THE CID:

A CHRONICLE,

FOUNDED ON THE EARLY POETRY OF SPAIN.

BY

GEORGE DENNIS.

[illegible], mailed, my knights, with joyous hearts! go boldly to the [illegible]
For Don Rodrigo of Bivar, the Cid Campeador!

Ballad of the Cid.

LONDON:
CHARLES KNIGHT & CO., LUDGATE STREET.

Hugh Brown

W. HARVEY. DEL. JACKSON. Sc.

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THE CID:

A SHORT CHRONICLE,

FOUNDED ON THE EARLY POETRY OF SPAIN.

BY

GEORGE DENNIS.

"Strike, strike, my knights, with joyous hearts! on boldly to the war!
For I'm Rodrigo of Bivar, the Cid Campeadór!"

Poem of the Cid.

LONDON:

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PREFACE.

THE greater part of this work was published a few years ago in a series of articles in the Penny Magazine. In its present form it has been revised and considerably enlarged, principally by additions from the 'Poem of the Cid,' the most ancient, and by some esteemed the most beautiful metrical work in the Spanish language.

My object is, not only to present to the British public a sketch of the life of the Cid, the great hero of Spain, but to make them further acquainted with the early poetry of that country. This may appear presumptuous, seeing that Mr. Lockhart's translations are familiar to all, but I am warranted in saying that little has yet been done in this department of literature. Dr. Percy, Lord Byron, Dr. Bowring, and some others, have translated a few isolated romances. Mr. Lockhart and Mr. Rodd alone have brought any considerable collection of Spanish ballads before the public; but the number they have rendered is after all a mere fraction of the vast body that has come down to us. Mr. Lockhart's versions, beautiful and spirited as they are, bear more of the impress of his own refined and imaginative mind than of the rustic beauties of the originals; and by employing the English ballad metre instead of the Spanish *redondilla*, he has still further lessened the resemblance. Besides, of the numerous romances of the

Cid he has rendered only eight, and some of those far from the most beautiful, so that it is much to be regretted that he has not made a better selection and taken a wider range, which would have rendered my humble labours superfluous.

Beyond Mr. Lockhart's I have not seen any translations of the romances of the Cid into English; and a complete body of versions, such as Herder has given to Germany, is still a desideratum. My translations, it will be perceived, are all fragmentary; nor have I felt bound to preserve each ballad distinct, but have occasionally blended portions of two or more which treat of the same subject.

Of the 'Poem of the Cid' no complete translation, as far as I am aware, has yet been given to the world. The only version of any portion of it that I have seen is that by Mr. Frere, published in the Appendix to Southey's 'Chronicle of the Cid,' and most highly and deservedly extolled by the critics. I have not, however, in any instance made use of it.

In the prose with which I have strung together my metrical versions, I have adhered faithfully to the history, and in great measure to the very expressions used by my authorities, without, however, always indicating a quotation. It was, in fact, to avoid the constant recurrence of inverted commas that I have thrown the whole into the form of a Chronicle; and this has involved the necessity of a certain degree of quaintness in the phraseology.

I issue this little work in the hope that it may excite interest in the early poetry of Spain, and induce abler hands than mine to labour in this neglected mine of ancient lore.

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THE CID.

INTRODUCTION.

In a low state of social advancement, poetry, unlike every other art, may attain a very high degree of excellence, if not in delicacy and refinement of expression, at least in elevation of thought and vigour of imagination. The most ancient book extant, that of Job, exemplifies this. One of the greatest bards the world has known was

"The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle."

This is explained by the ancient adage that "a man is born, not made, a poet;" and though peculiar natural powers are indispensable for the attainment of excellence in every art, the superior simplicity of the machinery requisite for the expression of poetry, leaves room for a more free development of genius.

Metre being the form best adapted to the oral transmission of events, poetry, in the literary history of every nation, has had an origin antecedent to prose. Homer and Hesiod sung centuries before Herodotus wrote. Ages before the prose chronicles of modern Europe were indited, the deeds of heroes and other striking events were recorded and handed down orally from generation to generation in the form of ballads, which in many instances are the foundation of the ear-

lier histories in prose. Every nation in Europe possesses its stock of poetical traditionary lore; the phlegmatic Scandinavian, the meditative German, and the fervid, mercurial child of the South, have alike in the earliest periods of their history chosen poetry as the medium of recording the glorious deeds of their heroes, or whatever occurrences were to them fraught with interest.

No nation of Europe, however, can boast of so large a body of ancient popular poems as Spain. Several circumstances combine to explain this unrivalled wealth in ballad literature. The almost unceasing contest which the Christian Spaniards maintained for eight centuries with the Arab invaders of their soil, afforded a long series of brilliant achievements and stirring events to be recorded; the intercourse which, notwithstanding this warfare, existed between the two nations, served to imbue the Christians with that peculiar love of song which characterised their Mohammedan foes. But the principal cause of the great prevalence of ballad poetry among the Spaniards is to be found in the extraordinary facility with which it could be constructed, owing to the flexibility of the language and the simplicity of the metre and rhyme employed—a simplicity so remarkable that a bard might with little difficulty pour forth in song his thoughts as they arose. "The most rude and illiterate man," says Duran, a modern native collector of Spanish romances,* "might compose these loosely

* It may perhaps be superfluous to mention that this word takes its origin from the Romance language, the corrupt Latin spoken in the southern countries of Europe after the overthrow of the Western Empire,—the language in which the Troubadours sung their lays and fabliaux, their tales of love and chivalry.

formed narrations. Even at the present day, though the romance has now acquired such perfection as to render it adaptable to every class of compositions, it continues as subject to the control of the vulgar as of the learned. All alike compose romances, ... and there is probably not to be found a single Spaniard, even among those who despise the romance for its facility of construction, who has not sung of love, war, heroic deeds, or fictitious events in this species of metrical composition." No one who has travelled in Spain needs confirmation of this. The songs of the muleteer, the contrabandista, the peasant, the artisan, attest the universality of improvisatrising power among the Spaniards.

It is impossible to determine with accuracy the date of anonymous poems orally transmitted through many ages. It is evident, however, that much of the ballad poetry of Spain which has come down to us is of great antiquity, claiming an origin anterior to the most ancient English ballads extant. Mr. Lockhart says it is certain the Spanish ballads "form by far the oldest, as well as largest, collection of popular poetry, properly so called, that is to be found in the literature of any European nation whatever." The ancient ballad of 'Chevy Chase,' and the 'Battle of Otterbourne,' could not have been earlier than the first half of the fifteenth century. "Although," says Duran, "none of the Spanish romances extant are in every part anterior to the fourteenth century, I think I can discern in them fragments of others and proverbial stanzas of a much more remote antiquity." He is of opinion, and it is highly probable he is correct, that the earliest poetry of the Peninsula was in the romance form; yet long poems in Alexandrine

metre have been preserved, which are on all hands admitted to have been written in the middle of the twelfth and beginning of the thirteenth century. In the General Chronicle of Spain, written by order of Alonso the Wise, in the latter half of the thirteenth century, frequent mention is made of the Juglares or Minstrels, and his father, Ferdinand the Saint, took with him to the siege of Seville in 1248, a poet called Nicolas de los Romances. I am not aware that we have earlier historical mention of the Spanish ballads, but that they had been composed and sung for centuries previous, there is every reason to believe; possibly from the time of the Roman conquest of the Peninsula.*

As the earliest romances were mostly the productions of unknown and obscure individuals, they were not committed to writing, but were handed down orally through many generations; and being remodelled and modernised by each in succession, they have retained so little of their original character as to render it impossible to determine with precision the century to which they belong.

* The songs of the Roman soldiery and common people, given by Suetonius (Julius, 49, 51, 80; Galba, 6), are precisely similar in metre to the Spanish romances, if accentuation alone, and not metrical quantity, be regarded. For instance, these verses,

"Gallias Cæsar subegit, Nicomedes Cæsarem.
Ecce Cæsar nunc triumphat, qui subegit Gallias;
Nicomedes non triumphat, qui subegit Cæsarem,"

are in the genuine *redondilla* metre of Spain. It seems then quite as probable that the Spaniards derived this their national metre from their Roman ancestors, as from their Arabian conquerors, as has been maintained by Conde, in his 'Historia de los Arabes en España,' prol. xviii.

Like old coins, they have gained a polish by passing through many hands, but their original stamp is effaced, and the date of their issue is no longer distinguishable. The invention of printing, however, gave them at once a fixedness of character—they were struck off, as it were, in stereotype, by the publication of the first Cancioneros and Romanceros in the sixteenth century.

The romances of Spain are of several kinds;—those which are considered to be strictly historical—those of chivalry, which may be regarded as more or less founded on facts—those decidedly fictitious, the subjects of which are taken from the prose romances of chivalry or the epics of the Italian poets—those relating to love and pastoral subjects—and last, though not least in number or beauty, those commonly classed separately, as the 'Moorish Romances.' Some of these, it is believed, are actually the productions of Spanish Moors, but the greater part were written by Christians of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and refer chiefly to the romantic but unavailing struggle of the high-souled Moors of Granada with the forces of Ferdinand and Isabella. As poetical compositions these rank above all the other romances (for at this period ballad literature was not confined to the lower classes, being taken into favour by the noble and the learned), but as historical records they obtain little credit, save in as far as they are confirmed by the prose chronicles. It is to the first-mentioned class of romances, those viewed as historical, that I wish to confine the attention of the reader.

To the historian and antiquary these narrative romances are full of interest. In the early periods of Spanish history far more political liberty was enjoyed,

and much freer expression of opinion was allowed, than in later days, when Spain was held in the iron grasp of an intolerant and inquisitorial priesthood; and the popular poems of those early times, being wholly disregarded and uninfluenced by the upper ranks, may consequently be considered as exhibiting a more correct representation of facts than the poetry, or even professed history, which springs up in the sunshine of courtly favour. It is not, however, pretended that these romances are to be implicitly relied on as historical or antiquarian authorities. The fact of their having been transmitted orally through many successive ages must invalidate their testimony to a certain extent; yet there is no reason to doubt that the representations made by them of the general state of society in those early ages are accurate; and that they have not in every instance undergone great alterations is evident from the language of some being scarcely less antiquated than that of the earliest Castillian poems extant. Greater credence is due to these ballads on the ground that, though the productions of the middle ages—those days of wild romance —they very rarely overstep the bounds of possibility: they are free from those absurd extravagances which disfigure the prose romances of chivalry. What little of the marvellous they contain is of a religious character—a few saintly legends sprinkled here and there throughout a vast body of poetry, only in sufficient quantity to tincture it with the peculiar character of the national religion;—such legends in fact as a Romanist of our own enlightened age and country would have little difficulty in crediting. No enchanters to whisk their victims away a thousand miles in the twinkling of an eye to the foul

dungeons of some subterranean palace—no dragons to devour their monthly tribute of denuded virgins—no spell-bound knights—no maidens escaping their pursuers, and preserving their honour by rendering themselves invisible with magic rings. All is truth, nature, and simplicity in the Spanish romances. They are in fact little more than simple metrical narrations of events. "The authors of these romances," says the German critic Bouterwek, "never ventured to embellish with fictitious circumstances stories which were in themselves interesting, lest they should deprive their productions of historical credit. . . . . They paid little attention to ingenuity of invention, and still less to correctness of execution. When an impressive story of poetical character was found, the subject and the interest belonging to it were seized with so much truth and feeling, that the parts of the little piece, the brief labour of untutored art, linked themselves together, as it were, spontaneously, and the imagination of the bard had no higher office than to give to the situations a suitable colouring and effect. These antique racy effusions are nature's genuine offspring. To recount their easily recognised defects is as superfluous as it would be impossible, by any critical study, to imitate a single trait of that noble simplicity which constitutes their highest charm."

These romances may be said to form a connecting link between poetry and prose; scarcely rising above the latter in the display of fancy and imagination, and yet retaining the form and in some respects the distinctive character of the former. Some critics have altogether denied their claim to the title of poetry. "There is as wide a difference," says Juan del Encina, "between a

poet and a romance-maker as between a composer of music and a mere singer, or between a geometrician and a stone-cutter." Without entirely concurring in this opinion, I will admit that never does the Spanish popular muse aspire to bold poetical soarings. She is content with a lowly flight. She loves to dwell on even the unimportant actions of her favourite heroes, and to sing of their countenances, their costume, their weapons, their steeds, their attendants. This minuteness of description, trivial as it may be deemed by those who despise all but the highest efforts of the poetical art, is at least a presumptive evidence of truth, and renders these narrative romances valuable as pictures of the manners and customs, and as records of the popular opinions of the Spaniards of the middle ages—points on which the sober page of history is too often silent. This is, indeed, the peculiar value of all ballads. "You may see by them," says the great Selden, "how the wind sits: as take a straw and throw it up into the air, you shall see by that which way the wind is, which you shall not do by casting up a stone. More solid things do not show the complexion of the times so well as ballads." But those of Spain are by no means devoid of poetic merit; for the narration, however simple, of events in themselves often highly poetic, cannot be wholly prosaic; and this same simplicity of style has a charm to some minds indescribable, and far beyond what could be produced by a more highly wrought or fanciful diction. Moreover, the simplicity of the Spanish narrative romances occasionally rises into majesty and even sublimity; and at times they evince a Homeric power of condensing a world of thought into a simple sentence or word. Then the noble and elevated

sentiments, the depth and freshness of feeling, the tenderness, the pathos, and the all-pervading nature and truthfulness, ever awakening the sympathies of the reader, make amends for the absence of higher poetical qualities.

I am aware that Southey has decried the merits of the heroic ballads of the Spaniards, and pronounced them to be much inferior to our own. To what authority this opinion is entitled I leave those who are acquainted with the Spanish to judge for themselves. But waiving the question of comparative literary merit, there is one point of view in which the Spanish romances have indisputably the advantage,—it is the elevated tone of morality which pervades them, and this is a feature which essentially distinguishes them from those of England and other northern nations. These latter abound in evidences of being the productions of a state of society scarcely emerged from barbarism. Atrocious murders, inhuman cruelties, daring outrages on person and property, in short every species of vice and crime which belongs to a rude state of society, are dwelt upon in the early ballads of our own country, not only without disapprobation or disgust, but with manifest delight. But even the earliest Spanish romances savour of a society that has made considerable advances in civilization and moral excellence. Their morality is not, it is true, that which commands the smitten to turn his cheek to the smiter; it does not comprehend extraordinary meekness and humility, for martial valour is in this, as in the ancient classic code, esteemed the highest of human virtues. But these romances are redolent of all the virtues and graces which characterise the age of chivalry. To the enthusiastic admiration of valour is united a humane and kindly gene-

rosity toward the weak or vanquished, and a pervading gentleness and courtesy; an indomitable pride and self-respect is blended with a noble scorn of whatever is fraudulent, base, and dishonourable, an ardent love of truth, a lofty enthusiasm, a fervour of loyalty to the sovereign and of devotion to the fair sex, equalled only by the depth of religious feeling. There is that union of stern and gentle qualities, which is set forth in a ballad describing a Moorish knight of Granada, who is represented to be

> "Like steel amid the din of arms,
> Like wax when with the fair."

Deeds of crime are often narrated by these romances as historical facts, but instead of being dwelt upon with zest, they are in general depicted with so much pathos that abhorrence of the crime is heightened by the sympathy excited for the victim. Female frailty, however, appears from these romances to have been almost as common in Spain in the olden time as in our own day, and to have been regarded with eyes no less lenient; yet even in this respect the ballads of Spain are well matched by those of our own country. Conjugal infidelity was more rare than in after-times, if we may judge from the charming portraits of connubial affection, evidently painted *con amore* by the romancists, which seem to evince a far purer state of society than existed in subsequent ages when intrigues were the favourite subject of representation in the novel and on the stage, when the husband was always held up to ridicule, and all the sympathies were enlisted for the guilty pair. What can be more touching than the ballad of Count Alarcos—

what more beautiful than the heroic devotion of the wife of Fernan Gonsalez, or the mutual constancy and tenderness of the Cid and the fair Ximena?

Among the most interesting of Spanish ballads, though perhaps not first in poetic merit, are those relating to the Cid.

The Cid is the great hero of Spanish history, contemporary with our William the Conqueror. His glorious deeds have for eight centuries been the theme of song, and have doubtless tended to fire the courage of a Gonsalo and a Cortes, and perhaps in our own times to stir up many a Spanish hero to resist the yoke of a conqueror greater than they. He is thus addressed in one of the ballads which recount his history:—

"Mighty victor, never vanquish'd,—
Bulwark of our native land,—
Shield of Spain, her boast and glory,—
Knight of the far-dreaded brand,—
Venging scourge of Moors and traitors,—
Mighty thunderbolt of war,—
Mirror bright of chivalry,—
Ruy, my Cid Campeadór!"

"Cid" is from the Arabic "Said"—lord, master—a term by which he was addressed by his Moorish vassals, and which hence came to be applied to him as a title of honour.

"Campeador" is a term hardly translatable into English, for our word "champion," to which it most nearly answers, excites little of that proud triumphant feeling which thrills the Spanish bosom at the mention of the "Campeador." It is a name which none living

has a right to claim but our own hero of a hundred battle-fields.*

All the chivalrous virtues are concentrated in the person of the Cid. He was in truth a *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*, the beau-ideal of a knight-errant, yet not the mere creation of fancy. His existence has indeed been called into question on the ground that, as depicted by the romances, he is too extraordinary and perfect a character to be real. But though it be very possible that the popular voice has arrayed its darling in colours not his own, has sung his praises only and concealed his defects, there is, independently of the romances, such a mass of evidence to prove his real existence as must put the fact beyond all doubt to the mind of every candid reader, and assure him that the Cid was something more than a mere imaginary embodiment of the chivalrous virtues. Not only are his deeds recorded by a lengthy poem written within a century of his death, as well as by the earliest prose chronicles, but he is mentioned by the Arab historians of Spain, who, while admitting his victories, depict him in those shadowy hues in which the vanquished are ever inclined to regard their conqueror.† The Cid then, as we gather his

* Berganza, in his 'Antigüedades de España,' supposes that the name of Campeador, given to the Cid, implies either that he was umpire at set combats, or that he was empowered to do battle in the king's stead, like the Champion of England. Sandoval is of opinion that the name signifies that it was his office to choose a spot for the encampment of the army when on a campaign.—Historia de los Reyes de Castilla y de Leon.

† He was called by them Ruderic el Cambitûr, or Cambitor (a corruption of Campeador), generally with the addition of "cursed," or "whom God curse!" *See* Conde,

history from the numerous ballads which have come down to us, I propose to introduce to my readers, translating such portions of those poems as will suffice to impart a knowledge of his history and give an insight into the peculiar character of Spanish romances.

The ballads of the Cid are very numerous. They were first published in a collected form by Juan de Escobar in 1615, but his book contains only one hundred and two, while there are many others, perhaps nearly as many more, in the more general collections of romances.

It may be as well to remark that all these ballads cannot lay claim to an equal antiquity; some, as is evident from their language, being among the most ancient Spanish romances extant, while others are known to have been written as late as the sixteenth century.

For the chronological arrangement of these detached poems, and to supply gaps in the history occasioned by the deficiencies of certain romances and the loss of others, I have had recourse for guidance to two prose 'Chronicles of the Cid,' supposed to have been written about the close of the thirteenth century, but first printed in black letter in the years 1541 and 1552 respectively.* The latter embodies all the substance of

'Historia de los Arabes en España,' tom. ii., cap. 21 and 22, where the evil deeds ascribed to him by his foes are detailed.

* The first is entitled 'Cronica del muy esforçado cavallero el Cid ruy diaz campeador. 1541;' the second is 'Cronica del famoso y invencible cavallero Cid Ruy Diaz Campeador; Medina del Campo. 1552.' It was preserved in the Convent of San Pedro de Cardeña, and was first printed by order of Ferdinand, brother of Charles V. There is a still older Chronicle in Latin, 'Gesta Roderici Campedocti,' found in the Augustin Convent of San Isidor in Leon, and published in 1792 by Father Risco in the Appendix to

the former, with much additional matter; and claims to be a translation from the Arabic, though it is more probably a compilation partly from Arabic sources.

For the latter part of the Cid's history, from his banishment from Castille by King Alfonso to the vindication of his honour outraged by the Counts of Carrion, I take for my chief guide another work, akin to the romances in spirit and expression, but differing in extent, form, and metre, and more valuable as an unadulterated relic of the olden time; I mean the 'Poem of the Cid,' already mentioned, which Southey thinks the work of a contemporary, and says is "unquestionably the oldest poem in the Spanish language." The same opinion is held by Sanchez, Librarian to the King of Spain, who first published it among a collection of the most ancient Spanish poetry extant.* He states that the manuscript is an old quarto in vellum, preserved in the village of Bivar, near Burgos. It is but a fragment, as some pages are wanting at the beginning and in the middle, but it still contains more than 3700 lines, and probably, when perfect, extended to more than 4000. The date given at the end is "the era of MCC XLV," or A.D. 1207; or if another C were originally in the gap, A.D. 1307. However this be, the learned Sanchez is of opinion that this is the date not of the composition of the

his work on the Cid, 'Castille and the most famous Castillian.' It is more ancient than either of the Chronicles of the Cid, or the General Chronicle of Spain—as it bears internal evidence of having been written prior to the second conquest of Valencia in 1238. I have not been able to get access to this Chronicle.

* Coleccion de Poesias Castellanas, anteriores al Siglo XV. Madrid, 1779.

Poem, but merely of the particular copy of it, as indeed is implied by the term used in reference to this date. Seeing that all the features of the Poem indicate a much higher antiquity, especially when compared with other poems known to have been written at the commencement of the thirteenth century, Sanchez refers its composition to the middle of the twelfth century, or fifty years only after the Cid's death. He proves it to be anterior to the prose Chronicle, which was probably written about the end of the thirteenth or beginning of the fourteenth century, because it is clear from a comparison of the two, that the writer of the Chronicle had the Poem before him, following it as authority for facts, and often copying its peculiar phrases and expressions, even to the preservation of its rhymes. But it needs no other than internal evidence of its antiquity. The language scarcely emancipated from its parent the Latin, yet abounding in Arabic terms—the indeterminate character of the words—the simplicity, "the venerable rusticity," of the style—the rude Alexandrine metre, without any fixed and determinate number of feet or syllables, and totally unlike any other verse in the Castillian tongue—the disregard of rhythm—the irregularity and apparent discordance of the rhymes—all testify to its high antiquity, and prove it beyond a doubt the oldest poem extant in the language. Of its other characteristics thus writes Sanchez: — "As regards the art displayed in this romance (for such is it, independently of its metre), the reader must not expect many poetical images, brilliant thoughts, or mythic creations. Though cast in a sort of metre, it is a mere chronicle of events—all is artlessness and nature. Nor would it be so delightful to the lovers

of antiquity were it not pervaded by these venerable touches of rusticity, which represent to us the manners and customs of the olden time, and the very thoughts and expressions of those long-bearded nobles, as vividly as though we actually beheld and listened to them. Nevertheless there are in this Poem fine strokes of irony, shrewd and witty sayings, and proverbial expressions, which cannot fail to delight the reader. Above all there reigns throughout a certain air of truth which imparts great credibility to the deeds of the hero recounted therein. It may lay claim to rank as an epic, both for the quality of the verse and for the subject of which it treats, which is in conformity with the rules Horace lays down,

'Res gestæ Regumque, Ducumque, et tristia bella.'"

Though the critics of all countries have concurred in extolling this Poem, I will only add two opinions, which will be duly appreciated by the English reader. Dr. Southey thinks "It is decidedly and beyond all comparison the finest poem in the Spanish language;" and "as the historian of manners, the poet is the Homer of Spain." Mr. Macaulay says it "glows with no common portion of the fire of the Iliad."

I must say a few words on the structure of Spanish ballads. They are in lines of seven or eight syllables, or rather of three and a half or four feet, generally trochaic; but correctness of quantity was little regarded by the artless writers of the earlier romances, who for the most part moulded their lines as best suited their convenience. But it is the rhyme which constitutes the peculiar feature in the structure of these ballads, and

gives them their unique character, for it is unknown in the literature of any other nation of Europe. It is what is called by the Spaniards the assonant rhyme, to distinguish it from the consonant rhyme, or such as is in use among us. The assonant demands that the last vowel, when the line ends in a single syllable, or that the last two vowels, when it ends in a trochee, should correspond in every alternate line, be the consonants what they may. Thus

voz,
señor,
jurò,
son,
dos,

are assonant rhymes of the first sort; and

dado,
malos,
diablo,
cano,
Sancho,

are instances of trochaic assonant. The same rhyme is continued in alternate lines throughout a romance; but the poem itself is divided into *coplas* or stanzas of four lines, occasionally lengthened to six when this form is better suited to the convenience of the writer. In the following translations I shall not attempt to preserve the peculiar rhyme, which is altogether foreign to the genius of the English language; for though the Spaniards are from habitude capable of thoroughly comprehending and enjoying the harmonies of the assonant, it would to an English ear cease to be rhyme at all. Nor shall I imitate the monorhymic verse, which is scarcely attainable in our

inflexible language. I shall nevertheless adhere to the trochaic measure, endeavouring to represent in English not only the sentiments and expressions, but as nearly as possible the style and dress of the Spanish romances.

As to the metre of the 'Poem of the Cid,' Sanchez thinks that, like other Spanish Alexandrine verse, it is cast in the mould of the Latin pentameter, though occasionally conforming rather to the laws of hexameter verse. It may seem presumptuous to dispute the opinion of a native on such a point, but if the accentuation of the ancient Spanish were the same as of the modern, I confess myself utterly unable to perceive the resemblance, save in the number of syllables. The examples he gives do not seem most happily chosen. Any one acquainted with the Spanish would have difficulty in scanning this as a pentameter—

"Tornaba la cabeza e estabalos catando."

Even could I admit Sanchez to be correct, the heroic and elegiac verse of the ancients are so foreign to the genius of our own tongue, that I should prefer in my translations to make use, as I have done, of the old English ballad-metre—which to me indeed seems the nearest approach our language will admit of, to the irregular metre of the original.

In rhyme the Poem is like the romances; but instead of the same assonant being preserved throughout, the writer changes frequently from one to another, now retaining the same for a single distich only, and now carrying it on through 60 or 100 lines.

CHAPTER I.

Of the Cid's birth and parentage.

In the year of our Lord 1025, when Sancho III. sat on the throne of Navarre, was born in the city of Burgos, Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, the Cid. He came of an ancient, noble, and wealthy race, claiming his descent fifth from Lain Calvo, one of the two nobles whom the Castillians in the tenth century called to the sovereign power in the state by the name of "Judges of Castille"—a title preferred to all others, inasmuch that no advantage might well be taken thereof to assail the liberty of the people, of which the Castillians were exceeding jealous. That Lain Calvo was a man of great renown in his day is moreover manifest from the pride with which the Cid claimed him as his forefather.* The father of Rodrigo Diaz was named Don Diego Lainez, and his mother was Doña Teresa Nuñez, daughter of Count Nuño Alvarez, Governor of the Asturias—so that the pedigree of the Cid was noble on both sides.

At that time the greater part of the land was possessed by the Arabs, who had won it from the Goths full three hundred years before. The little handful of Christians who, under the banner of Don Pelayo, in the mountains

* On the great gate of Santa Maria at Burgos is a statue to his honour, with an inscription styling him "a most brave citizen, the sword and buckler of the city."

of the Asturias, had withstood the mighty power of the Paynims when it swept like a deluge over the land, were now swollen to a great people, and had regained dominion over the north-western quarter of the Peninsula, to wit, Galicia, the Asturias, Leon, Old Castille, the northern half of Portugal, Biscay, and Navarre, together with part of Aragon and Catalonia. This fair territory was divided into divers petty kingdoms and counties, the chief whereof in the year 1037 were united under the authority of Fernando I., the first King of Castille. The rest of the land since the Arab conquest had been subject to the Khalifs of Cordoba, forming a realm which, for might, wealth, and splendour, had no rival in Christendom; but in the year 1031, when the Omeyan dynasty became extinct, it was broken up into numerous petty states, governed by independent princes. "It was one of the chief evils that afflicted Christian Spain, this division into so many discordant principalities; for it is certain that if the Christians had been united under one sole head, the Moors could not have withstood them so long; and equally certain is it that had the Moslems been united, the Christians would have been utterly destroyed. But since God permitted such disunion and strife among his own people, he took care that the same should exist among the infidels, whose strength was thereby diminished."*

* Sandoval, t. i., p. 18.

CHAPTER II.

How Rodrigo fleshes his maiden sword, and avenges his father's wrong.

When Rodrigo was a mere stripling, his father Diego Lainez was grievously insulted by the haughty and powerful Count of Gormaz, Don Lozano Gomez, who dared even to smite him in the presence of the king and his court. Deep was the dejection of the worthy hidalgo, who, by reason of his great age, despaired of obtaining vengeance of his powerful foe, and sat gloomily brooding over his disgrace :—

Sleep was banish'd from his eyelids;
Not a mouthful could he taste;
There he sat with downcast visage,—
Direly had he been disgrac'd.

Never stirr'd he from his chamber;
With no friends would he converse,
Lest the breath of his dishonor
Should pollute them with its curse.

At length he called together his sons, and seizing their tender hands—tender, by reason of their high birth as well as of their age—he grasped them so rudely that they cried him mercy. But the hot blood of Rodrigo fired at this treatment, and he fiercely cried—

"Loose me, sire! and ill betide thee!
Curse upon thee!—let me go!
Wert thou other than my father,
Heavens! I would smite thee low!

