that it is a dismal old place, with a remarkable cathedral, to which one is in duty bound to pay court for a few hours *en passant*. Nothing can be further from the truth for any soul above luxury and *insouciance*. With its glorious *vega*, its bright clean streets—rendered still brighter by the prevalence of pretty double windows—its odd-shaped and arcaded Plaza Mayor, peopled by picturesque groups of peasantry, and its lovely, shady promenades, Burgos looks the present cheerily in the face, and, even if it had no cathedral church at all, would be a place to linger in and love. The cathedral, indeed, is, at first sight, most disappointing. 'Vexing' would be perhaps the better word to use, for, while it is apparent at the outset that there is an infinite amount of detail, both in exterior and interior, that will abundantly repay examination, one's good intentions are thwarted, and artistic sensibilities outraged, first by the configuration of the ground, the surrounding mean buildings, and the poor west front, and then by the absolutely damning *coro*, the mixture of architectural styles, and the all-pervading over-decoration of the interior.

But it is a building one cannot grasp in an hour—or a day. The best plan is to walk round and through it, just taking in general outlines, and then, after seeing something more of Burgos—getting into closer relationship with the wonderful old life and art of the place—to return to a careful study of what is, after all, one of the noblest specimens of Gothic work upon the face of the earth.

So, as at San Sebastian, let us take a couple of walks; they shall be pleasant enough, and full enough of interest. And first let us go along the narrow winding street leading right away from the western front of the cathedral. The old church we pass almost immediately, to the right, is Saint Agueda, or Gadea, a notable place of resort for religious Burgalese long before Ferdinand *El Santo* and Bishop Maurice thought of their 'Santa Maria la Mayor.' It is one of the ancient sanctuaries wherein purgation by adjuration was wont to be made. Here Rodrigo Diaz—more commonly known as the Cid—made Alfonso VI. take oath that he was innocent of the murder of his brother Sanchez, before the nobles of Leon and Castile would do him homage. The building is now under restoration—in merciful hands, let us hope—and so cannot be fairly studied. There are, however, some fine monuments peeping here and there through the masses of scaffolding, and there is a quaintly-carved retablo in the domed side chapel to the left of the high altar, with a fiery inscription on the wall reviling the "*infiel Musulman.*"

Proceeding onwards, up the Calle Alta, we come to a spot of special antiquarian interest. First there is the arch raised by Philip II. in honour of Fernan Gonzalez, first Count of Castile, founder, in some sort, of the Castilian throne, by shaking off the yoke of Leon, and rival of the Cid himself in the admiration and homage of the old *romancistas.* We may

see this hero's sword presently, preserved in state at Sevilla, and bearing the proud inscription—

> "Soy la octava maravilla.
> En cortar moras gargantas
> Non sabré decir cuantas.—
> Mas sé que gané á Sevilla."

A hundred yards farther on three particularly ugly columns mark the site of the house where the Cid was born, in 1026. And then there is something better than any mere memorial, there is a bit of the life itself, in the imperishable line of old wall and arched gateway. It is worth while pausing for a moment when we have passed under the wall, and descended the steps leading towards San Pedro del Fuente, to look back and note how jealously, with what magnificent art and workmanship, the old city guarded its approaches and privileges.

And now, crossing the prettily laid out gardens of La Isla, with their great clumps of pampas grass, that would make the soul of an English gardener small with envy, and skirting the shady parterre that shuts in the Hospital del Rey, we approach a long low line of buildings which have been conspicuously in view all the way from San Pedro—the far-famed convent and church of Las Huelgas, the 'pleasure-grounds' of the Cistercians. "Not much of pleasure-ground now!" is the inward comment, as one crosses the desolate village that still clings around the walls, and enters through one of the old Norman arches that have so long since finished their

