

through which the whole interior trade with the ports in the Bay of Biscay was carried on, and from whence the Segovian cloth was sent to all parts of Europe. Its population was then from 35,000 to 40,000, exclusive of foreigners, who were many in number; it had been reduced to 8000 or 9000, the place having declined after the seat of government was fixed at Madrid. Most of the Spanish cities may be traced to much higher antiquity; many exceed it in size; but there are few which are connected with so many of those historical recollections in which the Spaniards seem above all other nations to delight. It was the birth-place of Count Ferran Gonzalez, and of the Cid Campeador; the former used to knight his warriors in St. Lorenzo's church. A beautiful triumphal arch has been erected to his honour upon the site of the dwelling in which he was born; and his statue, with those of the two judges, Nuño Rasurez, and Layn Calvo, Diego Porcelos, the Cid, and the Emperor Charles V., adorns the gate of St. Maria, which opens upon one of the bridges.

Our Edward I. was knighted by his brother-in-law, Alfonso the Wise, in S. Maria de las Huelgas, a nunnery founded by Alfonso V. and his English Queen Leonor, within sight of the city. Its church was preferred by the Castilian kings for the performance of any remarkable ceremony, the place for which was not prescribed; three kings therefore in succession were crowned there, and it was long a place of interment for the royal family. Except that at Fulda, no other nunnery ever possessed such privileges, or was so largely endowed. The cathedral, than which there is no more elaborate or more magnificent specimen of what may be called monastic architecture, was founded in 1221, by King St. Ferdinand and the Bishop Maurice, (who is said to have been an Englishman, either by birth or blood,) about 150 years after the see of Oca had been

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 1812. ham's hair, and one of St. Apollonia's innumerable teeth. Two  
 August. short leagues from the city is the monastery of St. Pedro de  
 Cardena, a far older foundation than the cathedral; where, from  
 the time that two hundred of its monks were massacred by  
 the Moors, the pavement used on the anniversary of their  
 martyrdom to sweat blood, till that blood, which through so  
 many centuries had cried for vengeance, was appeased by the  
 final subjugation of the misbelievers. There the Cid lies and his  
 wife Ximena: some of the French officers at the commence-  
 ment of this treacherous invasion used to visit the church and  
 spout passages from Corneille's tragedy over their tomb. There  
 too lie his daughters, D. Elvira and D. Sol; and his father  
 Diego Laynez; and his kinsman Alvar Fañez Minaya, and his  
 nephew Martin Antolinez, and Martin Pelaez, the Asturian,  
 names which will be held in remembrance as long as chivalrous  
 history shall be preserved. And before the gate of the mo-  
 nastery, the Cid's good horse Bavioca lies buried, and Gil Diaz  
 his trusty servant, by the side of that good horse, which he had  
 loved so well.

But of objects of antiquity or veneration, that on which the  
 people of Burgos prided themselves most was a miraculous  
 crucifix in the convent of St. Augustine, which a merchant of that  
 city, on his homeward voyage from Flanders, found at sea, float-  
 ing in a chest shaped like a coffin. The learned have concluded,  
 upon a comparison of dates and circumstances, that it is the  
 identical image which was carved by Nicodemus, and carried from  
 Jerusalem to Berytus; where, being again nailed and pierced by  
 unbelieving Jews in the 8th century, blood issued from its  
 wounds, and miraculously healed both Jews and Christians of  
 their diseases. When Berytus fell under the yoke of the

Saracens, the Christians, to save it from farther profanation, confined it thus carefully, and committed it in faith to the waves. Strong, however, as the circumstantial evidence for this identity was admitted to be, many persons piously preferred believing that it was no work of human hands, but had been sent from heaven, in order that there should be on earth one perfect resemblance of our crucified Saviour. They supported this opinion by the alleged and admitted fact, that no one has ever been able to ascertain of what material the image is made; the flesh, they say, is so elastic that it yields like that of a living body to the touch, and resumes its natural rotundity when the pressure is removed; the head moves to whatever side it may be inclined, and the arms, if they are unfastened, fall like those of a corpse; and the hair, and beard, and nails, seem not as if they were carved, or fixed there, but as if they grew. Volumes have been published filled with authenticated accounts of the miracles which this crucifix has performed. Kings, nobles, and prelates, have vied with each other in enriching the chapel wherein it is placed. So many lamps have been presented, that they are said literally to have hid the vault of the chapel, covering its whole extent; and of these the meanest were of massive silver. On each side of the altar stood thirty silver candlesticks, each taller than the tallest man, and heavier than many men could lift. The candlesticks upon the altar were of massive gold; between them were gold and silver crosses, set with precious stones; and crowns rich with pearls and sparkling with diamonds were suspended over the altar. Above the altar, the miraculous Crucifix is placed, behind three curtains embroidered with jewelry and pearls. It was shown only to persons of great distinction, and not to them till after many ceremonies, and till they had heard two masses: bells were then rung to give notice that all who were present must fall upon their knees, while the