With this hand thou wring'st I'd tear thee—
Tear thy heart from out thy breast!"

The lad's fury enrages not, but cheers and delights the old man, who, with tears of joy, calls him "the son of his soul!" acquaints him with the indignity done him, gives him his blessing and his sword, and intrusts him with the execution of his vengeance, as the only one of his kindred worthy of such an emprise. The youth accepts it with joy, and takes leave of his father, praying him to heed not the wrong, for when the Count insulted him, he knew not of his son.

No light undertaking was this, and so thought Rodrigo, when he called to mind his tender years, and the power of his adversary, whose arm was ever mightiest in the field, whose vote ever first in the councils of the king, and at whose call a thousand brands would flash from the Asturian mountains. Yet all this seemed little in comparison with his father's indignity, the first ever offered to the house of Lain Calvo; and he resolved to risk his life for honour's sake, as became a valiant hidalgo.* Down he takes an old sword, with which, in times past, Mudarra, the bold bastard, had taken deadly vengeance on Rodrigo de Lara, who had murdered the seven Infantes his brothers. To this sword the young Rodrigo addresses himself ere he girds it on: "Take heed, thou

* *Hidalgo* is a contraction of *hijo de algo*—literally, son of something.

valiant sword, the arm that wields thee is that of Mudarra. Firm as thine own steel shalt thou behold me in the fight; yea, thy second lord will prove as valiant as thy first. Shouldst thou be overcome through my cowardice, then will I sheathe thee in my bosom up to the cross of thy hilt.* Let us hasten to vengeance—lo! this is the hour to give the Count Lozano the punishment he meriteth."

Having thus exalted his courage, he goes forth and meets the Count; accuses him of unknightly and craven conduct in striking an old man in the face, and that man an hidalgo; and reminds him that those who have noble escutcheons cannot brook wrongs:—

"How durst thou to smite my father?
Craven caitiff! know that none
Unto him shall do dishonor,
While I live—save God alone.

For this wrong I must have vengeance—
Traitor, here I thee defy!
With thy blood alone my sire
Can wash out his infamy!"

The Count, despising his youth, replies with a sneer—

"Go, rash boy! go, lest I scourge thee—
Scourge thee like an idle page."

* It was the custom in the middle ages to make swords with hilts of this form, in order that they might answer the purposes of religion as well as of destruction. When a knight fell on the field of battle, the hilt of his sword was held to his lips instead of a crucifix, and in his last moments he was comforted and cheered by this emblem of his faith. I have seen in the Royal Armoury at Madrid a number of swords purporting to have belonged to the earliest heroes of Christian Spain, most of which have cruciform hilts.

[Rodrigo receiving his Father's Sword.]

Hereon Rodrigo, burning with wrath, draws his sword and cries—"Villain, come on! Right and nobility on my side are worth a dozen comrades." They fight—Rodrigo prevails, slays the Count, cuts off his head, and returns with it in triumph to his father's house.

Don Diego was sitting at his board, weeping sorely for his shame, when Rodrigo entered, bearing the bleeding head of the Count by the forelock. Seizing his father's arm, he shook him and said—

"See! I've brought the pois'nous weed—
Feed upon it with delight;
Raise thy face, oh, father mine!
Ope thine eyes upon this sight.

Lay aside this grievous sorrow—
Lo! thine honor is secure;
Vengeance hast thou now obtained—
From all stain of shame art pure.

Ne'er again thy foe can harm thee;
All his pride is now laid low;
Vain his hand is now to smite thee,
And his tongue is silent now.

Well have I aveng'd thee, father!
Well have sped me in the fight,
For to him is vengeance certain
Who doth arm himself with right."

The old man answered not, so that his son thought he was dreaming; but after a while he raised his head, and with eyes full of tears thus spake:—

"Son of my soul, my brave Rodrigo,
Hide that visage from my sight;
God! my feeble heart is bursting,
So full is it of delight.

Ah! thou caitiff count Lozano!
Heaven hath well aveng'd my wrong;
Right hath nerv'd thine arm, Rodrigo—
Right hath made the feeble strong.

At the chief place of my table
Sit thee henceforth in my stead;
He who such a head hath brought me,
Of my house shall be the head."

[Rodrigo's first Triumph.]

CHAPTER III.

How Ruy Diaz manifests his youthful pride.

No punishment had the young Ruy Diaz to dread for the death of the Count Lozano.* Those were times wherein might was too often right, and every man trusted chiefly to his own good sword to do him justice. Little redress could he hope from the law save in an appeal to the monarch, who either dispensed justice in person, or referred causes to a tribunal which was deemed to have the force of Divine retribution; to wit, the ordeal, or trial by combat.

When Diego Lainez rode forth to kiss the hand of the good king Ferdinand, with three hundred hidalgos in his train, "Rodrigo, the proud Castillian," rode among them.

All these knights on mules are mounted—
Ruy a war-horse doth bestride;
All wear gold and silken raiment—
Ruy in mailéd steel doth ride;

All are girt with jewell'd faulchions—
Ruy with a gold-hilted brand;
All a pair of wands come bearing—
Ruy a glittering lance in hand;

* Ruy is the abbreviation of Rodrigo.

All wear gloves with perfume scented—
Ruy a mailéd gauntlet rude;
All wear caps of gorgeous colours—
Ruy a casque of temper good.

As they ride on towards Burgos they see the king approaching. His courtiers tell him that yonder band is led by him who slew the Count Lozano. When Rodrigo drew near, and heard them thus conversing, he fixed his eyes stedfastly upon them, and cried with a loud and haughty voice—

"Is there 'mong ye of his kindred
One to whom the Count was dear,
Who doth for his death seek vengeance?
Lo! I wait his challenge here.

Let him come, on foot—on horseback;
Here I stand—his enemy."

The courtiers were awed by the youth's boldness and impetuosity, and

With one voice they all exclaiméd,
"Let the foul fiend challenge thee!"

Hereon Diego Lainez and all his followers dismounted to kiss the king's hand; Rodrigo alone sat still on his steed. His father, vexed at this, called to him—

"Come, my son, dismount, I pray thee;
Kneel, the king's right hand to kiss;
Thou his vassal art, Rodrigo,—
He thy lord and master is."

The proud spirit of the youth could not brook to be

thus reminded of his inferiority; he felt himself much aggrieved, and fiercely cried—

"Had another such words utter'd,
Sorely had he rued the day:
But sith it is thou, my father,
I thy bidding will obey."

As he knelt accordingly to do homage to the king, his sword flew half out of its scabbard, which so alarmed the monarch, who knew the fierceness of the young hero, that he cried—"Out with thee! stand back, Rodrigo! away from me, thou devil! Thou hast the shape of a man, but the air of a furious lion." Rodrigo sprang to his feet, called for his horse, and angrily replied—

"Troth! no honor do I count it,
Thus to stoop and kiss thy hand;
And my sire, in that he kiss'd it,
Hath disgrac'd me in the land."

With these words he leaped into the saddle and rode away with his three hundred followers.

["Troth! no honor do I count it."]

CHAPTER IV.

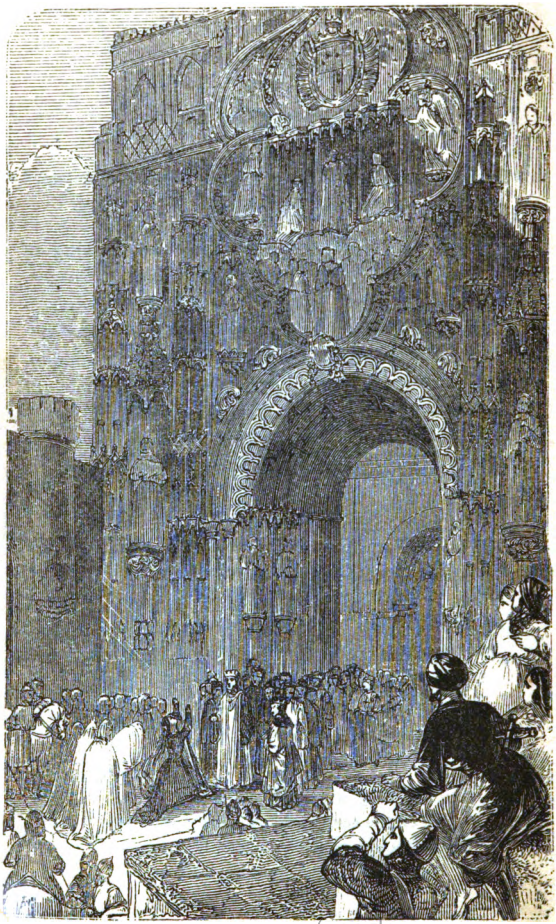
How Ximena, daughter of the Count of Gormaz, demanded vengeance on the Cid for the death of her father.

Loud shouts and cries, mingled with the clashing of arms, aroused the court in the royal palace at Burgos. In great astonishment King Ferdinand and his *ricos-homes*, or nobles, descended to the gate, and there beheld Ximena Gomez, daughter of the Count Lozano, attended by a numerous train. She was clad in robes of black; a gauze veil of the same hue covered her head; her hair hung in long and dishevelled tresses over her fair neck, and tears were streaming from her eyes. She fell on her knees at the king's feet, crying for justice against him who had slain her father:—

"Justice, king! I sue for justice—
Vengeance on a trait'rous knight.
Grant it me!—so shall thy children
Thrive, and prove thy soul's delight.

Like to God himself are monarchs
Set to govern on this earth,
Treachery and crime to punish,
And to honor truth and worth.

But the king who doth not justice
Ne'er the sceptre more should sway—
Ne'er should nobles pay him homage—
Vassals ne'er his hests obey:



Never should he mount a charger—
Never more should gird the sword—
Never with his queen hold converse—
Never sit at royal board. *

Look ye, king, what is my lineage—
Of those heroes is my blood
Who around the brave Pelayo
Few but firm in battle stood.

Were I not a noble maiden—
Were I e'en of low degree—
Thou wert bound, king, to avenge me
Of my high-born enemy."

Her eye then fell on Rodrigo, who stood among the attendant nobles:—

"Thou hast slain the best and bravest
That e'er set a lance in rest,
Of our holy faith the bulwark—
Terror of each Paynim breast.

Trait'rous murderer, slay me also!
Though a woman, slaughter me!
Spare not—I 'm Ximena Gomez,
Thine eternal enemy!

Here 's my throat—smite, I beseech thee!
Smite, and fatal be thy blow!
Death is all I ask, thou caitiff,—
Grant this boon unto thy foe."

Not a word did Rodrigo reply, but vaulting into the saddle, he rode slowly away. Ximena turned to the crowd of nobles, and seeing that none prepared to follow him and take up her cause, she cried aloud, "Vengeance, sirs! I pray ye, vengeance!"

* Literally, "to eat bread from a table-cloth," which must have been a luxury in those days.

CHAPTER V.

Showing how the young Rodrigo replied to his fair adversary.

A SECOND time did the damsel disturb the king when at a banquet, with her cries for justice. She had now a fresh complaint:—

"Every day at early morning,
To despite me or to jest,
He who slew my sire doth ride by,
With a falcon on his fist.

At my tender doves he flies it;
Many of them hath it slain.
See! their blood hath dyed my garments
With full many a crimson stain.

List!—the king who doth not justice,
He deserveth not to reign;" &c.

And she rebuked the king in the same strain as on the occasion of her former complaint. Fernando relished not her covert curses, and began to ponder on the course he had to pursue. "God in heaven help me and lend me his counsel! If I imprison the youth, or put him to death, my Cortes will revolt, for the love they bear him; if I fail to punish him, God will call my soul to account. I will at all events send a letter forthwith, and summon him to my presence."

This letter was put into the hands of Diego Lainez. Rodrigo asked to see it, but the old man, fearing some evil design against his boy, refused to show it, saying, "It is nothing, save a summons for thee to go to Burgos; but tarry thou here, my son, and I will go in thy stead." "Never!" replied the youth, with great tenderness:

"Ne'er would God or Holy Mary
Suffer me this thing to do;
To what place soe'er thou goest,
Thither I before thee go."

That Rodrigo was not punished is manifest, for Ximena repeated her visit to the king a third and a fourth time, still demanding vengeance. On this latter occasion she was attended by thirty squires of noble blood, arrayed in long robes of black which swept the ground behind them. The king was sitting on his high-backed chair listening to the complaints of his subjects, and dispensing justice, rewarding the good and punishing the bad, for thus are vassals made good and faithful. The mace-bearers being commanded to quit the royal presence, Ximena fell on her knees and renewed her complaint:

"King! six moons have pass'd away
Since my sire was reft of life,
By a youth whom thou dost cherish
For such deeds of murd'rous strife.

Four times have I cried thee justice—
Four times have I sued in vain;
Promises I get in plenty—
Justice, none can I obtain."

"Don Rodrigo of Bivar, the proud boy, outrages thy

laws, and yet thou protectest him. A foul wrong dost thou in this. Pardon that I speak thus, but an injured woman forgetteth respect in her wrongs."

Then the king comforted her, and said

"Say no more, oh, noble damsel!
Thy complaints would soften down
Bosoms were they hard as iron—
Melt them were they cold as stone.

If I cherish Don Rodrigo,
For thy weal I keep the boy;
Soon, I trow, will this same gallant
Turn thy mourning into joy."

Fernando perchance saw, what the damsel herself did not perceive, that Rodrigo's hawking at her doves in his daily rides by her dwelling, was but a rough mode of courtship, setting forth that he himself was flying at higher game in their mistress.

CHAPTER VI.

The young Cid is asked in marriage, and his worst foe becomes his best friend.

THE second feat of arms achieved by the young Cid was his conquest of five Moorish kings or chieftains, who had made a foray into the territory of Castille. They had ravaged the land nearly to the gates of Burgos, the capital, meeting with no resistance, had taken many captives and a vast spoil, and were returning in triumph, when Rodrigo, then but a beardless youth, who had not seen twenty summers, mounted his steed Babieca, gathered a host of armed men, fell suddenly upon the Moors as they were crossing the mountains of Oca, routed them with great slaughter, and captured the five kings, with all their slaves and booty. The spoil he parted among his followers, but kept the kings for his own share, and carried them home to his castle of Bivar, to present them as proofs of his prowess to his mother. With the generosity of his nature, which he showed even at this early age, he then set them at liberty, on their consenting to pay him tribute; and they departed to their own lands, extolling his valour and magnanimity.

The fame of this exploit soon spread far and wide through the land, and, as valour in the field was in those chivalrous times the surest passport to ladies' favour, it doubtless wrought its due effect on Ximena's mind, and will in great measure account for the utter change in her feelings towards the youth which she manifested on her

fifth visit to the palace at Burgos. Falling on her knees before the king, she spake thus :—

"I am daughter of Don Gomez,
Count of Gormaz was he hight,
Him Rodrigo by his valor
Did o'erthrow in mortal fight.

King! I come to crave a favor—
This the boon for which I pray,
That thou give me this Rodrigo
For my wedded lord this day.

Happy shall I deem my wedding,
Yea, mine honor will be great,
For right sure am I his fortune
Will advance him in the state.

Grant this precious boon, I pray thee!
'Tis a duty thou dost owe;
For the great God hath commanded
That we do forgive a foe.

Freely will I grant him pardon
That he slew my much-loved sire,
If with gracious ear he hearken
To my bosom's fond desire."

"Now I see," said the king, "how true it is what I have often heard, that the will of woman is wild and strange. Hitherto this damsel hath sought deadly vengeance on the youth, and now she would have him to husband. Howbeit, with right good-will, I will grant what she desireth." *

* Depping, in his collection of Spanish romances (Sammlung der besten alten Spanischen Romanzen, p. 69), gives his opinion that this petition of Ximena is opposed to all probability, and seems to think that the truth is better set forth in another romance, in which the king, in answer to

Then it was agreed that the king should offer Ximena's hand to Rodrigo. Thereon he sent word to the young hero to meet him forthwith at Palencia, and Rodrigo, with a train of three hundred young nobles, his friends and kinsmen, all arrayed in new armour, and robes of a similar colour, obeyed with all speed the royal summons. The king rode forth to meet him, for right well did he love Rodrigo, and opened the matter to him, promising him great honours and much land if he would make Ximena his bride. Rodrigo, who desired nothing better, straightway agreed thereto—

> "King and lord! right well it pleaseth
> Me thy wishes to fulfil;
> In this thing, as in all others,
> I obey thy sovereign will."

Whereon the young pair plighted their troth in presence of the king, and in pledge thereof gave him their hands. He kept his promise, and gave Rodrigo Valduerna, Saldaña, Belforado, and San Pedro de Cardeña, for a marriage portion.

Rodrigo took his betrothed to his own house, and delivered her in charge to his mother, swearing he would never behold her in town or desert till he had vanquished five foes in the field.

her complaints, is represented as proposing such a match, and is favourably listened to by the maiden: "for it seemeth just and meet to her that he who had slain the father should protect the orphan-child." I confess the balance of probability does not appear to me very greatly to preponderate on this side. If she could be so easily swayed by the royal advice as at once to change her sentiments towards Rodrigo, she might, considering the freedom of manners in early times, as readily originate the proposal.

CHAPTER VII.

Containing an account of the Cid's wedding, and divers matters touching thereon.

On the day appointed, Rodrigo was arrayed by his brothers for the wedding. Having doffed his well-burnished and graven armour, he put on first a pair of galligaskins, or long loose drawers, with fringes of purple, then his hose, and over both a wide pair of Walloon breeches, "such as were worn in that golden age," saith the romance. His shoes were of cow's leather and scarlet cloth, fastened over the instep with buckles. His shirt was even-edged, without fringe, embroidery, or stiffening, "for starch was then food for children;" his doublet or waistcoat was of black satin, with loose sleeves, and quilted throughout, the which doublet his father had sweated in three or four battles; over this he wore a slashed leathern jerkin or jacket, "in memory of the many slashes he had given in the field," *—a German cloak lined with plush, and a cap of fine Flemish cloth with a single cock's feather, completed his costume. His sword was

* If we could rely on the authenticity of a suit of armour shown in the Royal Armoury at Madrid as that of the Cid, these slashes must have been fashionable in Spain at a very early age, for on the cuirass of that suit are engraved rude figures of men with short slashed breeches. But the antiquity claimed for that suit is decidedly apocryphal.

Tizona, the terror of the world,* which he girt about him with a new belt, which cost him four quartos.† Thus gaily attired, he descended to the court of the palace, where the king, his nobles, and the bishop of Palencia, who was to perform the ceremony, awaited him on foot. All then moved in procession to the church to the sound of music, Rodrigo walking in the midst.

After awhile came Ximena, with a veil over her head, and her hair dressed out in large flaps hanging down over her ears. She wore an embroidered gown of fine London cloth, and a close-fitting spencer with a flap behind. She walked on high-heeled clogs of red leather. A necklace of eight medals or plates of gold, with a small pendent image of St. Michael, which together were worth a city, encircled her neck.

The happy pair met, seized each other's hands, and embraced. Then said Rodrigo with great emotion, as he gazed on his bride—

"I did slay thy sire, Ximena,
But, God wot, not traitorously;
'Twas in open fight I slew him:
Sorely had he wrongéd me.

A man I slew—a man I give thee—
Here I stand thy will to bide!

---

* Here the romance is guilty of an anachronism; for, according to the Chronicle, the Poem, and other romances, Tizona did not become the property of the Cid till many years after, when he won it from the Moorish king Bucar beneath the walls of Valencia.

† A sum that might have been considerable in those days, but is now only a fraction more than an English penny.

Thou, in place of a dead father,
Hast a husband at thy side."

All approvéd well his prudence,
And extolléd him with zeal:
Thus they celebrate the wedding
Of Rodrigo of Castille.

Another romance, apparently of less ancient date, describes the wedding costume of the Cid with no less minuteness, but arrays him in a doublet of dove-coloured satin, light scarlet hose, and slashed shoes of yellow silk, a short jacket with sleeves closely plaited beneath the shoulder, a folded handkerchief hanging from his girdle, which was adorned with gilt studs and clasps of silver, a collar of gold and precious stones about his neck, and over all a short black cloak with hood and sleeves.*

A third romance pictures the procession from the church to the royal palace, where the wedding-feast was laid out, and tells us how the streets of Burgos† were strewn with boughs of sweet cypress—how flowered cloths were hung from the windows—how the king had raised a festive arch of great elegance at the cost of thirty-four quartos—how minstrels sung their lays to the honour of the wedded pair—and how buffoons and merry-andrews danced and played their antics, one with bladders in hand, another in the disguise of a bull, and a third in the like-

* This costume appears to belong to a less remote age than the former; but the Chronicles, which we should expect to determine the question, are wholly silent on the subject.

† It is not clear from the romances whether the wedding was celebrated at Burgos or Palencia, but the Chronicles determine it to have been at the latter city.

ness of a demon, to whom the king gave sixteen maravedis, because he scared the women well.

At the head of the procession marched the bridegroom and the bishop who had performed the ceremony, together with their attendants; then followed a crowd of these boisterous merry-makers; and the king, leading the fair Ximena by the hand, with the queen and many a veiled lady, brought up the rear. As they passed through the streets wheat was showered from the windows upon the bride—whereby was signified the desire that she might prove fruitful. The grains fell thickly on the neck and into the bosom of the blushing Ximena, and the king officiously plucked them forth with his own hand; whereat exclaimed the wag Suero, the king's jester—

"'Tis a fine thing to be a king, but Heaven make me a hand!"

The king was very merry when he was told of this,
And swore the bride, ere eventide, must give the boy a kiss.

The king went always talking, but she held down her head,
And seldom gave an answer to anything he said:
It was better to be silent, among such a crowd of folk,
Than utter words so meaningless as she did when she spoke. *

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* I quote this from Mr. Lockhart, whose spirited version of this romance I strongly recommend to my readers' perusal.

CHAPTER VIII.

How the Cid obtained his steed Babieca; how he went on a pilgrimage, and what passed between him and a leper.

WHAT Bucephalus was to Alexander of Macedon, Babieca was to the Cid—a faithful servant through a long course of years, and a sharer of his perils on many a battle-field. Like the Grecian steed, Babieca is said to have fallen into the hands of his master when he was a youth; but had the better fortune not only to survive his lord, rendering him good service even after his death, but to end a life of warfare in peace. The word Babieca signifies noodle, booby—a strange cognomen for a beast which is said to have been "more like a being possessed of reason than a brute;" but why he was thus called is set forth by the Chronicle, which says that Rodrigo, when a youth, asked his godfather, Don Peyre Pringos, for a colt; and the good priest took him out into a paddock where his brood-mares were feeding, in order that he might make his choice; but Rodrigo "suffered the mares and their colts to pass out, and took none of them; and last of all came forth a mare with a colt right ugly and scabby, and, said he, 'This colt will I have.' 'But,' said his godfather with wrath, 'Booby (Babieca), a bad choice hast thou made!' 'Nay,' said Rodrigo, 'a right good horse will this be.' And Babieca was he henceforth called,

and he was afterwards a good steed and a bold, and on his back did my Cid win many battle-fields."

The Poem says that it was not till after the Cid had won Valencia, and at the close of his life, that he obtained Babieca, and that he first mounted him when he went forth to meet Ximena and her daughters.

Albeit, wist not yet my Cid, who in good hour girded sword,
If he would prove a charger good, and worthy of his lord;
But when he once essay'd his might and mettle o'er the plain,
From that day forth he prizéd him as the whole realm of Spain.*

It has already been seen that he stood Rodrigo in good stead in the affair of the five Moorish kings: we next find him acting the part of the Samaritan's beast, and the hero in the novel character of a pilgrim.

Soon after his marriage, Rodrigo made a pilgrimage to Compostela, to the shrine of Santiago, the patron saint of Spain. The king approved of his journey, as it was in fulfilment of a vow, but charged him to return with all speed. Instead of his bride, whom he left at home in the care of his mother,

Twenty young and brave hidalgos
With him did Rodrigo take;

* We are further told by the Chronicle that Babieca survived his master, which could not have been the case had the Cid possessed him in his youth—so that it is probable the Poem is correct in this particular; yet as both Chronicle and romances make mention of him as sharing the Cid's exploits throughout his long life, I feel at liberty to overlook the improbability, and to introduce him wherever he is mentioned.

Alms on every side he scatter'd
For our Blessed Lady's sake.

On the road he beheld a leper in the midst of a slough, crying loudly for help. The generous youth on the instant alighted and dragged him forth; then, seating him on his own beast, he led him to an inn, made him there sit down to supper at the same table with himself, to the great wrath of the twenty hidalgos, and, finally, shared with him his bed. At midnight Rodrigo was awakened by a sharp and piercing blast blowing on his back. He started up in great alarm, and felt for the leper, but found him not in the bed. He sprang to his feet, and called for a light. A light was brought, but no leper could he find. He again lay down, when presently a figure, in robes of shining white, stood by the bed, and said: "Art thou awake or asleep, Rodrigo?" "I sleep not," replied he, "but tell me, I pray thee, who art thou who shinest so brilliantly?"

"I Saint Lazarus am, Rodrigo;
Somewhat would I say to thee—
I the leper am to whom
Thou hast shown such charity.
Thou of God art well beloved—
He hath granted this to thee,

That on whatsoe'er thou ent'rest,
Be it war, or what it may,
Thou shalt end it to thine honor,
And shalt prosper day by day.

To respect and pay thee rev'rence,
Moor or Christian ne'er shall fail;
None of all thy foes shall ever
Over thee in fight prevail.

Life shall bring thee no dishonor—
Thou shalt ever conqueror be;
Death shall find thee still victorious,
For God's blessing rests on thee."

With these prophetic words the saint vanished; the hero fell on his knees, and continued in thanksgiving to God and Holy Mary till break of day, when he pursued his pilgrimage.

CHAPTER IX.

Showing how the Cid vanquished a boasting adversary, and won Calahorra for his liege lord Fernando.

From the shrine at Compostela, Rodrigo turned his steps to Calahorra, a town on the frontiers of Castille and Aragon, which was contended for by the kings of those realms. To avoid war, the monarchs, who were brethren, agreed to settle the dispute by single combat, each appointing a knight to do battle in his name. Martin Gonzalez, who was held the best knight at that time in all Spain, was chosen by Ramiro of Aragon, and the Cid by Fernando of Castille.

At the first encounter the lances were shivered, and the combatants had recourse to their swords. Martin now arrogantly boasted of his prowess and his certainty of victory:

"Sore, Rodrigo, must thou tremble
Now to meet me in the fight,
Since thy head will soon be sever'd
For a trophy of my might.

Never more to thine own castle
Wilt thou turn Babieca's rein;
Never will thy lov'd Ximena
See thee at her side again."

Rodrigo's blows fell more thickly and heavily, as he replied:

"Thou mayst be right stout and valiant,
But thy boastings prove it not;
Truce to words—we come to combat,
Not with tongues, but swords, I wot.

In the hands of God Almighty
Doth the victory abide;
And He will on him bestow it
Who hath right upon his side."

After the prophecy above recounted, it were needless to say that the boasting knight was vanquished and slain. Rodrigo having cut off his foe's head, fell on his knees and gave thanks to heaven for the victory. Then turning to the umpires of the combat, he demanded if there were aught more to do to put Calahorra into the hands of his liege lord Fernando. "No, doughty knight," was the reply, "Don Ramiro hath now no claim to the town, which belongeth of right to thy lord." Thus was Calahorra annexed to the kingdom of Castille.

Of the king right well belovéd
Was Rodrigo of Bivar;
For his mighty deeds of valor
Through the world renownéd far.*

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* We have here an instance, and many such will be found in the history of the Cid, of the belief prevalent in the chivalrous ages, that right and might were in certain cases identical, that God was peculiarly the God of battles, and that trial by combat was the most rational and efficacious mode of exercising justice.

CHAPTER X.

The Cid takes leave of Ximena, and overcomes the Moors in Estremadura.

Loud to arms the trumpets sounded,
Beat the drums the call to war,—
Deadly strife, and fire, and slaughter,
Were proclaiméd wide and far.

Lo! the Cid his warmen gath'ring,
Marshall'd them right speedily;
Then forth came Ximena Gomez,
And all tearfully did cry,
"King of my soul! lord of my bosom! stay!
Oh, whither go'st thou? leave me not, I pray!"

Movéd by her sad complainings,
Lo! the Cid his pain confest;
Weeping sore, he claspt Ximena,
Claspt his lov'd one to his breast.

"Weep not, lady dear," he whisp'reth,
"Till I come back, dry thine eye!"
Stedfast still on him she gazeth,
And still bitterly doth cry,
"King of my soul! lord of my bosom! stay!
Oh, whither go'st thou? leave me not, I pray!"

On what emprise Rodrigo was bound when this tender parting took place doth not appear. It may be that he was hastening to attack the Moors, great hosts of whom

["King of my soul! lord of my bosom! stay!"]

about this time were ravaging Estremadura.* As soon as Rodrigo received tidings thereof he gathered his friends and kinsmen, and set out in pursuit of the Paynims:—

Forth they go, a gallant band—
Many a pennon to the war
Flutter'd gay, but high o'er all
Gleam'd the Captain's from afar.

Troth! it goodly was and pleasant
To behold him at their head,
All in mail, on Babieca,
And to list the words he said:

"Not a craven heart among ye—
Castille's noblest chivalry!
Strong the foe, but ye are valiant,
Or to conquer or to die."

