

“with noe more than 60 sayle oute of his whole fleete, and those very much shattered.” The first newspaper ever published in England, the ‘Mercurio,’ appeared to give daily reports of this Armada. The Spaniards lost 81 ships. Philip II. “thanked God that his *whole* fleet was not taken; while at Rome pasquinades were made, and the Pope offered 1000 years’ indulgence to any one who could tell him where the invincible Catholic Armada was, whether gone to heaven or hell (Strype, ii. 15). The defeat of this Armada sunk deep in the mind of the nation, which ever sees clearer than its misgovernors; “then arose in the fleet the common brute (the report or saying, *bruit*), that if ever they got back again, they never would meddle with the English any more.” This axiom was embodied in a proverb, *Con todo el mundo guerra, y paz con Inglaterra*, and remained a state maxim acted upon until the Bourbon and French succession, when family compacts and alliances with Buonaparte brought Spain into hostile contact with her natural and best ally, and cost her her navy and colonies. Consult ‘*A true Discourse of the Armie, which the King of Spaine,*’ &c., translated from the French by Daniel Archdeacon, London, John Wolfe, 1588; also the ‘*Copie of a Letter*’ and of *Bernardin Mendoza*, bk. lr., London, 1 Vantroller for Richd. Field, 1588: the lying author, Philip’s ambassador at Paris, gave out that the Spaniards had won the day, and was henceforth called *Mendacia*. See also for curious details, ‘*Hackblyt*’ (ed. 1598), vol. i. p. 91; also Schepeler’s ‘*Beitrag*,’ p. 167. Consult also Sharon Turner’s ‘*Elizabeth*,’ ch. 35.

La Coruña was taken, April 20, 1589, by Drake and Norris with only 1200 men, the Spanish fleet flying on his approach to El Ferrol, and the garrison to the citadel. His name passed into a proverb; and “the threat” *Viene el Drake*, was long the frightening phrase, the bugaboo—the *coco*, the “black man” is coming—in short, the phrase with which naughty children were

made good at the Havannah, which he so often visited: so the expression *Melac Ric*, our *Cœur de Lion*, long scared squalling brats in the douars of Arabia, and the word “Malbrok” silenced the nurseries of France. Hence the expression of Gongora (Duran, iii. 123)—

*Mas bien peloteada
Que La Coruña del Draque.*

In this bay Sir David Baird coming in October, 1809, with 6000 men, to assist the Spaniards, was detained on board the transports 15 days, not allowed to land by the base suspicions of the Junta. “Call ye that backing your friends?”

The pilgrim soldier will now turn his eyes inland, sweeping over *Corunna*, whose name alone suggests the battle, the triumph, and the victor’s death. This hard action was fought, Jan. 16, 1809, on the heights of Elvina, behind the town. Moore’s position was bad, from no fault of his, as with only 13,244 men he could not defend the stronger but more extended line of the outer heights against the superior numbers of the enemy, while from his artillery being embarked, he was obliged to occupy the range nearer the town. About two in the afternoon, Soult, with 20,000 men, with great superiority of cavalry and artillery, attacked the English, and was everywhere most signally repulsed; the 4th, 42nd, and 50th, under Baird, putting to flight at Elvira a whole column commanded by our libeller Foy, who after a most feeble defence (Nap. iv. 5), turned and retreated; next La Houssaye, the plunderer of the Escorial, Cuenca, and Toledo, fled with his dragoons, Paget riding down the enemy; and then, had our lines advanced, Soult must have followed the example of his subordinates. Our loss amounted to 700, while the enemy’s exceeded 3000, as their column was riddled by our steady lines at Elvina, who fortunately before the battle were supplied with fresh muskets and ammunition. Moore, like Wolfe, Abercrombie, and Nelson, lived long enough to know that the

foe was defeated, and like them died happily, having "done his duty." His last words—the tongues of dying men enforce attention like deep harmony—were in anticipation of his posthumous calumniators: "I hope the people of England will be satisfied; I hope my country will do me justice." The dispatch of General Hope—one of the most simple, manly, pathetic, and beautiful compositions ever written by soldier's pen—is the very antithesis in taste and truth to Buonaparte's bulletin:—"Les Anglais," says he ('Œuv.' v. 383), "furent abordés franchement par la première brigade, qui *les culbuta*, et les délogea du village d'Elvina!! L'ennemi culbuté de ses positions, se *retira* dans les jardins qui sont autour de la Corogne. La nuit devenant très-obscur, on fut obligé de suspendre l'attaque: l'ennemi en a profité pour s'embarquer *en toute hâte*; nous n'avons eu d'engagés pendant le combat qu'environ 6000. Notre perte s'élève à cent hommes [*i. e.* 3000]: l'opinion des habitans du pays, et des déserteurs, est que le nombre des blessés [English] excède 2500—des 38,000 hommes que les Anglais avaient débarqués, on peut assurer qu'à peine 24,000 retourneront en Angleterre. Les régimens Anglais portant les numéros 42, 50, 52, ont été entièrement détruits. L'armée Anglaise avait débarqué plus de 80 pièces de canon, elle n'en a pas rembarqué 12; le reste a été pris, ou perdu; et de compte fait, nous nous trouvons en possession de 60 pièces de canon Anglais." "Lord! Lord! how this world is given to lying!"

The *truth* was, that the embarkation took place with perfect order, and so entirely unmolested by the worsted foe, that had the English only then been turned against Soult, he himself must have taken to his heels, and he knew it.

Narrow, indeed, now was Soult's escape, for had Moore not over-responded, this fleet of transports might easily have brought fresh troops from Portugal, nay, it ought to have done so, for the intelligence of the real ill

condition and limited numbers of the French had long before been conveyed to Oporto, by channels to which unfortunately no credence was given by the presumption of official ignorance. Then was lost by Sir John Craddock the nick of time, and the chance of being a Wellington: had he arrived with his brigades Soult must have been annihilated. This was one of the possibilities which Buonaparte foresaw when he pretended to be obliged himself to return from Astorga, so he judiciously left the chance of defeat to his député Soult.

