998. *Chronic. Annonia*, t. iii.

15. Descent of the Holy Ghost on Our Lady and the Apostles, A. D. 34, being the forty-eighth year of the Blessed Virgin's age. *Christoph. a Castro, in Hist. Virg.*

16. Apparition of Our Lady to St. Catherine of Alexandria, whose body was found on the 13th of this month, on Mount Sinai, by a special revelation from the Queen of Heaven. *In ejus vita.*

17. Our Lady of Tears, in the Duchy of Spoleto, in Italy. It is said that this image, painted on a wall, shed abundance of tears, A. D. 1494. *Gabriel Pennotus*, l. iii., *Hist. Tripartita*, c. 34.

18. Dedication of Our Lady of Bonport, belonging to the Order of Cîteaux, near Pont de l'Arche, in the diocese of Evreux. This abbey was founded by Richard Cœur de Lion, 11th March, A. D. 1190. *Gallia. Christ.*, t. iv.

19. Dedication of Our Lady of Flines, near Donai, by Peter, Archbishop of Rheims, A. D. 1279. This abbey of Cistercian nuns was given to St. Bernard by Marguerite de Dampierre, A. D. 1234. *Chronic. Flinens.*

20. Dedication of the church of La Ferté, diocese of Châlons, in Burgundy, in

honour of Our Lady. This abbey, the first-born of Cîteaux, was founded in 1113, by Savarie and Guillaume, Counts of Châlons. *Ex Archivis Abbat. Firmintia.*

21. Our Lady of Sweat, at Salerno, in Italy. It is said that this Madonna sweat blood and water in 1611, foreshowing a great conflagration which took place next day. *P. Spinelli Tract. de exempl. et miracul. cap. ultim.*

22. Our Lady of the Virgin's Mount, near Naples. This image preserved from the flames the monastery and church consecrated to it. *Item, loco citato.*

23. Our Lady of Miracles, at St. Omer, where there is one of the Blessed Virgin's gloves and some of her hair. *Chronic. Bertinens.*

24. Gregory XV., A. D. 1622, issued a decree forbidding any one to maintain the opinion contrary to the Immaculate Conception. It is also forbidden by the same decree, to employ any other term than that of *Conception* in the mass or office of the day. *Balingh, in Calend.*

Patronal feast of Our Lady of Succour, Montreal, Lower Canada. This shrine is famous throughout the country, and is much frequented by pilgrims. It formerly contained an image which had been venerated for more than a century in a domestic chapel in France, and was sent to Montreal—or Villenarie—by the pious nobleman to whom it belonged. It was miraculously preserved from fire in 1754, but was stolen (or otherwise disappeared) in 1831. It was replaced by another in 1847. Marvelous effects have followed the invocation of Our Lady of *Bon Secours*. *Manuel du Pelerin de Notre-Dame de Bon Secours.*

25. Our Lady the New, in Jerusalem, built by the Emperor Justinian, A. D. 530. *Procopius, de Ælifse. imperat. Justiniani.*

26. Dedication of Our Lady of Vauvelles, in the diocese of Cambrai, by Sanson, Archbishop of Rheims. This abbey, of the Cistercian Order, was founded in 1132. *In Chronic. Cistere.*

27. Dedication of Our Lady of Naples, styled St. Mary Major, by Pope John II., A. D. 553. There is an image of the Virgin preserved in this church which was said to have been painted by St. Luke. *Schraderus, l. ii.*

28. Feast of the relics of Our Lady, in Venice, when there are exposed to the veneration of the faithful some pieces of the Virgin's robe, her cloak, veil, and girdle. *Ex hist. ea de re, impressa Venitiis.*

29. Feast of Notre Dame des Ardents, at Arras; there is a taper in the Cathedral of Arras said to have been brought there by Our Lady, A. D. 1095. *Jacob. Meyerus, in annal. Fland. ad ann. 1095.*

30. Dedication of the Church of the Virgin's Mountain, near Naples, built A. D. 1126, by St. William, founder of the Order of the Virgin's Mountain, and repaired in 1519. *Jean Juvenal, l. vii., de Antiq., c. 3.*

31. Our Lady of Suffering, in the Church of St. Gervase, Paris. This image, which stood at the corner of the *Les Cordeliers*, was mutilated by a Jew in 1528. Francis the First had it solemnly conveyed to St. Gervase, and caused a statue of the Virgin to be made of gilt silver, which he himself put up in place of the former. This statue was stolen in 1545, and was replaced by one of stone, which still bears the name of Our Lady of Silver. *Du Breuil, Theatre des Antiq., l. iii.*

JUNE.

1. Our Lady of the Star, at Aquilea, in Italy. This church is so named because it is said that a star was seen in daylight over the head of St. Bernardine, when preaching at Aquilea, he applied to the Blessed Virgin that passage of the Apocalypse where mention is made of the woman with a crown of twelve stars on her head. *Surius, in ejus vita.*

2. Our Lady of Edessa, in Asia Minor. It is said that this image, placed under the portal of a church, spoke to St. Alexis, and made known to the people the merit of that saint. Thence it was transported to Rome, where it is highly honoured. *Thomas Bosius, l. ix., c. 9.*

3. Our Lady of Susopoll, in Pisidia. There proceeded from this image a miraculous oil, as testified by Germanus, patriarch of Constantinople, in a letter read at the second Council of Nice, assembled for the defence of sacred images. *Act. 4 Concil. Niceni.*

4. Our Lady of the Hill, at Fribourg, where many miracles are wrought. *Trip. Cour., nomb. 85.*

5. Chronicles tell that in the year 1428, Our Lady of Haut, in Hainaut, restored life to a child who had been dead for several days, in order that it might receive Baptism; that it lived five hours after being baptized, then gradually melted away like a snow-ball, in presence of seventy persons. *Justus Lipsius, de Virg. Hallens., c. 21.*

6. Institution of the Nuns of the Visitation of Our Lady, founded at Ancey, in Savoy, A. D. 1610, by St. Francis de Sales, Bishop of Geneva, and Jane Frances Fremiot de Chantal, who was the first member of that Order. *Henri de Mauvais du Tour, 2d partie, chap. 1.*

7. Dedication of Our Lady of the Valley, of the Cistercian Order, seven leagues from Paris, under Louis XIII., April 18th, A. D. 1616. *Excodice MS.*

8. Our Lady of Alexandria, in Egypt, built by St. Peter, patriarch of that city. *Baronius, ad ann. 310.*

9. Our Lady of Ligny, near Bar-le-Duc, in Lorraine. This image is much celebrated because of the numerous miracles which it operates. *Trip. Cour., nomb. 57.*

10. Our Lady of Cranganor, in the East Indies. This church is said to have been built by one of the three Magi. *Orosius, t. i. de Gestis Emmam.*

11. Our Lady of Esquernes, half a league from Lille, in Flanders. This image began to work miracles about the year 1162. *Buzelinus, in Annal. Gall. l. ii.*

12. The Chronicle mentions that on this day Our Lady appeared to St. Herman of the Premonstratensian Order, and gave him a ringlet of her hair. *Surius, in ejus vita.*

13. Dedication of Our Lady of Schem, near Louvain, A. D. 1694, by Mathias Hovius, Archbishop of Malines. The image of the Blessed Virgin seen in this church was first placed in the hollow of an oak. *Just. Lips., de Virg. Aspricoll., c. 4.*

14. A. D. 371, there fell from heaven a white fleecy substance mixed with a thick rain; the fact is mentioned by St. Jerome, who holds that, the famine being great in



the country, the inhabitants of Arras had recourse to the Virgin, who sent them that heavenly gift, commonly called manna, some remains of which are still to be seen in the church dedicated to her honour. *Ex arch. Abb. Trulienne.*

15. Foundation of Our Lady of the Bernardines, in the diocese of Toulouse and Rieux, A. D. 1145.

16. Our Lady of Aix-la-Chapelle, built by Charlemagne, and consecrated by Leo III., A. D. 804; there were present on this occasion no less than three hundred and fifty prelates. Charlemagne gave to this church two of Our Lady's tunics, A. D. 810; but Charles the Bald took one of them, sixty-five years after, and gave it to the church of Chartres. *Ferrol. Loorius, l. v. Mariæ Aug., c. 17.*

17. Our Lady of the Forest, near Boulogne-sur-Mer. This little chapel is famous all over the country. *Trip. Cour., nomb. 53.*

18. Apparition of Our Lady to St. Agnes of Mount Politian, to whom she gave, it is said, a small cross, which is now exhibited, with great solemnity, on the first day of May. *Chronic. S. Dominici, part. I., l. i., c. 72.*

19. At Treves, in Germany, in the church of St. John the Evangelist, built in 333, there is seen Our Lady's comb, given by Agritius, archbishop of that city.

