VARIOUS

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Содержание

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PERU. [1]

A clever book of travels, over ground comparatively untrodden, is in these days a welcome rarity. No dearth is there of vapid narratives by deluded persons, who, having leisure to travel, think they must also have wit to write: with these we have long been surfeited, and heartily grateful do we feel to the man who strikes out a new track, follows it observantly, and gives to the world, in pleasant and instructive form, the result of his observations. Such a traveller we have had the good fortune to meet with, and now present to our readers.

We take it that no portion of the globe's surface, of equal extent, and comprising an equal number of civilized, or at least semi-civilized, states, is less known to the mass of Europeans than the continent of South America. Too distant and dangerous for the silken tourist, to whom steam-boats

[1] *Peru. Reiseskizzen aus den Jahren 1838-1842. Von* J. J. von Tschudi. St Gall: 1846.

and dressing-cases are indispensable, it does not possess, in a political point of view, that kind of importance which might induce governments to stimulate its exploration. As a nest of mushroom republics, continually fighting with each other and revolutionizing themselves – a land where throat-cutting is a popular pastime, and earthquakes, fevers more or less yellow, and vermin rather more than less venomous, are amongst the indigenous comforts of the soil – it is notorious, and has been pretty generally avoided. Braving these dangers and disagreeables, a German of high reputation as a naturalist and man of letters, has devoted four years of a life valuable to science to a residence and travels in the most interesting district of South America; the ancient empire of the Incas, the scene of the conquests and cruelties of Francisco Pizarro.

"The scientific results of my travels," says Dr Tschudi in his brief preface, "are recorded partly in my *Investigation of the Fauna Peruana*[2] and partly in appropriate periodicals: the following volumes are an attempt to satisfy the claim which an enlightened public may justly make on the man who visits a country in reality but little known."

We congratulate the doctor on the good success of his attempt. The public, whether of Germany or of any other country into whose language his book may be translated, will be difficult indeed if they desire a better account of Peru than he has given them.

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[2] *Untersuchungen über die Fauna Peruana.* St Gall: 1846.

Bound for the port of Callao, the ship Edmond, in which Dr Tschudi sailed from Havre-de-Grace, was driven by storms to the coast of Chili, and first cast anchor in the bay of San Carlos, on the island of Chiloe. Although by no means devoid of interest, we shall pass over his account of that island, which is thinly peopled, of small fertility, and cursed with an execrable climate; and accompany him to Valparaiso, his next halting place. There he found much bustle and movement. Chili was at war with the confederation of Peru and Bolivia, and an expedition was fitting out in all haste. Sundry decrees of the Peruvian Protector, Santa Cruz, had excited the ire of the Chilians, especially one diminishing the harbour dues on vessels arriving direct from Europe and discharging their cargoes in a Peruvian port. This had damaged the commerce of Chili; and already one army under General Blanco had been landed on the Peruvian coast to revenge the injury. It had signally failed in its object. Outmanœuvred and surrounded, it was taken prisoner to a man. On this occasion the behaviour of Santa Cruz was generous almost to quixotism. He sent back the soldiers to their country, and actually paid for the cavalry horses, which he kept. The Chilian government showed little gratitude for this chivalrous conduct. The treaty of peace concluded by Blanco was not ratified; but a second armament, far more powerful than the first, was got ready and shipped from Valparaiso during Dr Tschudi's stay in that port. His account of the Chilian army and navy is not very favourable. His ship had hardly anchored when several officers of the land forces

came on board, and inquired if there were any swords to be sold, as they and their comrades were for the most part totally unprovided with such weapons. Swords formed no part of the cargo of the Edmond, but one of the ship's company, acquainted, perhaps, from previous experience, with the wants of these South American warriors, had brought out an assortment as a private spec., and amongst them was a sort of falchion, about five feet long, which had belonged to a cuirassier of Napoleon's guard. The officer who bought this weapon was a puny half-cast lad, who could hardly lift it with both hands, but who nevertheless opined that, in case of a charge, it would play the devil amongst the Peruvians. "Ten months later," says Dr Tschudi, "I met this hero on the march, amongst the mountains of Peru. He had girded on a little dirk, scarce larger than a toothpick, and behind him came a strapping negro, laden with the falchion. I could not help inquiring whether the latter arm had done much mischief in the then recent battle of Yungay, and he was honest enough to confess that he had not used it, finding it rather too heavy." The Chilian fleet, twenty-seven transports and nine men-of-war, was, with one or two exceptions, in bad condition; short of guns and hands, and manned in great part by sailors who had run from English, French, or North American ships. The officers were nearly all English. The shipment of the horses was conducted in the most clumsy manner: many were strangled in hoisting them up, others fell out of the slings and were drowned, and those that were embarked were so badly cared for, that each

morning previous to the sailing of the fleet, their carcasses were thrown overboard by dozens. The Chilian troops had no stomach for the campaign, and, in great part, had to be embarked by force. "I stood on the landing place," writes the doctor, "when the Santiago battalion went on board. Ill uniformed, and bound two and two with cords, the soldiers were actually driven into the boats." With such an army, what besides defeat and disaster could be expected? But treachery and discord were at work in Peru, and success awaited the reluctant invaders.

