and Gothic; the cupola is of more modern construction, and is the work of Felipe de Borgoña, who lies buried here.

The gem of the cathedral is the chapel of the Constable of Castile, the great family of Velasco, Counts of Haro. The exquisite white stone of which it is built shows off to much advantage the delicate sculpture, all the lace-like borders to the arches, and the figures with their heraldic devices which adorn it. There is a lightness and an elegance about this chapel seldom to be met with. In front of the high altar are the tombs of the founder and his wife, which were executed in Italy in 1540. Their marble figures are reclining, and admirably executed; there is likewise in the chapel an enormous block of jasper. A lovely picture of a Magdalen is in a small sacristy, a good specimen of the Italian school. It would be endless to detail all the objects of interest enclosed within the walls of this cathedral, the many sepulchres, the chapels with all their rich details; every gateway is a study, and the exterior certainly has no equal in Spain.

One cannot but lament the absence of painted glass, which would so materially improve its internal appearance; but the plain glass windows are among the many mementos of the French invasion. When they abandoned the fortress in 1813, they attempted to blow up the castle, and an explosion took place which destroyed all the painted glass windows. The inhabitants in the present century were not as ready to replace this loss as their ancestors in former days, when the cupola fell in 1539; then, every possible exertion was made to repair the damage, and the present splendid structure soon rose on the ruins of the former one, the architecture not perhaps strictly in keeping with the remainder of the edifice, but attesting the taste and magnificence of the

age of the Imperial Charles. The richly-decorated portals of the façade were removed in 1794, and their present bare appearance spoils the magnificence of the remainder. To the north, another elaborate portal may be seen, called the Puerta Alta. It is decorated with the statues of the twelve Apostles, and a staircase leads down from it to the floor of the cathedral, above which it is raised nearly thirty feet. Close by is another enriched doorway, called the Puerta de la Pellegeria, more in the plateresque style; and here the exquisite pinnacles of the Constable's chapel form a becoming termination to the building. The arms and figures sculptured on the back of this chapel are magnificent.

Adjoining the cathedral are the cloisters; small and much enclosed, but very handsome; they are crowded with old tombs. Leading out of them is the sacristy, filled with portraits of the Bishops and Archbishops of Burgos down to the present day. In another small chapel, now used merely as a passage leading to the archives of the cathedral, is the tomb of Juan Cuchiller, the attendant on Enrique III., who sold his coat to procure a supper for his royal master, at the time that the feuds and rapacity of the nobles had reduced the Crown to such a state of poverty, that the Sovereign had no funds wherewith to keep up the dignity of his establishment.

An interesting relic is preserved here; it is an old worm-eaten oak chest, which has the magic words written under it, the coffer of the Cid. Fortunately, it is fastened against the wall high up beyond the reach of romantic souvenir-loving travellers, who might wish to detach a trifling morsel as a recollection of this old Castilian chief. We ascended to the summit of one of the spires, and the beauty of the statues which decorate its pinnacles, and the ornaments and detail of its

parapets and buttresses, well repay one for the ascent. Burgos has, however, several objects of interest besides its cathedral, although its finest convents are destroyed, or converted to purposes for which they were never intended. The citadel crowns the hill which rises behind the town; within its walls stood the Alcázar, the residence of its ancient rulers, but no traces of it now remain. All appears wretched and deserted, although it is still a fortress, and permission must be asked of the officer on guard before strangers can be permitted to enter.

The view is extensive and pleasing, disclosing scenes replete with many historic recollections. To the east in the distance rise the hills of Atapuerca, where Garcia, King of Navarre, fell in battle against his brother Ferdinand, the first monarch of Castile. To the south, the craggy rock of Carazo, noted in tradition as the site of a Roman temple. The heights of Carazo have retained their renown even in more modern days, for here, during the Carlist war, Balmaseda fortified and entrenched himself, committing atrocities which were of no uncommon occurrence in those domestic feuds. To the west, the remains of the Moorish Castle of Muñon still remain, another conquest of the Castilian Count. The river Arlanzon flows along the valley through well-cultivated meadows, amid the shade of trees which fringe its banks. In the neighbourhood of the town rise two large groups of buildings; one the royal nunnery of the Huelgas, founded by Eleanor of England, the wife of Alfonso VIII., the other the Hospital del Rey, erected at the same time, and dependent on the Huelgas. Above the town the spires of the cathedral appear; and on a distant hill may be seen the pinnacles of the Cartuja of Miraflores. Close below is the arch erected by Philip II. to the memory of Fernan Gonzalez,

a tasteless unmeaning-looking thing. To the right is the cemetery, where the tombs covered with wreaths of everlastings, and the flickering candles with which they were adorned, reminded us it was All Souls' Day.

