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**Addresses Delivered at the Ceremonies
Incident to the Dedication of the
Cross of the Martyrs**

September 15, 1920

BY

**Hon. L. BRADFORD PRINCE and
Rev. DANIEL T. LAWTON, S. J.**

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
RALPH EMERSON TWITCHELL
VICE PRESIDENT

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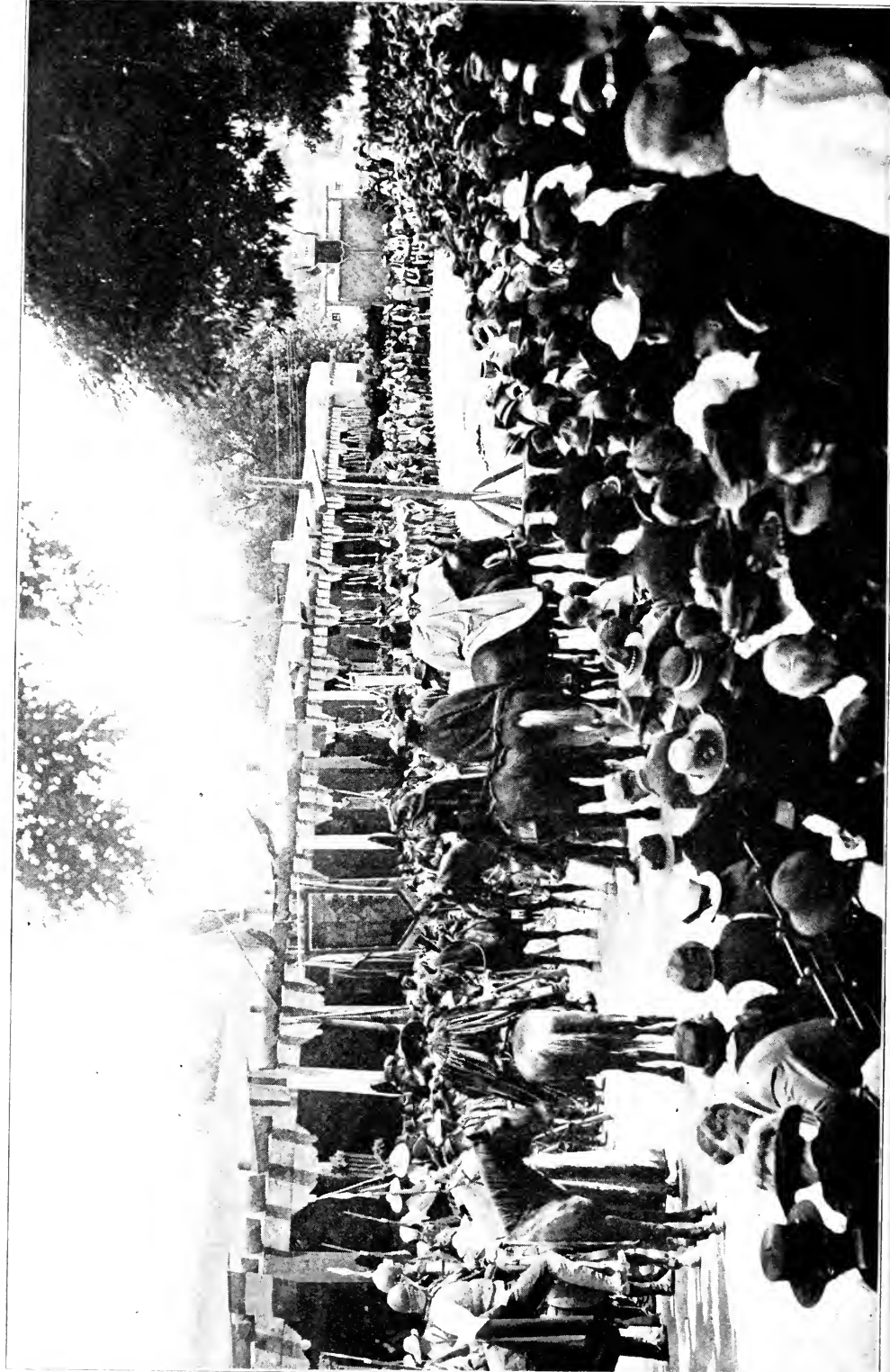
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Cross of the Martyrs.

HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION.

Crowning the heights in the northern section of the ancient capital of New Mexico, known to the early Spaniards and Pueblo Indians as Cumá, directly upon the New Mexico principal meridian, and over the Arroyo Mascaras, which drains all of the northeastern portion of the historic city, finally delivering the flood waters of a very large area into the Rio Santa Fe, in 1920 there were constructed two notable memorials, the one commemorative of the martyrdom of twenty-one Franciscan frayles, massacred by the Pueblo Indians in the Revolution of 1680, the other a utilitarian reminder of the services rendered to civilization by the Spanish pioneers in the southwestern portion of the United States in the 16th and 17th centuries, of which, New Mexico's capital, for more than two and one-half centuries, was the military, civil and ecclesiastical seat of government.

On these Heights of Cumá, seven thousand one hundred and twenty-six feet above sea level, commanding unobstructed views in all directions, close by the Camino Real from Santa Fe to Taos, which serves the localities where transpired many of the events sought to be commemorated, stands the Cross of the Martyrs, while a few hundred yards below, where the highway enters the city proper, spanning with its single arch the Arroyo Mascaras, lies the Bridge of Hidalgos, than which no more beautiful structure, combining utility with art, is to be found in all the great southwest, possessing in a marked degree the most distinguishing features and outstanding characteristics of what is known as the "Santa Fe type" of New Mexican colonial architecture.

Standing at the base of the cross, the immediate surrounding slopes dotted with clumps of cedar and juniper, to the north the skyline covers the Pajarito Plateau, the homes of the ancient cliff-dwellers, the most noted archaeological areas in all the Rocky Mountain region; the Banderier Monument or Park, the vast mountain ranges gnashed with precipitous canyon walls, and in every direction the remains of prehistoric habitation; to the East, the snow-clad slopes and peaks of the Sangre de Cristo, the Sierra Pelón and the lofty Truchas, the highest in New Mexico, where rise the perennial streams which feed the Rio Grande; to the South, the pine-clad Glorietas and a hundred miles of grass-covered plains and lesser mountain groups; while to the West, rising from the sandy plain and verdured valley of the Rio Grande, the Sandias, Valles and Jémez ranges, in the closing hours of the evening, form a noble background and setting for the brilliant colors of the most blazing sunsets in all America.

As the sun's rays gradually lengthen, the colors of the Sangre de Cristo deepen, the reds, browns and myriad greens of the colossal

slopes and stretches change into blues and lavenders and deep purples; the mountain has its moods and these are disclosed in splendid kaleid-escopic transformation. As the day vanishes and the shadows diminish and disappear, the cross and its story and environment compel appeals which are varied and tremendous.

In their gleaming beauty and nobility of outline, these monuments commemorate events in the history of the ancient capital more thrilling than any of fiction's tales, more terrible, magnificent and inspiring. The Indian massacres of 1680, the siege of Santa Fe, the heroism of the martyrs and the victory of the Spaniards over the infuriated Pueblos, are events whose details are familiar narratives from those who love Santa Fe and hallow her wonderful traditions.

It is the story of those pioneers, their service to humanity, the gray-gowned monk and the courtly cavalier, their sacrifices and their martyrdom, which lend grandeur and solemnity to these monuments. Their deeds of valor and instances of Christian faith and fortitude find no parallel in the development of civilization in aboriginal America.

