

## LETTER XI.

### A BULL FIGHT.

I WAS told after my arrival in Mexico, that unless I remained some time I was likely to lose the three great "amusements" of Mexico, to wit: a Revolution—an Earthquake—and a Bull Fight. The two former I would gladly have dispensed with; and as to the latter, civilization had recently introduced the Opera, and the *cadenzas* of Italian vocalists had been substituted for the roars of the dying bull.

But I was to be gratified by the sight of at least one of these recreations.

A fight came off rather unexpectedly in the Plaza de Toros, an immense circus, erected when this sport was in its palmy days in Mexico.

It was Sunday, and the people were unoccupied. The idlers had a few spare *medios*, picked up by toil, beggary or pilfering, during the week, and, as to the rich, it was expected that of course they would be gratified by the sight of an exhibition from which they had been long debarred.

I have a great objection to all these brutal displays, but I hold it to be a man's duty to see a specimen of everything in the course of his life. In Europe I went to see dissections and the guillotine, and on that principle, in Mexico I went to a bull fight.

The expectations of the projectors of the day's sport were not disappointed. The two tiers of boxes and the circle below of this immense theatre, were filled to the very brim of the arena with not less than eight thousand men, women and children. The hour of opening was four o'clock—the day warm and cloudless—and the sun shone brightly over the motley assemblage in their gay and varied costumes. The sunny side of the edifice was devoted to the plebs—the other half to the patricians, or half-a-dollar payers, who thereby enjoyed the luxury of shade.

We arrived too late to see the entrance of the first bull—he was already in the arena, and the *picadors* were goading him with their long lances, while the six gayly-dressed, lithe and active *matadors* teased him with red cloaks, which they flitted within a few feet of his horns, and enabled them, as he sprang to gore the garment, to display their agility in avoiding the deadly blow of his horns.

### A BULL FIGHT.

59

After annoying him thus with cloaks and lances for about ten minutes, a trumpet was sounded; and immediately a dozen *banderillos*, or small lances, covered with gilt and flowered paper, were stuck in his neck, making him bound with rage at the assailant as he felt every new sting of the cruel weapons.

This done, the crowd circled around, and he stood in the midst, snorting, pawing the earth, veering his head from one portion of the ring to the other, beholding everywhere an armed foe pointing at him with a lance, and howling as if to dare them to attack. But he was effectually tamed.

Another blast from the trumpet, and two of the matadors approached stealthily from the rear, and plunged lances surrounded with fireworks, into the skin of his neck. Snorting, roaring, blazing, cracking, he bounded over the arena lashing himself with his tail, and dashing, without purpose, at everything.

At the third blast of the trumpet, the chief matador, who now made his first appearance, stepped forth, and proceeded to the judge's gallery for the sword, to dispatch the animal. By this time the fireworks had burned out, and the bull had been teased toward the southern barricade of the theatre. Panting with fatigue, rage and exhaustion, he stood at bay. The matador (an Andalusian, in pumps, silk stockings, and a tight-fitting purple dress, embroidered with bugles,) was a person of herculean frame, and his manly form, in the perfection of human beauty and strength, contrasted finely with the huge mass of bone and muscle in the beast.

He wound his red cloak around the short staff which he held in his left hand, and approached the bull, grasping in his right his well-poised sword. The bull, worried by the red cloak, bounded at him. As the animal stooped to gore, the matador leapt to the left with the bound of a deer, and receiving the beast with the whole shock of his weight and spring on the point of his weapon, passed it through his heart, and laid him dead without a struggle at his feet. The circus rang with applause at the successful stroke. Drawing out his blade, black with blood, the matador wiped it on the cloak, and bowing to the multitude, restored it to the judge.

The trumpet sounded again: a rope was noosed around the beast's horns, three gayly-caparisoned horses were led in, the carcass was hitched to them, and, at another blast of the trumpet they dragged the body, at full gallop, out of the circus. A shovel-full of fresh earth was thrown over the pool of blood; the trumpet was again sounded; the eastern barricade thrown open, and in bounded the second bull.

Almost blinded by his sudden plunge into daylight from the utter darkness of his den, and astounded by the shouts and jeers of the spectators, he rushed to the centre of the arena, and paused. His head wandered from side to side, as if seeking for something at which to tilt. He pawed the earth, lashed his back with his tail, and was evidently "game."



