

Hercules built the tower; and placed in it a mirror, so constructed by his art magic, that all

tised of the property of the glass, filled his galleys with white things and green boughs and leaves, that in the looking-glass they appeared no other but a wood; whereby the Corognians, not knowing of any other thing than their glass shewed to them, did not furnish them with men of arms, as they had been accustomed to when their enemies came, and thus Nebuchadonozar took the city in a morning, destroyed the looking-glass and the lamp. When the tower was made, Hercules caused to come thither all the Maids of the country, and willed them to make a solemn feast in the remembrance of the death of Gerion.

This is originally an oriental fiction, as a similar tale is told of the Pharos at Alexandria.

Le Geographe Persien au climat 3e. parlant d'Alexandrie ou ce climat commence, dit que dans cette ville qu'Alexandre fit bâtir sur le bord de la mer Mediterranée, ce grand Prince fit construire un Phare qui passe pour être une des merveilles du monde; dont la hauteur étoit de 180 coudées, au plus haut duquel il fit placer un miroir fait par l'art talismanique, par le moyen duquel la Ville d'Alexandrie devoit toujours conserver sa grandeur et sa puissance, tant que cet ouvrage merveilleux subsisteroit.

Quelques-uns ont écrit que les vaisseaux qui arrivoient dans ce port, se voyoient de fort loin dans ce miroir. Quoï qu'il en soit, il est fort célébré parmi les Orientaux. Les Persans appellent ce Phare, Le Miroir d'Alexandrie. Ils disent que la fortune de la Ville y étoit attachée, parceque c'étoit un Talisman. *D'Herbelot.*

vessels in that sea, at whatever distance, might be beheld in it.*

They who are not versed in the black letter classics, will be surprised to find Hercules metamorphosed into a Necromancer. I subjoin one more specimen of his art magic. "After this Hercules went to the city Salamanque, and forasmuch as it was well inhabited, he would make there a solemn study, and did make in the earth a great round hole in manner of a study, and he set therein the seven liberal sciences, with many other books. Then he made them of the country to come thither to study; but they were so rude and dull, that their wits could not comprise any cunning of science. Then, forasmuch as Hercules would depart on his voyage, and would that his study were maintained, he made an image of gold unto his likeness, which he did set up on high in the midst of his study, upon a pillar: and made so by his art, that all they that came before this image, to have declaration of any science, to all purposes and all sciences the image answered, instructed and taught the scholars with students, as if it had been Hercules in his proper person. The renown of this study was great in all the country, and this study dured after the time that St. James converted Spain unto the Christian faith."

It may be doubted whether there has ever been so good a head of a College at Salamanca, since it became a "seminary for the promulgation of sound and orthodox learning."

* Don Joseph Cornide; a member of the Royal Academy of History, has published his investigations con-

We waited on the General of Galicia, to produce our passports, and obtain permission to

cerning the watch tower. He gives the inscription thus :

MARTI
 AVG. SACR.
 G. SEVIVS.
 LVPVS
 AR***TECTVS
 AF*****SIS
 LVSITANVS EX V°.

He fills up the second blank by Aflaviensis, and inferring from thence that the tower could not have been built before Vespasian, because no towns were called after the Flavian name, before the Flavian family obtained the empire, conjectures it to have been the work of Trajan. In after ages it was used as a fortress; and thus the winding ascent on the outside, which was wide enough for a carriage, was destroyed. In this ruinous state it remained till towards the close of the last century, when the English and Dutch Consuls, resident in Coruña, presented a memorial to the Duque de Uceda, then Captain General of the kingdom, stating the benefit that would result to the port if this tower was converted into a lighthouse, and proposing to raise a fund for repaying the expences, by a duty on all their ships entering the harbour. In consequence of this, a wooden stair-case was erected within the building, and two turrets for the fires added to the summit. Cornide supposes the following inscription, which is in his possession, to have been placed on this occasion :

travel with arms; for, without permission, no man is in this country allowed to carry the

LVPVS CONSTRVXIT EMV
 LANS MIRACVLA MEMPHIS
 GRADIBVS STRAVIT YLAM
 LVSTRANS CACVMINE NAVES

A more complete repair was begun in the reign of Carlos III. Under the present King it has been completed, and these inscriptions placed one over each entrance.

