

at Hormedes, in the diocese of Palencia. In this document the Cid is called *Magnus Royz Didaz, cognomento Citte Campeator*. The existence of the Cid has been also proved by the notices of several contemporary Arabian historians which have been translated and sifted by M. Dozy, Professor of the University of Leyde. Conde and Gayangos have also given extracts from these authors, who, in place of representing the Cid as a model of chivalrous loyalty, paint him as a fierce, perfidious, and ungenerous enemy, faults common to more than one hero of the Middle Ages. A modern Spanish writer, M. Alcala Galiano, believes that a personage existed called the Cid, who rendered himself famous during the wars against the infidels. Better still, he feels assured that there were several Cids. M. Antoine de Latour says, speaking of this author, "in the year of grace, 1862, M. Alcala Galiano was summoned to appear before a judge, who in Spain has the attributes of our justice of the peace, for having affirmed the existence of a plurality of Cids. His accuser, Don Casimiro Orense y Ravazo, appeared as a direct descendant of the Cid, and modestly disclosed his ancestry to the judge. M. Alcala Galiano, on his side, might have challenged Don Casimiro to establish his descent. Unfortunately the latter died, and this curious case was never brought to an issue."

It is well known that between the thirteenth and sixteenth centuries, an innumerable collection of books appeared, celebrating the fabulous adventures of the Cid—this Hercules of Spain. Let us confine ourselves to stating that the biographers place the birth of the Cid between the years 1026 and 1040, in a little village, six miles from Burgos—Bivar, or Vivar—which had the extraordinary fame of introducing into the world the hero whom the romances and the histories call *el invencible, el esforçado cavallero el Cid Ruy Dias de Bivar, el buen Campeador, mio Cid el de Bibar, mio Cid lidiador, etc.*

Let us say good-bye to the Cid, and proceed to the north of Old Castile. After passing Briviesca we arrived at the *Gargantas de Pancorbo*, one of the wildest and most grotesquely picturesque passes; huge perpendicular rocks tower to a great height, and in some parts nearly meet together. A traveller of the seventeenth century calls it "This frightful passage, which seems rather the road to the lower regions than to Pancorbo."

When a meeting was arranged between Louis XIV. and Philip IV., on the occasion of the marriage of the King of France with the Princess Maria Theresa, the King of Spain conducting the royal betrothed, and accompanied by a numerous retinue, passed through the gorges in the month of April. It was a series of fêtes like a triumphal march: the nobles and the *ayuntamientos* prepared bull-fights and fireworks; they even lit bonfires on the summits of the rocks of Pancorbo.

After emerging from the passes the country still preserves its wild, hilly aspect. On our right is the ancient monastery of Bujedo, built at the base of enormous rocks, and which in the good old days of the monks must have sheltered numerous guests. Ivy has invaded its ruined walls, and the roofs that have fallen in disclose great halls, deserted save by crows and owls.

At length the train stopped at a station for twenty minutes, which time the passengers spent at the *buffet*. We were in the last town of Old Castile, by the side of the Ebro, the ancient Iberus, that gave its name to the "hard ground of Iberia." The waters of the Ebro, clear like those of the Tagus and the Tiber, are not navigable; many fruitless attempts had been made to deepen its channel. It waters a part of Old Castile, and flows through the entire length of Aragon; a popular saying compares it to a traitor, *Ebro traidor naces en Castilla y riegas á Aragon*—"Ebro, thou art a traitor: born in Castile, thou waterest Aragon." This saying is, however, not quite accurate, seeing that the watershed

of the Ebro is in Fontibre (Fons Iberis), in the mountains of Reinosa, province of Santander.

We passed through the little village of Haro, which has given its name to a celebrated family including among its members the famous Luis de Haro, successor to the distinguished Duke of Olivares. The country is fertile and charming; hills planted with vines and green prairies make one forget the sadness of the landscapes of Old Castile. We were now in the province of Logroño, whose capital we soon reached. Logroño is an old town, with narrow, winding streets, and its stream spanned by a bridge of the Middle Ages.