20. Our Lady of Blaquernes, on the wharf of Constantinople. In this church is Our Lady's shroud, given by the Empress St. Pulcheria, who received it from Juvenal, Bishop of Jerusalem. *Niceph., l. xv., c. 14.*

21. Our Lady of Maariel, at Grand Cairo, in Egypt, where there is a miraculous fountain obtained by the prayers of Our Lady, when she retired thither with the Holy Family; tradition says that she washed the clothes of the Infant Jesus at this spring. *Trip. Cour., nomb. 5.*

22. Our Lady of Narni, in Italy. It is said that this image spoke to the Blessed Lucy, to whom she gave the Infant Jesus to hold. *Trip. Cour., tract 3.*

23. Our Lady Justiniana, at Carthage. This church was built by the Emperor Justinian, in honour of the Blessed Virgin, to whom he ascribed his victories over the Vandals. *Boron., ad ann. 534.*

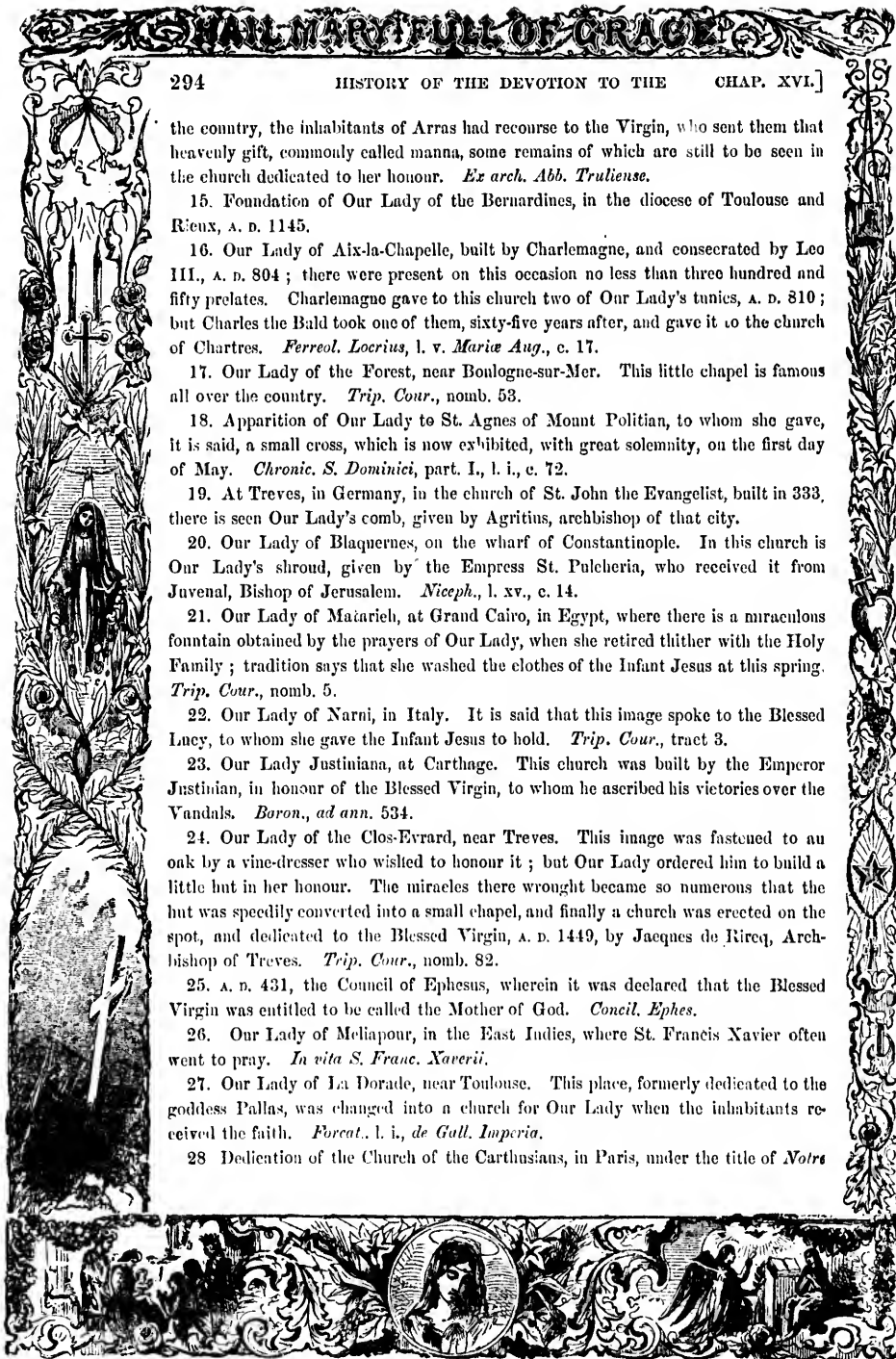
24. Our Lady of the Clos-Evrard, near Treves. This image was fastened to an oak by a vine-dresser who wished to honour it; but Our Lady ordered him to build a little hut in her honour. The miracles there wrought became so numerous that the hut was speedily converted into a small chapel, and finally a church was erected on the spot, and dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, A. D. 1449, by Jacques de Rireq, Archbishop of Treves. *Trip. Cour., nomb. 82.*

25. A. D. 431, the Council of Ephesus, wherein it was declared that the Blessed Virgin was entitled to be called the Mother of God. *Concil. Ephes.*

26. Our Lady of Meliapour, in the East Indies, where St. Francis Xavier often went to pray. *In vita S. Franc. Xaverii.*

27. Our Lady of La Dorade, near Toulouse. This place, formerly dedicated to the goddess Pallas, was changed into a church for Our Lady when the inhabitants received the faith. *Forcat. l. i., de Gall. Imperia.*

28. Dedication of the Church of the Carthusians, in Paris, under the title of *Notre*



Dame, by Jean D'Aubigny, Bishop of Troyes in Champagne, A. D. 1325. *Du Breuil, Theatre des Antiq.*, l. ii.

20. Our Lady of Buglose, two leagues from Acqs, in Gascony. This image was miraculously found, A. D. 1634, and conveyed to the parish church of Buglose. *Trip. Cour.*, nomb. 36.

30. Our Lady of Calais, built by the English while in possession of that city, which they occupied for about two hundred and ten years; a magnificent chapel was added to it in 1631, by Jacques de Bolloye, Vicar of Calais. *Davila*, t. ii.

JULY.

1. Dedication of the church of Jumièges, in Normandy, A. D. 1067, by Maurice, archbishop of Rouen, at the request of King William. *Thom. Walsingham*.

2. Visitation of the Blessed Virgin. This festival was instituted by Urban IV., A. D. 1385, and confirmed by Boniface IX., A. D. 1389. *S. Antoniu*, iv. part., tit. xv., chap. 24.

3. Our Lady of La Carolle, in Paris. It is said that this image, placed at the corner of the Rue aux Ours, being struck with a knife, A. D. 1418, shed a quantity of blood. In commemoration of this event, a great fire is made every year, and a wax figure burned in it, representing the person who gave the sacrilegious blow. *Du Breuil*, l. ii.

4. Our Lady of Miracles, at Avignon, built by Pope John XXII., on the following occasion: Two criminals were condemned to be burned, and one of them having invoked the Blessed Virgin, was respected by the flames, whilst his companion was wholly consumed. *Richard Chuniac in Joan*, xxii.