work. But all the external wreck and forlornness only make an admirable foil for the lovely interior, of purest Gothic. The transepts, transept chapels, and apsidal chancel are alone to be visited ;—the nave, or *coro de las hermanas,* is rigorously cut off by a close iron grating. But these are so perfect in their harmonious and severely simple lines and exquisite detail, that one does not seem to miss much. And every stone seems to have its story. In the blocked-up north aisle are interred thirteen kings and Infantes ; in the corresponding aisle on the south an almost equal number of queens and Infantes. Looking through the *reja* into the *coro de las hermanas*—where, probably, the white-robed sisters will be chanting their dirge-like office—one is faced by the tombs of the founders, Alfonso VIII. and his wife Eleanor, daughter of our Henry II. To the left of these lie Doña Blanca and the Queen Costanza ; to the right the two Berenguelas, mother and daughter of San Ferdinand ; and at the extreme west end the Doña Ana of Austria whose handiwork we met with a short while ago at Azpeitia.

A wonderful history has the place—of royal pomp in life and death. For many a generation the first convent in the land, its head possessed rights and privileges second only to that of the queen, and was herself usually of royal blood. Even now, nearly deserted, and shorn of most of its ancient wealth and all its most coveted privileges, none but noble ladies may enter it, and all must bring a fitting dowry. The

grand entrance to the convent, with its winding staircase for the nuns, and a special, bricked-up royal doorway, is at the western end of the church; while, running along the north side, there is a fine pointed cloister, reached from the transept porch—which is itself a thing of perfect beauty—by a covered passage, with odd fourteenth-century tombs ranged against the walls.

Returning to the city by the more direct way past the railway station, one gets the finest view of the cathedral, from the open bit of ground in front of the college. The west towers, the lantern, and the tower of the Condestable Chapel are caught from here just in due order, each beautiful in itself, and the three making up an almost faultless group. Some just conception, too, can be formed of the vast size of the pile, which is impossible in its immediate vicinity because of the poor buildings which cling around it. Finally there is sufficient distance to destroy the somewhat fantastic, unrestful effect of what must be confessed to be the over-elaboration of the exterior.

Our second walk will be a longer one, and we must start betimes. If too long — fourteen miles or so over roughish country—it can be done on horseback, but a carriage is hardly to be thought of, out of consideration for tender bones. Crossing the Arlanzon at the Espolon Nuevo, or by the bridge of Santa Maria, our way lies along the lovely Quinta, with its long avenues of trees now golden in the autumn sunshine. Then a sharp turn to the right, over the railway, half

a mile of the rather dull road which skirts the *huerta* of some Madrid magnate, and, at the crest of the hill, the long line of the church of La Cartuja de Miraflores rises before us. There is nothing particularly inviting about the exterior. The bare line of side aisle, the poor buttresses, the round-headed lower windows contrasting unpleasantly with the Gothic lights of the clerestory, and the altogether paltry west front are very repelling after Las Huelgas. Juan de Colonia can show us infinitely finer work elsewhere. But the west doorway, with its huge lions upholding the regulation arms of Castile and Leon on the one side, and Aragon on the other, is better, and the interior is beautiful, and full of beautiful things. It has the odd Carthusian arrangement of three divisions; the outer western one for the people, divided by a wrought-iron screen from the centre, or *coro de los legos* (lay brethren), and this again from the *sacrarium* and *coro de los hermanos.* In both the centre and eastern divisions we may find works of rare merit. There are the stalls, with their rich continuous canopy, the fifteenth-century stained glass, the exquisite walnut-wood throne of the celebrant, and the elaborately-carved retablo of Gil de Siloé and Diego de la Cruz—both notable workers of the latter half of the fifteenth century, who have left their marks behind them in many corners of fair Burgos.

But far surpassing all else in merit and interest, arresting one's attention immediately upon passing into the eastern *coro*, are the alabaster monuments to Juan II.

and his wife Isabel of Portugal, and their son the Infante Alonso. The former occupies nearly the whole of the space in front of the high altar, and is just as magnificent a specimen of workmanship as can be met with. It is in the peculiar form of two squares, one laid diagonally upon the other. The recumbent figures of the king and queen, wrought with infinite delicacy and purity, lie under rich canopies—the former holding a sceptre, the latter a book. Round the sides are a great variety of figures and foliage sculptured in high and low relief, together with the inevitable royal arms, and, in the panels, Abraham, Joseph, Samson, Esdras, Jeremiah, Daniel, Esther, and the virtues—Faith, Hope, Charity, Prudence, Justice, Courage (*Fortaleza*), Temperance and Piety.