The Corunnesse distinguished themselves both before and after the battle. Their first step was to detain Baird, to whom when disembarked they never gave or even offered any assistance.

Safe so long as the English were present, their ships had scarcely left the bay when the Spanish commander, Don Antonio Acedo, hastened to surrender to Soult, who having no battering train, could not have taken the place or citadel. Soult, thus provided with Spanish artillery! turned against *El Ferrol* on the 22nd. This important arsenal, with eight ships of the line and garrisoned by 8000 men, was scandalously surrendered on the 26th, by the governor, Francisco Melgarejo, and Pedro Obregon. By this base act Soult obtained the stores provided by England for these patriots, and was thus enabled to conquer Galicia and invade Portugal. To complete their infamy the Spaniards Acedo and Obregon, became *Afrancesados*, and the latter was made *French* commandant of *El Ferrol*!

Turn we now to better men; and, ascending to the extremity of the upper town, visit the *Campo de San Carlos* and the grave of Moore, whose mourners were two hosts, his friends and foes. His requiem, sung by Charles Wolfe, rivals the elegy of Gray.

Moore was interred by a party of the 9th on the ramparts, in his martial cloak; the body was afterwards removed by the Marquis Romana: the granite monument raised by the British

Government, was soon neglected by the Corunneses, and long remained a temple dedicated to Cloacina Gallega. In 1824 it was restored and enclosed by our consul Mr. Bartlett, also at our government's order and expense, and not at that of the *Vecinos*, as Madoz now states: the place, soon again bemired by the Corunneses, so continued until 1839, when Gen. Mazaredo, who had lived much in England, raised a subscription among the English, cleansed the tomb, and planted some two acres for a public *Alameda*, having had the greatest difficulty to induce the *jefe-político* to give his consent; the walk is a fashionable lounge: read Mazaredo's inscription in the summer-house. According to Napier (iv. 5) "Soul't, with a noble feeling of respect for Moore's valour, raised a monument to his memory;" meantime what says Soul't's own chronicler Le Noble, 45, the avowed advocate of his countryman:—"The marshal, being informed of the spot where Gen. Moore had been killed, caused an inscription to be cut on the adjoining rock to record that event, and the victory gained by the French army." Soul't, who, to do him justice, knew how handsomely he had been beaten, said nothing about this victory, and his inscription simply ran, "Hic cecidit Joannes Moore, dux exercitus, in pugna, Jan. xvi. 1809; contra Gallos a duce Dalmatiæ ductos" (Mald. ii. 101).

How long even this monument to Moore will remain is now uncertain. Already the "*Dos Amigos*," two afrancesado bagsmen from Madrid, in their recent paltry 'Viage,' p. 44, have wished to efface the inscription, because it *ofende algun tanto la delicadeza Española*; that delicacy which made a dunghill of a sepulchre raised (and paid for by others), to a brave ally who died fighting for the independence of Spain.

Visit also the site on the hill of the terrific explosions of the powder magazines. The supplies of all kinds sent by England the year before had remained unused, while armies of their patriots were without clothes or arms!

Had these stores not been discovered and destroyed by us, they would have furnished Soul't with powder wherewith to load Spanish guns to batter down Spanish cities and citadels.

The summer route from Southampton by *La Coruña* to Madrid, the shortest and most agreeable, has been accomplished in a week. The *correo*, or mail, runs to *Valladolid* in about 22 hours, and thence to Madrid in 18. For the routes to *Santiago*, see p. 600. But before starting, *El Ferrol* should by all means be visited from *La Coruña*. The land route is about 9¼ L. You can go in the diligence to *Betanzos*, and there take horses; thence 3 L. through wooded and cultivated hills, varied with sea inlets, to *Ponte d'Eume*, or *Puentedeume*. Pcp. 2000. It stretches from the water-side up a green hill, amid orange and lemon trees, with balconied houses and ivy-clad old towers. The remarkable bridge of some 58 arches is nearly a mile long: thence to *Seijo*, 1 L., whereby, crossing over in the ferry-boat, 2 L. riding are saved, and a fine view of the harbour obtained. The better plan is to cross over from *La Coruña*, distant about 4 L. N.E., in the little steamer, which is done in about two hours. Formerly this passage was very troublesome to sailing boats, from the swell on this iron-bound coast, especially near the rock *La Peña de la Marola*; hence the proverb, "*Quien pasa la Marola, pasa la Mar toda*." On entering the land-locked channel between *Monte Faro* to the r. and *Cabo Prioriño* to the l., this harbour scooped out by nature is very striking, while art has defended the narrow entrance by the two magnificently built castles of San Felipe and Palma, which if well manned, and if provided with cannon, gunpowder, and shot, might sink a navy; but "wanting always in everything at the critical moment," they, like many a Spanish fortress, are in reality a *faiblesse*, and while expensive in peace to Spain, are useful in war to the enemy. The name of *El Ferrol* is

derived from an ancient *farol* or light; originally a mere fishing town it was not wanted for a marine arsenal, so long as the Spaniards, in possession of Italy and the low countries, procured their artillery from Milan, and their fleets, ready built and rigged, from Holland. The Spanish Bourbons, when deprived of these resources, endeavoured to replace them by native industry. Charles III., who never forgave the English for having sailed into Naples, and who added to that feeling all the Bourbon fear and hatred, selected this spot, for which nature had done so much, and created what then was the finest naval arsenal in the world, destining it exclusively for the royal navy. The landside was fortified in 1769-74 with a wall on which more than 200 cannon might be mounted. A new clean and well-paved town was next built between the irregular old one and the naval *Esterio*, in the form of a parallelogram of seven streets in width by nine in length, intersecting each other at r. angles, with two square plazas, *la de Dolores* and *la del Carmen*. The pleasant public Alameda lies between. In this Gen. Abadia erected, in 1812, a fountain in honour of a Spanish hydrographer, Cosme Churruca, killed at Trafalgar. We enter the dockyard or *Darsena* at the *Puerta del Parque*; to the r. is the Doric *Sala de las Armas*. The dockyard is divided into a smaller outward, and a larger inward portion, the whole space exceeding 40 acres (?). Behind the inner dock or *dique* are the dwellings of the operatives, and in the N. angle are the foundries, rope walks, and magazines. Passing out of the *Puerta del Dique*, to the r. is the *Esteiro*, the hospital, the arsenals *Carraza* and *Carracon* (this word is the augmentative of the Cadiz *Caraca*) or store, for timber, the *Presidio* or prison for the convicts, and the *Gradas de Construccion*, or building-slips, now full of nothingness; but throughout, the grandeur of conception, style of execution, and finish of masonry is truly Roman. This arsenal re-