5. Dedication of Our Lady of Cambrai, A. D. 1472, by Peter de Ranchicourt, Bishop of Arras. This church was built in honour of Our Lady in 524; destroyed by the Normans in 882; rebuilt by Dossillon, twenty-first Bishop of Arras, A. D. 890; and finally, after being burned down in 1064, and again in 1148, was restored, as we now see it, in 1261. *Chronic. Hannon.*, t. iii., l. ii., chap. 23.

6. Our Lady of Iron, near Blois, district of Dunois. It was in this chapel that, about the year 1631, a child who had been smothered while struggling in its cradle, was restored immediately to life as soon as its parents consecrated it to Our Lady of Iron. *Ec archiv. hujus loci*.

7. Dedication of Our Lady of Arras, A. D. 1484, by Pierre de Ranchicourt, Bishop of that city. This church was built by St. Vaast, Bishop of Arras, A. D. 542, with the donations of the kings of France, according to Baronius. The Normans destroyed it in 583, and, after being rebuilt, it was consumed by lightning, A. D. 1030, and rebuilt in 1040. *Locrius*, l. ii.

It is said that in 1410, Our Lady of Hant, in Hainaut, restored life to a child belonging to Brussels, who was drowned in a well. The child being taken dead from the well, was consecrated to Our Lady, and it was instantly restored to life. *Just. Lips de Virg. Hallens.*, c. 16

8. Our Lady of Peace, in the Capuchin Church, Rue St. Honoré, in Paris.

9. Dedication of Our Lady of Contances, by Geoffroy de Mowbray, in 1056



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10 Dedication of Our Lady of Boulogne, near Paris, A. D. 1469, by Chartier, bishop of Paris. The confraternity of Our Lady of Boulogne is so famous that six of our kings were amongst its members. *Du Breuil, Antiq.*, l. iv.

11. Our Lady of Cléry, four leagues from Orleans; this church was rebuilt by Louis XI., who was buried there in 1483. *Locrius, M. Aug.*, l. iv., ch. 68.

12. Dedication of Our Lady of All Graces, in the church of the Friars Minors at Nigeon, near Paris, A. D. 1578. This house was given in 1476, by Anne of Brittany, wife of Louis XII., to St. Francis of Paula, who had instituted his order in the year 1436. *Du Breuil, Ant. de Paris.*

13. One hundred years before the birth of Our Lord, the image of Our Lady of Chartres was curven in a forest, on the plains of Beance, by command of Priscus, king of the Chartrains, and then placed, with the inscription, *Virgini pariturae*, (that is to say, to the Virgin who is to bring forth,) on the spot where it now stands, which was then a Druid cave. St. Potentian, second bishop of Sens, whom the Apostle St. Peter had sent into France, stopped at Chartres, where he blessed this image, and dedicated the grotto for a church, A. D. 46. *Sebast. Rouillard, Parthen.*, ch. 4, nomb. 1.

14. Our Lady of the Bush, in Portugal. This image was discovered by a shepherd in the midst of a burning bush. Vasquez Perdigon, Bishop of Evora, built in this place, A. D. 1403, a church and a monastery which was given to the monks of St. Jerome. *Vasconcell, in Descript. regni Lusitanicæ*, ch. 7, § 5.

15. A. D. 1099, the Turks were defeated by Godfrey de Bouillon, who, on this day took Jerusalem, of which he was declared king, and its festival was formerly celebrated every year, with a double office and an octave. *Molanus, ad hanc diem.*

16. The Feast of the Scapular. Tradition says that she gave it herself, about the year 1251, to the blessed Simon Stock, of England. This devotion has spread all over the world. Popes John XXII., Gregory XIII., Sixtus V., Gregory XIV., and Clement VIII., granted indulgences to the members of the confraternity. *Cortayena, de Ortu ordinis Carmelitarum.*

17. In the year 1565, Pius V. approves of the reform of the barefooted Carmelites, instituted by St. Theresa at Avila, in Spain.

18. Our Lady of Victory, at Toledo; so named because of a signal victory gained by Alphonso IX. over the Moors, A. D. 1202, after having hoisted a flag on which was the image of Our Lady. *In Hist. Alphonsi ad Innocent. III.*

19. Our Lady of Moyon-Pont, near Peronne. This image was found by a shepherd near some ponds, where are now the meadows of Amble; a church was built there, and was repaired in 1612. *Trip. Cour.*, nomb. 53.

20. Our Lady of Grace, at Piepus, Faubourg St. Antoine, in Paris. This image, which is in a little wooden vessel with two angels at the end, was made in 1629, of a splinter taken from the famous image of Our Lady of Boulogne-sur-mer. *Trip. Cour.*, nomb. 47.

21. Our Lady of Verdun, in Lorraine, renowned for its numerous miracles. St. Polichraimus, fifth Bishop of Verdun, dedicated this church on his return from the Council of Chalcedon. *Ex archiv. eccles. Virod.*



22. Our Lady of Safety, near Marseilles. The Queen of Heaven is highly honoured in this church, where, every Saturday, the Blessed Sacrament is exposed from midnight till noon. There are in it more than thirty large silver lamps, with many branches of coral of extraordinary size. *Ex Chronic. Massiliens.*

23. Institution of the Premonstratensian Order, by St. Norbert, A. D. 1120, on a revelation from Our Lady. *Biblioth. Præmonstr., l. i., c. 2.*

24. Foundation of Our Lady of Cambron, near Mons, in Hainaut, by Anselm de Trasigny, lord of Peronne. In MS. A. D. 1148. *Hannon Chronic.*

25. Our Lady of la Bouchet, two and a half leagues from Blanc, in Berry. A shrine which attracts a great number of pilgrims. The image of the Virgin is made of the wood of an old oak where the first image was found. *Ex monumentis hujus loci.*

26. Our Lady of Faith, at Chancy, near Abbeville. This image having been removed from the oak where it now is, to a chapel built for it about fifty paces distant, was miraculously found again in its former place. *Des Archives de Cancy.*

27. In the year 1480, the Knights of Rhodes gained a signal victory over the Turks by the assistance of the Blessed Virgin, who appeared on the walls of that city with a lance in her hand; the enemy, frightened, retired in disorder, with the loss of the greater part of his forces. *Jacob. Bosius, in hist. equitum Rhod.*

28. Our Lady of Faith, at Gravelines. This image is renowned throughout all the country. *Hist. Domine Fogens. Gravel.*

29. A. D. 1546, it was regulated by the Council of Trent, that, regarding the immaculate conception of the Blessed Virgin, the decree of Sixtus IV. should be observed, under the penalties therein mentioned. *Bolingh. in Calend.*

30. Our Lady of Gray, near Besançon, in Franche-Comté. This image, made of the oak of Montaigne, was much honoured in the country. *Trip. Cour., nomb. 58.*

31. Our Lady of the Slain, at Ceica, near Lorban, a Cistercian monastery, in Portugal. It is said that this image was brought from heaven to the Abbé John, uncle of King Alphonso, and that it resuscitated several persons who had been killed; that, in memory of this miracle, they had ever after a red mark round their neck, like that which is still seen on the neck of the image. *Chronic. Cistere., l. vi., c. 27 et 28.*

AUGUST.

1. A. D. 1218, Our Lady appearing on this day to St. Raymond, of the Order of St. Dominic, to James, King of Arragon, and to St. Peter of Nolasquez, made known to all three separately, that she wished them to establish a religious order for the redemption of captives. *Sarius, in vita S. Raymondi.*

2. Our Lady of the Angels, or the *Portioncule*, six hundred paces from the town of Assissium, in Italy. The monks of St. Benedict gave this chapel to St. Francis, at his own request, and it was his wish that the convent which he built there should be the chief house of his order. It was there that the first general chapter met, on which occasion five thousand monks were present. In this chapter he restored the spirit of the order, A. D. 1226, being the twentieth after his conversion, and the forty-fifth of his age. *Chr. Ord., part i., l. ii., c. 1.*



3. Our Lady of Bows, in London. It is on record that this image, having been carried off in a storm, with more than six hundred houses, A. D. 1071, fell uninjured to the ground with so much force that it went through the pavement, more than twenty feet into the earth, whence it could never be raised. *William of Malmesbury*, l. iv., in *Willet*, 2.