He came up with the Moors between Atienza and San Esteban de Gormáz, put them to the rout, freed the captives they had made,

Slew so many of the Paynims
That their number none might say,

and returned to Bivar laden with glory and spoil, for 200 horses and 100,000 marks fell to his share alone, though he kept none of it to himself, but parted it among his followers.

These warlike expeditions of the Cid, which added greatly to his renown, and rejoiced his sovereign and

* Not the province either of Spain or Portugal now known by that name, but the country on the left bank of the Duero, towards the mountains of Guadarrama.

fellow-vassals, were unwelcome to one breast alone. The fair Ximena mourned the absence of her lord, and deemed herself as his bride to have a right to more of his time and society:—

"Unhappy is the lot of courtly dame,
Whose wedded hopes are doomed to alloy,
And blest, oh blest, the wife of lowly name,
Who feareth nought to rob her of her joy.
One ever hath to mourn her absent lord—
The other ever hath her good man at her board.

No battle-trump to rouse her from her sleep—
Nought but her infant crying for the breast.
No anxious dread doth make her vigil keep—
She suckleth him and rocketh him to rest.
The world is all beneath her straw-thatch'd cot,
And courts and gilded palaces she heedeth not."

Thus spake the fair Ximena to her lord, as they sat at meat, and the Cid, moved by her tears and complaints, swore on the cross of his sword not to return to the war, but to abide with her in his castle of Bivar.*

* Such an oath is obviously apocryphal; indeed the romance is evidently of too recent a date to be relied on as authentic.

CHAPTER XI.

The Cid vanquishes the Emperor of Germany, and secures the independence of Castille.

It came to pass at a council held at Florence in the year of our Lord 1055, that Henry III., Emperor of Germany, complained to Victor II., who sat in the chair of St. Peter, that Fernando of Castille alone, of all the potentates of Christendom, refused to bow to his authority and pay him tribute. The Holy Father, being himself a German and a friend of the Emperor, lent a favourable ear to his prayer, and despatched a messenger to Fernando, threatening a crusade against him unless he tendered his obedience; and this threat was seconded by many other sovereigns, whose letters accompanied the Pope's. Fernando, in great alarm, hastily called together a council for deliberation and advice. His nobles counselled him to submit, both because it was right to obey the Holy Father, and lest he should lose his kingdom. The good Cid was not present when the council began to deliberate, but after a while he entered the hall; and hearing what had passed, it grieved his heart sore, and he thus broke forth:—

"Woe the day thy mother bore thee!
Woe were for Castille that day,
Should thy realm, oh King Fernando,
This unwonted tribute pay!

Never yet have we done homage—
Shall we to a stranger bow?
Great the honor God hath given us—
Shall we lose that honor now?

He who would such counsel lend thee,
Count him, king, to be thy foe;
He against thy crown conspireth,
And thy sceptre would lay low.

Thy forefathers erst did rescue
This fair realm from Paynim sway;
Sore they bled, and long they struggled—
None to aid them did essay.

Sore they bled—my life I'd forfeit
Ere I 'd wear the brand of shame,
Ere I 'd stoop to pay this tribute,
Which none hath a right to claim.

Send then to the Holy Father,
Proudly thus to him reply—
Thou, the king, and I, Rodrigo,
Him and all his power defy."

Notwithstanding the daring boldness of this counsel, it pleased the king; and he sent back the messengers to the Pope, praying his Holiness not to interfere, and at the same time challenging the Emperor and all his tributary kings. Straightway a host of eight thousand nine hundred men was gathered, and, commanded by the Cid and accompanied by the king, it crossed the Pyrenees, and met Raymond the Count of Savoy, with a very great chivalry (twenty thousand men, saith the Chronicle), on the plains of France. The Emperor's forces were routed, and the Count made prisoner; but the Cid

released him on his giving up his daughter as a hostage. Rodrigo in another battle overcame the mightiest power of France; whereon the allied sovereigns in great alarm wrote to the Pope, beseeching him to prevail upon the king of Castille to return to his own land, and they would ask no more for tribute, for none might withstand the power of the Cid. The Pope sent a legate to decide the matter, and he decreed that the kings of Spain should be freed from all subjection and tribute to the Emperor. On these terms Fernando withdrew his forces. The Chronicle adds, that the Pope and the allied sovereigns made a solemn covenant with him that such a demand should never again be made upon Castille. It saith moreover that for the honour thus accruing to the king of Castille, he was henceforth called "Fernando the Great, peer of an Emperor."*

* Some chroniclers say that he called himself Emperor, and thus first roused the wrath of Henry, who regarded his own claim to that title as exclusive.

CHAPTER XII.

How the Cid was dubbed knight by the King Fernando, and received homage and tribute from his Moorish vassals.

For seven years had the city of Coimbra in Portugal been beleaguered by King Fernando, and he at length began to despair of overcoming the resistance of the Moors, for the city was strong and well fortified, and provisions were failing in his camp, when some monks of the Benedictine convent of Lorvau brought a good store of corn and millet to his army, and prevailed on him to persevere.* Now it came to pass about this time that a Greek bishop arrived from the East at Compostela on a pilgrimage to the shrine of Saint James. As he prayed he heard some bystanders declare that the Apostle was wont to enter into battle mounted on a snow-white charger, and armed cap-à-pied, to aid the Christians in overcoming the Moors. At this the good

* Sandoval gives at length a grant made by the king to this said monastery of Lorvau for the assistance he had received from its monks, in which he recounts the circumstances of the siege. It is worthy of remark that he makes no mention of St. James. The date of the document is that of the capture of the city, era 1102 or A.D. 1064. Among the names of the princes and nobles who attest the grant with their signatures is that of "Rodrigo Diaz." And this, says Sandoval, is the earliest authentic mention of the Cid that can be found. Historia de los Reyes de Castilla y Leon, i. p. 39–45.

bishop waxed wroth, and maintained that the Apostle was no knight, but a simple fisherman, the son of Zebedee. That same night the saint appeared to him in a vision, holding some keys in his hand, and made known to him that he was verily a knight of the cross, and aided the Christians in battle, and pleaded for them in Heaven. "And with these same keys I hold in my hand at to-morrow's dawn will I open the gates of Coimbra to King Fernando." So saying he mounted a charger white as snow, and taking the semblance of a knight in burnished armour of the same hue, he spurred away to battle. He kept his word, and at the hour mentioned delivered the city into the hands of the Christians.

This came to pass in the year of our Lord 1064. The mosque of the city was consecrated as a church, and Rodrigo was therein created a knight; for it seems that up to this time he was nothing but a squire. The king girt on the sword with his own hands, and kissed his lips as a knightly salutation; while, to testify his great respect for the young hero, he refrained from striking the wonted buffet on the neck.* The queen, to do him honor, brought him his horse, and the Infanta Urraca stooped to don the golden spurs. The king then called upon him to exercise his new privilege of knighting others, and he forthwith dubbed nine valiant squires before the altar. "Henceforth," saith the Chronicle, "he had

* Father Berganza, in his 'Antigüedades de España,' says that the buffet was given with the hand upon the neck, with the words, "Awake, and sleep not in affairs of chivalry!" and that it was also usual to say, "Be a good and faithful soldier of the realm!" but that King Fernando spared the buffet in this instance, as he knew the Cid needed no such exhortation.

the name of Ruy Diaz."* And for his deeds at this siege of Coimbra, the king made Rodrigo head of his whole house.

The city of Zamora had been taken from the Christians, and its walls rased to the ground, by Almanzor the Victorious, governor and general to Alhakem, the Caliph of Cordoba, in an inroad he had made into the Christian territory in the year 982. After lying dismantled for eighty years, King Fernando rebuilt its fortifications with great strength, so that it might bid defiance to any future assault.

Whilst Rodrigo was with the king's court in this city there came to him messengers from the five Moorish kings he had conquered, bringing him tribute. They brought a hundred horses, all richly caparisoned:

Twenty were of dapple grey,
  Twenty were as ermine white,
Thirty were of sorrel hue,
  Thirty were as black as night;

together with many rare jewels for his lady Ximena, and chests of silken apparel for his attendant hidalgos. Kneeling at Rodrigo's feet, the messengers offered him these gifts in token of the allegiance of their masters to him their Cid or lord.

Out then spake Rodrigo Diaz,
  "Friends, I wot, ye err in this;
I am neither lord nor master
  Where the King Fernando is.

* Berganza understands this as implying that knights alone were entitled to bear their patronymics in addition to their baptismal names.

All ye bring to him pertaineth—
Nought can I, his vassal, claim."

The king, right well pleased with the humility of so noble and doughty a knight, would not take any portion of the tribute, and replied to the messengers—

"Say ye to your lords, albeit
This their Cid no crown doth wear,
To no monarch is he second;
With myself he may compare.

All my realm, my wealth, my power,
To this knight's good sword I owe;
To possess so brave a vassal,
Well it pleaseth me, I trow."

Rodrigo sent back the messengers laden with gifts; and from that day forth he was called the Cid, a name given by the Moors to a man of valor and high estate.*

* It is scarcely matter of surprise that in the Arab History of Spain he is never mentioned by this name, but it is singular that he is always styled the Cambitor (Campeador), the import of which word, it would seem, was not understood by the Arabs.

CHAPTER XIII.

Containing the letter of Ximena to the King Fernando, and his reply thereto.

WHILE the Cid was gaining all this glory Ximena was mourning his absence in his palace at Burgos. It chanced that one Sunday morning when she was more than wontedly cast down, she bethought her of writing to King Fernando, who had given her away at the wedding.

Then she took the pen in hand,
But her weeping dimm'd her view—
Yet again she took the pen,
But her tears gush'd forth anew.

"To you, my lord the king, the great, the good, the wise, the prosperous, the proud conqueror of men, the humble before God—your servant Ximena, daughter of Count Lozano, she to whom you gave a husband—(now she well wotteth it was in mockery)—saluteth you from Burgos, where she dwelleth lone and woe-begone. Pardon me, sire, that I speak my mind with freedom, for I cannot dissemble the ill-will I bear ye. By what law of God have you learnt thus to sever the wedded—or what right have ye to hold my husband, who is a fond and gentle youth, in a leash day and night like a furious lion, and let him loose to me but once in the year? And when he cometh, verily he is so bathed in gore, down to

the very hoofs of his steed, that it is fearful to behold him. And straightway he falleth asleep through utter weariness, and groaneth and struggleth in his dreams, as though he were wrestling with the foe. And ere the sun be risen on the morrow the warders call him again to the battle. In my sorrow I besought ye to have pity on my loneliness, and when ye gave me the Cid I thought to find in him both father and husband, but now I have neither the one nor the other to solace me.

Earthly bliss I have no other,
Yet from me e'en this ye sever:
Though he live I fain must mourn him,
As I were a widow ever.

Think ye to do him honour thereby?—verily he hath no need of it.

Honour great hath my Rodrigo;
Beardless though he be and tender,
To him princes five of Moordom
Fealty and tribute render.

I am now far gone with child, and my sorrow may work me woe. Restore my lord, I pray ye, and suffer not the best vassal that ever kissed a king's hand, or wore the red cross, to lose the pledge of his love. Answer me by letters of your own hand, and I will give your messenger his guerdon."

The king made answer to this letter—and, saith the romance, "it was ten of the day when the monarch called to his secretary for paper," and sat down to write to Ximena. He began by making the sign of the cross on the paper with four dots and a dash.

"To thee, Ximena, the noble, the gentle, the discreet

wife of the much-coveted husband, and who soon expectest a child, thy king, who never held ill-will to thee, but ever great esteem and love, sendeth these presents greeting.

Did I take thy lord, Ximena,
Simply for the love I bear him,
With some cause were thy complainings,
That from thy fond arms I tear him.

But when in the camp I keep him
To do battle with the foe,
With the Moormen of the border,
Little wrong to thee I do.

Verily I keep him for his own and thine honour, for had I not set him over my hosts he were a mere hidalgo, and thou wert but a simple lady. What boots it, if thy husband be not present at the birth?—thy king will be there with gifts for the little one. If a boy, he shall have a horse and sword and two thousand maravedis for pocket-money; if a girl, on the day of her birth I will put forty silver marks out to interest to form her dowry. I say no more, oh lady, but will ever pray the Virgin to help thee through the perils of childbirth."

In due time Ximena was delivered of a girl, and she was afterwards churched in San Isidro in the city of Leon.* The king met her at the door of the church, and led her in, saying that as the Cid, his best vassal, was at the wars, he must himself be her usher. Moreover he fulfilled his promise of making a present to the infant.

* One romance gives a detailed account of her dress and ornaments, but it is evidently of too recent date to be relied on for accuracy.

CHAPTER XIV.

The King Fernando dies, and distributes his territories among his children.

In the year of our Lord 1065 the good king Fernando, finding himself nigh unto death, made his testament, and parted his territories among his children. He bequeathed the realm of Castille to his son Sancho, Leon and the Asturias to Alfonso, Galicia and his possessions in Portugal to Garcia, and the town of Toro to his daughter Elvira. His elder daughter, Urraca, finding herself without an inheritance, made bitter complaints to her dying father, who was moved thereby to alter his testament, and bequeath her the town of Zamora.

"He who from thee takes Zamora,
My curse on him rest for aye."
"Amen, amen!" cry the others,
But Don Sancho nought doth say.*

Then the old king commended his children to the care of the Cid, and was gathered to his fathers.

* The Chronicle states that Sancho expostulated with his father for this division of his territories, saying that the Gothic kings of Spain had ever bequeathed their realms entire, and therefore he would not suffer the kingdom to be divided; but by God's grace he would have it all.

CHAPTER XV.

The Cid goes to Rome and is excommunicated by the Pope.

Soon after Sancho II. had succeeded his father on the throne of Castille, he went to Rome to attend a council convoked by the Holy Father. He was admitted to kiss the Pope's hand, which he did with great courtesy, as did also the Cid and the other knights in his train, each in turn, according to his rank. After this the Cid chanced to stray into the church of St. Peter, and there beheld seven marble seats set for the Christian kings then in Rome; he perceived that that of the French king was placed next the papal throne, while that of his own liege was on a lower step. This fired his wrath, and he kicked the French king's seat to the ground and brake it in pieces, and set his own lord's chair in the place of honour. Hereon exclaimed a noble duke called the Savoyard, who stood by,—

"Cursed be thou, Don Rodrigo!
May the Pope's ban on thee rest;
For thou hast a king dishonor'd,
Of all kings the chief and best."

Then answered the Cid—

"Speak no more of kings, Sir Duke;
If thou dost of wrong complain,
It shall straightway be redressed—
Here are none beside us twain."

But the Duke had no mind to fight, so the Cid stept up to him and gave him a hard thrust,—a departure from his wonted courtesy, but to be accounted for, if not excused, by the provocation he had received. The Duke took the insult in silence, but went and complained to the Pope, who straightway excommunicated the Cid. Rodrigo, his wrath having now subsided, hereon fell prostrate before his Holiness, and besought absolution ;

"I absolve thee, Don Ruy Diaz,
I absolve thee cheerfully,
If while at my court thou showest
Due respect and courtesy." *

The Chronicles mention not this pilgrimage to Rome, but state that two years after he ascended the throne, Don Sancho would fain march against the Moors, that he might do God service and extend the Christian faith ; and he accordingly attacked the city of Zaragoza and made it tributary to him ; and also vanquished Ramiro, the Christian king of Aragon, who had marched against him.

* It is to this event in the Cid's life that Don Quixote refers, when excusing himself to Sancho for attacking the funeral procession. "I conceive, Sancho, that I am liable to excommunication for having laid violent hands on holy things. Juxta illud, si quis suadente diabolo, &c. Although in truth I laid not my hands but my lance upon them. Moreover I thought not I was attacking priests or things belonging to the Church, which I respect and reverence as a Catholic and faithful Christian as I am, but ghosts and phantoms of the other world. And even were I not deceived, I bear in mind what befel the Cid Ruy Diaz when he broke the seat of a certain king's ambassador in the presence of his Holiness the Pope, for the which he was excommunicated ; nevertheless good Rodrigo de Bivar passed that day for a very honorable and valorous knight."—Part I., cap. 19.

CHAPTER XVI.

How King Sancho makes war against his brethren, and by the aid of the Cid annexes their kingdoms to his own.

HARDLY had Sancho ascended the throne of Castille, when he sought to wrest from his brothers, Alfonso, king of Leon, and Garcia, king of Galicia, the dominions they had inherited from their father, and in both cases, owing to the wisdom and valour of the Cid, he met with success. He first marched against Don Garcia, his younger brother, and in a bloody fight the Castillian prince was taken captive and delivered to the charge of six knights. Sancho essayed to bribe them to let him escape, but they would not hearken to him, and were carrying him off the field, when Alvar Fañez, a Castillian knight, a kinsman and worthy follower of the Cid, came up, and with his single arm set his prince at liberty, slaying two, and putting to flight four, of the guard. Don Sancho rallied his men, and beholding the Cid come up, he cried, "Lo, here is the Cid! verily the day is our own. Right welcome art thou, knight of happy fortune—never has vassal served his lord as thou hast done, honored Cid." Rodrigo replied, "I promise you, my lord, ye shall gain the day, or I will die in the field like a true knight." Then the battle was renewed, the Galicians were routed, and Don Garcia was taken captive by the Cid, and by command

of his brother was put into irons and cast into the dungeons of the castle of Luna.

A like result had the contest between Sancho and his brother Alfonso. At the first encounter the Castillian prince had the worst of it, his troops being put to the rout, but he was not utterly overthrown, for Alfonso, who had taken up arms with no good will, charged his men to spare their foes, seeing they were Christians and of the same blood. The Cid was not in the fight, but on coming up he found his lord in flight. Whereon the Cid stopt the rout, and comforted Don Sancho with these words:—"List, my liege! Your brother's hosts are now feasting and making merry in their tents, as is the wont of the Leonese and Galicians after a victory; and soon will they be buried in slumber, neither heeding nor fearing ye; but gather ye together as many of your own men as may be, and at break of day fall on the foe manfully, and verily you will have your revenge." This counsel was followed with great success, the men of Leon were overthrown, and Alfonso himself made prisoner, but his troops rallied, and in their turn captured Don Sancho. As he was being led off the field by thirteen knights, "the renowned one of Bivar" came up, and demanded his release in exchange for their King Alfonso. They sternly replied—

"Hie thee hence, Rodrigo Diaz,
An thou love thy liberty;
Lest, with this thy king, we take thee
Into dire captivity."

Hereat great wrath seized on the Cid, and, heedless of their numbers, he assailed them, and with his single

arm overcame them, and set his king at liberty, slaying eleven and putting two to flight.* Don Alfonso was carried captive to Burgos, but by the aid of his sister Urraca, whom he held as his mother, and by whom he was in all things guided, seeing she was a lady of great understanding, he found means to escape to Toledo, where he was hospitably received by Ali Maimon, the Arab lord of that city, who gave him rich gifts, and built him palaces as though he were his own son.

* Let us not censure the Cid too severely for the aid he afforded in these unjust wars. He had striven to dissuade the king from them, as contrary to the will of his father, but he was a vassal of Don Sancho, and as such could not have refused to attend him to the field, save at the peril of being branded as a traitor and a rebel—one of the foulest crimes that could stain a knightly escutcheon.

CHAPTER XVII.

Which recount show King Sancho laid siege to Zamora, and how the Cid was banished from Castille.

HAVING deprived his brothers of their kingdoms, and his sister Elvira also of the town of Toro, her only inheritance, Don Sancho marched against Zamora, which the old king had bequeathed to his other daughter, Urraca, but which the young monarch looked on as his rightful inheritance, and eagerly desired to possess, in order that his dominion might in no way be inferior to that of his father. His army being encamped before the town, the king rode out with the Cid to survey the place, and he was struck with great admiration of its strength.

"See! where on yon cliff Zamora
Lifteth up her haughty brow—
Walls of strength on high begird her,
Duero swift and deep below.

Troth! how wondrous strong she seemeth
In her panoply of towers;
She, I wot, might bid defiance
To the world and all its powers!

Were she mine, that noble city,
Spain itself were not so dear;—
Cid, my sire did thee much honor,
Great love eke to thee I bear;

Wherefore charge I thee, Rodrigo,
As a vassal loyal and true,
Hie thee straight unto Zamora,
This my bidding for to do."

He charged the Cid to tell his sister Urraca to deliver up the city, either for a sum of gold or in exchange for some other town, and he promised to swear, with twelve of his vassals, that he would fulfil the covenant; but as a yet stronger inducement for her to yield to his demand, he added—

"If she will do none of these,
I will e'en by force possess it."

The Cid obeyed, though he was loath to do it, for he had before striven to dissuade the king from his unrighteous purpose, and had sworn that he would not himself take up arms against Zamora.* "Nay, sire," said he, "you should send some other messenger, for I was brought up in Zamora with Doña Urraca, and it is not meet I should take such a message." But the king called to his mind the favours he had received of his father King Fernando, and also of himself; how he had made him chief of his whole house, and given him a county, the largest in all Castille. So the Cid was fain

* Southey states in his 'Chronicle of the Cid,' p. 64, that no mention of this vow is to be found in the Chronicles or romances, and it is only to be inferred; but he is in error, for it is distinctly stated in two of the latter, commencing with—

"Con el cuerpo que agoniza,"

and—

"Muerto yaze el Rey Don Sancho."

to obey. As he drew near the walls, the Infanta Urraca, clad in mourning, called out to him from the ramparts,—

"Back! begone with thee, Rodrigo!
Proud Castillian, hence! away!
How canst thou thus dare assail me?
Hast forgot that happy day,

When, at Santiago's altar,
Thou wast made a belted knight?
The king, my sire, was thy godfather,
And put on thine armour bright;
My mother brought to thee thy charger;
By my hands thy spurs were dight.

Woe is me! I thought to wed thee;
Fondly did I love thee, Cid;
But my sins, alas! forbad it—
Thou didst with Ximena wed.

With her thou hadst well-fill'd coffers,—
Honor wouldst have won with me;
And, if wealth be good, still better
Rank and honor were to thee." *

* The Infanta here evidently implies that his marriage with Ximena was subsequent to his being knighted. This may be no anachronism. Though the chronicles and romances make mention of but one Ximena, it may be doubted whether the Cid had not two wives of that name. Father Berganza, who spared no pains to verify the events of our hero's life, seems to regard his marriage with Ximena Gomez as fictitious, and thinks his true wife was Ximena Diaz, daughter of Don Diego, Count of the Asturias, and of the royal blood of Leon; that he married her in the reign of Sancho II.; and that she was the mother of Diego Ruiz, his son, and of his two daughters. The ages of the latter, at the time of their marriage with the Counts of Carrion, certainly seem to favour Berganza's supposition. Certain it is that on the tomb of the Cid's wife, which I have seen in San Pedro

These words rendered the Cid very sorrowful, and he said to his followers,—

"Turn ye, turn ye, comrades mine!
We must from these walls depart,
For from out that hoary tower
Hath been sped a fatal dart.

With no iron was it barbéd,
Yet hath wounded sore my heart—
Healing balm I none can hope for,
But for aye must bear the smart." *

Thus he returned to the camp without having accomplished the purpose of his embassy; but, according to another romance, and the Chronicle, he entered the city, and delivered his message. The Infanta heard it with many tears, and cried,—

"Woe is me, a lonely woman!
Woe is me, a maid forlorn!

---

de Cardeña, she is styled "Ximena Diaz, granddaughter of the King Alfonso V. of Leon." Sandoval and Berganza give at length the marriage settlement of the Cid and Ximena Diaz, dated 1074, and still preserved, it is said, in the archives of the cathedral at Burgos. Lest it should be supposed that she was so called from the surname of her husband, I must observe that Spanish females do not lose their maiden names on their marriage.

* The romance seems to imply that some flirtation, at least, had existed between the Cid and the Infanta. Her passion for him is not surprising, seeing he was her foster-brother; and he may have reciprocated the sentiment in early life, for the Chronicle says "he loved her well." But possibly he may have entertained merely a fraternal affection for her, and this confession of hers may have been the first intimation he received of any warmer feeling on her part.

King, thy dying sire remember;
Be not, Sancho, still forsworn!

From thy brother Don García
Thou hast crown and kingdom ta'en;
Cast him eke into a dungeon,
Where he like a thief hath lain.

Next, thy brother Don Alfonso
Thou didst drive him from his throne;
Fled he straight unto Toledo,
Where he dwelleth woe-begone.

From my sister, Doña Elvira,
Toro hast thou wrested, too;
Now of me thou would'st Zamora;
Woe is me! what shall I do?"

Hereon arose Arias Gonzalo, an aged noble, who was the Infanta's foster-father and chief counsellor; and, to console her, he proposed that the sense of the citizens should be taken with regard to this matter. This was accordingly done, and—

Then did swear all her brave vassals
In Zamora's walls to die,
Ere unto the king they'd yield it,
And disgrace their chivalry.

When the Cid returned with this answer, the king was exceeding wroth, and accused him of having suggested it, because he had been brought up in Zamora, and was ill affected towards the expedition. So wrathful was Don Sancho that he exclaimed, "Were it not for the love my father bore thee, I would straightway have thee hanged; but I command thee to begone in nine days from this my realm of Castille." The Cid made

answer that he had faithfully done his lord's bidding, but could not himself, by reason of his vow, take up arms against Zamora. So the Cid went his way to the Arab court of Toledo, but his exile endured not long, for the king, hearkening to the representations of his nobles, soon began to regret the loss of so valiant a liegeman, and sent to recal him. When he heard of his approach,

Forth two leagues he went to meet him,
With five hundred in his train;
When the Cid beheld the monarch,
From his steed he sprung amain.

Kneeling, the king's hands he kisséd,
Lowly homage did he pay;
Then, with joy of all, uprising,
Took he to the camp his way.

CHAPTER XVIII.

How two knights of Zamora vanquished two counts of Castille, and proved thereby that King Sancho had transgressed the laws of chivalry in laying siege to that city.

One day as the Castillian army lay before Zamora,—

Lo! two knights from out Zamora
Up the banks of Duero ride.
Green their pennons and devices;
Sorrel chargers they bestride.

Brightly shines each mailéd hauberk;
Proudly nods each helmet's crest;
Burnish'd shields they bear before them;
Sword on flank, and lance in rest.

They rode up to the camp of King Sancho, and proudly demanded if any two knights of Castille were ready to break a lance with two of Zamora, who would fain prove that the king had trespassed against the laws of chivalry in seeking to wrest from his sister her lawful inheritance.

"Let none henceforth do us honor,
King nor noble with us mate,
If we at the first encounter
Do not overcome ye straight.

Come ye three, or come ye four!
Come the mightiest of Castille!

Come ye forth e'en five together!—
Come the devil, if he will!
So that cometh not Ruy Diaz,
Nor the king who laid this siege;
For the one we hold as brother,
And the other to our liege."

Hereon two Castillian counts, kinsmen, asked permission of the king to accept the challenge. Out then spoke the Cid, "the pattern he of all good knights," and said, "Yon two of Zamora I hold for bold and stalwart knights, for in many feats of arms have they proven their valor. In this same siege I beheld them meet seven in the field: the younger slew his two men, the elder his four, and put the seventh to flight, and plucked out his beard by the roots." The counts were sore downcast when they heard this saying of the Cid, and would fain have withdrawn, but the king called them back, and granted them permission to accept the challenge, albeit he did it more for honour's sake than of good-will.

Meanwhile, as the counts were arming for the field, the elder of the Zamoran knights said to the other, who was his son,—

"Turn, my son, unto Zamora—
To Zamora turn thine eye.
Lo, along her mighty ramparts,
And upon her turrets high,
Many a dame and beauteous damsel
Stand, our prowess to espy.

Yea, my son, on me they gaze not,
For I hoary am and old;

But on thee rest all their glances—
Thou art young, and fair, and bold.

Love and honor will they yield thee,
If thou provest well thy might;
But if thou shouldst play the craven,
They will spurn thee from their sight.

Sit firm, couch thy lance, hold thy shield before thy breast, and look to thy steed; for he who is thine adversary is held to be the more valiant of the twain." As he spake, the counts of Castille came up; the charge was made; the younger Zamoran knight was unhorsed, but his father ran his lance right through the body of his foe, and the surviving count spurred from the field, leaving the victory to the knights of Zamora, who proved by this feat of arms that Don Sancho had transgressed the laws of chivalry in assailing his sister Urraca.

CHAPTER XIX.

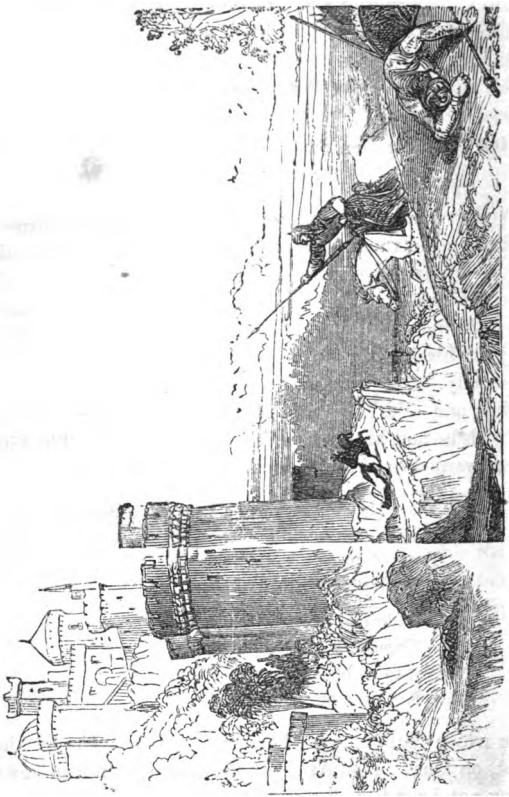
How the King Don Sancho was slain by treachery beneath the walls of Zamora.