The monument of the Infante occupies a niche in the north wall, close by the tomb of his parents. It consists of a figure of the prince, in high relief, kneeling at a *prie-Dieu,* underneath an ogee gabled arch edged with a most delicate and lace-like fringe of vine foliage. Around are figures of the apostles, and in the centre of the gable an 'Annunciation.'

There are many other points in this church deserving notice,—the wonderfully lifelike figure of San Bruno, for example, in the chapel opening out of the north wall from the *coro de los legos,* and some old paintings upon wood. Also parts of the convent itself—notably the cloisters, with their prettily-groined roof, some good windows, and the bit of passage that is the sole remnant

of the royal palace which stood here prior to A.D. 1440 or so. But we must resume our way, if San Pedro de Cardeña is to be reached by mid-day, and the walk back over the *vega* as the sun is setting duly enjoyed.

Dull—unredeemably dull—is this great plain of Castile for a railway journey. But to put under one's feet it is just delicious, with its short crisp turf, its exhilarating air, its clearly-defined distances, its undulating sweeps of hillside that remind one of Sussex Downs, and the ever-changing lights and shadows that move across it. And then the flocks of sheep, with their tinkling bells, the birds not yet hushed by winter, the little groups of shepherds with their fluttering *mantas* and picturesque broad-brimmed hats, and their hearty "*Vaya usted con Dios, caballero!*" give just the contrasting life and cheerfulness that one wants.

Right away across the plain, due south-east, up the hillside and through the long stretch of stiff oak coppice, lies the road—if road it may be called. Then half an hour's dull plod over a stony desert, and the huge, bare, brown convent of San Pedro de Cardeña rises up among the yellow poplars.

Not a beautiful place, by any means. One cannot help wondering why the Cid should have such a desire to be brought across these barren wastes—as brought he was, a stiffened upright corpse, upon his beloved steed Babieca—to sleep his last sleep in such a dreary spot. Was it sheer bravado, or love of home, or hatred of the Moors? Perhaps all three combined. But if love

of home, he paid home a poor compliment by choosing out Cardeña. Any way, here he lies, or rather here is his monument, his empty tomb; for he himself and his loved and faithful Ximena have been carried off these forty years to glorify the new upholstery of Burgos Town Hall. And here is his epitaph, simple, graphic, and truthful—

> "Belliger, invictus, famosus marte triumphis,
> Clauditur hoc tumulo magnus Didaci Rodericus."

Around his tomb, and in a peace denied to himself, rest his son, his daughters, and many others his friends and warriors. And here rest too—rest save when the anniversary of their massacre rouses them to make a solemn protest against their murderers—the bodies of two hundred holy men martyred by the Moors a century and a half before the Cid came home.

Of the original foundations, dating back to the sixth century—the first Benedictine colony in Spain—nought remains now save the two arches of the passage leading from the cloisters. The pantheon of the Cid is a twelfth-century addition, and all the rest of the great ungainly pile is a glorious monument to the defunct art of the eighteenth century. The place has been closed since 1836, save when, a couple of years ago, an enterprising band of French Trappists invaded its solitudes, and tried to find the home that was forbidden them in their own country. But even in Spain one cannot live on nothing, and so after a few months the great courtyard was left

again to the undisturbed dominion of grass and rank greenery.

We have one more visit to pay before turning our faces Burgos-ways. Deep under the old archway near the chapel, with no mark or monument, and yet with undying fame, lies another friend of the Cid, who was at his bedside when he died, who bore him all the way from Valencia here, and concerning whom the Cid commanded, "When ye bury Babieca, dig deep, for it would be a sin if she was eaten by dogs who hath trampled under feet so many dogs of Moors."

