

this arch. The river Arlanzon flows through planted walks to the *Isla*, where the French built a stone bridge, which the patriotic natives destroyed after the evacuation, because the work of an enemy. The river flows down to the *Vega*, while higher up is the *Espolon* or *Esplanada*, a charming and frequented walk, which with its gardens were laid out by the Marquis de Villena. The heavy statues of Fernan Gonzalez, Alonso III., Henrique III., and Ferdinand I., were placed there by Charles III. The white regular modern row of houses on the *Espolon*, the "spur of a cock" or "the angle of a pier" by which water is broken, encase the ancient town like a new binding does an old book; and they contrast with the dark irregular lanes behind, and the gloomy half-fortress mansions in the Calle Alta, San Lorenzo, Avelanos, San Juan, and older quarters. The architect may select as good specimens of the earlier mansions, *la Casa del Cordón*, the house of the Constable, with its towers, arms, and the rope over the portal. Observe the enormous armorial sculpture of this powerful family at the back of their chapel in the cathedral. Their palace was gutted by the invaders, by whom almost all the family portraits, once the most complete series in Spain, were destroyed, and ever since dilapidation has prevailed. Those *azulejos* and *artesonados* which escaped show that the whole edifice originally must have had a Moorish character. The *patio*, with its galleries, and arms of Feria, Mendoza, and Haro, is still striking. To the l. of the *Puerta del Sarmental*, and opposite the cathedral-cloister, is the archiepiscopal palace: look at the portals of No. 34, *la Llana de afuera*; No. 4, *Calle Avellanos*; No. 7, *C. San Lorenzo*; observe the cornice under the roof. In the house of the Conde de Villariego, of the 10th century, the great Alvaro de Luna was imprisoned. In the *C. de la Calera* is the *Casa de Miranda*, with superb *patio* and elegant fluted pillars. The windows, portals, and cornices of these old Burgalese residences deserve notice; they represent Spain of the 16th century, and

have outlived both the greatness of their founders and country. The irregular brick-built *Plaza Mayor* was designed by the academical Ventura Rodriguez in 1783. Some poor shops are ranged under the cold granite arcades, into which penniless loungers, cloaked in threadbare *capas*, look wistfully. In the centre is a wretched bronze statue of Charles III., by one Domingo Urquiza, who has metamorphosed the Bourbon into a periwigged baboon. Visit the Town Hall, or *Casa del Ayuntamiento*; not for the rubbishy portraits of judges, kings, queens, or a straddling swaggering one of the Cid, but because his ashes were moved here in 1842 from their original resting-place, and placed in a walnut tea-urn in a paltry chapel! here also is a sort of *Concepcion*, attributed of course to Murillo: the staircase is good.

Among the churches visit the Gothic *San Esteban*, with a rich façade. Inside the elegant arch with gallery above it, the rose window, the monuments, pulpit, and bas-reliefs of the Last Supper, form an artistical group. The Dominican *San Pablo* has a noble cloister, with tombs in the Berruguete style, and the Gothic arches of the transept are fine; here were the sepulchres of the Gallos, 1560-93; of the Maluendas, 1562-74; of the Bishop Pablo de Santa Maria, his wife and children, he himself having been originally a Jew and a married man, antecedents not common in Spanish bishops. The Gothic Benedictine *San Juan* contained fine tombs of the Torquemada and Castro Mogica families.

The Franciscan convent was a most exquisite pile, now all is gone—*etiam perire ruina!* It was founded in 1256 by Ramon Bonifaz, the French admiral who broke the bridge of boats at the capture of Seville under St. Ferdinand; but his tomb and his works were demolished by his invading countrymen, who did not even respect that *rara avis inter Gallos*, a victorious sailor. They also destroyed the glorious Gothic *Trinitarios*, just, however, leaving one fragment alone, as a specimen of former beauty, which since has been pulled

down by the Spaniards, and the work of destruction and vandalism progresses. In *Santa Ana* are some fine tombs of bishops, especially one under an elegant niche or arch, and another which is an isolated sarcophagus. The church *San Gil* is full of Gothic sepulchres; observe that of the De Castros, 1529. In the *Calle de San Juan*, once the residence of grandees and now of paupers, is the *Hospicio*. Observe the façade and porches, also the machicolated gate of San Juan, to the l. In *San Nicolas* are the tombs of the Polanco family, 1412-1503, by whom the high altar and skreen were given. Observe the engrailed arch. In *San Lesmes* is a vile churrigueresque high altar; observe, however, a good retablo in the *Capilla Mayor*, with excellent sculpture, relating to Santa Isabel and San Juan, inscribed MRS, *i. e.* Martines, by whom it was executed in 1560, as well as the tomb of Juan de San Martin.

Near the *Isla*, a short walk below Burgos, is the celebrated Cistercian nunnery of *Santa Maria la Real*, commonly called *las Huelgas*, because built in some "Gardens of Recreation;" these belonged to Alonso VIII., who founded it to expiate his sins, which had entailed on him the loss of the battle of Alarcos, and to gratify the wish of his wife Leonora, daughter of our Henry II. The pious work was begun in 1180, and was rewarded by the victory of *las Navas de Tolosa*. It presents a wall-enclosed jumble of ignoble buildings of different periods, granges, offices, &c., parasites which cluster around and block up the convent. The details offer an epitome of every style of Spanish architecture, during a space of seven centuries, from the half-fortress convent and Moro-Gothic down to the Royal Academical. No convent ever had more extraordinary privileges. The abbess was a princess palatinate, and styled by "the Grace of God," and the nunnery was nullius diocesis, possessing more than fifty villages, with all feudal rights of *Horca y cuchillo*, hanging, &c. Passing to the chapel through the *patios*, and the ancient vestibule with its tombs and Gothic work, observe

