

health, and their efficiency; as for the French troops, it is notorious that they will do nothing unless regularly paid and fed" (Disp. July 25, 1813); and yet the Spaniards, when half naked, half armed, and starving, always courted the unequal combat even to rashness, "such was their insatiable desire," says the Duke, "to fight pitched battles with undisciplined troops." That indeed might show a military ignorance of the chances of success, but certainly was no trait of cowardice. Look again at the conduct of the *guerrilleros*, who carried out the true system of Iberian warfare, each man for himself in a personal desultory combat; what energy was not exhibited, what rapidity of movement, what skill in plans, what spirit in execution, what privation under fatigue and hardship, what valour, insomuch that their deeds seemed rather things of romance than of reality. The Spaniards, as a people, at all times showed a determination to face the enemy, being just as ready for the encounter after defeat as before it; for never, as Polybius said (xxxv. 1), did one battle determine the fate of Spain, as a Jena or Waterloo did of Prussia or France; nor was it ever easy, even when the regular armies were beaten, to hold the conquest (Florus ii. 17, 7). The inveterate weakness of Spaniards has been their want of union, or "of putting their shields together" (Strabo, iii. 238). Thus their miserable *pobrecitos*, and generals who by the sport of mocking fortune were raised to power and command, never would act cordially for the common good; nor, puffed up with conceit, would they allow a foreigner to be their commander, not even if he led them to victory; nay, a foreigner was the more hated if successful, because his merit contrasted with their demerit, enhanced their worthlessness (Polyb. i. 36). Thus their Carthaginian ancestors, having been led to victory by Xantippus, a Lacedæmonian, professed to honour him in public, but gave secret instructions to have him put to death, which he was (App. 'B. P.' 6).

Again, the self-love of each indi-

vidual Spaniard leads him to undervalue and mistrust every one else; nor were many of their leaders calculated to neutralise this national tendency, which their "ignorance of their profession" and invariable defeats strengthened rather than weakened; witness the incapacity of such men, spoilt children of disgrace, as Blake, Cuesta, Venegas, La Peña, Areizaga, Mendizabal, &c., and the whole war never produced even mediocrity in a Spanish general, for those modern heroes, Castaños and Freire, were but poor creatures and "children in the art of war;" the one never gained any battle except *Bailen*, which was an accident, while the other was beaten everywhere except at *San Marcial*, where he was supported by the English. *Despondency* as regards public affairs of all kinds is a marked feature in the national mind. Spaniards, who have seen that all attempts to cure political evils only make matters worse, despair altogether, and just let things take their course, and take care of their individual selves—*sauve qui peut*.

At this signal defeat of the Somosierra the French made few prisoners: the whole so-called Spanish army disappeared from the face of the earth, "each man to his own home." This rapidity of leg-bail was an old Iberian accomplishment. Dio. Siculus (v. 311) dwells on the *πολλὴν εὐτονοῖαν σκελῶν*. "Velocitas genti pernix," says Justin (xlv. 2). Thus Musa reported (Conde, i. 59) "cuando quedan vencidos son *cabras en escapar á los montes*, que no ven la tierra que pisan;" and the sinewy Spaniard to this day has *buenos jarretes*. M. Thiers (L. 131) describing their *sauve qui peut* at Rioseco, alludes to "la vitesse de leurs jambes, excellentes comme les jambes Espagnoles"—equal in fact to their *jambons* (see p. 464). The Spanish troops, ill provided and worse disciplined, from the usual want of a head, become too often but a mere mob, and rather an aggregate of individuals, than an army; and this occurs in spite of their being so individually brave, active, temperate, in short the best raw material for a good soldier. One charge of cavalry—one procella

equestris—generally sufficed as of old to put them to disgraceful flight; indeed, they frequently ran before *that* one charge, and the French were obliged to stalk them like shy deer in order to get near enough for a shot. With truth may Durosoir say, ('L'Espagne,' 21) "Partout où les Espagnols ont eu à combattre les Français en bataille rangée, ils ont à peine donné à leurs ennemis le temps de les vaincre." And when once started they outstripped their pursuers, having learned under their blundering Blakes and Cuestas, according to Kincaid, "to run 100 miles without stopping."

Buonaparte, after this feat of Somosierra, reached Madrid without encountering a single opponent, and little did the bulk of Spaniards care for the loss of the battle. The Spanish official version of *Somosierra* is characteristic: according to Paez (i. 354), here "a corps of Spaniards combated the entire French army commanded by Napoleon in person;" that is, 12,000 men ran away without even a show of fight, at the mere sound of the horseshoes of a few hundred Polish lancers led by Krasinski.

The high road over the *puerto* is often blocked up with winter snows, but a commodious *parador* has been built here by the diligence company. The pass is placed on the dorsal spine, the granite serrated barrier; the ascent and descent spread over 6 L., which divides the two Castiles. Now we descend into a bald uninteresting country, rich, however, in corn and wine; and thence to *Aranda* on the Duero, amid its vineyards, which although neglected, have their patronage and history: see '*Historia de Nuestra Señora de las Viñas de Aranda*,' Aniceto Cruz Gonzalez, Svo. Mad. 1795. Her grand local fête is held Sept. 8. *Aranda* is a central spot, and here the road, if such it can be called, from *Barcelona* to *La Coruña*, intersects that which leads to France. The poplar-fringed river is crossed by a good bridge, and the overhanging, balconied houses are picturesque. The bishop's palace was gutted by the invaders. Pop. about 4000. Visit the irregular market,

where the peasants group together, with their *alforjas* on their shoulder, like Sancho Panza. The women now wear red stockings and petticoats of thick serge green and blue. The S. portal of the chief church is the fine Gothic of Ferdinand and Isabella, whose badges are mingled with the shields of the Enriquez, admirals of Castile: observe the scale-form stone-work over the door, which has good carved panels and rich niches and statuary, with three alto-relievos representing the Bearing the Cross, the Crucifixion, and Resurrection. The fine *retablo* inside contains subjects from the life of the Virgin. The Doric and Ionic portal of the suppressed Dominican convent is classical. Here is (or was) the fine *retablo* and sepulchre wrought by Juan de Juni for his patron Alvarez de Acosta, Bishop of Osma. The pulpit is made up of sculpture taken by barbarians from this tomb. *Aranda*, now a miserable place, was once inhabited by kings: for its past glories, consult p. 174, '*Obispado de Osma*,' Lopez Loperraez, 4to., 4 vols., a fine book, with plates.