People say that Cardeña is not worth seeing. Perhaps not—the monastery, that is to say—as a thing of beauty. But, thank Heaven! life is not all art, and in a place like Burgos it is especially good to get away for a few hours from anything so cabined and cribbed as art must ever be. There are records of right worthy lives here, and the walk is worth the labour for its own sake. If it was good coming in the brilliant morning light, it is even finer to walk back as the sun is going down, and the towers and pinnacles of Burgos begin to stand out black against the horizon. Sunset over such a scene as this is so peculiarly eloquent of satisfaction and peace. In cold northern regions His Majesty of the day seems to rush out of sight, and cover himself up in mist and smudge, as if he had something to be ashamed of, or as if he hated and was weary of all he had been looking upon; and then a chill deadening gray comes up and shrouds everything. But here he departs slowly,

reluctantly, leaving a long-lined train of light behind him. It is all brilliant and yet delicate *painting*—no heavy clouds to daub and make gross, no wind to harry and ruffle. And then, as the flaky lines of fire die out in the west, there comes into ever-deepening evidence the broad band of violet that edges the eastern horizon, melting through varied hues of rose to amber, and finally into the black-blue vault overhead. And the light seems only transformed, not gone.

Just a peep into two churches, and another walk through the cathedral before we bid farewell to Burgos. And first, turning sharply up the hill to the right after leaving the west door of the cathedral, to San Estéban.

St. Stephen's Church was being built at the same time as the earlier portions of the great cathedral were being set up, and stands at the foot of the gravelly hill that, with all its squalid nakedness and insignificance, was able to give *El Lor* Wellington a disagreeable repulse in 1812. It is full of interest, and of pure Gothic beauty too, from its splendid western doorway, through the delicately-wrought stone pulpit that stands against one of the pillars of the nave, down—or rather up, for the *coro* in most of these old Spanish churches is in a western gallery—to the lovely little lectern in the choir. It would be difficult to put a more delicately beautiful study before one than the view from the steps of the high altar, with one's back to the hideous gilt retablo, and looking down the nave away to the cleverly-ordered west end—that *pons asinorum* of ecclesiastical

designers—with its exquisite plateresque gallery, and fine rose window.

Not so beautiful perhaps, but more interesting, is San Gil, the quaint fourteenth—perhaps thirteenth—century church one sees from the sacristy window of San Estéban, lying a little farther away from the cathedral. It is the attraction of its interest—its dead life—that brings us here, for from end to end it is full of the most wondrous old monuments, effigies, and monumental stones. 'Ghastly,' some folk call them;—especially ghastly the alabaster hands and feet on a black groundwork of marble which we find in the side chapel of the south aisle, again before the altar at the east end of the same aisle, and in the Capilla Mayor. 'Stupid,' say others, and most people 'rude.' But surely they are most impressive and beautiful possessions for a church to have—only somewhat less desirable than a noble army of living members. They make so much more potent an appeal to one than the ordinary flat stone, with a careful record of virtues, duration of life, and family pedigree. They have the impress of living thought upon them, as if they were the outcome of the best knowledge and aspirations of the dead—or of their friends who are also dead; while they seem to set forth, through all their absurd conventionality and perhaps rudeness of design, the quiet strength, purity and virtue which one would fain think were objects of desire and striving, even while one knows that the stormy lives of those old days were driven so far in other directions.

And now, if all this time we have been going again and again at leisure moments through the cathedral, learning to appreciate its really glorious beauty, and look over—or through—its comparatively small defects, we may take up in detail just one or two of its special points of interest before we set out for Valladolid. And first, let it be noted that the finest view of the exterior—the finest near view—is that of the façade of the south transept, with its effective flight of steps leading up to its very noble doorway, and with its delicate rose window and rich open screen surmounting all. In the upper part of the doorway Christ is represented enthroned, surrounded by the four beasts and four evangelists, and with the twelve apostles at His feet. Below are figures of saints and prophets, and on the archivolts angels and kings—the latter with various musical instruments.

