

the lower corridor are supported by buttresses, and those above sustained by Doric columns. *Alto-relievo* busts and shells ornament the walls, and the roof is beautifully groined; the bosses of the ribs decorated with heads, crosses and shells.

The entrance into the chapel, forming part of the grand *façade*, is very handsome. A noble arch, covers a narrow porch, within which is a richly-decorated portal leading into the interior, which is simple and beautiful, but almost a ruin. The choir being elevated at one end, the effect of the lofty centre aisle is not as usual destroyed. The carved wood figures, full-length in the upper row, and half-length ones below, are by Guillermo Doncel, 1542, and very well done, though injured a little by repairing.

There is a richly-ornamented stone arch, in the plateresque style; and the roof of the chapel is nicely groined. In the sacristy is a fine carved roof, unspoiled by painting and gilding, the leaves and foliage are well executed; and there is also another sacristy, which is pretty, though there are too many ornaments on the roof. Lastly, we went into a room full of magnificent fragments of carved wood, gilded heads and picture-frames, which I coveted, but could not purchase.

The hospital for the orphans is immense, and the cleanest and neatest-looking building in Leon; and there is an Alameda, but without trees before it.

The Convent of San Clodio opposite once contained treasures of art, but it is now a complete ruin. The Handbook recommends a tolerable posada on the Rasgo; but as there were several in that street, we went to Monsieur Dantin's lodgings, where we had clean beds, but the walls look dirty; and as to eating, it was positively starvation. They gave us a bowl of meat and potatoes for breakfast, which we could not touch; meat all rags, redolent with garlic and strong oil, and it was difficult to get anything we could eat for dinner.

Who could suppose that a Frenchman would not know how to fry potatoes?—but such greasy, detestable things were never seen in France or any other country; and we were obliged to ask for plain boiled eggs, as besides the potatoes we had only a wretchedly-cooked rabbit, a common dish in the starving districts of the north of Spain; and as there do not seem now many rabbits in this country, tales of cats being substituted naturally rise in the imagination, when the appearance and savour of the dish are not sufficiently favourable to dispel the idea.

Spain was always famous for rabbits, and Mr. Murray\* mentions having seen a medal, upon which conquered and suppliant Spain is represented as suing for peace; the figure, clad in feminine attire,

\* Wilds and Cities of Andalusia, vol. I, p. 80.

holds in one hand an olive-branch ; and at her feet crouches the genius of the country, in the shape of a rabbit. The fact appears also to have been well known, for Catullus alludes to it when he styles the Spaniards “*Cuniculosœ Celtibericœ filii* (xxxv, 18)”; and large ships freighted with them were regularly sent from Cadiz for the supply of Rome.\*

The inn where the diligence from Valladolid stops appears the best. There was a Maragato there I took a great fancy to ; and if I had been commencing my journey instead of concluding it, I would have taken him into my service. With his leathern jerkin and belt, wide black trousers, and shaggy hair appearing from under his slouched hat, he was as wild-looking as the Dougal creature, and apparently as faithful ; his activity was equal to his intelligence. It was “*Figaro qui ! Figaro là !*”—everybody wanted the Maragato ; he seemed to give satisfaction to all, distinguishing and taking care of the luggage of a dozen passengers with the greatest facility ; and there was an honest, zealous, trustworthy look about him, such as one seldom meets with in a coach-yard in Spain, or elsewhere.

We left Leon at four o'clock in the morning, and the diligence (the *Entreprise de Navarre*) being slow and lingering at every stage, we did not reach Valla-

\* Strabo, III, p. 214 ; Handbook, vol. I, p. 105.

dolid until ten o'clock in the evening; six hours longer than we were by the opposition coach. Certainly, we paid dear for seeing the old city, the heat was fearful, and the penetrating dust, such as is only to be met with in Castile. A grandee of Spain had hired for himself, friends and servants, the whole of the conveyance, but he politely yielded to me a division of it. He was very intelligent, and civilly invited us to partake of his fare, which consisted of ham, rolled meats, cakes, &c., excellent wine of Asturias; and very capital English bitter beer, which they cooled by immersing it in fresh water from a well when we stopped.