Now it came to pass that during the siege of Zamora there came running from the city, hard pursued by the sons of Arias Gonzalo, one who made straight for the tent of the King Don Sancho. This fellow, whose name was Bellido Dolfos, gave out that he had been forced to fly for his life for having counselled Arias to surrender the city. He professed himself a loyal vassal of the king, and said he would show him a postern through which he and his forces might enter Zamora. The king was warned by Arias Gonzalo from the ramparts,—

"Ware thee! ware thee! King Don Sancho,
List to mine admonishment!
From Zamora's walls a traitor
Hath gone forth with foul intent.

Bellido Dolfos is the traitor—
Treason will he do to thee.
Not to us be it imputed,
Not unto our chivalry."

To which Bellido, who heard it, replied, "Credit him not, oh king! Don Arias proclaimeth this that the town may not be taken, for well he knoweth I wot of the postern." This quieted all suspicion in the king's mind,



and he was heedless enough to sally forth with Bellido alone, in order to see this postern, and even handed to him, for a moment, the hunting-spear he bore in his hand. Dolfos, seeing him in his power, raised himself in his stirrups, and with all his force hurled the spear into the king's back. It pierced him through and through, and he fell in the agonies of death. The traitor spurred away towards the town, but not alone, for the Cid had seen the deed, and, springing to his horse, galloped after him; but not having buckled on his spurs, he was unable to overtake him before he reached the gates. Then cried he in his wrath,—

"Cursed be the wretch! and cursed
He who mounteth without spur!
Had I arm'd my heels with rowels,
I had slain the treach'rous cur."

The Castillian knights gathered around their dying king, and all held out to him hopes of recovery, save the veteran Count of Cabra, who charged him to take no heed to his body, but to commend his soul to God without delay, for his end was at hand. While faltering out his thanks for this counsel, the hapless Don Sancho gave up the ghost.

Such-like fate awaiteth all
Who in traitors put their trust.

CHAPTER XX.

Wherein is recounted the impeachment of Zamora, and the combat that ensued.

Dead the King Don Sancho lieth,—
Lo! where round his body kneel,
Sorely wailing, knights and nobles,
All the flower of Castille.
But my Cid Rodrigo Diaz
Most of all his loss doth feel.

Tears adown his cheeks come trickling,
As he thus in grief doth say,—
"Woe is thee, my king, my lord!
Woe! woe for Castille that day,
When, in spite of me, Zamora
Leaguer'd was with this array!

Neither God nor man he fearéd,
Who to this did counsel thee;
Who did urge thee thus to trespass
'Gainst the laws of chivalry."

Then, turning to the surrounding nobles, he proposed that a challenge should be sent to Zamora before the sun went down. All approved his counsel, but none stept forth to undertake the emprise, for they knew they would have to do battle with Arias Gonzalo and his four sons, all knights of great prowess and renown. Perchance they thought it pertained to the Cid himself, as the

knight of most fame among them, but he reminded them that by reason of his oath he could not offer such a challenge, and said there would not be wanting a knight as worthy as he. Whereon Diego Ordoñez, the flower of the renowned house of Lara, who had been wont to lie at the king's feet, stept forth and claimed the emprise.

He rode up to the walls of the city, and cried with a loud voice,—

"Lying hounds and traitors are ye,
All who in Zamora live;
For within your walls protection
To a traitor ye do give.

Those who shelter lend to traitors,
Traitors are themselves, I trow;
And as such I now impeach ye,
And as such I curse ye now.

Cursed be your wives and children!
Cursed be your babes unborn!
Cursed be your youth, your aged—
All that joy, and all that mourn!

Cursed eke be your forefathers,
That they gave ye life and breath!
Cursed be the bread, the water,
Which such traitors nourisheth!

Cursed be men, women, children!
Cursed be the great, the small!
Cursed be the dead, the living—
All within Zamora's wall!

Lo! I come to prove ye traitors—
Ready stand I on this plain,

Five to meet in single combat,
As it is the wont in Spain."

Out then spake the Count Gonzalo—
Ye shall hear what he did say:—
"What wrong have our infants done ye?
What our babes unborn, I pray?

Wherefore curse ye thus our women?
Why our aged and our dead?
Wherefore curse our cattle? wherefore
All our fountains and our bread?

Know that for this foul impeachment,
Thou must battle do with five?"
Answer made he, "Ye are traitors—
All who in Zamora live!"

Then said Don Arias, "Would I had never been born, if it be in truth as thou sayest; nevertheless, I accept thy challenge, to prove that it is not so." Then, turning to the citizens, he said, "Men of great honour and esteem, if there be among ye any who hath had aught to do with this treachery, let him speak out and confess it, and I will straightway quit this land, and go in exile to Africa, that I may not be overcome in battle as a traitor and a villain."

With one voice all replied,—

"Fire consume us, Count Gonzalo,
If in this we guilty be!
None of us within Zamora
Of this deed had privity.

Dolfos only is the traitor;
None but he the king did slay.
Thou canst safely go to battle—
God will be thy shield and stay."

Now it came to pass when Don Diego Ordoñez de Lara, the noble and valiant avenger of the King Don Sancho ("may his soul rest with God!"), had impeached Zamora, the Infanta held a council in her palace; and Don Arias not being present, as he was wont, sundry surmises were afloat, when on a sudden the old man and his four sons entered the hall, clad in long sweeping robes of black, to testify their sense of the foul charge of treachery which hung over the city. They came to make known to their liege lady their acceptance of the challenge of Don Diego. On a sudden, all five rent their robes asunder, and stood forth in glittering mail. Then spake Don Arias, "Receive, oh lady, my hoary hairs for thy council, and my sons' arms for the combat. Give them thy hand, and they will be invincible, and will wash away in the blood of Diego Ordoñez the foul and intolerable stain of infamy which rests on thee and thy people."

Though the Infanta with tears besought Don Arias to regard his hoary head, and forego so perilous an emprise, he insisted that he and his four sons should accept the challenge, seeing he had been called a traitor.

"Deem it little worth, my lady,
That I go forth to the strife;
For unto his lord the vassal
Oweth wealth, and fame, and life."

Saith one romance that Pedro, one of the sons of Don Arias, was knighted on the eve of the battle. After he had watched his arms before the altar, mass was sung by the bishop, who also blessed each piece of armour ere it was donned, and the young squire was then dubbed by his father, who added some knightly counsel:—

"Rise a knight, son of my bosom!
A knight of noble race thou art;
That God make thee all thou shouldst be,
Is the fond wish of my heart.

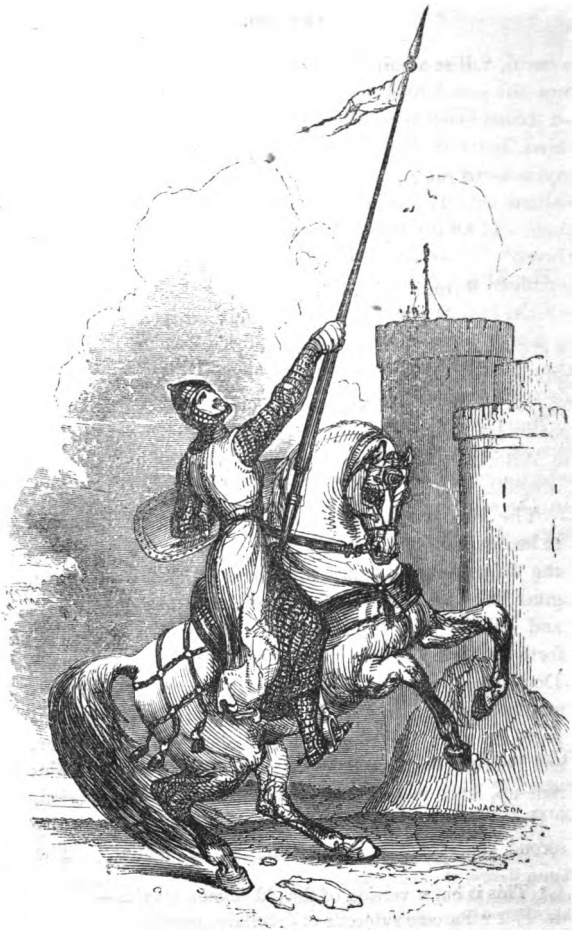
True and upright be to all men;
Traitors shun thou and despise;
Of thy friends be thou the bulwark—
Terror of thine enemies;

Firm in trial, bold in peril,
Mighty in the battle-field;
Smite not, son, thy vanquish'd foeman,
When the steel he cannot wield;

But as long as in the combat
He doth lance or sword oppose,
Spare thou neither thrusts nor slashes,
Be not niggard of thy blows."*

The fond hopes of the old Count were, alas! doomed to be disappointed. Pedro Arias, on meeting his foe in the plain, accosted him with courtesy: "God save thee, good Don Diego, and make thee prosperous and happy, and deliver thee from traitors. Know that I am come forth to free Zamora from the charge of treachery." Don Diego was too wroth to reply in the same strain, and haughtily said, "Ye are traitors, all of ye, and I will prove it on ye." With this they rushed to the encounter, and Pedro Arias was slain. Hereon Don Diego Ordoñez rode up, lance in hand, to the walls of Zamora, and cried, "Ho, Arias Gonzalo! where art thou? Send forth thy second son, for the days of the first are ended." The

* This is but a version of the old Roman maxim—
"Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos."



" Ye are traitors—
All who in Zamora live !"

second, Diego Arias, then went forth to the combat, and met the same fate as his elder brother. The old Count, on beholding the death of his two sons, turned to the third, and said, with tears streaming from his eyes: "See, my beloved son, thou must do thy duty as a bold and valiant knight. Truth is on thy side, and God will aid thee. Go and avenge the death of thine innocent brethren." Hernan Arias, the third son, was mortally wounded in the fight, but he smote Don Diego's charger, which, furious with pain, carried his rider out of the lists, so that the umpires declared it to be a drawn battle, and they thought it not well to determine if the men of Zamora were guilty or not of the murder of the king.*

Bravely did the old Count bear up against his heavy bereavement, as is shown by a short but beautiful romance which describes the funeral procession of one of his sons. In the midst of a troop of three hundred horsemen was borne the corpse, in a wooden coffin:

Five score noble damsels wail him,
Of his kindred every one;
Some an uncle, some a cousin,
Some bewail a brother gone.

More than all the fair Urraca,
Deepest is her grief, I ween.

This must mean the Infanta herself, who was his foster-sister. "How well," saith the romance, "doth the old Arias Gonzalo comfort them!"

* The reader can hardly fail to be reminded of old Torquil and his sons in the battle between the Highland clans Chattan and Quhele, described by Sir Walter Scott in his 'Fair Maid of Perth.'

"Wherefore weep ye thus, my damsels?
Why so bitterly bemoan?
In no tavern-brawl he perish'd;
Wherefore then so woe-begone?

But he died before Zamora,
Pure your honor to maintain;—
Died he as a knight should die,
Died he on the battle-plain."

It does not appear that Arias Gonzalo or his sons were in any way guilty of the treacherous murder of the king Don Sancho. Suspicion would rather attach to the Infanta Urraca, who, saith the Chronicle, had promised Bellido Dolfos whatever he might ask, if he would cause the siege to be raised, albeit she charged him to do no treachery. Of the fate of this miscreant, further than that he was imprisoned by Don Arias, nothing is recorded.*

* The challenge of Don Diego Ordoñez is one of the few events recorded in the history of the Cid which is referred to in Don Quixote. The worthy knight of La Mancha, in his conference with the inhabitants of the braying village, said, "You are mistaken in thinking yourselves affronted, for no individual can affront a whole town, save by accusing them of treason as one man, for he knows not who in particular committed the treason which he lays to their charge. An example of this we have in Don Diego Ordoñez de Lara, who challenged the whole town of Zamora, because he knew not that Bellido Dolfos alone had been guilty of treason in slaying his king, and therefore he challenged the whole people, and to them all belonged the reply and the vengeance; though it is true that Señor Don Diego went somewhat too far, and even greatly outstept the bounds of the challenge—for he needed not to have challenged the dead, nor the waters, nor the bread, nor the unborn, nor other little matters mentioned in the challenge. But, go to! for when choler overflows its dam, the tongue has no father, governor, nor bridle, to restrain it." (*Don Quix.* Part II. cap. 27.)

CHAPTER XXI.

How the Cid administered the oath to King Alfonso.

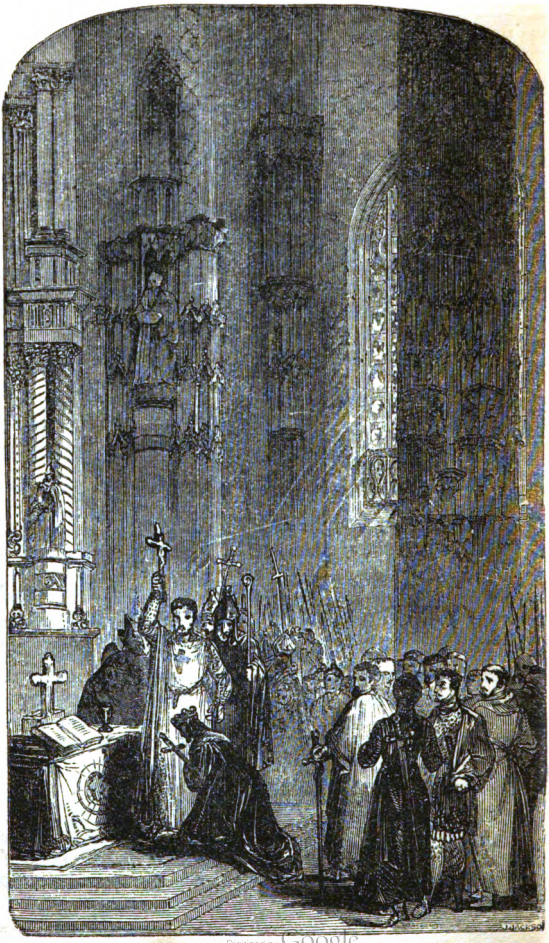
Immediately on the death of King Sancho, which came to pass in the year of our Lord 1073, Doña Urraca sent messengers to her brother Alfonso, then in exile at the court of Ali Maimon, Arab lord of Toledo, to make known to him his succession to the throne of Castille and Leon :—

"King Alfonso! King Alfonso!
Lo, we tidings to thee bring!
All of Leon and Castille
Have proclaim'd thee for their king,
Sith thy brother King Don Sancho
By foul treason hath been slain."

Alfonso received the tidings with great joy, but feared lest, if it should come to the ears of the Moorish prince that he had at his court the lord of the most powerful Christian realm in Spain, he might not be permitted to depart. So he replied :—

"Messengers, ye are right welcome—
Of your tidings nought reveal,
Lest the Moorish king should hear it,
And detain me captive still."

Saith the Chronicle that the Arab prince had already received the tidings and granted Alfonso permission to



depart, but as he detained him day after day, Alfonso and his little band of attendants escaped by letting themselves down by night from the city-walls; and by reversing the shoes on their horses' feet, they eluded pursuit, and reached Zamora in safety. Here the nobles all paid homage to Alfonso as their king, save the Cid, who refused to kiss his hand till he had sworn that he had no part whatsoever in the murder of his brother.

"Don Alfonso! Don Alfonso!
Thou art heir unto this throne;
None thy right would wish to question,
None thy sov'reignty disown.
But the people sore suspect thee,
That by thee this crime was done.

Wherefore, if thou be but guiltless,
Straight I pray of thee to swear,
Thou and twelve of these thy liegemen,
Who with thee in exile were,

That in thy late brother's death
Thou hadst neither part nor share,
That none of ye to his murder
Privy or consenting were."*

* It is not unlikely that the Cid during his short exile at the court of Toledo had seen or heard somewhat to raise these suspicions in his mind. Nay, it were natural to expect if any such conspiracy was there on foot, that, seeing he was suffering under the displeasure of his sovereign, some attempt would be made to win him to join it. That the people should entertain similar suspicions is explained by the result of the combat of Diego Ordoñez with the sons of Arias Gonzalo; for though the Castillian knight had failed to prove the whole people of Zamora to be guilty of treason, yet seeing he had slain three of his opponents, and was not himself vanquished, it would be argued that the impeachment was not

The king agreed to take the oath, and the public ceremonial was appointed to take place in the church of Santa Gadea at Burgos—one of those churches which it was the wont in those days in Spain, as in other realms of Christendom, to set apart for the swearing of oaths, in order that the ceremony might thus acquire greater awe and solemnity. The Cid himself administered the oath on the book of the Evangelists laid open on the altar, and on a crucifix, or, as say other romances, on a wooden cross-bow and iron bolt which had been blessed by the priest, and which the Cid held to the king's breast as he uttered these words:

"By this holy roof above us,
I do call on ye to swear,
Don Alfonso, and ye nobles,—
And of perjury beware;

Swear then—if ye to the murder
Of the king consenting were;
May ye die a villain's death,
If ye aught but truth declare!"

Now the oath was so terrible, it struck fear into the hearts of all who heard it. "May ye die the death of Don Sancho your brother; may villains slay ye, not hidalgos; may they come from the Asturias, not from Leon or Castille; may they slay ye with bodkins, not with darts or lances—with horn-handled knives, not with

without some foundation. I have already mentioned that strong suspicion attached to the Infanta Urraca, and it is not impossible that as she was on the best understanding with her brother Alfonso, he might have been made privy to her plots.

gilt-hilted daggers—may they come in hempen sandals, not in ribboned shoes—may their cloaks be rough-weather garments, not of fine cloth or velvet—may their shirts be of hemp, not of fine linen, nor embroidered—may they come on she-asses, not on mules or horses—may their bridles be of rope, not of well-tanned leather—may they slay ye on the ploughed fields, not in towns or habited spots—and may they draw forth your heart from your left side—if ye speak not truth in this matter."

The king hesitated a moment, but one of his favourite knights exclaimed:

"Take the oath, good king, I pray ye,
There no hindrance is or let;
Pope was never interdicted—
King was never traitor yet."

On this the king took the oath, with his twelve nobles. Whether it was, as the Chronicle says, that Alfonso changed colour, or because it was agreeable to the ancient law of Castille, the Cid insisted upon administering the oath three times, which so angered the king that he cried,—

"Sore thou pressest me, Rodrigo;
Needless thy demand, I wis.
Though to-day thou mak'st me swear,
To-morrow thou my hand must kiss.
By my fay, I vow that on thee
I will be aveng'd for this."

"King and lord, do as it please ye,"
Thus the Cid in answer said;
"As a knight of truth and honor
I have duty's hest obey'd."

According to one romance, the king, no longer able to control his wrath, replied—

"Out upon thee, knight disloyal!
From my realm, O Cid, begone!
And return not, I command thee,
Till a year away hath flown."

Quoth the good Cid, "King, with pleasure
I thy hest obey; nay more,
For one year thou dost me banish,
I will exile me for four."

Away my good Cid then he goeth,
Nor doth kiss the monarch's hand;
Full three hundred noble knights
Follow at the Cid's command.

All are youths of proven valor,
Not one hath a hoary head;
All bear lances tipt with pennons—
Two-fold shields with bosses red.

CHAPTER XXII.

How the Cid was banished from the realm of Castille.

Some romances accord with the Chronicle in stating that the Cid's banishment was long after the day of swearing, though from that time forth the king bore him no good-will. In truth, he was not enough of a courtier to gain the young monarch's favour; he was too sternly honest and too plain-spoken to give other than good and wholesome counsel, however unwelcome it might prove. He was one day with the king in the cloisters of San Pedro de Cardeña, when Alfonso told him he had a mind to go and attack Cuenca, then held by the Moors. Rodrigo answered and said—

"Thou a young king art, Alfonso—
New thy sceptre in the land;
Stablish well at home thy power,
Ere thou drawest forth the brand.

Grievous ill doth ever happen
To those kings who war espouse,
When their new-gain'd crowns have scarcely
'Gan to warm upon their brows."

One of the friars here took up the word for the king, and made answer—

"Art thou sick to see Ximena?
Dreadest thou the toils of war?
Leave unto the king th' emprise—
Back, Rodrigo, to Bivar!"

The Cid waxed wroth and cried, "Who called thee, thou cowled one, to a council of war? Take thy cope, good friar, to the choir, and leave me to bear my pennon to the border.

Peril, war, fatigue, ne'er daunt me;
Love on me no chains hath tied.
More, God wot, have I Tizona
Than Ximena by my side."

"I am one," answered the monk, "who instead of cowl, when need demands, can wear the helm, and stick spurs to steed." "In running from the foe—verily, I believe thee, good father," saith the Cid; "but, certes, more oil than blood hath stained thy garments."

Rodrigo's counsels and reproofs were in truth by no means as agreeable to the monarch as the honeyed words of the flatterers around him, who, jealous of the Cid's great power and fame, did their utmost to foster the king's ill-will towards him. Nevertheless Don Alfonso acknowledged his worth in sending him to receive the tribute which Almucanis, the Arab king of Cordoba and Seville, owed to Castille. While the Cid was at his court, Mudafar, the Arab king of Granada, aided by several Christian knights of Castille, chief of whom was Count Garcia Ordoñez, the sworn foe of the Cid, took up arms against Almucanis; and though the Cid strove to make peace between the princes, and threatened Mudafar and his Christian allies with the vengeance of King Alfonso if they should assail Almucanis, his vassal, and

"the breast-plate of Castille," they paid no heed thereto, but entered the territory of Seville, and laid it waste with fire and sword. The Cid, gathering together a mixed host of Moors and Christians, went forth to meet the foe. He met them at the town of Cabra, and after a bloody combat which endured nearly a day, he put them to the rout and made captive many of the Christian knights and countless Paynims. By some it is recorded* that for this feat of arms he received the title of Cid Campeador. Certain it is that it increased the jealousy and hatred of his enemies at the Castillian court, who still further prejudiced the king against him, so that he lent a willing ear to a complaint made shortly after against the Cid by Ali Maimon, the Arab king of Toledo, an ally of Castille, who charged him with having laid waste his territories, and taken 7000 captives and much spoil.

Though this foray had been provoked by the depredations of the Arabs, it pleased Alfonso to make it a cloak for his vengeance, and he commanded Rodrigo to begone from Castille. The Cid demanded thirty days, as the right of an hidalgo, but the king would grant him no more than nine, confiscated all his lands and goods, and even threatened to hang the Cid, the honor of his realm.

Nobly did the hero reply,—

"I obey, O King Alfonso,
Guilty though in nought I be,
For it doth behove a vassal
To obey his lord's decree;
Prompter far am I to serve thee
Than thou art to guerdon me.

* Mariana, Hist. Gen. de Esp., ix. cap. 11.

I do pray our Holy Lady
Her protection to afford,
That thou never may'st in battle
Need the Cid's right arm and sword.

Well I wot at my departure
Without sorrow thou canst smile;
Well I wot that envious spirits
Noble bosoms can beguile:
But time will show, for this can ne'er be hid,
That they are women all, but I the Cid.

These high-soul'd and valiant courtiers,
Who are wont with thee to eat,
Think ye that their lying counsel
For a kingly ear is meet?

Prithee say, where were these gallants
(Bold enough when far from blows),
Where were they when I, unaided,
Rescued thee from thirteen foes? *

Where were then these palace-warriors,
That for thee they drew no brand?
Verily, we all do know them,
Quick of tongue, but slow of hand.
Yea, time will show, for this can ne'er be hid,
That they are women all, but I the Cid."

* The romance is in error here, for the reader will remember that it was Don Sancho whom the Cid rescued from thirteen of Alfonso's knights. It seems not improbable that this romance was originally written with a reference to the banishment of the Cid by Don Sancho, recorded in Chapter XVII., and that in process of time it came to be applied to his second and much more important banishment by Don Alfonso, undergoing, in its course of oral tradition, such alterations and additions as adapted it to the latter event, while the allusion to the rescue was ignorantly suffered to remain.

CHAPTER XXIII.

How the Cid finds his castle dismantled, and his house in Burgos shut against him; and how in his great need he borrows money of two Jews.

MEANWHILE the Cid's castle of Bivar had been utterly despoiled by his enemies, and the Poem thus recounts his grief at the sight: *—

My Cid when he beheld this sight, I trow, he wept full sore,
He turn'd away his head, but soon he turn'd to gaze once more.
The doors they all stood open wide, unhing'd the coffers all—
Stript were the pegs, and nought was left—mantle nor furréd pall,
And bare were all the perches—not a falcon in the hall.
My Cid he sigh'd to see the sight—it wrought him bitter woe,
My Cid he lifted up his voice—it broken was and slow:
"I thank thee, Heav'nly Father, who dwellest upon high—
I wot mine enemies have wrought this grievous injury."

* It is with this that the Poem, which be it remembered is but a fragment, commences. I shall in future trust to its guidance in preference to that of the Chronicle, as it is of greater antiquity. The distinction between it and the romances in my translations will be apparent in the metre.

He turned his rein and spurred to Burgos with sixty pennons in his train. On quitting Bivar he beheld the crow on his right hand, and as he entered Burgos he had it on his left. Then my Cid knew that it boded ill, and he shrugged his shoulders and shook his head.

As he passed through the streets of Burgos he was met on every side by lamentations, for all Castille mourned him as an orphan bewaileth his sire.

All the good folk of Burgos from their windows lookéd forth,
And sore they wept to see exil'd a knight of so much worth;
This cry alike from every lip broke out with one accord,
"God! what a vassal good were he, had he but a good lord!"

Yet none dared to show him favour, nor even to supply him with provisions, for the king had forbidden it, under pain of loss of goods and of eyesight.

Great sorrow to the Christian folk this royal mandate brought,
And from my Cid away they hid—to him they dar'd say nought.

He found even the door of his own abode barred against him.

My Cid he spurreth to his home, and knocketh at his gate,
But answer none was made to him—all seeméd desolate.
The door fast barréd was, and none within could he espy;
At length a maid of nine years old forth lookéd from on high.
"My Cid," she cried, "a happy hour it was thou girdedst sword,
I dare not open to thee, albeit thou art my lord;
The king he hath forbidden it, on pain of dire disgrace,
On pain of losing house and goods, and the eyes from out our face,

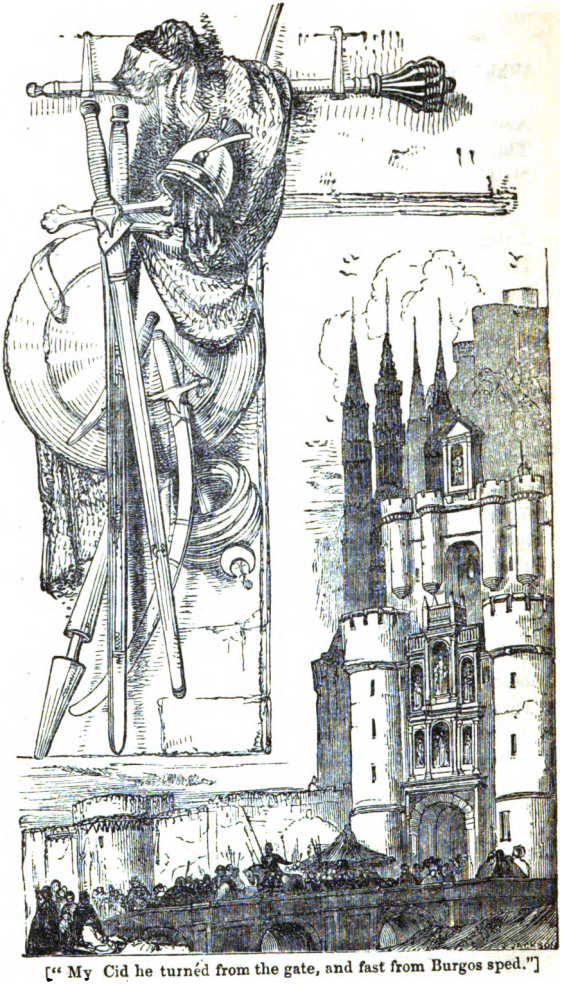
Which nought would vantage thee, my Cid, so prithee, quit
this place,
And the Creator shield thee and give thee every grace."
Thus spake the damsel to the Cid, and drew within her head.
My Cid he turnéd from the gate, and fast from Burgos sped.

He pitched his tent in the plain on the banks of the Arlanzon, the stream which washes the walls of that city. Here he and his knights would have fared poorly enough, had not one worthy citizen, Martin Antolinez, the perfect Burgales, and the Cid's nephew, dared to disregard the king's mandate, and supply him and his followers with bread and wine.

Then out spake Antolinez—ye shall hear what he did say—
"My lord, my Cid Campeador, who in happy hour wast born,
This night we in this place must lie, but away at early morn.
For the wrath of King Alfonso will be kindled hot, my Cid,
Against me, that this service small I did thee in thy need.
But well I wot if God with thine my fortune safely speed,
That soon or late he will repent, and love me for the deed.
If not—then all I leave behind I count it not one fig."

The Cid seeing that his castle of Bivar had been despoiled by his enemies, was greatly perplexed about the means for his journey into exile, for he had not even wherewithal to meet the expenses of the way:—

Then two Jews of well-known substance
To his board inviteth he,
And of them a thousand florins
Asketh with all courtesy.
"Lo!" saith he, "these two large coffers,
Laden all with plate they be;
Take them for the thousand florins—
Take them for security.
In one year, if I redeem not,
That ye sell them, I agree."