tains what nature has done for it, a land-locked bay; while Gijon can supply coal, the forests of Asturias timber, and the mines of Cargadelos iron for cannon and shot. The water, especially that of *La Graña*, is delicious, while that in the *Darsena* is free from the *teredo navalis*, the Carcoma; but what can cure the dry-rot of Spanish misgovernment? El Ferrol, the pop. dwindled down to some 3400, like *La Carraca* and *Cartagena*, is now a sad emblem of the navy of Spain. The last Spanish line of battle-ships launched here occurred in 1798! Recently since a fleet has been created on *paper* by royal decree, matters are somewhat mended, and a show of life is breathed into the colossal skeleton. This arsenal, in truth, like the forced navy of Spain, rose as a rocket, and so fell. Nelson at St. Vincent and Trafalgar settled the modern Invincible Armadas, and told Spain the price she must pay for the alliance of France and forced enmity of Britannia. By boasting of the *past*, and hoping for the *future*, the *present* is now blinked, and El Ferrol is now made a peg for Castilian consolation and magniloquence. See for details the essay of Col. *Angel del Arenal* (Miñano, iv. supp. and re-echoed by Madoz in 1850), according to whom the great Lord Chatham was so terrified! by the mere fame of *El Ferrol* that he sent, in 1776, his son William Pitt there as a spy, who himself, when minister in 1800, on *pretence of invading Egypt*, dispatched a mighty force to capture El Ferrol; Madoz (viii. 64) enlarges on the lesson then taught the English by 1800 Spaniards (reduced to 1500, p. 80, when the story is twice told), who beat back the self-same 10,000 Englishmen, who soon after conquered Buonaparte in Egypt, and captured Copenhagen. This expedition in sober truth was destined for Belleisle in those days of paltry peddling little wars. An attack on El Ferrol was an after thought, and even then had Gen. Pulteney sailed boldly up and summoned the town, the Ferrolese, wanted as usual in every thing at the cri-

tical moment, were preparing to surrender, and actually cleaning (*se dice*) the keys of the city to make them look decent on the occasion. The campaign was bungled *à la Walcheren*, and the troops kept idle under arms almost mutinied when Pulteney, scared by the barometer, and beaten at the game of brag, ordered the re-embarkation, as Murray did at Tarragona, amid the jeers of the brave blue-jackets.

El Ferrol, had it only been attacked *instante* (the true course with Spaniards) could and would no more have resisted English sailors than it ever did French soldiers. Thus when Ney, in 1809, evacuated it, after Soult's defeat at Oporto, Capt. Hotham landed on the 26th with a handful of seamen, the Spanish garrison surrendered after a sham and short resistance, as they did again to the French in 1823.

Those who are going from *La Coruña* to *Aviles* and *Oviedo* have the choice of two routes; one, which is the shortest, passes from *El Ferrol* to *Mondoñedo*.

ROUTE 83.—EL FERROL TO MONDOÑEDO.

Jubia	1	
Espinaredo	4	5
Lousada	3	8
Mondoñedo	5	13

Soon are crossed the trout stream *Jubia*, which furnishes the water-power of the *Isquerdos* copper-work establishment, and next the *Eume* at *Puente de Garcia Rodriguez*, after which a dreary wild *dehesa* or *gándara* leads to the crystal *Ladra*, which is crossed before reaching *Lousada*; after which the country becomes more hilly (for *Mondoñedo* see R. 91). This, the shortest line, is intricate, and the accommodation bad; however, to the angler nothing can be more favourable.

The other route makes a circuit by *Betanzos* (see p. 592), whence, after crossing the *Mandeo*, which is kept to the l., we reach *Labrada* 4 L.; and thence over a dreary track, part moor, part swamp, and after passing tributaries of the *Ladra*, to that sweet trout-stream itself; after traversing which is *Villalba*, about 3 L., where sleep, and,

as there is a decent *posada*, it might be made the head-quarters of a fisherman. The antiquarian will observe a curious old tower in the walls. Next day cross a *cuesta* which divides the basins of the *Ladra* from those of *Tamboga* and *Lama*, tributaries of the *Miño*, and all made for the disciples of *Izaak Walton*. N.B. Take a local guide, and attend to the provend.

LA CORUÑA TO SANTIAGO.

The corner of Gallicia between *La Coruña* and *Orense* is interesting to the reader of *Froissart*, as being the scene of the expedition, in 1386, of *John of Gaunt*, "time-honoured Lancaster." He was three days marching the $9\frac{1}{2}$ L. to *Santiago*, for the hardships of these districts remain unchanged, and such as *Moore* found them in our times. Oh *dura tellus Iberiæ!* where the harsh, hard, and arid prevail in climate, soil, and man; where so little is tender, delicate, or gentle. Well did *Froissart* then describe thee as "pas douce terre, ni aimable à chevaucher ni à travailler." The city of *Santiago* surrendered at once to the English of old, as it did in our times to the French of this day. *John of Gaunt* resided in it during the *guerrilla* carried on by his men-at-arms, he himself ingloriously idling away his time with his court and ladies like a *Sardanapalus*. He lost, without striking a blow, more than half out of 5000 men; these perished from sickness and want in hungry Spain, where the commissariat is ever the difficulty, even in time of peace. In this instance the Spaniards followed the advice given to them by their French allies, while in our times, they neglected the same plan when suggested by the Duke, and were consequently beaten by the French.