4. Our Lady of Dordrecht, in Holland, erected by St. Sautere on the spot, it is said, which an angel, sent by the Virgin, pointed out; the saint afterwards won the crown of martyrdom in that same church, and, in order to honour her memory, God was pleased after her death to make a spring shoot up there, which cured fevers of all kinds. *Molan*, in *SS. Belg.*

5. Dedication of Our Lady of Snow, in Rome, called St. Mary Major, formerly of the *Crib*, because Our Saviour's crib is kept there. It was built by John Patricius and his wife, on the place which they found covered with snow, on the 5th of August 367, and rebuilt by Sixtus III., about the year 432. *Baron.*, in *Not. ad ann.* 367.

Dedication of the Church of Our Lady of the Angels, in Rome, by Pope Pius IV., A. D. 1561. This church, which was formerly a part of the baths of Dioclesian, was erected into a cardinalate, endowed with several indulgences, and given by the same pope to the Carthusians. *Balingh*, in *Calend.*

Our Lady of Protection, in the Church of the Bernardines, Rue St. Honoré, Paris. It was so named by the Queen, Ann of Austria, A. D. 1561, in gratitude for the favours she had received from the Queen of Heaven. *Du Breuil*, *Antiq.*, l. iii.

6. In the year 963, Our Lady of Chartres was entirely burned, with the exception of the Virgin's tunic, which is still kept there. *Sebast. Rouillard*, *Parthen.*, c. 7.

7. Our Lady of Schiedem, in Holland. Chronicles relate that a merchant who stole this image, having embarked with the intention of selling it at the fair of Auvers, could never get clear of the port. Frightened by this prodigy, he replaced the stolen image, which was solemnly conveyed to the church of St. John the Baptist, where St. Ludivine passed whole nights in prayer. *Joan. Bruchman*, *Minorita*.

8. Our Lady of La Kuen, near Brussels. This church was built by order of Our Lady, who is said to have marked out its dimensions with a cord which is still shown. *Auctar. ad Molan*.

9. Our Lady of Egnies, in Brabant, the birth-place of Mary of Egnies, who visited this holy image barefoot, once a year, in the depth of winter. *Jacob. de Vitriaco*, in *ejus vita*.

10. Institution of the order of Our Lady of Mercy, at Barcelona, A. D. 1218. *Surius*, in *vita Sancti Raimondi*.

11. A. D. 810, the Emperor Nicephorus and the Empress Irene sent to Charlemagne two of the Blessed Virgin's robes; he placed them in his church of Aix-la-Chapelle, from which Charles the Bald took one, and gave it to the cathedral of Chartres. *Loerius Anaceph.*, p. 3.

12. Our Lady of Rouen, built by Robert, Duke of Normandy. Richard the First, King of England, made great gifts to this church, and the kings of France endowed it with many privileges. *Merula*, *Cosmogr.*, part II., l. iii.

13. Death of Our Lady in presence of all the Apostles, except St. Thomas. Like



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her Divine Son, she rose from the dead and ascended to heaven the third day after her death. *Suarez, t. ii., in p. Disp. 21 sect., in fine.*

14. Vigil of the Assumption, with a fast, mentioned by Nicholas I., who was Pope in 858. It is said that on this day the angels were heard, near the city of Soissons, singing the anthem: *Felix namque es, sacra Virgo Maria, et omni laude dignissima quia ex te ortus est Sol justitia, Christus Deum noster.* *Thom. Concep., l. ii., part 7.*

15. The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin. This feast was instituted, according to St. Bernard, in the very times of the Apostles. *St. Bernard, epist. 174.*

16. On this day the Virgin's sepulchre was opened, and as a proof that Our Lady had already ascended to heaven, there was seen in it only her shroud, which shed a delicious perfume. *Sausseyus, in Martyrolog. Gallie., die Assumpt.*

17. Philip the Fair gained, on this day, a signal victory over the Flemings, a. d. 1304, after commending himself to Our Lady of Chartres; in gratitude for this favour, he gave her in perpetuity the land and lordship of Barres, together with a perpetual annuity, and all the accoutrements which he wore on that memorable day. This feast is celebrated, in the church of Notre Dame in Paris, on the following day, the 18th, and has a double office. *Sebast. Rouillard, chap. 6.*

18. a. d. 1022, King Robert founded a chapel in honour of Our Lady in the courtyard of the palace, in Paris, on the spot now occupied by the Holy Chapel. *Du Breuil, Antiq. de Paris.*

19. Our Lady of Jerusalem, near Montecorvo, in Portugal. There is here a chapel built in imitation of that of Jerusalem; it is said that the Virgin herself gave the plan. *Vasconcell. in Descript. regni Lusit.*

20. In the famous church of the Benedictines of Affligem, in Brabant, there is seen an image of the Blessed Virgin, which is said to have spoken to St. Bernard; when the saint saluted her with, *Salve, Maria,* she answered, *Salve, Bernard.* *Just. Lips., t. ii., c. 4, § 4.*

21. In the year 1022 was instituted the Order of the Thirty Knights of Our Lady of the Star, at Paris, by King Robert, who said that the Blessed Virgin was the star of his kingdom. *A. Farin, Hist. de Navarre.*

22. Octave of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, instituted by Pope Leo IV., a. d. 847. *Jacob. Bosius, num. 2.*

23. On this day, in the year 1328, Philip of Valois, being surrounded by the Flemings near Mount Cassel, had recourse to the Blessed Virgin, who immediately delivered him from the danger to which he was exposed. In gratitude for this service, on entering Paris he went straight to the church of Notre Dame, and, going in mounted as he was, he rode up the nave till he came in front of the crucifix, where he laid down his arms. The picture of the monarch on horseback was long seen in this church, to which he assigned a pension of an hundred livres, to be paid from his domain of Gâtinais. *Trip. Cour., trait 4, c. 7, nomb. 7.*

24. Dedication of Our Lady of Benoiste-Vaux, within a league of Verdun, in Lorraine. In this chapel there is an image of the Virgin which is famous for working miracles; there is also a miraculous fountain, the water of which



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cures many diseases. *Hist. de Notre Dame de Benoiste-Vaux*, chap. l. et lx

25. Our Lady of Rossano, in Calabria. It is said that the Saracens, wishing to surprise the town of Rossano, and having already planted their ladders against the walls, were repulsed by Our Lady, who appeared clothed in purple with a lighted taper in her hand; this apparition frightened them so that they fled precipitately. *Gabriel de Barry*.

26. Our Lady of the Arbour, at Douai. It is on record that when some children were playing disrespectfully before this image, it made a sign of displeasure with its hands. This miracle induced the people of Douai to build a chapel for it, A. D. 1543. *Buzelin, in Annal. Gallo-Flandr.*

27. Our Lady of Monstier, eight or ten leagues from Sisteron, on the way to Marseilles. There is an old tradition that a nobleman of the country, being made prisoner by the Turks, made a vow to build a chapel in honour of the Virgin, if she would please to deliver him. The Virgin heard his prayer; an angel took him on his wings and conveyed him to his home. The nobleman erected a magnificent chapel to Our Lady, where many miracles were wrought. *Ez MS. ea de re conscript.*

28. Our Lady of Kiovia, in Poland, metropolitan of Russia; there is in this church a large alabaster figure of the Virgin, which spoke to St. Hyacinth, A. D. 1241, and told him not to abandon it to the enemy who was besieging the city, but to take it with him, which he did without any trouble, the image having lost its weight. *In vita sancti Hyacinthi.*

29. Our Lady of Clermont, ten leagues from Cracovia, where there is an image made by St. Luke, and sent to the Empress Pulcheria; that princess placed it in the church of Our Lady of Gnides, in Constantinople, whence it was taken by Leo, Duke of Russia; the Duke of Opolia wished to remove it to his duchy, in 1380; but when it reached the mountain of Clermont it became so heavy that it could be carried no farther; seeing by this miracle that the Virgin had chosen that mountain for a dwelling place, a church was built there for her. *Bzovius, ad ann. 1383.*

30. Our Lady of Carquera, on the river Douro, in Portugal. Egas de Mouis guardian of King Alphonso I., had that young prince carried to this ancient church that the Virgin, by her intercession, might straighten his feet, which was immediately done. *Vasconcell. in Regib. Lusit. Anacephat. 1 et 2.*

31. Dedication of Our Lady of Founders, in Constantinople. The Empress St. Pulcheria had this church built, and enriched it with Our Lady's girdle. A festival was instituted in Constantinople for this relic, under the title of the Deposition of Our Lady's Girdle. The French having taken the city, this precious treasure was taken by Nivellon, Bishop of Soissons, and placed in the famous abbey of Our Lady with a part of the Virgin's veil. *Niceph., l. iv., c. 8.*

SEPTEMBER.

