

had neither a cloth to wipe our hands, or a blanket to cover us. The woman appeared at least seventy. She told us she was but eight and forty, but added that she had had much trouble in her time.

We travelled two leagues this morning over a well cultivated country, without seeing either tree or house; we then past through a grove of the prickly oaks so universal in this country, and soon afterwards left the two little towns of Santa Cruz and Chrismunda close on the left. The olive plantations at Santa Cruz and the houses among them, made a lively contrast to the dreary track we left behind us; here was a stone cistern for the inhabitants to wash their linen in, supplied from the fountain. On our right lay a noble range of lofty mountains white with snow, the country below them was well wooded and extremely beautiful. We reached Maqueda at one o'clock, five leagues distant from Valmojado, which we did not leave before seven. We travel perhaps somewhat faster now than in our coach and six.

Here are the remains of a large castle, and from the eminence on which it stands is a wide prospect over an extensive plain well planted with olives and evergreen oaks. A little brook runs below the castle hill, and there is a very fine Convent about a mile distant.

Leaving this town we saw a pillar on a little hill to the right. I went up to it, and found only a round pillar of brick without any inscription. The mountains to the right and the olive trees all over the plain, made the road very pleasing, and it was more lively than usual, for they are now gathering in the olives. We passed through Santa Olalla, and made our halt for the night at the village of Bravo, after a journey of eight leagues.

We are now going to sit down to pork chops and fried onions, a pretty cool supper! but supper is our grand meal. A cup of chocolate by lamp-light is but a comfortless breakfast, and in the middle of the day we make our halt as short as possible; in order to get in early

in the evening. The want of vegetables is a serious evil. Our food is very heating, and this with the fatigue of travelling occasions a feverish thirst at night.

We are obliged to superintend the cooking ourselves, or these people would scorch the meat to a cinder. Some person asked Mambriño at Madrid, how we lived upon the road? He replied, "Very well, but the Cavaliers eat their meat almost raw."

*Thursday 14, Venta de Peralbanegas.*

We had gone nearly a mile from Bravo this morning, when the man of the house overtook us with my coat, which had been left behind. There is something very pleasant in meeting such a proof of honesty, for when we have been much accustomed to the ways of mankind, we are surprized at it as at a novelty. The road is bad and over a barren heath, from whence we descended into a large plain, and beheld the towers of Talaveyra de la Reyna, two leagues

distant. On the way we crossed the Puente del Alverca, a very long bridge, once of stone, though the greater part is now of wood; the remains of two buried arches are on the bank. We met a mule here whose hair on the rump was cut into the shape of a spread eagle.

This city was the birth-place of Mariana the historian; and it was here that Maria of Portugal disgraced a character otherwise excellent by the murder of Leonora de Guzman, the mistress of her dead husband Alfonso XI. To me it is remarkable on another account: it is the only provincial town, except Coruña, where I have seen a bookseller's shop.

I was curious enough to measure at what height from the ground they had hung their looking glasses here: it was nine feet, and as all that I have yet seen are hung equally high, we may acquit the Spanish women of vanity. In a church porch here is a large picture of St.

Christopher,\* carrying Christ over the water,  
and a Bishop is waiting to receive him on the

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\* There was a man of stature bigge, and bigge withall in minde,  
For serve he would, yet one than whom he greater none might find.  
He, hearing that the Emperor was in the world most great,  
Came to his Court, was entertaynd, and serving him at meate,  
It chanced the Divell was nam'd, whereat the Emperor him blest;  
Whereas until he knew the cause, the Pagan would not rest.  
But when he heard his Lord to fear the Divell his ghostly foe,  
He left his service, and to seek and serve the Divell did goe:  
Of Heaven or Hell, God or the Divell, he earst nor heard nor carde,  
Alone he sought to serve the same that would by none be darde.  
He met (who soone is met) the Divell, was entertaynd, they walke,  
Till coming to a Crosse, the Divell did fearfully it balke:  
The Servant, musing, questioned his Master of his feare,  
One Christ, quoth he, with dread I mind when does a Crosse appeare.  
Then serve thyself, the Gyant said, that Christ to serve I'll seeke:  
For him he askt a Hermit, who advised him to be meeke;  
By which, by Faith, & Workes of Alms would sought-for Christ be found,  
And how and where to practise these he gave directions sound.  
Then he that skorned his service late to greatest Potentates,  
Even at a common ferry now to carry all awaites;  
Thus doing long, as with a Child he over once did waide,  
Under his loade midway he faints, from sinking hardly staide,  
Admiring how, and asking who, was answered of the Childe,  
As on his shoulders Christ he bore, by being humbly milde,  
So through humilitie his soul to Christ was reconcilde.  
And of his Carriage Christo-fer should thenceforth be his name.