The broad expanse of mountain and plain now served by the Santa Fe Railway System lying west and southwest of the Missouri river had been traversed and explored by the Spaniard before Jamestown or Plymouth. In the closing years of the 16th century permanent settlement was effected by Don Juan de Oñate, America's first great colonizer, on the banks of the Rio Grande, near the present pueblo of San Juan de los Caballeros, about thirty miles north of Santa Fe. This settlement marked the close of what has been termed by prominent historians to have been the era of discovery and exploration which had been initiated by General Francisco Vasquez Coronado in 1540.

Don Juan de Oñate was a wealthy and prominent citizen of Nueva Galicia, one of the northern provinces of New Spain. According to the best authorities, this first colonization of what is today continental United States, occurred in the years 1598-99, the entire colony consisting of about 400 men, 130 of whom were accompanied by their families. It was in July, 1598, that formal possession of the country was taken, the assertion of sovereignty of the King of Spain being declared at a meeting wherein the Indian representatives of 34 pueblos were present.

By royal decree, the Spanish sovereign, Don Felipe II, "By the Grace of God, King of Castile, of Aragon, of the Sicilies, of Jerusalem, of Portugal, of Granada, of Toledo, of Valencia, of Galicia, Mayoria, Sevilla, Yerdina, Cordoba, Coriega, Murissa, Jaen, Algarbes, Algiers to Gibraltar, the Canary Islands, the East and West Indies, the Islands and Terra Firma of the Oceans, Archduke of Austria, Duke of Borora and Molissa, etc." conferred upon Oñate and the persons who accompanied him to New Mexico and their descendants, the title of and made them "hidalgos and persons of noble lineage and lords paramount" and declared that "as such they shall be known, held and considered and shall enjoy the honors and pre-eminences, and may do all things that noblemen and gentlemen of the Kingdom of Castile can do, according

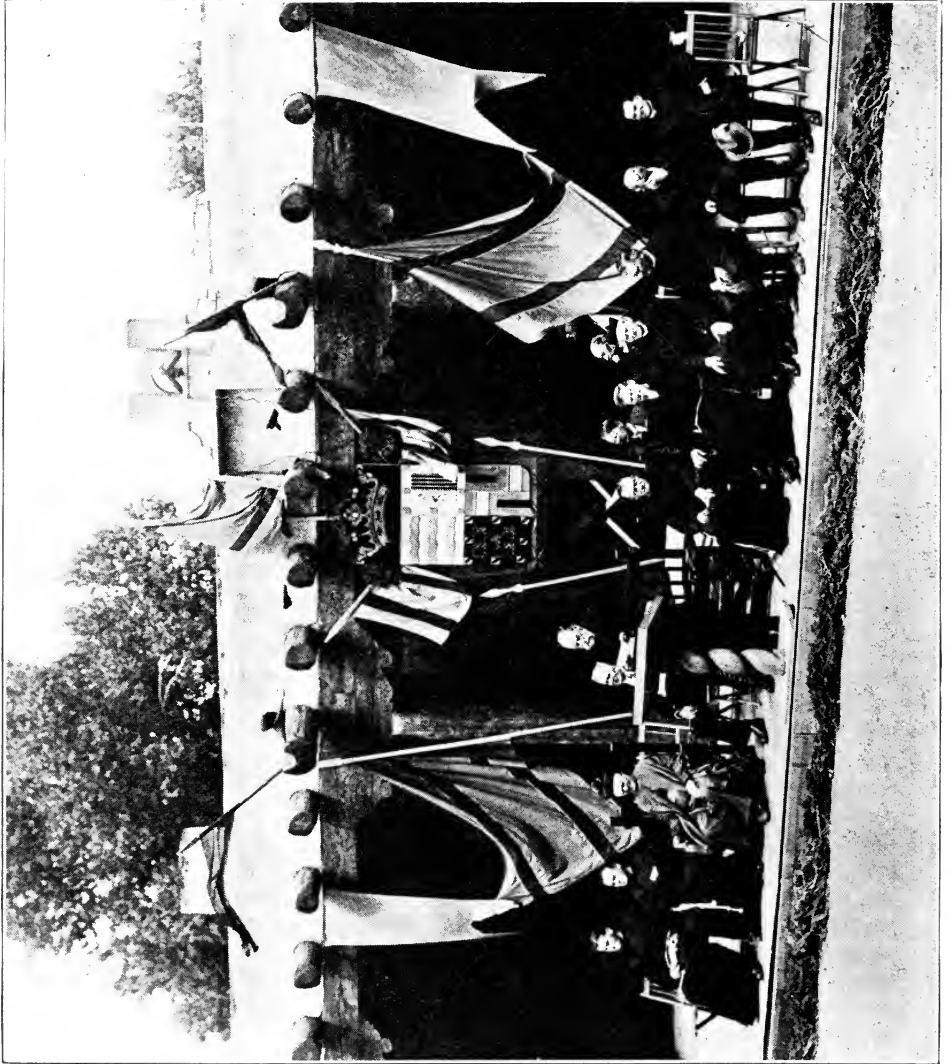
to the privileges, laws and customs of Spain." This decree was promulgated in San Lorenzo, Spain, July 8th, 1692, and was exhibited and acknowledged in the City of Mexico, June 20th, 1604.

From the days of the Oñate conquest and colonization to the expulsion of the Spaniards by the Pueblo Indians, in 1680, very little of the history of the colony, in detail, its extensions and activities, has so far been discovered in the archives of Spain or Mexico. In recent years some additions to our knowledge of the events of that period have been made, but the story of the trials and tribulations of those of Oñate's followers who remained in New Mexico, and their descendants, is clouded with tradition. The fact that so little is known is due largely to the burning of the Santa Fe archives by the Indians when they sacked the city in August, 1680.

Oñate enjoys the distinction of being the first to bring beef cattle into the country; he was, therefore, the father of the livestock industry in the United States. Of equal note is the fact that he was the first to introduce wheeled vehicles for transportation purposes. He may, therefore, be credited with the parentage of that class of service in this country. He was also the first to blaze and construct trails and highways and is entitled to the distinction of being the commander of the advance guard in highway construction. He was the builder of the oldest travelled commercial highway in the Southwest, the great Camino Real from Santa Barbara, now Jiménez, Mexico, to the Capital at Santa Fe. He was an "adelantado" in something beside the title which his royal master conferred upon him.

A few words as to the first great American colonizer may not be amiss. He was the son of Don Cristóbal de Oñate, a native of Vittoria, who came to New Spain in 1524. His mother was Doña Catalina de Salazar, a native of Granada. His father was one of the captains under Nuña de Guzmán and was rated as one of the conquerors of New Galicia. He was a founder of cities. In 1548, Don Cristóbal de Oñate was a resident of Zacatecas, where he was pre-eminently successful in mining and is stated to have been one of the wealthiest men of his time. Don Juan de Oñate was born in Mexico, but the exact date and place of his birth are unknown. He entered the service of his king early in life and was active as late as 1620. His poet biographer, Captain Gaspár de Villagrà, compares him with Columbus and Cortés. He married Doña Isabel Tolosa Cortés Montesuma, great-grand-daughter of Montesuma, grand-daughter of Cortés, daughter of Juan de Tolosa and Leonór Cortés de Montesuma. They had two children, Don Cristóbal de Oñate and Doña Maria de Oñate; the latter married the Maestre de Campo, Captain Vincente de Zaldívar.

Oñate and New Mexico are the only instances in the narratives of the New World discoveries whose history is recorded in an epic poem. Captain Villagrà describes Oñate as follows:



Courtesy of Santa Fe Magazine.
DR. L. BRADFORD PRINCE DELIVERING ADDRESS AT THE MEETING IN THE

“Assi Don Juan sin aguaradar mas plazo
Llamado de la fuerca y voz de Marte,
Y de la ilustre sangre generosa,
De todos sus maiores y passados,
Y destes grandes reyes que dezimos;
Como el prudente Griego que las armas
Del valeroso Aquiles pretendia,
Por devida justicia que alegava,
Asi dio en pretender aquesta impressa,
Por el derecho grande que tenia,
A serbiros en ella sin que alguno,
Otro mejor derecho le mostrase.”