1. On the first Sunday of this month there is a festival celebrated in the church of St. Peter, at Louvain, in honour of the Virgin, called the *Collection of the Feasts of Our Lady*. *Molanus, ad Usuar. Mar'yroloj*



2. Our Lady of Helbron, or Nettles, in Franconia, Germany. This image began to work miracles in 1441. *Trip. Cour.*, nomb. 73.

3. Dedication of the Abbey of Corneville in honour of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, A. D. 1147, by Hugh, Archbishop of Rouen. *Gall. Christ.*, t. iv.

4. A. D. 1419, Our Lady of Haut, in Hainaut, restored life to a girl named Jeanne Maillard, who, in taking water from a well, fell in and was drawn out quite dead; her mother having devoted her to Our Lady of Haut, she immediately gave signs of life. *Just. Lips. de Virginn. Hallens.*, c. 19.

5. Our Lady of the Woods, near Arras. A horseman having a mind to make a stable of this chapel, A. D. 1478, was killed on the spot by his horse. *Trip. Cour.*, nomb. 62.

6. Our Lady of the Fountain, half a league from Valenciennes. Tradition says that the Virgin appeared to a certain hermit in this place when the plague was ravaging the city, and commanded him to tell the inhabitants that they should fast next day and spend the night in prayer. That being done, she was seen coming down from heaven and encircling the whole city with a cord; this cord is still kept at Valenciennes. *Ex libello de ea re scripto.*

7. Vigil of the Nativity of Our Lady, instituted by Gregory II., about the year 722. *Baligh. in Calend.*

8. The Nativity of Our Lady, which happened, according to Baronius, in the year of the world 4007, on a Saturday, about the dawn of day, fifteen years before the birth of Our Saviour. This feast was instituted on the 8th of September in the Greek and Latin Churches, A. D. 436, according to the same writer, and in France by St. Maurillus, Bishop of Angers.

Dedication of the church of Our Lady of Liesse, in the diocese of Laon, ten leagues from Rheims.

Dedication of Our Lady of Montserrat, in Catalonia.

9. Our Lady of the Puy, in Velay. St. Georges, who was the first bishop, marked the site for this church, which was not built till about the year 231. The Virgin herself gave it in charge to St. Evodus, or Vosius, seventh bishop of the same place, whom she ordered to transfer his episcopal see to Puy. St. Evodus obeyed the Virgin; but when he came to consecrate his new church, he perceived that it was already consecrated by angels; the doors opened of themselves, the bells rang of their own accord, the tapers were burning, and the holy chrisam, which the angels had used, appeared still fresh on the altar and on the walls. *Odo Grissens, de Virg. Anciens.*, l. ii., c. 7, 8 et 9.

10. Our Lady of Tru, near Cologne. This church was built, under Otho I., by St. Heribert, Archbishop of Cologne, on the very spot where idols were formerly worshipped.

11. Our Lady of Hildesheim, in the duchy of Brunswick, in Germany. The image here venerated is the same which Louis the Good was accustomed to wear on his person. One day when he chanced to forget it in a wood, it became so heavy that it was impossible to move it, which induced the king to build a church for it in that place. *Trip. Cour.*, nomb. 75.



12. Our Lady of Healing, in Lower Normandy. Many miraculous cures have been effected in this church. *Ex archiv. hujus eccles.*

13. Our Lady of Guadalupe, in Spain. This image, sent by Pope Gregory to St. Leander, Bishop of Seville, was concealed, at the time of the Moorish invasion, with the body of St. Fulgentius, in the cave of Guadalupe, where it remained for nearly six hundred years, till Our Lady revealed it to a shepherd. *Joann. Mariana, l. vi de Reb. Hispan.*

14. Dedication of Our Lady of Fontevrault, in Poitou, by Pope Calixtus II., A. D. 1129. *Gal. Christiana.*

15. Octave of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, instituted on the occasion of some difference which occurred at the election of the successor of Celestine IV., through the intrigues of the Emperor Frederick II., the cardinals had recourse to Our Lady, binding themselves by vow to add an octave to the feast of her Nativity, if she would vouchsafe to give them a pope. Innocent IV. having been elected, he instituted this octave, A. D. 1243, the first year of his pontificate. *Arnoldus Wionius., l. v., Ligni vitæ, c. 22.*

16. Our Lady of Good News, at Orleans, built by King Robert, A. D. 996, on the spot where he received the glad tidings that his father, Hugh Capet, had escaped death. *Locrius, Mariæ Augustæ, l. iv., c. 62.*

17. The placing of the image of Our Lady of Puy, in Velay. The holy king St. Louis gave this image to the church of Puy, A. D. 1254, on his return from foreign parts.

18. Our Lady of Smeleem, in Flanders. Chronicles tell that certain shepherds remarked that their sheep bent the knee before this image. It was for this reason that Baldwin, surnamed *Fair-beard*, chose this place as the site for a church, in gratitude to Our Lady for having cured him of a malady which he had had for seventeen years. *Trip. Cour., nomb 63.*

19. Our Lady of Healing, near Mount Leon, in Gascony. *Geoffroy, Hist. de la Vierge de Guérison.*

20. Our Lady of the Silver-Foot, at Toul, in Lorraine; where there is an image which, according to an ancient tradition, apprised a certain woman, in 1284, of treachery meditated against the city, and as a sign, the image extended its foot, which was changed into silver. *Trip. Cour., nomb. 57.*

21. Our Lady of Pucha, in the kingdom of Valencia. This image was found A. D. 1223, by means of seven stars shining over the place, whereupon the people dug into the ground, and found an image of the Virgin. *Bernard. Comes., Hist. Hispan., l. x.*

22. The name of Mary given to Our Lady, by her mother, St. Ann. *Petrus a Castro, Hist. Virg., c. 2.*

23. Our Lady of Valancere, in Spain. This image was found in an oak, in the place now occupied by the magnificent church rebuilt by Alphonso IV., King of Castile. *Anton. Ypez, in Chronic.*

24. Our Lady of Roc-Amadour, or Roche-d'Amateur, in the diocese of Cahors, Quercy. This pilgrimage is so named because St. Amateur, vulgarly called St. Amant, remained some time on this rock, which became famous about the year 1140 *Hugo Farcius, de Miracul. B. Virg. Rupiramat.*



25. Our Lady of Passer, at Rhodés. This image being often removed was always found again in the same place, which caused a church to be built there. *Trip. Cour.*, nomb. 53.

26. Our Lady of Victory, at Tournay. The inhabitants carried the keys of the city to the church of Our Lady, A. D. 1340, because they knew that it was only the Queen of Heaven who could deliver them from the English, who were forty days besieging the city. No sooner had they manifested this confidence in the Blessed Virgin than the siege was raised; the inhabitants at the time had scarcely three days' provisions. *Ex Archiv. Tornacens.*

27. Our Lady of Happy Meeting, half a league from Agde. This clay image was discovered miraculously, A. D. 1523. *Trip. Cour.*, nomb. 34.

28. Our Lady of Cambron, of the Order of Citeaux, near Mons, in Hainaut. It is said that this image, being struck by a ruffian, shed blood profusely. *Hist. Cambreron., edita Duaci, ann. 1602.*

29. Our Lady of Tongres, in the diocese of Cambrai. This image was taken in 1081 to a garden, where the Bishop of Cambrai had a church built. *Trip. Cour.*, nomb. 1602.