the Gothic front, with a statue of the Conception, raised by Ferdinand and Isabella: here also are ranged many old sepulchres. Inside there are two cloisters; one, called *la Claustrilla*, was part of the founder's palace; they resemble those of Amalfi and Calabria, in the form of the roundheaded arches; notice these *obras de los Godos*, and the grouped pillars and Norman-like capitals. In the *coro* of the chapel is the tomb of the founder and foundress; other royal bodies are placed in urns resting on lions, but these and other monuments are imperfectly seen through the gratings, as the interior is in strict *clausura*, and no males are allowed to enter. This convent was the Escorial, the St. George's chapel of the early kings of Spain, and here St. Ferdinand knighted himself; here his son Alonso El Sabio conferred, in 1254, that honour on our Edward I.; here the gallant Alonso XI. kept his vigil, and knighted and crowned himself; here was the articulated statue of Santiago, which, on some occasions, placed the crown on the head of Spanish monarchs. For the forms of Spanish chivalry, consult '*Tesoro Militar de Caballeria*,' with curious plates, Joseph Micheli Marquez, fol. Mad. 1642. Night and day solemn services were chanted over royal ashes, the nuns singing the sweetest near the tomb of their sainted foundress, as the nightingales of Greece did near the grave of Orpheus (Paus. ix. 30, 6), until the invaders plundered everything and converted the chapel into a stable. Observe a curious old painting of the victory at *las Navas de Tolosa*, and a gilt pulpit, in which *San Vicente de Ferrer* preached. In the interior is the chapel of *Belem* (Bethelam), which is built in a transition style between the Gothic and Moorish; indeed, the arches and *lienzos* might belong to the mosque of Cordova. For past glories, details of abbesses, illustrious dead, &c., consult '*Esp. Sag.*' xxvii. 574, and '*Ponz*,' xii. 61; see also '*Apuntes sobre las Huelgas*,' José Maria Calvo, 4to. Burgos, 1846.

Continuing the walk beyond *Las Huelgas* is the *Hospital del Rey*, founded

for poor pilgrims. Observe over the entrance a rich coronetted ornamental work, with niches, shields, and the Virgin. A finely carved oak door deserves notice.

Burgos, being a town of passage, was constantly made the quarters of advancing or retiring French armies; hence the dilapidation of sacred edifices, and, what is worse, caused by Roman Catholics; for our Protestant Duke directed, by a general order, that "churches were not to be used by troops without permission of the inhabitants and clergy, and when used the utmost care was to be taken of the sacred vessels and those articles which serve for religious purposes; neither horses nor other animals were to be put into churches, on any account whatever." Recent changes have finished what the Gaul began; *San Ildefonso* is now a depôt of artillery, *San Agustín* is an inn, the *Trinidad* and *San Francisco* are pulled down, *San Juan Bautista* a prison, the *Puerta de San Juan*, and the magnificent monastery *Frax del Val*, sold to a contractor for the materials; but while the dark ages of Spain covered the land with works of piety, taste, and learning, the enlightened 19th century will scarcely leave the ruins! In compensation, a manufacturing spirit has recently come over used-up Burgos: a paper-mill has been set up, and a *fabrica* of hardware at *el Vadillo*; a new theatre is begun on a grand scale near the bridge of *San Pablo*.

#### EXCURSIONS NEAR BURGOS.

Every one should devote a day to a pilgrimage to *Miraflores*, and to the tomb of the Cid. Crossing the river and turning to the l., the road soon ascends the bleak hills, and the Carthusian convent is seen at a distance of two miles, rising, with its nave and buttresses, like Eton College Chapel. It was built in 1441, on the site of a palace of Henrique III., by his son Juan II., for a royal burial-place; having been accidentally burnt in 1452, it was restored by Henrique IV., and finished in 1488 by Isabella, after designs of Juan de Colonia, in the finest

style of the florid Gothic; she also raised the magnificent *retablo*, the *coro*, and the sepulchre of her parents, which are unequalled in Spain or elsewhere. The artist was *el Maestro Gil*, father of the celebrated Diego de Siloe; it was completed in 1493, and well might Philip II.—a good judge of art—exclaim when he saw it, "We have done nothing at the Escorial." Here lie Juan II. and his second wife Isabella, with his son the Infante Alonso, who died at Cardenosa July 15, 1470, aged 16, thus opening the succession to his illustrious sister. Their alabaster sepulchres baffle pen and pencil alike, *faltan ojos para mirarlos*, the eye can scarcely master the marvellous details. Nothing can surpass the execution of the superb costumes, animals, ornaments, apostles, saints, evangelists, &c. The royal effigies were placed on each side of the *retablo*, which was richly decorated with subjects from our Saviour's life; that of the infante is kneeling on a framework of lace-like filigree. The *retablo*, with circle of angels, deserves much notice. It is truly grievous to behold the wanton mutilations of the invaders. The fine *silleria del coro* was carved by Martin Sanchez in 1480; the chapel, as usual in *Cartuja* convents, is divided into three portions—the outer one for the people, the middle for the lay monks *Legos*, and the innermost for the *Sacerdotes*. The painted glass is of the fifteenth century; the walls were framed with Berruguete shell-work, and festoons for pictures of the life of the Virgin. The fine *reja* is by Salamanca. The splendid oratory, or portable travelling altar, of Juan, painted in 1445 by Maestro Rogel (Roger of Brussels), and given that year by Pope Martin V. to Juan II., who gave it to the convent, was stolen by a French officer; some say General D'Armagnac sold it in Burgos, and now belongs to the King of Holland; then were "removed" all the fine Florentine pictures, and those relating to the life of San Bruno, by Diego de Leyva, who died here a monk in 1637; and also the five grand pictures of the life of St. John the Baptist, painted in 1496-99 by Juan Flamenco,

who is thought to be Hans Hemling. The French next proceeded to ravage the gardens and burial-ground; now a few cypresses, sad mourners, remain in the weed-encumbered cloister, while in the angles frames remain from whence the paintings were torn. Consult '*Flores de Miraflores*,' 4to. Burgos, 1657; and '*Apuntes Historicos*,' Juan Arias de Miranda, 4to. Burgos, 1843.