Admirers of the Holy Tribunal may make an excursion from *Aranda* to *Caleruega*, 3½ L., where *Santo Domingo*, the Inquisitor, was born, a convent built in 1266 marks the spot. Examine a *Pozo*, or well, caused by the excavations of earth used to make *rosaries*, which are held to be sure remedies in case of ague. The *pila* in which the saint was baptized was always used for the Christenings of the Royal family of Spain.

At *Gumiel* observe the Corinthian portal of the parish church erected in 1627, and enriched with apostles, cardinal virtues, and the Assumption and Coronation of the Virgin. Distant ½ L. is the ancient monastery of *San Pedro de Izan*, which contains some remarkable sepulchres; the dreary, lifeless, treeless, waterless country continues to *Lerma*; Inn: *Parador de las Diligencias*—a decayed place of some 1200 souls, and built on the *Arlanza*, a fine trout-stream; the shooting also near it at *El Bordal* is good. This place gave the ducal title to the pre-

mier of Philip III., a fit minister of the decline of Spain's greatness: his principles were hypocrisy masking avarice; thus, while founding convents, he plundered the public. Philip IV., on his father's death, squeezed out this full sponge, and then beheaded his agent Rodrigo Calderon, just as our Henry VIII. dealt with the Empons of his father. At Lerma, in 1604, the minister raised a vast palace, designed by Francisco de Mora, the best pupil of Herrera, and planned in the style of *las casas de officios* at the Escorial; the *patio*, with a double colonnade and noble staircase, shows what it was before the French invasion, when everything was pillaged, and the edifice turned into a barrack: now it is a prison. *La Colegiata* with a classical portal was also built by this Duke; the *retablo* is in vile taste, but the tabernacle, with fine marbles and bronze angels, is better. The superb monument of the kneeling Cardinal Lerma has been attributed to Pompeio Leoni.

An interesting excursion may be ridden from *Lerma*, by which the dreary high road to *Aranda*, or vice versâ, is avoided. First make for *Covarrubias*, 4 L. to the right, placed in a secluded hollow on the *Arlanza*, with a fine *colegiata* among the ruined remains of massy mediæval buildings. Observe the square tower in which Doña *Urraca* was immured by the Conde *Fernan Gonzalez*: about 1 L., in a rough rocky site, is or rather was the ancient Benedictine Carthusian monastery of *San Pedro de Arlanza*, which existed in the time of the Goths, as in it *Wamba* took the cowl: it was restored in 912, some say, by the Conde *Fernan Gonzalez*, in gratitude for his signal victory at *Cascajares*: here was guarded the cross which was sent him by Pope John XI., as a sure remedy against hail-storms; its virtue was tested in 1488 by the Bishop *Luis de Acuña*, who put it into a fire, whereupon the flames were instantly extinguished (see *Sandoval's 'Idacio,'* p. 336). Here also was kept *la Virgen de las Batallas*, which was coeval with that of the *Cid* (see p. 520). The Count *Fernan* was buried here

with his wife *Sancha*, and so also, as some say, is *Mudarra* and the 7 infants of *Lara*. *Etiâ periese ruinæ!* This count was the real founder of the Castilian monarchy, and a perfect hero of romance, being always up to his elbows in adventures; his grand deeds were the defeats of the infidel at *Lara*, at *Osma*, and *Piedrahita*; his escape from prison by the aid of his true wife, and other spirit-stirring incidents, just when history was hovering on fiction, are told in some charming old ballads (see *Duran*, v. 27).

Make next ($1\frac{1}{2}$ L.) for the huge white Benedictine convent of *Santo Domingo* of *Silos*, placed in a hill-girt valley, watered by the brawling *Mataviejás*: notice the double-galleried Byzantine cloister, the under one with highly worked grotesque capitals, all differing from each other; observe a peculiar elegant cluster of four spirally-twisted pillars; look at the quaint figures of the 10th or 11th century, which ornament the doorway; inquire for the *Patata* of the horse of *Fernan Gonzalez*, for which see '*Esp. Sag.*' xxxiii. 117. This convent was used as a hospital by the Carlists, whose beds were made with books of the library. The building may be yet saved, as it is destined for the *Misiones*. The tutelar Saint *Domingo*, born circa 1000 near *Najera*, for 23 years was abbot of this convent. He worked many miracles alive, and when dead delivered so many captives at *Algiers*, whose countless chains hung at the convent gate, that the feat passed into a synonym of infinity. *No te bastaran los hierros de Santo Domingo de Silos?* (See the details in *Anquiano's 'Rioja,'* ch. xi., and in his authentic '*Vida,'* &c., by *Juan de Castro*, 1688.)