["My Cid he turnéd from the gate, and fast from Burgos sped."]

Trusting to the Cid's great honor,
Twice the sum he sought they lend;
To their hands he gave the coffers—
Full were they of nought but sand!

The romancist, in astonishment at this, the only base action recorded of the Cid, breaks forth—

Oh, thou dire necessity!
Oh, how many a noble soul,
To escape thy gnawing fetters,
Hath recourse to deeds as foul!

Saith the Poem that the Cid sent Martin Antolinez, the valiant lance, into Burgos, to Raquel and Vidas, the two Jews who had been wont to purchase the spoils of his forays, to borrow six hundred marks on the two chests. The Jews agreed thereto, saying, "Well wot we that my Cid gaineth somewhat of the Moor. When he entereth their land, what rich spoil he bringeth home!" Martin would fain take the cash forthwith on the faith of his word alone. "Not so," said the Jews, "do we business—we take first and give afterwards; bring the chests and you shall have the money." Nevertheless they gave the money on the understanding that they were not to open the chests for the space of one year; for they put great trust in the Cid, seeing they had never found lie or guile in him in all their dealings with him.*

* If we may credit tradition, one of these chests is to this day preserved in the cloisters of Burgos Cathedral. The Poem of the Cid describes them as covered with red leather, and studded with gilt-headed nails; but this covering, if such ever existed, has been stripped off, and you now see a

plain wooden chest, about four feet by two, strongly bound by ribs of iron, and fastened by three antique locks. In this it exactly answers the description given by the Chronicle, which adds, that the chests were so heavy that three men could scarcely lift one of them, though it were empty. It is said to contain certain musty documents relative to our hero, but I was not able to verify the report, as it is raised to the height of twenty feet or more from the ground, and supported by brackets against the wall. The wood is very rotten, and, were the chest within the reach of pilferers, it would soon cease to exist.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Cid goes to San Pedro de Cardeña, and takes leave of Ximena and his daughters.

Now the Cid struck his tent; but ere he spurred away he crossed his brow, and prayed to Glorious Mary that she would protect him in his exile, and aid him day and night—vowing, if he sped well, to offer rich gifts and have a thousand masses sung at her shrine. Then he turned his steps to the convent of San Pedro de Cardeña, where was his wife Ximena with five attendant ladies, praying to God and Saint Peter:

"Oh, Thou who guidest all the world, oh, guide and guard my Cid!"

When he knocked at the gate ere break of day, God! how joyful was the good Abbot Don Sancho! With torches and tapers they all came out to meet him in the yard. Ximena came forth with her daughters, and falling weeping at his feet, strove to kiss his hand.

"God save thee, Cid Campeador, in a good hour wast thou born!
By traitors' tongues thou exil'd art, and leavest me forlorn.
Lo! at thy feet thy little ones, thy tender daughters lie;
God guard thee, Cid of the Perfect Beard—thy woeful wife am I.
Thy blessing give and counsel for our Virgin Lady's sake!"
The Cid he strok'd his bushy beard, and in his arms did take

His little daughters twain, for he did love them tenderly:
He prest them to his bosom, and ere he made reply
A sigh from out his heart broke forth, and tears stood in his eye.
"Alas! alas! Ximena mine, my fond, my perfect wife,
As mine own soul I love thee, I love thee as my life!"

The good Cid Campeador, whom God keep in health and safety! ere quitting his native land, made a vigil in the convent of San Pedro de Cardeña; for—

The Christian knight it aye behoveth,
Ere he putteth lance in rest,
With the church's holy armour
Well to fortify his breast.

When mass had been sung, the abbot and monks blessed his pennon, which bore the device of a red cross. Then said the Cid, casting his mantle from his shoulders and standing forth in glittering steel, as he held the two ends of the pennon in his hands—

"Holy pennon! blessed pennon!
A Castillian beareth thee
Far away to other lands,
Banish'd by his lord's decree.

Lying tongues of foul-mouth'd traitors!—
Heaven's curse upon them light!
With this ill the king have counsell'd
My good service to requite.

King Alfonso! King Alfonso!
Rouse, bestir thee, rouse and think,
These vain siren songs which charm thee
Lull thee to destruction's brink.

One true and upright vassal better
Than a thousand fawners is;
For a king from many bad men
Cannot make one good, I wis.

Sorely, God wot, hast thou wrong'd me,
Yet I wish thee nought but good;
For to suffer wrongs with meekness
Doth betoken noble blood.*

I forgive thee,—yea, to prove it,
I do swear to yield to thee
All my own good sword may henceforth
Conquer from the enemy;

and to preserve the name of thy realm which is my native soil, all the lands I conquer shall be called New Castille."

During his sojourn at San Pedro the Cid was joined by many knights who had heard of his banishment, and who were ready to leave lands and home and to incur the king's displeasure for the sake of following the standard of so renowned a chieftain. Six days of the limited time had now passed, and he was fain to leave San Pedro in order to quit the territory of Castille before the close of the ninth, for the king had sworn that if after that time he should be found in his realm, for neither gold nor silver should he escape with his head. Wherefore my Cid commended his wife and daughters to the care of the Abbot Don Sancho, to whom he gave one hundred marks of gold to meet their expenses, besides

* The Cid must mean wrongs from his sovereign alone for he was not the man meekly to put up with injury from his equals, and we have his own word for it that "those who have noble escutcheons cannot brook wrongs."

fifty of silver for the convent, promising that for every mark over and above the hundred which he might expend for them, the convent should be repaid fourfold.

The next morn, ere cock-crow, my Cid and his wife went to matins in the church, and Ximena cast herself before the altar and poured forth this prayer:—"Oh, glorious Lord and Father who art in heaven! thou madest heaven, and earth, and thirdly, the sea—thou madest the stars and moon, and the sun to give heat—thou wast made flesh in the Holy Virgin Mother—thou appearedst in Bethlehem according to thy will—the shepherds glorified thee—three kings of Arabia, Melchor, Gaspar, and Balthasar, came to worship thee, and offer thee gold, myrrh, and frankincense—thou savedst Jonas from the sea, and Daniel from the lions—thou savedst in Rome the lord Saint Sebastian—thou savedst Saint Susanna from the false accusation—thou walkedst on this earth two-and-thirty years its spiritual Lord working miracles; water thou turnedst into wine, and stone into bread—thou raisedst Lazarus from the dead, for such was thy holy will. Thou sufferedst thyself to be taken of the Jews to Mount Calvary; they crucified thee in Golgotha, and two thieves with thee: one is in Paradise, the other could not enter therein. Whilst on the cross thou workedst a great marvel—Longinos was blind, nought had he ever beheld—he thrust his lance into thy side and there came forth blood—the blood ran down the spear and anointed his hands—he raised them to his face—he opened his eyes, and lo! he saw on every side—he believed in thee, wherefore is he saved from all evil. Thou descendedst into hell and didst rise again from the sepulchre. Thou brakedst the gates of hell

and drew forth the Holy Fathers—thou art King of Kings and Father of the whole earth. Thee do I worship, and in thee do I believe and trust with my whole heart, and I supplicate St. Peter to aid me with his prayers for my Cid Campeador, that God save him from all evil. I part from him to-day—may we meet again in this life!"

Mass being said, the Cid, ere mounting, took a last farewell of his wife and daughters.

Ximena fain would kiss the hand of her dear lord, the Cid,
But so sore was her weeping, she wist not what she did.
He turnéd to his little ones to give them one more look,
And thus to them and to his wife, the Cid Ruy Diaz spoke:
"To God, the Heavenly Father, ye dear ones I commit;
We here must part—God only wots when we again may meet!"
Their sorrow none e'er saw the like,—all tearful and forlorn
They tear asunder, as the nail from out the flesh is torn.

And he went forth, leaving them drowned in tears and speechless woe. Turning to the band of knights who were about to follow his fortunes, he said, as they rode away—

"Comrades, should it please high Heaven
That we see Castille once more—
Though we now go forth as outcasts,
Sad, dishonor'd, homeless, poor—
We'll return with glory laden
And the spoilings of the Moor."

"He was resolved," says Father Mariana, "to dispel by the splendor of his deeds the clouds of calumny with which his enemies had assailed him."

CHAPTER XXV.

How the Cid won two strongholds from the Moors, and sent part of the spoil to his lord the King Alfonso.

As he passed through Castille on his way into exile, the Cid was joined by many who, urged by the love of adventure so rife in that day, or, it may be, moved by the baser love of spoil, welcomed the opportunity of gaining distinction and booty in a campaign under so renowned a chieftain. His force is said by the Chronicle to have amounted to 400 knights and 3000 foot; but saith the Poem —

Without the foot and men-at-arms, of whom was good array,
Three hundred spears he counted, all bearing pennons gay.

Before quitting Castille, as he lay for the night at Figueruela, a sweet slumber took him, and the angel Gabriel appeared to him in a vision, and said, "Ride on, my Cid, valiant Campeador! for never yet mounted knight in so happy an hour—whilst thou livest all shall fare well with thee." When my Cid awoke, he signed his forehead with the cross, and commended himself to the care of the Almighty. Well pleased was he with the vision he had seen.*

* As it were tedious closely to track the Cid in his long course of hostilities with the Moslems after his exile from Castille, I shall mention only the leading incidents. The romances indeed omit all mention of many of the exploits he performed during this period, as recorded by the Poem and the Chronicle.

No sooner had he crossed the border than he began to make war on the Moors. He first took Casteion on the river Henares. He approached the town by night, and lay in ambush near the walls.

Now breaks the dawning in the east, and cometh in the day;
The sun upriseth he—great God! how beauteous is his ray!

The gates of Casteion were opened, and its inhabitants came forth to their labour; then the Cid, the Fighter of renown, quitted his ambush, and ere the gates could be closed against him he entered them with all his host. It is recorded that he slew eleven Moors with his own hand:

And thus he won Casteion with its silver and its gold,

of which there was great abundance, for every knight had one hundred marks of silver, and every foot-soldier half as much, to his share. The fifth of the whole booty fell to the Cid, and he sold it to the Moors of the neighbourhood for three thousand marks.

Not long did he abide in Casteion, fearing he might be pursued by King Alfonso; and he soon bent his steps to Alcocer, another stronghold of the Moors, to which he laid siege. After beleaguering it for fifteen weeks in vain, for it was situated on a steep and lofty height, he had recourse to stratagem, and took the place much in the same manner as he had taken Casteion. He abandoned his camp as though he had raised the siege, and when the Moors flocked out of their gates rejoicing, he spurred back to the town, crying—

"On, on, my knights, and smite the foe! and falter not, I pray!
For by the grace of God, I trow, the town is ours this day!"

and ere long his banner was floating on the ramparts. God! how great was the joy on that morning! Out

then spake my Cid, "Thanks to the God of Heaven and all his saints, we have now better lodgings for both men and horses. List to me, Alvar Fañez and all my knights!—the Moors and their women left in this castle we cannot sell, and to cut off their heads would nothing profit us. Let us dwell in their houses, and make them serve us, for we are now lords over them." Howbeit he was not left in tranquil possession, for the Moorish king of Valencia gathered a great and sovereign host, and besieged him in Alcocer, and so numerous was the foe that my Cid forbad his men to sally forth to the battle. When three weeks had thus passed, the Cid called a council of war; and Alvar Fañez Minaya, his chief captain, and a right trusty knight, thus spake his mind:—

"Far from our land, from fair Castille, we here are banishéd;
If with the Moors we battle not, I wot we get no bread.
Six hundred lances do we count, nor is this all our might,
And, by the God of heav'n and earth! they are enough to fight.

Though few, we are of one land, of one soul, of one will, and with God's help we will go forth to meet them." This counsel pleased the Cid well, and on the morrow he sallied forth at the head of his host. He gave his standard to Pero Bermudez, his nephew, forbidding him to spur forward with it, save at his command; but no sooner were the hostile forces met in battle array, than the fiery youth, unable to control his ardour, spurred into the thick of the foe, waving the standard and shouting,

"The great Creator save thee, thou loyal Campeador!
I go to place thy standard in the midst of yonder host."
"Now stay thee, stay thee," cried the Cid, "I wot it will be lost!"

"Fear not!" quoth bold Bermudez, "I will safely bear it through."
Away, away, he spurreth fast against the turban'd foe.

Then the Moors opened their ranks so as to close them again on the standard, but Bermudez defended himself valiantly, yet it would have gone hard with him had not the Cid brought his force to the rescue. Thus shouted he as he headed the charge:

"Smite, smite, my knights, for mercy's sake, on boldly to the war!
I am Ruy Diaz of Bivar, the Cid Campeadór!"
Three hundred lances then were couch'd, with pennons streaming gay—
Three hundred shields were piercéd through—no steel the shock might stay—
Three hundred hauberks were torn off in that encounter sore—
Three hundred snow-white pennons were crimson-dy'd in gore—
Three hundred chargers wander'd loose—their lords were overthrown;
The Christians cry "St. James for Spain!" the Moormen cry "Mahoun!"

Every man of the Cid's knights overcame his adversary. How well did my Cid fight on his gilt-pommelled saddle! So fierce was the onslaught, that in a little space of ground there fell thirteen hundred Moors, among them two of the three kings who headed their host. The third, with the remainder of the Paynims, took to flight, and the Christians pursued them with great slaughter as far as Calatayud. So good a day for Christendom was this! Fifteen only fell of the followers of the Cid. Rich

was the plunder of the Moorish camp, and great was the Cid's share. God! how well he guerdoned all his vassals! Among them all you would not find one poor man; he who serveth a good lord liveth ever in bliss. A portion of the spoil, thirty horses, all richly caparisoned, with scimitars hanging at the saddle-bows, he sent as a gift to King Alfonso by the hands of Alvar Fañez.

The king beheld the chargers, and beauteous smiléd he—
"Now God thee save, Minaya, who sent these steeds to me?"
"My Cid Ruy Diaz, sire, it is, who in good hour girded brand.
Two Paynim kings he hath o'ercome, the mightiest in the land.
Plenteous and sovereign is the spoil he from the Moors hath won;
This portion, honor'd king and lord, he sendeth to your throne.
Your feet and hands he kisseth in rev'rence bending low—
The great Creator save ye, some favor to him show!"

Saith the king, "It is yet too early for a vassal who hath lost his liege's favour to regain it. Yet it pleaseth me to see that the Cid hath won so much spoil, and sith it is of the Moors, I accept this gift. As for thee, Minaya, come and go as thou wilt, thou hast my pardon; but of the Cid thy master, I say nothing; only be it known that whosoever in all my realm may wish as good and valiant knights to join my Cid's banner, I leave them free to go, and touch not their heritage." *

* The Chronicle states that the king would have pardoned him but for Ali Maimon of Toledo, whom the king greatly loved, and for whose sake the Cid was banished.

In the meantime the Cid, having sold the castle of Alcocer to the Moors for 6000 marks of silver, quitted it, to the great sorrow of its Paynim inhabitants, who sorely wept at his departure, crying,

"Go then, and Allah shield thee, Cid—our prayers before thee go!"

As he went on his way he beheld many birds of good omen.

He continued his forays into the Arab territory, ravaged it far and wide, laid many of the principal cities in the east of Spain, Daroca, Molina, Teruel, and Zaragoza itself, under tribute, and gained great spoil and greater glory. Much did this please my Cid, and the Perfect one so laughed out, he could scarce hold himself.

When Alvar Fañez rejoined him after his embassy to Castille, God! how rejoiced was the Beauteous Beard! He abode not long in one spot, but scoured the land from Huesca on the north to Alicante in the south; for said he, "Who dwelleth long in one place, suffereth loss thereby."

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Cid overcomes the Count of Barcelona, and wins the good sword Colada.

THE fame of the Cid's conquests stirred up the envy and wrath of Don Ramon Berenger, Count of Barcelona, who was much given to vain-boasting. He gathered a mixed host of Christians and Moors, and went in pursuit of the Good One of Bivar. He came up with him at the Pinewood of Tebar, and demanded all the spoil he had gathered, as being taken from the lands under his protection. Rodrigo gave no heed to this demand, and would fain have gone his way in peace, but the Count cried—"Verily this exile shall know to whom he doth dishonor." Then my Cid saw that they must come to arms; and he said, "Verily Ramon Berenger shall see whom he pursueth." Then the two hosts met in battle, and the Count and his Frenchmen were overcome.

My Cid he captive took the Count and won the brand he wore,
The famous sword Colada, worth a thousand marks or more.
He won the field, and thus he did great honor to his beard.

After this victory the Cid made a great feast, but the captive Count refused to partake thereof—"Not a mouthful for all the wealth of Spain; rather," said he, "would I lose body and soul, seeing I have been conquered in

fight by such ragamuffins." The Cid besought him to eat, telling him that if he do, he and two of his knights should be free to depart. Hereon the Count fell to with right good will, having fasted for three days. After his meal his horse was brought, and then said the Cid, "Now thou canst depart, Sir Count, like a true Frank as thou art; verily I am beholden to thee for the spoil thou hast left me. Wouldst thou at any time avenge thyself for it, come and seek me, thou wilt be sure to find me." The Count answered and said, "Thou art merry, my Cid, but thou art safe and free—verily, I have furnished thee well for this year,—to seek thee again, in troth, I take no thought thereof." With that he spurred away.

Yet oft he turnéd round his head, and cast a look behind,
For sore he fearéd that my Cid might alter in his mind.
But of such thing the Perfect One, I trow, no thought had he—
Not for the wealth of all the world would he do a treachery.

CHAPTER XXVII.

How the Cid continued to prevail over his enemies, and how Don Alfonso restored him to favour.

Everywhere did success attend the arms of the Cid. He extended his forays to the south, and began to war against the salt sea, taking Alicante, Xerica, Murviedro, and other towns, so that there was no small terror of him in Valencia; "to crown his felicity," observes Father Mariana, "the favour of his sovereign was alone wanting." He also worsted Don Pedro, king of Aragon, who on one occasion sent one hundred and fifty horsemen to surprise him as he was hunting, attended by only a dozen knights; but the Cid's prowess saved him, and he routed the Aragonese and captured seven of their number, whom, with his wonted generosity, he set at liberty.

The fortress of Rueda, near Zaragoza, had been wrested from the Castillians by the Moors, who had also treacherously slain the Infante Don Ramiro, son of King Alfonso. This monarch thereon recalled the Cid from banishment, and prayed him to march against Rueda and reduce it. Rodrigo kissed the royal hand, but refused to accept the offered pardon, unless the king would pledge his word that thenceforth every hidalgo under sentence of banishment should have thirty days granted him before going into exile, as of old, to prove, if possible, his innocence; for, said he,

"Ne'er should be a vassal banish'd
Without time to plead his cause;
Ne'er should king his people's rights
Trample on and break the laws;

Ne'er should he his liegemen punish
More than to their crimes is due,
Lest they rise into rebellion—
That day sorely would he rue."

The king pledged his word to this, and the Cid marched against Rueda, met with his wonted success, and on his return was received with all honor by his grateful sovereign. This came to pass in the year of our Lord 1081.

After this my Cid abode much time in Castille, doing good service to Alfonso his liege. He took captive Pedro, king of Aragon, and many of his nobles and chief captains, but set them again at liberty.

He likewise won Consuegra, a town of La Mancha, from the Moors; but here was slain his only son, Diego Rodriguez de Bivar, a youth of great promise, and who had already begun to tread in the steps and imitate the virtues of his father.

When Don Alfonso went up to Toledo to beleaguer it, which he did for four years, till it surrendered in the year 1085, the Cid went with him, and served him loyally as a good and faithful vassal.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

How the Cid was banished a second time by King Alfonso; and how he laid siege to Valencia, and rebuked the cowardice of Martin Pelaez; and how he won the city.

THE ill-will of the king towards the Cid was not utterly removed, but being kept alive by the malice of the Cid's enemies, a pretext was not lacking for a renewed sentence of banishment. He had been commanded by the king to meet him at Requena, whence they were to proceed together to attack the castle of Aledo. The Cid obeyed, and waited at Requena, but the king took another road to Aledo; and when he was unsuccessful in his attack, the Cid's enemies represented that the Cid had tarried wittingly, and the king believed them, and was wroth, and again banished the Cid. Whereon the hero, as heretofore, made war against the Moors, and with his wonted success; and ere long had carried his victorious arms to the gates of Valencia. That city had been subject to Ali Maimon, king of Toledo, and afterwards to his son Yahye, in whose time it was besieged by another Arab prince, the lord of Denia. The king of Zaragoza, aided by the Cid, raised the siege; and the Cid made alliance with the king of Valencia, and in his name reduced all the neighbouring princes to be tributaries to Yahye. By this alliance with a Christian, the king of Valencia rendered himself odious to his sub-

jects; and they invited the Almoravides, a fierce and warlike race of Moors, who had been making wide conquests in Spain, to deliver them from his sway. On their coming, Yahye was murdered; and, under the mask of avenging his death, the Cid resolved to drive out the Almoravides, and make Valencia his own. Thereupon he sent heralds through Castille, Aragon, and Navarre, proclaiming that all who loved a merry life and a glorious might join his standard, but they must come not for spoil, but out of pure love of blows. Adventurers flocked to his camp from all quarters. He then laid siege to the city.

In his camp was an Asturian knight, named Martin Pelaez, of stout and powerful frame, but of a weak and craven spirit. It came to pass, when the Cid and his followers were one day engaged in deadly combat with the Paynims, this Pelaez left the fight, and returned secretly to his tent, where he lay concealed till the battle was over, and the Christians, weary with the work of slaughter, returned to refresh themselves in the camp.

The Cid he sat him down to eat,
With him of his knights sat none,
For it was his daily wont
At his board to sit alone.
At another sat his knights,
All who were of high renown.

For so did the good Cid ordain, that their valor might be made known to all, and that the rest might strive to emulate them in the field.

Thinking that my Cid Rodrigo
Had not witnesséd his shame,

In came Martin, neat and cleanséd;
Straight unto the board he came,
Where did sit Don Alvar Fañez
With his mighty men of fame.

Up the good Cid then arose,
Seiz'd his arm, and whisper'd low,
"Friend, to eat with these great warriors
Is not meet for such as thou.

These are knights of proven valor—
Better men than we are they;
Sit thee then at this my table,
Of my viands eat, I pray."

Down then sat he with Rodrigo—
At his board with him did eat.
Thus the Cid with wondrous mildness
Did rebuke him, as was meet.

After meat the Cid, with the same considerate gentleness, took him aside, and in plain terms upbraided him with his cowardice. "Can it be," said he, "that a man nobly born as thou art, can fly through terror of the strife? Knowest thou not that it is honourable to die on the battle-field? Better hadst thou turn monk; peradventure thou mayest be able to serve God in the cloister, though thou canst not in the war. Nathless, try once more: go forth this evening to the fight, place thyself at my side, and let me see what spirit thou canst show."

Deeply did Martin feel this rebuke, and grievous was his shame. He resolved to go forth to the field, and strive to redeem his character. Accordingly, on the

morrow, when the Cid and his host rode up to the very gates of Valencia,

Martin was the first that rushéd
Headlong on the coming foe;
No fear then, I wot, he provéd—
Wondrous valor he did show:
His right arm wrought grievous slaughter,
Many Paynims he laid low.

As they fell right fast before him,
"Whence this furious fiend?" they cried:
"Ne'er have we beheld such valor;
None his onset can abide."

The Saracens were driven back into the city, and Martin returned to the camp, his arms bathed in blood up to the elbows. The Cid stood awaiting him, and warmly embraced him and said, "Friend Martin, verily thou art a good and doughty knight. No longer must thou eat with me at table; henceforth thou shalt sit with Alvar Fañez, my cousin-german, and my other knights of highest valor and renown." From that day forth Martin Pelaez did prove himself a right valiant knight, and thus was borne out the proverb—

"Who to a good tree betakes him,
Shelter good he there will find."

The Valencians being hard beset, and hopeless of succour, an alfaqui, or priest of the Moors, ascended a lofty tower on the ramparts, and when he beheld the city so fair and beautiful, and the camp of her enemies pitched against her, his heart smote him sore, and he sighed forth this lament:—

"Oh Valencia! my Valencia!
Worthy thou to rule for aye;
But if Allah do not pity,
Soon thy glory must decay.

Lo! I see thy mighty ramparts
Shake and totter to their fall.
Yea, thy proud and lofty towers,
And thy snowy turrets all,

Which thy sons rejoic'd to gaze on,
As they glitter'd from afar,
Woe! I see them sink and crumble—
Ruin doth their beauty mar.

See, thy fertilizing river
Now hath stray'd from out its bed;
All thy springs and gushing fountains
Now are dried up at their head.

Green thy fields and fair thy flowers,
As they once in beauty shone;
Now their beauty is defiléd,
All their bloom and odour gone.

Yonder broad and noble strand,
Once thy pride and once thy boast,
Now by foot of foe is trampled—
By Castilla's robber host.

Rapine, death, and desolation,
On thy land these Christians pour;
Yea, the smoke of yonder burnings
All the landscape doth obscure.

Gone are all the charms which made thee
To thy children so divine.
Could these walls but weep and wail thee,
They would add their tears to mine.

Oh Valencia! my Valencia!
Allah quickly succour thee!
Oft have I foretold what now
Sore it grieveth me to see."

After a siege of ten months, the Cid gained possession of the city, in the year of our Lord 1094.

Right joyful was the Perfect One, with all his men of might,
To see upon Valencia's keep his banner waving bright.
All who were squires were dubbéd knights for their deeds' sake that day;
How much of gold each soldier won, I prithee, who can say?

According to the Christian records he made a mild and generous use of his victory. He gave orders that the dead should be buried, and the sick and wounded ministered unto, and assured the citizens that respect should be paid to their persons and property; for that though mighty and terrible in war, he was mild and gentle in peace. "I seek not your goods," said he; "not for spoil do I make war; neither do I want your daughters for my pleasures,—

I do seek no wanton leman—
I a true wife have and chaste.
At San Pedro she abideth,
Ready to obey my hest."

The Moorish chroniclers tell another tale, and record the cruelties inflicted upon the unhappy governor of Valencia by the tyrant Cambitor (Campeador), "Allah curse him!" Say they that the governor, Ahmed Ben

Geâf, finding the city hard pressed, and without hope of succour, surrendered it to the Christians on condition of security of person and property for himself, his family, and the citizens, and of his retaining the government of the city as its alcayde. The Cid, they say, observed these conditions for one year, and then, when it was least looked for, cast the governor and his family into a dungeon, striving, by promises and threats, to make him declare where the treasures of the king Yahye were concealed. He caused a huge fire to be kindled in the midst of the great square of the city, and commanded the unhappy alcayde, with his family, all in chains, to be brought forth and cast into the flames. Whereon all the Paynims, and even Christians, who were present, besought him at least to spare the innocent family, and after much entreaty the tyrant Cambitor consented. Then he commanded a large pit to be dug in the same square, and put the alcayde therein up to the waist, and piled up wood around him, and set it on fire. Then the alcayde covered his face, and cried, "In the name of God the compassionate, the merciful!" and in a short time his body was consumed, and his soul passed to the merciful bosom of his God.*

* Conde, Historia de los Arabes en España, tom. ii. cap. 22. All this, however, may safely be pronounced exaggerated. As the portrait of the Cid drawn by his countrymen is undoubtedly a flattering likeness, brighter and fairer than reality, so this depicted by his foes—by a race whose enmity was exasperated by the long series of defeats and humiliations they had received at his hands—is unquestionably darkened by the shadows of hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness.

CHAPTER XXIX.

How the Cid appointed a bishop to Valencia, and sent gifts to Alfonso, his king.

HARDLY had the Cid taken possession of Valencia, when the Moorish king of Seville brought a host of 30,000 men against him; but my Cid, he of the long beard, routed it in the Huerta, the great plain which encompasses the city.

Rich was the spoil, and mighty, when Valencia was ta'en,
But richer far was this, I ween, they gather'd on the plain.

Even the meanest man in his army had a hundred silver marks for his share, so that the Cid had some ado to keep them to his standard. He numbered his host, and found it to consist of 3600 men. Then did his heart rejoice, and he smiled, saying, "I thank God, and his Holy Mother Mary. With few enough we quitted the castle of Bivar; now we have a great host, and of wealth good store, and yet more shall we gain."

The Cid's religious zeal was not behind-hand with his valor, and no sooner had he overcome the infidels than he sought to win them to the true faith. His earliest care was to appoint a Christian bishop to his newly-won city—God! how all Christendom did rejoice! This dignitary, whose name was Don Geronymo, albeit learned and wise, was not one to persuade men. Like the

warrior-monks of the Temple, and many other ecclesiastics of that day, he loved rather to make converts at the point of the sword than to win them by book or crucifix. He was a valiant man at his weapon, either on horse or on foot, and this it was that recommended him to the Cid; for when he sighed to meet the Moors in the field, and to have his full of smiting them to the earth, the Cid heard him with great joy, and at once fixed upon this good Christian as the spiritual father of the new diocese.

The Cid's next care was to despatch Alvar Fañez to Burgos to pray the king Alfonso for the company of Ximena and his two daughters, whom he had left in the care of the abbot of S. Pedro de Cardeña. He told Don Alvar to take with him five hundred marks of silver for the expenses of their journey to Valencia, and as many more for the abbot.

"To the worthy Jews two hundred
Marks of gold bear with all speed,
With as many more of silver,
Which they lent me in my need,

In my knightly honor trusting;
But I basely did deceive,
And in pledge thereof two coffers
Full of nought but sand did give.