Entering by this south transept door, and turning immediately to the right, through a pointed doorway sculptured with infinite power and beauty, one passes into the cloisters. These, no doubt, have been very fine in their time, but their effect, both from below and above—mounting to their upper story—is quite spoiled by the odious filling in of the delicate windows. Opening out on the east is the old sacristy, a very grand room for its architectural details, and more valuable still for all it contains. It is hung round with portraits of all the bishops who have ever held sway over Burgos—a very noteworthy array of men indeed. To

the left on entering hangs an evidently characteristic likeness of Bishop Pablo, who held the see for twenty years—from A.D. 1415 to A.D. 1435. A Jew was this Bishop Pablo, and a native of Burgos—a married man with a family of sons and daughters. When he was forty years of age he became a renegade from the faith of his fathers, obtained a dissolution of his marriage—though his wife seems to have kept up friendly relations with him, and lies buried at his side in San Pablo hard by—was ordained priest, and eventually became bishop. His son Alonso was bishop after him, and it is chiefly with him that our interest for the moment lies. For he brought from Bâle a very wonderful set of vestments, a sight of which must somehow be secured. They are over four hundred years old, and are withal almost as fresh looking—quite as beautiful—as ever, in their exquisite embroidering of gold upon a ground of dark mulberry-coloured velvet. There are other vestments here, even more gorgeous, but none to approach these twenty *capas* of Bishop Alonso's.

With a glance at the *Sala Capitular*, at its lovely Moorish ceiling, and—for Domenichino *El Greco*—wonderfully fine 'Crucifixion,' at the ante-sala too, with its strange *Cofre del Cid* and its fine Brussels tapestries, let us obtain admittance—not always an easy task—to the chapel of the Condestable, which lies at the extreme east of the church. Not always an easy task because the chapel is still private property—of the Duca de Frias, descendant of the original founders—and Señor

Pampliega, from whom we have to get the key, is about as uncertain as the wind. The chapel was designed and built for Don Pedro Fernandez de Velasco, hereditary Constable of Castile, by the same Juan de Colonia of whose workmanship we have already seen a not very favourable specimen at La Cartuja de Miraflores, and to whom also are due the western towers and spires of the cathedral. Irregularly octagon in plan—for it is square at the east end—vast to an almost seeming infinity in its loftiness, with arching and vaulting of the most perfect grace and finish, this chapel would be well worth many a poring over for the simple sake of its architectural details; but beyond that it is such a storehouse of artistic gems as can rarely be met with. The famous tomb of the Constable and his wife has, indeed, been perhaps over-praised aiming, as it does at a realism that must always fail by being too ambitious. And the great bed of red porphyry lying alongside of, and originally intended for the reception of the recumbent figures, detracts very much from the beauty of all its surroundings. But the two side altars, the great retablo by Juan de Borgoña, Andino's *reja*, the old Flemish paintings, and a set of wonderfully-embroidered Gothic and Renaissance altar-fronts, are entirely satisfactory. So is the carved door leading into the quaint little sacristy at the south-east angle of the chapel; so, too, are the priceless pieces of church-plate, and the ancient chasubles and *dalmaticas* over which the good Pampliega will wax amusingly enthusiastic if

his visitors show any sign of real interest in such things.

Fourteen chapels there are clustered round this wonderful old pile. None so fine indeed as the Condestable, but each with some peculiar merit or interest of its own, and each containing artistic or historic treasures that cry out, 'Come and look at me!' There is La Presentacion with its fine Renaissance work, with Borgoña's admirable monument to Canon Lerma, and Sebastian del Piombo's *Virgin and Child.* There is the Sanctisimo Cristo, with its wonder-working crucifix, carved, *se dice*, by Nicodemus, its quaint monuments, and its *Descent from the Cross*, by Ribera. Santa Ana, too, with its fifteenth-century retablo, its tombs of Canon Fernando Diez Pelayo—perhaps the very finest in the cathedral—and Bishop Acuña, and its *Virgin* of Andrea del Sarto. To come and see such a place as this for an hour or so, as is the way with five travellers out of six, is a sheer absurdity.

And so with all the rest of Burgos—with its old buildings and patios confronting one at all sorts of odd corners, and eloquent of a past grandeur that no carelessness or squalor of to-day can choke down. A month would not suffice to make it all one's own, nor six months bring any pall.