CAROLI III. P. AVG. P. P.
 PROVIDENTIA
 COLLEGIVM MERCATORVM
 GALLAECIAE
 NAVIGANTIVM INCOLVMITATI
 REPARATIONEM
 VETVSTISSIMAE AD BRIGANTIAM PHARI
 D. S.
 INCHOAVIT
 CAROLI III OPT. MAX.
 ANNO II.
 ABSOLVIT.

The other is in Spanish.

REINANDO CARLOS IV.
 EL CONSULADO MARITIMO
 DE GALICIA
 PARA SEGURIDAD DE LOS NAVEGANTES

means of self-defence. I expected dignity and *hauteur* in a Spanish Grandee, but found neither the one nor the other. His palace is a paltry place; and the portraits of the king and queen in his state-room, would be thought indifferent sign-posts in England.

I have been introduced to a poet and philosopher. The face of Akenside was not distinguished by more genius, or the dress of Diogenes by more dirt, than characterised my new acquaintance. We met at the Consul's this evening, and conversed a little in Latin; not without difficulty, so very different was our pronunciation. We talked of the literature of

CONCLUYO A SUS EXPENSAS
 EN EL AÑO DE 1791.
 LA REPARACION
 DEL MUY ANTIGUO FARO
 DE LA CORUNA
 COMENZADA EN EL REINADO
 Y
 DE ORDEN DE
 CARLOS III.

France and England, and their consequent intellectual progress. We too should have done something in literature, said he ; but, crossing his hands, we are so fettered “ *istâ terribili inquisitione !*” by that terrible inquisition. This man had been a friar ; but, little liking a monastic life, he went on foot to Rome ; and, by means of money, procured a dispensation from the Pope. He spends his time now in philosophizing, and writing verses. I found him a physiognomist, and our agreement in more important points was as exact as in these.

One peculiarity of this country is, that in good houses no person inhabits the ground floor. A warehouse, a shop, or more generally a stable, is under every private dwelling-house. When you ring the bell, the door is opened by a long string from above ; like the “ *Open Sesame,*” in the Arabian Tales. We sat round a brazier, filled with wood embers, and occasionally revived the fire by a fan, made of thin chips, while one of the company played on the guitar ; an instrument less disagreeable than

most others to one who is no lover of music, because it is not loud enough to force his attention, when he is not disposed to give it. The clocks here strike a single stroke at the half hour.

There are German shops here, where almost anything may be procured. I could not, however, buy a silver spoon without a silver fork. There is a curiosity in the yard of our posada, which, I am told, is unique in Spain, the ruins of a temple of Cloacina, a goddess, whose offerings are thrown into the street by this barbarous people, to the great scandal of all who are accustomed to the sacred secrecy of her mysteries.

LETTER III.

Of the following strange tale, the scene is not far from Coruña. I translate it from a Spanish book* of the date 1608.

Being in Redondella, they told me, that about sixty years ago, there dwelt in that place an Astrologer so famous, and believed to be so infallible, that not only in Redondella, but in Vigo likewise, Pontevedra, and indeed through all

* This book is entitled *La Silva Curiosa de Julian de Medrano, Cavallero Navarro: en que se tratan diversas cosas sotilissimas, y curiosas, muy convenientes para Damas y Cavalleros, en toda conversacion virtuosa y honesta.* Paris.

Cesar Oudin, the Editor of the edition in my possession, was educated at the Court of Navarre and afterwards foreign Secretary to Henry IV. of France. He published grammars and dictionaries of the Italian and Spanish languages. I mention his name as it gives some credibility to the book.

Galicia, he was held in such estimation, as if he had been another prophet Daniel. This astrologer was called Marcolpho; and, as he was consulted by all the country round, he realized an ample maintenance, and married the daughter of a principal mariner; so beautiful, that she was distinguished by the name of the lovely Almena. They lived together with content and comfort. The fame of his beautiful wife, and his great riches, spread every where; and unfortunately reached the ears of Sempronio, the most cruel corsair that infested those seas. Tempted by such a prey, he resolved to spare no effort to obtain it. A favourable opportunity presented itself. He learnt that the inhabitants of Redondella were about to celebrate the festival of a Saint, the patron of a church, that stood about as far from the town, as an arrow can go, discharged thrice from a cross-bow: here the men feasted alone, because they belonged to a brotherhood: the women kept the festival in their houses. During the night, Sempronio arranged every thing. His spies informed him, that the men had dined in the