John of Gaunt, however, accomplished part of his object by marrying one daughter, *Philippa*, to the King of Portugal, and the other, *Constanza*, to the son and heir of *John of Castile*. Such, however, were the fears and suspicions of the Spaniards that they refused after this to allow even English pilgrims to visit *Compostella* (*Mariana*,

xviii. 12). Don Pedro had ceded part of these N.W. provinces to the Black Prince, and when the French enabled Enrique II. to murder his brother, they stipulated that no Englishman whatever should enter Spain without permission from the King of France. So long has the Peninsula been the bone of contention and battle-field between the two great rivals of Europe.

ROUTE 84.—LA CORUÑA TO SANTIAGO.

Palabea	1	
Carral	2	.. 3
Leira	2	.. 5
Siqueiro	3	.. 8
Santiago	1½	.. 9½

The gondola or diligence performs this uninteresting but good road in from six to seven hours. After 1 L. of tolerably cultivated land, a long hill is ascended, and then the dreary moor-like country continues to Santiago, which, like Madrid, has neither gardens nor enclosures to mark the vicinity of a capital and holy city of pilgrimage. Those proceeding from Lugo to *Santiago*, may go round by *La Coruña*, or ride across the country direct. There are two routes, and both equally bad: however, there is excellent fishing in the Ulla below Mellid.

ROUTE 85.—LUGO TO SANTIAGO.

San Miguel de Bocorrin	2	
Puente Ferreira	2	.. 4
Mellid	3	.. 7
Arzua	2	.. 9
San Miguel de Salceda	2	.. 11
Omenal	2	.. 13
Santiago	2	.. 15

Mellid, or the *Furelos* and *Mera*, tributaries of the Ulla, pop. 700, may be made head-quarters, or *Arzua*, placed under the *Peña de la Leija*, pop. 400.

ROUTE 86.—LUGO TO SANTIAGO.

Santa Eulalia	2½	
Carvajal	2½	.. 5
Sobrado	2	.. 7
Buey muerto	2	.. 9
San Gregorio	2	.. 11
San Marcos	3½	.. 14½
Santiago	½	.. 15

This route, equally bad as a road, is even a better line for the angler. The distance is about the same; the leagues, although we have twice ridden every

one of them, are stated at guess-work, and are very long.

After crossing the Miño by a noble bridge, ascend the chesnut-clad heights, and look back on the grand view of Lugo, with its cathedral and long lines of turreted walls. Hence over swamps, moors, rivers, and detestable roads, to *Sobrado*, pop. 2000, situated on the fine trout-stream, the *Tambre*, where sleep, and sup on rich fish at the poor *posada*. The village clusters round a Bernardine convent, once lord of all around, and now sequestered. The noble domain, enclosed with tower-guarded walls, was in contrast with the lowly village, but the fat and portly monks are gone. The edifice, pillaged and injured by the French, was repaired in 1832. The principal façade is Doric. The grand *patio* is unfinished. The overcharged ornate front of the chapel, with fluted pillars and lozenge-enriched pilasters, in imitation of that of the Lugo cathedral, marks the bad taste of 1676. Under the dark *coro* are some fine tombs of recumbent warriors in twisted mail, of the Ulloa family, 1465.

Hence a nine hours' ride over a desolate country to Santiago. Midway some wild moors lead to *San Gregorio*, a hermitage, which, with its clump of storm-stunted firs, is seen from afar. The shooting here is excellent. Next we reach *San Marcos*, unchanged since described by the old pilgrim in Purchas: "Upon a hill hit stondez on hee, where Sent Jamez ferst schalt thou see;" still from hence the dark granite towers of Santiago first catch the way-worn traveller's eye, and the deep-mouthed tolling bells salute his ear. The first sight—as in other Meccas—makes a more profound impression than a stay in the city, where the tricks of the mammon-worshipping natives disenchant even the true believer. To the r. rises the barren rocky *Monte Dalmatico*, while the green slope to the l. is crowned with the convent *Belvis*, beyond stretch undulating hills and distant mountains; here the pilgrim of yore uncovered, and proceeded, in all humility from this *Humilladero*,

the very penitent on his knees, singing hymns up to the holy city's gates. There droves of mendicants snuff the stranger's arrival, and congratulate him on his escape from the pains and perils of Gallician travel, and beg charity for the sake of his deliverer the great apostle, concluding with prayers for the donor's safe return to his home and wife: "May Santiago give you health and defend you from all enemies."

SANTIAGO: the best inns are: *las Animas*, kept by Carlos Garica; *la Vizcaina*, by a respectable Basque widow, in *Calle de San Miguel*; and *la Posada de Martin Moreno*, en las Casas Reales. The Maragatos put up in the *Rua de San Pedro*. They go to Valladolid in about 12, and to Madrid in 15 days; and those who, having landed at *Vigo*, propose a riding tour, may safely trust them with the conveyance of any heavy baggage.

This city, named after the Spanish name of St. James the Elder, is also called *Compostella*, Campus Stellæ, because a star pointed out where his body was concealed: yet some derive it from the *Giocomo Apostolo* of the Italians.

Pilgrimage, the oriental and mediæval form of travelling, is passing away even in Spain. The carcass remains, but the spirit is fled, nor did Santiago ever produce a Chaucer to record these "excursion trips" of the day, which, combining merriment with religion, were so popular among the vagabondising middle classes and so profitable to the priests. Such were the *Roamers of Rome*, the *Saunterers of the Sainte Terre*. The devotional reverential element is gone, and that simple all-believing faith which questioned no tradition. Now, instead of fulfilling a religious vow and duty, sceptical, scientific, and inquiring curiosity, is to be gratified; a tour is to be made, and a book to be written, and geologists smile at monkish miracles at which myriads trembled (see p. 603).