In a moment, the three picadors were at him with their long lances; and, in the next, two of them were rolling in the dust, and trampled by the savage beast. This brought *applause* from the multitude; and an honest Irishman near me shouted, at the top of his lungs, "*bravo, bull!*"

The matadors, however, were instantly at him with their red cloaks, and distracting his attention from the fallen picadors, gave them time to rise and mount—at least *one* of them, I should say, for the horse of the other had been gored in the stomach, and as he rose, his entrails trailed along the ground!

The usual routine was gone through with this bull as with the first; and at length the trumpet sounded for the chief matador to receive the sword.

But this was evidently not an animal to be trifled with; and the courageous Andalusian approached him warily. As he came up with the bull, the beast was near the edge of the barricade, and foaming with rage. His hair was yet blazing from the explosion of the crackers. The Andalusian flitted the red cloak in his eyes, and, turning as usual to the right to give the blow as the animal sprang, he lucklessly missed his aim, and was caught at a yard's distance between the palisade and the beast. A bound over the inclosure saved him, while the bull's horns were driven against the boards, with a force that made the theatre ring and the strong timbers quiver.

Directly, however, was the stout-hearted fighter again on the sands and taunting his foe. Another spring—another wave of the cloak in the beast's eyes—and his sword was plunged up to the hilt in his neck, the point penetrating the skin and hair and shining out on his other side, just above the right shoulder. Yet the wound was *not* fatal, and the beast bounded on madder than ever. A picador came at him, and was trampled in the dust. Another came on, and his horse, too, was tossed in the air; yet, preserving his balance, he alighted on his feet, and as his horse rose from his fall, he rose with him, seated on his saddle; at the same time, with admirable presence of mind, slinging his *lasso*, which caught on one horn but unfortunately slipped off. Unsuccessful as was this act, the self-command, the horsemanship, and the graceful skill of the picador, brought down a storm of applause.

Meantime, the Andalusian had recovered his wind, and was ready for another attack on his unconquered foe; but this time he made the attack *unarmed*. Mad as the animal was, and goaded by the lances sticking in his back, his skin scorched, and the weapon thrust through his body, yet the matador approached bravely; he threw his cloak once more on the beast's eyes, and, with a leap over his horns as he stooped, caught the handle of the sword and drew it out streaming with blood.

What with annoyance, and exhaustion from the loss of blood, the bull's strength was by this time well nigh spent. He made for the door in the barricade whence he had been admitted to the arena. He paused at the gate—the blood pouring from his wound. It was evident he was dying,

and all attacks were at once abandoned. He had fought so bravely that picadors, matadors, coleadors, and all the troop of the arena drew round him in a circle, as if to look on the death-struggle of a hero. All seemed struck with admiration! the léperos in the galleries, even, were hushed to profound silence.

The bull stood a moment as if uncertain what to do. I confess that the poor wretch seemed to me to possess intellect—an intellect, stung by the reproach of strength foiled by an inferior and despised foe.

He felt his limbs grow feebler. He attempted to run, but his legs refused to move. He lifted his feet convulsively—waved his tail—opened his eyes as if alarmed by a sudden nervous fear, and fixed them with a fierce stare on the blood which was pouring in a stream before him. He tried to run; reeled twice, but recovered his balance. A matador then came again before him with his cloak and a short dagger, to put an end to the painful scene; but as he approached, the beast swayed himself forward with his lips drawn up, and the foam covering his teeth—drew himself up still and stiff as a statue, for a dying effort of power—then suddenly bending his head to the earth, sprang at the matador and fell dead—

"Foiled, breathless, bleeding, furious—to the last!"

This was the best fight of the evening. Five more bulls were brought out, but nearly all proved craven. None, however, were killed by the matador at the first blow, which rather lowered the mob's opinion of his skill. Some of the animals were caught by the tail, which, twisted around the high pommel of the saddles of the coleadors, while their horses were brought to a sudden halt, threw the bulls on their sides. These, however, were the utter cowards. Others were caught with the *lasso* around the horns or heels, and I had thus the first opportunity of seeing the perfection obtained by most Mexican horsemen in the use of this useful instrument. One of the bulls bounded over the palisade, among the spectators, within a few feet of me; but he was so contemptible a beast, that he seemed more pleased to get rid of the crowd than the crowd was to get rid of him. He was of course sacrificed in some very ignoble manner.