church, and were now amusing themselves with different sports, and the Astrologer in the midst of them, telling fortunes. Hearing this, Sempronio and his companions entered the town, stript the house of Marcolpho, carried off the chest with the gold, forced Almena into a boat, and made immediately for the vessel. The alarm was given ; the men of Redondella hastened home for their arms ; and Marcolpho found his home empty. He ran to the summit of a rock that overhangs the harbour ; from whence he beheld the vessel carrying away his Almena. In vain did the wretched man cry out, and, tearing off his garments, fix them upon a pole, and make signals to them to return. The pirate heard not his prayers and regarded not his gestures. Frantic with despair, the miserable husband threw himself head-long from the rock ; thus making a sacrifice of his body to the fishes, and of his soul to the infernal Devil. The people of Redondella grieved much for poor Marcolpho ; and, as they could not bury him in holy ground, after they had found his body, they made him a sepulchre under one

of those rocks surrounded by the sea, which you cannot reach without a boat ; and placed this epitaph on the rock, in very old Spanish,

Debaxo deste cachopo
 Yaze el cuerpo sepultado,
 D'un adevino Astriloco,
 Que fizo muerte de loco
 Pues quiso ser affogado.

Para otros fue singular,
 Mas para el non fue sesudo ;
 Pues no supo adivinar
 Que aqui se avia d* affogar,
 Ni que avia de ser cornudo.

Su muger la linda Almena,
 Fue robada por Sempronio
 Con dineros y cadena :
 Su cuerpo guarda la arena,
 L'anima llevo el Demonio.

Viator no ay rogar a Deos por eu :
 Quia ab inferno nulla est redemptio.
 Mas roga a Deos que te de mellor ventura.

* * * * *

Traveller ! beneath this unblest rock
 The poor Marcolpho lies,
 A wretched man ! though skill'd to read
 The wisdom of the skies.

The stars to him their secret ways
 Of destiny made known ;
 Yet, though he knew his neighbour's fate,
 He dreamt not of his own.

His wife was ravish'd from him by
Sempronio, pirate evil!

His body buried in the sand,
His soul is with the Devil!

Traveller! do not pray to God for him,
Because from hell there is no redemption;
But pray to God that he may grant thee a better fate.

Thursday Night.

About two o'clock this afternoon, we left Coruña in a *coach and six*. As we sit in the carriage, our eyes are *above* the windows; which must, of course, be admirably adapted for seeing the country. Our six mules are harnessed only with ropes: the leaders and the middle pair are without reins, and the nearest reined only with ropes. The two muleteers, or more properly, the Mayoral and Zagal, either ride on a low kind of box, or walk. The mules know their names, and obey the voice of their driver with astonishing docility. Their heads are most gaily bedizened with tufts and hanging strings of blue, yellow, and purple worsted: each mule has sixteen bells; so that we travel more musically, and almost as fast, as a flying waggon. There are four reasons why these

bells should be worn, two English reasons, and two Spanish ones : they may be necessary in a dark night ; and, where the roads are narrow, they give timely warning to other travellers : these are the English reasons. The Spaniards' motives for using them are, that the mules like the music ; and that, as all the bells are marked with a *crucifix, the Devil cannot come within hearing of the consecrated peal.

* This has been a common superstition. " The passing bell was anciently rung for two purposes, one to bespeak the prayers of all good Christians for a soul just departing, the other to drive away the evil spirits who stood at the bed's foot and about the house, ready to seize their prey, or at least to molest and terrify the soul in its passage ; but by the ringing of that bell (for Durandus informs us evil spirits are much afraid of bells) they were kept aloof, and the soul, like a hunted hare, gained the start, or had what is by sportsmen called law. Hence perhaps exclusive of the additional labour was occasioned the high price demanded for tolling the greatest bell of the church ; for that being louder, the evil spirits must go further off to be clear of the sound. *Encyclopædia Britannica.*

I have seen the following lines upon this idea.

In ancient days when Superstition's sway
 Bound blinded Europe in her powerful spell,
 The wizard Priest enjoin'd the parting knell
 Whose hallow'd sound should drive the fiend away.

The road is excellent. It is one of those works in which Despotism applies its giant force

Then if a poor man died who could not pay,
 Still slept the Priest and silent hung the bell,
 And if a yeoman died his children paid
 Our church to save his parting soul from hell.
 And if a bishop death's dread call obey'd
 Thro' all the diocese was heard the toll,
 For much the pious brethren were afraid
 Lest Satan should receive the good man's soul.
 But when Death's levelling hand lays low the King,
 For by the law of Nature Kings may die,
 Then every church its needful aid must bring
 And every bell must toll both loud and long,
 For Satan holds that Monarchs may do wrong.