Continuing the ride over bald downs, *San Pedro de Cardena* appears with a few trees and its walls. The façade was modernised in 1739. Over the portal, the Cid mounted on Babieca, cuts down Moors à la *Santiago*; the gallant war-steed was honoured in life and death, like Copenhagen, the Waterloo charger of our Cid, for none ever rode Babieca after her master departed: and when she followed him her grave was prepared before the entrance of the monastery by Gil Diaz, one of the Campeador's most faithful subalterns.

The invaders under D'Armagnac arrived here Aug. 10, 1808, gutted the buildings, and burnt one of the most curious archives and libraries of Spain; fortunately many of the old muniments had been printed by a monk of this convent, whose work is now of such authority as to be admitted as evidence in Spanish courts of law. Let every book-collector secure the '*Antigüedades de España*,' Francisco de Berganza, 2 vols. fol. Mad. 1719-21. This monastery was the first ever founded in Spain for the Benedictine order, and was raised by the Princess Sancha, in 537, in memorial of her son Theodorie, who died while out hunting, at the fountain *Cara digna*, whence the name *Cardena*. The convent was sacked by the Moors in the autumn of 872, who killed 200 monks; but it was restored in 899 by Alonso II. of Leon, and the blood of the murdered friars always issued out every year at the anniversary of their martyrdom; it ceased in 1492, when their manes were satisfied by the final downthrow of the infidel. Previously, however, by way of compensation, the body of S<sup>t</sup>. Sisebuto, twentieth abbot, began to work such miracles that the peasants prayed to him as their intercessor with God, and also

offered money at his sepulchre, at which cripples were regularly cured (Florez, '*Esp. Sag.*,' xxvii. 238).

The French ravages were partially restored by a monk named Bernardo Zubiaur, of Bilbao, a learned basque, whom we saw there, and whose curious collections no doubt are now lost for ever. The singular register-book, *el Libro Becerro*, of the date 1092, was saved by a monk named Miguel Garcia, who happened to be consulting it when the invaders arrived. The Benedictines, in 1823, unfortunately restored the chapel with tawdry reds and yellows, and picked out the pillars in black and white. Among the few inscriptions that escaped the destroyers was that on the tomb of Sancha, obt. æra 580; they however mutilated the sepulchre of Theodorie. The old cloisters have also been modernised, but some of the original short pillars and capitals may be traced, and a slab still marks the spot where the 200 monks bled annually.

One word on the Cid, now we stand near his grave. Rodrigo Ruy Diaz of Vibar, where he was born in 1026, is the Prince, the Champion of Spain, *el Cid Campeador*, the hero of Gotho-Spanish epos, a Castilian "to the backbone," *Castellano á las derechas*. No incident of his *guerillero* condottieri career was left unrecorded in song, that form of primitive history. Thus, as Schlegel says, "He is worth a whole library for the understanding the spirit of his age, of which he was the personification; for six centuries his feats have formed the real reading of the Spanish people, and all now delight in his *Romancero*; and just as in the time of Cervantes *nos quita cañas* (Don Quix. i. 32), they gladden and prevent grey hairs.

This doughty Champion of Christendom was cast in the stern mould of a disputed creed and hostile invasion, when men fought for their God and their fatherland, for all they had in this world, or hoped for in the next; the Cid, who possessed the virtues and vices of the mediæval Spaniard, engrafted the daring personal valour, the cool determination and perseverance of

the sledgehammering, crushing Northman, on the subtle perfidy and brilliant chivalry of the Oriental. Like an Alaric or Tamerlane, he was terrible to his enemies, kind and generous to his friends, charitable to the poor, liberal and submissive to the priest, and thus presented that strange mixture, which still marks Spanish and Arab character, of harshness and benevolence, cruelty and generosity, rapacity and munificence: for darker traits we must consult the Moorish annalists, since the early Spanish *histories*, being compiled exclusively by clergymen, naturally painted in a *couleur de rose*, not blood, their champion, by whom infidel kings were destroyed and their temples overturned, while Christian altars were endowed with the spoil.

The '*Poema del Cid*' was written in the twelfth century; and this, the epic of Spain, like the '*Iliad*,' and at once the earliest and finest work in the language, is stamped with a poetry of heroism. Even then its Achilles, the Cid was spoken of with pride and affection, being already, like Nelson, the property of his whole nation, *El mio Cid—my Cid*. "He who was born in a good hour"—"he who in an auspicious moment girded on sword;" and he feels himself to be the honour of his country, "*Soy el Cid, Honra de España*," which he is always ready to prove by his good sword. The leading events of his life have been handed down in an unbroken series of Spanish and Moorish writers; thus Alonso el Sabio, in the thirteenth century, speaks of him as already the hero of many early ballads, while Conde and Gayangos find the Arabic authors tallying exactly with the Spanish in dates and facts: but they paint him, as he really was to them, a fierce, perfidious, and merciless enemy. The type of the Cid is Oriental, and Biblical history abounds in parallel chiefs who raised themselves to power; such were Jephthah, Rezin, David, &c. And as the latter was persecuted by Saul, so the Cid was by Alonso: and both being compelled to carve out their fortunes with their own good sword, gathered around them "vain and light persons" (Judges

ix. 4), "people in debt and discontented" (1 Sam. xxii. 2); and just the sort of desperate characters with nothing to lose and everything to gain, who are so well described by Sallust (B.C. 14) as forming the recruits of the radical patriot Catiline.