Now make, over mountain and glen parklike scenery, wooded with oak, pine and cedar, and freshened with rivulets, to *Huerta del Rey*, by *Arauzo de Miel* and *Doña Santos*, under its white cliffs; thence (1 L.) to *Peñalba de Castro*, the white rock of the camp, that lies under a hill to the N., the site of ancient *Clunia*, which, with its capitals inscribed columns and "old stones," served as a quarry for build-

ing this modern hamlet. Just to the l. of the ascent, rises ancient *Clunia*, placed on a conspicuous height, with a fine view; fragments of the theatre, about 70 yards wide by 50 long, jut out of the hill side; 10 rows of steps and part of the proscenium are tolerably perfect. Bushels of engraved stones have been found amid the ruins; it is an unworked mine of antiquities. Consult the '*Historia del Obispado.*' The ancient town is gone all but a few stones, bleaching like skeletons: the scene is now desolate, and a single peasant vegetates where multitudes once swarmed: observe the *rollo*, or town cross, made from a Corinthian shaft. Hence turn by a hermitage, down to the castle-crowned village of *Coruña del Conde*, the corruption of *Clunia*—*Crunia*: it lies a little way beyond the base of the hill on the opposite side. Leaving *Coruña* to the r. is a sort of Romanesque chapel, constructed out of ancient fragments, where the doors of the 12th century contrast with classical cornices and festoons.

Thence, by a 2 L. ride, to picturesque, imposingly-situated *Peñaranda de Duero*, or *de la Perra*, so called from a *bitch* observed moving out of a hole in the wall, which pointed out to the Christians an adit to capture the castle, on the hill above, from the Moors. The ruined castle, the tumble-down Prout-like houses, the picturesque paupers and rags to match, will delight the artist. The decaying palace, a mixture of Saracenic and Moorish style, is the *Casa solar* of the powerful *Zunigas*, counts of *Miranda*. The *Conde de Montijo* is now the head of the family and the fair spouse of *Louis Napoleon* a scion, to whose eldest sister, the Duchess of *Alba*, this time-honoured ruin belongs. Walk up to and about the gorgeous wreck: notice the plateresque portal, decorated with a bust of *Hercules*, armour and heraldic coats, a double-galleried superb *patio*, a staircase ornamented with medallions, and the panoramic view. The interior has been turned to base and bucolic purposes: some of the ceilings, being out of Vandal reach, have escaped.

In front of the palace is the Gothic *Rollo y Picote*, emblems of feudal days, when this great family possessed the right of the *Horca y cuchillo*. The *Colegiata* contains some fine tombs and *urnas* of the *Mirandas*, many brought from *Genoa*. Observe the busts of Roman emperors let into the façade of the church.

Now make for *La Vid*, 1 long L. It has a good bridge over the *Duero*, built in 1542 by *Pedro Rasinás*, at the cost of the Cardinal *Mendoza*; cross it and pass the extensive convent of *Premonstratenses*, of no particular interest, and thence to *Aranda de Duero*, 3 L.

Those going N. may proceed 3 L. dreary enough, in spite of vineyards and cornplains, to miserable *San Esteban*, whose tutelar *San Formeros'* ashes are kept under 7 keys on the overhanging eminence, and thence through *Burgo de Osma*, 2½ L. It lies in a damp hollow; but the approach is fine, as seen through a rocky defile, with the church tower, ancient walls, and fresh stream; the cathedral was built in 1232. Notice the doors to the S. with the saints and figures; that to the W. is most delicate, with its double set of columns and rich frieze; inside observe the carved *silleria*, and the image of *Santo Domingo*, who was once subprior here; the *reja* of the *Capilla Mayor*, by *Juan Frances*, 1505, is excellent. Notice in the *trascoro* some grand carvings of *Juan de Juni*, from subjects in the life of the Saviour. In a chapel to the N. are 16 *Albert-Durer*-like paintings relating to the *Virgin*. Outside the town is a celebrated *seminario*; hence proceed by *Val de Alvillo*, 3 L. (short), by *Villa Cuervos*, 4 L. (long), to *Soria*, 3 L. *Agreda*, 8 L., to *Tudela*, 8 L. (see *Index*).

To continue and finish R. 115, on leaving *Lerma*, the weary traveller at last gladly beholds the walls of *Burgos*, rising nobly above the plantations on the banks of the *Arlanzon*, with its domineering castle and filigree spires of its splendid cathedral. The best inns are *Parador de las Diligencias* and *de Postas*, or *Doran*. There are also good

quarters in the Plaza, in which is the bronze fountain of Flora, and a quiet un-coach-disturbed *Parador Nuevo* in the *Barrio de la Vega*. Few travellers halt at Burgos, a town of passage, as they are either in a hurry to get on to Madrid, or in a greater hurry to get out of the Castiles; yet the scholar, antiquarian, and artist may well spend a couple of days at this time-honoured old capital of Castile. For its history, consult '*Historia de Castilla*,' Diego Gutierrez Coronel, 4to. Mad. 1785; the paper by Benito Montejo, in the '*Mem. de la Acad. de Hist.*' iii. 245; '*Viaje*,' Ponz, xii.; '*Viaje Artístico*,' Isidoro Bosarte, 8vo. Mad., 1804; Florez, '*Esp. Sag.*,' xxv. xxvi.; '*Apuntes sobre Burgos*,' D. E. A. Besson, 4to. Burgos, 1846; a '*Manual*,' by R. Monje.

BURGOS, a name connected by some with the Iberian *Briga*, at all events means a "fortified eminence," and is akin to *Πυργος*, Burgus, Burgh, Borough, Bury, &c. It is placed under the *Montañas*, or hilly regions, from whence so early as 874 the hardy highlanders turned against the Moors; this truly Castilian city was founded in 884 by Diego de Porcelos, and became the capital of the infant monarchy; it bears for arms, "gules, a half-length figure of the king, with an orle of 16 castles or." The city was at first subject in some degree to the kings of Leon, when Fruela II., about the year 926, invited the chief rulers to a feast, and then put them to death—*cosas de España*. The citizens of Burgos thereupon elected judges to govern them, just as the Moors of Seville chose Mohammed Abu'l-Kasim to be their *Kadi-l-jamah* or chief judge, when the Ummeyyah dynasty was destroyed. The most celebrated of these magistrates were *Nuño Rasura*, *Lain Calvo*, and others who figure in old historical ballads. At length Fernan Gonzalez shook off the yoke of Leon, and in him the title of "*Conde de Castilla*" became hereditary, and the title of a "Count" was then equivalent to an independent sovereign. Thus, as among the Jews, the age of the law preceded the age of the monarchy. His granddaughter Nuña

married Sancho el Mayor of Navarre, whose son, Ferdinand I. of Castile, united in 1067 the kingdoms of Leon and Castile, by marrying Sancha, sole daughter of Bermudo III. See '*Esp. Sag.*,' xxvi. 63.

