aliment of revolutionary tendencies, is on the point of being speedily removed; and though such irrational privileges are not to be restored, as that by which criminals on being questioned by the magistrate, replied, *Iglesia me llamo*,—"My name is Church!"—and obtained an unwarrantable immunity exempting them from punishment, yet even the Carlist *clerigo* may exult in his *Iglesia triunfante*.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE SECULAR CLERGY.—ECCLESIASTICAL SEMINARIES.

It was a great day when Archbishop Ximenes gathered that huge mountain-pile of Arabic manuscripts, and made an *auto-da-fé* of them in the public square at Granada! The devils doubtless laughed at the triumphant blaze, at the holy glare which gilded the retreating footsteps of Boabdil. It were unfair to charge these pious bishops with being the enemies of enlightenment, seeing that they extracted so much luminous matter from heathenish scrolls and parchments; the ashes that strewed the square illustrated the vanity of human works with an excellent *memento mori;* and the Christian conflagration of these Saracen treasures of astronomy, numbers, and the healing art —which it was a scandal to see monopolized by unbelievers—was a superb revenge for the destruction by Omar of the literary piles at Alexandria. The devils grinned upon both occasions, at the roasting of their most terrible enemy, knowledge, and chuckled to see Bible and Koran burnt by a deed of vengeance, condemned by both. These holy triumphs were repeated at Seville, where the finest treasures of Arabic literature were dragged forth to the stake; and the first archbishop of Mexico, Zumarraga, did the same by some millions of diabolical and magically

well executed hieroglyphical paintings, in the market-place of Tlatelolco.

But all these cobwebs have been brushed away, and at the present hour the Spanish ecclesiastic is a wreck of the middle ages—an isolated remnant of exploded opinions and antiquated forms of society. I speak of the class of zealous clergymen who, though often ignorant to the last degree, are wedded to the altar and weaned from the world; not of the Constitutional clergy, who are for the most part mere politicians and place-hunters, and have few of the virtues and none of the enthusiasm which adorn the clerical character. The minds of the ecclesiastics of whom I speak, and who are to be found in all the country pueblos, are usually tinged with Carlist views; like *Rip Van Winkle* they have been asleep for years, and their waking dreams are of a restoration of the old ecclesiastical possessions, dignity, and grandeur.

Apart from the civilisation (perhaps, corruption) of towns, they have little sympathy with Constitutional forms, and their characters are remarkable for single-mindedness as well as for immense and passionate energy when an occasion for its exercise arises. So late as the Barcelona revolt of November, 1842, a Carlist priest attached to the principal church called the populace to arms. He gave a vigorous bound from the earth, descended firmly on the ground again, and awoke the thunders of the great bell—it was the peal of revolt for the city! The tower, as it rolled forth the portentous summons of rebellion, was shaken by the hands of an ecclesiastic who, but an hour before, had elevated the Host; and he who within brief

intervals had sent up prayers to the God of peace, flung blood-tainted incense to the fiend of war!

The more factious Carlist clergy, animated by the late approximation to Absolutist views of government, has plucked up a violent spirit in various parts of the country, and boldly preached stiff doctrine with regard to the confiscated tithes, which the government, observe, has not appropriated, but caused their most burthensome payment to cease. All parties concerned, they aver, are under a strict obligation of restitution *in integrum* for the nine years past, and until this restitution is made no confessor can absolve them, even *in articulo mortis!* So that all are damned together, with the consoling reflection that no one is worse than his neighbour. The assertion is historically false. Pope Urban gave to the kings of Castile the tithes of all the lands which they might conquer from the Moors—one of the most remarkable facts in civil or ecclesiastical history. Let these men be cautious how they unbridle their zeal, and madden a slumbering populace. It is but ten years since the friars of Madrid were butchered in scores at their altars.

Fearful are the excesses in which even an habitually religious people may indulge, when the passions are in full swing. The magnificent church of Santa Maria del Mar has just undergone a most infamous violation. The clergy had improperly interfered in the elections, venturing to dictate and daring to deforce consciences, and the infuriated mob rushed to the parish church, dragged along the floor the figure of their crucified Saviour, shot at the image of the Virgin, and cut off the heads of all the saints!