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sacred curtains were undrawn. The great captain Gonsalvo de Cordoba, when he would have ascended to inspect it closely, was overcome with sudden awe, and withdrew, saying he would not tempt the Lord. And Isabella, the Catholic Queen, for whom one of the nails which fastened the image to the cross was taken out, that she might enshrine it among her relics, fainted when she saw the arm drop; and when she came to herself, repenting of her intention, as though such piety had partaken of the sin of sacrilege, ordered the nail to be reverently replaced. . . It is a relief for those whose thoughts have been long employed upon the wickedness and the sufferings of their fellow-creatures, if their attention can sometimes be drawn away by such examples of their weakness and their credulity.

*The allies  
enter Bur-  
gos.*

When the enemy withdrew from Burgos they were joined by 9000 infantry of the army of the north under General Souham, who took the command, and retiring to Briviesca halted there in a strong position. On the morning of the 18th, the allies took possession of the heights to the north-west of the castle, and entered the city, where they were received with the usual acclamations. But this was no day of joy to the inhabitants: the garrison, who from their fort completely commanded both the city and the suburbs, opened a fire of musketry and grape into the principal streets, and burned the houses which were nearest them; and on the other hand the Guerrillas began to plunder, as if it were an enemy's town of which they had taken forcible possession. Alava, by threats, by blows, and by unremitting exertions, restored order at last; and his efforts were not a little assisted by a rumour which he caused to be spread among them, that the French were returning in great force: these marauders then took to their heels, and a Spanish battalion was posted in the city, and a battalion of *caçadores* in the suburbs.

On the following day the castle was invested. One division

remained on the left of the Arlanzon; part of the army forded it, and marched round the heights of St. Miguel; their advance drove the enemy from three detached flèches which they were constructing, to see into the hollows on the side of the hill, and took possession of such parts as were under cover. The remainder of the army was advanced on the high road in front of Monasterio to cover the attack. Upon reconnoitring the castle, it was found much stronger than had been expected; it was a lofty building, built with the solidity of old times, flanked with small round towers, and its roof sufficiently strong to bear guns of large calibre which the French had placed upon it. The keep had been converted into a casemated battery; the lower part of the hill had been surrounded by an uncovered scarp wall of difficult access, and between these defences two lines of field-works had been constructed, thickly planted with cannon, and encircling the hill. The garrison under General Du Breton consisted of nearly 3000 men, well provided with stores of all kinds. It was apparent that approaches against them must be carried on regularly; the most sanguine entertained no hope of succeeding in less than seven or eight days; nor would that hope have been entertained if the deficiency of means had been considered, unless an undue reliance had been placed upon military courage in circumstances where skill and science are of far more avail. The siege establishments of the army had been deficient in all the former sieges, in all which, therefore, success had been dearly purchased; but here there was not even the skeleton of an establishment. There were five officers of engineers, but not a sapper or miner; and only eight men of the royal military artificers, to whom 81 artificers of the line were added. The artillery consisted of three 18-pounders, and five 24-pounder iron howitzers, with 300 rounds of ammunition for each, and 15 barrels of powder. The engineers' stores were

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scanty in proportion, but in a store which the enemy had left in the town a considerable number of entrenching tools were found. Lord Wellington had no other means within his reach when he moved from Madrid. He had no means of transporting more guns and ammunition from Madrid, or from Ciudad Rodrigo, to Burgos. The Intruder and the French armies had swept Castille of all the mules and horses upon which they could lay hands; and if some might still have been purchased at high prices, there was no money to pay for them in the military chest.

*The horn  
work on S.  
Miguel's  
taken.*

On the side toward the country the castle was commanded by the heights of S. Miguel, which are separated from it by a deep ravine. The summit is about the same level as the upper works of the castle, at a distance of 300 yards. On this height the enemy had nearly completed a large horn work; the branches were not perfect; the rear, on the advance of the allies, had been closed by an exceedingly strong palisade; and in front they had begun to throw up three flèches, from which they had now been driven. As a preliminary to any attack, it was necessary to win the horn work. The arrangements for this were, that two parties should march that night, one upon each salient angle of the demi-bastions, enter the ditch, the counter-scarp being unfinished, and escalade them, under protection of 150 men, who were to march direct on the front of the work, halt at the edge of the ditch, and keep up a continued fire on those who defended the parapet. . . A third storming party under the Honourable Major Cocks was to march round the rear of the work, and endeavour to force in at the gorge. This plan was better arranged than executed. The covering party began to fire as soon as they were put in motion, and continued firing as they advanced, till they reached the ditch where they ought to have begun their fire: by that time so many of their men