Again, in semi-barbarous nations and periods, agriculture and war are the only professions which do not degrade. The Iberian of old, like the Pindarree of Hindostan, loved the joys of battle, the excitement of the *raid*, and the possession of red gold; while the chase, that mimic war, with love, the guitar, and personal decoration filled up his brief hours of peace. These elements still exist, and form the basis of Spanish character: thus to this day they are personally brave, fond of adventure, and prodigal of life; and never has a Sertorius, a Hafssun, a Cid, wanted gallant followers. So in our times the Minas and Zumalacarrenguys have enacted deeds which only require the distance of centuries to appear almost equally fabulous; but these very qualities, admirable for predatory forays, ambuscades, and a desultory irregular *petty war*—a *guerilla* in which Spain shines the best—have always incapacitated her from producing a really great general, for the Great Captain is the exception, which only proves the rule.

There is nothing in the Cid's rise or career more strange or eventful than in those of Jephthah or David. He, like them, was superstitious and reckless of the rights of property and of the life and happiness of men: but he was true to his faith and king, as to the Lord's anointed, while a halo of power gilded over his misdeeds. Thus during the French invasion, church and palace plunder if committed by armed marshals, is, it seems, to be overlooked; while, had private men done the same, it would have justly been stigmatized as robbery and sacrilege; but in those unprincipled and semi-civilized days, no disgrace was attached to bold violence, for those got, who had the power, and those kept, who could. Thus the conduct of David towards the people of his protector Achish is recorded but not condemned by Samuel (1, xxvii. 8),

nor is the ferocity combined with perfidy of the Cid stigmatized by his clerical chroniclers. There is little doubt as to the accuracy of their general although flattering statements: thus Niebuhr, the decided sceptic of old history, considers the Cid to be a real character, and cites his ballad memoirs as early instances of records based on truth, yet hovering on the verge of fabulous times. Masdeu, however, thought fit to doubt his very existence; but this arose from his ignorance of the MS. of Leon (see p. 553), and from a secret pique against Florez and Risco, his rival antiquarians: and in our times Dr. Dunham, in Dr. Lardner's cyclopaedic compilations, has repeated these absurd *Patrañas*. Our readers will do better to refer to the '*Chronica del Cid*,' fol. Burgos, 1593; to '*La Castilla*,' Manuel Risco, 4to., Mad., 1792; to the '*Romancero del Cid*,' Juan Müller, duo., Francfort, 1828, which is well fitted for the *alforjas* of the traveller. In his library at home let him place the new edition of the '*Chronica del Cid*,' by Herr Von Huber, Marburg, 1844. Our estimated friend and able Spanish scholar is the author of the '*Skizzen aus Spanien*,' one of the best sketches of this original people and country. The Cid again is the hero of Spanish ballad poetry, the most convenient edition of which is that published in five volumes at Madrid, 1828-32, by Agustin Duran: Depping also, in 1817, printed at Leipzig a good selection, '*Samlung der besten alten Spanischen Romancen*,' and his countryman Nicolas Böhl y Faber edited at Hamburg an excellent '*Floresta*.' See also on the Cid the lively duo. volume of Mr. Dennis, 1845. The whole subject of Spanish ballads has been treated by us in two Reviews of Mr. Lockhart's, one in the Edinburgh, No. cxlvi., and the other in the Westminster, No. lxxv.

Suffice it now to state that the Cid, out of favour at court, was thrown on his own resources: and as the rich lands of the infidels in those days were considered fair game by the Christians, he assembled an army of bold adventurers and captured Valencia, where

he ruled on his own account, and died in 1099. His body was then brought to Cardena, mounted on Babieca,\* and placed armed on a throne, with *Tisona*, "the sparkling brand," in his hand, according to legends, as Charlemagne had been with his Joyeuse. The Cid, however well he had paid off the Hebrews while alive, when dead knocked down a Jew, whose valour plucked the dead lion by the beard. Ximena, his widow, in order to keep him quiet, then had the body put under ground. The still existing tomb was raised in 1272, by Alonso el Sabio, who composed the still legible epitaph—

Belliger, invictus, famosus Marte triumphis,  
Clauditur hoc tumulo magnus Didaci Rodericus.

Some, however, consider the style of armour to be later than 1272. The original sepulchre was erected in the site of honour, near the high altar; but when the chapel was remodelled in 1447, the abbot, Pedro de Burgo, moved it into the *sacristia*, from whence it was turned out in 1541; thereupon the garrison of Burgos complained to Charles V., who ordered the good Cid's tomb back into the chapel; but in Feb. 5, 1736, it was moved into the chapel of San Sisebuto, which was fitted up by Philip V. in 1736, in a semi-theatrical manner, with trumpery shields, &c. Around him were interred his faithful wife Ximena, their two daughters, Maria Sol, queen of Arragon, and Elvira queen of Navarre, who rest with their husbands, authentic history to the contrary notwithstanding. The Cid's only son was killed at the battle of Consuegra, together with Martin Antolinez, Pero Bermudez, and others, of his most faithful followers; among whom was Alvar Fañez Minaya, his first cousin and Fidas Achates, or as he used to call him his "right arm." The Cid blazoned on his shield, his two swords Tizona and Colada, crossed, with a cross between them, enclosed with a chain.