When Alonso VI., in 1085, raised Toledo to the rank of capital, serious disputes of precedence arose between Burgos and its rival; and these were only compromised in 1349 by Alonso XI., who directed Burgos to speak first in Cortes, saying that he would speak for Toledo. The kings of Castile, by removing their court from Burgos, cut away the sources of its prosperity, which the Buonaparte invasion completed. The population has decayed from 50,000 to 12,000; venerable looking Burgos has a marked character about it of a genuine old Gothic Castilian city, and those who dwell in it are also *Castellanos rancios y viejos*—good men and true. Its chief support arises from the traffic of travellers going between Madrid. It contains 14 parishes, and is placed on the Arlanzón, over which there are 3 stone bridges. A smaller stream, *el Pico*, divided into water-courses, here called *esquevas*, traverses the streets, which are thus cleansed and freshened. Burgos has an *audiencia*, which was carved in 1835 out of the *chancelleria* of Valladolid, a public library, *museo*, theatre, liceo club, and wretched *cuna*, or foundling hospital. A new theatre, prison, and barrack are building on the *Espolon*. The *queso de Burgos* is a cheese much renowned in Spain, but those who know Stilton and Parmesan will think it better suited to hungry Sancho Panza's taste than to theirs. As a residence it is dull, damp, and cold.

The French entered Burgos for the first time Nov. 10, 1808, the epoch of its ruin, the whole Spanish army, under Belveder, having turned and fled at the opening charge of the invaders, who did not lose 50 men. The unresisting city was then sacked by Bessières, *à la Riaseco*; here, however, he was only the agent of Buonaparte in person, who wished, as usual, by an early example of terror, to intimidate all future resistance. Such was the

barbarous Roman policy in Spain, where even Scipio, at the taking of Carthage, ordered his troops to kill every living being, *Καταπληξίως χάρις*, in order that his name might be a "stupifying terror" (Polyb. x. 15). The *Memoires* of Joseph have revealed to the world how entirely this bloody theory and practice was the panacea of Buonaparte: witness his ferocious instructions for the *Razzias* of Calabria. Buonaparte's views at Burgos were so perfectly carried out, that he thought it prudent to lament, in a bulletin to be read at Paris, the "horrors which made him shudder," but which one little word *spoken* by him on the spot would have prevented. Here he remained 12 days beating the English in bulletins with the paper pellets of his brain.

Burgos, the see of an archbishop, has for suffragans Pamplona, Palencia, Santander, and Tudela. The king, as *Señor de Vizcaya*, was one of the canons of the chapter, as at Leon and Toledo. Amongst those members who have risen to the tiara, are Rodrigo Borgia, Alexander VI., who was archdeacon of Burgos. The cathedral, one of the finest in Spain, is unfortunately much blocked up by mean buildings; but seen from afar, when towering over its incumbrances, it rises a superb pile of florid Gothic, with clustering filigree pinnacles. It was begun July 20, 1221, by the bishop Mauricio, an Englishman, and a friend of St. Ferdinand. The grand or W. entrance is placed between two towers finished by Juan de Colonia, and is crowned by spires of most delicate open stone-work, which indeed looks so much like lace, that one wonders how it has not been blown away in this stormy climate. The 3 bald portals, which correspond with the 3 aisles, are unfortunately much out of keeping; as, in 1791, when art and taste were at the lowest, and in a fatal rage for modernising, the chapter removed the former deep-recessed and enriched Gothic doorways. The central one is called *de Santa María*, for to her this Mariolatrous temple is dedicated; *her* praises, *Pulchra es et de cora*, &c., are worked in open letters

above in the balustrade, while *her* Conception and *her* Assumption and *her* Coronation are sculptured over the entrances. Observe particularly the beautiful rose window, and the niche work and finials. The ground at this front is uneven, but picturesque. Look at the cinque-cento fountain with its Cupids, mermaids, Madona, &c., the effect is pretty as a damaged bit of Cellini plate: notice the artistical flight of steps. The gate to the N. is some 30 ft. above the pavement of the cathedral, which is built on an uneven site. This *Puerta alta* is enriched with a recessed doorway and ranges of statues in niches. Although never opened, it is ascended to from the inside transept by a highly novel and elaborate staircase, designed by Diego de Siloe, in whose details Paganism struggles with Christianity, and hippogryphs with canonised saints. Observe also the rich plateresque door called *la Pellegeria*, and inside the tomb of Bernardino Gutierrez, ascribed by some to Torregiano, the foliage and children are truly graceful: the opposite gate is adorned with pillars and Gothic work. Observe the St. Peter, St. Paul, the Virgin and Child, and a kneeling Prelate. The lovers of middle-Gothic should examine the *Puerta de los Apostoles*. On going out of the *Puerta del Perdon* are two grand statues of the Saviour conceived like Sebastian del Piombo, with the legend, "Ego sum principium et finis; alpha et omega."