Pray ye of them, for my solace,
Pray them now to pardon me,
Sith with sorrow great I did it
Of my hard necessity.

Say, albeit within the coffers
Nought but sand they can espy,

That the pure gold of my truth
Deep beneath that sand doth lie." *

He sent likewise to the king Alfonso, his own good and liege lord, a rich gift of captives, horses, and treasures, and charged Don Alvar what to say:—

"Say, friend, to the king Alfonso,
May it please him now to take
This unworthy gift and offering,
Which a banish'd lord doth make;

Yea, unworthy all in value,
But some favor in his eyes
It may gain when that ye tell him
'T is of Christian blood the price.

In two years with my good faulchion
I have won more land than he
Did inherit from his father;
(May he now in glory be!)

Tell him, all this land and treasure,
All I've won with my good sword,
I do hold of him in fief,
As a vassal of his lord.

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* The Poem does not mention these injunctions of the Cid respecting the Jews, but states that they complained to Alvar Fañez when at Burgos, saying the Cid had undone them, and that they were willing to remit the interest if they could get back the principal; but it seems more consistent with the Cid's character to suppose that he did not send to Burgos without remembering the debt he had so dishonestly contracted, though it is difficult to believe that he could not have found an earlier opportunity of remitting the money during the years that had elapsed since his first banishment.

Yea, I pray God that my prowess
To his wealth may increase yield,
While my heel can strike Babieca,
While my hand Tizona wield.

One boon only I do ask him—
Can I crave this boon in vain?
That he send my lov'd Ximena,
And my tender daughters twain,
Dearest treasures of my bosom,
To relieve my lonely pain."

Alvar Fañez faithfully executed his mission, and repeated his lord's words in the presence of the king at Burgos.

The king uplifted his right hand, and cross'd with it his brow—
"So help me, great Saint Isidore! the tidings that ye tell
Of the great doings of my Cid, I trow, they please me well."

Howbeit they were not acceptable to all present, for the Count Garcia Ordoñez, the Cid's sworn foe, arose, and warned the king to beware of deceit, and give no credit to what he had heard. "Perchance the Cid meaneth to follow his gift, and beard thee to thy face on the morrow." Alvar Fañez plucked his bonnet from his brows, and replied, all stammering with rage,

"Let none stir, upon his peril!
Speak not! none of ye—take heed
That the Cid himself is present,
For I stand here in his stead!

Who will dare to utter falsehoods—
Foul and lying words declare?

In the Cid's name, I do warn him,
Let him of his head have care!

And do thou, oh king, who listeneth to and delighteth in these flatterers, make a rampart of them, and see what they are worth in the day of battle." Then remembering in whose presence he had spoken, Don Alvar, as a loyal knight, asked pardon of the king, yet without retracting aught that he had uttered, and repeated his request to take back Ximena and her daughters—

"Sith I offer ye their ransom,
As tho' they your captives were."

Saith the Poem, that the king himself rebuked the count, saying, "Hold thy peace, for in every wise is my Cid a better vassal than thou." He granted the request of the Cid, and promised to give Ximena a safe conduct through Castille. Then turning to his courtiers, he exclaimed, "List ye, warriors, and all my court! I would not that my Cid lose aught that pertaineth to him. All the men of war who call him lord, in as far as I have confiscated their goods, I now release them, and grant them their heritages, that they may well serve their lord the Campeador. All others who may wish to join the Cid's standard are free to go, and God's blessing attend them. More honor than otherwise, I trow, shall we gain in this matter."

CHAPTER XXX.

Showing that Ximena and her daughters joined my Cid in Valencia.

From Burgos, Alvar Fañez bent his steps to San Pedro de Cardeña, to acquaint Ximena with the purpose of his coming.

"Should my Cid see ye safe and sound, a joyful man were he."

Then said Ximena, "The Lord's will be done."

At San Pedro, Don Alvar was joined by many knights who wished to fight under the Cid, and with a goodly force he set out for Valencia.

He had sent forward to make known to the Cid the success of his mission; whereat my Cid was right well pleased in his heart, and said,

"Who sendeth a good messenger, good tidings will he hear."

And he despatched the Bishop Don Geronymo with a hundred horse to meet Ximena on the road.

The Poem describeth minutely Ximena's journey to Valencia—recounting how Don Alvar bought palfreys and mules for her and her daughters, with the best garniture that Burgos could afford; how the Moor Abengalvon, a tributary of the Cid, went out by his

lord's command to meet them and bring them to Valencia; and what a gallant company was that of Alvar Fañez, all mounted on noble steeds, garnished with bells and poitrels and silken housings, and each knight wearing his shield hung about his neck, and bearing his lance tipt with a gay pennon in his hand, that all men might see of what mind was Alvar Fañez; what great honor Abengalvon did Minaya and the ladies in Molina his city, so that he left them nothing to desire.

Right joyful was my Cid, I ween, his heart with joy o'erflow'd,
When he heard that all he lovéd most was coming on the road.

He donned his armour, and mounted Babieca (for the first time, says the Poem), and went forth to meet them, and when Ximena fell at his feet he raised her up and embraced her and her daughters, and so great was the joy, that tears streamed from all their eyes. Thus spake he:—

"Thou dear and honor'd wife of mine, and ye my daughters twain,
My heart and soul, great joy have I to see you once again.
Enter with me into my town, Valencia the Fair,
Which from the Moormen I have won for the love I to ye bear."

CHAPTER XXXI.

How my Cid vanquished a Moorish host which came against Valencia, and how he sent a portion of the spoil to Don Alfonso his liege, who thereon granted him pardon.

Now it came to pass that soon after this, the great Miramamolin, king of Tunis,* landed on the shore of Spain, with 50,000 horse and a countless host of foot, to wrest Valencia from the hands of the Christians. Rodrigo took Ximena and his two daughters to the roof of the highest tower in the Alcazar, or citadel, and showed them this vast armament.

Toward the sea they cast their eyes—
Foes did swarm along the coast;
Round about the town they lookéd—
Everywhere a mighty host.

Tents were pitching, trenches digging—
All to battle did prepare;
Shouts of men, and war-steeds neighing—
Drums and trumpets rent the air.

The ladies were terrified at this sight, for they had never beheld so great a multitude, and Ximena's heart

* The Poem says, Yucef, king of Morocco.

was nigh breaking with fear; but the Cid, stroking his long beard, cheered them and said:—

"Fear not thou, my lov'd Ximena,
Fear not ye, my daughters dear,
While I live to wield Tizona,
Ye, I wot, have nought to fear."

"See ye not," he added, "that the more numerous the foe, the richer will be the spoil, and the larger your dowries, my daughters?* Behold what great and marvellous riches are prepared for ye. Lo! these drums and trumpets shall soon be borne in triumph before ye, and the good Bishop Don Geronymo shall hang them up in the church of Santa Maria. Verily my heart swelleth now that ye are present! I thank God and Holy Mary his mother, that I have ye here, for ye will behold me in the battle, and will learn with your own eyes how I gain my bread." Perceiving then that some of the Moors had entered the orchards near the city, he despatched Don Alvar Salvadores with two hundred horse to drive them out, and make an onslaught against the pagan dogs for the gratification of the ladies. This was done accordingly; the Moors were driven out, but Don Alvar, too eager in the pursuit of the flying foe, followed them within their camp, and was taken prisoner. "This," said the Cid, "hath been a good day, but the morrow shall be better." On the morrow ere break of day, mass was sung by the bishop, which gave great comfort to all, for he told them that whoever might die with his face to the foe, fighting in the name of the Creator and the Apostle St. James,

* This saying of the Cid, "The more Moors, the more gain," became proverbial in Spain, and continues so at the present day.

God would receive his soul. Then this good Christian without fault craved a boon of the Cid, to wit, that he might strike the first blow in the coming battle. This was granted: and he who in a lucky hour girt the sword, sallied forth with his troops from the gates of Valencia, the good bishop marching in complete armour at their head.

Four thousand men save thirty go forth to meet the foe,
Full fifty thousand Moors to meet, with right good will they go.

For they were led on and animated by the Cid. "At them! my knights, in the name of God and St. James!

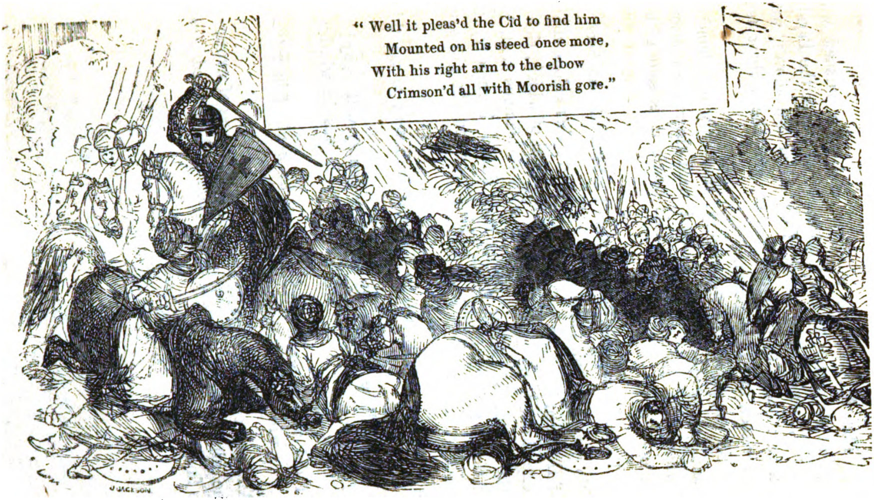
Strike, strike, my knights, with love and zeal! be hearty in the war,
For I'm Rodrigo of Bivar, the Cid Campeadór!"

The small band of Christians soon found themselves in peril of being hemmed in by the overwhelming hosts of the foe:

But my good Cid, this perceiving,
Rushéd on the enemy;
'Gainst their ranks he spurr'd Babieca,
Shouting loud his battle cry,

"Aid us, God and Santiago!"
Many a Paynim he laid low;
To despatch a foe he never
Needed to repeat his blow.

Well it pleas'd the Cid to find him
Mounted on his steed once more,
With his right arm to the elbow
Crimson'd all with Moorish gore.



“ Well it pleas’d the Cid to find him
Mounted on his steed once more,
With his right arm to the elbow
Crimson’d all with Moorish gore.”

The Moors took to flight and were pursued with great slaughter by the Christians, who took the Paynim camp, where they found Don Alvar Salvadores, with a vast booty in gold and horses, and the richest tent ever seen in Christendom.

So complete was the victory, that only one hundred and four of the Moors escaped with their lives, among whom was their king. In this battle it is said of my Cid—

He learnt to prize Babieca from his head unto his hoof.

So great was the spoil, that to the Cid's share alone there fell fifteen hundred horses; two hundred of which, richly caparisoned, he sent, together with the famous tent, by the hands of Alvar Fañez and Pedro Bermudez, to Alfonso the Castillian. The king received the gift graciously, and said—

"I thank my Cid that he this gift hath sent to me this day,
Now shall he see, in troth, that I his bounty will repay;
I cast my Cid forth from Castille—it was in wrathful mood—
I did to him great wrong, which he would fain return with good."

And overcome by the Cid's noble forgetfulness of wrongs, the king thereon granted him pardon and restored him to favour.

CHAPTER XXXII.

How the Counts of Carrion sought and obtained the Cid's daughters in marriage.

At this time the brother counts of Carrion, two of the first nobles of Castille, descended on the mother's side from the royal house of Leon, were moved, by the great fame and wealth of the Cid, to beseech the king to give them to wife his two daughters, Doña Elvira and Doña Sol. The Poem saith that this took place at the time of the Cid's last embassy, and as it pleased the king he wrote to the Cid, asking him to meet him to consult on the matter. Rodrigo did not relish the proposal, thinking the counts too haughty and courtier-like for his sons-in-law; but he advised with Ximena, "for in such-like matters," saith the romance, with much truth, "women are wont to be of great importance."

Out then spake the dame Ximena,
"Troth, my Cid, no wish have I
To ally me with these lordlings,
Though they be of lineage high.

But I would thou in this matter
Do as best it seemeth thee;
'Tween thee and the king, of counsel
Good and wise no lack can be."

He took a good hour to think of it, and then said, "I

thank Christ my Lord; forasmuch as I was exiled from my land, and deprived of mine honor, now I have great possessions which I have won with much labor, and now have I the favor of my lord the king, who demandeth my daughters for the Counts of Carrion. In faith, I like not this match too well, but since he adviseth it who is our lord, let us consider of it. What he wisheth, that should we wish also. Verily I will meet him on the banks of the Tagus."

When were ever seen in Castille so many choice mules, so many swift palfreys, so many strong and sure-footed chargers, so many gay pennons fluttering from lance-heads, so many shields embossed with gold and silver, so many rich garments of silk and fur, as when the Good One of Bivar met Alfonso the Castillian on the banks of the Tagus? The Cid took with him Alvar Fañez and Pero Bermudez, of whom he said, "In few lands are there two such men," and most of his principal knights; but Alvar Salvadores and Galin Garcia he left in care of Valencia, charging them not to open the gates of the citadel night nor day, for within it were his heart and soul, Ximena and her daughters. On seeing him approach, the king went forth to meet him. He who in a lucky hour was born cast himself at the king's feet, and took the grass of the field in his teeth; but Alfonso raised him up, telling him, if he valued his love, to kiss his hands and not his feet. Then said the Cid, still kneeling, "Pardon I crave of ye, my liege lord; grant me here your love as you have granted it to all these around!" Saith the king, "That do I with my whole heart and soul. I here pardon thee and grant thee my favor and love." Then said the Cid, "I give thanks to the God of

Heaven, and next to you, my liege lord, and then to this host around, that I have again your favour." Then he kissed the king's hands, but Alfonso raised him up and saluted him on the mouth.

The Cid would fain have had his sovereign to be his guest, but said Alfonso, "Nay—that were not meet; thou hast but now arrived, and we have come overnight—to-day thou art our guest, and on the morrow we will do what pleaseth thee." So the Cid was that day the king's guest, and

> The king wist not to honor him enough, or show his love,
> But sat and gazéd on his beard, and marvell'd how it throve;
> And all his courtiers marvell'd too, as many as sat there.

The next day the king was the Cid's guest. Mass was said at sunrise, and the king straightway opened the matter of the marriage. The Cid returned thanks to his lord for the honour intended to be done him, and at first objected that his daughters were of too tender years to be wedded, but added that he, his daughters, and all he possessed, were in the king's hands, to be dealt with as it pleased him; for whatsoever his lord wished, who was so much worthier than he, that did he wish also. Whereon Alfonso thanked the Cid, and said he would take his daughters Doña Elvira and Doña Sol into his own hands, and bestow them in marriage on the Counts of Carrion, for it would redound much to the Cid's honour. Then the Counts stept forward and kissed the Cid's hands, and exchanged swords with him in presence of Don Alfonso, and said they, "We bow before thee, Cid, who wast born in a happy hour—as far as in us lies,

we will serve thee to thine honour and profit." And the Cid made answer, "May the great Creator so order it!" Said the Cid, "Much am I beholden to you as my king and liege lord—you give away my daughters, not I." Whereon Alfonso ordered 8000 marks of silver* to be given to the sisters as their dowry, and empowered Don Alvar Fañez, their kinsman, to act in his stead in giving away the brides. Then my Cid made a great feast, and all were right merry thereat, and agreed with one accord that not for three years past had they been so well filled. Then he distributed gifts to the king's followers, to every one who would gave he a gift, of costly raiment or of horses; sixty horses gave he away; and he invited all who would to come to the wedding and to receive the wonted gifts. After this he took leave of his liege lord and departed for Valencia, accompanied by the Counts of Carrion and many of the nobles of Castille.

On reaching Valencia he made known to his daughters what he had done, saying, "Thank me, my daughters, for I have married ye well." Then they kissed his hands and said, "We thank the Creator of all, and you likewise, oh Cid, Beauteous Beard, for all that you have done; since you marry us we shall be rich and happy." "Nay," quoth he, "it is not I, but the king who hath sought this marriage for ye; put yourselves in his hands." Then the palace was made ready for the wedding; so much purple, such hangings, and precious cloth —verily it would delight ye to enter and eat therein. Alvar Fañez gave away the brides, and the Counts re-

* The Poem states 300.

ceived them with love and pleasure, and kissed the hands of the Cid and of Ximena. Then they all went forth to the church, and at the door thereof sat the Bishop Geronymo awaiting them, who sung the mass and bestowed the bridal blessings.

For fifteen days all was feasting, dancing, jousting, and bull-fighting within the city of Valencia. God! what passages of arms had my Cid and his bold vassals! The Cid, according to the custom of those days, gave gifts of great value to the lords and magnates present; for, as the romance sagaciously observes,

> "He who 's great in deeds of battle
> Will be great in all beside."

And they departed for Castille increased in goods, and right well contented with the Cid.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

How the Counts of Carrion proved themselves cravens in the matter of the lion and of King Bucar.

Now these two Counts of Carrion were sad cravens; not worthy to be the sons-in-law of the Cid. They chanced one day shortly after their marriage to be sitting joking with Don Bermudo, one of the Cid's nephews, in the same room where Rodrigo himself lay stretched on his couch in an after-dinner slumber, when

> Lo, loud outcries rent the palace,
> Shook its walls and turrets high!
> "'Ware the lion! 'ware the lion!
> He is loose!" was heard the cry.
>
> Don Bermudo nought was movéd,
> Nought his soul could terrify;
> But the brother counts of Carrion
> 'Gan right speedily to fly.

Fernan Gonzalez, the younger, crept under the Cid's couch, and in so doing burst his garment across the shoulders; while Diego his brother betook himself for refuge to a dirty closet hard by, and let himself down "where the devil himself would not venture;" or, as the Poem saith, crept beneath the beam of a wine-press.*

* This would scarcely now-a-days be deemed a proof of

The Cid and the Lion.

While the Counts ran to shelter, Bermudo drew his sword and put himself on his guard. The uproar awoke the Cid, who started from his couch just as the furious beast, followed by a number of armed men, entered the hall. To the astonishment of all, the lion came crouching and fawning to the feet of the Cid. The romance saith this was a miracle. Certes, it was not less marvellous that Rodrigo threw his arms about the beast, and with a thousand caresses bore him off to his den without receiving harm. Returning to the hall, he asked for his sons-in-law; and when they were dragged from their places of refuge, pale and trembling, their bridal gear woefully disarranged and soiled, never was beheld such merriment as ran through the court.

"This one," they cried, "squatted under the couch to see of what sex the lion might be!" "Lo! I have him—here is the other!" cried Martin Pelaez; "but stand aside, I pray ye; verily there is need of a pot of incense!" The Cid, gazing on each in turn, was for some moments unable to speak, through the excess of his wonderment and wrath.

"God! are these your wedding garments?
In the devil's name, what fright,—
Say what terror hath possess'd ye,
That ye thus should take to flight?

Had ye not your weapons by ye?
Why then fled ye in such haste?
Was the Cid not here?—then surely
Ye could stand and see the beast.

---

cowardice; but courage, like most other things, is comparative, and discretion seemed not in the Cid's time to be admissible as an ingredient in its composition.

Of the king ye sought my daughters,
  Thinking they had gold and land;
God wot, I did never choose ye,
  But I bow'd to his command.

Are ye then the sons I needed
  To protect me when I 'm old?
Zounds! a good old age will mine be,
  Since ye are as women bold."

According to the Poem, the Cid did not rebuke the Counts, and checked the mirth of his knights, when they were disposed to be merry at their expense. However this be, the Counts were stung with shame, and secretly swore to have revenge. The Cid, with his wonted generosity, seems soon to have forgiven them; for in a council of war convoked shortly after, on the occasion of Bucar, king of Morocco, beleaguering the city with a vast host, he made them sit at his right hand, though, while he

With excess of valor trembled,
  They with utter fear did quake.

They had no relish to see fifty thousand tents pitched against the city; and they said one to the other, "Ours be the profit and not the loss—if we enter into this battle, verily we bid farewell to Carrion."

The Moorish king sent a herald to Valencia to demand the surrender of the city. Thus did the Cid reply;—

"Let your king prepare his battle—
  I shall straightway order mine;
Right dear hath Valencia cost me,
  Think not I will it resign.

Hard the strife, and sore the slaughter,
But I won the victory;
Thanks to God, and to the valor
Of Castillian chivalry!"

As Ximena with her own hands was arming her lord for the field, he gave her these parting instructions:—

"If with deadly wounds in battle,
I this day my breath resign;
To San Pedro de Cardeña
Bear me straight, Ximena mine.

Wail me not, lest some base panic
On my chiefless warriors seize:
But amid the call to battle
Make my funeral obsequies.

This, my lov'd Tizon, whose gleamings
Every foeman's heart appal,
Never let it lose its glory,
Ne'er to hands of women fall.

Should God will that Babieca
Quit the strife alone this day;
And without his lord returning,
At thy gate aloud should neigh;

Open to him and caress him,
Let him well be hous'd and fed;
He who well his master serveth,
Right well should be guerdonéd.

Dear one, give me now thy blessing!
Dry thine eyes and cease to mourn!"
Then my Cid, he spurr'd to battle—
"Grant him, Heaven, a safe return!"

The Cid, knowing the cowardice of his sons-in-law, counselled them to remain within the city, and not sally forth with him to the war; "I thirst after the combat, and ye long for Carrion—'twere better ye abide in Valencia in the arms of my daughters, who are fair as the sun." But they wrathfully replied they would go forth to the field. Now it came to pass that during the combat a bold and stalwart Moor came up, lance in hand, to assail the younger of the Counts, Fernan Gonzalez, who, utterly unworthy of the name he bore,* dared not abide his onset, but straightway turned and fled. None witnessed his cowardice but Pero Bermudez, the Cid's nephew, and he pursued the Moor, slew him, spoiled him of his horse and arms, and offered them to the Count.

"Take this steed and spoil, Don Fernan,
Say that thou the Moor didst slay;
On my knightly troth I pledge thee,
Never will I this gainsay;

Saving thou to speak compel me,
None shall ever know the truth."

The Count was base enough to accept this offer of second-hand glory, and was highly extolled for his valour by the Cid, who came up at the instant. He stroked his beard,

* Fernan Gonzalez was a Castillian Count of the preceding century, and one of the most celebrated heroes of Spain. He was nephew of the wife of Lain Calvo, the great progenitor of the Cid. The devoted affection of Doña Sancha, his wife, the persecution of her brother Sancho the Fat, king of Leon, and the independence of Castille purchased as the price of a horse and a hawk, are the theme of many a ballad.

and said, "I thank Christ, Lord of the world, that my sons-in-law have fought so nobly with me in the field."

In this fight, Don Geronymo, the Bishop, won for himself great glory. He told the Cid he had come to Valencia for the great desire he had to slay the Moors, and do honor to his hands and to his order. So saying, he spurred against the foe. By his good luck and the grace of God by whom he was well beloved, he smote many of the infidels—

Two slew he with his lance, and five he cut down with his sword—

God, how well he fought!

The Cid, He of ever Happy Omen, did no less execution, and the Moors were put to the rout. How many mailed arms lopt off might ye then behold strewing the ground—how many helmed heads then rolled along the plain—how many war-steeds ran loose on every side! For seven miles did they pursue the Paynims. King Bucar himself was hotly followed by the Cid, who on coming up with him offered him quarter and his friendship. "Allah confound such friendship!" replied the Moor, and being well mounted he thought to escape, but Babieca gained upon him, and overtook him within three yards of the sea, when with one blow of Colada my Cid cleft him from the crest of his helmet to his waist, and took from his grasp the renowned sword Tizona, worth a thousand marks of gold.*

One romance saith that King Bucar escaped to his

* Though a few of the romances agree with the Chronicle and Poem in stating that Tizona was won from Bucar at this time, the rest make frequent mention of it as wielded by our hero during the greater portion of his life. Such anachronisms are among the natural faults of ballad history.

ships with his life. However this be, the victory was complete; and He of the Great Beard returned to Valencia with eighteen Moorish chieftains as trophies of his prowess, and with a great booty, of which six hundred horses, and so many camels and other beasts of burden that they could not be numbered, fell to his share. As he was returning in triumph to the city, he lifted up his eyes and beheld the Counts of Carrion, and he smiled beauteously on them, saying,

"I thank thee, God of Heav'n and earth, who all things didst create,
Whereas I poor and scornéd was, I now am rich and great;
That I have wealth and lands enow, and fame and honor won,
That to my sons-in-law I have the lords of Carrion.
My foes I vanquish every one, by the grace of Christ my Lord,
And Moors and Christians all do hold in terror great my sword.
In the far land of Afric, the land of Mosque and Moor,
They tremble nightly lest the morn should see me on their shore.
But of such deed I take no heed, for in this city fair
I will abide, and hither they shall tribute to me bear."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

How the Counts of Carrion plotted treachery against the Cid.

For two years after their marriage the Counts of Carrion abode in Valencia, and were treated with all honor by the Cid; but they had not forgotten the matter of the lion, and they determined to have revenge. No less cruel than cowardly, they resolved to take it on the persons of his daughters. They plotted together, saying: "We are increased in goods, great and sovereign are our riches; whilst we live we shall not be able to spend them. Let us depart unto Carrion, for here we have tarried too long. We will demand our wives, that we may depart with them to our own land, and so will we take them out of the power of my Cid. On the road will we show our scorn and hatred of them, ere they can taunt us with the matter of the lion. Are we not the born Counts of Carrion? Verily we might wed the daughters of kings or emperors." To this counsel they agreed, for "verily," saith the Poem, "they were brothers."*

Whereon they thus accosted the Cid:—

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* We may add—

"Par nobile fratrum,
Nequitiâ et nugis, pravorum et amore, gemelli."

" The great Creator save thee, my Cid Campeador!
An it please thee and Ximena, thy fair and noble dame,
And Alvar Fañez of thy kin, and all these knights of fame,
We pray thee give thy daughters, whom we have ta'en to wife—
We fain would take them to our land, to Carrion our fief;
We fain would show them all our wealth, our goods, our lands, our towns—
All that we have in heritage to leave unto our sons."
" Yea," quoth my Cid, " my daughters take, and somewhat more beside
(I trow he wist not at the nonce what shame would them betide):
Ye say ye 'll give them lands and towns in Carrion your fief,
And I three thousand silver marks will to their dowry give.
Ye shall have mules and palfreys, for ladies' burden meet,
With war-steeds from my stable, I trow both bold and fleet;
Of raiment they shall have good store for wear in Carrion;
To ye I give mine own good swords, Colada and Tizon.
Well wot ye I did win them by my valor from the foe,
And on ye, as my well-lov'd sons, these treasures I bestow."

These swords the Cid so highly prized that he called them " the best of all his goods;" and he gave them to the Counts because he had begun to hope better things of their courage, and perchance he thought it might be animated by the possession of weapons of such renown. He gave them moreover, beyond what he had promised, chains of gold of costly Arabian workmanship, together with vessels of gold and silver. All this he gave them, that it might be known in Castille, Leon, and Galicia, how he sent away his sons-in-law laden with riches.

He charged them to treat their wives with all gentleness and kindness, as was due to noble ladies and his daughters. This the Counts promised to do, for they were void of all truth and honor; and they took their departure, after a tender leave-taking between the young ladies and their parents—

For every kiss their father gave, their mother gave them two.

The Cid and his knights accompanied them for the distance of a league from the city.

The Cid he parted from his daughters,
Nought could he his grief disguise;
As he claspt them to his bosom,
Tears did stream from out his eyes.

And he exclaimed, "Of a truth ye tear from me the very cords of my heart!" He saw from the birds of ill omen that some evil was about to befall them, and he charged his nephew Felez Muñoz* to disguise himself and follow the Counts even to Carrion, to see what possessions they had to give to his daughters. Then he returned sorrowful to Valencia.

* The Chronicle and romances say it was Ordoño.

CHAPTER XXXV.

How the Counts of Carrion rewarded the hospitality of the Moor Abengalvon, and how they cruelly treated their wives, and thus avenged themselves on the Cid.

On parting with the Cid, the Counts of Carrion continued their journey, and were every where well entreated for his sake. The Moorish chief of Molina, Abengalvon, received them with great joy and courtesy, and did them all the honor due to the sons of his lord. God! how well he served them, and fulfilled their every wish! He gave rich gifts to them and to their wives, and accompanied them with an escort some way on their road.

Much honor did he unto them for the love he bore my Cid, and they repaid it in the basest sort by plotting against his life. "How rich," said they, "is this Moor! if we could slay him, we might take all his wealth and possess it as we possess that of Carrion; and the Cid could not call us to account therefor." By good fortune this was overheard by a Moor in the train of Abengalvon, who understood the Christian tongue,* and he reported it to his lord. Whereon Abengalvon taxed them with it on the spot:—

"What ill have I wrought to ye?" thus the good Paynim saith—
With honor have I serv'd ye—why counsel ye my death?

* Or, as the Poem expresses it, was "Latinized."

"Ye traitor lords, an 't were not for the love I bear my Cid,
I would avenge me sore, the world should loud ring with the deed.
Ye never more should Carrion see, but here should taste my sword,
And back I 'd send your spouses fair to their father my good lord.
Enough—begone! with caitiffs vile and traitors I have done—
Farewell—God shield ye, ladies, from the Counts of Carrion!
God grant, who all createth hath, and over all is Lord,
That to my Cid these weddings may content and joy afford."

And thus the Moor went his way, and the Counts theirs.