Paltry as was this Pantheon, the ashes of the Cid were not yet allowed to rest here in peace. In 1808, when the French invaded Spain, "their

\* Down to the end of the last century bodies of *hidalgos* in the neighbourhood were taken to be buried on horse-back.

curiosity," says Southey (Chr. of Cid, 432), was excited by nothing until they came to Burgos, and when they heard that *Chimene* (for thus dignified Doña Ximena is Frenchified into a tragic coquette) was buried at Cardeña, then parties were daily made to visit her tomb, and passages were spouted from "Corneille," or rather from what Corneille had adapted from 'Las Mocedades del Cid' of Guillem de Castro, and the 'El Honrador de su Padre,' of Juan Bautista Diamante. The spouters next "removed" the church plate, and pilfered even the bones of the Cid, and "sa chère Chimene" (Schep. ii. 255); they next "removed" the old sepulchre itself to decorate their new promenade at Burgos, a theatrical affair which made even a French "apothicair" sick; what, ho, apothecary! This gent, in his amusing 'Mémoires' (ch. 42), administers a brisk cathartic to one General Thibeault, who, in the hopes, as he says, of linking his insignificance with the immortality of Rodrigo, had inscribed his name on the tomb as perpetrator of the transportation. But the Duke, *el gran Lor*, avenged his colleague, *el mio Cid*, and fell in with this Thibeault (whom he had before trounced at Vimiero) at *Aldea de Puente*, Sept. 29, 1811; thereupon *Monsieur*, or rather *Doctor Thibeault*, for he had forced the Dons of Salamanca, where doctores sine doctrinâ, are common, to make him a L.L.D., took to his heels; and yet, according to Mons. Gautier (Lett. 4), he used to sleep with some of the Cid's bones, *pour se hausser la valeur*. The Cid's sepulchre was taken back to *Cardeña* in great pomp July 30, 1826: but when convents were sequestered, they were put into a rococo walnut tea-urn and conveyed to the *Casas Consistoriales*, or Mansion-house of Burgos, a motion which does honour to the absolute wisdom of Spanish mayors and the proverbial taste of most municipal corporations in the Peninsula or out: *requiescant in pace!*

Now-a-days, according to Mons. A. F. Ozanam (*Pèlerinage au Pays du Cid*, Paris, 1853, p. 24), the Cid's bones were thus saved from some "touriste

*Anglais!*" This poetical pilgrim entirely ignores the ravages of his countrymen, or the presence of a single avenging red coat.

Those who arrive coming from France are advised to go to Madrid by Valladolid, Segovia, and the Escorial (see R. 78, 80, 101), and thus avoid the most dreary line (R. 115) through *Aranda*. Burgos being a central point is quite a coach town; it has diligence communications with Bayonne, Madrid, Valladolid, Santander, Vitoria, Logroño, and thence to Tudela, Pamplona, Zaragoza, and Barcelona.

#### ROUTE 116.—BURGOS TO SANTANDER.

Quintaña Dueñas . . . . .	1	
Huermececes . . . . .	3	.. 4
Urbel del Castillo . . . . .	2½	.. 6½
Basconcillos . . . . .	3	.. 9½
Llanillo . . . . .	1½	.. 11
Canduela . . . . .	2½	.. 13½
Fuenvellida . . . . .	2½	.. 16
Reinosa . . . . .	1½	.. 17½
Barcana pie de concha . . . . .	3	.. 20½
Molledo . . . . .	1	.. 21½
Cartes . . . . .	3½	.. 25
Arce . . . . .	2	.. 27
Santander . . . . .	3	.. 30

There is another road to the rt., 29½ L., through *Vivar*, *Pesadas*, *Ontaneda*, and *Vargas*. There is a diligence. This excursion will lead the angler into some of the finest salmon and trout fishing in Spain, as from *Santander* he may either turn to *Bilbao* and the Basque provinces, or strike to the l. to *Oviedo*, *Lugo*, and the *Vierzo*.

Leaving *Burgos* the road enters the valley of the river *Urbel*. *Vibar*, where the Cid is said to have been born, lies to the rt., and the hills of *Villadiego* rise on the l. Next we ascend to *Urbel del Castillo*, built on *La Pinza*, over its trout-stream. This decayed place was originally the seat of the see of *Burgos*; hence by the range which divides the basins of the *Ebro* and *Pisuerga* to *Canduela* and *Reinosa*. The latter is the chief town of its district. The mountains around are very lofty, and often covered with snow. This is the nucleus whence *las Montañas de Santander* and those *de Burgos* diverge. They abound in natural and neglected forests of oak and chesnut. The botanist, artist, and angler should

make for the environs of *Liebana*. This mountainous district, with its crater-like valleys is a wild and ill-used arboretum. *Potes* will be a good head-quarter; it stands in the centre of four charming Swiss-like valleys, the *Val de Prado*, *Cereceda*, *Val de Baro*, and *Cillo-rigo*. The fishing in the *Deva*, and particularly in the *Nansa*, and *Sal*, is excellent. *Potes* where the hill and valley scenery is most Swiss-like, was one of the first towns entered by *Soult*, who, with the Parisian guards, was welcomed with palms, but the place was forthwith sacked, and the inhabitants butchered (*Schepeler*, ii. 116). A good light wine is made in these districts. The forests of *Liebana* are magnificent, but much neglected; nor are foreigners allowed to cut what the Spaniard permits to rot; nor are even those who would turn it to better account, allowed permission. Thus, in 1843, a proposition was made to the Minister of Marine by Messrs. *Septimius Arabin* and Co., for the purchase or working of the forests of *Asturias* for a term of 20 years. The company engaged to furnish to the State all the building timber necessary for the navy, and undertook to build whatever vessels might be required from models furnished by the minister. In order to cover their expenses, the company required a grant to be made to them of 500,000 trees. The following was the reply of the minister:—"The Spanish people duly appreciate the importance of their forests. The company desire to receive two trees for one which they will cut down for the interest of Spain; so that for the acquisition of one ship, Spain would give two to a foreign nation. The Spanish government has still the means of improving and increasing her navy without destroying her forests. The government is, however, grateful for the interest shown by the English house for the Spanish navy, and is not surprised at the feeling. Spain has for a long time had multiplied reasons to believe that a great number of nations feel an ardent wish for the diminution of the Spanish navy. As long as the present minister shall remain at the head of the Marine

department, he can never listen to a proposition which can give rise to an idea similar to that which in his opinion has dictated the proposition." Meanwhile the forests of *Liebana* will remain in their primæval repose and natural decay, while *El Ferrol* can scarcely supply a spar for a cock-boat; but "to boast of his strength is the national disease" of a Spanish minister, whose words are greater than his ideas, and who will repose under his laurels, having thus proudly rejected the *foreigner*. This amusing state paper did credit to a cabinet, of which *Senor Bravo*, the *ci-devant* editor of the Madrid "slang," or Satirist paper, was the Premier—*Cosas de España*.