The Spanish legend of St. James the Elder, or of Santiago, as he may be more properly called in his *Mytholo-*

gical History, as says Southey, when not derived from Pagan, is much taken from Mahomedan sources.

The custom of choosing a tutelar for cities and kingdoms prevailed generally in antiquity; and when the Pagan stock in trade was taken by Gregory the Great into the Roman Catholic firm, the system was retained, changes being simply made in some names. Santiago became the Hercules, the tutelar champion and commander-in-chief of Spain, the *patron y capitan-general*. True believers who wish to give a reason for their faith, will find most of the Church-authorised statements in the following works:—The learned Latin reply to Baronius; '*Hispaniarum Vindiciæ Tutelares*,' Louvain, 1608; '*Historia del Apostol Santiago*,' Mauro Castella Ferrer, fol. Mad. 1610; '*Historia del Glorioso Apostol*,' Hernando Orea, 8vo. Mad. 1615; '*El Teatro de Santiago*,' Gil Gonzalez; '*España Sagrada*,' Florez, vol. iii.; '*Apologia de la Venida de Santiago*,' &c., Fr^o. Lamberto de Zaragoza, 4to. Pamplona, 1782; M'Crie's '*Reformation in Spain*,' p. 5; and the first edition of this Handbook, p. 660 *et seq.*

The Spanish Church contends, without a shadow of real evidence, that St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. James, came all three to the Peninsula immediately after the crucifixion. Rome, however, having monopolised the two former for her tutelars, Spain was obliged to take the latter. The establishing places of pilgrimage was borrowed from S^a. Helena's *invention*—and a rare one it was—of the cross at Jerusalem in 298. The inspiring principle of visiting a sacred spot was felt by Mahomet, when he adapted Christianity to Arabian habits, and pilgrimage became one of the four precepts of his new creed, Mecca being selected in order to favour his native town, by alms and traffic of a rich influx. When Jerusalem was taken by the Saracens, the Spaniards were forbidden by the Pope to go there as *crusaders*, inasmuch as they had infidels actually on their own soil, while just then the Spanish Moors were un-

able to go to their Mecca, because that holy city being in possession of the Kalif of the East, was inaccessible to the subjects of his rival in the West. Now as both the Mahomedans and Christians in Spain knew the spirit-stirring effects produced by having a site of pilgrimage, they both determined on creating a counterpart Mecca and Jerusalem in the Peninsula itself, and therefore accessible: so Cordova was chosen by Abdu-r-rahman, who, like Mahomet, wished to enrich his new capital; and a visit to the *Ceca* there, where some of the bones of Mahomet were pretended to be preserved, was declared to be in every respect equivalent to a pilgrimage to Mecca itself.

Thereupon the imitating Castilians who could not go to Jerusalem, set up for their local substitute their mountain capital, where they, too, said their prophet was buried. The Arragonese, whose kingdom was then independent, chose for their *Ceca*, their capital Zaragoza, where they said the Virgin descended from heaven on a visit to Santiago; and the religious duty and saving merits of pilgrimage became as much a parcel of the orthodox Spaniard's creed as it was of the infidel, whom they best fought with weapons borrowed from his own armoury. Again, as the Moors had established soldier-monks or *Rábitos* to guard their frontiers and their pilgrims, the Spaniards instituted in imitation military religious orders, of which that of Santiago became the chief. Founded in 1158 by Fernando II. of Leon, it soon, like that of the Templars, from being poor and humble, became rich, proud, and powerful, insomuch that *El Maestre de Santiago*, in the early Spanish annals, figures almost as a rival to the monarch. When Granada was conquered, Isabella, by bestowing the grand-mastership on Ferdinand, absorbed the dreaded wealth and power of the order into the crown, without having recourse to the perfidy and murders by which Philippe le Bel suppressed the Templars in France.

The Queen accomplished these objects without difficulty, for these Church-militant *corporate* bodies lacked the security of *private* properties, which every one is interested in upholding. They, again, were hated by the *clergy*, because rivals and independent brotherhoods, half priest, half soldier, without being either one or the other, although they assumed the most offensive privileges of both. The *people* also stood aloof, for they saw in the members only proud knights, who scorned to interchange with them the kindly offices of the poor monks; while the *statesman*, from knowing that the substance was no longer wanted, held the order to be both obsolete and dangerous: and it now has virtually ceased to exist, save as conferring a badge on nobles and courtiers.

But in the mediæval period it was a reality, as then a genuine lively faith existed in both Moor and Spaniard; each grasped the legend of their champion prophet as firmly as they did the sword by which it was to be defended and propagated. Proud towards men, these warriors bowed to the priest, in whom they saw the ministers of their tutelar, and their faith was sanctified and ennobled by such obedience: both equally fanatical, fought believing that they were backed by their tutelars: this confidence went far to realize victory, *possunt quia posse videntur*, and especially with the Spaniard, who has always been disposed to depend on others: in the critical moment of need, he loves to fold his arms, and clamours for supernatural assistance: thus the Iberians invoked their Netos, and afterwards prayed to the Phœnician Hercules. All this is classical and Oriental: Castor and Pollux fought visibly for the Romans at Regillum (Cic. 'N.D.' ii. 2); Mahomet appeared on the Orontes to overthrow Count Roger, as Santiago, mounted on his war-horse, interfered at Clavijo in 846 to crush the Moslem. There was no mention of Santiago, or of his visit to Spain, or of his patronage, in the time of the Goths (San

Isidoro, 'Or.' vii. 9), and simply because there being no Moors then to be expelled, his assistance was not wanted.

The conferring military rank on this apostle spoke the spirit of the age and people, when bishops *rode* in armour and knights in cowls, nor would a nation of *caballeros* ever have respected a *footman* tutelar. Accordingly, Santiago, San Martin, and San Isidoro, always mounted, represent the Fortuna Equestris of the Romans.