By a late act of Gonzalez Bravo's government, the decree by which the Carlist prelates were banished has been revoked, except in the case of the two most violent partisans of the usurper, the Bishops of Léon and Orihuela. The former prelate was the celebrated companion of Don Carlos through all his campaigns, and the soul of his councils: a perfect reproduction of those turbulent churchmen of the fourteenth century—the Archbishop of Toledo, who raised the kingdom in rebellion against Pedro, placing the crown with pompous ceremonial on the head of the pretender Henry; and the Bishop of Segovia, who fifty years later took possession of the person of Juan II. during his minority, and sought to transfer his crown to a prince of Aragon.

The Bishop of Léon did not dare quite so much in modern times, but he was noted for two peculiarities —the Hildebrand violence of his politics, and the undignified practice of incessant smoking. The most remarkable of the prelates recalled by this new decree are the Cardinal-archbishop of Seville, Don Francisco Javier Cienfuegos, and the Archbishop of Santiago, Don Rafael Velez. The Canon Ceparo, who took so leading a part in the defence of Seville last summer, and swore the authorities on a crucifix never to surrender, has been rewarded with the Grand Cross of Isabella the Catholic, and the appointment of Bishop of the Canaries, which, being merely a politician, he treats as a sinecure, remaining snug in Seville.

The dignified ecclesiastics of modern Spain are not backward, however, in exhibiting that practical piety

and benevolence which so become their sacred office and eminent position. While the Bishop of Cadiz for many years past has devoted nine-tenths of his income to the completion of that magnificent cathedral, which was creeping for more than a century, the Bishop of Barcelona, Don Pedro Mantinez de San Martin, during the three days fixed for the celebration of the Queen's majority, sang a solemn *Te Deum* in commemoration of that event; and on going forth from his church, gave a donation from his private purse of two reals (about sixpence) to every soldier in the garrison, three reals to every corporal, and four to every sergeant, as well as two reals to every prisoner in Barcelona, and the same amount to every patient in the several hospitals.

Let it be remembered that Barcelona had just then surrendered, and been occupied by the troops of Sanz to the number of some thousands, that the jails and hospitals were likewise full, and some idea may be formed of the extent of Don Pedro's episcopal munificence. Yet bishops are mercilessly quizzed by this most sarcastic of people. The cock is called an *obispo* because of his comb, and a large-headed fish bears the same name because of its fancied mitre: when a man dies he is said to be made a bishop of, and the freshman arrived at Salamanca is likewise *obispado*, buried in a huge arm-chair, and bedizened with a paper mitre.

From the prevalent levity of remark about sacred things, and the familiarity with which the names of God, the saints, and the Virgin, are perpetually invoked here with reference to the most trivial subjects, one is at first inclined to rush to the conclusion that the

people are decidedly irreligious and profane; while those who are predetermined to admire Roman Catholicism, under whatever phases it presents itself, as readily rush to the opposite conclusion.

This inference will be still more erroneous than the first; the argument which sustains it is sophistical. It is a comfortable conclusion, that because people have the name of God perpetually in their mouths, and the sacred name of the Redeemer still more especially (*Ghesoos! Ghesoos!* strikes you at every turn), this gross and unseemly irreverence is to be accepted as an evidence of the fervour of their piety.

Spaniards mock and scoff at everything. It is difficult to know when they are sincere. They laugh at death; they make a joke of the most solemn functions of life; they laugh in church, and are often graver outside than within it. The female population is generally at least half sincere in its devotion, yet one whom I knew to be rather pious, in drinking a glass of wine, said "It must be good, for it is the blood of Christ!"

Jocular preaching, although much less common now in Spain than it was in former days, is still to be met at intervals. The rich burlesque extravagance of *Fray Gerundio*, to be sure, has been exploded in these modern times by the comparative advance of enlightenment; but when you get into the mountain parts and ruder districts, where every man wears leather leggings, and every woman a woollen gown, the parrocos and their assistants are frequently of the same primitive stock, and their addresses to their flocks of aboriginal simplicity, and often of comical effect.

The rich but coarse proverbial language of Spain strews every part of these discourses, and the pastor, in bringing himself to the level of the comprehension of his auditory, cannot fail to take the hue of their familiar thoughts and phraseology, and occasionally to verge upon the ludicrous.