The interior is very light from the whiteness of stone and absence of painted glass, which was destroyed by the French explosion in 1813; it is blocked up by the *coro*, and its massy *reja*; but the well-lighted *cimborio* of the transept is a noble octagon, rising 180 ft. from circular buttresses, and adorned with imperial and archiepiscopal arms. Felipe de Borgoña, the architect, lies buried near this his grand elevation. Si monumentum quæris circumspecte. This *crucero*, so elegant as to be called the work of angels, was completed Dec. 4, 1567, in the plateresque renaissance style, then all the fashion. It was built at the expense of the Archbishop Juan Alvarez

de Toledo, son of the Duke of Alva, the original transept having fallen in March 3, 1539. The fine organs are by Juan de Argete. The walnut *silleria del coro* is of different periods and artists: observe the archbishop's throne. The first tier of stalls is carved with subjects from the Old Testament, but the backs are more modern. The lower tier are in the Berruguete style, and some of the figures are quite Italian. The elaborate *reja*, the work of Juan Bautista de Celma, was given in 1602 by Cardinal Zapata, whose canting arms, boots and shoes, mark the place; there is good Gothic work on the *respaldos del coro*, but the *tras-coro* has been modernised with incongruous Corinthian; and, in the same bad taste, a Gothic portal was removed, and one of a Greek character substituted. The *reja* of the transept was wrought in 1723 for the Archbishop M. F. Navarrete, by a lay monk named Pedro Martinez; but these railings, beautiful in themselves, over-imprison the cathedral. The high altar, rather tawdry from over gilding, ranks as a *Capilla Real*, because here lie buried some royal corpses. The infante Don Juan in mail, &c. Observe the figure of Doña Beatriz holding a tablet. The *retablo*, composed of the classical orders, with the Salomonic or twisted spiral pillars, was put up by Archbishop Vela in 1575: the carved figures are somewhat lengthy. The emphatic image, that of the Virgin, was wrought in 1578 by Miguel de Ancheta of Pamplona. This grand *skreen* is the work of the brothers Rodrigo and Martin de la Aya or Haya, 1577-93. Observe the tree of the Saviour's genealogy, which winds up like ivy. Unfortunately many of the figures have been mutilated, and replaced by inferior hands. The magnificent silver *custodia* was plundered by the invaders: still, however, there exist six candelabra of the finest plateresque art, which on grand occasions are placed before the high altar. Inquire also for *la Cruz grande de las Procesiones*, a superb work of Enrique de Arphe.

The various chapels of this cathedral
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deserve close inspection, as being full of good sculpture, tombs, and what escaped of the painted glass. The grandest of all is that *del Condestable*, which was erected about 1487 as the burial-place of the Velasco family, the hereditary Constables of Castile. This rich florid Gothic *capilla*, as large as some churches, is admirable inside and outside, as its pinnacles or *agujas* form a charming cluster, and correspond with the spires. The entrance is very striking; but before you go in observe the solid buttress, piers, and wreathed pillars, enriched with nichework, and children supporting carvings under glorious canopies which occupy the *trasaltar*, opposite to the entrance. The white stone forms an admirable material for the admirable sculpture, which is attributed to Juan de Borgoña. The subjects are the Agony of the Saviour; the Bearing the Cross; the Crucifixion, which is the best; the Resurrection and Ascension. The engrailed edges of the archway form a rich lace-like frame, under which the light, simple, and cheerful chapel is seen, with its tombs and heraldic decorations. Before the *retablo* repose the founder, Pedro Hernandez de Velasco, obt. 1492, and his wife Mencia Lopez de Mendoza, obt. 1500, at whose feet lies a dog, emblem of her fidelity; their full-length effigies surmount the monument. These fine tombs were sculptured in Italy in 1540; the costumes, armour, lace-work, and details deserve close inspection. Observe the early picture in the Albert Durer style, with folding panels, and representing the Virgin and Child, recently bequeathed by the Bishop of Leon. Next observe the lofty and superb *reja*, with a Santiago crowning the gate of the entrance. This railing is indeed a masterpiece of Christobal de Andino, 1523, a native of Burgos; now, alas! it is dimmed by age and neglect, but what must it have been in all its freshness, when first revealing to Burgos the glories of the *Renaissance*! Observe the lock and the kneeling figures holding a shield, which are quite à l'antique. Among other precious objects are a huge block of polished

jasper; look at a beautiful *Purification* in the *retablo*; but the statues of *San Sebastian* and *San Jeronimo*, said to be by Becerra, are more admired than they deserve. The carved stalls are good. The picture of the Magdalen with auburn hair in the adjoining *Sacristia*, and here ascribed to Leonardo da Vinci, is at all events a good Lombard picture. The *Sacristia* contains some old church plate, e. g. *cetros* or silver staves, pixes, incensaries, a good chalice and an exquisite cross by Juan d'Arphe. Notice the image of *Nuestra Señora de Oca*, on a throne, with the child holding an apple, which is carried about for public adoration. She is appealed to in cases of breach of marriage, having on one occasion nodded her head when appealed to! *Oca* in Spanish means a goose. Observe also a Virgin in ivory and ebony in a pearl-ornamented niche; inquire also for the statue of *San Bruno*, from the Cartuja, and look at the tomb of *El Beato Lesmes*, obt. 1212. This pious servant of the basket making St. Julian, Bishop of Cuenca, still cures pains in the kidneys! To the l. of this chapel is the grand tomb of Juan de Ortega Velasco, abbot of San Quirce, obt. 1559. Observe the Cherubs, Caryatides, Conception of the Virgin, and Baptism in the Jordan. Among the sepulchres in the Gothic chapel *Santa Ana* is that in the middle, of Archbishop Luis de Acuña y Osorio, who finished one of the towers; the head of the effigy which, clad in episcopalibus, is stretched on the *urna*, is a portrait. Observe the statues of the cardinal virtues. The altar is excellent Gothic. The *retablo* contains the meeting of San Joaquin and Santa Ana, the parents of the Virgin. Observe an elaborate genealogy, and a fine Florentine picture, ascribed to Andrea del Sarto, of the Madonna with a child on her knee attended by St. John and St. Joseph.