Froissart felt the full rank of this "F. M." of a religious chivalry, and, like Dante, he calls St. James a Baron—*Varon*, Vir, a *gentleman*, a *man* emphatically, in contradiction to Homo, *Hombre*, or a mere mortal clod of earth. So Don Quixote speaks of him as "*Don Diego*," the Moor-killer, and one of the most valiant of Saints. The Cids and Alonsos of Spain's dark ages at least had the common sense to choose a male tutelar to lead their armies to victory: it was left to the enlightened Cortes of Cadiz in 1810 to nominate S^a. Teresa, the crazy nun of Avila, to be the fit commandress of the Cuestas, Blakes, and suchlike spoil children of defeat.

According to Church-authorized legends, St. James was beheaded at Jerusalem in 42, but his body was taken to Joppa, where a boat appeared "*nutu dei*," into which the corpse embarked itself, and sailed to Padron, which lies 4 L. below Santiago; it performed the voyage in 7 days, which at once proves the miracle, since the modern Oriental Steam Company can do nothing like it. The body first made for Barcelona, then coasted Spain, and avoiding the delicious S. (probably because polluted by the infidel), selected this damp diocese, where the wise prelate Theodomirus, who planned the pious fraud, resided. The body rested on a stone at Padron, which hollowed itself out, wax to receive, and marble to retain, although some theologians contend that this stone was the very vessel in which the holy corpse sailed; and so indeed did Hercules sail before to Spain in a cup

(Athæn. xi. 469; Macrobian. v. 21), floating like St. Cuthbert in his stone coffin; so St. Patrick came to "his consecrated isle" mounted on a paving-stone. All readers of Pausanias (vii. 5, 5) know also that an image of Hercules was conveyed to Priene in a vessel conscious of its sacred cargo, and then became the object of pilgrimage. Again, as to these quick passages in heaven-commissioned clippers, see Lucian (*de D. Syriis*), how the head of Osiris was carried by water, *θειη ναυτιλιη*, in seven days; again, according to Herodotus (iv. 152), Corobius was transported, *θειη πομπη*, by sea and also to Spain, and also through the straits; Cecrops sailed from Egypt, said the voracious Greeks, in a boat of papyrus—a sort of papier-maché Macintosh. But these "*Barcos encantados*" are too common in the legends of the Pantheon, Vatican, and Romances of knight errants, to be enlarged on; and compare '*El Cristo de Beyrut*,' p. 379; and '*El Cristo de Burgos*,' p. 847.

That rocks soften when wanted for these miraculous occasions all geologists know well. Thus the stone at Delphi, on which the Sibyl Herophile sat down, received the full impression, second only in basso-relievo to that grand stone on which Silenus reposed, and which Pausanias (i. 22. 5) was shown at Træzene: so among the Moslem, when Mahomet ascended to Heaven, his camel's hoofs were imprinted on the rock (just as those of Castor were on the flint at Regillum, Cic. 'N.D.' iii. 5; and the true prophet's own footmark is shown near Cairo, at Attar è Nebbee. Such a saxeous metamorphosis was an old story even in skeptical Ovid's times (Met. i. 400).

"Saxa, quis hoc credit? nisi sit pro teste vetustas,
Ponere duritiem cœpere."

Some antiquarians, with sad want of faith, have pronounced this stone at Padron to be only a Roman sarcophagus; if, however, people can once believe that Santiago ever came to Spain at all, all the rest is plain sailing. Verily both the Pontifex maximus of old and modern Rome have alike

fathomed the depths of human credulity, which loves to be deceived, and will have it so, "and the priests bear rule by their means;" Jer. v. 31.

Be all these things as they may, when the body of Santiago reached Padron it was put in a cave sacred to Bacchus, and forgotten for nearly 800 years, when Spain, says the learned and pious Padre Florez, "breathed again" after the discovery of the body; a second miracle, occurred after this wise:—Pelagius, a hermit, informed Theodomirus, bishop of Iria Flavia *Padron*, that he saw heavenly lights always hovering over a certain site, which, on being examined, was found to contain a body, but how it was ascertained to be that of the apostle is not stated. Thereupon Alonso el Casto built a church on the spot, and granted all the rich land for three miles round to the good bishop. In 829 the body was removed for greater security to the stronger town of Santiago, wild bulls coming to draw the carriage by "divine inspiration," *Toros guiados divinamente*, as a delicate compliment to the tutelar of the land of Tauromachia. Riches now poured in, especially the corn-rent, said to be granted in 846 by Ramiro, to repay Santiago's services at Clavijo, where he killed single-handed 60,000 Moors more or less. This grant was a bushel of corn from every acre in Spain, and was called *el Voto* and *el Morion*, the votive offering of the quantity which the Capt.-General's capacious *helmet* contained. The deed, dated Calahorra 834, convicts itself of forgery (see however Mariana, vii. 13). The entire fallacy of the battle of *Clavijo*, and the forgery of the gift are fully exposed in the '*Representacion*,' &c. of the *Duque de Arcos*, fol. Mad. 1771, and in the '*Memorial del Pleito entre Burgos y Santiago Lazaro Gonzalez de Acevedo*,' fol. 2nd ed. Mad. 1771: and it may just be added that there is no tittle of real evidence to prove that Santiago ever was at all in Spain, alive or dead.

This corn-rent, estimated at 200,000*l.* a-year, used to be collected by agents, although not much eventually reached

Gallicia, for grains of gold and wheat stick like oil to Spanish fingers, and *Quien acceite mesura, le unta las manos*. This tax was abolished in 1835. When corn-rents were given to discoverers of holy bones, precious as nuggets in those days, revelations never were wanting if the land was fertile; hence every district had its high place, palladium, and petty pilgrimage. All these pious frauds tended indirectly to advance civilization, by creating roads, bridges, inns, hospitals, and convents, asylums in a rude age, and in a word by tempering brute force.