Although nearly all of the early authorities and, as a consequence, the later writers as well, credit Oñate with being the founder of Santa Fe, there are good reasons for the belief that although he may have selected the site for this noted capital, still it may be ascertained hereafter that the city was built by Oñate's immediate successor in the captain-generalship, Don Pedro de Peralta. The fact that Captain Villagr a, who does not fail to register everything else accomplished by Oñate, fails to mention the founding of Santa Fe, although the epic was published eleven years after the conquest, is very significant and persuasive that Oñate did not build the city. He left New Mexico in 1607, and it is very doubtful whether the Villa of San Gabriel, founded by him on the banks of the Rio Grande, had been abandoned by him at that time.

Oñate and his companions and their descendants were pioneers of the hardest type. In their penetration of the then unknown far north, they carried the banner of christianity and civilization more than two thousand miles from the principal seat of Spanish government in the New World. The spirit and perseverance displayed are not surpassed by the deeds of any other colonists in America. The Spaniards had been in New Mexico three-quarters of a century when the colonists of the Massachusetts Bay were engaged in conflict with King Philip and had not penetrated a hundred miles from the inhospitable coasts of New England.

Here they remained for three-quarters of a century, with all the experiences incident to contact with the aboriginal inhabitants, building missions, converting the natives and striving to make permanent the Spanish authority.

Although the Pueblos claimed to have accepted the Christian faith, still they continued in their pagan rites and ceremonies, and the efforts of the authorities to suppress their celebration, by imprisonment of their leaders and medicine-men, finally led to the great revolt of 1680, when, in two days, over an area greater than all New England and New York combined, hundreds of settlers were mercilessly slain, twenty-one Franciscan frayles murdered in their sanctuaries, the missions

profaned and destroyed, the survivors seeking safety in two widely separated localities—one at the Capital, the other at the pueblo of Isléta, a few miles south of Albuquerque, in the valley of the Rio Grande.

Within two weeks, following desperate conflicts during which the Villa of Santa Fé was under siege, the Spanish governor and captain-general, Don Antonio Otérmin, with all the surviving settlers and soldiers, abandoned Santa Fe to the Indians, who sacked and destroyed every building in the city, with the exception of the Palace of the Governors. For thirteen years the Indians retained control of the province and it was not until 1693 that a re-conquest was effected by General Don Diego de Vargas Zapata Lujan Ponce de Leon, who stormed the walls of the city and after a most desperate battle succeeded in defeating the Indians.

The details of these historic events are too numerous for recital here. The return of the Spaniards and the great events of that period are annually celebrated in the ancient city in the ceremonies incident to the Santa Fe Fiesta, at which may be seen the most interesting and strikingly colorful pageantry to be witnessed anywhere, all of which is well worth witnessing by those who have a desire for something unique and different.

These notable monuments were dedicated on September 15th, 1920, with elaborate ceremonial. In the morning, in front of the old Palace of the Governors, an open-air meeting of the Historical Society of New Mexico was held under the most propitious circumstances, presided over by the President, Dr. L. Bradford Prince, and attended by a vast concourse of people. Upon the platform were the Rt. Rev. Antonio Fourchegu, the Rev. D. T. Lawton, S. J.; several Religious of the Order of St. Francis, officers of the Knights of Columbus and of the Historical Society. The President of the Society, after prayer by Rt. Rev. Fourchegu, delivered an address, which is produced in full.

At the conclusion of the president's address a magnificent parade, under the direction of the Knights of Columbus, was formed and proceeded to the Heights where the Cross was formally dedicated. In the parade was a beautifully decorated automobile, prepared by Mrs. L. B. Prince, containing three young ladies, appropriately costumed and representing History, Art and Literature.

The ceremonies at the Cross were conducted by the Knights of Columbus, Rt. Rev. Antonio Fourchegu having charge of the religious ritual, which was very impressive. The orator of the day was Rev. D. T. Lawton, S. J., whose address is published herewith.

RALPH EMERSON TWITCHELL.

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE CEREMONIES IN THE PLAZA BY
DR. L. BRADFORD PRINCE, PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY.

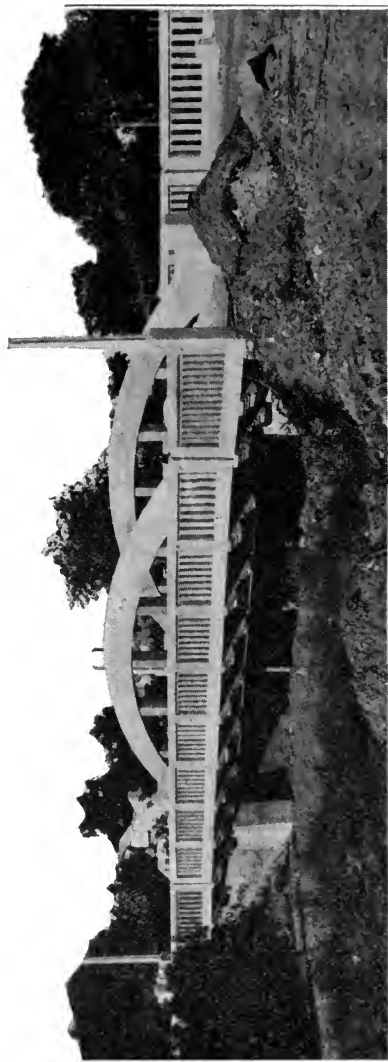
THE PUEBLO REVOLUTION AND THE RECONQUEST.

The Pueblo revolution of 1680, though short lived and without lasting result, yet is of intense interest on account of its tragic beginning and its spectacular termination. It began with the simultaneous martyrdom of more Christian missionaries than had ever sealed their faith with their blood in the New World in a single day; and it ended with one of the most brilliant achievements of daring courage, military skill and rapid action that is found in the whole history of human wars.

It was a happy thought to link in this historical Fiesta, the dedication of the Cross of the Martyrs and the celebration of the victory of De Vargas. In those days, in Spanish lands, the church and the state were closely allied, and the triumph of one was the victory of the other. The doctrines of the "Two Authorities"—of God, who ruled in Heaven, and the King, who ruled on earth, was the foundation of the instruction of the Indian; and this adds to the propriety of this union of celebration.

From the very beginning of New Mexican history, the record of the Franciscan friars is one of zeal and self-sacrifice. In the spring of 1542 when the disappointed army of Coronado concluded to abandon the great enterprises on which they had entered with such enthusiasm two years before, and started on its homeward march for the Rio Grande, through Arizona and Sonora to Mexico, three brothers of the Franciscan order who had accompanied the expedition, insisted on remaining among the Indian tribes of New Mexico in order to continue their instruction in the Christian faith. They were warned that this could only result in their destruction and they fully realized the danger, but this only added to their determination; and so, when the army left on its homeward march, these devoted men bid farewell to their nation, their kindred, their language and their civilization, and remained alone among the hostile tribes of an alien race; and soon there came to each in turn heavenly reward which he prized above all earthly things, in the coveted crown of martyrdom.