As the evening sports ended, and even before sunset, the moon rose in her calm majesty, casting her mild light on the multitude in that bloody circus. The towers and dome of a church overlook the walls of the arena on the east, and the bells called the crowd from that scene of carnage on the Sabbath evening, to the adjacent retreat of peacefulness and religion! As I went home, I could not help asking myself, if I had spent those hours profitably? It is true that there are "sermons in stones, and good in everything;" and the contrast of life and death—the passage of a creature from robust and active health, and the full enjoyment of every physical power, to death and utter oblivion—was, it is equally true, a sermon and a lesson. But to how many? Was there a lépero there, who went away taught, thoughtful or moralizing?



I must confess, that I can regard these festivals but with a feeling of unqualified disgust, both at the scene itself, and at the gradual destruction of the finer sentiments which such exhibitions, frequently repeated before all classes, must inevitably produce.

When the Romans had exhausted the whole round of natural amusements, they invented those of the circus; and, not contented with the civilized butchery of the brute creation, in process of time they matched man against beast, and man against man. It was the extreme of refinement—the height of expensive luxury—the termination of that vicious circle of society, where civilization merges into barbarism. It was an omen of the speedy decline of that mighty empire.

The exhibition of the slaughter-house, as a sport, can tend alone to foster a brutal passion for blood. Death becomes familiarized as a plaything to the multitude. They make a clown of the grim monster. They put him as a joker on the arena for Sabbath sports; and the day that is assigned as a period of repose, thankfulness, love, and remembrance of the blessed God, is converted into a school-time of the worst passions that can afflict and excite the human heart.

It may be said, that this is not true of all classes. I grant it, and reply that although all classes visit the circus, yet the majority of the spectators is doubtless composed of the lowest ranks, requiring most moral instruction, and least addicted to reasoning. With such a population as that of the léperos of Mexico, (men scarcely a remove from the beasts whose slaughter they gloat on,) these scenes of murder, in which bulls, matadors and picadors, are often indiscriminately slain, can only serve to nourish the most wicked passions, and to nerve the ignorant and vile to deeds of most daring criminality.

It will be a matter of sincere congratulation for Mexican patriots, when this remnant of barbarism is abolished in their country, and the thousands which are annually expended in bull-fights throughout the Republic, are devoted to the education or rational amusement of the people.

## LETTER XII.

### THE VIRGIN OF GUADALUPE AND HER FESTIVAL.

THE 12th of December is the Festival of the "VIRGIN OF GUADALUPE," (the Patron Saint of Mexico;) and as the history of this personage, and the ceremonies in her honor are rather singular; and the shrine where she is worshipped is one of the most magnificent in the Republic, I will give you some account of them.

The church lies about three miles from the city, at the foot of the Sierra that rises from the plain on the north. The great Collegiate edifice is built on the level ground; but the ancient, and I believe the original chapel, is on the top of an adjacent hill. The collection of buildings, devoted to this saint, form a little village of themselves, independently of the small town, which has grown up in the process of time from the pickings and pilgrimages to the sacred shrine.

On the day in question, thousands went out to the church from the city of Mexico. From early in the morning, the magnificent paved road, built to this spot, in the palmy days of the Spanish Empire, was covered with foot-passengers, horsemen, léperos, Indians, grandees in their sumptuous coaches, and in fact by all the population of the town, who could either walk, or afford to ride at their own or others' cost. Not a vehicle was to be had in the Capital for love or money, unless begged or hired on the preceding day.

I went rather late, and found the churches crammed to suffocation; while the Archbishop recited mass, and the President and the high officers of state, seated under a canopy of crimson velvet, in the main body of the building, assisted in the service.

A large portion of the crowd was composed of léperos, in their greasy blankets; and from far and wide in the Department of Mexico, and even from some others, thousands of Indians had come to the festival, with their wives and children. In such a crowd, on a rather warm day, and in a church of ordinary size, you will readily agree with me that the odor was not exactly that of attar of roses—consequently I left them to their devotions; and, with a friend, betook myself to the open air and a survey of the premises.



Yet this could scarcely be called an escape: the crowd without seemed quite as great as that within. In the Plaza, over part of which an awning was spread for a procession at the close of the ceremonies, the Indians had erected booths where they displayed their wares, and were driving a profitable trade in trinkets, pictures of saints, &c.; a mode of speculation which they imitated from the priesthood, who, at the doors of the churches, likewise carried on a brisk business in selling to the faithful slips of crimson ribbon, about two feet long, with a pious inscription, and medals of the Holy Virgin, for sixpence a-piece. I bought one, and passed on.