30. Our Lady of Beaumont, in Lorraine, between Domremy and Vaucouleur. Joan of Arc often retired to this church to recommend the affairs of France to the Queen of heaven and earth, who ordered her to take up arms to deliver that kingdom. *Trip. Cour.*, traité 3, chap. 7.

OCTOBER.

1. Foundation of Crown Abbey,* of the Augustinian Order, in the diocese of Angoulême, under the title of Our Lady, by Lambert, who was its first abbot, A. D. 1122. *Gallia Christiana, t. iv.*

2. Our Lady of the Assumption, in Naples; built by the regular canonesses of St. Augustine, in gratitude for the Mother of God having warned them to leave a house which fell immediately after they had quitted it. *Trip. Cour.*, nomb. 42.

3. Our Lady of the Place, in Rome. This image having fallen into a well near the house of the Cardinal Capoci, A. D. 1250, the water rose miraculously, and cast out the image, which the cardinal then placed in his chapel. But Pope Innocent IV. obliged him to build another on the spot where the miracle took place. This chapel being given to the Servites, they built a handsome church, inclosing the well within its walls. *Trip. Cour.*, nomb. 100.

4. Our Lady of Vassivière, in the mountains of Auvergne, near Mount d'Or, where there was an image which was miraculously saved from the general wreck when the English ravaged Vassivière about the year 1374. This image being removed to the church of Besse, was found again in its former place. *Duchine, chap. 9.*

5. Our Lady of Bueh, in the Pine Mountains,† in Guienne. The sea threw this

* *Abbaye de la Couronne.*

† *Montagnes des Pins.*



Image on shore, whilst St. Thomas, the Franciscan, was praying for two vessels which he saw in danger of perishing. He received the image with respect, and enshrined it in that place, in a little chapel built for it. *Florimond Raymon, Hist. des Heres.*, l. 1.

St. Mary of Jersey, consecrated a. d. 1320, on one of the Channel Islands. *Chartrier de Coutances, dit le Livre-Noir. (The Black Book.)*

6. Our Lady of La Plébe, in the marsh of Venice, built a. d. 1480.

7. Feast of the Rosary, instituted by Pope Gregory XIII., a. d. 1573, after the famous victory of Lepanto, obtained by the Christians over the Turks. *Joseph Stephan., Tract. de indulg. Rosarii.*

8. Our Lady of Gifts, at Avignon. Tradition assigns the foundation of this church to St. Martha, and adds that it was consecrated by Our Lord himself. Being sacked by the Saracens, it was repaired by the Emperor Charlemagne. *Trip. Cour.*, nomb. 40.

9. a. d. 723, on the night of that day on which the Prince of the Saracens had St. John Damascene's hand unjustly cut off, Our Lady miraculously united the severed hand to the wrist, that faithful servant having begged her to do so, that he might continue to write in favour of sacred images. *Joan. Patriarch. Jerosolimit., in vita sancti Joann. Damasc. opud Surium.*

10. Our Lady of the Cloister, at Besançon. Our Lady's image, placed in the cloister of the Magdalen, was preserved from a fire, a. r. 1024, although the niche in which it stood was reduced to ashes. *Trip. Cour.*, nomb. 53.

11. Our Lady the White, in the church of the Bernardine monastery, at Orville, district of Caux. This image is much honoured in that country. *Ex Archiv. hujus Monast.*

12. Our Lady of Faith, in the district of Liège. This image was found, a. d. 1609, by a carpenter named Gilles de Waulin, who, cutting down a tree for the purpose of making a boat, found in it, behind an iron grating, an image of Our Lady, made of whitish clay, and about a foot in height. It was removed to another oak, and thence again to a church built on the spot where the former tree had stood. *Trip. Cour.*, nomb. 60.

13. Dedication of Clairvaux, in the diocese of Langres, in honour of the Blessed Virgin. St. Bernard was the first abbot of this famous monastery, where he died in 1153, at the age of sixty-three years. Alphonso I., King of Portugal, in 1142, bound himself and his successors to pay a tribute of 50 maravedis every year to Our Lady of Clairvaux. *Chronie. Cisterciens.*

14. Our Lady of La Rochette, near Geneva. A shepherd having approached a bush where he heard a plaintive voice, found in it an image of the Blessed Virgin, which caused a church to be built there. *Astolph. Hist. univers. B. Mariæ Virg.*

15. Dedication of Our Lady of Terouenne, a. d. 1133, by Milon, its thirtieth bishop. *Jacob Meyerus, l. ii., Annal. Flandriæ.*

16. Dedication of Our Lady of Milan by Pope Martin V., a. d. 1417. This church was built in 1388 by John Gabas, Duke of Milan. *Philip. Bergom., l. iv., Supplic. ann. 1388.*

17. Dedication of the Grotto of Our Lady of Chartres, by St. Pontian, a. d. 40.—



Dedication of the church of Citeaux, in the diocese of Chalons, under the invocation of Our Lady. *Sebast. Rouillard, c. 4, n. 4.*

18. Dedication of Our Lady of Rheims, built by St. Nicaise, archbishop of that city, A. D. 405. This church being ruined, was rebuilt by Ebon and Hucemar. It was finished in 845. *Flodoardus, l. 1, ch. 6.*

19. Dedication of the abbey of Royanmont, under the title of the Holy Cross and Our Lady, by John, archbishop of Mitylene, A. D. 1235. This monastery was founded by St. Louis, in the year 1227. *Gal. Christ., t. iv.*

20. Dedication of the church of Pontigny, four leagues from Auxerre, under the title of Our Lady. This abbey was founded in 1114 by Thibaud, Count of Champagne. *Angel. Maurig.*

21. Our Lady of Tulan, near Dijon. *Ex monumentis Divion.*

22. Our Lady of the Vault, half a league from Grand Calro. Tradition has it that the Blessed Virgin remained some years in this subterranean chapel. *Trip. Cour., nomb. 9.*

23. Our Lady of Comfort, near Houlleur. This chapel is much frequented. Two children were in it restored to life, in memory of which their images are there in silver. *Ex archiv. hujus loci.*

24. Our Lady of Hermits, in Switzerland, where there was formerly a little hermitage in the midst of the woods, occupied by St. Melrad, till the Emperor Otho built a church there, according to an order which he had received from heaven. This church contains a little Lady-chapel, consecrated, it is said, in 1418 by Our Lord himself, accompanied by angels and saints, who performed the functions of the ordinary officers of the church, in presence of the Blessed Virgin. *Trip. Cour., nomb. 84.*

25. Dedication of Our Lady of Toledo, in Spain, about the year 1075, by Bernard, archbishop of that city. This cathedral has a revenue of more than 300,000 livres. *Joann. Mariana, l. ix., ch. 18.*

26. Dedication of Our Lady of Victory, near Senlis, A. D. 1225, by Guarin, bishop of Senlis and Chancellor of France. This Abbey was built by Phillip Augustus, in gratitude for the victory which he gained at Bouvines, over the Emperor Otho, A. D. 1214. *Carta Tabular. de Victoria.*

27. Our Lady of La Basilla, in Lombardy, beyond the Po. This church was built by the express command of Our Lady. *Albert. Landor, in descriptione Italiae.*

28. Our Lady of Vivonne, in Savoy, where there is an image which was miraculously found by a labourer. This statue, having been thrice removed to the village church, always returned to its original place; a church was consequently built there, and given to the Carmelites. *Astolphus, in Histor. univers. imag. B. Virg.*

29. Our Lady of Orope, near Bielle, in Savoy. This image, made of cedar wood, and about six feet high, is in a chapel built by St. Eusebius, bishop of Verceil, about the year 380; the saint often retired thither during the troubles of the Arians. *Trip. Cour., nomb. 112.*

30. Our Lady of Mondevi, at Vic, in Piedmont, where there is an image painted by a tiler on a pillar of brick built by him for that purpose. This pillar has been surrounded by a church, where numberless miracles are wrought. *Hist. de Mondevi, c. 2.*



31. In the year 1116, a choir boy having fallen into the well of Saint Fort, which is in the church of Chartres, was saved by Our Lady. All the time that he was in the well, he heard the angels answering the public prayers recited in the church; this gave rise to that custom in the church of Chartres, of the choir never singing the response to the *Dominus Vobiscum*, chanted at high mass and in the canonical hours. *Sebast. Rouillard. Parthen., c. 6, nomb. 14.*

NOVEMBER.