All of which is infinitely more than can be said of Valladolid. Save that it is a place one ought to visit, as the ancient capital of Spain, and so assuredly possessed of much historic import and life, it might very

well be passed by altogether. Its public walks and promenades—speaking generally—are a delusion and a dusty snare; its streets and houses boast of all the disadvantages of modern toiling and worryful ways, and none of their painfully-won advantages; its cathedral is an abomination, only to be walked through for the sake of getting a good idea of size, and such of its old buildings as are really worth examination are either jealously guarded or hideously defaced.

An exception may be made in regard to promenades in favour of the Plaza Mayor—the first playground of the Great Inquisition—than which no *plaza* can recount a bloodier, sadder past, or look with more smiling face upon its bright and picturesque life of to-day. And there is a notable corner, with a notable surrounding of buildings, which deserves more than a trivial mention. Diving down from the cathedral past Santa Maria l'Antigua—surely a greatly overrated church—and mounting any of the tortuous streets leading north, one is pretty safe to land in the open space in front of San Pablo, and—if a stranger—to stand agape at its wonderful façade. Very wonderful indeed is this famous façade, with its numberless statues, its armorial bearings and intricate tracery. But it is so much *too* much. There is none of the substance and restfulness of true art about it. If it were not thought the correct thing to admire it—the first question an educated Spaniard puts to one, in discoursing upon artistic matters is, "Have you seen the San

Pablo façade at Valladolid?"—or if it did not take by storm the somewhat careless fancy of ordinary sight-seers, the world would hear less of it. There is far better food for study in the really lovely patio of San Gregorio, just behind, for those who are fond of clever manipulation.

But there are other interests for us here. This same college of San Gregorio was a foundation of Cardinal Ximenez, and once a great power in the land. And the large heavy building behind again is the *Casa del Sol*, some time the residence of the Count de Gondomar, Spanish ambassador to the court of our first James. Then, as one stands in front of San Pablo, and looks across the plaza, the house at the left-hand corner, with the quaint angle window, is where the most religious and barbarian Philip II. first saw the light, upon the 21st of May 1527. The house is now the property of the Marquis de Pombo, and has a pretty old patio—only rather too spick and span—and some fine *salas*. Twenty-one years before that a great man is being borne up the wide street leading past that corner palace, from his own modest home a little lower down, just opposite La Magdalena. For Christopher Columbus has gone to discover a second New World, and will not again mix with the gay throng on the fashionable Plaza de San Pablo. The church was in its halcyon days then, for one Torquemada, the adored of all good Catholics, had occupied a cell in the monastery sixty or seventy years before, and, becoming a cardinal after a

while, had rebuilt the old place at his own expense, just at the time when, having fairly entered upon the great work of his life—the extirpation of Protestantism—he was burning heretics in the Plaza Mayor.

What memories cling around the spot! What a veritable "epoch-making" bit of the earth it has been!

And how altered now! The church, indeed, has been restored, and garnished anew—some sixteen years ago—and, if in the old days it was at all like its façade, is perhaps more comely now, with its finely-groined roof and unadorned massiveness, than in times gone by. Better worth a visit, too, than some of the sought-after "bits" of the lower town.

But its glory, like that of Valladolid, has departed.

III.

ZAMORA AND SALAMANCA.

MEDINA DEL CAMPO, one of Spain's greatest railway junctions, presents in more ways than one the *ne plus ultra* of travelling and management. Hence diverge lines north, south, east and west—to France, to Madrid, to Segovia, Zamora and Salamanca—but it is a junction of trains that do not meet until the traveller's patience is utterly worn out; nor does the place itself afford a shred of compensation for the unconscionable delay to which he is subjected. It is the dullest, most melancholy spot imaginable, unredeemed by any considerable record of past days or achievement. There is nothing to be seen but the sixteenth-century Gothic St. Antholin, and the great bare castle of La Mota—where Isabella la Católica died—and there is no inn or resting-place worthy of the title.

Why indeed Salamanca and Zamora should possess railway communication with the world, if the traffic can support only one train per day, and if it has to start at the unearthly hour of 5 A.M., it is rather difficult to see. The forty or fifty miles that intervene between the two places and the junction would be got over almost as