In the shops around the square were all the unoccupied Mexicans. The church was too small to contain them, and they were necessarily forced to retire to these establishments; where, with their *donzellas* of the *reboso*, they luxuriated on lemonade, oranges, and sweet biscuits, varying their food and flirtations with a choice cigarrito.

At the distance of about two hundred yards from the main edifice, another chapel is erected over a spring of mineral water. This is regarded as a "holy well;" and part of the ceremonial, upon this occasion, is to dip the fingers in the sacred stream, and to make with it a sign of the cross on brow and breast. In all such seasons, none are of course more devout and more conscientious in the performance of this duty than the Indians. They believe that the Virgin herself has specially consecrated the water; and the consequence is, that a simple dip is by no means sufficient. I suppose there could not have been less than three thousand of these Indians in the village, half of whom were constantly pressing, squeezing, shouting, with their women by their sides, and their children, *in full squall*, strapped to their backs; all struggling, either to approach or leave the well. Not satisfied, however, with a dip in the water, they felt it to be a religious duty to wash; and as so many thousands were paddling in maudlin devotion, the well became necessarily fouled, notwithstanding its sacredness. In addition to this, as all could not reach the fountain itself, multitudes were obliged to content themselves with the refuse that drained along the gutters, after having served for the ablutions of the more fortunate. The consequence was, that a more besmeared set of wretches was never displayed, than when the Indians completed their pious lustrations toward evening. But even this did not exhaust their craving appetites for the sacred water; and every one who could buy, borrow, steal, or own a vessel, capable of containing liquids, bore it with him to his distant home full of the turbid flood. It was a panacea for many an ill, and perhaps superior in efficacy to a "blessed candle!"

From the door of the edifice over the well, a steep stairway strikes up the hill side of *Tepeyac*, to a church on the summit; and to this, it is the duty of all to perform a pilgrimage in the course of the day. I followed the steps of the multitude; but as the church was crowded even more densely with natives than the edifice below, I refrained from entering, and sat down on a pile of stones to enjoy a charming view of the Valley

and lakes, slumbering in the misty sunshine, as beautiful as the days of our Indian summer.

The steps and walls that led to this shrine were once in perfect order; but the mountain chapel has been neglected, and suffered to decay since the holy picture was placed in the edifice on the plain, where the *padres* are more comfortably nestled than on the spot of the miraculous gift.

As I gazed down from this elevation, I was struck with the appearance of a curious towering mass of brick and mortar, half way up the hill, that looked in the distance like a sail. Upon inquiry, I learned the following story of its erection.

Many years ago, while a wealthy Mexican was at sea, returning from Old Spain, a violent storm arose, which threatened his vessel with imminent danger. The gale grew gradually stronger; the vessel leaked; every sail was lost, and hope herself seemed to have deserted the ill-starred bark, when the Mexican bethought him of the patron Virgin of his native land. In a moment he was on his knees, with a prayer and a vow to Guadalupe—a vow, that if she listened and saved, he would build in Mexico another temple to her glory! The wind lulled—the sea became calm—a friendly vessel hove in sight—and the drowning crew was rescued.

But with the calm, the worshipper's fervor also relaxed; and on his return, instead of bestowing thousands in the adornment of at least a costly altar to the Virgin, he compromised the matter, by the erection of the *semblance of a sail in brick and mortar* on the ascending wall side! Whether he ever trusted himself at sea again after such faithlessness, the legend does not tell!

While recounting the stories of this spot, it would be improper to omit the legend of the Virgin herself; and in order that it may come with due authority, and not rest alone upon hearsay, I translate the anecdote from a sermon of the Illustrious Cardinal de Lorenzano, Archbishop of Mexico, preached by him in the Collegiate church in 1760.

"In the year 1531, ten years and four months after the conquest of Mexico, the Holy Virgin of Guadalupe appeared on the mountain of *Tepeyac*. The matter occurred thus: On the 9th of December of that year the adventurous Indian, Juan Diego, a native of Quatititlan, went to Tlaltelolco to study the Christian doctrine, inasmuch as it was there taught by certain holy Franciscan monks. Passing by the mountain, the Most Holy Virgin appeared, and told him to go, in her name, to the Illustrious Bishop Don Francisco Juan de Zumarraga, and say that she desired him to come and worship on that spot. On the 10th of the same month Juan Diego returned to the mountain, and the Holy Virgin again appeared, asking him the result of his commission. Diego replied, that notwithstanding his efforts, he could not obtain admission to the Bishop. Then, the Virgin answered, 'Return, and tell him that I, Mary the Mother of God, have sent you!' Juan Diego carefully executed the