WILLIAM WARNER.

They who did not know this curious legend of St. Christopher may be amused with it; they who knew it before were not perhaps acquainted with the manner of an old

bank. This legend reminds me of what I heard of the present King of Spain at Madrid; like

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Poet highly celebrated in his time. Warner, however, has not given the whole of the history.

St. Christopher was of the lineage of Cananites, great of stature, and terrible of countenance, being twelve cubits long. The Poet has also omitted the staff with which he is always painted, by which he sustained himself in the water, bearing over all manner of people without ceasing. Now it followed on a time as he slept in his lodge, he heard the voyce of a child which called him, and said, Christopher come out, and bear me over the water; then he arose and went out, but found no body. Now when he was come againe into his lodge, he heard the same voyce crying unto him as before, at the which he runs out, but findes nobody. Againe the third time being called, he comes forth and there found a childe by the river side, which prayed him to beare him over the water. Then Christopher lifted the childe on his shoulders, and tooke his staffe and entered the water, and the water arose, and swelled up more and more, and the child grew heavier and heavier, and ever as he went further the water swelled up higher, insomuch that Christopher was in danger of drowning; but when he came over, quoth he, thou childe thou hast put me in great perill, and weighest almost as heavie as if I had carried all the world upon my backe. Quoth the childe, thou hast borne all the world upon thy back, and him that created it. I am he in this world whom thou seekest to serve, and for thy better assurance thereof, set thy staffe in the ground, and by to-morrow it shall bud and bring forth fruit; and he did so, and found

the Emperor in the story, whenever he hears the Devil mentioned, he is so terrified that he crosses himself and says his prayers.

There are many ruins about Talaveyra; we past one arch so high that a house of the common size, which was built in it, reached only three parts up. The country is highly cultivated about this town. We saw chestnuts and poplars, the first since we left the metropolis. They had cork stools at the posada, and told us the cork grew very near.

In five hours we reached this Venta de Peralbanegas, an execrable place, where our room serves as a passage to an inner one, unluckily occupied by a large party, who will certainly "murder sleep" to night. They are now at

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it accordingly, his staffe bearing flowers and dates, and being thus converted and beleieving himself, he converted thousands, and amongst many other passages of his life was at last beheaded, and his blood there split, cured those that were blind.

*A Helpe to Discoveræ, 1648.*

supper, and actually all eating out of the frying-pan!

We set off early, and passing through a wood of ever-green oaks, beheld the town and Castle of Oropesa, on an eminence to the left. A league before us lay the little town of Torralva, half hid by olive plantations, and the snowy mountains bounded a vast and fertile plain on our right. Oropesa, with its castle, came full in view as we left Torralva; the castle belongs to the Duke of Alva. A little beyond, half way up the continued hill is Lagartina, and at some distance another small town, both surrounded with olive trees. There are stone enclosures here, the country is well cultivated, and the luxuriant appearance of the corn indicates a strong soil. From the road which now ran in a strait direction, we beheld the church of La Calzada de Oropesa, the only building of the town then visible, and apparently situated in a grove of olives; as we approached three churches appeared, and the few houses among the trees. To-day has been as hot as fine June



weather in England, to my great alarm, lest the Enemy whom I most dread, should come out of their winter quarters and begin the campaign.

We dined at La Calzada de Oropesa. Of the two women at the posada, the one has the most deformed feet I ever saw, and goes barefoot; the other appears to have lost the ball of one eye by an accident, and the socket is half empty and raw-red; yet has this horrible figure a large beauty spot. The women and children are generally barefoot, which we have not observed before.