With unpardonable imprudence the captain of the Edmond had manifested an intention of selling his ship to the Peruvians to be converted into a man-of-war. A Yankee captain was suspected of a similar design; and the consequence was an embargo laid upon all ships in the port of Valparaiso, until such time as the Chilian army might be supposed to have reached its destination and struck the first blow. A delay of five-and-forty days was the consequence, particularly wearisome to Dr Tschudi, as he was unable to absent himself for more than twenty-four hours from the town, lest the embargo should be suddenly raised and the ship sail without him. He found few resources in Valparaiso, whose population, especially the numerous foreigners, have their time fully occupied by commercial pursuits. The town itself, closely built and dirty, is divided by *quebradas* or ravines into three parts, extending along the side of a hill, and designated by the sailors as foretop, maintop, and mizentop. These quebradas, close to whose edge run the badly lighted streets, are particularly

dangerous in the winter nights; and many a sailor, on shore for a "spree," finds his grave in them. The police is good, better probably than any other South American town; and although assassinations occasionally occur, the perpetrators rarely escape. One curious institution is the travelling house of correction, which consists of waggons, not unlike those in which menagerie keepers convey their beasts. Each of these contains sleeping accommodation for eight or ten criminals. Behind stands a sentry, and in front of some of them is a sort of kitchen. The prisoners draw the waggons themselves; and as they for the most part work upon the roads, often at some distance from the city, there is an evident gain thus in their conveying their dwelling with them. The plan answers well in a country where there is, properly speaking, no winter.

A common article of sale on the Valparaiso market is live condors, which are taken in traps. A fine specimen is worth a dollar and a half. In one court-yard, Dr Tschudi saw eight of them, fettered after a peculiar fashion. A long narrow strip of untanned leather was run through their nostrils, tied tight, and the other end fastened to a post fixed in the ground. This allowed the birds liberty to move about in a tolerably large circle, but as soon as they attempted to fly, they were brought down by the head. Their voracity is prodigious. One of them ate eighteen pounds of meat in the course of a day, without at all impairing his appetite for the next morning's breakfast. Dr Tschudi measured one, and found it fourteen English feet from tip to tip of the wings.

Most joyfully did our traveller hail the arrival of the long-looked for permission to sail. With a favouring breeze from the east, the Edmond soon made the islands of Juan Fernandez, and Dr Tschudi was indulging in pleasant recollections of Alexander Selkirk, Defoe, and Robinson Crusoe, when the cry "a man overboard" startled him from his reverie. Over went the hen-coops and empty casks; the ship was brought to, and a boat lowered. It was high time, for a shark had approached the swimmer, who defended himself with remarkable courage and presence of mind, striking out with his fists at his voracious pursuer. So unequal a combat could not last long, and the lookers-on thought him lost, for the shark had already seized his leg, when the boat came up; a rain of blows from oars and boat-hooks forced the monster to let go his hold, and the sailor was snatched, it might truly be said, from the jaws of death. His wounds, though deep, were not dangerous, and in a few weeks he was convalescent. Without other incident worthy of note, Dr Tschudi arrived in the bay of Callao. There the first news he heard was that the Chilians had effected a landing, taken Lima by storm, and were then besieging Callao. This magnificent fort, the last place in South America that had held out for the Spaniards, and which General Rodil defended for nearly eighteen months against the patriots, had since been in great measure dismantled, and three-fourths of the guns sold. Those that remained were now wretchedly served by the Peruvians, whilst the fire of the besiegers, on the other hand, did considerable damage. The siege,

however, was pushed nothing like so vigorously as it had been by the patriots. Both the land and sea forces were too small. To the latter the Peruvians had unfortunately no fleet to oppose. Several men-of-war had been treacherously taken from them by the Chilians in time of peace, and the only two remaining were sunk upon the approach of the enemy.

"One Sunday afternoon," says Dr Tschudi, "the Chilian brig-of-war, Colocolo, sailed close in under the walls of the fort, and threw in a few balls. The batteries immediately returned the fire with every gun they could bring to bear; but all their shots went too high, and fell amongst the merchantmen and other neutral vessels. Meanwhile the Colocolo sailed to and fro in derision of the batteries. At last the French commodore, seeing the danger of the merchant ships, sent a boat to the fort, menacing them with a broadside if they did not instantly cease firing. This the garrison were compelled to do, and to submit patiently to the insults of the Chilians. Another instance of the great prejudice which the vicinity of neutral shipping may be to besieged or besiegers, was witnessed on the night of the 5th November 1820, in the bay of Callao, when Lord Cochrane and Captain Guise, with a hundred and fifty men, boarded the Spanish forty-four gun corvette Esmeralda. Between the Esmeralda and the fort lay a North American frigate, the Macedonia, which completely hindered the castle from covering the corvette with its guns. So enraged were the garrison at this, that the next morning an officer of the Macedonia was murdered with his whole boat's crew, the

very instant they set foot on shore."

We shall not accompany Dr Tschudi through his "fragment of the modern history of Peru;" for although lucid and interesting, it might become less so in the compressed form which we should necessarily have to adopt. We find at one time six self-styled presidents of Peru – each with his share of partizans, more or less numerous, and with a force at his command varying from one to five thousand men – oppressing the people, levying contributions, shooting and banishing the adherents of his five rivals. Let us examine the probable causes of such a state of things, of the revolutions and rebellions which have now lasted for twenty years – since the birth of the republic, in fact – and which must finally, if a check be not put to them, bring about the depopulation and total ruin of Peru. These causes Dr Tschudi finds in the want of honour and common honesty exhibited by the majority of the Peruvian officers. With the army all the revolutions have begun. As soon as an officer reaches the rank of colonel, and if he can only reckon upon the adherence of some fifteen hundred or two thousand soldiers, he begins to think of deposing the president and ruling in his stead. In so doing, he is actuated by avarice rather than by ambition. During their short-lived power these dictators levy enormous contributions, of which they pocket the greater part, and let the soldiers want. After a while they abandon the helm of government, either voluntarily or by compulsion, and take with them their ill-gotten wealth. When the chiefs set such examples, it cannot

be wondered at if, amongst their inferiors, insubordination and mutiny are the order of the day. These, however, are most prevalent amongst the subaltern officers, scarcely ever originating with the soldiers, although their treatment, we are informed, is inhumanly cruel, and their privations and sufferings of the severest. There appears to be a great similarity in character between the Peruvian infantry and the Spanish troops of the present day; although the former are not of Spanish descent, but consist chiefly of Indians from the interior and mountainous districts of Peru. Dr Tschudi describes them as obedient, willing, and courageous; unparalleled in their endurance of hunger and fatigue, capable of sustaining for several days together marches of fourteen or sixteen leagues. The officers, however, must be good, or the men are useless in the field. If not well led, they throw away their arms and run, and there is no possibility of rallying them. Moreover, no retrograde movement must be made, although it be merely as a manœuvre – the Indians looking upon it as a signal for flight. The cavalry, for the most part well mounted, is worthless. It consists of negroes – a race rarely remarkable for courage. As cruel as they are cowardly, a defeated foe meets with barbarous treatment at their hands.