A bad road leads to *Reinosa* (Pop. 1700), the chief place of the mountainous district by which it is encompassed, and generally called *las Montañas de Burgos*. Some of the passes to the N.W. slopes are very high: the *Portillo de Bedore* rises 3800 feet, and that of *Lunada* 3400 feet above the sea-level. The *Ebro* gushes forth in *Fontibre* or *Fuentes de Ebro*, from a wild and rocky source. It flows 342 miles through the *Rioja*, and divides *Aragon*. *Reinosa* is a tidy hill town, with a good street and fine bridge over the beautiful *Ebro*. It is a busy place, frequented by carriers, who convey across the *Puerto* the corn and wine of the plains, and bring back the iron and fish from the coasts. *Santander* may be called the seaport of *Madrid*: many projects have been formed to facilitate this important communication. Thus the grand canal of *Castile*, which was begun in 1753, and is not yet finished (*Cosas de España*—donde se empieza tarde y se acaba nunca), was to connect *Segovia* and *Burgos*; next a new and shorter road was to be opened to *Burgos*; and now the *Castile* canal company and municipality of *Santander* propose to construct a railroad from the latter town to *Reinosa*, which, when accomplished, will be a great benefit to central and cereal Spain.

The fairs of July 25 and Sept. 21 at *Reinosa* are attended by most picturesque peasants and *Pasiegas*. There



is good fishing in the valleys and wild shooting in the hills, especially in the *Montes* and *Breñas*, near Val de Arroyo, and near the Dominican convent *Monte Claros*. This naturally almost impregnable country, which might have been made the Torres Vedras of Galicia, was absurdly abandoned in 1808 by Blake, who quitted it to court defeat at *Espinosa*. Then *Reinosa* was so wantonly and dreadfully sacked by Soult, that Schepeler (ii. 39) imagined the invaders wished to leave it as a monument of the greatest horrors which even sans culottes could by any means perpetrate.

Crossing the noble mountain *Puerto*, we descend, with the trout-stream, the *Besaya*. This lofty range extends about 12 leagues, and is one of the coldest in Spain. The hard rocks will, however, offer fine opportunities for our engineers to exhibit their skill in tunneling and circumventing. *Somaoz*, in the valley of *Buelna*, lies half-way between *Reinosa* and Santander, and the country is truly Swiss-like and alpine. The Pas is soon crossed, where the Santillana and Oviedo road joins in (see p. 643). This valley is the healthy home of *las Pasiégas*, who, as *Amas de Cria*, and bursting with mountain juices, suckle the puny children of the better classes in sickly Madrid. *Ama* in Arabic means mother, or one that feeds. In their native hills they carry their own babies in *Cuebanos*, which sometimes contain cotton wares, for there is great smuggling in these parts. For Santander see Rte. 119.

#### ROUTE 117.—BURGOS TO LOGROÑO.

Zalduendo . . . . .	3	
Villafranca . . . . .	3	.. 6
Belorado . . . . .	2	.. 8
Villaypun . . . . .	2	.. 10
Santo Domingo de la Calzada	2	.. 12
Najera . . . . .	3	.. 15
Navarrete . . . . .	3	.. 18
Logroño . . . . .	2	.. 20

This is the direct and shortest route, but the one usually taken by the diligences goes up to *Pancorbo* on the *Vitoria* road, 11 L. (see Rte. 118), and then branches off to the rt. The circuit is about 2 L. longer, but the road

is better. There is a diligence which communicates from *Logroño* with Tudela, and thence to Pamplona and Zaragoza and Barcelona. The hilly broken country continues to *Velorado*, over the mountains of Oca. In the valley *Atapuerca*, near *Zalduendo*, was fought, in 1053, the battle between Ferdinand I. of Castile and his brother Garcia of Navarre, who was killed and buried at Najera: thus *Rioja* was annexed to Castile. Mariana (ix. 4) details the Iberian strategics and Punic perfidy of these fratricidal princes.

The district of *La Rioja* lies between Burgos, Soria, and Alava, and is so called from its river, *la Oja*, *el Rio Oja*, which rises in the hills of San Lorenzo. The rich valley is in the shape of an S, being some 24 L. in length, with an unequal breadth, varying from 8 to 10 L. It is divided into high, *alta*, and low, *baja*. The former runs from Villafranca de Montes de Oca to Logroño, and the latter from Logroño to Ágreda; the two are divided by the chain which separates the basins of the Ebro and Duero. The whole extent is about 270 square leagues, with a population of 25,000. The soil is rich, but most slovenly cultivated; indeed from its fertility it is called *La Andalucía del nord*; being productive in corn and wine, it never wanted pious priests to pray while the peasants ploughed; so many indeed were the convents and holy men that the province was called *La Urna de Santos*. One of them, San Vitores, preached for many days after his head was cut off (*Anguiano*, p. 250); but these sort of miracles are always absurd in proportion to the remoteness of the locality and ignorance of the flock.

For this district consult '*Compendio Historial de Rioja*,' Domingo Hidalgo de Torres y la Cerda, 4to. Mad. 1701, or the second edition by Matteo de Anguiano, 4to. Mad. 1704; also '*Epilogo de la Rioja*,' Juan Josef de Salazar, 4to. Mad. 1732; '*Memorias Políticas*,' Eugenio Larruga, vol. xxvii. 206; and the '*Diccionario Geográfico*,' Angel Casimiro de Govantes, fol. Mad. 1846.