had been killed and wounded, that the rest dispersed. The attack on both semi-bastions was not more fortunately conducted; the ladders were not long enough for the face of the work; . . . and the troops, remembering the murderous character of the former sieges which they had witnessed rather than their eventual success, hung back. Major Cocks lost in advancing nearly half his party by the fire of the castle, but he found that the garrison of the horn work neglected the gorge, being fully occupied with the attack in front. He therefore with little opposition got over the palisades and entered the body of the work with about 140 men; these he divided, posting one half on the ramparts to ensure the entry of the co-operating force in front, and with the other he formed opposite the gateway, in the hope of making the garrison prisoners: they were about 500 in number, under a *Chef de Batallon*, and had his support been brought up in time there was every probability of his capturing them; but the French running from their works, mere weight of numbers did for them as much as determined courage could have done; they literally ran over this little party and escaped into the castle. Their loss did not exceed 70 men, that of the assailants amounted to 420, including six officers killed and fifteen wounded.

Such a beginning, though successful, was not likely to give the troops confidence. And it was now found, . . . which could not be understood by a ground-plan of the works, nor indeed be exactly ascertained till they were in possession of St. Miguel's hill, . . . that although this hill commanded from its narrow side that on which the enemy's works were erected, it was itself commanded by the terrace of the castle. The breadth of St. Miguel's is parallel to the length of the castle hill, and consequently St. Miguel's is outflanked by the castle hill; and as the surrounding ground is so low as to be completely overlooked

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Col. Jones's  
account of  
the sieges,  
p. 191.

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Failure in  
assaulting  
the first  
line.*

and commanded by that hill, it was impossible to erect batteries on any spot except the narrow ridge, which was not only out-flanked by the opposite height but commanded by it. Trenches however were now opened to secure a communication with the horn work, and afford cover for the men; batteries were erected; and in order to save the troops from unnecessary fatigue, Lord Wellington resolved to assault the outer line, on the night of the 22nd, without waiting to form a breach in it. A party of Portugueze were to advance from some houses in the suburb close to the wall, cut down the palisades, and take the line in flank and rear, while a British party were to advance under a ridge of ground, and escalade the wall in front. The houses afforded cover to the one party, the ridge to the other, until the moment of attack. But no serious attack was made; the Portugueze were checked by a fire from a guard-house on the line, and could not be induced to enter the ditch: the British planted their ladders, and the officers mounted, but very few men followed them. Major Lawrie of the 79th, who commanded this party, was killed. Captain Fraser Mackenzie was struck down by a blow on the head; he recovered himself, mounted a second time, and was shot through the knee. The enemy, whose attention was not diverted by any other attack, mounted the parapet, and fired down upon the assailants, who stood crowded in the ditch unable now to advance, and still unwilling to retire. Lord Wellington was watching the attack from the hill of St. Miguel, under a fire of musketry, grape shot, and shells; and when he saw that the Portugueze did nothing, and that the party in front made no progress, he ordered the attempt to be relinquished, after the loss of about three hundred and thirty men. The wounded were brought in in the morning during an hour's truce.

The original plan was now resumed of working up to the



wall, and mining under it. The enemy placed two or three guns behind a projecting palisade which was so close as perfectly to secure them, and from thence they did great execution. As there were neither sappers, miners, nor pioneers, the engineer officers were obliged not only to direct every operation but to stand by, and instruct the working parties, and while thus employed, Captain Williams was killed. It seemed miraculous that any of these valuable officers escaped. The enemy could not now but have discovered that the besiegers were miserably provided with artillery, and that they had no ammunition to spare; nevertheless they began to prepare their second line for an obstinate defence. On the evening of the 29th, the miners hit upon the foundation of the wall, mined it, and charged the mine with twelve barrels of powder. At midnight it was sprung, and threw down the wall. Three hundred men were in readiness for storming; a serjeant and four men, the advance of a party of twenty who were to lead the way, mounted without opposition, for the enemy were panic-stricken; they remained some minutes on the top of the breach before the French, perceiving that they were not supported, took courage and drove them down. The officer in command of the first advance did not discover the breach, . . he returned into the parallel reporting that the mine had failed, and the storming party, in consequence of this error, was withdrawn. After this, Lord Wellington determined to have no more night attacks.

A supply of gunpowder having been obtained from Sir Home Popham's squadron, a second mine was completed; the first breach was rendered practicable, and the explosion which made the second was the signal for assaulting both. Immediately before the explosion, and while in the act of communicating that all was ready, Lieutenant-Colonel Jones of the engineers

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A second  
assault  
fails.

A third by  
daylight  
proves suc-  
cessful.

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