Arriving at length at the Oakwood of Corpes, which was beyond the Cid's territories, the Counts came to a halt, and ordered all their people to go forward, saying, that they and their wives would follow anon. Then entering the wood, they dragged their wives from their mules, tore all the clothes from their backs, seized them by the hair and dragged them to and fro over the rough ground, buffeted and lashed their naked flesh with their saddle-girths, kicked them cruelly with their rowelled heels, till their tender bodies, white as the sun, were bathed in blood—all the while pouring forth the most opprobrious language. In vain did the poor ladies beseech their husbands for the love of God to slay them at once with their swords—in vain did they rend the air with their shrieks, calling upon Heaven for help—there was none to deliver them.

What happy fortune then were theirs, had it pleasèd the Creator,
That my Cid should at this moment come to prove their conservator!

Weary at length with smiting, for they had striven who should give the hardest blows, the Counts lashed their wives to trees, saying, as they left them to die of hunger or to be torn to pieces by wild beasts of the forest,

"Vengeance on your cursed sire
Have we now obtain'd in ye;
We have done with ye—ye are not
Fit to mate with such as we.

Go tell the Cid, thus do we avenge ourselves for the matter of the lion."

Then they rode after their people, and when they were asked, "Where are the ladies?" they answered, saying, "They are well cared for."

Up through the mountains rode the Counts, right joyful did they say,
"Of our accursed weddings we vengéd are this day.
Not such as they to mate with us as lemans would we take."

As they went thus exulting together, they were heard by Felez Muñoz, who lay concealed in a wood by the road-side, watching to see his cousins pass. He straightway returned in quest of them.

The romances say he was following the Counts at a distance in the garb of a pilgrim, heard the cries of the ladies, and entered the wood. On beholding his cousins in such a plight, he rent his clothes, tore his hair, and

thundered out a thousand curses on the heads of the recreant Counts. He untied the ladies, made them a couch of leaves and grass, threw his own cloak over them, and left them to seek assistance, saying, with tears in his eyes, as he strove to comfort them,—

"Cheer up, cousins, be not downcast,
Heaven's will must aye be done;
Wherefore this thing hath befall'n ye,
It is known to God alone.

Lay nought to your sire, I pray ye,
He obey'd the king's command;
Your sire he is the Cid, fair ladies;
Leave your honor in his hands."

He soon returned with an honest peasant, who conveyed them to his own cot, where his wife and daughters ministered unto them with great care and tenderness.

Saith the Poem,

Loud cried he, "Cousins, cousins mine!" At length he found them twain
Lying out-stretch'd in blood and tears, as though they had been slain—
"Cousins, my cousins dear!" he cried; but answer they made none—
"A treacherous deed these caitiff dogs of Carrion have done.
God's curse and Holy Mary's for ever on them light!—
But waken and uprise ye, I pray, ere it be night!
Cousins! my cousins! wake ye, for the great Creator's sake!"
But so sore were they wounded, no answer did they make.
At length their eyes they opened, and Felez Muñoz knew;
Then to arouse them from their swoon the good knight strove anew;—

" Up, cousins mine! I pray ye, and let us hence begone,
Lest they come back to seek ye—the Counts of Carrion!"

" If God help us not, we shall here die," faltered out Doña Sol. " Get us some water, I beseech thee, for the love of God!" Whereon he ran to the stream, and in his hat, which was new when he left Valencia, he brought water to his cousins; and strove also to comfort them. Greatly did they need it, for their very heart-strings were torn asunder.

It was not the wounds and lashes—
Not the pain that caus'd their woe:
'Twas the shame, the foul dishonor—
Deadliest ills that women know.

He then set them on his beast, and led them forth from the Robledo de Corpes. Having left them in a place of safety he returned to Valencia and told his tale.

My Cid he seeméd nothing movéd,
Though his grief was sore and deep:
Him who looketh for his vengeance
It behoveth not to weep.

But Ximena gave vent to her sorrow in floods of tears. He sat in thought a good hour. Then he seized his beard and said, "I thank Christ, Lord of the world, that the Counts of Carrion have done me this honor. By this beard, which never man cut, I swear that these Counts shall never more have my daughters, for verily I will see them better wedded." Straightway he despatched Alvar Fañez with two hundred knights to ride day and night, and bring his daughters back to Valencia the Great.

When Doña Elvira and Doña Sol beheld Alvar Fañez, their cousin, they rejoiced greatly and cried, "Verily, ye are as welcome to our eyes as though we had seen the Creator of all things. Right heartily do we thank ye, and do ye give thanks unto Him, that we are yet alive." Then answered he, weeping, "Be not troubled, my cousins—verily the day is at hand when ye will have your revenge."

With great joy did my Cid welcome his daughters, and as he embraced them he smiled once more, which he had not done since he received the tidings of the indignity.

"Welcome, my daughters dear!" he cried, "God save ye from all ill;
Ye shall a better wedding have, an 't please His holy will."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

How the Cid demanded justice of Don Alfonso, and how the king convoked the Cortes at Toledo.

It now remained for the Cid to obtain satisfaction for the great dishonor done him. One romance saith that he went in person to the royal palace at Leon to demand justice. It was the hour of mid-day by the clock, and the king was seated at meat with his nobles, when the Cid, pale as death, and in complete armour, strode into the hall, and fixing his eyes on the king, cried with a loud voice,—

"Justice may I have of Heaven,
If I can have none of thee!"

All the nobles ceased to eat, in amazement at these words of the Cid; his friends moved by anxiety, his foes by terror. After a while he continued,—

"Vengeance, king! I pray thee vengeance!
Do I ask this right in vain?
Oft have I in blood of traitors
Wash'd mine honor from all stain;
But to thee I would leave vengeance,
For to thee it doth pertain.

Lo! my daughters have been outrag'd!
For thine own, thy kingdom's sake,
Look, Alfonso, to mine honor!—
Vengeance thou or I must take.

If I have aggriev'd these traitors,
Let me meet them in the fight,—
This right arm and this good faulchion
Soon shall show ye who hath right."

Says the Poem that he despatched Muño Gustioz, his worthy vassal, to the king's court, saying, "May this dishonor I have received at the hands of the Counts grieve the king sore, for great or small it toucheth my lord the king as well as myself. Let him grant me a Junta or the Cortes, so that I may have justice of the Counts of Carrion, for great is the wrath within my breast."

Muño Gustioz went his way to the court; and fell on his knees before the king, and kissed his feet, saying—

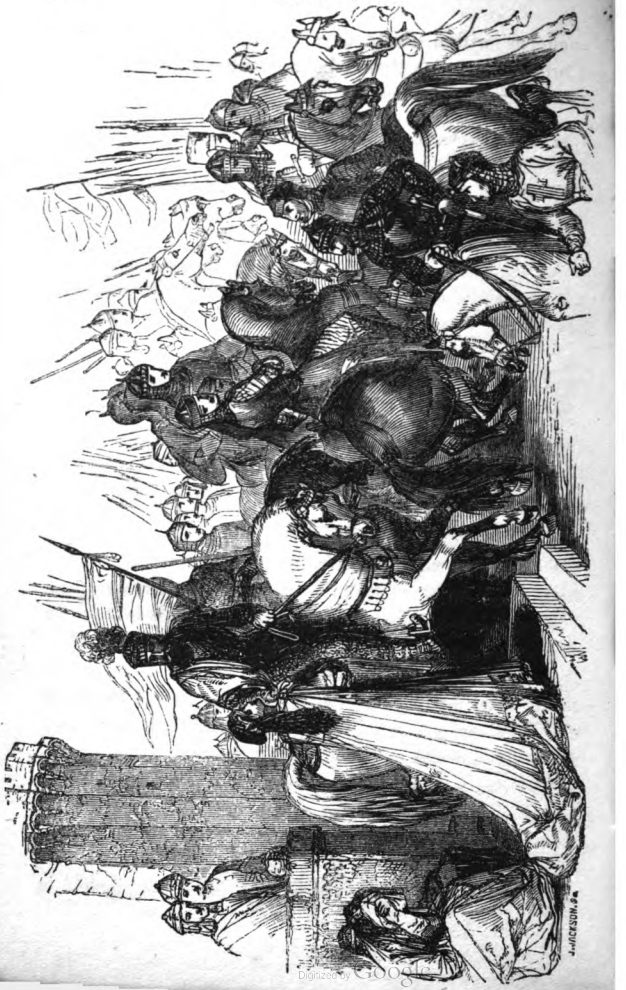
"God save thee, King Alfonso, whom wide realms do obey!
My Cid, thy vassal true, doth kiss thy feet and hands this day."

Then he proceeded to make known the wrong done to his lord, adding "though the dishonor pertaineth to the Cid, it toucheth thee more, oh king! Wherefore grant to my Cid to have his right of the Infantes of Carrion."

Don Alfonso sat mute and in thought for a good hour. Then he answered and said, "Verily, Muño Gustioz, my heart is sore grieved at thy tidings, and truly sayest thou that the dishonor is mine, for I gave my Cid's daughters in marriage to the Counts of Carrion, thinking it would redound to his honor. Of a truth I am bound to aid my Cid, and by God's help so will I do." So to confront the Counts with the Cid, he sent heralds through all his kingdom proclaiming that a Cortes would be held at Toledo, and whosoever of his nobles did not obey the

summons within thirty days (or three months, as the Chronicle hath it) should be accounted a traitor and a rebel. Saith the Poem—

"In seven weeks hence, so let it wide through all my realm be told,
Who doth not to the Cortes come, I will a rebel hold."



CHAPTER XXXVII.

How the Cid went to the Cortes, and how he was arrayed and attended.

When the time was come for the departure of the Cid for Toledo to join the Cortes, he arrayed himself in sable armour studded with golden crosses from the gorget unto the greaves, mounted his horse Babieca, which beholding his lord's sadness, seemed himself to partake thereof, and was arranging his cloak about him, when Ximena seized his stirrup, and said—

"Look ye well, my Lord Rodrigo,
That thy vengeance perfect be,
For the shame that through thy daughters
These base counts have brought on thee!

Can it be that two such cravens
To affront my Cid can dare,
When two thousand mailéd warriors
Would not meet thee in the war?

May the God in heaven protect thee;
Guard thee from all treachery!
For such as are cruel and craven,
Well, methinks, may traitors be.

and those who are bold in assailing women are never so with men. Enter not, my lord," she added, "into battle with these men; verily, it behoveth not one who hath

vanquished so many kings thus to tarnish his glory; honor not with thy sword the filthy blood of these counts, for Babieca with his neighing alone hath overthrown much stouter foes." Having committed her and his daughters to the care of Martin Pelaez, the Cid struck spurs into his steed and set out for Toledo.

Sorely did the Counts of Carrion dread to attend the Cortes, knowing they should there meet the Cid; but lest they should be held for other than good and true liegemen, they obeyed the summons, accompanied by the Count Don Garcia, the sworn foe of the Cid, and by their uncle Don Suero Gonzalez, who had been with them in Valencia, and had counselled them to their dastardly revenge. Of this man it is said he was a busy-body, and turbulent—a great tongue had he, but as to the rest he was little worth.

The thirty days allowed by the king for his nobles to attend the Cortes and prove their loyalty passed, and the Cid came not.

Nine-and-twenty days are passéd—
The Counts are come as they were bid,
Now the thirty days are passéd—
Yet there cometh not my Cid.

Out then spake the Counts of Carrion,
"Hold him, king, a traitor now!"
But the good king gave them answer,
"Traitor!—none is he, I trow.

My Cid he is right true and loyal;
He hath won full many a field;
Yea, in all my wide dominions
None like him the sword can wield."

As he spake thus in came the Cid with three hundred hidalgos in his train, clad in robes of the same cloth and hue.

With three hundred knights he cometh—
All hidalgos, by my troth,
Of one colour all their raiment,
Of one colour and one cloth,

Save my Cid, who, like a monarch,
Cometh in his bornoz* white.

Then he saluted the king, saying—

"God preserve thee, King Alfonso!
May God keep ye, nobles all!
Save yon caitiff Counts of Carrion—
Heaven's vengeance on them fall!"

According to the Poem and one romance, the king went out to meet the Cid with a numerous train. The hero cast himself to the earth at the king's feet, but Alfonso swore by St. Isidore (his favourite oath) that it should not be so.

"Rise, mount, my Cid, or we shall not be well pleased. We salute thee, with heart and soul; what grieveth thy heart, grieveth ours also."

"Amen!" replied the Cid, and kissed his monarch's hands. "I humble myself before ye, my lord, and before all this gallant company.

My wife, the fair Ximena, a trusty dame is she,
And eke my daughters twain, oh king, do kiss your hands through me.

* A Moorish cloak.

For the ill that hath befallen us, we pray you pity show."
"Yea," quoth the king, "so help me God! it doth work me bitter woe."

The Cid would not enter Toledo with the king, but took up his quarters in San Servan, where he spent the night in watching and prayer.*

The Cortes were held on the morrow in the palace of Galiana, in a council-chamber hung with brocade of great price, and carpeted with velvet.

Ere the sun rose the Cid heard matins in San Servan, and then betook himself to the Cortes. He was attended by all his chief captains—Alvar Fañez Minaya, his right arm, Don Geronymo, the valiant bishop, Pero Bermudez, Muño Gustioz, his trusty vassal, Martin Antolinez, the Burgales of worth, Alvar Alvarez, Alvar Salvadores, Martin Muñoz, who in a lucky moment was born, Felez Muñoz the Cid's nephew, the wise Malanda, and Galind Garcia the good knight of Aragon, with other good and valiant knights—a hundred in all. They all wore quilted garments next their skin, hauberks white as the sun, and over their harness mantles of skin and ermine, well tied about them, so as to conceal their armour and their faulchions, sharp and sweet. "For in this guise," said the Cid, "will I go to the Cortes; and if the Counts of Carrion should plot treason against me, then shall I be secure."

* The Poem must here refer to a castle of that name which still stands, though in ruins, on a height to the east of Toledo. It is said to have been built by the Moors, and if so, must have existed in the time of the Cid; and it was probably in this, or in a sanctuary in the immediate neighbourhood, that he kept his vigils, as it is evident that it was without the city, and on the opposite bank of the Tagus.

This was the Cid's array:—hose of fine cloth, with curiously-wrought shoes; a linen shirt, white as the sun, with fastenings of gold and silver, and tight wristbands; a gold-embroidered tunic worn under a red fleece fringed with gold, which fleece my Cid was always wont to wear even over his mail; and over all a mantle of great price. His head was covered with a scarlet cap worked with gold, and his long beard was tied up with a cord.* In his beard the Cid took great delight, and never suffered it to be cut, so that it was the talk of both Moors and Christians, for he had sworn, on taking Valencia—

"By the love of King Alfonso, who hath exil'd me from ho
No hair shall of my beard be cut, no shears unto it come."

* This is the description given by the Poem; and considering the great antiquity of that work, it is much more likely to be accurate and characteristic of the age than the descriptions of costume contained in the romances, which, being preserved orally, were subjected to the alterations of many succeeding ages.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

How the Cid entered the Cortes, and made his three demands of the Counts of Carrion.

Now it came to pass that the Cid, on the eve of the Cortes, had called Fernan Alfonso, a squire of gentle blood, whom he had himself brought up, and ordered him to take a couch he had brought from Valencia, part of the spoilings of King Bucar, and place it by the side of the king's throne in the Council Chamber, and guard it there till the morrow. The next day, when the king had heard mass he went to the Cortes with a great chivalry in his train—the Cid only was not among them. On beholding this couch with its rich silken seat, broidered with gold and set with precious stones, all marvelled, for it was beauteous exceedingly; and the Count Garcia Ordoñez, who always sought ill to the Cid, exclaimed—

"Tell me, king, what means this couch
Next unto thy throne, I pray?
For what bride is it prepared—
What doth mean its rich array?"

Out then spoke the Cid's squire, "Count, beware what thou sayest, and speak not ill of him who is worth far more than thou, or I will lay hands on thee and make thee confess the same." The Count sought to chastise the youth, but was stayed by the king,—

"Let none evil speak, I charge ye,
Of the couch which here doth stand,
For my Cid in battle won it—
Won it with his own good brand.

My Cid he is of mighty valor,
None hath merit like to his;
And to have him to my vassal
Great mine honor is, I wis." *

When the Cid entered the Cortes at the head of his hundred knights, his long beard struck admiration and awe into all present, and all gazed stedfastly on him, for right manly was his aspect—all save the Counts of Carrion, who dared not for shame regard him.

The king arose to greet him and do him honor, as did all the nobles present, save the Counts of Carrion.

Then said the good King Alfonso, "Give ear all my vassals loyal, and may God save ye! Since I was king, I have held but two Cortes, one in Burgos, the other in Carrion—and now I hold the third in Toledo for the sake of my Cid, who hath demanded justice for the great wrong done him by the Counts of Carrion, as ye all know. I swear by Saint Isidore, that whosoever disturbeth the tranquillity of this Council shall forfeit my love and be banished from my realm." Then the king appointed six *alcaldes* or judges, from his own royal

* The Poem makes no mention of this affair of the couch, yet seems to give another version of the matter; for it states that when the Cid entered the Cortes the king said, "Draw nigh, Sir Campeador, and take this couch which thou gavest to me. Though it may anger some, yet take it, for thou art worthier than we." "Nay," quoth the Cid, "my king and lord, keep your seat, I pray ye, for here will I rest with my knights."

council, and made them swear by the Evangelists that they would thoroughly inform themselves of the evidence on both sides, and judge without fear, favour, or prejudice. Then he called upon the Cid to make his demand. He of the Long Beard straight arose, kissed the king's hand, and said—

"Long it is, oh King Alfonso!
Many a year hath passéd o'er,
Since Tizona in your service
Hath been clean of Paynim gore.

Many a weary year Ximena
On her widow'd couch hath mournéd,
While a thousand Moorish banners
In the battle I o'erturnéd.

Much beholden am I, oh king, that you have called these Cortes for my sake. In that the Counts of Carrion have forsaken my daughters the dishonor is not mine, but yours, oh king, for you gave them in marriage; and you will know what to do. But when these Counts took my daughters, whom I loved as my heart and my soul, from their home in my city of Valencia, I gave them my two precious swords, Colada and Tizon, which I had won on the battle-field, that by their help they might do honor to themselves, and good service to their king. But now that they have forsaken their wives in the desert wood, let them restore the brands, for no longer are they my sons-in-law. Moreover, the swords must be an hungered, seeing they are not fed as in former days—and it is not meet that traitors should gird them."

Hereon the king turned to the Counts, but they said nought in their defence, and the judges ordered them

forthwith to restore the swords to him who had won them. Saith the Chronicle, that they refused to obey this command; whereon the king arose in great wrath, and took them from their hands, and delivered them to the Cid.

But the Poem saith that the Counts held counsel with Don Garcia and their followers, and they agreed that seeing the Cid had said nothing of the dishonor done to his daughters, but had left that matter with the king, it might be soon disposed of, and it would be better to give up the swords, in order that the Cid might at once quit the Cortes and give them no further trouble. So they returned to the Court and said, "God save ye, king Alfonso, our liege lord; we would not deny that the Cid gave us the swords, and seeing that he demandeth them again, and hath so great a desire for them, we will deliver them to him here in your presence."

With that Colada and Tizon they brought, the faméd brands,
And to Alfonso their liege lord they gave them in his hands.
The pommels and the crosslets were all of purest gold,
So rich and bright the nobles all much marvell'd to behold.
But when the king drew forth the blades, they marvell'd more, I ween—
A flash like lightning fill'd the Court, and dazzled all their een.
Rodrigo received them with great delight:
In his hands he held them as he sat, and on them fondly gaz'd,

his whole body was gladdened, and his heart laughed with joy; and he called them his dear pledges, not precious because bought with gold or silver, but dearly

purchased by the sweat of his brow in battle. Then he delivered them to the care of two of his knights, saying, as he seized his beard, "By this beard, which none hath ever shorn, my daughters' vengeance is at hand."

Again the good Cid arose and said, "I give thanks to the Creator of all and to you, oh king and lord, that I have regained my two brands; but I have yet another charge against the Counts of Carrion. When they took my daughters from Valencia I gave them in gold and silver three thousand marks. I now demand this sum at their hands, seeing they are no longer my sons-in-law."

At this the Counts of Carrion were heard to murmur sore—
"We gave the swords unto the Cid, that he might ask no more."

Cry the judges—"Will ye—yea, or nay?" The Counts stept aside to confer with their followers, but they could not agree in counsel, for the sum demanded was great, and the Counts had spent the money. Wherefore said they—

"Sore presseth us the Cid who won Valencia from the Moor;
If he would have his money back, we have it not in store,
He fain must have the produce of our lands in Carrion."
Quoth the judges, "An it please my Cid, then let it so be done;
But in this Court it must be given, for such is our decree."

So the Counts sore against their will were compelled to pay in kind.

Then might you see what they did bring—full many a faulchion bright—
Full many a helm and hauberk stout—full many a palfrey light—

Full many a mule both tall and strong—full many a charger fleet—
My Cid he did receive of them what the judges deeméd meet.

Then arose the Cid a third time, and with eyes flashing with ire, and hand grasping his beard, which no son of woman had ever touched, he cried, "Give ear, all ye nobles, and listen to my wrong! Justice, oh king! —I crave justice! The greatest complaint have I yet to make." Whereon he opened his grand charge against them, calling them "false and villain-hearted dogs of traitors! As traitors I brand ye, for the wrong ye have done me and to the king likewise; for it was he gave ye your wives—not I. If ye desired not my daughters, why took ye them from Valencia, where they dwelt in all honor?—why smote ye them with girths and rowels?—why left ye them naked and alone in the oak-woods of Corpes, a prey to the wild beasts of the forest and the foul birds of the mountain? As God liveth, ye are brave knights to lay hands on women! Had ye to do with King Bucar, I wot we should hear another tale. Right truly saith the proverb—

Some there be, I trow, more valiant
With their feet than with their hands.

Ye, methinks, are of the former." In fine, he challenged the Counts and their uncle to mortal combat, for the stain they had inflicted on his honor was one which blood alone could wash away.

According to the Poem, this charge was replied to by the Count Garcia, the Cid's sworn foe, who scoffed and mocked at his beard—

"The Cid comes to the Cortes with his beard so long and grim,
He thinks like brats to scare ye, and make ye bend to him.
But for his words and frownings, we hold them all as nought,
In that the Counts his daughters left, they did but what they ought."
Uprose my Cid Campeadór, and strok'd his beard, and saith,
"I thank my God who heav'n and earth, and all created hath,
That this my beard is goodly long, and tended is with care.

What hast thou, oh Count, to lay to my beard? No son of woman born hath yet plucked it—neither Moor nor Christian—as I plucked thine, oh Count, in Cabra, when I seized its castle, and you by the beard. Verily, there was not a boy on that day who did not pluck his fingers full."

Hereon the king called upon the Counts for their defence:

Out and spake the elder brother,
Turning to the king, said he,
"Sire, thou knowest we are noblest
Of Castille's nobility.

True it is, we left these women,
Whom it was not meet to wed.
Dire disgrace it were to mate us
With the daughters of the Cid."

Furious was the rage of the Cid's followers, but all held their peace save Pero Bermudez, his nephew, who cried,—

"Hold thy lying tongue, Diego,
Utter not such falsehood foul!
Strong and stalwart is thy body,
But thou hast a craven soul."

"Remember," he proceeded to say to the other brother, "thy shameful flight from the Moor beneath the walls of Valencia, when I slew thine adversary for thee, and gave thee his spoil to show as a trophy of thy prowess; and thou gavest the Cid to understand that thou hadst slain the Moor. I did it to honor thee, for that thou hadst wedded my cousin:—

Nought of this have I e'er utter'd,
Nought should from my lips depart,
Were I not this day constrainéd
To proclaim how vile thou art."

Then he upbraided them both with their cowardice when the lion broke loose, and ended by branding them with baseness and cruelty:

"He's no noble, maugre lineage,
Who doth chivalry despite;
He who layeth hands on women,
Is a villain, and no knight."

According to the Poem, Bermudez was not so prompt to answer; but when the Count of Carrion had done speaking, the Cid looked at his nephew and said, "Speak, Dumb Peter, * thou man of silence! bethink thee that my daughters are thy kinswomen, and that their dishonor toucheth thee." Then answered Bermudez,—"My Cid, ye have strange ways. In the Cortes ye

* Pero Mudo—a play upon his name.

ever call me Dumb Peter, but ye well wot I am not fast of speech—ye wot also that in deeds I am not wanting." Then turning to the Count of Carrion, he gave him the lie as above recorded, adding, "Thou tongue without hands! how durst thou speak thus? Inasmuch as ye forsook your wives, ye have proved yourselves less noble than they; and inasmuch as they are women and ye are men, they are in every wise better and worthier than ye. I here challenge thee, Fernan, as a vile and base traitor, and on thy body will I avenge the honor of my cousins, the daughters of the Cid:—

And when unto the fight we come, an it please the great Creator,
Thou shalt avow thyself to be a caitiff and a traitor."

Then the other Count of Carrion arose and repeated what his brother had said; but was answered and challenged by Martin Antolinez, who called him "a mouth without truth," and swore he should confess himself a traitor and liar in the combat, and that the Cid's daughters were better and worthier than they.

Hereon Asur Gonzalez, or as the romance calls him, Don Suero, the uncle of the Counts, entered the hall in ermine mantle clad, and long robes trailing behind him. Red he was in the face, for he had just broken his fast. In what he spake I wot there was little truth. "Ho! ho! my nobles and hidalgos! whoever saw the like of such a foul deed? Who hath tidings to give of my Cid, the man of Bivar? List to me! he goes to Rio Douirna and plunders the mills, and carries off all the corn according to his wont. Who will say that this man should join his issue with the blood of Carrion?"

Then arose Muño Gustioz and said, "Hold thy peace, lying traitor! thou breakest thy fast ere going to prayer. Thou speakest not truth, even to thy Lord—false to all, but most to God thy Creator." And he challenged Don Suero to the combat.

According to one romance, Pero Bermudez was sore vexed at the Cid's rebuke of his silence, and instead of replying he went straight to Count Garcia, the Cid's foe, and dealt him a blow which laid him on the earth. Then was the whole Council in a tumult. The nobles started from their seats—foul and angry words were bandied, and swords flashed from their scabbards.

Here arose the cry of "Cabra!"
There "Valencia the Fair!"
Here "Castille!" and there "Galicia!"
Many a war-cry rent the air.

The king Alfonso was exceeding wroth, and cried "Out upon ye! peace!" When the uproar was allayed he proceeded to declare that the Counts of Carrion and their uncle Asur Gonzalez must accept the challenges, and meet the three knights of the Cid in mortal combat. This the Counts and their uncle were fain to do, for by victory alone could they hope to establish themselves guiltless of the charges brought against them.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

How the Cid's daughters were demanded in marriage by the Infantes of Aragon and Navarre, and how the Cid offered Babieca to King Alfonso.

As the Cortes were about to break up, two knights entered the hall—one was Don Ramiro, heir to the throne of Navarre, the other Don Sancho, heir to that of Aragon.* They kissed the king's hands, and then formally demanded the Cid's daughters in marriage; the prince of Navarre asking for Doña Elvira, the first-born, and he of Aragon demanding Doña Sol.

Uprose then my Cid, and said, "By your leave, oh King Alfonso, my liege lord, I thank the Creator of all things for the demand made by the Infantes of Navarre and Aragon. You, oh king, gave my daughters in marriage the first time—and I leave them again in your hands." Then arose the king and commanded silence, and said, "I pray thee, Cid, Perfect Campeador, tell me if it please thee, and I will have the weddings contracted forthwith in these Cortes." Which, as the Cid assented thereto, was done accordingly; and the royal princes kissed the hands of the king and the Cid, and did them homage.

Then uprose Alvar Fañez, and craved permission to

* The Poem calls them respectively Oiarra, and Yenego Ximenez.

speak; which being granted by the king, he said, "Give ear, all ye nobles!—a great charge have I against the Counts of Carrion: I gave them my cousins to wed, by command of the king, and they received them in all honour and with a blessing, but they forsook them to do us despite, for the which I defy their bodies, and brand them as villains and traitors." Then turning to them, he said, "Heretofore ye had my cousins in your arms, to kiss their lips as your equals; now will ye have to bow before them, and kiss their hands, and call them your sovereign ladies, and pay homage to them, though it may sore displease ye. For this I render thanks to the God of Heaven, and to my king, Don Alfonso, that honour thus accrueth to my Cid. Ye still are traitors, as I have declared, and who dareth to gainsay it—I am Alvar Fañez—there, let him take my gage, and I will prove it to him."

Then the king appointed the combat to take place on the morrow at sunrise, but the traitor Counts excused themselves from the combat in Toledo, on the ground that they could not equip themselves to their satisfaction, save in their own town of Carrion.

The king thereon demanded of the Cid, if he meant to do battle in his own person. "Nay, my lord," quoth the Cid, "better love I Valencia than Carrion." Then said the king, "Give me your knights to do battle in your name; and I will have care over them, that they suffer no wrong from Count or Infante." So the Cid appointed Pero Bermudez, Martin Antolinez, and Muño Gustioz;* and the king permitted the Counts to depart,

* Or, as he is called by the romances, Nuño Bustos.

having fixed the day of combat for three weeks thence, and proclaimed, that "whoever cometh not to the lists, loseth his cause, and confesseth himself vanquished, and a traitor, and as such will be branded."

Then the Cid Campeador uncovered his head, and doffed his cap of linen, white as the sun, and loosed the cord from his beard, and let it flow freely down, so that all in the Court were amazed, and could not satisfy their eyes with looking upon him; and then took he his leave of the king and his nobles.