order, but the Señor Zumarraga refused him credence: his only reply being, that he must have some token to satisfy him of the verity of the annunciation. Again Juan Diego returned to the mountain with this message of the Bishop, and delivered it to the Holy Virgin, who appeared to him on the 12th of December *for the third time*. She ordered him then to ascend the mountain of Tepeyac, *cut roses* and bring them to her. The humble and happy messenger went, notwithstanding he knew full well that on the mountain there were not only no roses, but no vegetation of any kind. Nevertheless, *he found the flowers* and brought them to Mary! She threw them in the *tilma* (a part of Indian dress) and said to him, 'Return once more to the Bishop and tell him that these flowers are the credentials of your mission.' Accordingly, Juan Diego immediately departed for the episcopal residence, which, it is said, was then in the house called the Hospital del Amor de Dios; and when he found himself in the presence of the prelate, he unfolded his *tilma* to present the roses, *when, lo! there appeared on the rude garment that blessed picture of the Virgin*, which now after centuries still exists, without having suffered the slightest injury! Then the illustrious Bishop took the image, and placed it in his oratory. It is now in this Collegiate church. The Virgin appeared again, a fourth time, to the Indian. She then restored to health his uncle, named Juan Bernardino, and told Diego—'*The image on thy tilma I wish called the Virgin of Guadalupe!*'"

Such is the story given of the sacred portrait, the original of which presides over the destinies of Mexico; whose name—"Maria de Guadalupe"—is given to one half the females of the Republic, and whose shrine is one of the wealthiest in the world. A copy of this picture is hung in every dwelling in Mexico, a household god, as dearly cherished as the little clay images were by the ancient Indians. The motto beneath, "*Non fecit taliter omni Nationi*," is full of pride and consolation.

Toward the close of the services in the church the crowd became less dense, and I ventured within. For the last half hour I obtained a good stand directly in front of the position occupied by General Santa Anna, and an opportunity was thus afforded me of seeing him at his devotions. The same refinement of manner, easy grace, and perfect decorum which characterize the well-bred Mexicans in their dwellings, adhere to them in church; and the President and his little military court fully sustained upon that occasion the reputation of their countrymen.

That night I saw him again at a ball given by General Valencia, in honor of his wife; who, being named "*Maria de Guadalupe*," enjoys this as *her* festal day as well as the saint. The ball, the music, the style, and the supper were all excellent; and although I went with a headache at ten, I did not leave the cheerful walls of the General until the "small hours" of next morning. This ball and supper, I was told by those who prepared it, cost our host the sum of near four thousand dollars; and from this, you may form an opinion of the extravagance of living and

luxuries in Mexico. A similar entertainment could have been given in the United States for less than five hundred.

Some time after the visit to Guadalupe, of which the above is a sketch, I drove out again on a quiet day when there was no ceremonial, to see the establishment undisturbed and at leisure. The *capellan* politely offered to show us over the edifice, and point out the various objects of interest.

He took us first to the sacristy, where are found some badly painted pictures and tinsel figures; and thence to the main body of the church, which, in architectural proportion and chasteness of adornment, is the *neatest* I have seen in Mexico. The ornaments are all green and gold, on a white polished surface, and have just been renewed.

Candles were lighted in front of the miraculous portrait of the Virgin; the capellan knelt for a moment before it, and then drawing aside a curtain, displayed the picture itself.



THE VIRGIN OF GUADALUPE.

The altar at the north end, and the canopy and pillars around it, are of the finest marbles. Above it, in a frame of solid gold, covered with a crystal plate, is the figure of the Virgin painted on the Indian's *tilma*, as represented in the preceding cut. On each side of the image, within the frame and extending its whole length, are strips of gold literally crusted with emeralds, diamonds and pearls. At the feet of the figure there are again large clusters of the same costly gems. From each side of the frame



issues a circle of golden rays, while above it, as if floating in the air, hangs the figure of a dove, of solid silver, as large as an eagle!

Descending from the altar, you lean on a rail of gilded silver. The massive candlesticks, and all the stands and reading-desks are of silver, as is also a score of figures, some three feet high, for lamps and torches.

From the front of the altar to the body of the church, in which are placed the choir and organ, there is another silver hand-rail and balustrade on both sides of the central aisle. The choir is of a dark rich wood, covered with the most exquisite carvings, in high relief, of passages in the life of our Saviour, and its gates are beautifully inlaid with silver. The seats of the clergymen rise above each other in a double row, and in the centre stands a massive reading-desk, most gorgeously wrought of the precious metal.