Burgos itself is as dirty and miserable as any town can well be; it is small, but the towers of the numerous convents and churches, and the façades and patios of some of the houses, indicate its former importance. The Casa del Cordon, formerly belonging to the Constables of Castile, is now inhabited by the Gefe Politico, or civil governor. Many of the façades of the houses in some of the streets behind the cathedral are richly ornamented, and the small projecting towers of some are very curious. But few noble families now live in Burgos; and although the residence of a Captain-General, there is little or no society, all is as dull as the appearance of this cold venerable old town could lead one to expect. As it is on the high road to France, the inns are rather better than the generality. It is almost the only place where we were asked for our passport throughout the whole of Spain. They seldom trouble foreigners about these things in this country, although in case of accidents it is, of course, always prudent to be on the safe side and be provided with one. And it may also be mentioned that—except in cases of cathedrals and churches, when of course special leave is necessary—I have never been prevented drawing wherever and whenever I pleased; nor have I ever heard in Spain that permission from the authorities was requisite for the purpose. Formerly it doubtless was so, while the civil war was yet recent; but in the present day, artists may sketch all through the Peninsula, without meeting any interference from officials, save now and then, perhaps, their keeping off from him the annoying pressure of the too curious crowd.

The greatest annoyance in Spain, is the constant

opening of the luggage; on arrival at any great town, all the boxes are inspected; but if the traveller will only make up his mind to bear it patiently, he will find it a mere matter of form, nothing is ever touched, and it is not at all necessary to pay the officers; a little civility goes a great way in the Peninsula. We invariably escaped very well, and the immense quantity of luggage we were tormented with, from the size of Mr. Tenison's Talbotype apparatus, rendered us very suspicious-looking personages. In fact, it made us the general subject of attention wherever we went, and attracted an immense crowd in the streets whenever the mysterious-looking machine was put up. Many were the remarks that were made upon it in the different towns through which we passed, and much it excited the wonder of the admiring crowd, who could not imagine the its object. "Es musica?" asked one little urchin; some more curious than the rest would offer as much as three-pence, to be allowed to have one peep; and our servant only allayed their curiosity by informing them it was a new machine for roasting chesnuts! Sometimes Mr. T. would let them peep through the ground glass, after the picture was removed; but they were intensely disgusted at not seeing anything but the objects before them turned upside down.

This old city, although it is situated on the high road to France, is decidedly very much behindhand in many ways, more particularly if one may judge from the style of the carriages. We hired one to go to Miraflores and San Pedro de Cardeña, two most interesting excursions in the neighbourhood.

SIMANCAS.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Y á San Pedro de Cardeña
Mando que mi cuerpo lleven,
Que es monesterio en Castilla
Donde quiero que le entierren;
Y á Dios pido mi perdone
Cuando d'este mundo fuere."

ROMANCERO GENERAL.

"And when he arrived at the town which is called Simancas, two leagues from Valladolid, where the King's Court was, God permitted, and the misfortunes of the Island of Heremon would have it, that he should take the sickness of his dissolution."—ANNALS OF IRELAND.

SAN PEDRO DE CARDENA—THE CID—HIS TOMB—MIRAFLORES—CONVENT OF THE HUELGAS—VALLADOLID — DEATH OF COLUMBUS — INQUISITION — SAN PABLO — SAN GREGORIO — CATHEDRAL—COLLEGE OF SANTA CRUZ—PAINTINGS AND SCULPTURES—HERNANDEZ—JUAN DE JUNI—ENGLISH AND SCOTCH COLLEGES—RECEPTION OF A NUN—AN EXCURSION —A TARTANA—SIMANCAS—THE SPANISH ARCHIVES—BURIED LORE—RED HUGH O'DONEL —FRANCISCAN CONVENT — LEON—COMFORTLESS QUARTERS—THE BRASERO.

OUR vehicle was like a large omnibus; of a very primitive construction, and unfortunately the roads were in a still more primitive condition. The jolting as we crossed these rude mountain tracts, was enough to dislocate

all one's joints, and shake one to pieces. At length we reached Miraflores, and began to indulge ourselves in the pleasing prospect of resting for a short time, but our coachman would not hear of such a thing; he declared the English always stopped there on their way back, so he insisted on our doing the same. Remonstrance was useless; therefore we obeyed, and continued over barren downs, our vehicle often threatening to upset us, until we arrived at the Convent of San Pedro de Cardeña, sunk in a dreary naked-looking dell, a very scene of desolation, fit abode for votaries of seclusion and mortification. The modern appearance of this building is rather startling at first, for one naturally expects the building which contains the tomb of the Cid to bear some traces of antiquity; but it has been modernized, and bears evident marks of being an erection of the last century. The hand of ruin has now, however, stamped it as its own. San Pedro de Cardeña has lately been sold to some private individual; but the present owner can now only guard the monument of Spain's great hero, his ashes have been taken from their resting-place, and now find a temporary asylum in the house of the Ayuntamiento in Burgos.