A Granadine, lecturing his flock on their irreverent bearing in church, told them not to be like the soldier, who, when he entered the sacred edifice, nodded to the images of the Saviour and the Virgin, with a "*Dios te guarde, Don Cristo! Dios te guarde, Doña Maria!*" and turning to the images of the saints, exclaimed saucily, "*Vosotros no, sois simples caballeros como yo.*" "No need for you; you're but plain gentlemen like myself!" A Cuencan having declared from the pulpit that all the Creator's works were perfect, a jorobado stept forth from the congregation, and laying his hand on his hump, asked him whether that was perfection. "*En razon de giba,*" said the Padre, "*no es posible ser mas perfecto.*" "In regard of a hump, it could not be more perfect!"

The inconvenience of educating the clergy and the laity together, especially where celibacy is required of the former, had long been felt, and at times demonstrated in the manners of the Spanish ecclesiastic. Education, clerical and lay, has now been separated, and the youthful clerk is brought up in a special ecclesiastical seminary, where, in addition to professional studies, a religious rule of life prevails. Nearly every diocese contains its seminary.

By the latest regulations, down to 1843, a limited number of *extras* may be admitted, in addition to the

resident alumni, the matriculation in both instances having an especial destination to the ecclesiastical state, and none other. It sometimes, however, happens that the youngsters herein training for the Church run off to some other and worldlier avocation, disliking the repulsive tonsure, rolled beaver hat, and gown, and having more of the "roguish twinkle" in their eyes than of the continence of the "man of God." But the courses of *litteræ humaniores* and philosophy completed in these seminaries, are not available in the Universities, except to ecclesiastics for the pursuance of the higher branches of theology; and youths thus flying from the clerical profession find it difficult therefore to become civil *empleados*.

The irregular practice of suffering laymen to graduate in the ecclesiastical seminaries, had reached an intolerable height; the original purpose of the institution was defeated, and the great object of keeping young churchmen, destined to take vows of celibacy, apart from the mass of worldly students, and free from the early contamination of popular vices, was completely neutralized.

The decisive resolution, therefore, of the government to render of no avail any studies prosecuted in these seminaries, except in the narrowest and strictest sense to ecclesiastics, although it raised a great temporary outcry, was perfectly justified and praiseworthy. It produced, nevertheless, some curious changes, and of its working at Cadiz and Seville I was personally a witness.

The various "Colleges of Humanities" in Cadiz and the neighbouring towns, answering to our English

grammar-schools, had previously matriculated their scholars, when sufficiently advanced, in the conciliar or diocesan seminary of San Bartolomé at Cadiz; where the requisite certificates and diplomas, to qualify for employment in the public service, were readily obtained after a few seasons' attendance, and at a very moderate expense. But the rule of ecclesiastical life at the seminary was quite upset by this admixture, and scenes of uproar and confusion were too often witnessed. The lay students had thenceforth all to pass to Seville for incorporation and matriculation in the Literary University there; for by the modern system, in addition to the ancient universities for the higher faculties, each province has its literary university.

The Spaniards have long been cutting off their noses with their foolish sectarian prejudices. Hating the French for their twofold invasion of the Spanish soil, and for the unheard-of horrors which they perpetrated, yet notwithstanding the generous and majestic efforts which we made for Spain, the millstone of debt which we have tied round our necks for her behoof, the blood which we have lavished, and the miracles of valour accomplished in her defence, *hating us more because we are Protestants*, they have borrowed none of our noble institutions, but have copied everything from France.

Her modern legislative Chambers, her political chiefs nominated by the government, and centralizing the details of administration, her code of laws, the enrolment of her army, the details of service, the ugly uniform, the courts of law, the arrangement of the judicial bench, nay, even a servile copying of names,

as well as a substantial identity—"Judge of the First Instance," "Judge of the Second Instance," "Correctional Tribunal," "Court of Cassation,"—the last is a literal eating of the residue of French trenchers. The Spanish word "*casar*" does not mean "to break," but "to marry;" yet they give to it the secondary meaning of the French "*casser*," for the sake of Frenchifying the name of their supreme court. The greater proximity of the countries and resemblance of the languages, accounts in part for this borrowing from France in preference to England, and repairing to a mine, opened the other day by revolutionary violence, in preference to delving deep in the solid, time-honoured, and time-tried quarries of British jurisprudence.