## CHAPTER XV.

JOURNEY TO BURGOS—THE CATHEDRAL—SAN ESTEBAN—THE  
CID—THE CONVENT OF MIRAFLORES—SAN PEDRO DE CAR-  
DENA—THE TOMB OF THE CID—LAS HUELGAS REALES—  
STREETS, PROMENADES AND OLD HOUSES.

WE left Valladolid at four o'clock in the morning, and had a wearisome ride of thirteen hours to Burgos; nothing can be more uninteresting than the Castiles, indeed they are perfectly intolerable after the South; and yet the Spaniards with us were in raptures at the extensive districts, but indifferently cultivated. A gentleman, a resident of Valladolid, was never weary of extolling the merits of his native land, and how the fields of corn (and poor indeed were the crops) extended to the distant hills; and then there were vineyards of excellent grapes, red wine and white wine, partridges, hares and rabbits, everything, in short, that man

could desire, and yet not a tree, nor a fence, nor a decent dwelling, nor anything cheerful to relieve the eye.

The road was excellent, but ankle-deep in such a penetrating dust as is never met with elsewhere; it was really a blessing when a shower of rain fell, and laid it a little. We saw also on this road, as on the way to Leon, immense flocks of half-famished sheep, attended by a number of men, with horses laden with provisions, and a quantity of dogs, on their way from Estramadura to the rich pastures of their mountain homes in the North.

At Torquemada we breakfasted; and the Castilian meals being as uninteresting as their plains, we begin to long for the flesh-pots of France, and are anxious to get out of the country; but the roads in the north are very good, and the diligences generally drive at a quick rate, which is consolatory. Torquemada has a fine bridge, and the view near the river is a degree more interesting. Approaching Burgos, the country is more agreeable, and the trees and hills are pretty, compared to the dreary plains we have crossed.

We passed Las Huelgas, a celebrated Cistercian nunnery, which is imposing with its tower, and the village which has sprung up around it; but the attention of all approaching the city is riveted on the magnificent cathedral. Nothing can be grander

than the distant view. The noble towers, with their beautiful rich filigree spires, the rich and lofty centre octagonal tower, and the fine one of the chapel of the Constable, both bristling with pinnacles, which seem to rise from every part of the body of the church, are truly magnificent. One acknowledges at a glance that this is the best exterior of any cathedral in Spain.

Burgos was founded by Diego de Porcelos, in 884, when the tide of war in this part of Spain was beginning to turn against the Moors. In the latter half of the tenth century, the Moslems, under An-nasir, took and destroyed the city. After being retaken by the Christians and for some time under the dominion of Leon, it became the metropolis of a new kingdom, under Counts subsequently called Kings. When abandoned by the Court, the ancient capital of Old Castile became gradually a mere provincial town, and the French invasion completed her ruin—a population which was once fifty thousand, not numbering now more than twelve thousand.

The *façade* of the cathedral looking at it from the plaza is not at all equal to the distant view, though the little plaza itself is rather picturesque, with its fountain, and the Archbishop's palace adjoining the cathedral, but it is not large enough to enable you to appreciate fully the fine proportions of the towers and spires. The three deep pointed-arched entrances

which once adorned the *façade*, were taken down, and the vilest and most miserable portals substituted for them. One cannot believe these were intended as an improvement, but would rather suppose that the rich Gothic doorways were destroyed, and they could afford no better.

The cathedral is altogether surrounded with buildings, which prevent a close examination of the exterior; but if the three old doors were like the one still remaining on the north side, this must have been one of the most perfect and most splendid florid Gothic *façades* in the world. There are posts and steps up to the cathedral, as at Leon, and a balustrade above the entrances. It would be difficult to find fault with the upper part of the *façade*. The rose-window is magnificent, the towers richly decorated with trefoil and lancet arches and statues; and the two spires, of exquisite open filigree-work, are so delicate and so beautiful, as justly to create surprise how they can have stood the hurricanes of ages. The exquisite large octagonal tower is seen best from the cloisters of the cathedral, as is also the one over the chapel of the Constable.

