

In the corner of this room are placed two trestles: four planks are laid across these, and support a straw-stuffed mattress of immense thickness: over this is another as disproportionately thin, and this is my bed. The seat of my chair is as high as the table I write upon. A lamp hangs upon the door. Above us are bare timbers; for as yet I have seen no cielings in Spain. The floor is tiled. Such are the comfortable accommodations we meet with after travelling from the rising to the setting sun. We have however a brazier here, the first I have seen since our departure from Coruña. Of the people, extreme filth and deplorable ignorance are the most prominent characteristics; yet there is a civility in the peasantry which Englishmen do not possess, and I feel a pleasure when the passenger accosts me with the usual benediction, "God be with you."

There is a mud wall round the town. Here I first saw people dancing in the streets with castanets. Our landlady told us there was an

English merchant in the house, his name Don Francisco, and this proved to be a German pedlar, with a ring on every finger. Some of the churches here are fine specimens of early Saxon architecture. In the church wall are two crosses, composed of human skulls with thigh bones for the pedestal, fixed on a black ground.

The river Ezla, where we past it a little below Benevente, is a clear deep tranquil stream. I drank of its water, and found it excellent. A stream of little note, yet should it be dear to the Poet, for it is consecrated by the genius of George of Montemayor. I must give you a specimen of the poetry of his Diana. After a year's absence Sireno returns to his mistress on the banks of the Ezla, and finds her married. In this state he lays him down on the shore, and addresses these lines to a lock of her hair.

CABELLOS, quanta mudanza

He visto despues que os vi,

Y quam mal parescey ay

Essa color de esperanza.

Bien pensava yo cabellos,

(Aunque con algun temor)

Que no fuera otro pastor

Digno de ver se cabe ellos.

Ay cabellos, quantos dias

La mi Diana mirava,

Si os trayo, o si os dexava,

Y otras cien mil niñerías ;

Y quantas vezes llorando

(Ay lagrimas engañosas)

Pedia celos de cosas

De que yo estava burlando.

Los ojos que me matavan,

Dezi dorados cabellos,

Que culpa tuve en creellos.

Pues ellos me asseguravan ?

No vistes vos que algun dia,

Mil lagrimas derramava,

Hasta que yo le jurava,

Que sus palabras creya ?

Quien vio tanta hermosura

En tan mudable subjecto ?

Y en amador tan perfecto,

Quien vio tanta desventura ?

O cabellos no os correys,

Por venir de ado venistes,

Viendo me como me vistes

En ver me como me veys.

Sobre el arena sentada

De aquel rio la vi yo

Do con el dedo escrivio,

Antes muerta que mudada.

Mira el Amor lo que ordena,

Que os viene hazer creer,

Cosas dichas por muger

Y escriptas en el arena.

* AH me ! thou Relic of that faithless fair !

Sad changes have I suffered since that day

When, in this valley, from her long loose hair

I bore thee, Relic of my Love ! away.

Well did I then believe DIANA's truth,

For soon true Love each jealous care represses ;

And fondly thought that never other youth

Should wanton with the Maiden's unbound tresses.

* The first stanza of the original, alludes to a Spanish peculiarity.
The hair of Diana was kept in green silk.

Sad changes have I suffered since that day,

When here reclining on this grassy slope,

I bore thee, Relic of my Love ! away,

And faded are thy tints, green hue of Hope !

The love-language of colours is given at large in the following
extract from the " Historia de las Guerras civiles de Granada."

" Mudava trages y vestidos conforme la passion que sentia. Unas
vezes vestia negro solo, otras vezes negro y pardo, otras de morado

Here on the cold clear Ezla's breezy side,
 My hand amid her ringlets wont to rove,
 She proffer'd now the lock, and now denied,
 With all the baby playfulness of love.
 Here the false Maid, with many an artful tear,
 Made me each rising thought of doubt discover,
 And vow'd and wept, till Hope had ceas'd to fear,
 Ah me ! beguiling like a child her lover.

Witness thou how that fondest falsest fair
 Has sigh'd and wept on Ezla's shelter'd shore,
 And vow'd eternal truth, and made me swear,
 My heart no jealousy should harbour more.
 Ah ! tell me ! could I but believe those eyes ?
 Those lovely eyes with tears my cheek bedewing,
 When the mute eloquence of tears and sighs
 I felt, and trusted, and embraced my ruin.

y blanco por mostrar su fe; lo pardo y negro por mostrar su trabajo. Otras veces vestia azul mostrando divisa de rabiosos celos, otras de verde por significar su esperanza; otras veces de amarillo por mostrar desconfianza, y el dia que hablava con su Zayda se ponia de encarnado y blanco, señal de alegria y contento.”