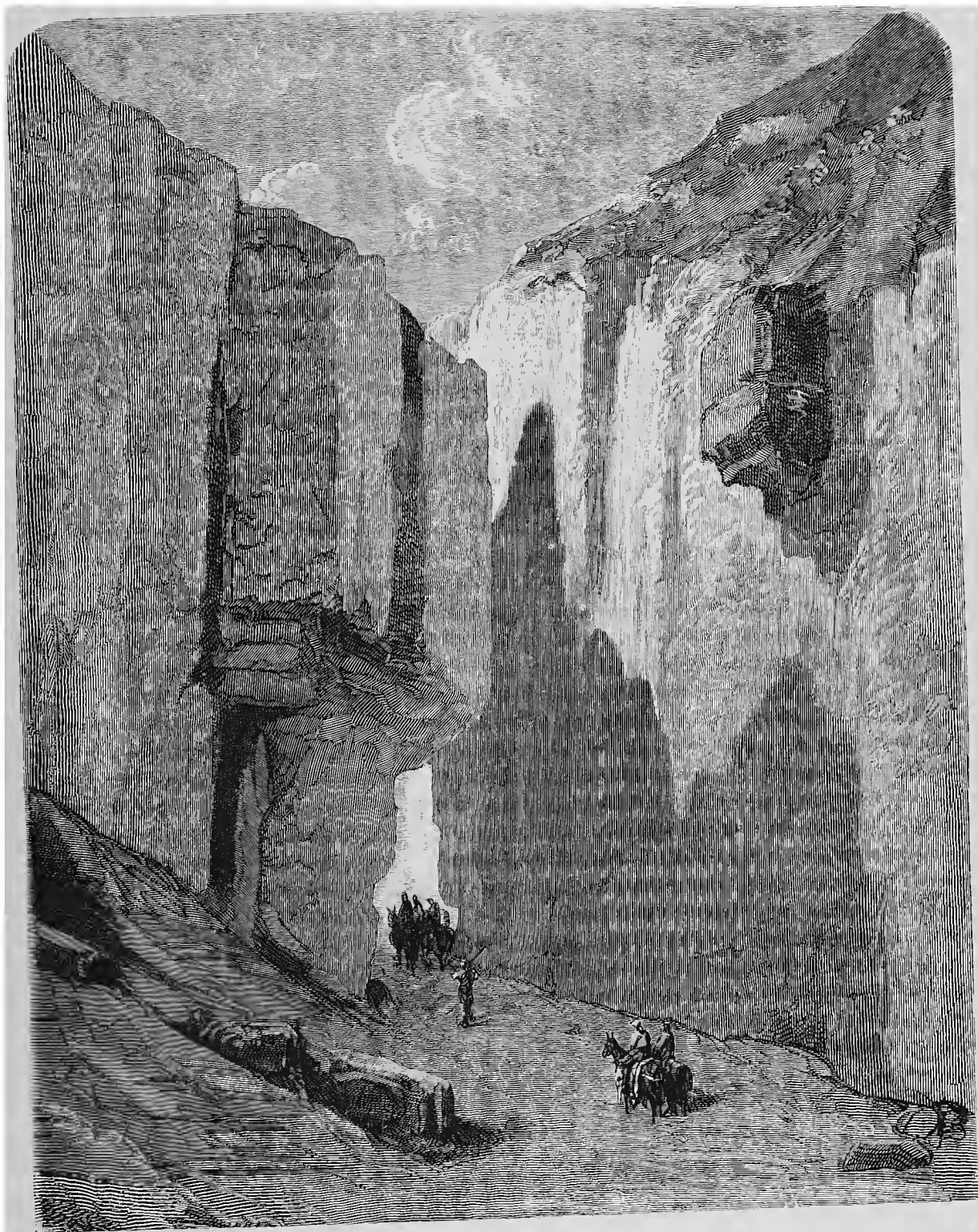


GORGES OF PANCORBO : THE TUNNEL.

It was the birthplace of the celebrated painter Navarrete, towards 1520, a master colourist who merits the name of the Spanish Titian.

Calahorra, one of the next stations, is the ancient Roman Calagurris, which suffered a still more terrible siege than that of Numance. The inhabitants, rather than yield up the town, endured the most terrible famine. Historians supply details which make one shudder. Husbands ate their wives, and mothers killed and salted their own children.

An hour after passing Calahorra, we halted at Tudela, a very ancient little town, the Roman Tutela, which a Dutch traveller calls "a town inhabited by thieves and



GORGES OF PANCORBO.

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