A dreary ride of some 11 hours over bleak hills, with here and there some

oak, leads from *Burgos* to Santo Domingo de la Calzada (of the Causeway), *Posada de Atauri*: this town (Pop. some 5000) stands on the Oca, and rises with a tall overloaded belfry, over a rich plain: it shares with *Calahorra* in the dignity of a bishopric, resembling Jaen and Baeza, and our Bath and Wells. The cathedral, of a simple, massy, early Gothic, was begun in 1180 by Alonso VIII., and finished in 1235, but was much injured by fire in 1825. The *coro*, high altar, and chapel of the tutelar *Santo Domingo*, are in the Berruguete style. The *reja* of the chapel of the Magdalen is a fine specimen of the plateresque.

This *Santo Domingo* was not the holy Inquisidor, his namesake, but a local saint, born in these parts about 1010. He was induced to quit his hermitage by San Gregorio of Ostia, a judicious bishop, who having expelled the rapacious locusts, settled there himself; his follower became a mediæval Macadam, constructed the "Causeway" for pilgrims to Santiago, worked infinite miracles, built bridges, inns, and hospitals, restored masons to life, while wild bulls carried stones for him. His good works are fully detailed in '*Anguiano*;' consult also '*Sigüenzas Historia de la Orden*,' &c. iii. ch. x. His crowning feat is charged on the city arms, "argent, a tree vert, with a sickle, a cross, a cock and hen proper." Southey made a ballad on these charges, more droll, it is true, than reverential; the pith of his 'Legend of the Cock and Hen, or the Pilgrim to Compostella,' is detailed in historical prose by Moya in his '*Rasgo*,' p. 283. The city arms tell the true story, as it were in hieroglyphics, which is to be interpreted after this wise: the *trees* represent the primeval forest, which the saint cut away with a *sickle*, building a *venta* on the clearance; the Maritornes of the new hotel fell in love with a handsome French pilgrim, who resisted, whereupon she hid some spoons in this Joseph's wallet, accused him of theft, so our traveller was taken up by the *Alcalde*, and forthwith hanged. But his parents some time afterwards passing under the dead body,

were assured by it that he was innocent, and saved by the intercession of St. Domenick, who was also dead; thereupon the parents proceeded forthwith to the *Alcalde*, who was going to dine off two roasted fowls, and, on hearing their report, remarked, "You might as well tell me that this cock," pointing to one on the dish, would crow; whereupon it did crow, and was taken with its hen to the cathedral, and two chicks were regularly hatched every year. The birds always white were kept in a rich cage near the high altar, and their feathers were worn by pilgrims in their caps, and the *Alcalde's* house in the *Barrio Viejo*, with a cock over the door, was long shown as a lion. Prudent writers will, however, without minding Santo Domingo, put a couple of ordinary roast fowls into their "provend," for hungry is the road to *Logroño*. Much as Spaniards may have neglected ordinary ornithology, they have always excelled in the miraculous investigation and breeding of fowls: thus Lampridius, praising Alexander Severus, says he beat even the Augurs of Spain: San Vicente too had his crows (p. 199); San Millan was famous for his cocks and hens. The scholar may compare these portentous pullets with the pagan *pulli*, by which the aruspices enlightened the ancients, and they too were kept in *caveæ*; their revelations were so clear, that even most Bœotian augurs could interpret the crowings of their *Gallos Gallinaceos* (Cic. 'de Div.' i. 34): Livy (xxx. 1) records that a cock and hen changed sexes. But fowls have long figured in mythologies; witness the cock of Esculapius, the doves of Venus and Santa Teresa. If sacred Geese cackled in the capitol, Jupiter at least had an eagle; but those who reflect on the dog of Santo Domingo, and the pig of San Antonio, will ask, like Cicero (N. D. iii. 17), how low you are to descend in this bathos? "Si dii sunt, suntne etiam nymphæ deæ? si nymphæ, Panisci et Satyri. Tum Charon tum Cerberus dii putandi;" but such things, as the Roman philosopher observed, are the invention of poets; and well might he wonder how any two *aruspices* could

meet in the street and keep their countenances.

Santo Domingo's other miracles are detailed in the works of Luis de Vega, 4to. Burgos, 1606; and Andrea de Salazar, 4to. Pamplona, 1624; see also the 'Historia,' by Gonzalez de Tejada, fol. 1702, and Ribadeneyra, ii. 68.

In going from *Santo Domingo de la Calzada* to *Najera* you may make a detour of some 3 L. over bare hills to *San Acencion*, a village prettily perched on a rocky range, behind which, in its valley, is the Jeronomite convent *La Estrella*, in which *el Mudo* learned to paint. Thence strike S. to *San Millan*, so called from its tutelar, whose authentic legend is fully given by Anguiano (p. 403). Born in Rioja, he died about 564, and Bishop Braulio wrote his life in 638. Originally a shepherd, he passed 40 years in a cave on the *Cerro de San Lorenzo*, where he worked infinite miracles thus: he wrestled with the devil and beat him; a touch of his staff put out of his cave cured the sick, lengthened short beams for carpenters, and multiplied wine for vintners. This poor hamlet was famed for its once noble Benedictine convent, *de la Cogolla*. The upper and elder convent, *el Souso*, was founded in 537 by St. Millan himself; but when the monks got rich, the acclivity became inconvenient, so in 1053 the holy body was brought down. But on reaching a pleasant spot the bulls that drew it were found miraculously to be unable to move a peg further; so a new convent was built there, and called *el de Abajo, de Yuso*; but only a few fragments of this can be traced, as the monks moved again, and in 1554 raised the present pile, which, from its splendour, was called the *Escorial de Rioja*; it is built in the severe style of Herrera. The fine cloister contains curious tombs, and among them those of the seven Infantes de Lara (?); the church, large as some cathedrals, and now used as a parroquia, was built in 1642. Observe in the *retablo* the tutelar, on a white horse, charging the Saracens à la Santiago. Observe also those which represent his other miracles, casting

out devils, putting out fires, &c. The modern church is very ornate; notice the pulpit and the overgilt altar and arch.