With every Peruvian army march nearly as many women as it comprises men. Unpalatable as such a following would be to European commanders, it is encouraged and deemed indispensable by Peruvian generals. The Indian women, as enduring and hardy as their husbands, set out two or three hours

before the troops, and precede them by about the same time at the halting place. They immediately collect wood for fires, and prepare the rations, which they carry with them, for their husbands, sons, and brothers. Without them, in the more desolate and mountainous districts, the soldiers would sometimes risk starvation. They are no impediment to the rapid march of a column, which they, on the contrary, accelerate, by saving the men trouble, and affording them more time for repose. During a battle they remain in the vicinity of the troops, but far enough off not to impede their movements; the fight over, they seek out the wounded and take care of them. The lot of these poor women, who go by the name of *rabonas*, is any thing but an enviable one; for besides their many privations and hardships, they meet with much ill usage at the hands of the soldiery, to which, however, they submit with incredible patience.

The manner in which most of the officers treat the soldiers is perfectly inhuman, and the slightest offences meet with terrible chastisement. Every officer has a right, at least in war time, to inflict, without a court-martial, any punishment he pleases. Some of the chiefs are celebrated for the refinement of their cruelties; and many soldiers prefer death to serving under them. During General Gamarra's campaign against the Bolivians in 1842, several score of soldiers sprang one day from the bridge of Oroya, to seek death in the torrent that flows beneath it. With the scornful cry of "*Adios, capitan!*" they took the fatal leap, and the next instant lay mangled and expiring upon the

rocks through which the stream forces its way. "I myself have witnessed," continues Dr Tschudi, "how soldiers who on the march were unable to keep up with the column, were shot dead upon the spot. On the road from Tarma to Jauja, a distance of nine leagues, I passed seven Indians who had thus lost their lives. It is true that the commandant of that battalion, an officer whose sword was as yet unstained with any blood save that of his own men, was accustomed to call out when he saw a soldier straggling from fatigue – '*pegale un tiro!*' Shoot him down! And the order was forthwith obeyed." When the troops reach the halting-place, and the *rabonas* learn the fate of their sons or husbands, they mournfully retrace their weary footsteps, and amidst tears and lamentations dig a last resting place for these victims of military tyranny.

The sick are scarcely better treated. When they can no longer drag themselves along, they are placed upon mules, and, through the severest cold or most burning heat, are driven after the army. When they die, which is most frequently the case, they are dropped at the next village, to be buried by the alcalde.

"The major of a squadron of light cavalry," says our traveller, "once asked me, during my stay at Tarma in the year 1842, to take charge for a few days of his sick men. Of one hundred and twenty soldiers composing the squadron, sixty-eight lay huddled together in a damp dark hole, ill of the scarlet fever. Fourteen more were suffering from the effects of punishment. What a horrible sight they presented! Their backs were nearly bare of

flesh and covered with the most frightful wounds. A mutiny had taken place, and the major had shot six men, and caused eighteen others to receive from one hundred to three hundred lashes, with broad thongs of tapir hide – a punishment so severe, that some of them died under its infliction. The survivors were compelled immediately to mount their horses and follow the squadron. For nine days they rode on in the most terrible agony, and during that time had to cross the Cordilleras. Several of them refused to have their wounds dressed; and it was necessary to use force to compel them. One man implored me with tears to do nothing to improve his state, for that he longed to die. Before they were nearly cured, a march was ordered, and they again had to mount and ride. The consequences of this barbarity were easy to foresee. Before another eight days had elapsed, the squadron was scarcely sixty men strong."

Turn we from such horrors to a more pleasing theme. "Could I suppose," says Dr Tschudi, "that my readers are acquainted with the excellent description of Lima which Stevenson gives in his Travels in South America,[3] I would willingly abstain from any detail of the houses, churches, squares, and streets of that capital. But as that esteemed work was published twenty years ago, and is now almost entirely forgotten, I may venture, without danger of repeating things universally known, to give a sketch of the city

[3] An Historical and Descriptive Narrative of Twenty Years' Residence in South America. Containing Travels in Arauco, Chili, Peru, and Columbia; with an account of the Revolution, its rise, progress, and results; by W. B. Stevenson. London: 1825.