The whole legend bespeaks a poverty of invention worthy of this Bœotia of the North. "*Lucida Sidera*," strange constellations, are the common signs of Pagan mythology, palmed on an age ignorant of astronomy. These star-indicated spots were always consecrated. Compare this *Compostella* with the Roman *Campus Stellatus* (Suet. 'Cæs.' 20). The Gallicians, however, of old, were noted for seeing supernatural illuminations, and what was more, for interpreting their import (Sil. Ital. iii. 344). Thus when the gods struck with lightning one of their hills gold was forthwith sought for (Justin, xlv. 3). Ancient avarice was at least straightforward; the modern priests converted a bone into a philosopher's stone, and found in it a sure magnet wherewith to attract bullion.

The first cathedral built over the apostles' body was finished in 874, and consecrated May 17, 899; the city rose around it, and waxing strong, the Cordovese felt the recoil of the antagonist shrine and tutelar, even at their *Ceca*; whereupon Al-Mansúr, dreading the crusading influence, determined on its total destruction, and in July, 997, he left Cordova on his 48th *al jihad*, or Holy Crusade, having also sent a fleet round to co-operate on the Duero and Miño. He advanced by Coria, and was met at Zamora by many Spanish counts, or local petty sheikhs, who with true Iberian selfishness and disunion sided with the invader, in order to secure their own safety and share in the spoil (see 'Esp. Sag.' xxxiv. 303). Al-

Mansúr entered Santiago Wed. Aug. 10, 997, and found it deserted, the inhabitants having fled from the infidel, whose warfare was extermination. The conqueror razed the city, sparing only the tomb of the Spaniards' *Prophet*, before which he trembled: so close was the analogy of these cognate superstitions.

Mariana (viii. 9), however, asserts that Al-Mansúr was "dazzled by a divine splendour;" and that his retiring army was visited by sickness inflicted by *la divina venganza*. Had all this taken place *before* this Cordovese Alaric sacked the town, it would have been more creditable to the miraculous powers of Spain's great tutelar. The learned Jesuit, however, dismisses this humiliating conquest in a few lines, which condense every possible mistake in names, dates, and localities. Thus he fixes the period A.D. 993, and kills Al-Mansúr, whom he calls Mohamad Alhagib, at Begalcorax in 998, whereas that great general died in 1002 at Medinaceli (see Index).

Shant Yakob, the "Holy City of Jalikijah" (Gallicia), is thus described by the more accurate contemporaneous Moorish annalists (see 'Moh. D.' i. 74; ii. 193); who prove the early and wide-spread effect and influence which this antagonistic tutelar and tomb had on the Moors. The shrine was frequented even by those Christians who lived among the Moors, and the pilgrims brought back minute reports. "Their *Kabáh* is a colossal *idol*, which they have in the centre of the church; they swear by it, and repair to it in pilgrimage from the most distant parts, from Rome as well as from other countries, pretending that the tomb which is to be seen within the church is that of Yakob (James), one of the 12 apostles, and the most beloved of Isa (Jesus): may the blessing of God and salutation be on him and on our prophet!" "They say that the Moslems on their victorious entrance found no living soul at Santiago except an old monk who was sitting on the tomb of St. James, who being interrogated by Al-Mansúr

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as to himself, and what he was doing in that spot, he answered, I am a familiar of St. James, upon which Al-Mansúr ordered that no harm should be done unto him." The Moslem respected the *Faquir* monk, in whom he saw a devotee borrowed from his own Caaba of Mecca. His object was to destroy the idols of the polytheist Spaniards, for the uncompromising Deism and the Hebrew abhorrence of graven images form the essence also of Islamism. Al-Mansúr purified the temples according to the Jewish law (Deut. vii. 5), and exactly as the early Christians in the fourth century had treated the symbols of Paganism. Thus, the followers of Mahomet trod in the steps of both Testaments, while Christianity, as corrupted by Rome, was re-modelling and renewing those very Pagan abominations which the old and new law equally forbade.

Al-Mansúr returned to Cordova laden with spoil. The bells of the cathedral of Santiago were conveyed to Cordova on the shoulders of Christian captives, and hung up reversed as lamps in the Great Mezquita, where they remained until 1236, when St. Ferd. restored them, sending them back on the shoulders of Moorish prisoners. Al-Mansúr is said to have fed his horse out of the still-existing porphyry font in the cathedral, but the barb, so the Spaniards report, burst and died. Possibly, coming from Cordova, the change of diet had affected his condition, and certainly we ourselves nearly lost our superb *haca Cordovesa* from the "hay and oats" of Gallicia.

Al-Mansúr could not find the body of Santiago, at which some will not be surprised; the local divines contend that the Captain-General surrounded himself when in danger with an obfuscation of his own making, like the cuttle-fish; and to this day no one knows exactly where the bones are deposited. *It is said* that Gelmirez built them into the foundations of his new cathedral, in order that they never might be pried into by the *impertinente curioso*, or be removed by the

enemy. Thus it was forbidden among the Romans to reveal even the name of Rome's tutelary, lest the foe, by greater bribes, or by violence, might induce the patron to prove false. The remains of Hercules were also said to be buried in his temple at Gades, but no one knew where. However, Santiago lies somewhere, for he was heard clashing his arms when Buonaparte invaded Spain; so, before the battle of Leuctra, *Herculis fano arma sonuerunt* (Cic. 'de Div.' i. 34) but the old war-horse will neigh at the trumpet's sound. The Captain General, valiant at Clavijo, had already given up active service in 997, and it could not be expected that such an invalided veteran should put on, like old Priam, *arma diu senior desueta*, and turn out of his comfortable resting-place to oppose Soult 812 years afterwards. After all it is just possible that the veritable Santiago is not buried at Compostella, for as the Coruñese claimed a duplicate body of Geryon, to the indignation of the Gaditanians, so the priests of St. Sernin at Toulouse, among 7 bodies of the 12 apostles, said that Santiago's was one; and when we remember the triumph of Soult at Santiago and this marshal's trouncing at this very Toulouse, it is difficult not to think that the real Simon Pure is buried at St. Sernin, and helped our Duke.