Bells, says old Thomas Fuller, are no effectual charm against lightning. The frequent firing of Abbey churches by lightning confuteth the proud motto commonly written on the bells in their steeples, wherein each bell entitled to itself a sixfold efficacy.

Funera plango, fulgura fulmina frango, sabbata pango
 Excito lentos, dissipo ventos, paco cruentos.

Mens deaths I tell
 By doleful knell.
 Lightning and thunder
 I break asunder.
 On sabbath all
 To church I call.
 The sleepy head
 I raise from bed.

to purposes of public utility. The villages we passed through were mean and dirty, and the

The winds so fierce
I doe disperse.
Men's cruel rage
I doe asswage.

Whereas it plainly appears that these Abbey steeples, though quilted with bells almost cap-a-pee, were not of proof against the sword of God's lightning. Yea generally when the heavens in tempests did strike fire, the steeples of abbeys proved often their tynder, whose frequent burnings portended their final destruction.

Fuller's Church History of Britain.

Formerly " before bells were hung they were washed, crossed, blessed and named by the bishop. Whatever occasion some Catholics may have given for the reproach, that they attribute to bells the power of driving away demons and dispelling storms, and so on, it is certain the ancient canons of the church only ascribe this power very remotely to bells. Their meaning seems to be this. Satan fears and flees from the bells, because he knows bells summoned good people to church to pray and he dreads their prayers. It was then to prayer occasioned by the ringing of bells, and not to the bells that such good effects were at first ascribed." *History of Baptism.*

It were ungrateful to quote from Robinson and not mention him with respect and applause. Few men have professed such learning and still fewer such candour. I have seldom derived more pleasure from any biographical work than from George Dyer's Life of Robert Robinson.

houses are in that style of building, with which the pencil of Gaspar Poussin had taught me to associate more ideas of comfort than I found realized. I was delighted with the wild and novel prospect : hills beyond hills, far as the eye could extend, part involved in shadow, and the more distant illumined by the westering sun ; but no object ever struck me as more picturesque, than where a few branchless pines on the distant eminences, crested the light with their dark foliaged heads. The water winds into the country, forming innumerable islets of sand, and as we advanced, of mud, sometimes covered with such vegetation as the tide would suffer. We saw fig-trees and chestnuts, and passed one little coppice of oaks, scanty trees, and evidently struggling with an ungrateful soil. By the wayside were many crucifixes for adoration, and I counted six monumental crosses. About half a mile before we reached Betanzos, our abode for the night, the road lies by the side of the river Mandeo. It is a terrace with frequent low arches, through which many small currents pass, wind under

the hills, and intersect the pasture into little islands. On the other side, the river spreads into a fine expanse of water; we beheld the scene dimly by twilight, but perhaps this obscurity heightened the beauty of the landscape, by throwing a veil over its nakedness.

We are in a room with two beds, of which I have the choice, for both my companions carry their own. It was a custom among the ancients to commit themselves to the protection of some appropriate deity, when about to undertake any difficult enterprize, or undergo any danger. Were I but a Pagan now, I would implore the aid of ΖΕΥΣ ΜΥΙΟΚΟΡΟΣ, or Jupiter Muscarius, and sleep without fear of muskitoes. But as this is the eighteenth century, there are but two spiritual beings, whose peculiar patronage could be of service: Beelzebub, or the Lord of Flies, is one; whom I must renounce, with all his works, even that of fly-flapping: the other power I cannot escape, and must resign myself to SCRATCH for the night.

The walls exhibit saints in profusion, a sculptured crucifix, and a print perhaps worth describing. The Virgin Mary forms the mast of one ship, and Christ of another, standing upon the Chapel of Loretto, which probably serves for the cabin. The Holy Ghost, in the shape of a dove, flies behind filling the sails, while a gentleman in a bag-wig climbs up the side of one of the vessels.

We are going to sup on our English beef. They have brought us a vinegar vessel, about the size of a porter pot; excellently contrived for these two reasons, on account of the narrowness of its neck, it is impossible ever to clean it; and being of lead, it makes the vinegar sweet, and of course poisonous.

On entering the room, we desired the boy to remove a vessel that did not scent it agreeably. So little idea had he that it was offensive, that he removed it from under the bed, only to place it in the closet.