of Lima." And accordingly, the doctor devotes his fifth chapter to an account of the capital of Peru – an account over which we shall pass lightly, for the double reason, that our readers may be better acquainted with Stevenson's work than Dr Tschudi's countrymen can be supposed to be, and because, if we linger wherever we are tempted so to do in this very pleasant book, our paper will run out beyond any reasonable length. We must glance at the cathedral founded by Pizarro, and which took ninety years in building. Its magnificence and riches are scarcely to be surpassed by those of any other existing church. The high altar boasts of seven silver pillars of the Ionic order, twelve feet high, and a foot and a-half thick; the shrine is seven and a-half feet high, carved in gold, and studded with countless diamonds and emeralds; the silver candlesticks weigh one hundred and twelve pounds each. In connection with the convent of San Pedro, a curious anecdote is told. It belonged to the Jesuits, and was their "Colegio Maximo;" it was known to possess immense wealth, for the richest plantations and finest houses belonged to the order. In the year 1773, the king of Spain, supported by the famous bull of the 21st June of that year, "Dominus ac redemptor noster," sent orders to his South American viceroys to arrest all the Jesuits in one night, ship them off to Spain, and confiscate their wealth. The greatest secresy was observed, and no one but the viceroy, and those in his entire confidence, was supposed to know any thing of the plan. But the same ship which conveyed to the viceroy the king's instructions in his own handwriting,

brought to the vicar-general of the Jesuits in Lima the needful instructions from the general of the order at Madrid, to whom his Majesty's designs had become known. In all silence, and with every precaution the needful preparations were made; at ten o'clock on the appointed night, the viceroy summoned his council, and communicated to them the royal commands. No one was allowed to leave the room till the blow had been struck. At midnight trusty officers were sent to arrest the Jesuits, of whose names the viceroy had a list. It was expected that they would be surprised in their sleep. The patrole knocked at the door of the San Pedro convent, which was immediately opened. The commanding officer asked to see the vicar-general, and was forthwith conducted into the principal hall, where he found the whole of the order assembled, waiting for him, and ready to depart. Each man had his portmanteau packed with whatever was necessary for a long voyage. In all the other convents of Jesuits similar preparations had been made. The astonishment and vexation of the viceroy may be imagined. He immediately sent off the whole fraternity to Callao, where ships were ready to receive them. Inventories were then taken, and search made for the Jesuits' money. But great was the surprise of the searchers when instead of the millions which the order was known to possess, but a few thousand dollars were to be discovered. All the keys, including that of the strong box, were found, duly ticketed, in the vicar-general's room. The Jesuits could hardly have taken a better revenge for the treachery that had been used with their

order.

It was supposed that the money was buried, partly in the plantations, and partly in the convent of San Pedro. An old negro, in the service of the convent, told how he and one of his comrades had been employed during several nights in carrying, with bandaged eyes, heavy sacks of money into the vaults beneath the building. Two Jesuits accompanied them, and helped them to load and unload their burdens. The researches hitherto made have been but superficial and imperfect; and Dr Tschudi opines, with some naïveté, that the hidden hoard may yet be discovered. We cannot partake his opinion. The cunning Jesuits who concealed the treasure will have found means to recover it.

Lima was the principal seat of the Inquisition upon the west coast of South America, and in severity the tribunal was but little surpassed by that of Madrid itself. The building in which it was held still exists, but was gutted by the populace when the institution was abolished by the Cortes, and few traces of its internal arrangements and murderous engines are now to be seen. More visible ones are yet to be noticed in the persons of some unfortunate Limeños. "A Spaniard," Dr Tschudi tells us, "whose limbs were frightfully distorted, told me, in reply to my inquiries, that he had fallen into a machine which had thus mangled him. A few days before his death, however, he confided to me that in his twenty-fourth year he had been brought before the tribunal of the Holy Inquisition, and by the most horrible tortures had

been compelled to confess a crime of which he was not guilty. I still shudder when I remember his crushed and twisted limbs, at the thoughts of the agonies which the unhappy wretch must have endured."

Now and then, however, the most holy ruffians of the Inquisition met their match, as the following anecdote serves to show. The Viceroy, Castel-Fuerte, once expressed, in presence of his confessor, certain opinions regarding religion which the good monk did not find very catholic, and which he accordingly, as in duty bound, reported to the Inquisitors. The latter, confident of their omnipotence, joyfully seized this opportunity to increase its *prestige*, by proving that their power extended even to the punishment of a viceroy. But Castel-Fuerte was not Philip of Spain. At the appointed hour, he repaired to the Inquisition at the head of his body-guard and of a company of infantry, with two pieces of artillery, which he caused to be pointed at the building. Entering the terrible hall, he strode up to the table, drew out his watch, and laid it before him. "Señores," said he, "I am ready to discuss this affair, but for one hour only. If I am not back by that time, my officers have orders to level this building with the ground." Astounded at his boldness, the Inquisitors consulted together for a few moments, and then, with eager politeness, complimented the resolute Castel-Fuerte out of the house.

Lima was founded by Pizarro in the year 1534, on the 6th of January, known amongst Roman Catholics as the Day of the Three Kings. From this latter circumstance it has frequently

been called the City of the Kings. Like some tropical flower, urged into premature bloom and luxuriance by too rich a soil and too ardent a sun, its decay has been proportionably rapid, and the capital of Peru is already but the ghost of its former self. Some idea of its rapid growth may be formed from the circumstance that a wall built in 1585, only fifty years after its foundation, includes, with the exception of a small portion of the northern extremity and the suburb of San Lazaro, the whole of a city capable of containing one hundred thousand inhabitants, and measuring ten English miles in circumference. The dates of foundation of the principal public buildings further confirm the fact of Lima's rapid arrival at the size as well as the rank of a metropolis. The number of inhabitants, which in 1810 was estimated at eighty-seven thousand, in 1842 was reduced to fifty-three thousand. It must be observed, however, that the manner of taking the census is loose and imperfect, and these numbers may need rectification. At the same time, there can be no doubt that the population has long been, and still is, daily diminishing. Of this diminution the causes are various, and may easily be traced to the physical and political state of the country. Terrible earthquakes have buried thousands of persons beneath the ruins of their dwellings; the struggle for independence also swept away its thousands; and banishment and emigration may further account for the decrease. Epidemics, the natural consequence of an imperfect police, and an utter neglect of cleanliness, frequently rage in the city and its environs; and

Dr Tschudi proves, by interesting tables and statements, that the average excess of deaths over births has been, since the year 1826, no less than five hundred and fifty annually. Without entering into all the causes to which this may be attributed, he pronounces the criminal, but, in Lima, too common, practice of causing abortion to be one of the most prominent. So large a yearly decrease menaces the Peruvian capital with a speedy depopulation, and already whole streets and quarters of the city are desolate, – the houses falling in, – the gardens run to waste. To the country, not less than to the town, many of the above facts are applicable; and the once rich and flourishing region, that extends from the third to the twenty-second degree of southern latitude, and which, at the time of its conquest by Pizarro, contained an enormous population, now possesses but one million four hundred thousand inhabitants.