The pleasant and social qualities of Frenchmen, contrasted with the too frequent demureness and ungracious repulsiveness of the English character, as it commonly shows itself abroad, undoubtedly accounts in part for the preference shown to their institutions. The lighter and less moral character of French literature, the more ornamental and decorative attractions of French art and manufacture, and the fact that French fashion sways the world, account in great part for the preponderance of influence which France possesses over us in Spain and in Spanish America; but all Deist and libertine as Frenchmen frequently are, it is their profession of Roman Catholicity, beyond all doubt, which more strongly than all other ties links them to Spanish bosoms, and leads an otherwise noble nation to copy the very cut of the shakos and sabres of those who have dragooned them, to purchase the

boots that have kicked, and imitate the extravagant garments which cover the legs that have trampled them. "*Juro á fe de pobre hombre, dijo Sancho, que mas estoy para bizmas que para cuchilladas.*" "By the faith of a poor man I swear, said Sancho Panza, that I am more for plasters than fighting."

There is nothing more to be lamented, in the actual state of the church of Spain, than the absence of active zeal in the clergy. There are many good men amongst the body, but the true apostolical spirit seems to be nearly extinct. In the great work of education the clergy have almost universally abdicated these functions; state machinery and lay confraternities most imperfectly supply the deficiency, and the task of catechistical instruction is either entirely abandoned, or performed in fitful snatches, which leave little impression on the popular mind.

The pulpit is slightly and rarely had recourse to; and that most important medium of spiritual propagandism, familiar lectures on the moral and religious duties, addressed to every congregation which repairs to divine service on Sundays and holidays, is totally unknown. Sermons are occasionally delivered, but they are for the most part pompous prepared discourses in honour of the Virgin and the saints, exaggerated and inflated in the highest degree, recited at romerías and on festival days, and of no practical utility whatever.

Christian pastors, whose first duty is to subdue the passions of their flocks, indulge in strong appeals to their passions; and in the Good Friday sermon, which is preached in every church of Spain, a crucifix, with

the image of the bleeding Saviour, is still invariably snatched up at one period, and a full-length portrait of the crucified Redeemer rapidly unfolded at another from its previously rolled-up state, and presented to the eyes of a morbidly excited congregation, studded from head to foot with extravagant gouts of blood, and repulsively invested with all the attributes of excessive physical suffering.

This parade is very melodramatic, but it is not religion, and the effect cannot fail to be pernicious upon the ardent southern temperament. The eye is dangerously familiarised with blood, and the passions subjected to an extraordinary hot-house culture. The mark which is aimed at is far overshot, and the audience are probably made worse instead of better men.

This forcing system likewise prevails in other and more dangerous directions. The regulation enforced by the Council of Lateran, which requires every member of the Catholic church to "approach the sacraments of confession and communion" at Easter time, is sought to be made universally stringent to this day, not by the exploded horrors of excommunication and deprival of Christian burial, but by minor pains and penalties.

A fine is levied from every person who does not perform these religious functions at Easter; and the consequence is, which might be easily foreseen, that many who can afford to pay it send their money to the cura-parroco, but do not themselves appear; while the poorer classes throng to the churches in crowds during the latter weeks of Lent; the overworked clergy perform their duties in a necessarily brief and

perfunctory manner; ten minutes dispose of each loaded conscience, and absolution is pronounced, and the work of penance accomplished, in such manner as God pleases. Uninstructed masses approach the altar with little preparation, and with a disposition, perhaps, which will ill bear to be scrutinized.

Of all hothouse plants religion is certainly the worst; and if there is no Inquisition now-a-days invested with the ancient terrors, the dregs of its spirit survive in enforced religious observance. Perhaps, the worst feature of the system is the coercion exercised upon the female population of Spain. No young woman can manage to get married, unless she produce a certain number of tickets from her parish clergyman, attesting her regular approach to the tribunal of penance at stated intervals.

Now, as most young women want to get married, it follows as unerringly as a mathematical demonstration, that all will do what is requisite to obtain these tickets; but how will they do it? It is not too much to suppose that a rigid scrutiny of conscience is not the invariable practice. There is need of much reformation in these respects, and the foundation of such reforms must be laid by zealous episcopal regulation and superintendence. But there are few indications of an apostolical spirit in Spain, few tokens of the energy of good ecclesiastics.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

RELIGIOUS PROCESSIONS.—HERMANDADS, FUNCIONES, ROMERÍAS.

THE splendid celebration of divine worship in Spain has always been, in a great measure, in the hands of the Hermandads or Religious Brotherhood. Every thing connected with the service of the altar (except in the rich cathedral and collegiate churches, where no assistance was needed) as well as with the frequent public processions, was undertaken and kept up by these pious confraternities, who in many instances were immensely wealthy. Chapels crammed with treasures, and endowed with princely munificence, were established by them in all the great cathedrals, as those of Toledo, Seville, and Salamanca.