“Zayde altered his dress according to the emotions he felt. Sometimes he wore black alone, sometimes black and grey. At other times he was in purple and white to shew his constancy, or black and grey, to express his grief; sometimes in blue, denoting that he was tormented by jealousy; sometimes in green, to signify hope; sometimes he was in yellow, to show doubt; and on the day on which he spoke to Zayda, he clad himself in red and white, to express his joy and satisfaction.”

The annexed poem, by Agustin de Salazar y Torres, is upon the same subject.

So false and yet so fair! so fair a mien
 Veiling so false a mind who ever knew?
 So true and yet so wretched! who has seen
 A man like me, so wretched and so true?
 Fly from me on the wind, for you have seen
 How kind she was, how lov'd by her you knew me
 Fly, fly vain witness what I once have been,
 Nor dare, all wretched as I am, to view me!"

One evening on the river's pleasant strand,
 The Maid too well beloved sat with me,
 And with her finger traced upon the sand,
 "Death for DIANA—not Inconstancy!"
 And LOVE beheld tis from his secret stand,
 And mark'd his triumph, laughing to behold me,
 To see me trust a writing traced in sand,
 To see me credit what a woman told me!

Escribe à una Dama le significacion de los colores.

SEGUIDILLAS.

Soberana hermosa,ura,
 cuyos luzeros
 solo han sido imitados
 de vuestro espejo.

Cierto Coro de Ninfas,
 que son los Astros,
 que por la quenta viven
 de vuestros rayos;

G

Porque según se sabe
de las Esferas,
el Sol parte sus luzes
con las Estrellas.

Un coro, en fin, de Gracias,
pues oy es cierto
conocer, que las Gracias
sirven à Venus.

Oy mudando de estilo,
contra Palacio,
se dexan los chapines,
por los zapatos.

Con colores distintos
su Amor componen,
que oy Amor, aunque ciego,
juzga colores.

Es el azul y blanco
fee con firmeza ;
que no tienen los zelos
color tan bella.

Dominio signica
color pagizo,
y aun amor, porque en todo
tiene dominio.

Es el color de fuego
llama, y firmeza,
que es incendio en la fragua
de cierta Herrera.

Siguiese el verde al fuego,
 que es pena alegre,
 para que entre lo roxo
 busquen lo verde.

Es encarnado y blanco
 triunfo en lo bello,
 y en vos el que era triunfo
 sera trofeo.

El verdegal señala
 dolor amando,
 con que no ay más remedio,
 que hazerle lazos.

Es rendimiento firme
 la cinta blanca ;
 mucho es. que una colonia
 retrate una alma.

Poder, amor, y honra
 es el dorada, !
 y todo en vuestros rizos
 puede alcanzarlo.

Mas aunque todos digan
 dichas y premios,
 al color que vos agrada
 solo me atengo.

THE LOVE-LANGUAGE OF COLOURS.

O Sovereign beauty, you whose charms
 All other charms surpass,
 Whose lustre nought can imitate,
 Except your looking-glass ;

A choir of Nymphs, the Planets they
 Who live but by your light,
 For well we know the Sun imparts
 The borrowed rays of night ;

A choir of Graces they, for sure
 That title they obtain,
 If they are Graces who attend
 In Cytherea's train ;

These Nymphs by various colours now,
 Their various feelings tell,
 For Cupid, tho' the boy be blind
 Can judge of colours well.

For faith and constancy they blend
 With white the azure blue,
 To show the tyranny of power
 Alone the straw's pale hue.

A constant and an ardent love
 In fiery tints is seen,
 And hope that makes affection sweet,
 Displays itself in green.

The mingled red and white display
 A love triumphant there,
 The copper's cankerous verdure speaks
 Love, envy and despair.

A faithful and devoted heart,
 The girdle's circling white,
 And thus a simple ribband speaks
 A woman's heart aright.

The hue of burnish'd gold so bright,
 That emulates the flame,
 The gay and gorgeous emblem shines,
 Of power and love and fame.

O Sovereign beauty, you whose charms
 To all superiour shine,
 Whatever colour pleases you,
 That colour shall be mine.

LETTER VIII.

TORDESILLAS, Tuesday, Dec. 29.