One can really hardly grieve over the possible extinction of a race which, according to Dr Tschudi's showing, is in most respects so utterly worthless and undeserving of sympathy. We refer now more especially to the white Creoles,[4] who constitute about a third, or rather more, of the population of Lima, where there are comparatively few Indians of pure blood, but, on the other hand, a large number of half-casts of every shade, and

[4] Europeans are apt to attach the idea of some particular colour to the word Creole. It is a vulgar error. Creole (Spanish, Criollo) is derived from *criar*, to breed or produce, and is applied to native Americans descended from 'Old World' parents. Thus there are black Creoles as well as white, and a horse or a dog may be a Creole as well as a man, so long as the European or African blood is preserved unmixed.

about five thousand negroes, chiefly slaves. These white Creoles, with few exceptions the descendants of Spaniards, seem to have clung to, and improved upon, the vices of their progenitors, without inheriting their good qualities. Both physically and morally they have greatly degenerated. Weak, indolent, and effeminate, a ten hours' ride seems to them an exploit worthy of registration in the archives of the country. Sworn foes of any kind of trouble, if their circumstances compel them to choose an occupation, they set up some retail shop, which gives them little trouble, and allows them abundance of leisure to gossip with their neighbours and smoke their cigar. The richer class pass their time in complete idleness, – lounging in the streets, visiting their acquaintances, and occasionally taking a lazy ride to their plantations near the city. The afternoon is got rid of in the café, the gaming-house, or the cock-pit – cock-fighting being a darling diversion with the Creoles. Their education is defective, and the majority of them are ignorant beyond belief. Dr Tschudi tells us of a Peruvian minister of war who knew neither the population nor the area of his country, and who obstinately maintained that Portugal was the eastern boundary of Peru, and could be reached by land. Another Peruvian, high in place, was heard to give an exact account of how Frederick the Great had driven Napoleon out of Russia. There have been some brilliant exceptions to this general darkness, but the list of them is very brief, and may be comprised in a few lines. In their habits the Creoles are dirty, especially at table; and the disgusting custom of spitting is carried

to an extent that would make even a Yankee stare. Their principal good qualities are abstinence from strong drinks, hospitality to strangers, and benevolence to the poor.

The ladies of Lima, we learn, are in most respects far superior to the men. Tall and well made, with regular features, magnificent eyes and hair, beautiful teeth, and exquisitely small feet, they are spoken of by Dr Tschudi in terms almost of enthusiasm. Their dress is very original; one usual part of it being a silk petticoat, made so narrow at the ankles as to prevent rapid walking, and to render their kneeling down in church and getting up again a matter of some difficulty. During the revolution, when Lima was held alternately by the Spaniards and the Patriots, a party of the former, in order to ascertain the real sentiments of the Limeños, disguised themselves as Patriots, and approached the city. As soon as their coming was known, a crowd went out to meet them, and in the throng were many women with these narrow *sayas*. When sufficiently near, the disguised Spaniards drew their swords, and cut right and left amongst the defenceless mob. The men saved themselves by flight, but the women, impeded by their absurd petticoats, were for the most part sabred.

The Limeñas are good mothers, but bad housekeepers. Most ladies have an unnecessarily numerous establishment of servants and slaves, each of whom does just what he pleases, and is rarely at hand when wanted. Smoking is pretty general amongst Peruvian women, but is on the decline rather than the increase.

They are passionately fond of music, and most of them sing and play the guitar or piano, although, for want of good instruction, their performance is usually but middling. Many of them are skilled in needle-work; but they rarely occupy themselves in that manner – never in company or of an evening. "Happy city!" exclaims Dr Tschudi, thinking doubtless of his own fair countrywomen and their eternal knitting needles, "where stocking making is unknown in the social circle!" We do not find, however, that the doctor supports his assertion of the moral superiority of the Creole ladies over their *worser* halves, by any very strong proofs. That assertion, on the contrary, is followed by the startling admissions, that they are confirmed gluttons, and ruin their husbands by their love of dress; that they gamble considerably, and intrigue not a few, favoured in this latter respect by a certain convenient veil of thick silk, called a *manto*, which entirely conceals their face, having only a small triangular loop-hole, "through which a great fiery eye flashes upon you." We fear that these "flashes," frequently repeated, have a little dazzled our learned traveller, and induced him to look leniently on the sins of the lovely Limeñas. We do not otherwise know how to reconcile the evidence with the eulogium.

Ardent politicians, and endowed with a degree of courage not often found in their sex, these Peruvian dames have frequently played a prominent part in revolutions, and by their manœuvres have even brought about changes of government. Conspicuous amongst them was Doña Francisca Subyaga, wife of the former

president, Gamarra. When, in 1834, her cowardly and undecided husband was driven out of Lima by the populace, and stood lamenting and irresolute what to do, Doña Francisca snatched his sword from his side, put herself at the head of the troops, and commanded an orderly retreat, the only means by which to save herself and the remainder of the army. A bystander having ventured to utter some insolent remark, she rode up to him, and threatened that when she returned to Lima she would make a pair of riding-gloves out of his skin. She died in exile a few months later, or else, when her husband went back to Peru four years afterwards, at the head of a Chilian army, she would have been likely enough to keep her word.