Forty years after that occurred what I consider the most touching and at the same time most inspiring scene in New Mexico history—the portrayal of which on canvas I commend to the artists of the Southwest—when the three Franciscan missionaries, Agustin Ruiz, Francisco Lopez and Juan de Santa Maria, who had come of their own volition impelled solely by a burning desire for the conversion of the heathen, across the deserts of Northern Mexico to the central Rio Grande valley, protected by a little band of soldiers under Chamuscado, finally reached the populous Pueblo Indian settlement around Puará, situated about



BRIDGE OF THE HIDALGOS.

eight miles north of the site of Albuquerque. At this point the soldiers absolutely refused to go further, on account of the danger. The friars endeavored to persuade them to continue the journey; and the soldiers in turn tried to persuade the friars to retrace their steps to Mexico. Neither would yield, and so they separated: the soldiers of the crown returned to the ease and security of their garrison life, and the Soldiers of the Cross went forward, braving danger and death, to carry the words of salvation to the heathen regions beyond.

That is the scene that should be painted—the painting of the self-ish soldiery, and the devoted aspirants for the martyr's crown, which all so soon received.

Almost exactly 100 years passed by, and then came the great event which we specially commemorate today, when no less than twenty-one devoted sons of St. Francis met their death on a single day. You are all familiar with the leading facts of the Revolution of 1680, and time will permit only the briefest narration here.

But it is important to understand the situation. The Spanish population was still very small. There had been no important accession to the original company of colonists brought in 1598 by Oñate. There was no Spanish town but Santa Fe and scarcely any other settlement except at Santa Cruz. A few farms were established at desirable points in the Rio Grande valley, and especially choice localities, as at Taos. In some of the pueblos there were a few Spanish settlers, but as a rule the only foreign residents there were the Franciscan friars living the solitary life to which they were assigned. The entire government was concentrated in Santa Fe and was far from strong or rich. There was no great incentive to draw European immigration over the long road from Spain, or even from Mexico, especially when the whole New World was open to settlement and presented attractions and chances for discovery and riches very alluring to those looking for new fields of action.

For a number of years after the colonization, the best of feeling existed between the native Pueblos and the newcomers, but, as time went on, the Spaniards began to assume greater powers, introduced European laws, and punished the natives for the least infraction of a foreign code of which they had never heard. The favorite penalty was slavery, as that provided the labor of which the colonists stood in need, especially in the mines, where the servitude was of the most harsh character.

Under the circumstances, the Pueblos naturally changed in their feelings from welcome and hospitality to hatred and a determination to expel the invaders whenever opportunity should be found. The middle of the seventeenth century was filled with a succession of revolts arising from this state of affairs. As one after another failed, either from lack of co-operation or because the project was divulged prematurely, the Indians learned that only by united and secret action

was success to be achieved; and preparations for such an uprising were cautiously discussed at the great Pueblo festivals.

What they most needed was a leader of acknowledged ability, and in the excitement which followed the severe punishment of forty-seven Indians for alleged witchcraft, in 1675, a man came into general notice who seemed well fitted for the task. His name was Popé, of the pueblo of San Juan; and he was untiring in his endeavors to unite the whole Pueblo population in a general uprising against the Spaniards.

With this object in view he traveled from town to town, urging a forgetfulness of old jealousies, and using his wonderful eloquence to great effect. In this he was ably seconded by several other natives of large influence, prominent among whom were Catiti, of Santo Domingo, Jaca of Taos, and Tacu of San Juan.

The day finally fixed on by the leaders for the uprising was August 10, 1680. Warned by previous failures, every means was used to secure secrecy. Not a woman was entrusted with the secret, and so intense was the feeling that Popé killed with his own hand his son-in-law Nicholas Bua, the governor of San Juan, because he was believed to be disloyal. But even all these precautions did not suffice, for on the eighth of August two Indians of Tesuque revealed the whole plot to Governor Otérmin, and other Indians at San Lázaro and San Cristóbal gave information to Father Bernal, the Franciscan custodio.

The fact that they were betrayed was immediately known by the Pueblo leaders, who saw that their only chance of success now lay in immediate action. Orders were consequently issued, and that very night, in all the pueblos, except those far distant, every Spaniard was slaughtered without regard to age or sex, except a few girls reserved for wives for the young braves. The news of this general massacre naturally created consternation at the capital. Otérmin sent messengers through the territory directing the people at the north to concentrate at Santa Fé, and those of the south at Isleta, and immediately set about fortifying the capital.

The outlying houses were abandoned, and all the inhabitants gathered in the plaza, the entrances to which were closed and fortified, and the palace put into condition to stand a siege.

Before the preparations were completed, the Tanos Indians were seen marching over the plains from the south. A desperate battle ensued, the Indians fighting with great energy, and the Spaniards having gradually to bring out their whole force to take part in the contest. The destruction of the natives was terrific, but by their superior numbers they were able to hold their ground until the appearance of the Tehuan army on the hills north of the city compelled Otérmin to withdraw his forces within the walls and prepare for the combined attack to be expected on the morrow.

No such assault, however, took place, as the Indians preferred the safer method of a regular siege. They invested the city closely on all sides and cut off the water supply, which soon produced great distress.

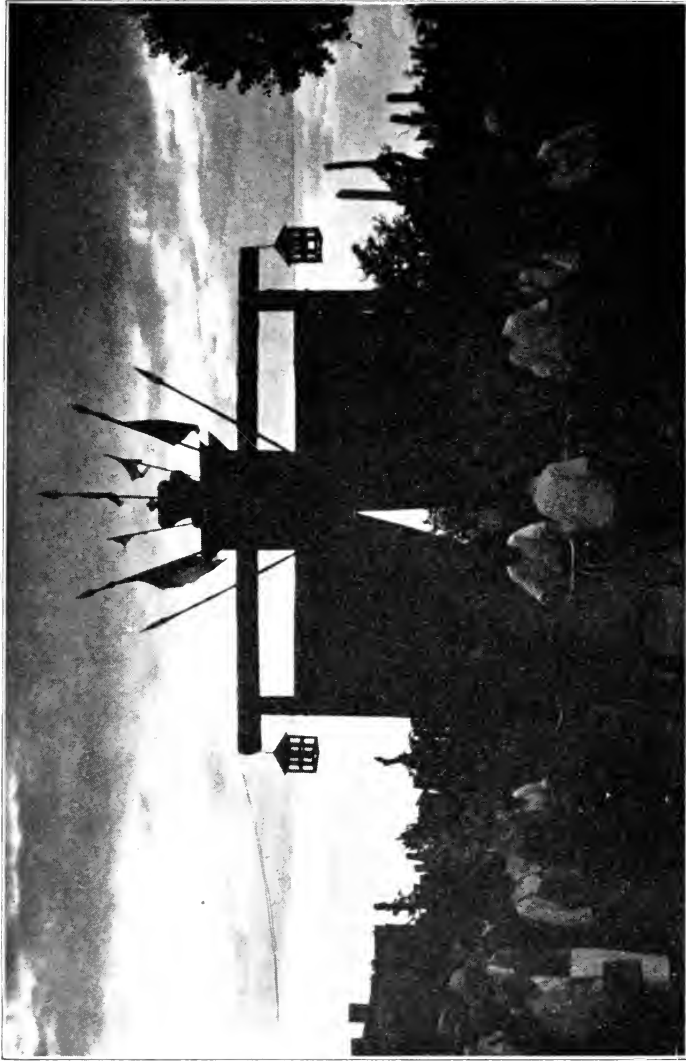
As there was no hope of relief from without, the Spaniards finally determined to make a sortie in force; and this was gallantly executed on August 19th, the Indians being forced back with the loss of forty-seven prisoners. But even such successes were too dearly bought, and though the Spaniards executed all the prisoners in the Plaza, yet a council of war concluded that in view of the scarcity of provisions it would be better to evacuate the town. Preparations were accordingly made during the night of the 20th, and at early dawn the next morning the whole population mournfully started on their long march to the south. There were not even horses enough to carry the sick and wounded, so that the women and children as well as the men had to proceed on foot, carrying all their property and provisions in bundles on their backs. Meanwhile, the Indians stolidly viewed them from the surrounding hills, making no attack, but well content so long as the intruders were leaving the country.