Naval Moral is four leagues distant. The first part over a barren heath, as wearying to the eye as the roads in Cornwall; the latter through a country well wooded with ever-green oaks, and as we drew near this place, well-watered with small streams; on the left are stony hills with trees and stone enclosures. Here the scene was very beautiful. The snowy mountains were now faintly tinged by the evening sun,

and we looked over the scattered trees to the tower that marked our place of rest. In Dutens this place is called *Valparadiso*, the Vale of Paradise.

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Twelve months afterwards I wrote the following lines from the recollections of this days journey.

RETROSPECTIVE MUSINGS,

WRITTEN

JANUARY 15, 1797.

SPAIN! still my mind delights to picture forth  
 Thy scenes that I shall see no more, for there  
 Most pleasant were my wanderings. Memory's eye  
 Still loves to trace the gentle Minho's course,  
 And catch its winding waters gleaming bright  
 Amid the broken distance. I review  
 Leon's wild wastes and heights precipitous,  
 Seen with strange feelings of delight and dread  
 As the slow mules along the perilous brink  
 Passed patient; and Galicia's giant rocks  
 And mountains clustered with the fruitful pines,  
 Whose heads, dark-foliaged when all else was dim,  
 Rose o'er the distant eminence distinct,  
 Cresting the evening sky. The rain falls thick,  
 And damp and heavy is the unwholesome air;  
 I by the cheerful hearth remember Spain,  
 And tread with Fancy once again the ways

Where, twelve months since, I travelled on, and thought  
 Of England, and of all my heart held dear,  
 And wish'd *this* day were come. The mists of morn,  
 I well remember, hovered o'er the heath,  
 When with the earliest dawn of day we left  
 The solitary Venta. Soon the Sun  
 Rose in his glory : scattered by the breeze  
 The thin mists roll'd away, and now emerged  
 We saw where Oropesa's castled hill  
 Towered in the dim light dark : and now we past  
 Torralva's quiet huts, and on our way  
 Paus'd frequent, and look'd back, and gazed around,  
 Then journeyed on, and paused, and gazed again.  
 It was a goodly scene. The stately pile  
 Of Oropesa now with all its towers  
 Shone in the sun-beam ; half way up the hill,  
 Embowered in olives, like the abode of Peace,  
 Lay Lagartina ; and the cool fresh gale  
 Bending the young corn on the gradual slope,  
 Play'd o'er its varying verdure. I beheld  
 A Convent near, and my heart thought that they  
 Who did inhabit there were holy men,  
 For, as they look'd around them, all they saw  
 Was very good.

But, when the eve came on,  
 How did the lovely landscape fill my heart !  
 The near ascent arose with little rocks  
 Varied, and trees : the vale was wooded well  
 With oaks now cheerful in their wintry leaves,  
 And ancient cork-trees thro' their wrinkled barks  
 Bursting, and the rich olive\* underneath

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\* The olive has the remarkable property of fertilizing the soil it grows on.

Whose blessed shade the green herb greener grows  
 And fuller is the harvest : many a stream  
 That from the neighbouring hill descended clear  
 Wound vocal thro' the valley : the church tower  
 Marking the haven near of that day's toil,  
 Rose o'er the wood. But still the charmed eye  
 Dwelt lingering o'er Plasencia's fertile plain,  
 And loved to mark the bordering mountain's snow,  
 Pale purpled as the evening dim decayed.  
 The murmurs of the goat-herds scattered flock  
 Died on the quiet air, and sailing slow  
 The heavy stork sought on the church-tower top  
 His \* fancy-hallowed nest. Oh pleasant scenes !  
 With deep delight I saw you, yet my heart  
 Sunk in me as the frequent thought would rise  
 That here was none to love me. Often still  
 I think of you, and Memory's mystic power  
 Bids me re-live the past ; and I have traced  
 The fleeting visions ere her mystic power  
 Wax weak, and on the feeble eye of Age  
 The faint form'd scenes decay. Befits me now  
 Fix on Futurity the steady ken,  
 And tread with steady step the onward road.

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They have erected as gay an arch here as the  
 taste of the inhabitants could devise, and their  
 purses afford, with "*Viva Carlos IV. y su real  
 familia,*" on the one side, and on the other

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\* The stork is held sacred in Spain.

"*Naval Moral* 1796." This is the first symptom of loyalty we have yet seen. We have heard murmurs enough, for the King's journey has impoverished the country. The measure of barley which sold for seventeen quartos before he set out, is now at twenty-four!