So much for the Limeñas, although Dr Tschudi gives us a great deal more information concerning them; and very amusing this part of his book is, reminding us considerably of Madame Calderon's delightful gossip about Mexico. "Lima," says the Spanish proverb, "is a heaven to women, a purgatory to husbands, and a hell to jackasses." The latter unfortunate beasts being infamously used by the negroes, who, especially the liberated ones, are the most cruel and vicious race in Peru. In this latter category must be included the Zambos and Chinos, half-casts between negroes and mulattos, and negroes and Indians. We turn a few pages and come to the carnival; during which, judging from the account before us, we should imagine that Lima became a hell not only to ill-treated donkeys, but to man woman, and child. The chief sport of that festive season consists in sprinkling

people with water, concerning the purity of which the sprinklers are by no means fastidious. From nearly every balcony, liquids of the most various and unsavoury description are rained down upon the passers by; at the street corners stand negroes, who seize upon all who are not of their own cast, and roll them in the gutter, unless they prefer paying a certain ransom, in which case they get off with a trifling baptism of dirty water. Troops of young men force their way into the houses of their acquaintances and attack the ladies. First they sprinkle them with scented water, but when that is expended, the pump, and even worse, is had recourse to, and the sport becomes brutality. The ladies, with their clothes dripping wet, are chased from room to room, become heated, and are frequently rendered dangerously ill. Diseases of the lungs, and other rheumatic complaints, are the invariable consequences of the carnival, to whose barbarous celebration many fall victims. Besides this, every year murders occur out of revenge for this brutal treatment. One favourite trick is to fill a sack with fragments of glass and earthenware, and fasten it to the balcony by a cord, the length of which is so calculated, that when let down the sack hangs at about seven feet from the ground. The sack is kept on the balcony till somebody passes, and is then suddenly thrown out, but, thanks to the cord, remains at a safe distance above the heads of those below. Although it is tolerably well known that in most streets there is at least one of these infernal machines; yet the sudden shock and alarm are so great, that persons have been known to

fall down senseless on the spot. Horses are thus made to shy violently, and frequently throw their riders. The practice is each year forbidden by the police, but the prohibition is disregarded.

Heaven preserve us from a Lima carnival! If compelled to choose we should infinitely prefer a campaign against the Chilians, which, we apprehend, must be mere barrack-yard duty comparatively. No wonder that the city is becoming depopulated, when the fairer portion of its inhabitants are annually subjected to such inhuman treatment. In some respects the Peruvians appear to be perfect barbarians. Their favourite diversions are of the most cruel order; cock-fighting and bull-fights – but bull-fights, compared to which, those still in vogue in Spain are humane exhibitions. Peru is the only country in South America where this last amusement is kept up as a matter of regular occurrence. Bull-fighting in Spain may be considered cruel, but in Peru it becomes a mere torturing of beasts, without honour or credit to the men opposed to them, who are all negroes and zambos, the very dregs of the populace. There seems a total want of national character about the Peruvians. They are bad copies of the Spaniards, whose failings they imitate and out-herod till they become odious vices. Add to what has been already shown of their cruel and sensual propensities, the fact that their habitations, with the exception of the two rooms in which visits are received, bear more resemblance, for cleanliness and order, to stables than to human dwellings, and it will be acknowledged that not a little of the savage seems to have rubbed off upon the Peruvian.

Ice is a necessary of life in Lima, and is brought from the Cordilleras, a distance of twenty-eight leagues. So essential in that ardent climate is this refreshment, that the lack of it for a few days is sufficient to cause a notable ferment among the people; and in all revolutions, therefore, the leaders cautiously abstain from applying the mules used for its carriage, to any other purpose. The Indians hew the ice out of the glaciers in lumps of six arrobas (150 pounds) each, and lower it from the mountains by ropes. Other Indians receive and carry it a couple of leagues to a depot, where it is packed upon mules. Two lumps form a mule load, and thirty of these loads are sent daily to Lima, where, by means of frequent relays, they arrive in eighteen or twenty hours. During the journey the ice loses about the third of its weight, and what remains is just sufficient to supply the city for a day. It is chiefly used in making ices, composed for the most part of milk or pine-apple juice.

The want of good roads, and, in many directions, of any roads at all, renders carriage travelling in the neighbourhood of Lima exceedingly difficult and expensive. Only southwards from the city is it possible, at an enormous cost, to get to a distance of forty leagues. Sixty or eighty horses are driven by the side of the carriage, and every half hour fresh ones are harnessed, as the only means of getting the vehicle through the sand, which is more than a foot deep. A Peruvian, who was accustomed to send his wife every year on a visit to his plantation, at thirty-two leagues from Lima, told Dr Tschudi that the journey

there and back cost him fourteen hundred dollars, or somewhere about three hundred pounds sterling. In former days, during the brilliant period of the Spanish domination, enormous sums were frequently given for carriages and mules; and the shoes of the latter, and tires of the wheels, were often of silver instead of iron. Even at the present day the Peruvians expend large sums upon the equipments of their horses, especially upon the stirrups, which are ponderous boxes carved in wood, and lavishly decorated with silver. A friend of Dr Tschudi's, a priest from the Sierra, had a pair made, the silver about which weighed forty pounds! The saddle and bridle were proportionably magnificent, and the value of the silver employed in the whole equipment was more than 1500 dollars. Spurs are of enormous size. According to the old usage they should contain three marks – a pound and a half – of silver, and be richly chased and ornamented. The rowels are one and a half to two inches in circumference. Besides the saddle, bridle, and stirrups above described, the unfortunate Peruvian horses are oppressed with sheepskin shabrack, saddle-bags, and various other appliances. "At first," says our traveller, "the Peruvian horse-trappings appear to a stranger both unwieldy and unserviceable; but he soon becomes convinced of their suitableness, and even finds them handsome." *We* should not, nor, we dare be sworn, do the horses, whose many good qualities certainly deserve a lighter load and better treatment than they appear to get. Dr Tschudi speaks highly of their endurance and speed, although their usual pace is an amble, at which, however,

they will outstrip many horses at full gallop. One variety of this favourite pace, the *paso portante*, in which the two feet on the same side of the body are thrown forward at the same time, is particularly curious, and peculiar to the Peruvian horse. The giraffe is the only other animal that employs it. In Peru a horse is valued according to the goodness of his amble. Beauty of form is a secondary consideration, and the finest trotters are thought nothing of, but are sold cheap for carriage work. It is considered a serious defect, and greatly depreciates a horse's value, if he has the habit of flapping or lashing himself with his tail when spurred, or at any other time. As this habit is found incurable, the sinews of the tail are sometimes cut through, which, by crippling it, hinders the obnoxious flapping.