1. The Feast of All Saints, instituted at Rome, in honour of Our Lady and all the Saints, by Pope Boniface IV., about the year 608, and afterwards in all the churches in Christendom, by Pope Gregory IV., about the year 829, at the request of Louis the Good, who issued a proclamation commanding it to be observed throughout all his dominions. *Baron. ad Martyrolog. Roman.*

2. Our Lady of Emmimont, near Abbeville. This church is much frequented by pilgrims. *Antiq. d'Abbev., l. 1.*

3. Our Lady of Rennes, in Bretagne. The English having undermined the town to blow it up, it is said that the tapers in this chapel were miraculously lighted, the bells rang of their own accord, and the image of the Blessed Virgin was seen to extend its arm towards the middle of the church, where the train was laid; the danger was thus discovered, and measures successfully taken to avert it. *Trip. Cour., tract 3, c. 7 et 8.*

4. Our Lady of Port Louis, in Milan. Tradition tells that this image one day received the homage of two angels, who were seen by several persons bending the knee before it. *Astolphus, ex hist. univers. imag. B. Virg.*

5. Our Lady of Danletta, in Egypt. This church was consecrated in honour of the Blessed Virgin, A. D. 1220, by Pelagius, the Apostolic legate. *Emilius, in Philippo.*

6. Our Lady of Valfleurie, seven leagues from Lyon. This church is so called because the image of the Virgin over the high altar was found by shepherds in some broom which was in full blossom, though the season was mid-winter. *Trip. Cour., nomb. 47.*

7. Our Lady of the Poul, near Dijon. This image, of baked clay, was discovered in 1531, by means of an ox which always stopped at that spot, and although he kept grazing there continually, the grass grew thicker and thicker every day. *T. 'n. Cour., nomb. 42.*

8. Our Lady of Fair-Fountain, in the diocese of La Rochelle. This image has been honoured from time immemorial. *Ex archiv. hujus Abbate.*

9. Our Lady of Good Air, in Perche, near Rommulard. This church is much frequented by persons in affliction. *Trip. Cour., nomb. 52.*

10. A. D. 1552, Our Lady of Loretto cured a Turkish pacha of an incurable disease; he had been persuaded by one of his slaves, who was a Christian, to have recourse to the Blessed Virgin; the infidel believed him, and promised to set him free if Our Lady cured him. Having recovered his health, he sent many presents to the Church of Our Lady of Loretto, and, amongst others, his bow and quiver. *Tarsel, Hist. Lauret., l. iii., c. 18.*



11. On this day, about the year 1546, the Portuguese gained a great victory over the infidels, who were before the Castle of Die, in the East Indies, for seven months, and would have taken it if Our Lady had not appeared on the walls; this apparition so terrified the enemy that the siege was immediately raised. *Dallingh. in Calend.*

12. Our Lady of the Tower, in Fribourg, built in a heretic country, on the very spot where an image of Our Lady was found. *Trip. Cour., nomb. 85.*

13. Dedication of the Abbey of Bee, in Normandy, a. d. 1077, by Lanfranc, Arch-bishop of Canterbury. This Benedictine abbey was founded about the year 1045, by Herluin, who was its first abbot. *Guillelm. Genuiticensis, l. vi., de duc. Norman., cap. 9.*

14. Our Lady of the Grotto, in the diocese of Lamego, in Portugal. This chapel was hollowed in the rock, on the spot where an image of the Virgin was found. *Vasconcell., in descript. regni Lusitan.*

15. Our Lady of Pignerol, built in honour of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, about the year 1098, by Adelaide, Countess of Savoy. *Ez archiv. hujus loci.*

16. Our Lady of Chievas, in Hainault, where, in 1130, the lady of the place, named Ida, built a chapel near a fountain where an image of Our Lady was found. Miracles have since been wrought there. *Trip. Cour., nomb. 62.*

17. Institution of the Confraternity of Our Lady of Sion, at Nancy a. n. 1393, by Ferri de Lorraine, Count of Vuulômout. *Trip. Cour., r.*

18. Our Lady of Bourdieu, near Bourges. This Benedictine abbey was founded, in 928, by Ebbon, Lord of Berry. *Bzovius, ad ann. 928.*

19. Our Lady of Good News, in the abbey of St. Victor, which Mary de Medici visited every Saturday. The abbey was founded in 1113 by Louis the Fat. *Ez archiv. S. Victoris Parisiensis.*

20. Our Lady of Guard, near Bologna, in Italy. This image was in the church of St. Sophia, in Constantinople, with the inscription: "This picture, painted by St. Luke, is to be taken to Mount Guard, and placed over the altar of the church." A Greek monk set out for Italy towards the year 433, with the image entrusted to him, and placed it on Mount Guard. *Bzovius, ad ann. 1433, n. 379.*

21. The Presentation of Our Lady. This feast was instituted, in the Greek Church, more than nine hundred years ago, since St. Germanus, who held the see of Constantinople, in 715, composed a sermon on it.* *Baron. in Notis ad Martyrolog.*

22. Institution of the Confraternity of the Presentation of Our Lady, at St. Omer, a. d. 1481. *Adalardus Tassart, in Chronic., ad ann. 1481.*

23. Our Lady of the Vault, near the town of St. Anastasia, in the neighbourhood of Florence. *Trip. Cour., nomb. 102.*

24. A. d. 1535, Our Lady of Montserrat restored speech to a Savoyard who had been dumb. *Hist. Montiss.*

25. Our Lady of the Rock, in the territory of Ficcoli, in Tuscany. This image is placed in a rock, where two shepherds once retired to pray, when Our Lady commanded them to build her a church in that place. *Archangel. Junius, in Annal. PP. Servitarum.*

* It will be remembered that this Calendar was drawn up in the reign of Louis XIV

26. Our Lady of the Mountains, between Mount Esquillin and Mount Viminal, in Italy. This image was miraculously found, A. D. 1500. *Trip. Cour.*, nomb. 99.

27. Dedication of the town of Lesina, in the Campagna of Rome. This town was given to Our Lady, A. D. 1400, by Margaret, Queen of Poland, and mother of Ladislas. *Bzovius*, l. ix., *de Sign. eccles.*

28. Our Lady of Walsingham, in England, much honoured by Edward I., who, playing one day at chequers, instinctively rose from his seat, and at the same moment a large stone fell from the roof of the vault on the seat which he had occupied. Ever after, he had a particular devotion for Our Lady of Walsingham. *Thomas Walsingh.* in *Hist. Ang. in El. I.*

29. Our Lady of the Crown, at Palermo, so named because it was there the kings of Sicily received the royal crown, as holding it from the Mother of God, and being only to wear it for her. *Thom. Fazellus*, l. viii., *prioris decad. de reb. Siculis.*

30. Our Lady of Genesta, on the coast of Genoa, in Italy. A poor woman, named Petruccia, undertook to build this church, which appeared utterly impossible; she, nevertheless, laid the first stone, saying she was sure she should not die till Our Lady and St. Augustine had finished the work. The result was, that in a little time after the church was found miraculously finished. *Signinus*, in *Chronic.*

DECEMBER.

1. Our Lady of Ratisbon, in Bavaria, founded by Duke Theobald, after being baptized by St. Rupert, Bishop of Salisbury, and apostle of Bavaria; the same saint subsequently consecrated this church. *Canisius*, l. v., *de B. Virg.*, cap. 25.

2. Our Lady of Didyma, in Cappadocia, before which St. Basil besought the Blessed Virgin to remedy the disorders caused by Julian the Apostate; he was favoured there with a vision foreshowing the emperor's death. *Baronius*, *ad ann.* 303.