The Spaniards continued their march down the river suffering many privations but finally uniting with their more southern brethren and making their winter quarters near Paso del Norte.

The Revolution of 1680 was complete.

Thus in the brief space of a few weeks the work of years was undone, not a Spaniard remaining in freedom in the province, and the old Pueblo authority was everywhere supreme. The new rulers were determined to obliterate every trace of the domination of their enemies. At Santa Fé the churches and monastery were burned amid the wildest acclamations. The gorgeous vestments of the priests were worn in derision by the natives and then destroyed. All the official documents and books were brought forth from the palace and burned in one vast bonfire in the Plaza; and there also they danced the "cachina" with all the superstitious ceremonies of the old religion. Those who had been baptized were washed with amole in the Santa Fé river, in order to be cleansed from Christianity. Baptismal names were discarded, Christian marriages annulled, the mention of the names of Jesus and Mary prohibited, and estufas were everywhere substituted for the destroyed churches.

But that which attracted more world-wide attention than the loss of a remote province almost at the end of the earth, was the killing of the twenty-one Franciscan missionaries whose lives were taken on that fatal day. They were revered as martyrs to their devotion and their zeal in the cause of Christianity. The peculiar ferocity and cruelty shown in their destruction added to the appreciation of their virtues. Time will not permit any detail here of the varied manner of their deaths, nor even the enumeration of their names, but they will be enduringly graven on the Cross of the Martyrs. Suffice it, that every death was glorious and that the names are inscribed in the everlasting register above, of those who gave their lives a willing sacrifice for their Christian faith.



Courtesy of Santa Fe Magazine.

CLOSE OF THE 1920 FIESTA.

The Franciscan order had never before suffered such a loss of its members at one time—such a wholesale massacre of its missionaries.

While a sad blow, from one point of view, it was a crowning glory to the order, from another. Its authorities in Mexico determined to render every possible honor to the memory of those who thus suffered, and to emphasize the lessons taught by their martyrdom. Their bodies covered with grievous wounds and in some cases mangled and mutilated, lay unburied in the scattered pueblos of New Mexico, where they had labored; it was not possible to give to them even the humblest burial; but a magnificent funeral service for the entire twenty-one was held in the great Cathedral of Mexico—the largest temple of worship in the New World—in the succeeding spring in the presence of the vice-roy of New Spain and all the civil and ecclesiastical magnates of Spanish North America; and the most celebrated orator of the Continent, Dr. Isidro Sariñana y Cuenca, was selected as the preacher for this great occasion.

I hold in my hand a copy of the sermon then delivered, printed at the time in the City of Mexico, which I have borrowed for the moment from the rooms of the Historical Society, where it is the most precious of their historic treasures. But one other copy existed in the world, its money value is far more than its weight in gold, but if it was balanced against diamonds it would still outweigh them as an authentic contemporaneous tribute to the memory of the heroic dead.

Thus we have seen the Pueblo independence fully established and not a Spaniard left within the boundaries of New Mexico to interfere with the ancient customs of the people.

Of the history of its brief continuance and the re-establishment of Spanish control, time will permit but a bare outline.

Among the Pueblos, Popé was naturally recognized as the leader and showed much ability but gradually developed an arbitrary spirit which affected his influence, and finally died leaving Catiti as his successor. Meanwhile dissensions arose among the Indians themselves. The differences between the four leading nations comprised in the Pueblo towns became accentuated, inattention to planting caused scarcity of food, and this was followed by the desertion of a number of villages and the destruction of others by their hungry neighbors. It seemed as if the Indian people during the century of Spanish subjugation had forgotten their old wisdom and become unfitted for self-government. Instead of consolidating their power they prepared the way for a re-conquest.

On the part of the Spaniards there were repeated attempts to recover the lost province, and expeditions from the new capital near El Paso were of almost yearly occurrence. The first of these was under Governor Otérmin in 1631 and reached as far north as Santo Domingo, but found little but deserted villages, and returned on the coming of winter. Under the succeeding governors, Cruzate and Posada, there were several expeditions, in one of which a severe battle was fought at

Zia, but any success was but temporary and the country remained in Indian hands.

The King of Spain expressed strong interest in the recovery of the lost province, and in order to achieve results, in 1691, appointed as governor, Don Diego de Vargas Zapata Lujan Ponce de Leon, a man of great energy, of superior military ability, and withal a master of diplomacy; and who has since been the popular hero of New Mexican history.

On arriving at Paso del Norte De Vargas was greatly disappointed at the small force available for action, and delayed by troubles with tribes near at hand. At length his patience was exhausted, and without waiting longer for re-inforcements, on August 21, 1692, he started to recover the vast territory to the north, with but 60 Spanish soldiers and 100 friendly Indians. But he relied more on swiftness of action than on numbers of troops. Although there were no roads, he marched rapidly up the Rio Grande valley, through a number of Pueblo towns, and at 4 o'clock of the morning of September 13th, came in sight of the villa of Santa Fe which no Spaniard had seen since the departure of Otermin twelve years before.

They found the town walled and entrenched, and the Palace building converted into a fortress. It was thickly populated, and Indians who had heard of the coming of De Vargas were arriving from neighboring pueblos to aid in the defense of the city. It was evident that the forcible capture of the capital would be a difficult and dangerous undertaking, but by soft words and pacific assurances the General won over some of the leading Indians, and finally was permitted, on the following morning, to enter the town with one priest and six unarmed soldiers, for consultation. This was a dangerous experiment but De Vargas did not hesitate a moment. "That is nothing," he said. "Who will not risk himself in order to obtain an illustrious name?"

This resulted in an arrangement whereby all Indians were forgiven for their rebellion on their return to the bosom of the Church and allegiance to the Spanish king; and thereupon ensued the ceremony in the Plaza, in which the governor and the priest took the leading part, and which marked the date of the final re-entry of the Spaniards into New Mexico, which we celebrated here yesterday.

After a short time spent in meeting delegations from other pueblos and conferring with Luis Tumatú, the leading chieftain since the death of Popé and Catití, De Vargas with characteristic energy started with his little army to visit the pueblos of the north. Starting on September 29th he stopped at Tesuque that night and by October 8th had visited all of the eleven pueblos then existing as far north as Taos, and received the submission of the people of each in turn without striking a blow or firing a gun. Returning to Santa Fe he made a separate expedition to Pecos, thence to the pueblos of the Queres nation and to Acoma, and, not satisfied with such a march, continued westward to Zuñi and thence to the almost inaccessible Moqui towns. The winter

had now commenced in earnest, and as no permanent settlement could be made at that season, the governor marched by a direct course to Socorro and thence to El Paso, where he arrived on December 30th for winter quarters.

During this remarkable expedition he marched over 1500 miles, received the submission of every pueblo in New Mexico, and secured the baptism by the Franciscan priests of over 2,200 Indian children. For swiftness of movement and fruitfulness in results it ranks with the most notable achievements of military history.

Time will not permit further details of the reconquest which culminated in the dramatic scene that we saw vividly represented on this historic spot last evening. The whole formed a solid foundation for the high position which De Vargas holds in New Mexican history as its typical hero and the most illustrious character of the entire Spanish era of two and a quarter centuries.

I know you will be interested to see the document which I now present to your attention, which is entirely in the handwriting of this great warrior and statesman and is signed by him with his name and title in full. It cannot well be examined here, but this precious relic is on public exhibition in the rooms of the Historical Society, which is indebted for the possession of such a valuable treasure to the generosity and public spirit of Col. Twitchell.