Placed under the same rule as the monastery of Silos, Cardeña claims its foundation likewise in the sixth century. Tradition says, that Theodoric, the son of one of the Gothic kings, was killed, while out hunting, on the site it now occupies. His mother, Sancha, caused him to be buried in a hermitage near the spot, and afterwards founded a monastery, which she entrusted to the Benedictines. History records a dreadful massacre which occurred here in the ninth century, during one of the forays of the Moors, in the days of Alfonso the Chaste, King of Leon, when two hundred monks were put to death in cold blood, and the edifice razed to the ground. But the most remarkable event in the annals of this

TOMB OF THE CID.

Dickinson Bros lith.

monastery, was the opening of its doors to receive the remains of the favourite champion of Spain, the great Cid, Ruy Diaz.

By many considered a fabulous hero, he is now generally acknowledged to have been a real character. Clothed in all the romance which tinges the early ballad history of nations, his actions were undoubtedly exaggerated and embellished to suit the taste of the age, and increase the admiration of the people. He has become the beau ideal of Castilian knights; the largest number of ballads on any one subject is devoted to his exploits; an ancient chronicle records the events of his life, and the earliest poem in the Spanish language is dedicated to the Cid Campeador. It is a charming production of those rude but chivalrous days, breathing in simple language the heroic spirit of the times, when loyalty and religious enthusiasm formed the leading features in every Castilian's character.

The Cid died in Valencia in 1099 His body was conveyed to San Pedro de Cardeña, which had ever been a favourite convent of his. He and his faithful Jimena were buried before the high altar of the church; and however restless may have been the life of the Cid, his remains appear to have been destined to enjoy as little tranquillity.

His monument now stands in a small side chapel. The effigies of the Cid and Jimena are placed side by side on a stone pedestal; on the upper part is engraved the following inscription, placed there by order of Alfonso el Sabio:

Belliger invictus, famosus marte triumphis
Clauditur hoc tumulo magnus didaci Rodericus
Obiit era M.C.XXXVII.

Below are several other inscriptions of modern date. A dog, the emblem of fidelity, is placed at the foot of

Jimena. On the walls around are blazoned the arms of many of the Cid's relatives and companions in arms, with the names inscribed beneath. This tawdry chapel was erected by Philip V. in 1736, who moved thither the remains of the Cid. Never were the ashes of any hero exposed to such vicissitudes. Originally interred before the high altar, they were removed by Alfonso el Sabio. In 1447, their position was again altered, but Charles V. had them replaced; whence they were afterwards taken, and they remained in peace until the new chapel was prepared for them by Philip V. But even in this chapel, he could not be allowed to rest; when the French were in possession of Burgos, their general, seized with a sentimental fit, transported the remains of the Cid to the grand promenade along the banks of the Arlanzon, where the tomb was arranged. Here, however, they remained but a short time; once more they were transferred to the monastery, and here if possible in their first resting-place one would wish to leave his ashes in repose, but in 1842 the poor Cid was again removed to Burgos to be deposited in the house of the Ayuntamiento. The marble tomb in the monastery of Cardeña remains an empty sepulchre; the convent itself will not long survive the spoliation of its hero's tomb, and this spot so renowned in tradition, so famed in the national poetry, so full of great and glorious souvenirs, will before long for ever disappear from the soil of Castile.

On our return, we stopped at the great Carthusian monastery of Miraflores founded in the reign of Henry III. In architectural beauty, it has not so much to excite the admiration of the traveller, as most Carthusian monasteries, but it contains a tomb which makes it well worthy of a pilgrimage. Here is the sepulchre of John II. and his wife, Isabella of Portugal, the parents of the great Isabella. It stands in front of the high altar, and is an

octagon marble pedestal, on which lie the effigies of the Sovereigns. It would be almost impossible for any description to give an idea of the beauty of these tombs; never was alabaster more exquisitely moulded; a profusion of figures and foliage, and countless ornaments are worked upon it with a prodigality and a richness quite unequalled. The figures of the Sovereigns too are very fine, but the elegance of this gem of art has not preserved it from mutilation; and the iron railing, which is placed so near it as to conceal its beauties, has not been sufficient to defend it from sacrilegious hands. The tomb of their son, Alfonso, is placed in the wall to the right of the altar, and is likewise of elaborate workmanship. Those works were executed in 1493, by the father of Diego de Siloe, and were offered as a pious tribute by Isabella to the memory of her father.

The retablo of the church was gilt with the first gold of the New World that was presented to the Queen, and which she devoted to this purpose. The paintings which adorned the Cartuja at Miraflores have disappeared; all the jewels were carried off by the French in 1808, when the convent was sacked after the entrance of Joseph into Burgos. Three old monks are now the sole occupants of the vast building, and one seemed still to moan over the days when he was living according to the rules of his order. It was in vain that we tried to impress upon him that he could now talk as much as he liked; the poor old man sighed for the times that were past.

A stone crucifix stands at one corner of the cloisters, and a small iron cross marks the burial-place of the last Prior. The grass is growing wild in the open space, and around nothing but decay. The same mysterious silence pervades it now as when the cowled monk walked stealthily along its sheltered corridors; but although