There are no candles in this country. A piece of cane cut with holes through it, is suspended from the roof, and from one of these holes the lamp is hung by a hook. We have seen no bolster since we left England, and alas! we have now bade adieu to the land of blankets!

I observe crosses of white lime daubed upon the houses in the neighbouring towns, and stars painted, such as boys ornament their kites with. All the asses I meet have their noses tied up in a loose net to prevent them from gnawing their saddles. Coarse nets are used behind the carriage to hold the luggage.

The pepper of all this country is red. Apollyon

could not find a better kind of nutmeg for a  
cool-tankard of aqua-fortis.

Garcilasso de la Vega tells us :

Siempre de nueva leche en el verano,  
Y en el invierno abundo! en mi majada  
La manteca y el queso esta sobrado.

——— I have new milk

In summer and in winter, and my cot  
Is well supplied with butter and with cheese.

I wish we had been fortunate enough to meet  
this gentleman on our journey!

LETTER XII.

*Saturday, Jan. 16.*

We entered into conversation with a countryman this morning, in a forest of ever-green oaks and cork-trees. He told us it belonged to the Friars of the Escorial; "but (said he) the people here have not ground enough for their cattle; it would be much better to give the Friars land near their own convent, and divide this among the poor in the neighbourhood." These Monks suffer the countrymen to feed their swine here, paying forty-two reales for each pig's run of two months. This is to eat what acorns fall, for they are not allowed to beat down any, however the pigs get fat by the bargain as well as the friars. The income of this estate is 200,000 reales, 2250 pounds sterling. They strip the cork-trees every third year: the trees are in general very old; we measured one that was supported by props and found the girth thirty feet.

The wild boars who inhabit this forest, and the tame swine who are admitted there to board and lodging, have not injured it: even the Monks appear to respect its age and beauty, and satisfied with regularly stripping the bark, suffer the old trees to remain venerably picturesque. But we are now following the Court closely, and never did I witness a more melancholy scene of devastation! His Most Catholic Majesty travels like the King of the Gypsies: his retinue strip the country, without paying for any thing, sleep in the woods, and burn down the trees. We found many of them yet burning: the hollow of a fine old cork-tree served as a fire-place. The neighbouring trees were destroyed for fuel, and were a brisk wind even now to spring up, the forest might be in flames. Mules, and horses, and asses lie dead along the road, and though they do not cry aloud in our ears against the barbarity of thus destroying them by excessive fatigue, yet they address themselves strongly to another sense. The King is fond of inscriptions. Not a ditch along the road has been bridged without an



inscription beginning, "*Reinando Carlos IV.*" I feel very much inclined to indulge in a placard upon one of the mutilated old trees. His Majesty's travelling exploits would have furnished an excellent inscription for such a monument of his journey.

Every house which the King has ever honoured by his presence, is distinguished by a chain hung over the door.

Leaving the forest we entered upon a swampy plain, where, as Dutens says, the road became truly detestable. It is a stage of three hours and a half to Almaraz, a singular little town, where the houses seem built for pigmies and the church for Patagonians. Less than a league distant runs the Tagus, crossed by a noble bridge of two arches. On the bridge are the remains of a house; all we can read of the inscription told us it was made by the city of Plasencia,\* under Charles V. We are now at

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\* Ponz gives the inscription and dimensions of the bridge.

"Esta puente hizo la ciudad de Plasencia ano de 1552."

the Venta Nueva, within a quarter of a mile of the bridge, one of our mules is ill, and here we are detained.

This is a very large house with very vile accommodations. The covered space through which we enter, where the Calessa stands, and where the Carriers sleep among their baggage, is seventy feet by twenty-five. My bedstead is supported by sticks from which the bark has never been stripped. The beds are bad, and the Court have dirted all their linen. Here is a print of St. Iago on horseback, most apostolically cleaving down a Turk.

The King is at Merida to-day, within three days journey. Our Calassero says, he had rather return to Madrid than be embargoed,

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Reynando en Espana la Magestad Cesarea de Carlos V. Emperador. Fue maestro Pedro de Uria."

One arch is  $150\frac{1}{2}$  wide, and 69 in height; the other 119.66. The bridge is 580 feet long, and some little more than 25 wide. Like most of the Spanish bridges this is perfectly flat.