3. Our Lady of Filermo, near Malta. This image remaining amongst the ruins of the church of St. Mark, of Rhodes, was removed to St. Catherine's Church, and, at length, the knights having quitted Rhodes, it was placed in the church of St. Lawrence. This church was afterwards entirely burned, but the image remained uninjured. *Trip. Cour.*, nomb. 91.

4. Our Lady of the Chapel, at Abbeville. This church was built about the year 1400, on a little hill where idols were formerly worshipped. *Antiq. d'Abbev.*, l. i.

5. In the year 1584 was instituted the first congregation of Our Lady in the Jesuit College in Rome, and hence the company's pious custom of establishing it in all their houses. *Balingh.* in *Calend.*

6. Our Lady of Fourvière, at Lyon, famous for miracles, and for the extraordinary concourse of people who go there from the city, especially on Saturdays.

7. On this day, being a Sunday, in the year 1550, the canons of Our Lady of Paris, walking in procession before the image of the Virgin, which stands near the door of the choir, a Lorraine heretic, forcing his way through the crowd sword in hand, attempted to strike the image; he was prevented by the assistants, and on the follow-



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Following Thursday he was executed in front of Notre Dame. *Du Breuil, Antiq. de Paris*, l. i.

8. The Conception of the Blessed Virgin. This feast commenced in the East about the seventh or eighth century, for St. John Damascene, who lived in 721, makes mention of it. It was instituted in England, A. D. 1100, by St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, then in the diocese of Lyon, A. D. 1145, and finally Sixtus IV. decreed A. D. 1576, that it should be celebrated throughout Christendom. *Joann. Molan., in Anot. i., ad Usuard.*

9. Our Lady of the Conception, in Naples; so named because in 1618, the Viceroy, with all his court and the Neapolitan militia, made a vow in the church of Our Lady the Great, to adopt and defend the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin *Trip. Cour.*, nomb. 43.

10. Institution of the nuns of the Conception of Our Lady, by Beatrice de Sylva, to whom Our Lady is said to have appeared in 1484, clothed in white, with a scapular of the same colour, and a blue mantle. Beatrice, sister of the blessed Amadeus, took this costume for the habit of her order, approved by Innocent VIII., according to the Cistercian rule. *Vasconcell. in descript. regni Lusit.*

11. Our Lady of Angels, in the forest of Livry, four leagues from Paris. Three Anjou merchants having been abused in this forest, A. D. 1212, by robbers who left them fastened to trees, so that they might starve to death, had recourse to the Blessed Virgin, who immediately sent three angels to liberate them. In the course of time several other miracles were wrought there, which made the chapel very famous. *Des registres de l'Abbaye de Livry.*

12. Our Lady of Good News, at Abbeville. This little chapel, in St. Peter's priory, has always been much frequented. *Antiq. d'Abbev.*

13. Our Lady of the Holy Chapel, in Paris. This image, under the portal of the lower Holy Chapel, has wrought many miracles.

14. Our Lady of Albe la Royale, in Hungary, was built by St. Stephen, King of Hungary, who gave his kingdom to the Blessed Virgin. *Joann. Bonifacius, Hist. Virg.*, l. ii., c. 1.

15. Octave of the Conception of Our Lady, instituted by Pope Sixtus IV. *Bulvarium.*

16. Institution of the famous confraternity of Our Lady of Deliverance, in the church of St. Etienne des Grès, in Paris, about the year 1533, to which Gregory XIII. granted great indulgences, A. D. 1518.

17. Cathedral church of Our Lady of Amiens. The first bishop of this church was St. Firmin, who received the crown of martyrdom during the persecution under Dioclesian. There is in this church a portion of the head of St. John the Baptist, brought from Constantinople by a traveller named Galon, A. D. 1205. *Loerius, Maria Augustæ*, l. iv., c. 59.

18. Dedication of Our Lady of Marseilles, by St. Lazarus, in presence of his two sisters, Mary Magdalen and Martha, and three holy prelates, Maximus, Trophimus, and Entropus. *Canisius*, l. v., *Moral.*

19. In the year 657, while St. Ildefonso, Archbishop of Toledo, was saying matins,



Our Lady, it is said, appeared to him, accompanied by a vast number of blessed spirits, holding in her hand the book he had composed in her honour. She thanked him for it, and, in gratitude, gave him a white chasuble. This celestial present is still preserved at Oviedo, where Alphonso the Chaste, King of Castile, had it solemnly removed to the church of St. Saviour, which he had built. *Baron. ad ann. 651.*

Our Lady of Etalem, in Bavaria, built by the Emperor Louis IV. *Albert. Krantzius, l. i., Metropol.*

20. The Abbey of Our Lady of Molême, order of St. Benedict, in the diocese of Langres, was founded on this day, A. D. 1075, by St. Robert, who was its abbot. *Gallia Christ., t. iv.*

21. Foundation of St. Acheul, near Amiens, under the title of Our Lady, by St. Firmin, first bishop of that city. *Ex archiv. S. Achioli.*

22. Our Lady of Chartres, in Beauce. This church, which was built in the times of the Apostles, after being several times destroyed, was put in its present state by St. Fulbert, fifty fifth bishop of Chartres. *Sebast. Rouillard, Parthen., c. 5.*

23. Our Lady of Ardilliers, at Saumur, in Anjou. The name of this church is illustrious all over France, because of the vast concourse of people drawn thither by a miraculous fountain which cured many diseases. The image represents Our Lady of Pity, holding in her arms her dead son, whose head is supported by an angel. *Locrius, Mariae Augusta, l. iv., ch. 60.*

24. Celebration of the Chaste Nuptials of Our Lady and St. Joseph, long solemnized as a festival in Sens, and several other churches of France. *Sausseyus, in Martyrol. Gallic.*

25. On this day, at the hour of midnight, the Blessed Virgin brought forth the Saviour of the world, in the stable of Bethlehem, where a fountain sprang up miraculously on the same day. *Baron., in Appar. ad Annal.*

26. Institution of the Confraternity of the Conception of Our Lady, at the Augustines of the grand convent, in Paris, A. D. 1443, to which many indulgences were subsequently granted by Innocent III. *Du Breuil, Antiq., l. ii.*

27. Institution of the order of the Knights of Our Lady, A. D. 1370, by Louis II., Duke of Bourbon. *Andr. Favin, l. viii., Hist. de Navarre, et l. iii., du Theatre d'Honneur.*

28. Our Lady of Pontoise, seven leagues from Paris. This image, standing in the portal of the suburban church of that city, on the road to Rouen, is famous for the miracles wrought therein. *Ex archiv. hujus eccles.*

29. Our Lady of Spire, in Germany. St. Bernard, entering this church on the 29th of December, 1146, was honourably received by the canons, who conducted him to the choir, singing the anthem, *Salve, Regina*; the anthem finished, St. Bernard saluted the image of the Virgin in these terms:—*O clemens, O pia, O dulcis Virgo Maria*, and it is said to have answered: *Salve, Bernarde*. The words of the saint to the image are engraved in a circle on the pavement of the church, on the spot where he pronounced them, and subsequently the *Salve, Regina* was added; this anthem was composed in 1040, by Herman, surnamed *Contract*, a Benedictine monk. *Angel. Manrique, Annal. Cist., ad ann. 1146, c. 10, &c.*

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BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

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30. St. Mary of Boulogne, in Picardy. This church was founded by the monks of St. Augustine, A. D. 1159; it was destroyed by Henry VIII., King of England, A. D. 1444, secularized and made a cathedral, 1559, according to Loerius. *Gall. Christ.*, t. iv.

31. About a hundred years before the birth of Our Saviour, the image of Our Lady of Chartres, consecrated by the Druids to the *Virgin who was to bring forth*, restored to life the son of Geoffrey, king or prince of Montlhéry, who, having fallen into a well, was found dead; in gratitude for this favour, he made several presents to the image, as is recorded in the history of this miracle, represented in painting on the windows of the church. *Sebast. Rouillard, Parthen.*, c. 3.