Since the confiscation of the ecclesiastical properties in 1835, the assistance of these Hermandads in behalf of the diminished splendour of the Culto y Clero has obviously become more indispensable, and in many cases, but for their exertions, the altar would be disfigured by sordid penury.

When considerable funds have accumulated amongst the wealthier Hermandads, there have unfortunately been some cases of serious peculation; and a caustic ecclesiastical writer, Vieyra, says pointedly on this subject:—"No one eats worse than God does for his money." Amongst these various confraternities the

most conspicuous was La Santa Hermandad, established three centuries back, for the pursuit and trial of highway robbers, as well as for religious purposes.

The processions, funciones, pilgrimages, and rosarios, which are still witnessed every week throughout Spain, would be of an interesting character, if they were not so encouraging to idleness. No church is without its favoured shrine or image, and each in turn attracts the homage of the faithful. The pilgrimage to distant *pueblos* consumes, at the least, an entire day; and it is astonishing to see the assiduity with which women and children (for the men here, as in France, excepting the peasantry alone, have to a considerable extent been alienated from these tiresome manifestations of piety) plod on through the intolerable summer heat to distances extending for leagues. The Romería to the Sanctuary of Torrijos, some distance from Seville, last autumn, drew considerable crowds.

The festival took place on a Sunday; and having heard that the authorities anticipated political disturbances, I repaired to the scene at an early hour. There was an unusual number of men, and manifestly, as it afterwards appeared, with a view to proclaim the Carlist Junta. But troops were so judiciously planted at every perilous spot, and the approaches and squares of Seville so guarded, that any demonstration was impossible. The Rosario is still more exclusively composed of a procession of women and children, who with beads in their hands, recite the rosary the whole length of their pilgrimage.

This utterance of many hundred *paters* and *aves* by thousands of voices, nearly all shrill, and many of

them piping infantine trebles, produces a very monotonous, but wild and irregular effect. In the frequent processions of images, relics, and alleged miraculous vestments; the wax-lights partly extinguished by the wind, partly burning with a sickly light, and streaming on the ground, under the glare of a sun to which our brightest days, in the North of Europe, are little more than moonlight, seem altogether unreal and melancholy.

Even in the views of those who promote these spectacles, and in the interest of sound religion, it would be well to confine them to the churches. It is impossible to deny that the effect is entirely theatrical, and that from long custom they do not impress one soul amongst a thousand of the population. In fact, they repair to it as to a play. Every one chats and laughs as if nothing particular were going on; the very persons who take part in the procession laugh with the rest; and I have seen youths whistling merry tunes in chorus, while the Padres and pious women who accompanied them were chaunting Latin hymns in praise of Nuestra Señora del Calvario, behind her weeping image with its bosom transpierced by the sword:

Cujus animam dolentem,
Contristatam ac gementem,
Pertransivit gladius!

The feasts of the Virgin in the ritual of the Spanish Church are more numerous than in any other part of Europe. There are few considerable churches in Spain that do not contain at least one celebrated image of her—a celebrity derived from supposed miracles. A day is set apart for the feast of Nuestra Señora of

such or such place, or image, or miracle, and the devotion is simultaneous throughout all the churches of the kingdom. Thus there is a perpetual round of these sacred festivals, and a *funcion*, or *jubileo* in each of the churches of a town or city in succession. Seville is particularly celebrated in this respect, and indeed, in an ultra-Catholic sense, it is truly the "Holy City."

Religious processions in Cadiz cost the Ayuntamiénto every year 50,000 dollars. The Progresista municipality, in Espartero's time, boasted that they had reduced this item of expenditure to 15,000 *duros*, or less than a third. It would be a mistake to suppose that any part of the Peninsula has a monopoly in this respect, for the most miserable mountain pueblo has its *cirios*, or processions with waxen tapers, as regularly as Córdova or Toledo. It is a point of pride with all, and still more of idle dissipation. A second Sunday is imported into every week, and the minds of the people never settle down to steady industry or sober application.