The breaking of a Peruvian horse occupies two years. The horse-breakers are, for the most part, free negroes, of powerful build, and they understand their business perfectly, only that they ill-treat the animals too much, and thereby render them shy. They teach them all sorts of ambles and manège tricks, one of the latter consisting in the horse pirouetting upon his hind legs. This they do when at full gallop, on the slightest signal of the rider. A well-known Limeño, says Dr Tschudi, rode at full speed up to the city wall, which is scarcely nine feet broad, leaped upon it, and made his horse repeatedly perform this *volte*, the fore feet of the beast each time describing the arc of a circle beyond the edge of the wall. He performed this feat with every one of his horses. Further on in the book, the doctor relates

an incident that occurred to himself, proving the more valuable qualities of these horses, their strength, courage, and endurance. "I had occasion to go from Huacho to Lima," he says, "and wished to accomplish this journey without halting. The distance is twenty-eight leagues, (at least eighty-four miles,) and I left Huacho at two in the afternoon, accompanied by a negro guide. At one in the morning we reached the river Pasamayo, which had been greatly swoln by the recent rains, and thundered along with a fearful uproar. Several travellers were bivouacked upon the shore, waiting for daylight, and perhaps for the subsiding of the waters. My negro shrugged his shoulders, and said he had never seen the river so high; and the travellers agreed with him, and denied the possibility of crossing. But I had no time to lose, and made up my mind to risk the passage on my good horse, who had often served me in similar dilemmas. I cautiously entered the stream, which, at each step, became deeper and stronger. My horse soon lost his footing, and, in spite of his violent efforts, was swept down by the force of the current, until we were both dashed against a rock in the middle of the river. Just then the moon became clouded, and I could no longer distinguish the group of trees on the opposite shore, which I had fixed upon to land at. Luckily my horse had again found a footing; I turned his head, and plunging into deep water, the noble beast swam back, with incredible strength, to the bank whence we had come. After some search I found a more favourable place, and my negro and I succeeded in crossing. Three travellers, who were anxious

to do the same, but did not dare venture alone, called to us for assistance. I sent back the negro on my own horse, and one by one he brought them over. Seven times did the good steed achieve the dangerous passage, and then carried me without a halt to Lima, where we arrived at the hour of noon.

Such horses as these are indeed valuable in a country where carriage roads there are none, or next to none. The mules, whose price varies according to their qualities, from 100 to 1000 dollars, also perform, in spite of indifferent usage, scanty care, and frequently poor nourishment, journeys of great length over the arid sandy plains of Peru. They are also amblers, and often as swift as the horses. Dr Tschudi tells us of a priest at Piura, who, when he had to read mass at a sea-port town, fourteen leagues from his residence, mounted, at six in the morning, a splendid mule belonging to him, and reached his destination at nine o'clock. At four in the afternoon he set off on his return, and was home by seven or half-past. The whole of the road, which led across a sandflat, was gone over at an amble. The priest refused enormous sums for this beast, which he would on no account sell. At last Salaverry, then president of Peru, heard of the mule's extraordinary swiftness, and sent an aide-de-camp to buy it. The officer met with a refusal; but no sooner had he turned his back, than the priest, who knew Salaverry's despotic and violent character, cut off his mule's ears and tail. As he had foreseen, so it happened. The next morning a sergeant made his appearance, bearing positive orders to take away the animal in

dispute, with or without the owner's sanction. This was done; but when Salaverry saw the cropped condition of poor *mulo*, he swore all the oaths in the language, and sent him back again. The priest had attained his end, for he valued the beast less for his beauty than for his more solid qualities.

The Peruvian *cuisine* has, not unnaturally, a considerable similarity with the Spanish. The puchero or olla is the basis of the dinner, and of red pepper, capsicums, and other stimulating condiments, abundant use is made. The Limeños have some extraordinary notions respecting eating and drinking. They consider that every sort of food is either heating or cooling, and is opposed to something else. The union in the stomach of two of these contrary substances is attended, according to their belief, with the most dangerous consequences, and may even cause death. A Limeño, who has eaten rice at dinner, omits the customary glass of water after the sweetmeats, because the two things *se oponen*, are opposites. To so absurd an extent is this carried, that servants who have eaten rice refuse to wash afterwards, and the washer-women never eat it. "I have been asked innumerable times," says Dr Tschudi, "by persons who had been ordered a foot-bath at night, whether they might venture to take it, for that they had eaten rice at dinner!"

The market at Lima was formerly held upon the Plaza Mayor, and was renowned for the great abundance and variety of the fruits, vegetables, and flowers brought thither for sale. But it is now on the Plazuela de la Inquisicion, and its glory has in great

measure departed. Along the sides of the gutters sit the fish and sausage sellers, who may be seen washing their wares in the filthy stream before them. The butchers exhibit good meat, but only beef and mutton, the slaughtering of young beasts being forbidden by law. On the flower market are sold Lima nosegays —*pucheros de flores*, as they are called. They are composed of a few specimens of the smaller tropical fruits, esteemed either for fragrance or beauty, laid upon a banana leaf, and tastefully intermingled with flowers. The whole is sprinkled with lavender water and other scents, and is very pretty to look at, but yields an overpoweringly strong perfume. The price depends on the rarity of the flowers employed, and some of these pucheros cost seven or eight dollars. They rank amongst the most acceptable presents that can be offered to a Peruvian lady.