The interior is not to be compared to the exterior, and the effect is almost destroyed by an unusually high choir blocking up the centre aisle. There is a want also of the rich-painted glass, which generally, in Spain, throws a halo over any number of blemishes; and there is also an unpleasing contrast between

the comparatively unadorned architecture of the western end, and the over-decorated plateresque of the fine dome, one hundred and eighty feet high, and the transepts; but still the latter are very rich and very magnificent, though one could have wished for greater simplicity. The carvings of the choir are good, but not first-rate; those of the upper part are from the New Testament. The lower stalls are sculptured in better taste, and the subjects more curious. The organs are more simple and elegant than usual, and the tone very good. The Archbishop's throne is handsome, with the Taking of Christ carved on the back of it. All the exterior of the choir is Corinthian, and does not harmonize with the Gothic architecture. The iron rejas of the coro and transepts are fine. The retablo of the grand altar is rich, and ornamented with Doric, Ionic and Corinthian columns, with the genealogical tree of our Saviour winding like ivy around the otherwise plain shafts. Some of the Apostles of this retablo are deserving of notice, but there is a want of simplicity, and none of the figures are of first-rate merit. The exterior of the grand altar is richly decorated with sculpture—some of it good, especially the Taking of our Saviour.

The most interesting chapel in the cathedral is that of Del Condestable, erected as the burial-place of the Velasco family, the hereditary Constables of Castile.

It is a church of itself, with its choir, its chapels and its sacristia, and is very magnificent, in the florid Gothic style. The entrance is very handsome, and richly decorated with tolerable sculpture, with a fringe of rich lace-work.

The first view of this splendid chapel is very striking; the beautiful arches, the rich decorations, the lofty roof, the arms with their splendid supporters, the excellent sculptures of Saints and Apostles, in elegant niches, said to be by Juan de Borgoña; the rich retablo of the altar; and the imposing tomb of Hernandez de Velasco, ob. 1492, and his wife, at whose feet is a dog, the emblem of her fidelity, form a magnificent *coup d'œil*. These tombs were sculptured in Italy, and the workmanship might be that of Benvenuto Cellini, so elaborate and beautifully are they finished. The carving of the retablo is pretty good; the Presentation at the Temple, and Christ at the Column, and Bearing the Cross, appear to be the best. There are two other fine tombs at the entrance of this chapel; indeed, this cathedral appears to me richer in these monuments than any other in Spain. You see in every direction through the rejas of the different chapels, figures lying full-length before the grand altars; the sarcophagi, more or less decorated.

In the sacristia of the chapel of the Constable is a Magdalene, said to be painted by Leonardo da

Vinci; but the drawing of the back appears to be defective, though the colouring is beautiful, and it is certainly a very fine painting of the Leonardo school. Beneath it is the little portable ivory altar of the Constable. In the sacristia are also some poor pictures, said to be by Giordano; and a large and exquisite Cross, by Juan d'Arphe.

The entrance into the cloisters is very rich, and the sculpture admirable, especially the head of a priest with a cowl. The cloisters are wanting in height, but are very beautiful, and full of old tombs. The Sacristia Vieja contains some fine ancient carving, and there I saw Nuestra Señora de Oca, an image of the Virgin, with an apple in her hand, and the Child before her (of tolerable sculpture), ready to be carried in procession to-morrow; but the greatest curiosity of the place is El Coffre del Cid, fixed on a wall; a worm-eaten old chest, with a large hole in it. The Spanish hero, when exiled by Alfonso, and wanting money, filled it with sand, and told the wonderfully credulous Jews of those days, Rachel and Vidas, from whom he was borrowing, that it contained gold and jewels. According to Mr. Ford, when times improved, he paid both debt and interest; but Southey, in his note, says, "I am afraid it is not quite so certain that the Cid redeemed the chest as that he pledged it." The poem, which gives the minutest account of the pledging, says nothing of the repayment; on the

contrary, when Alva Fanez and the ladies, the wife and daughters of the Cid; are about to set off for Valencia, it says: "Behold, Rachel and Vidas fell at his feet . . . mercy, Minaya, good knight, the Cid has undone us, if he do not help us, 'We will give up the interest if he will pay us the capital.' 'I will see about it with the Cid, if God shall let me reach him; you will find good help from him for what you have done.' Rachel and Vidas said, 'God grant it; if not, we will leave Burgos and go seek him.'"\*

The Sala Capitular has an artesonado roof, but not particularly good. The chapel of Santiago is large, and contains a curious old tomb. In La Capilla de San Enrique is a splendid marble sepulchre, with a fine kneeling figure, in bronze, of the founder, Enrique de Peralta y Cardeñas, 1679. The chapel of the Visitation contains also tombs, and some ancient paintings; but I never could get into it to examine them, and only had glimpses through the railings.