To the left of the altar, a chapel, containing a collection of sacred relics, branches off from the main edifice. The whole eastern end of this is a blaze of crystal and gilded carvings, piled up to the lofty arched roof; while on the steps are two tall India jars, that would make in Europe the fortune of a china hunter.

As I left the door of this apartment, I noticed a recently painted picture, or rather frame of pictures. It represented a series of miracles wrought by the Virgin within the last ten years. First, a husband had stabbed his wife, and yet, by a prayer to the Saint, she was healed: Second, a child, who had fallen from a window, was miraculously preserved by her intervention: Third, a woman, passing through a wood, encountered a robber, who attempted to force her; yet, an opportune ejaculation to Guadalupe winged her feet, and she escaped: Fourth, a man was thrown from his horse, and saved: Fifth, a carriage passed over another harmlessly: And Sixth, the Virgin saved a woman from being gored by a bull.

As I passed around the church, I saw a variety of similar mementoes hung upon the walls—little pictures of sick women—of others praying—silver arms and legs, and even little waxen ones. In one place I noticed two braids of hair; the vow, doubtless of some poor Indian, and perhaps her most precious gift. I was told in Mexico, by a person who has seen it, that the native Indians at times come to this shrine, and play before the Virgin's image on their drums and flageolets.

As I passed through the door, I encountered a lépero-looking fellow, who, on one side, offered me a ticket in the "Lottery of the Virgin," while on the other, a servitor of the church held out a stock of red ribbons "with the measure of the Virgin's hands," and metal medals of Guadalupe. The latter I thought a better investment than the lottery; and buying one, which I dipped in the blessed well, I keep it as a memento of the visit and the spot.

For the curious in such matters, I give the original of a Sonnet and Verses—and the promise of Indulgences, in honor of the Virgin:

## A MARIA SANTISIMA DE GUADALUPE.

## SONETO.

Es GUADALUPANA encantadora,  
Madre del Hombre Dios y también mía,  
Bajó del cielo al Tepeyac un día  
Para ser nuestra insigne Bienhechora.  
A la presencia de tan Gran SENORA  
Fugó la sanguinaria Idolatría,  
Como la pavorosa Noche humbría  
A los primeros rasgos de la Aurora.  
Al Dios Huitzilopostli destrozaron;  
Los demás Idolillos demolieron;  
Y á Jesús en sus templos colocaron:  
Los Pueblos á su voz se convirtieron;  
Y cuanto en la Conquista les quitaron:  
En tres centurias por MARIA obtuvieron.

En tres siglos cuántas cosas  
El tiempo cruel devoró!....  
Los montes; los altos montes  
Mudaron de situación.  
Solo esa copia divina  
Cual el día en que se formó  
Permanece en un Ayate;  
Como que es obra de Dios.  
A su MADRE, ESPOSA E HIJA  
Por sí mismo la pintó,  
Donándola á los Indios  
En prueba fiel de su amor.

Esto ciertamente no hizo  
Con ninguna otra nacion:  
Bendito sea una y mil veces  
Por tan insigne favor.  
Démosle todos las gracias,  
Y sea la iluminacion,  
Las salvas y los repiques,  
Y los écos del tambor:  
La prueba de nuestro afecto;  
Y un indicio de que en nos  
Nunca entibiará el impío  
La pristina devocion.

Se suplica el adorno ó iluminacion en el Novenario; y se advierte á los fieles que los Illmos. Sres. Obispos de Puebla y Tarazona, concedieron 80 dias de indulgencia en cada cuarto de hora en que dichas Imágenes se espongan; y por cada Ave María que se rezare delante de cualquiera de ellas 500 dias: lo mismo se gana diciendo Ave María, ó solicitando devotos.—Ultimamente, el Illmo. Sr. D. Fr. José María de Jesus Be. lanzarán por sí, y los Illmos. Sres. Obispos actuales de Puebla, Michoacán, Jalisco y Durango concedió 200 dias de indulgencia por cada palabra de los devocionarios de la Sma. Sra.; por cada paso que se diere en su obsequio; por cada una de las reverencias que se le hagan; y por cada palabra de la misa que en su obsequio el sacerdote y los oyentes digeren. Otros tantos dias concede por cada cuarto de hora en que se espongan las Efigies en los balcones, ventanas e puertas para la adoracion pública.