The chapel of Santiago is the *parroquia* of the cathedral, and the *retablo* with the mounted tutelar is good: in its *Sacristia* are two superb cinquecento sepulchres of the Archbishop Juan Cabeza de Vaca, 1512, and of

his brother Don Pedro. In the centre of the chapel lies the Archbishop Juan de Villacreses, arrayed in pontificalibus, obt. 1403. Observe the costume of the two recumbent figures of the Escalona family, and that of Lesmes de Astudilla, with the sculpture representing the Presentation of the Virgin, St. John, and Santiago. In the adjoining *Capilla de San Enrique* is a magnificent Italian marble sepulchre, with a kneeling figure in bronze of the prelate and founder, Enrique de Peralta y Cardenas, 1679. Observe the carving of the stalls, the *atril* and bronze eagle. In the *Capilla de la Visitacion* lies Alonso de Cartagena, an eminent historian, who in 1435 succeeded his father as archbishop. Observe in his chapel San Juan de Sahagun, clad as a monk, with a book at his feet—an admirable piece of minute art. In this chapel are six pictures of the life of Christ, by an old German artist. The picture in the *Capilla de la Presentacion*, the second to the rt. on entering from the W., is one of the finest paintings in Old Castile. In it the Virgin, larger than life and full length, is seated with the Infant, who gives benediction: the child is somewhat hard and stiff, as are some of the lower draperies of the Virgin. This masterpiece, here ascribed to Michael Angelo, is much more probably by Sebastian del Piombo. It was presented to the chapel by the founder, a Florentine named Mozzi. The old *retablos* are concealed by modern trumpery; observe, however, the figures of Santa Casilda, and a saint on horseback. Here is the tomb of Jacobo de Bilbao, the first chaplain of the chapel; his head is fine; the other details are in a truly plateresque and Berruguete style: equally rich is the door of the *Sacristia*. Observe also the organ and balustrade, and the tomb of Alonso Diaz de Lerma, nephew to Mozzi; the head drapery and sarcophagus are finely sculptured: the medallions on the sepulchre of Gonzalo Diaz de Lerma are not so good. The window of this chapel is large and grandiose. In the next capilla, *la del Cristo en Agonia*, is a Crucifixion by Mateo

Cerezo (1635-1685), the Vandyke of Spain, but the colouring is brown and foxy, a common fault with this master. The *Capilla de Santa Tecla* offers a grand specimen of churrigueresque to lovers of gilt gingerbread.

Next visit the *Sala Capitular*, which has some bad pictures, but a good *artesonado* roof. In the *Pieza de Juan "el Cuchiller"* the carver, is the armed effigy of that gallant knight who pawned his clothes to procure a supper for Henrique III.; the king had no money to buy one, and starved at the moment when the Archbishop of Toledo was giving a grand supper, at which Henrique went in disguise: see for particulars Mariana xix. 14. But a makeshift menage distinguishes every house in Spain, from the *venta* to the palace, in which, among the other necessities wanting, that of a well-stocked larder is the foremost; here the Queen, like all her subjects, lives from day to day and from hand to mouth, for when night sets in little more than a glass of water is to be found under royal or pauper roof. *Cosas de España: Σπανια, i. e. want, hunger.*

Notice here *el Cofre del Cid*, the worm-eaten old chest affixed up on the wall, which, *como cuenta la historia* (see his '*Cronica*,' chr. xc.), he filled with sand, and then, telling the Jews Rachel and Bidas that it contained gold and jewels, raised a loan on the security. They were not to inspect the contents or verify the security. Excellent Hebrews, they advanced the money, and great is the pity for Spain, where want of cash is a chronic complaint, that this tribe is lost! Now-a-days matters are changed, and we have heard of a Jew premier actually doing Christians out of a loan principal and interest. But the honest *Cid* did not repudiate, since, incredible as it may now seem, he actually repaid both principal and interest. Oh, *rare Cid! Honra de España*. He moreover was grieved at being reduced to such shifts by his king's ingratitude.

*Oh necesidad infame
A cuantos honrados fuercas
A que por salir de tí
Hagan mil cosas mal hechas!*

The adjoining *Sacristia* is churrigueresque, with a ceiling coloured like a china dish. Inquire for a fine Florentine table of *Pietre Commesse*. In the *Relicario* examine the banner used by Alonso VIII. at the battle of *Las Navas de Tolosa*.

The *Sacristia vieja* contains poor portraits of prelates of this cathedral, with quaint *letreros* or labels; here also are some good walnut carvings of Pedro Martinez, 1723. This place is used as a lumber or store-room for damaged carved images. Now pass into the beautiful Gothic cloisters, which, like the chapel of Santa Catalina, are placed on an irregular level. Observe particularly the curious old pointed work at the entrance, and a grand doorway carved in oak, with a noble panel of a crowned king. The head of a monk, from which the outer rim of the arch springs, is said to be the portrait bust of San Francisco, and at all events is a fine thing. In the cloisters observe the windows, staircases, and the tomb of Diego de Santander, obt. 1533, which has an exquisite alto-relievo of the Virgin and Child; remark also the sepulchres of Gaspar de Illescas and Pedro Sariz de Ruilobo, with a dead Saviour. Observe a group of four crowned figures on the corner shaft, near the tomb of Francisco de Mena, and the *urna* of Gonzalo de Burgos, an eminent lawyer; look at the curious *retablo* in the corner, dedicated to San Geronimo, with mediæval sculpture. The dates of the tombs range from the 14th to the 16th century. Consult, for fuller details of this cathedral than we pretend to give, either the '*Historia de la Catedral*,' by Pedro Orcajo, 3rd ed. Burgos, 1847, or the 4th vol. of Madoz.