La Capilla de la Presentacion contains a very excellent painting of the Madonna and her Child, holding a globe in one hand, and with the other giving a benediction; two angels supporting a crown over the Virgin. It was presented to the chapel by the founder, a Florentine, and appears

\* Southey's Chronicle of the Cid, p. 221.

an Italian painting. They ascribe it to Michael Angelo, and it may be by him; but it is difficult to say whose style it resembles most. It is powerfully drawn, and though a little hard, a very admirable painting; the colouring is very much in the style of Innocenza da Imola, but the drawing is harder and bolder than that artist's. This chapel contains a fine tomb, in the plateresque style of Jacobo de Bilbao, and another of Gonzalo Diaz de Lerma, which is imposing, though the medallions around the sarcophagus are not good.

The chapel of Santa Tecla out-Herods Herod for the churrigueresque—such a mass of heavy gilding as the retablo never was seen. The dome and roof, though in the same style, have a better effect.

In the chapel of San Bruno is a painted sculptured figure of the Saint, from Miraflores, the best piece of sculpture in the cathedral. This chapel also contains some ancient tombs.

The other churches and sights of Burgos are of minor importance, except what relates to the Cid. The *façade* and interior of San Esteban are Gothic, and it contains some old tombs; one with a *bas-relief* of the Last Supper, but not very good.

We then came to the Arch of Fernan Gonzalez, erected by Philip II., which is curious, with its ball-tipped obelisk ornaments. A little further, a dozen columns surround the small site of the house

of the Cid, the great hero of Spain. A monument of little taste has an inscription in the centre, and the pyramidal ornaments on each side bear his arms. A little beyond, there is a gate through the walls, ornamented with a Moorish horse-shoe arch. This road leads up to the castle, where the view is very fine.

The church of St. Agatha has over the entrance a bolt, which belonged to the Cid.

We then passed through the handsome gate of Santa Maria, ornamented with turrets and battlements, and excellent statues of the Bourgos' celebrities, amongst others, the Campeador. They look like old Castilians, stanch and true.

Passing the bridge, and along the pretty Alameda, we remarked particularly the fine view from there of the cathedral, the town, and the little river Arlanzón, now very empty of water, and the handsome French-looking street on its banks, which has the effect of a new *façade* to an old building.

We then visited the church of Santa Ana, which contains some ancient tombs; and the church of St. Pablo, now a barrack; but as a fragment only of the cloisters is to be seen, it is not worth the trouble of going there.

We then passed La Casa del Cordon, formerly the residence of the Constables, and now of the Capitan-General, called Del Cordon from a sculptured rope being the principal ornament of the portal. The patio, with circular arches and plain buttresses, is

handsome. The Gothic entrance into St. Lesmes is good, and also the interior, which contains some old tombs.

In the Casa del Ayuntamiento are the ashes of the brave old Cid, removed here when the convents were destroyed, and deposited in a wooden urn, ornamented on each side with a trophy and the arms of Castile, and with inscriptions in Spanish to his honour.

Ruy, or Rodrigo Diaz, the hero of Spain, and the source of everlasting disputes amongst the learned, who, rejecting as fabulous half the achievements of the Spanish Hercules, are obliged to acknowledge other feats equally extraordinary, was born at Vibar, near Burgos, of a respectable family, in 1026. Five Moors he had previously conquered, called Kings, but like the Meleks in the East, little better than Sheykhs of villages, waited upon Rodrigo to pay him tribute, and saluted him as their Cid (Sey'd) or Lord, a title still common in Eastern lands, and always given to the descendants of the Prophet. Fernando I., pleased with Rodrigo's conquests, ordered that he should henceforth be called the Cid, and honoured him with important commands, sending him with ten thousand men against the Emperor of Germany, and employing him in the wars with the Moors, which the Christian Kings in Spain were always carrying on in those days, when not fighting with each other.