I leave the subject here, but I cannot refrain from a word of praise and congratulation to those who have made this Fiesta such a notable success. It commemorates a great historic event and this year it has accomplished its purpose magnificently. The union of this annual commemoration of the reconquest, with the dedication of the Cross of the Franciscan martyrs was indeed a felicitous idea worthily carried into effect. It is specially appropriate this year when all, without regard to race or creed, rejoice that the great missionary order which introduced Christianity into New Mexico has returned to its old domain of religious labor and has received the highest mark of appreciation of its work and its sacrifices in the appointment of the new Archbishop of Santa Fe. To the distinguished representatives of the Order of St. Francis here present we offer our sincere congratulations; and to all who have assisted in making this occasion so great a success we present our thanks and highest meed of praise.

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE DEDICATION OF THE CROSS OF
THE MARTYRS, AT SANTA FE, N. M.
SEPTEMBER, 1920.

Prefacing his address by the statement that he had been called upon at the last moment to replace the appointed speaker. Rev. Father Lawton spoke, in substance, as follows:

Monsignor, Very Reverend and Reverend Fathers, Honorable Members of the Historical Society of New Mexico, Worthy Knights of Columbus, Ladies and Gentlemen:

What, it may be asked, is the meaning of our presence here today? Why, under the azure canopy of a New Mexican sky, are we grouped around this majestic monument of adamant masonry? Is it, in obedience to an honorable instinct of the human heart, to pay the tribute of our honor and respect to the memory of some world hero who, by dint of high enterprise, has written his name, in letters of light, athwart the luminous pages of the world's history? No, not for this purpose, noble though it be, are we here today. We are here to posit, as a fitting climax to the pomp and pageant of the high festival we have been celebrating, our heartfelt appreciation, of those sainted Catholic heroes who fell victims to the insensate fury of savage tribes, over 250 years ago; of men, whose memories are a rich legacy of inspirational idealism not merely for the people of this section of our country which was the theatre of their apostolic activities, but for all mankind. For humanity ever stands in need of examples of nobleness, tenderness, and heroism to keep alive its natural dignity, and hold it on the right side of the line that separates the beasts that perish from the souls that cannot die.

These men, to perpetuate whose memories this cross has been reared, under the inspiration of a Christian ideal, bade adieu to home and country, to friend and relation, to all that was dear to them in this life, and in far, foreign land, bravely bore the loneliness of exile, the privations of poverty, and finally the agony of violent death, in order to open up to the brutified mind of the sensual savage the knowledge of his supernal destiny, and give to his untutored soul's aspirations a higher direction and a nobler aim, to make him realize the fact, that Christianity, and Christianity alone, is the only agency that can sanctify childhood, inspire youth, ennoble manhood, and fill the declining years of decrepit old age with the prospect of a future felicity that is destined not to fade.

Pilgrims of history, as we are today, we see, in those men pioneers of civilization worthy our admiration and gratitude; but we also behold them transfigured and spiritualized and dominated by one absorbing

purpose: the spread of the glad evangel of Christianity, and the recognition of the sovereignty of Christ in the world He conquered by His blood.

This one idea was the main-spring of their lives; the power behind their every purpose, the working principle of their every activity.

Addressing an assembly as intelligent as this, it were superfluous to dilate at any length on the life-work of these heroic men. You have lovingly lingered on every phase of their varied careers, you have witnessed in realistic drama, and picturesque pageant within the past few days how inseparately connected with the beginnings of civilization in this section of our country the apostolic activities of these Friars have been. You know how hard and steep and briar-bestrewn their life-path was, how fierce and relentless their savage foes, how pitiless the persecution to which they were subjected at the hands of their own countrymen; and yet, withal, how valiantly they fought, panoplied in the patience of the apostle, and animated with the zeal of the saint. Leonidas at the gap of Thermopylae, Horatius at the bridge that spanned the Tiber, never fought as they fought, for theirs was a spiritual combat. Rebutted, and reviled, mocked and maligned, they never faltered, never quailed, never grew faint; and, when done to death by demoniac design, they stood with martyr's palm before the Great White Throne of God. He found their honor white, their souls untarnished, and their indomitable spirit unconquered still.

It was their unswerving fidelity to a supernatural ideal that differentiated them from the merely mundane pioneer of civilization, and rendered intelligible their lives of heroic self-sacrifice and desistless devotedness. The persistent promptings of the faith that was in them furnished that zeal for the extension of the Kingdom of God which was their outstanding characteristic. Theirs was the ever-present purpose to light the lamp of faith in the soul of the savage, emancipate him from the thralldom of satanic superstition, shake off the shackles of his sensual servitude and make him free with the freedom of the children of God. Theirs the task to teach him the dignity of his nature, the glory of his destiny, by making him realize that there was something more beyond the grave than the gloom of annihilation and the horrors of decay.

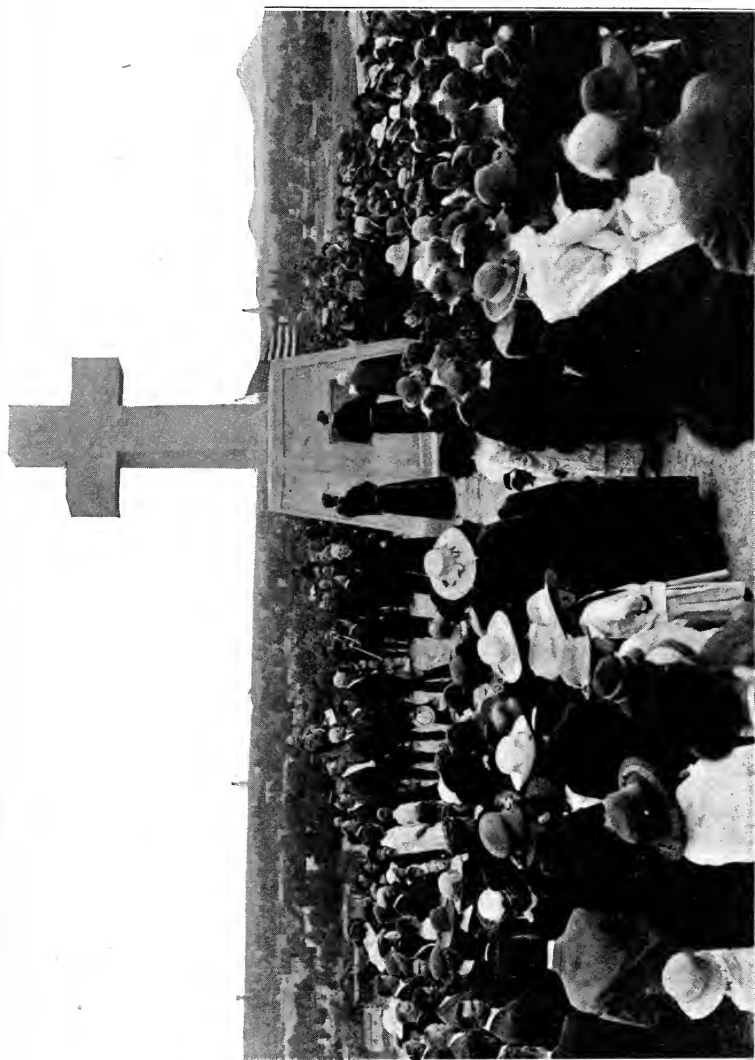
The evangelical zeal of these men is a mystery to the modern world. Steeped to the lips, as it is, in materialism, it cannot see in it another manifestation of God's dealings with the world He has made, for, my friends, to the thoughtful and unbiased student of history, there is ample evidence that God has had His varied media of communication with His creatures in every period of the world's history since He walked with Adam in the glades of Eden 6,000 years ago. His will was made manifest to His creatures in the still, small voice of their conscience, approving right and condemning wrong, for 2500 years before He promulgated it in written law, midst the lightning's flash and the thunder's roar on Sinai's mount. He spoke by the mouth of Patriarch

and Prophet throughout the waiting years of the Hebrew dispensation and at last He spoke, in the full accents of a complete revelation, when "The Word Was Made Flesh and Dwelt Amongst Us."