The ashes of San Millan were collected in the year 1033 by Sancho el Mayor, and the identical *urna* or chest existed until stripped by the French, in 1808, of all the gold and silver ornaments. These lovers of bullion fortunately neglected the most curious contemporary ivory carvings, wrought by Apariccio and Rodolpho. In 1813 these were let into a new *urna*, and deserve careful notice. The convent was very comfortable, with its fine *ambulatorio*; the rich library has been much pillaged. The choice things have been moved to the *Academia de la Historia*, at Madrid; some of the MSS. were older than the Moorish invasion; among them was a ritual earlier than even the Mosarabic. The library still possesses a copy of the polyglott Bible of Ximenez. In the lofty tower bell-fanciers may look at one called *La Bomba*, of the date 1269. But the glories of St. Millan are passed. Sequestration has succeeded to the "repairs and beautifyings" of Ventura Rodriguez, and farmers have taken the places of the friars, and bullocks and asses of the monks. Besides this saint, here was born Gonzalo Berceo, one of the earliest poets of Spain.

The distance to *Najera* is about 2½ L.; the name has been derived from *Nahr*, a river, and better perhaps as meaning "a place in rocks," and many are the caves, the refuges in the hills, to which the Goths fled at the Moorish invasion: one is much venerated and visited, the *cueva* in which *San Millan* lived for forty years.

*Najera*—*Posada de la Campana*—rises on the *Najerilla* (called here *el Canal*), in a rich vega, under a ruined castle, which crowns the hill. Pop. 2500. Now decayed, it was once the court of Navarre, and here St. Ferdinand was crowned. The Benedictine S<sup>a</sup>. Maria is fine and well kept; the library, however, and archives have been sadly pillaged. This also was once a sort of Escorial, for here lie 35 bodies of the royal families of Castile

and Navarre. The elaborate Gothic *coro* was carved by el Maestro Andres and Nicolas in 1495, and the fine ruined cloister was filled with statues by A. Gallego, 1542-46. Observe the delicate tracery in the openings of the arches. Observe the *retablos* of Juan Vascardo and Pedro Margoledo, 1631, and the early painting of Maestro Luiz, 1442.

You can ride from Najera to Logroño easily in 3½ hours. It was between *Najera* and *Navarrete* that the Black Prince replaced on his throne the perfidious, cruel, and ungrateful Don Pedro, just as Wellington at the no distant *Vitoria*, restored the beloved Ferdinand VII.; and striking is the parallel throughout, for thus the past is the prophet of the future, and the present vouches for the past. Then, as in our times, the Peninsula was made the arena for the war between rival giants, between England and France; then the Black Prince, in despite of inferior forces, everywhere defeated the Du Guesclins, just as the Duke trounced the Soult; then, as recently, the single-handed Spaniards were easily defeated by the French; then, as now, the Spanish juntas were proud, obstinate, and self-confident when danger was distant, but craven and clamorous for aid when it drew near; then as now, when the *foreigner* had done their work, they treated him ungratefully, violating every promise, nay, robbing him even of his glory.

The French were valorous, chivalrous, and soldierlike, but cruel, false, and plunderers. The English were brave in battle and honest in word and deed; they, as in our times, never took up a position which they did not hold, and never attacked an enemy's which they did not carry. They were only subdued by climate, starvation, and wine, ever their worst of foes: they duly appreciated the gallant French "as the only troops worth fighting against;" and the French, like Buonaparte, in our times, felt that "the English alone were to be dreaded." "Il n'y a de dangereux en Espagne que les Anglais, le reste n'est que des partisans que ne peuvent jamais se

tenir en campagne" (*Mém. de Joseph*, vii. 241). The Spaniards resented this inferred *menosprecio*, and hated friends and foes alike, using and abusing them alternately—"a plague on both your houses." So the beloved Ferdinand wished to see his English allies *Los Borrachos*, hung up *con las entrañas* of his French enemies *los gavachos*, just as a good Moor's prayer runs, *Ensara fee senara, le hood fee se-food*, the Christian to the hook, the Jew to the spit.

Froissart has graphically painted the campaign; begin at ch. 230. Pedro, the king, was opposed by his natural brother Henrique de Trastámara, who was backed by France; Pedro's ill-usage of his wife, Blanche of Bourbon, was put forward as the ostensible pretext for invasion, while the real object was to combat British influence, and to give employment to her revolutionary legions, *les pillards, les compagnies*, whose trade was war, and who, by the peace with England, were left without employment. It was to get rid of these mercenary freebooters, some 20,000 in number, by which France was overrun, that the ransom of Du Guesclin was paid by Charles, who would gladly have seen him and them hanged; so they were vomited forth into unhappy Spain, which, like Algeria in our times, was made a safety-valve, where glory and plunder-baited grave-traps were laid. Don Pedro, far away at Seville, at first "boasted of his strength," and, "reposing under his laurels," made no sort of preparation for defence; but, when the formidable French advanced, like the juntas of 1810 and 1823, he crouched into the mire, and ran at once to beg the aid of Edward III., just as in our times the patriots did of George III. The Black Prince crossed the Pyrenees in Feb. 1367; he arrived at *Logroño*, "enduring the greatest anguish of mind," from want of food and every promised co-operation. Such anguish, and from the same causes, was endured by our Duke after *Talavera*; but neither of our chiefs despaired, being sufficient in themselves. The morn of April 2 beheld 30,000