Be this as it may, for non nobis talem est componere litem, most Spanish divines lose temper whenever this legend is questioned; volumes of controversy have been written, and the evidence thus summed up:—*Primo*, The *veneras* or scallop shells found at Clavijo, prove that they were dropt there by Santiago, when busy in killing 60,000 Moors to a fraction; these are like the "Ampulles," worn by pilgrims in token of their having fulfilled the visit. *Secundo*, If the Virgin descended from Heaven at Zaragoza to visit Santiago, of which there can be no doubt, it follows that Santiago must have been at Zaragoza. However, the honest Jesuit Mariana (vii. 10) thinks no proof at all necessary, because so great an event never could have been

believed at first without sufficient evidence: while Morales concludes that "none but a heretic could doubt a fact which no man can dare to deny." Be that as it may, the Pope soon became jealous of this assumed elevation, which the sons of Zebedee excited even while alive (Mark x. 41); and Baronius resented pretensions which rivalled those of St. Peter, and were pretty much as unfounded. Accordingly Clement VIII. altered the Calendar of Pius V., and threw a doubt on the whole visit, whereat the whole Peninsula took alarm (see M'Crie's excellent 'Reformation in Spain,' p. 5). The Pontiff was assailed with such irresistible arguments, that his virtue, like Danaë's, gave way, and the affair was thus compromised in the Papal record: "*Divus Jacobus mox Hispaniam adisse, et aliquos discipulos ad fidem convertisse apud Hispanos receptum esse affirmatur.*" This qualified certificate would not do; and Urban VIII., in 1625, being "refreshed" with golden opinions, restored Santiago to all his Spanish honours, so little change has taken place since those days when Juvenal said, "*Omnia Romæ, cum pretio.*"

The see, now an archbishopric, was formerly suffragan to the Gothic metropolitan Merida, a city at that time in partibus infidelium. It was elevated in 1120 by the management of Diego Gelmirez, a partisan of Queen Urraca, who prevailed on her husband Ramon to intercede with his brother Pope Calixtus II. Diego, the first primate, presided 39 years, and was the true founder of the cathedral; and although the people rose against him and Urraca, he was the real king during that troubled period when that queen was false to him and to every one else. Consult the curious Latin contemporary history, called *La Compostellana*, written by two of his canons, Munio Hugo and Giraldo, and printed at length in '*Esp. Sag.*' xx. The city and chapter of Toledo opposed the elevation of a rival Santiago; for, as in the systems of Mahomet and the imitating Spaniard, religion went hand in hand with com-

merce and profit, which it had done since the days of the Phœnicians. A relic or shrine attracted rich strangers, while its sanctity awed robbers, and offered security to wealthy merchants: hence an eternal bickering between places of established holiness and commerce, and any upstart competitor: as Medina hated Mecca, so Toledo hated Santiago.

But Gelmirez was a cunning prelate, and well knew how to carry his point: he put Santiago's bullion images and plate into the crucible, and sent the ingots to the Pope. Such was the advice given by the Sibyl to the Phœnicians, to "plough with a *silver* plough;" and they too, in obedience, converted their holy vessels of precious metal into unconsecrated cash, and conquered. Gelmirez remitted the cash to Rome—for, no penny no paternoster—by means of pilgrims, who received from his Holiness a number of indulgences proportioned to the ounces of gold which they smuggled through Arragon and Catalonia, then independent and hostile kingdoms; and the "dens," say these historians, "not of thieves, but of devils," for in those unhappy times the highways of Spain were unoccupied, and travellers walked through the byways.

Following the example of the Pagan priests of the temple of Hercules at Gades, Gelmirez now extolled the virtues of making a visit and an offering to the new tutelary at Santiago. The patron saint became *el santo*, the saint par excellence, as Antonio at Padua is *il santo*. He never turned a deaf ear to those pilgrims who came with money in their sacks: "exaudit quos non audit et ipse Deus!" and great was the stream of wealthy guilt which poured in; kings gave gold, and even paupers their mites. Thus all the capital expended by Gelmirez at Rome in establishing the machinery was reimbursed, and a clear income obtained; the roads of Christendom were so thronged, that Dante exclaims (Par. xxv. 17)—

"Mira mira ecco il *Barone*
Per cui laggiu si visita Galizia!"

At the marriage of our Edward I., in

1254, with Leonora, sister of Alonso el Sabio, a protection to English pilgrims was stipulated for; but they came in such numbers that the French took alarm, and when Enrique II. was enabled by their aid to dethrone Don Pedro, he was compelled to prevent any English whatever entering Spain without the French king's permission. The capture of Santiago by John of Gaunt increased the difficulties, by rousing the suspicions of Spain also. The numbers in the 15th century were also great. Rymer (x. xi.) mentions 916 licences granted to English in 1428, and 2460 in 1434. In the mediæval ages the duty of a pilgrimage to Compostella was absolutely necessary in many cases to take up an inheritance. The accommodation required by the many visitors led, as we have said, to the construction of roads, bridges, inns, hand-books, and hospitals—to armed associations, which put down robbers and maintained order: thus the violence of brute force was tempered, and many important moving powers of civilization established, benefits not indeed contemplated by the inventors.

The pilgrimage to Compostella began to fall off after the Reformation, when, according to Molina, "the damned doctrines of the accursed Luther diminished the numbers of Germans and *wealthy* English." The injurious effect of the pilgrimage on public morals in Gallicia was exactly such as Burekhardt found at Mecca; it fostered a vagrant, idle, mendicant life; nothing could be more disorderly than the scenes at the tomb itself; the habit of pilgrims, once the garb of piety, became that of rogues (see Ricote's account in Don Quixote). It was at last prohibited in Spain, except under regulations. But smaller pilgrimages in Spain, as among the Moslems, are still universally prevalent; almost every district has its miracle-shrine and holy place. These combine, in an uncommercial and unsocial country, a little amusement with devotion and business. The pilgrims, like beggars in an Irish cabin, were once welcome to a "bite and sup," as they were itinerant gossips who brought news in an age when