His directive word translated into a sublime code of conduct by the God man has transformed the world, and when the clouds of Olivet closed around the receding figure of the Christ, the influence of His communication still endured. Ever ancient but always new, the message of the Almighty had for its object the moulding of the soul of man to an exemplar that was nothing lower or less than His own Divine perfections. If we scrutinize the pages of history, we shall find this statement borne out by facts. We shall find each succeeding age as it passed stamped with a character peculiarly its own. Each one hugged to its heart its own peculiar prepossessions, and paraded prejudices proper to itself. It blatantly boasted its own superiority or secretly deplored its degradation, but God was with them all and had for each, its own suitable message, vested, it might be in the garb of novelty, but as old withal, and as changeless as God Himself.

In the days of pagan persecution it was the inspiration of that fearless fidelity to faith, that sublime disdain of personal consequences that sent tottering age, and vigorous manhood, and tender youth and prattling children down into the arenas of the Roman Empire, to seal with the testimony of their heart's best blood, their undying devotion to the one true God. When the peace of Constantine was proclaimed, that message permeated the pages of the Church's apologists whose arguments silenced the sophisms of schism and halted the havoc of heresy. Adown the ages ignorantly, or maliciously called dark, that message was heralded still. It sounded in the silent cells of mediaeval monasteries, making music to the hearts of those myriad monks who transmitted it, in marvellous manuscript to an ungrateful and a poorly appreciative posterity. That message was heard again inspiring the impassioned harrangues of Peter the Hermit and Bernard of Clairvaux which fired the hearts of the Crusaders to wrest from Moslem marauders the soil made sacred by the sojourn of the Savior. Again was it heard in the systematized theology of Thomas Aquinas which saved the Church from the spurious culture of the Renaissance that threatened to rear upon the ruins of Christianity the feculent fabric of a resurrected paganism.

But why accumulate instances to prove a statement so patent? Why give a seemingly undue prominence to a theme apparently irrelevant? It is, my friends, to emphasize the fact that God's message is audible still. Yes, He has His message even for this materialistic age, this age that stands laurel-crowned queen of the centuries by reason of its marvellous triumphs in every field of human endeavor; this age that within the brief span of a century, has revolutionized the ideas, the industry, the manners and the intercourse of the 6,000 years that preceded its coming; the age that is flashing its thought by wireless telegraphy, peering into opaque substances by Roentgen ray, soaring to



Courtesy of Santa Fe Magazine.

DEDICATION CEREMONIES SEPTEMBER 15, 1920.

Rt. Rev. Antonio Fourchegu in Charge of Ritual.

aerial altitudes on the wings of mechanical marvels, and diving to ocean depths in cunning craft; the age that while boasting its progress, is using its God-given faculties as if human existence were measured by the brief span between the cradle and the grave.

And what is God's message to this age? And verily does it need a message? The almost every endeavor of its various agencies is to extinguish the light of faith in the human mind, and to quench the fire of charity in the human heart. Its sophists are reasoning Revelation into a myth, its scientists are making of the God we adore, a cynical synonym for the physical forces of nature. Its sociologists are dowering instincts that are animal, and passions that are pagan, with a dignity to which we must defer, and investing them with an authority, that it would be rash to repudiate and folly to deny, while its legislators abrogate as antiquated the very laws that are the bulwark of society. What then is God's message to our age? It is the call of the laity to an apostolate of zeal, zeal for the interests of God, zeal for the welfare of mankind.

And never was a call more opportune. Look out on the world today. Gaze on the countless millions of its many climes, listen to the throbbings of its mighty heart, scrutinize the schemes of conscienceless ambition. Harken to the riots of revelry in the salons of society, and the cries of hunger in the war-ravaged countries of Europe, feel the feverish pulse of labor in its conflict with capital; and all, all these discordant voices seem to be lending volume to swell that chorus whose impious refrain is but an echo of the cry of the fool of Holy Writ: "Non est Deus! there is no God.

That call of the laity is being heard and heeded in the world today. Men are beginning to see that there can be no recognized brotherhood of man without an acknowledged fatherhood of God. Devoted souls are teaching them by the persuasive eloquence of example, the sanctity of service. In our country alone, three-quarters of a million of the flower of our population are banded together for the exercise of Christian charity and Christian brotherly love. This knightly organization, in laudable co-operation with the Historical Society of New Mexico has reared this majestic monument, not merely to perpetuate the memory of the martyred missionaries, but also to demonstrate the fact that they have heard and heeded the message of God to this our age.

The merciful motive that brought the Son of God from His heavenly home and nailed Him to a cross, that brought the sons of Saint Francis from their native land is not extinct, it is animating millions in the world today for the betterment of mankind. This monument is destined to serve as a perpetual appeal for the practice of that charity which it symbolizes, that charity so beautifully exemplified in the lives of those intrepid heroes to whose memory it is dedicated. Fitting was it that this monument should take the form of a cross, for, from an abhorred instrument of infamy the cross has become the inspiration of all that is loftiest in thought, purest in fancy, staunchest in truth, brav-