As we were about to depart from Benevente, we found the Mayoral, and his man Julian furiously enraged; the landlord entreating, and Manuel with his baggage in his hand supplicating the angry Muleteers. It was some time before we could ascertain the cause of the disturbance, at last we learnt that the Mayoral and his man had ordered a black pudding for their breakfast, and that while they were elsewhere employed, Manuel had eat it. Manuel confessed the eating, proffered the price of the pudding, and pleaded that he had done it for a joke. Nothing however could pacify the Muleteers, the joke was too practical, they threw his bundle into the street, and swore he should not ride a step farther. We now began to feel interested in the business, for Mambrino

was our right hand, and a Professor of Languages would have been less useful to me. We interceded, but the offended Spaniards were implacable; we insisted that he should proceed, and they peremptorily refused to carry him or his bundle; we argued that we had hired the coach, and might load it how we pleased, they replied that the coach was let to carry us and our baggage only. What could be done? we went to the Corregidor, he was in bed, and we were told he would not rise till ten o'clock. We had no time for delay: it was already seven, and we resolved upon slower measures. Hitherto we had given the Muleteers their provisions, now they should purchase their own or forgive Manuel. Poor Manuel trudges by the coach bearing the burthen of his offence on his shoulders in the shape of a bundle which contained his clothes, his barber's stock in trade, and a book of surgery, all his worldly goods. The day was very hot, bitterly did he repent of the black pudding and complain to me that it was, *mucho trabajo*, great trouble. However after dinner we had the satisfaction

to see his bundle behind the coach, and by the evening, though he was still condemned to walk, their anger had relaxed enough to converse with him, and this morning Manuel was re-seated behind the coach.

The course of the Ezla, on this side of Benevente, has altered much since the bridge was built. It now stands sideways to the current; the stream is strong, and the bridge in ruins. After an execrable stage of five leagues, we reached Vallalpando to dinner, whose mud walls magnified through a mist, appeared to us like the yet respectable remains of a large fortification. Here we bought two turkies for a dollar. It is a poor and miserable town, and the hostess of our posada was a complete personification of Famine. They build here with very thin bricks and make the layer of mortar of the same width; there is a new church here built of mud. To Villar de Frades are four leagues farther, by as good a road as may be expected, when it lies over ploughed fields and swamps. Our room is gayly ornamented with German prints of all

the Virtues, and the four quarters of the globe. Here is likewise a wax figure of St. Christopher, in a glass case. Man is naturally delighted with the wonderful. A story of a giant or a ghost delights our infancy, and Valentine and Orson, and the Seven Champions of Christendom, are among the first books that engage the attention of our opening reason. Perhaps this disposition in the Spaniards may be discovered in their most popular legends. That of St. Christopher is of the old romantic kind. Saint Iago and Saint Michael are their favourite saints, because the one fought on horseback against the Moors, and the other defeated the Old Dragon in a single combat. Perhaps their singular attachment to the doctrine of the Virgin Mary's purity may be traced to the same source.

We left Villar de Frades at day-break, and have been till six in the evening travelling only five leagues. At Vega del Toro we passed a palace of the Duke of Lirias. We dined at Vega de Valedetroncos. Here the kitchen

exhibited to us the novelty of a good chimney. The floor of our room was rubbed over, or rather brown-washed with clay. There was a print of the Virgin Mary in a tree, with the Sun upon her head, and the Moon under her feet. A printed paper was hung up stating that this thesis had been defended at Salamanca, and approved of by that University in 1794.—“No sins are so atrocious that the Church cannot forgive them!”

Here we ventured upon a sausage, and a precious mixture it was of garlic and anniseed; literally nothing else, and this fried in their rancid oil! We are now at Tordesillas, where we have found a good posada, good rooms, good wine, a brazier, and civility. Before it reaches this place, the road is paved, but this suddenly ends, and the carriage goes down a step, somewhat more than a foot deep.

It was here that Joanna, when her dotage had ripened into madness, for so many years watched by the corpse of her husband. It was here too

Padilla triumphed, and we have perhaps this day trod over the ground where this Martyr of Freedom suffered. With Padilla expired the liberties of Spain: her despotism, terrible and destructive under Charles and Philip, is now become as despicable abroad for its imbecility, as it is detestable for its pernicious effects at home. We may hope that in a more enlightened age some new Padilla may arise with better fortune and with more enlarged views; then, and not till then, will Spain assume her ancient rank in Europe, and perhaps some inscription like the following may mark the spot where JUAN DE PADILLA died the death of a traitor:

Traveller! if thou dost bow the supple knee
 Before Oppression's footstool, hie thee hence!
 This ground is holy: here PADILLA died,
 MARTYR of FREEDOM. But if thou shouldst love
 Her glorious cause, stand here, and thank thy God
 That thou dost view the pestilent pomp of power
 With indignation, that thine honest heart,
 Feeling a brother's pity for mankind,
 Rebels against oppression. Not unheard
 Nor unavailing shall the prayer of praise
 Ascend; for loftiest feelings in thy soul
 Shall rise of thine own nature, such as prompt

To deeds of virtue. Relics silver shrined
 And chaunted mass, will wake within thy breast,
 Thoughts valueless and cold compared with these.