Fernando died A.D. 1065, leaving Castile to Sancho, Leon to Alfonzo, Galicia to Garcia, and cities to his two daughters. The Cid distinguished himself greatly under Sancho II., in his war with the King of Arragon, and excelled all others at the battle of Grados; so that the King made him Alfarez of his troops, the highest military rank he could confer. Rodrigo assisted his Sovereign in conquering his brother's portion of Fernando's dominions; and when Alfonzo, the King of Leon, routed the Castilians, the Cid showed himself as great in council as in arms; and Sancho, by his advice, collecting their scattered forces, attacked his brother before daybreak, when his soldiers, in the security of victory, were fast asleep, and they were all killed or taken prisoners.

Sancho then attacked Galicia, and his brother Garcia took him prisoner; but, Alvar Fañez and the brave Cid rescued their Sovereign, and changed the fortunes of the day. Garcia, like Alfonzo, became a captive to his brother, who united their kingdoms to his own. Not satisfied with these possessions, Sancho attacked his sister Urraca in Zamora; but a crafty soldier, Vellido Dolfos, ingeniously persuading the King that he was driven out of the city for advising the council to surrender, induced him to go out unaccompanied to see a postern by which he professed they might enter; and having rid the earth of the unnatural brother, he fled to Zamora, hotly

pursued by the Cid. Alfonzo succeeded to Sancho, but the Castilian nobles deputed Rodrigo to require of the King to take a solemn oath that he had not instigated his brother's assassination.

The part the Cid took in this affair, he alone having courage to make such a demand, may account for the bitter animosity Alfonzo showed to him afterwards. The gallant Rodrigo, even when peace prevailed, found employment, and distinguished himself as a champion in the disputes which, in those days, were decided by battle, conquering a knight called Ximon Garcia de Tiogolos, one of the best of Navarre, and killing a Moorish knight called Faras; and he won such renown assisting the King of Seville against the King of Granada, that his soldiers, grateful for the rich spoils they had reaped, called him Campeador, or King's champion.

It did not seem to matter much to the warlike Cid whether his cause was good or bad, assisting Sancho in his unjust wars against his brothers, or fighting for one Moorish King against another—wherever there were blows to give and take, he delighted to be in the thick of it.\* But the love of fighting got him at last into trouble. During the absence of the King, the Moors of Arragon had

\* It appears, however, from the chronicle, that he objected to bearing arms against the Infanta, because of the days which were past, having been bred up together.

attacked the castle of Gormaz; but Rodrigo rose, only half-recovered from a bed of sickness; and not content with stripping them of all their spoils, laid waste the country to near Toledo, making seven thousand prisoners and immense plunder. The King of that city was the friend and ally of Alfonzo, having received him hospitably when he lost his throne. Enraged at this aggression, and glad of an opportunity of indulging his rancour, he banished him from his dominions; and the Cid (in 1076) bid adieu to his ungrateful country.

With a few faithful followers and relations, the Campeador now started on his own account; and certainly the times were propitious for a guerrillero chief, the empire of the Moors being then divided into innumerable little principalities; and the Arabs had lost much of the valour they possessed when they came from Africa. Kings and chiefs, Moors and Christians, were always ready to join any successful standard. First, the Cid laid waste the country near Alhama, and took the strong castle of Alcozar, and afterwards won a great victory over the Moors; then he went to Zaragoza, where he took several castles, and gained many victories for the Moorish King, who, during his life, paid him handsomely, and yielded to him the government of the country.

At his death, in 1088, the Cid returned to Castile, where the King received him with great honour,

promising him all the places he took from the Moors free from contributions. Rodrigo raised an army of seven thousand men, but his Court favour was of brief duration. The King had ordered him to march to Beliana with his forces; and the Cid, not obeying him to the letter, his enemies took advantage of this slight to inflame the King's anger. Alfonzo seized his possessions, and the Campeador and his family had again to seek their fortunes elsewhere. He had powerful foes; and, amongst others, Alfagib, the King of Denia, and the Count of Barcelona, who attacked him with a greatly superior army; and though the Cid was wounded, and carried to a tent, his soldiers fought like lions; and besides great numbers killed, the Count and five thousand French and Catalonians were taken prisoners; but the generous Campeador treated his enemy splendidly, and in a few days gave him his liberty.