Examine particularly the *Capilla del Santisimo Cristo*, the first to the r. on entering, for this cathedral at last is blessed with the marvellous and miraculous image *El Cristo de Burgos*. Like the *Cristo de Beyrut* (p. 379) it was self-navigating. According to the '*España Sagrada*' (xxvii. 495), a Burgales merchant found the figure steering itself, as the body of Santiago did (see p. 603), in the Bay of Biscay. When

landed and placed in the *Sn. Agustín* convent, it worked infinite miracles and attracted gold and silver offerings—for instance raised 10 men at once from the dead, and extended its arms to Queen Isabella, just as the polite statue of Memnon bowed to Sabina, wife of Adrian; the Archbishop naturally wished to move it into the cathedral, but it walked out and back again twice to its old quarters. Previously to the invasion the chaplain used to assure true believers that its beard grew as regularly as his own. *Dii te Damassippe Deæque, verum ob consilium donent tonsore!* It sweated every Friday, fast day, which was very edifying. So in pagan times four graven images at Cessene sweated blood for 24 hours without ceasing; so did the Cumæan Apollo. (Cic. de Dio. i. 43). A French Bishop bit off its toe, which he carried home as a relic, just as that of Pyrrhus was kept as a cure for the spleen (Pliny, 'N. H.' vii. 2). Marshal Bessières, bred a barber boy, laughed at the beard, but respected the remaining toes; he simply carried off a crown of gold which had been offered by the C^o. de Ureña, just as Dionysius only relieved Esculapius of his golden beard. Long before, the Burgalese image—true to a crown of thorns—had shaken the costly diadem off its head, which was placed in consequence at its feet, like the golden patære of Juno (Livy vi. 4; Cicero de N. Div. i. 34), "removed" by the aforesaid Dionysius (Cic. de N. D. iii. 34). A bit of one of the green tapers, once lighted before this Cristo, was supposed to secure the wearer from sudden death: thus Jaurequi, when he fired at the Prince of Orange, wore a candle's end under his waistcoat.

This crucifix, according to the chaplain, was carved by Nicodemus, out of supernatural materials; and so none could tell of what wood the Lycæan Apollo was wrought (Paus. ii. 9. 7). To us the former appeared, after close inspection, to be graven out of Sorian pine, and to be earlier than Becerra or Hernandez: still the Burgos connoisseurs prefer Nicodemus. Be this as it may, as a work of art it is admirable, and evidently modelled from a real

corpse; the expression of suffering in the head drooping over the shoulder is very fine; nor will the lace petticoat displease our fair readers. It glories in a wig of real hair, continues to work miracles, and to attract *ex voto donations*. There is a most authentic Spanish '*Historia,*' &c., of this S^{mo} Cristo by Joan Sierra, Mad. 1762; and another, 4to., published at Lisbon in 1609.

Burgos, being in a country famous for carvers, was very rich in these miraculous images. Florez ('*Esp. Sag.*' xxvii. 518) describes an efficacious one, the *Trinidad*: when the mob were damaging that church in 1366, a stone struck the figure's nose, which bled copiously.

Next ascend the castle hill, looking on the way at the ancient church of *Santa Gadea* (Agueda), which was one of the three *Iglesias Juraderas*, or churches of purgation by adjuration (see *Leon*, p. 551, and *Avila*, p. 748). The touchstone of truth was a lock, *el cerrojo*, which was called *del Cid*, because on it he obliged Alonso VI. to swear twice that he had no hand in his brother Sancho's assassination at *Zamora* (see p. 530), which the king never forgave. So Callipus was made to purge himself by oath in the temple of Ceres and Proserpine, when suspected of having plotted the life of Dion (Plut. in Dion.). When this practice was abolished by the *Leyes de Toro* of Isabella, the Bishop Pascual de Ampudia caused the lock to be affixed up out of reach, either to preserve it as an antiquity, or to nail it, in *terrorem*, as a forged coin is on a counter. All who wished to clear themselves used to *touch it, tango aras et numina testor* (*Æn.* xii. 201), and then kiss their thumb; but the word *adorare* implies the moving the hand to the mouth, *ad ora* (Pliny, xxviii. 2). Something of this form exists in the Spanish complimentary phrase, *Beso a V^{md}. la mano*. The lower classes now, when taking an oath, often close their hand and raise the thumb, which they kiss. Such is the import of the old Highland song, "There's *mij thumb*, I'll ne'er beguile thee."

The interior of *Santa Gadea* has

been plundered, and was abominably modernised in 1832, when the old *re-tablos*, paneled pictures, &c., were carted out. Observe, however, the baptismal font, the tomb of the chantor Alonso Delgadillo, and the statues of the Virgin and St. Peter.

Hence ascending the hill we reach the triumphant arch erected by Philip II, to Fernan Gonzalez, in the Doric style, with ball-tipped pyramids: this "High Street," or *Calle Alta*, as being nearest to the protecting castle, was the first inhabited when Burgos became a city, and here the aristocracy lived. The site of the Cid's house was cleared in 1771, and is now marked by pillars; a small space for so great a man, but his glory fills the world: now all is neglected and going fast to ruin, for the heroic ages of Spain are past, and the memorials of genuine old Castilians shame the modern mediocrities. The streets of the ancient parish of San Martin, higher up, were entirely razed by the invaders, whose quiver here was indeed an open sepulchre, for now a *Campo Santo* or public cemetery has been laid out here, and graves replace houses once warm with life. An old gate preserves its Moorish arch. Above, the hill of the castle comes to a point, and beneath it nestles the closely packed town. The view from the heights is extensive; now the pinnacled cathedral is really seen; beyond in the distances, to the N.E., are the monasteries of *Miraflores* and *Cardeña*, while to the S.W., outside the town, rises the royal convent of *Las Huelgas*, with the green *Isla* plantations and *Vega* stretching beyond.