The ordinary *funcion*, or religious procession, with its accompanying festival rejoicings, confined within the limits of a city or town, yields in interest to the *romería*, or rural pilgrimage to some celebrated shrine or hermitage. Here religion, a business or a pretence, is combined with the pleasures of a gipsying party,—the pent-up town's-folk can both save their souls and enjoy a mouthful of country air; and after hailing each other with a *buenas fiestas!* reciting the accustomed rosary, and witnessing the internal splendours of a church all glittering with waxlights and festooned with silken hangings, and gold or silver

embroidery, can ruralise at will, and unite corporeal to spiritual exercise.

These two-fold relaxations are partaken with a mad delight; and there is not a city in Spain without its neighbouring imaged shrines or hermit caves, scattered over the plain, or studding the wild sierras, to which the entire population periodically repairs. Small rosaries of neatly strung and delicate beads are sold in great numbers in the church or chapel, the proceeds being applicable to the expenses of the *funcion*, little engravings of the leading miracle commemorated (usually of such a nature as to appal the least credulous fancies) are likewise displayed for admiration and for sale; the image or the relic is held by some venerable priest to be kissed at the foot of the altar, a glowing sermon is delivered from a pulpit, over which an archangel, sculptured in wood (an art brought to wonderful perfection in Spain) with wings outspread, seems ready to take his flight over the heads of the congregation; hymns are sung with a lusty fervour, if not with refined skill, and a "*Pange, lingua,*" and exposition of the host, conclude the observance of the day.

The service over, the business of amusement is begun with a hearty zeal, which is truly and delightfully Spanish. A band of villagers may be seen on one side, and the band of some regiment quartered in the neighbourhood on the other. Rude tents and ruder booths invite with a goodly display of eatables and wine; guitars tinkle, and a space is cleared for the dance. The amusement is sometimes prolonged into the night; rockets are discharged at intervals from early dawn, and after sunset there are considerable displays of no very scientific fireworks.

Temperance is nearly universal, and the only insobriety which prevails is that which springs from excessive exuberance of spirits. But there is indeed a sort of intemperance occasionally witnessed at these gatherings, which leads sometimes to unpleasant disturbances—I mean political heats and dissensions, and preconcerted partisan movements.

At Seville, last summer, I was witness to more than one escapade of this kind, where very serious apprehensions were entertained, and where blows were, in some instances, exchanged between the police *esbiros* and populace. Once I saw a group of ten of these "pilgrims" come galloping in through the gate of Carmona, and uttering *vivas* for the Republic, and *mueras* for the Queen's ministers. The mounted patrol immediately galloped up to the spot, but the alborotadores had no sooner heard the clatter of the dragoon-horses' hoofs, than they dashed in mute quiescence down separate streets, thus voluntarily dissolving their *grupo galopando*. Whether the demonstration was serious or jocular I never could ascertain, but there were not wanting those who averred that it was a pure emanation of *alegria de Baco*.

The iglesia matriz, or mother church, of Carchelejo, near Granada, was not long since the scene of so much effervescence on one of these occasions, as to be unhappily desecrated by the shedding of blood within the temple. The excited spirits of some young men, *majos*, who were present at a *funcion* in honour of the patron saint, gave rise to a quarrel about some trivial matter, which presently led to high words, and, to what with Andalucians is too common, the drawing

forth of knives. Blows were exchanged, and serious wounds inflicted; the cura-parroco interposed in vain, and amidst the rushing of crowds and the shrieks of women, a young man was carried off nearly lifeless. The cura closed the church, whose solemn consecration had thus been violated, and placed it under interdict.

The event was communicated to the bishop, and the bishop confirmed the interdict. All the municipal and civil and military authorities were suspended for not being present to quell the disturbance instantly, and the interdict was not removed from the church for fifteen days. The people at first were awe-struck, but presently joined the alcaldes and military authorities in laughing at these spiritual terrors.

Some new Hermanos were on one occasion to take the habit of the Santissima Trinidad, and set forth from their *secretaria* attached to the church. Each member of a confraternity engaged in these ceremonies carries a lighted waxen taper of large dimensions, which in the open air, when there is the slightest wind, flares and streams offensively. The fingers, often the entire hand, shoes, and a portion of the clothes of their persons (for the most part tradesmen and shopkeepers) become covered with melted wax, and present towards the end of the procession an extremely disagreeable appearance. As the members wear silken capes, and muslin or calico dresses, the multitude of lighted tapers, blown in all directions by every puff of wind, and pressed by a dense crowd, not unfrequently burn the flimsy materials in which the Hermanos are dressed, and cause unpleasant, if not perilous accidents.