Alfonzo having marched against the Almoravides, the Cid hastened to assist in so glorious a war, and was received again with the usual honours; but the animosity of the tenacious and unjust King soon displayed itself; and the Campeador, when he found his services were not wanted against the Moors, thought it prudent to retire, and fortify himself in the castle of Pinnacatel, in the kingdom of Valencia. There, giving way to his vindictive feelings, he entered into the rich valley of Rioja,

the Governor, a Castilian courtier, being his greatest enemy, and laid waste the country; but he had soon more noble enemies than defenceless peasants. The Almoravides had taken Valencia; and when the news reached the Cid that the Christians were expelled, and that the King Al-Kadir, his friend, had been beheaded, "his anger was kindled, and his soul was inflamed," for he considered the city as his, and the King his tributary, as he paid him one hundred thousand dinars; so he swore he would revenge their wrongs, and recover the city.

Assisted by the chiefs of Murviedro, Xativa and Denia, and his cousin, Alvar Fañez, his constant companion, as brave as himself, he battered the walls of Valencia; there was fighting every day at the barriers, for the Moors came out and fought hand to hand, and many a sword-stroke was given, and many a push with the spear; but famine within them aided him more, a mouse even selling for a dinar; as I have stated,\* he was successful. The Christian writers gloss over the faults of their hero, but I fear there is good reason to believe that the brave Cid partook of the vices of the age, and was treacherous and cruel. It appears from Condé, and the chronicle that Ibn Geaf, was only induced to open the gates of the city by the promise of the Cid, that, under no excuse whatever,

\* Vol. 1, p. 56.

should any injury be done to him, his family, or their possessions; but in about a year the Campeador, under pretence that he would not give up all the treasures of Al-Kadir, burnt him in the market-place; and the Arab chief's family would have shared his fate, if the Christians, as well as Moslems, had not interceded in their behalf.

The Spanish writers say the Cid revenged on Geaf the death of his friend; that he was considerate and generous to the conquered, governing them with their own laws, and not increasing their taxes. Twice a week he heard and decided disputes himself. "Come to me," said he, "whenever you wish, and I will hear you; for I have no taste for dancing and drinking with women like your chiefs, whom you could never approach. I will be as a friend or relative to you all." Often did the Moors attempt unsuccessfully to recover Valencia; but the brave old Cid, gaining many victories, ruled there gloriously, until A.D. 1099, when he breathed his last, amidst the din of war, the Almoravides besieging the city. It was the Campeador himself who was the strong tower of Valencia; and when he died, Ximena, his wife, with all her courage, was obliged to follow the Cid's advice, and abandon the city to the Moslems.\*

\* See Mariana, libs. ix and x; Quintana, *Vidas de Españoles Celèbres*; Mohammedan Dynasties, Appendix xxxix; Condé vol. II, p. 183; and the Chronicle of the Cid.

The Carthusian convent of Miraflores, half an hour's drive from Burgos, is well worth visiting, for the magnificent tombs it contains. The exterior of the church is simple and almost barn-like, with pointed-arch windows; but the principal *façade* is handsome, decorated with the arms of Castile and Leon. The interior was finished in 1488 by Isabella, after the designs of Juan de Colonia,\* in the finest style of the florid Gothic, and consists of one aisle, with a beautifully-groined roof. Before the grand altar is the richest alabaster sepulchre in Spain, of her father, the founder, Juan II., and his second wife, Isabella. It is very large, and yet entirely covered with the most elaborate sculpture. Their faces are weak and miserable-looking, but the cushions they repose on, and their robes, in the luxuriance of the workmanship, rival the richest lace. The lions at his feet, and the group of a lion, a dog and a child, at hers, and the four sitting figures of the Evangelists, are admirable. The sides of the lofty sarcophagus are covered with glorious fret-work, fruit, foliage, and other ornaments, Saints, Madonnas, cherubs, and Biblical subjects; amongst others, worthy of attention, the Sacrifice of Isaac.

Opposite, in a recess in the wall, is the magnificent tomb of their son, the Infante Alonso. He

\* See Handbook, p. 542.