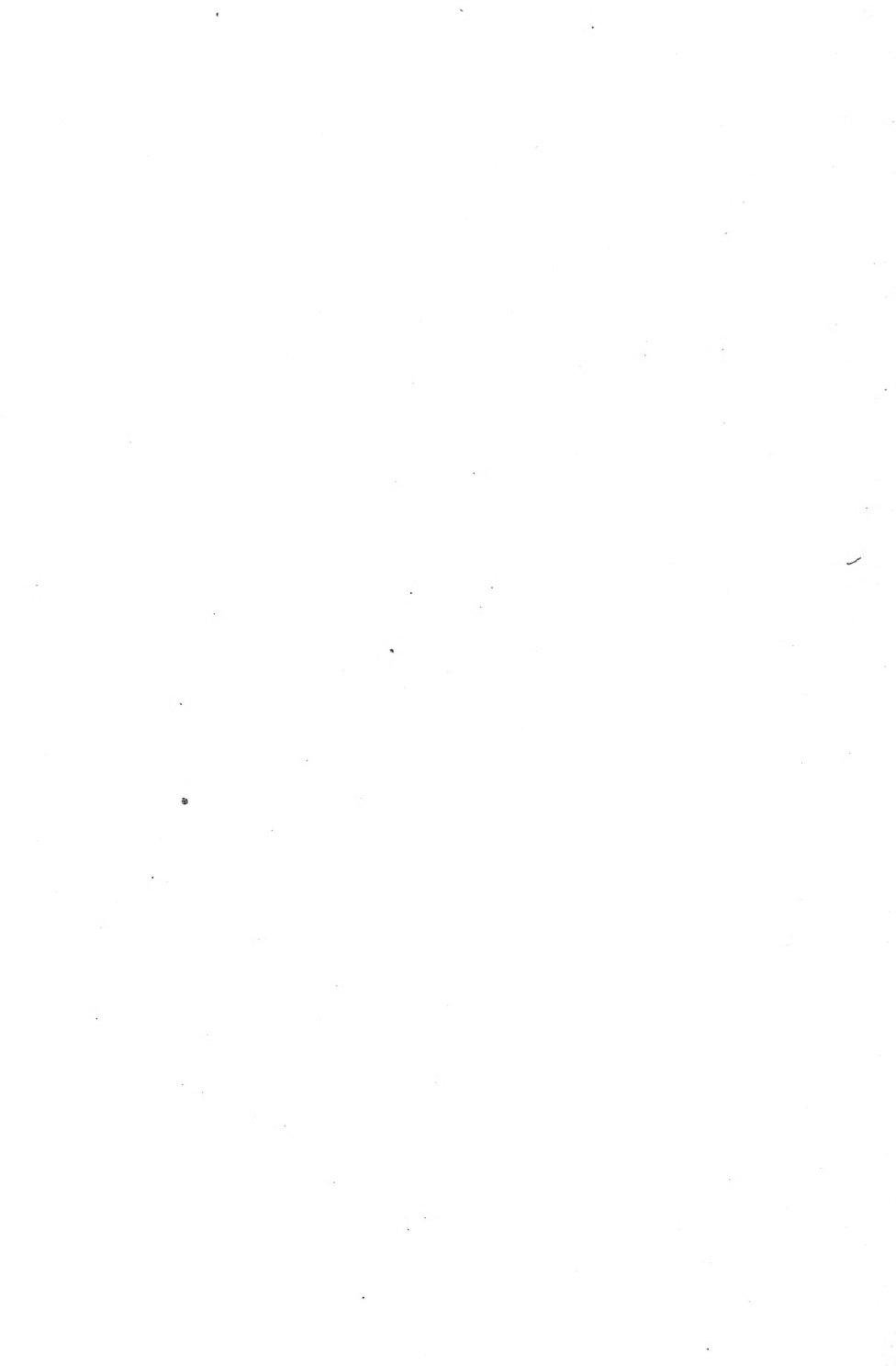
est in enterprise, generous in kindness, patient in grief, heroic in courage, and unassuming in sacrifice; that has been its history for 2,000 years, and that is destined to be its history in the years that are to be. The selfish, sordid, and evil influences which we bewail in the world today may gain a temporary triumph. The nations that ride so buoyantly on a sea of material prosperity today may be broken tomorrow by the breakers of Bolshevism, beached on the sands of Socialism, or wrecked on the rocks of revolution, but the Cross will still be found in the world, still be found bearing on its message of Faith, teaching its lessons of zeal, eloquent in its exhortations to self-sacrifice and heroic devotedness; will still be found, inspiring the sublimest service, lighting up anew in the minds of men the light of faith; still be found, consecrating, vivifying, and energizing all that is grand and ennobling in the heart of man; still be found, communicating to art all that is beautiful, and to science all that is true, supplying to the soul of man satisfying knowledge and to his heart that peace which the world can neither give nor take away.

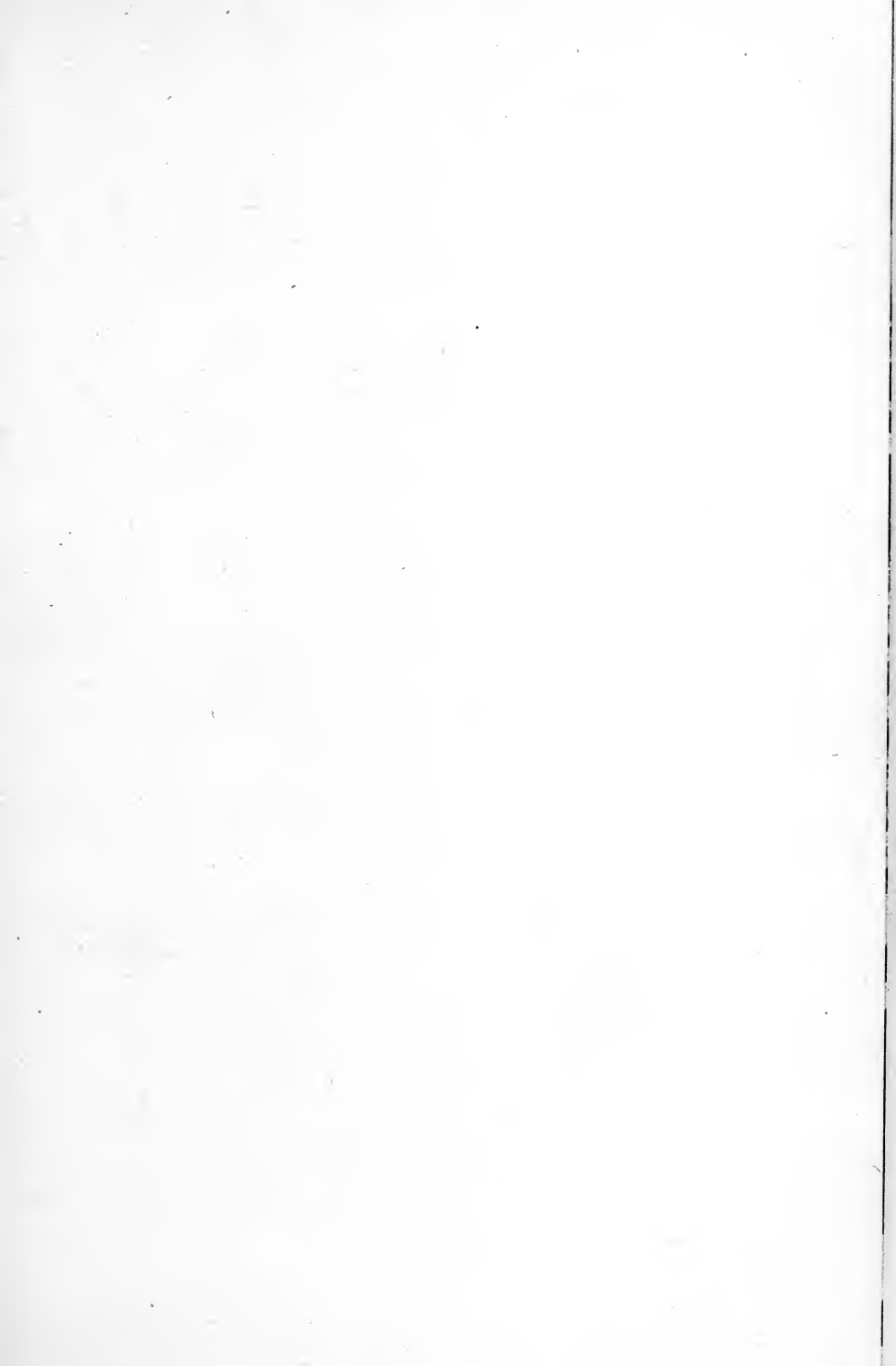
Two hundred and fifty years have elapsed since the blood of Franciscan friars fertilized these then remote regions. By an almost poetic justice the Franciscan friar is once more amongst you. Your reverend archbishop is allied to those martyrs not merely by affinity of faith, but also by the bonds of spiritual brotherhood. Your spiritual guides are of their fraternity, and to them I turn and say: In this Cross you have an abiding incentive in your ministrations. Look up to it for courage in your moments of despondency, when the apathy or the hostility of your people would cause you to lose heart and with faith-illumined vision see above it what Constantine saw of old, the cheering assurance of ultimate victory.

Something would be wanting to the completeness of this imposing ceremony were we to neglect to give expression to the sentiments of grateful appreciation, which I am sure find a home in the heart of each one of us, for the untiring efforts of those who have made this monument manifest in our midst.

In the name of this vast assembly, ay, and I make bold to say, in the name of the whole people of New Mexico, I thank the Historical Society of the state for their intelligent co-operation in this great enterprise. I thank the Knights of Columbus for its conception and execution and last, but by no means, least, I thank that erudite and enthusiastic gentleman, to whose public spirit, ardent zeal, and efficient organization the magnificent pageants of the past week are, in great part due: Colonel Ralph E. Twitchell.

I thank you.





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