The positions which the Duke of Wellington occupied were on the opposite hill, beginning at *San Miguel* on the l. of the road to Vitoria, and extending to *San Pedro*. The castle, built by one Belchides, was the original palace of the early kings, and here took place the bridal of the Cid, and that of our Edward I. with Eleanor of Castile; in it also Don Pedro the Cruel was born. Then it was a true Moorish *Alcazar*, and was much improved by Isabella, Charles V., and Philip II. The state-rooms were destroyed by an accidental

fire in 1736, which was allowed to burn out, not a creature in Burgos even attempting to extinguish it. The ruins, beautiful even in decay, were used up by the French to erect fortifications, which they themselves destroyed when Reille fled, June 14, 1813, before the advancing Duke. Then the enemy mined the cathedral, which only escaped, like the Alhambra, by accident, from the train having failed, while by a premature explosion many hundreds of the disappointed destructives were "hoisted into the air by their own petards," in the sport of a retributive Nemesis. This castle, which had before baffled the Duke, had been left unrepared and unprovisioned by the French, in spite of the express orders of Buonaparte: and Wellington reached it without obstacle, to the Emperor's infinite surprise and indignation (*Joseph. Mem.*, ix. 307). Poor Joseph indeed had given up the campaign before a blow was struck, and fought the battle of Vitoria chiefly to save his accumulated *plunder!* (*Mem.* ix. 156).

This most unexpected abandoning led to greater results and to final expulsion of the French from Spain. The Duke "*instantly*," to use his own words, determined, contrary to the advice of everybody to hustle them out of Spain, being sure that the effect would recoil on the armistice of Dresden. He advanced, crushed them at Vitoria, and thereby fixed the wavering policy of Austria. (See Croker, '*Quart. Rev.*,' No. 184.)

This castle also is memorable for the Duke's previous repulse in 1812, after his victory of *Salamanca*, which had driven Soult out of Seville, and Joseph out of Madrid; then their conqueror would have pursued them into Valencia, had not the "service been stinted and neglected" by both English and Spanish governments. Everybody who was to have co-operated with him failed: Gen. Maitland was sent to the eastern coast too late, and then did nothing, while the Spaniards were routed at *Castalla*. Thus the Duke's plans were deranged, and it now only remained to him, by taking Burgos, to open com-

munications with Galicia: he divided his army, and, leaving Hill at Madrid, ordered Ballesteros to place himself at Alcaraz, between the French and the capital; but this worthy cooperator, by refusing to obey a *foreigner*, left the flank open to Soult, who advanced on Madrid with overwhelming numbers; Hill was obliged to evacuate Madrid, and the Duke to raise the siege of Burgos. Thus were the results of the British campaign sacrificed to a vicious *Españolismo*. Previously the Duke had been forced to sue the citadel, as at *Badajoz*, "in formâ pauperis," "be-seeching, not breaching," as Picton said. "What can be done?" as he wrote before setting out (Disp. Aug. 23, 1812); "for this *lost nation*? As for raising men or supplies, or taking one measure to enable them to carry on the war, *that is out of the question*. I shudder when I reflect on the enormity of the task which I have undertaken, with inadequate powers myself to do anything, and without assistance of any kind from the Spaniards, or, I may say, from any *individual* of the Spanish *nation*;" "for the enthusiasm of the people spent itself in vain boasting" (Disp. Dec. 24, 1811). Yet he did not despair: no time was now to be lost. He marched for Burgos Sept. 1, 1812, expecting to be joined by the Gallician army under Castaños, which, 35,000 strong on paper, arrived, after infinite delays, only 11,000, weak, "and wanting in everything, at the critical moment," while Madrid would not furnish the means of moving one gun; the Duke arrived at Burgos on the 19th with only three 18-pounders and scarcely any ammunition. A few guns were sent him *after* the siege was raised! The Spaniards also had deceived him by reporting that the castle was very weak; but the first glance revealed to him its formidable strength, and it was defended by a splendid garrison under the gallant Dubreton; Buonaparte had wisely had this important post on the main communication with France, put in excellent order. "This most difficult job is not one to be carried by any trifling

means," said the Duke: he, however, gained the heights of *San Miguel* by assault, and on the 22nd could and ought to have taken the castle at the breach below the church *Santa Maria la Blanca*, had the field-officer, who was killed, obeyed his instructions, which, found in his pocket, became known to the enemy. The attack of the 28th, on the side of *San Pedro*, having also failed, he was reduced to sap and mine; but, on hearing of Soult's advance, he seized the nick of time, and instantly, Oct. 21, filed off by night, along the Arlanzon, under the guns of the castle, and thus gained a day's march on the French; finally he brought his army safely to *Ciudad Rodrigo*, the enemy, in spite of his vast superiority of numbers, never venturing to attack him from sheer fear of his very presence (see Rueda, 562). Now Señor Toreno criticizes his operations, as the poor pedant Phormio lectured Hannibal on the art of war; blinking at the same time the misconduct of Ballesteros, the *real* author of the failure (Disp. Nov. 2, 1812): call ye that backing your friends? The honest and fearless Duke took the blame of Burgos on himself, and ascribed the failure to his having taken inexperienced troops, and to the untimely death of the field-officer.

This castle is now scandalously dilapidated and defenceless, although the position of Burgos, as a second line of defence to Madrid, is of the highest military importance, as Buonaparte well knew.

Burgos is shaped in an irregular semicircle, with large portions of the old walls remaining on the river front. The grand gate *de Santa Maria* is massy, strengthened with bartizan turrets and battlemented, and the Virgin's image crowns the pile, whose solidity contrasts with the fairy filligree pinnacles of the cathedral. Charles V. added the statues of Burgalese worthies, which are grouped in niches around his own, to wit, Don Diego Porcelos, Fernan Gonzalez, the Cid, Nuño Rasura, and Lain Calvo: examine the *Cubos* or circular bastions of the primæval old walls behind