We crossed the Duero at Tordesillas by a noble bridge. One of the Latin historians says, that the water of this river made the Roman soldiers, who drank of them, melancholy; and if they drank nothing else, we may believe him. I lost my hat at this place; 'twas little matter: it had been injured on the voyage, and sent to be pulehrified by a hatter at Coruña, who sent it home without binding, or lining, or dressing, having washed it, thickened it, altered its shape, and made it good for nothing, all which he did for one pesetta. We proceeded four leagues to Medina del Campo, passing through the half-way town of Ruada. In the streets there are several bridges over the mire for foot passengers, formed of large stones, about eighteen inches high and two feet asunder, which are left unconnected that carriages may pass. Here we bought some oranges, the first that we have yet seen. This is a great wine country, at present dreary and without verdure: the vine-

yards give a better appearance to it in other seasons, but a dry gooseberry-bush is a fine piece of timber compared to the vine in winter. The dress of the men is almost universally brown; the female peasantry love gaudier colours, blue and green are common among them, but they dress more generally in red and yellow. I saw an infant at Astorga, whose cap was shaped like a grenadier's, and made of blue and red plush.

Medina del Campo is in every respect better supplied than any town we have yet entered. There are no less than eighteen convents here! The posada is a very good one: there is a board hung out with this inscription:

Posada nu
ebo porcav
alleros.

which is, being spelled into Spanish, Posada nuevo por Cavalleros, so ingeniously do they confound words and letters. Every Spanish inscription and shopboard is an enigma: the letters b and v are continually used instead of

each other : there is often no distinction of words, and the skill of the carver and painter is exerted in expressing as many letters by as few lines as possible; thus the three letters D E L are written by an E, with the semicircular half of the D applied to its perpendicular line ; the letter M expresses MU, because two of its lines form a V, and if to its last perpendicular you add the half of an R, the cypher then denotes the first syllable of MURCIA.

This town* is free from all imposts, and the

* Colmenar says, “ this town should be celebrated among Philosophers, because it was here that a Spanish physician, called Gomesius Pereira, dared in the middle of the sixteenth century, to publish a book, on which he had employed the labour of thirty years, and in which he proved that beasts are nothing but machines.”

Of this early Materialist, Moreri gives the following account :—“ George Gomez Pereira, a Spanish physician, who lived in the sixteenth century, was born at Medina del Campo ; he was the first author who durst assert that beasts are only machines, and do not act from reflection.” *Nont point de sentiment.*—This doctrine he advanced in 1554, in a book which had cost him the labour of thirty

inhabitants have a right of nominating to all offices civil and ecclesiastic, neither the King

years, and which he entitled Antoniana Margarita, to do honour to the names of his father and mother. He was soon sharply attacked by Miguel de Palacio, a theologian of Salamanca, whom he as sharply answered; but he formed no sect, and his opinion soon died away. It is pretended that Descartes adopted this opinion from the Spanish physician; others deny the charge, and say that that philosopher, who read little, had never heard Pereira or his work mentioned: he likewise attacked the original matter of Aristotle, and the opinion of Galen concerning the nature of fevers, in his Antoniana Margarita. In 1558 he published another work in folio, entitled, Nova veraque medicina Christiana ratione comprobata."

Bayle says that Arriaga, one of the most subtle scholastics in the seventh century, attacked Pereira. For, he argued, as his doctrine denied the Original Matter of Aristotle, it would not permit him to reverence (venerer) the ashes and reliques of Saints, for after their death, none of the matter that belonged to them would remain.

The Antoniana Margarita was twice printed in folio. At Medina del Campo 1554, and at Franckfort 1610. It was a very rare book in Bayle's time.

The Reader, I hope, will pardon me for throwing away so many lines upon a man who wasted thirty years on so ridiculous a subject.

Buffon has, with incomparable absurdity, attempted to