The king he rais'd his hand, and made the cross upon his brow,
"Now by Saint Isidore I swear, to whom I pay my vow,
That not in all my kingdom wide is another like the Cid."

So the Cid set out for Valencia with a blithe heart, happy and content, to make ready the new weddings for his daughters, whose wrongs he had now redressed. He had already taken his departure, when he turned his rein and besought the king to take Babieca, the fleet of foot, saying, that it was not meet that he should keep so renowned a steed, which belonged of right to his liege lord.

"All Christendom or Moordom through, I wot he hath no peer."

"Nay," said the king, "not so; for were I to take him, he would not have so good a master as now. As is the steed, so is his lord—both do me great honor. Verily, if he were mine, I would give him to thee, as to one who could employ him with most honor to himself and to me. God's curse rest on him who would take him from thee!"

"But," said the Cid, "that ye may know him right well, and esteem him as ye ought, ye shall see him as he is in the battle field." Then the good Cid, arrayed in an ermine fleece, sprang to his seat, and struck spurs to his steed; and so swift and so noble was his career, that the king and great men were all amazed, and extolled him greatly—himself for a gallant and peerless horseman, and his steed for the best they had ever beheld or heard of. Now, in the fury of his course, Babieca broke a rein—and lo! there sat the Cid guiding him with one alone, as calmly as though he were in the meadow.

And so he led him foaming and panting to the king.
But "No," said Don Alfonso, "it were a shameful thing
That peerless Babieca should ever be bestrid
By any mortal but Bivar—mount, mount again, my Cid."*

* This stanza is quoted from Mr. Lockhart, whose version of this ballad has perhaps even more than his usual spirit and freedom, and makes any attempt at a metrical translation on my part as superfluous as it might appear presumptuous.

CHAPTER XL.

How the Cid's knights overcame the Counts of Carrion in the lists, and avenged the honor of the Cid.

The King Alfonso followed the Counts to Carrion, with the six judges of the fight and the three knights appointed to do battle in the Cid's name. In the plain hard by the town he found the tents pitched and everything prepared for the battle, but the kinsmen and retainers of the Counts mustered in such numbers, and were so stoutly armed, that Alfonso suspected treachery, and not without cause, for verily they had agreed together, that if they could draw aside the Cid's knights they would slay them before the combat. The latter likewise felt their peril, and besought the king to see that no wrong was done them, that the Cid might not lose his revenge. Alfonso, knowing the Counts to have more treason than valour, caused it to be proclaimed,

"Whoso shall do wrong or outrage
To the warriors of the Cid,
List! his head and his possessions
Straightway shall be forfeited."

Then spake the king and said, "Give ear, Infantes of Carrion, the combat should have been held in Toledo, but ye besought me to hold it here in Carrion, saying ye had not with ye all the weapons and harness ye

needed. Of my great courtesy I have hearkened to ye, and have come hither to your own town, bringing with me the Cid's knights, who, trusting in my faith and honor, have committed their lives to my care. Counts, be not deceived—do no treachery unto them; for, as I live, whosoever shall so do, shall straightway be cut to pieces on the field." This grieved the Counts sore; then they besought the king, saying,—

"King! a boon we crave!—forbid it
That our foemen in the fight
Wield Tizona and Colada—
Faulchions they of wondrous might!"

Sorely did they repent that they had restored them to the Cid. "Nay, Sir Counts," replied the king, "I can grant ye none of this. Ye should have asked it in Toledo—this is not the place. Ye can equip yourselves in what arms ye please, there is none to gainsay ye. Ye are stout and stalwart; fight, then, with valiant hearts; for well I wot such will not fail the knights of my Cid. If ye come forth conquerors from the lists, great will be your honour—if ye be vanquished, lay it not to us, for the whole world well know ye have brought it on yourselves."

Thus did the Counts find themselves baffled at every turn;

Then were the Counts right sorrowful that they had ired the Cid,
And sorely it repented them, that they this wrong had done—
Now would they not have done it for the wealth of Carrion.

The lists were now set, the umpires* were arrived, and all was ready for the combat. The Cid's knights vault into their saddles, which had been blessed with holy water, and each with sword, lance, and shield, takes up his place. The Infantes and their uncle take their posts opposite. The king and the umpires clear the field, and point out the extent of the lists, showing to the six combatants that whosoever passes these limits will be held as vanquished; and the umpires allot to them their places, so that they shall share equally the sun, and one side not be more dazzled than the other. Each now gazes stedfastly on his foe—

Each takes his lance with pennon gay, and fixeth it in rest—
Each braceth on his buckler, and with it shields his breast—
Each bendeth o'er his saddle-bow, and spurreth to the shock—
The earth beneath the rushing host doth tremble all and rock.
When man meets man and horse meets horse in that encounter dread,
It seemeth to the lookers-on they all will there fall dead.

Pero Bermudez received the lance of Fernan Gonzalez in his shield, but without a wound—while he ran his lance through the shield of his foe, through his triple coat of mail and the quilting beneath, a full handsbreadth into the flesh, and bore him backward over his horse's croup to the ground. Pero Bermudez then threw aside his lance and drew his sword, which the Count Fernan at

* Or "faithful men," as the Poem terms them.

once knew to be Tizona, and ere the fatal blow could be struck, he cried, "I yield." The umpires granted him his life, and Bermudez sheathed his sword.

The other brother fared no better at the hands of Martin Antolinez. At the first shock both combatants shivered their lances. Martin drew his sword, and—

Colada dazzled all the field, so bright and clear it shone.

With it he smote his adversary's helmet, cut through the outer cap or casque, severed the hood of mail beneath, and pierced to the skull. Then the Count, seeing that he should not escape with his life, cried

"Oh help me, glorious God of Heav'n, and save me from this sword!"

and he rode out of the lists, leaving the victory to Martin.

Meanwhile Muño Gustioz was waging a harder combat with Asur Gonzalez, whose lance pierced the shield and hauberk of the Cid's knight, but without wounding or unhorsing him, for he was of great might. In return, Muño Gustioz pierced the shield of his foe, and also his harness of mail, thrusting his lance into his body, so that its head with the pennon came out a full fathom on the other side. Then with a turn of the lance he cast him from the saddle to the ground, where as he lay covered with blood, all thought him wounded unto death. Muño Gustioz drew forth his lance, and was about to pin his foe to the earth, when the father of the Count cried aloud, "Strike not, for God's sake! for yours is the field."

According to a letter which the king wrote to the

Cid, giving a full account of the combat, the Count Diego was left dead on the field; though another romance agrees with the Chronicle and Poem in that they all escaped with their lives, but were so covered with shame, that they fled from the land, and never more lifted up their heads, and their race never more was accounted aught in Castille. Pursuant to the belief that right was always victorious in the combat, the six judges then decreed that the two Counts of Carrion, with their uncle Suero Gonzalez, were base and infamous traitors, thenceforward incapable of honour; and all their possessions were forfeited to the crown.

Great was the debasement of the Counts of Carrion.

He who maltreateth a good dame, and leaveth her in scorn,
God grant that such like fate be his, or e'en a worse return!

The three victors returned to Valencia laden with honour, to the great joy and rejoicing of the Cid.

Down upon his knees he cast him,
And his hands uprais'd to heaven,
Praise and thanks to God he render'd
For the vengeance he had given.

He grasped his beard, and cried, "I thank the King of Heaven, my daughters are avenged! Now are they free from all part or lot in Carrion. Now may I wed them to whom I will, without let or hindrance." He hastened to make known the joyful tidings to Ximena and his daughters. Elvira and Sol heard the tidings

with manifestations of unbounded delight, with joy as great as joy could be.

Praise and thanks to God they render'd,
Then they ran with haste amain,
Forth to greet the good Bermudez
And his valiant comrades twain.

Eager in their arms they caught them,
And they strove their hands to kiss;
But the warriors withstood them,—
Great the damsels' joy, I wis.

And for eight days there were feasting and rejoicing in Valencia, because God had taken away their reproach, and avenged them on their enemies.

After this the nuptials of the Cid's daughters were celebrated with the Princes of Aragon and Navarre,—the first bridals were great and splendid, but greater far were these. Behold how honour floweth to him who in a good hour was born!—seeing that he hath the Infantas of Aragon and Navarre to his daughters, and the kings of Spain to his kinsmen. And thus did the Cid become the progenitor of kings.*

* "Sending," says a modern traveller, "through almost every royal house of Europe a vein of heroism which is slow to proclaim itself." Here the Poem concludes, and with these words: "In every way cometh honor to him who in a good hour was born. He passed from this life the day of Pentecost—may Christ pardon him! May we all, whether righteous or sinners, do likewise! This is the history of my Cid the Campeador. Here we conclude this record. God grant him who wrote this book to enter Paradise—Amen! Per Abbat wrote it in the month of May, in the era of one thousand and CC XLV years." The day of Pentecost in the year 1099, which was that of the Cid's death, fell on 29th May. For the date of the Poem, see Introduction, page 22.

CHAPTER XLI.

How the Cid received an embassy from the Sultan of Persia.

So widely was the renown of the Cid now spread abroad through the world, that the Sultan of the East, the renowned Soliman, hearing of his valorous deeds, sent an ambassador to Valencia with costly presents of camels, silks, purple and scarlet cloth, incense and myrrh, and gold and silver ornaments, in token of his friendship, charging him to say, "As the Prophet liveth," saith my lord, "he would give his royal crown could he but behold thee in his land. He prayeth thee to take this small gift in token that he is thy friend, and will continue so to his death." The Cid went out to meet the ambassador, and do him honor; but the Moor on beholding him, whether by reason of his warlike aspect, or of the renown of his great deeds, trembled before him, so that he could scarce utter a word. Whereon the Cid took him by the hand, saying, with great courtesy, "Welcome art thou, welcome to my city of Valencia! Were thy king a Christian, with great joy would I go to his land and visit him." Then he took him to Ximena and her daughters, and showed him all his wealth and power; and the Paynim returned home marvelling greatly at his abundant riches.*

* According to the Chronicle, the Sultan was induced to despatch this embassy, not so much from disinterested admiration of the Cid's heroism, as to deter him from joining the princes of Europe in the crusade which had been proclaimed against him.

CHAPTER XLII.

The Cid falls sick, and dies.

After this the Cid abode in Valencia for five years, ever labouring to serve God and to extend the Christian faith, and to atone for his sins, for he saw that his days on earth would be few. The *alcalde*, who ruled the Moors in Valencia under him, was none other than Abentaxi, the alfaqui who had made lamentation over the city, as aforesaid.* Now it came to pass that one day he came to my Cid, and confessed himself a convert to Christianity, whereat my Cid rejoiced greatly, and had him baptized by the name of Gil Diaz, and henceforth he was a favoured vassal of his lord.

When the Cid had held possession of Valencia for five years, he fell sick, worn out by age and the fatigues of his long warfare with the Moors. Tidings were at the same time brought him that the Moorish king Bucar, whom he had before driven from the plains of Valencia,† had returned to the siege with a mighty force of horse and foot, and with thirty kings in his alliance.

Sorely griev'd the Cid these tidings,
As upon his bed he lay;
Straight he pray'd the God of heaven
For protection and for stay;

* Vide Chapter xxviii.

† Or, more probably, another prince of the same name; for, according to most accounts, the former was slain by the Cid.

That when dead the foe he
routed,
'T is no folly to believe;
For to whom the saints show
favour,
All were easy to achieve.

That from out this grievous peril
He would safe his servant guide:
Thus he pray'd, when on a sudden,
Lo! a man stood at his side.

There he stood in bright apparel,
Rob'd in raiment white as snow;
Scarce the Cid his face could gaze on,
For so dazzling was its glow."

This figure proved to be St. Peter, sent from heaven to declare to the Cid that he had but thirty days to live; for at the end of that time he would meet the saints in glory.

"Dear art thou to God, Rodrigo,
And this grace he granteth thee,
When thy soul hath fled, thy body
Still shall cause the Moors to flee;
And, by aid of Santiago,
Gain a glorious victory."

"This," the saint added, "hath God granted to my prayers, for the honor thou hast ever shown to my house and altar at Cardeña." With these words the holy apostle returned to heaven, leaving my Cid lost in praise and thanksgiving.

These tidings cheered the Cid's heart greatly, and he straightway made preparations for his approaching end. Having ordered all the Moors to quit the city for the suburbs, he gathered together his followers, all those who ate his bread, in the church of San Pedro, and there made known to them the prophetic vision wherewith he had been honored; then charging them after his death to obey the commands of Don Geronymo, the bishop, Alvar Fañez, and Pero Bermudez, he took a solemn farewell of all, confessed his sins, received absolution, and re-

turned to his palace. Here he sickened fast, and for seven days before his death could take nothing but a little of the myrrh and balsam he had received from the Sultan of Persia; and every day his face waxed fresher and fresher, and his voice stronger, albeit his body became weaker daily.

The day before that appointed for his decease, the Cid called together his wife and his nearest kinsmen and friends, to instruct them what to do after his death:

"First when that my soul hath left it,
Wash my body clean and sweet;
Fill it next with myrrh and balsam,
And with spices, as is meet;
Then with ointments well anoint it,
From the head unto the feet.

Mourn me not, my dear Ximena—
Mourn me not, ye maids, I pray;
Lest your weeping and your wailing
To the foe my death betray."

Then turning to Alvar Fañez and Pero Bermudez, his kinsmen and companions in arms, he said,—

"Should the Moorish king assail ye,
Call your hosts and man the wall;
Shout aloud, and let the trumpets
Sound a joyful battle-call.

Meantime then to quit this city,
Let all secretly prepare;
And make all your chattels ready,
Back unto Castille to bear.

Saddle next my Babieca,
Arm him well as for the fight;

On his back then tie my body,
In my well-known armour dight.

In my right hand place Tizona;
Lead me forth unto the war;
Bear my standard fast behind me,
As it was my wont of yore.

Then, Don Alvar, range thy warriors
To do battle with the foe;
For right sure am I that on ye
God will victory bestow."

Then the Cid made his will, which he began in this wise:—

"He who spareth no man living,
Kings or nobles though they be,
At my door at length hath knockéd,
And I hear him calling me.

As to go I am preparéd,
I do make my testament," &c.

After repeating some of the aforesaid commands, he orders that Babieca, when he dies, should be decently and carefully buried, "that no dogs may eat the flesh of him who hath trodden down so much dogs'-flesh of Moors." His own body he directs to be borne to San Pedro de Cardeña, and there buried under a bronze monument hard by the altar of the Holy Fisherman, as he calls St. Peter. He forbids any female mourners to be hired to bewail his death, as the tears of Ximena would suffice without the purchase of others. His conscience still rebuking him for the deceit he had practised on the two Jews who had lent him money on his departure into

exile, he bequeaths them another coffer of silver; and after a few other bequests to those of his table and his bread, he leaves the rest of his goods to be given to the poor. As his executors he appoints the bishop, Don Geronymo; Ximena Gomez, his wife; Alvar Fañez; Pero Bermudez, and Ordoño, his nephews. Then turning to his friends, who were weeping around his couch, he said, "Well wot I, good friends, that ye have no cause to rejoice, but much to lament at my departure; but learn of me how to bear up against adversity, for to conquer Fortune is more than to conquer a thousand realms.

Friends, I sorrow not to leave ye;
If this life an exile be,
We who leave it do but journey
Homeward to our family."

On the day following the Cid prayed sore to heaven: "Oh! Lord Jesus, thy kingdom is over all—all rulers are in thy hands. Thou art King over all kings, and Lord over all lords. I beseech thee, seeing thou hast given me so much honor and glory, and so many victories over the enemies of thy holy faith, to be pleased to pardon all my sins, and take my spirit to thyself." Saying this, he gave up his soul to God, clean, and pure from all stain of sin. He died in the year of our Lord 1099, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

Gil Diaz, his faithful servant, fulfilled all his instructions with regard to the body, and gave it a sitting and upright position by placing it on a chair, and leaving it to stiffen between two boards.

CHAPTER XLIII.

How the dead body of the Cid was borne to Castille, and how the Moors were routed before Valencia.

On the twelfth day after the Cid's death, everything was in readiness for the departure of the Christians from Valencia. It was the hour of midnight when they led forth Babieca, who gazed at his dead lord with an air of sorrow more like a man than a brute. They strapped the body firmly down to the saddle, and tied the feet to the stirrups. His helmet and armour were of parchment, painted so as to resemble steel. A shield of the same, marked with his own device, was hung about his neck, and his beloved Tizona was fixed upright and bare in his right hand:

There he sat all stiff and upright,
So Gil Diaz did contrive;
He who had not known the secret,
Would have deem'd him still alive.

By the fitful glare of torches,
Forth they go at dead of night;
Headed by their lifeless captain,
Forth they march unto the fight.

The bishop of Valencia, Don Geronymo, led Babieca by one rein, and Gil Diaz by the other. Pero Bermudez led the van, with the Cid's banner upraised, guarded by four hundred knights of noble birth. Then

followed the beasts laden with the baggage, under a like guard. Next came the Cid's body, guarded by a hundred knights; and Ximena and her women, with six hundred knights, brought up the rear. The procession moved on into the plain

> All so silent and so softly,
> That there seem'd not twenty there.

As the day broke, they were met by the Moorish hosts, but Alvar Fañez assailed them with great fury.

At the head of the foe rode a negro woman, called "the Star," from her great skill in shooting, who with a hundred female companions, like the Amazons of old, did great execution with their long-bows. These heroines were all conquered and slain by Alvar Fañez and his knights.*

King Bucar and his thirty royal allies were struck with amazement at beholding what, through a miracle, seemed to their eyes a prodigious force advancing against them:

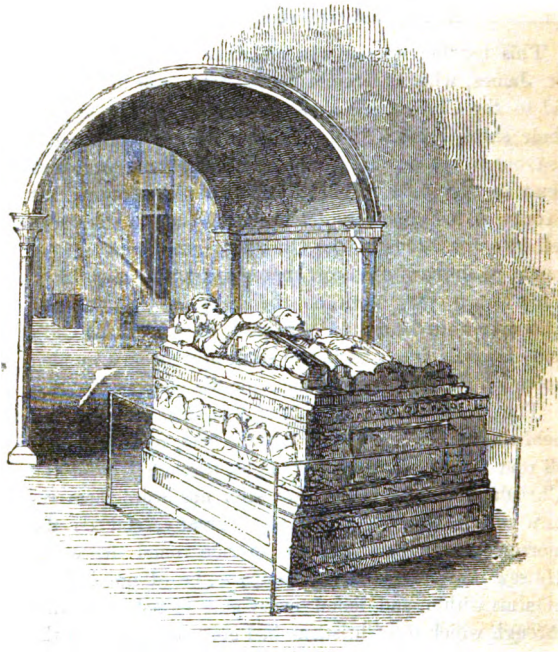
> Seventy thousand Christian warriors,
> All in snowy garments dight,
> Led by one of giant stature,
> Mounted on a charger white;

* Had they been said to be Spanish Arabs, at that period the most polished and chivalrous race in Europe, we might deem this account unworthy of credit; but if we suppose them Africans, as we are at liberty to do, considering they were in the army of the king of Morocco, the fact loses all improbability, as we know, from the Arabian epic of 'Antar,' that among the tribes of the desert, women not unfrequently took part in the perils of warfare, martial courage being regarded as one of the female virtues. The Chronicle says the followers of "the Star" were two hundred black knights, all shaven and shorn.

On his breast a cross of crimson,
In his hand a sword of fire,
With it hew'd he down the Paynims,
As they fled, with slaughter dire.

This terrible warrior was no other than Santiago, or St. James, who, as foretold by St. Peter, was to lend his aid to the Christians. Panic-struck, the Moors fled to their ships, but ten thousand were drowned in the endeavour to get on board, and multitudes more were left dead on the field. King Bucar himself escaped, but twenty of his confederate kings were slain. His camp fell into the hands of the Christians, who found in it so vast a spoil that the poorest that entered came away rich. Thus laden, they went on their way to Castille; and wherever they halted on the road, they took the Cid's body from Babieca's back, and set it upright on a wooden horse which Gil Diaz had made for the purpose.

The Moors in the suburbs of Valencia, who had beheld the rout of King Bucar and his host, remained quiet all that day and the ensuing night, through fear of the Christians; but having neither seen nor heard them return to the city, they marvelled greatly, and on the morrow one of them ventured to ride round the walls. He saw no warders on the ramparts, heard no clashing of arms within, and found every gate closed, save that through which the Christians had gone forth, and on the wall he found a paper saying that the Cid was dead, and that the Christians had left Valencia to the Moors. Great was their joy to return within its walls. They continued to possess it till it was won by Don Jayme I. of Aragon, in the year of our Lord 1238. Nevertheless the city from this time forth was ever called "Valencia of my Cid."



[Tomb of the Cid, in the Convent of San Pedro de Cardeña.]

CHAPTER XLIV.

Showing how the Cid's body was set in the chapel of San Pedro de Cardeña, and how it wrought a miracle to the conversion of an unbeliever.

The good Ximena had sent messengers to the princes of Aragon and Navarre, her sons-in-law, as well as to the other kinsmen of the Cid, inviting them to come and do honor to his body. Alvar Fañez proposed that before they came the body should be put into a coffin, fastened down with nails of gold, and covered with a purple pall; but Ximena would not hearken to this, saying that his daughters would rather behold him as he was:

"My Cid hath still a beauteous visage,
And his eyes are nothing dim;
Whilst so fresh his body keepeth,
'Twere not meet to bury him."

As the procession drew nigh to Olmedo, it was met by the Cid's daughters and their husbands. All the Aragonese knights in their train had their shields hanging reversed at their saddle-bows, and were clad in black cloaks with the hoods rent, according to the Castillian fashion of deep mourning; while the ladies were arrayed in robes of black serge. They would have wailed, but Ximena withstood them, as the Cid himself had forbidden it. Doña Elvira and Doña Sol, with their husbands, approached the body of their father:

Weeping sore, his hands they kisséd,
Greatly marv'lling at the sight;
For no dead man then he seeméd,
But a live and stalwart knight.

All joined the procession as it continued on its way to San Pedro de Cardeña. Thither also came the good King Alfonso to do honour to the dead hero, and he commanded that the Cid's body should not be buried at once, but should be clad in rich vestments sent him by the Sultan, and be set hard by the altar, on the seat he had been wont to use, on a cushion of cloth of gold, with his own good sword Tizona in his hand. All this was done, and

There it sat within that chapel,
More than ten long years, I ween.

And a festival was held each year in honor of him, who, though dead, hath a name that ne'er will die.

On one of these yearly festivals, which were held at San Pedro de Cardeña, whither multitudes flocked from every part of Castille, it chanced that a Jew entered the chapel at an hour when no one else was within its walls, as the abbot, by reason of the crowd, was preaching to the people without. There he beheld the Cid's body arrayed in his garments, sitting upright on his seat, with his long white beard hanging down on his bosom, as though he were endowed with great gravity, and worthy of all reverence: his left hand holding the scabbard of his sword, and his right the strings of his mantle. This august sight failed to awe the unbeliever, and he said within himself, as he gazed on the dead warrior:

"Lo, the Cid! this is his body,
Who through all the world was fear'd.
I've heard say that in his lifetime
None did ever touch his beard.

Come, methinks I now will pluck it—
Nought can harm me, now he 's dead."
Forth his hand the Hebrew stretchéd,
As these impious words he said.

Ere the beard his fingers touchéd,
Lo! the silent man of death
Graspt the hilt, and drew Tizona
Full a span from out the sheath!

Deadly fear the Hebrew seizéd,
When he did behold this sight—
Down he fell unto the earth,
Well nigh lifeless with affright.

And there he was found by some of the congregation who entered the church. On recovering from his swoon, he recounted what had passed, and gave thanks to God for that miracle, which wrought his instant conversion to the true faith. He took the cowl in the same convent of Cardeña, and there ended his days, like any other good Christian. But the Jew's word was not the only voucher for this miracle: from that day forth the right hand of the dead Cid kept firm hold of the hilt of Tizona, so that his garments could no more be changed when dirty, as had been the wont before.

At the end of ten years, the tip of the Cid's nose dropt off; whereon the abbot and Gil Diaz thought it time for him to be buried, which was done accordingly in the same chapel—a deep pit being dug before the high altar,

and his body being placed upright in it, on his own chair, as it had sat since his death.

Ximena and the faithful Gil Diaz spent the remainder of their lives in the convent of San Pedro, watching their lord's body; keeping vigils and singing masses for the benefit of his soul. Ximena died four years after him, but Gil Diaz lived many more. He carefully tended Babieca, and took especial care that none should ever mount him who had carried the Cid for two and forty years;* and that his race might not be lost, he made him the progenitor of the best breed of horses that ever existed in the realm of Spain. Babieca died two years after his lord, and was buried by Gil Diaz before the gate of the monastery.

* Vide note in chapter viii., p. 53.

CONCLUSION.

THE remains of the Cid have several times been removed in the course of the seven centuries and a half which have elapsed since his death. First by Alonso the Wise, who in 1272 removed the bodies of the Cid and his wife to a monument by the side of the altar of San Pedro. Again by Philip V., who in 1736 transferred them to the chapel where they now lie. And the last time by the French in 1809, to the Espolon or public promenade of Burgos; but in 1826 they were restored with great solemnity to their resting-place in the convent of San Pedro de Cardeña.

In the centre of a small chapel called "the chapel of kings, counts, and illustrious men," now stands the monument containing the remains of our hero and "his wife so perfect, whom he loved as his own soul." Their effigies in marble repose above, side by side. On a tablet below is a Latin inscription in doggerel hexameters, saying that "as Rome was honoured by the warlike deeds of her heroes, as King Arthur was the glory of the Britons, and Charlemagne of the French, so is Spain no less ennobled by her unconquered Cid." The walls of this chapel are thickly covered with painted escutcheons, to each of which some name is attached, serving as the epitaph of the person whose remains lie enclosed in the wall at that spot. Here you read the name of the Cid's

great ancestor, Lain Calvo, the first judge of Castille—of his father Diego Lainez, and mother Doña Teresa—of the proud Count of Gormaz, who fell by his maiden sword. Here are also interred our hero's two daughters Elvira and Sol, together with their royal husbands of Navarre and Aragon; and his only son Diego Rodriquez, of whom no mention is made by the romances, but who died at an early age, fighting by his father's side against the Moors of Consuegra. Here also lies the dust of the Cid's brave companions in arms—of Alvar Fañez Minaya, his first cousin, whom he was wont to call "his right arm, his better arm;" of Martin Antolinez, Pero Bermudez, and Ordoño, his nephews; of Martin Pelaez, the Asturian; and of others of his captains.

Over the principal entrance to the convent is a mounted figure of the Cid, larger than life, and painted, striking the Moors to the ground beneath the feet of Babieca. It was sadly mutilated during the War of Independence. Since the suppression of the monastic orders in Spain, in 1835, the convent has been uninhabited, save by a man who keeps it in order, and who, happily for the visitor, is deeply read in the Cid's history. It stands about six or seven miles to the east of Burgos, in the midst of a bleak and dreary country, but which is yet not unfertile, as it is in many parts covered with corn. The village of Bivar lies about the same distance to the north of Burgos. I did not visit it when recently at that city, but heard that some remains of the Cid's castle are still standing. The site of the house in Burgos in which the Cid was born is marked by three obelisks bearing escutcheons and a commemorative inscription, which informs us that "these monuments were raised on the ancient ruins of

his family mansion in the year 1784." * This, and the chest already spoken of as preserved in the cathedral, are, I believe, the only relics pertaining to the Cid now to be seen in Burgos; but I must not forget that his statue has a prominent place as "the dread and terror of the Moors," in the quaint gateway of Santa Maria, erected by Charles V. to the memory of the heroes of Burgos.

It may be remembered that the knight of La Mancha speaks of Babieca's saddle being preserved in the Royal Armoury at Madrid. † Such a relic may have been shown in the time of Cervantes, but I can say from experience that there is now no such saddle, only the suit of armour mentioned in a former chapter as belonging to the Cid, but which is evidently of later date by several centuries; and a sword which is called Colada, but of which, judging from the hilt, the same may be said. It is long, straight, two-edged, with a cruciform hilt. I had no opportunity of examining it, but Southey states that on one side of the blade is graven, "Yes, yes," on the other, "No, No." "Tizona," according to the same authority, "is an heir-loom in the family of the Marquis of Falces." On one side of the blade is engraved, "I am Tizona, made in era 1040," *i. e.* A.D. 1002; on the other, "Hail, Mary, full of grace!"

I think my readers will allow that the ballads of the Cid, though seen through the medium of my defective translations, are far from deserving the sweeping condemnation of Dr. Southey, that "the greater part of

* According to Berganza the city of Burgos is bound to preserve the arms of the Cid and of the monastery of San Pedro de Cardeña over his house, or rather on its site.

† Don Quix. part. iv. cap. 49.

them are utterly worthless." Among the nearly two hundred which are extant, there are certainly some of little value or interest, but I am satisfied that few who read them in the original will allow that this is characteristic of the mass, and that not a few will say, with Mr. Lockhart, that they have derived great pleasure from the perusal. In fact, those only who so read them can adequately admire them, for, to adopt the words of a modern critic on the early poetry of Spain, "Spanish literature is of all others that which can be least appreciated by extracts or translations. Its excellence consists not in insulated beauties, but in that noble national spirit which, like a great connecting principle, pervades and harmonises the whole."

THE END.

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