"The city of earthquakes," would be a far more appropriate name for Lima, than the city of the kings. On an average of years, five-and-forty shocks are annually felt, most of which occur in the latter half of October, in November, December, January, May, and June. January is the worst month, during which, in many years, scarcely a day passes without convulsions of this kind. The terrible earthquakes that play such havoc with the city, come at intervals of forty to sixty years. Since the west coast of South America is known to Europeans, the following are the dates: – 1586, 1630, 1687, 1713, 1746, 1806; always two in a century. It is greatly to be feared that ten more years will not elapse without Lima being visited by another of these awful

calamities. Dr Tschudi gives a brief account of the earthquake of 1746. It was on the 28th of October, St Simon and St Jude's day, that at 31 minutes past 10 P.M., the earth shook with a fearful bellowing noise, and in an instant the whole of Lima was a heap of ruins. Noise, earthquake, and destruction were all the affair of *one* moment. The few buildings whose strength resisted the first shock, were thrown down by a regular horizontal motion of the earth, which succeeded it and lasted four minutes. Out of more than three thousand houses only twenty-one remained uninjured. Nearly all the public buildings were overthrown. At the port of Callao the destruction was even more complete; for scarcely was the earthquake over, when the sea arose with a mighty rushing sound, and swallowed up both town and inhabitants. In an instant five thousand human beings became the prey of the waters.[5] The Spanish corvette San Fermin, which lay at anchor in the harbour, was hurled far over the walls of the fortress, and stranded at more than five hundred yards from the shore. A cross marks the place where she struck. Three heavily laden merchantmen met the same fate, and nineteen other vessels foundered. The town had disappeared, and travellers have related how, even now, when the sky is bright and the sea still, the houses and churches may be dimly seen through the transparent waters. Such a tale as this is scarce worth refuting, seeing that the houses were overturned by the earthquake before they were overwhelmed by the sea, whose

[5] The day and the event strangely coincide with the passage in Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell" —"'s ist Simon und Judä "Da rast der See und will sein Opfer haben."

action must long since have destroyed their every vestige. But the old sailors along that coast love to tell how on certain days the people are seen sitting at the doors of their houses, and standing about in the streets, and how, in the silent watches of the night, a cock has been heard to crow from out of the depths of the sea.

Meteors frequently appear as forerunners of the earthquakes, amongst whose consequences may be reckoned the sudden sterilizing of districts previously fruitful, but which, after one of these convulsions of nature, refuse for many years to put forth vegetation. No frequency of repetition diminishes the alarm and horror occasioned by the shocks. The inhabitants of Lima, although accustomed from their earliest childhood to the constant recurrence of such phenomena, spring from their beds at the first quivering of the earth, and with cries of "misericordia!" rush out of their houses. The European, who knows nothing of earthquakes but the name, almost wishes for the arrival of one, and is sometimes inclined to laugh at the terror of the Peruvians; but when he has once felt a shock, any disposition to make merry on the subject disappears, and his dread of its recurrence is even greater than that of the natives. The deeply unpleasant impression left by an earthquake, is in Lima heightened by the *plegarias* or general prayers that succeed it. The shock has no sooner been felt, than a signal is given from the cathedral, and during ten minutes all the bells in the town toll with long, measured strokes to call the inhabitants to their devotions.

A pleasant country to live in! Those who may feel tempted

by the doctor's commendation of the fascinating Limeñas – the delightful, although not very healthy, climate – the luscious fruits, and gorgeous flowers, and manifold wonders of Peru – to gird up their loins and betake themselves thither, will perhaps think twice of it when they learn that an earthquake might, and probably would, be their welcome. Descriptions of tropical countries remind us of those pictures of Italian festivals, where nymph-like damsels and Antinöus-looking youths are gracefully dancing round grape-laden cars; whilst some fine old Belisarius of a grandpapa, white bearded and benignant, sits upon the shaft and smiles upon his descendants. One sees the graceful forms, the classic features, the bursting grapes, and the bright sunshine; all of which, like enough, are depicted to the life, but one sees nothing of the filth, and nastiness, and crawling vermin, that would awfully shock us in the originals of the picture. Not that we mean to accuse Dr Tschudi of painting Peru in rose-colour, or remaining silent as to its defects. He is a conscientious traveller, and gives us things as he finds them. Besides the great nuisance of the earthquakes, and the lesser one of dirt, already adverted to; besides the armies of fleas, which render even the Lima theatre almost unvisitable – not mild European fleas, but sanguinary Spanish-American ones; besides the malaria in the swamps, the *piques*, *chinches*, mosquitos, and other insect tormentors, he favours us with some agreeable details touching the highwaymen who infest the whole coast of Peru, but especially the neighbourhood of Lima and Truxillo.

They are usually runaway slaves, *simarrones*, as they are called, or else free negroes, zambos, and mulattos. Now and then Indians are found amongst them, who make themselves conspicuous by their cold-blooded cruelties, and occasionally even a white man takes to this infamous trade. In 1839 a North American, who had served on board of a man-of-war, was shot for highway robbery. Shooting, it must be observed, appears to be the usual way of inflicting capital punishment in Peru. These banditti, well mounted and armed, are very bold and numerous, and most of them belong to an extensive and well organised band, which has branches in various directions. Sometimes they approach the city in parties of thirty or forty men, and plunder all travellers who leave it. They prefer attacking foreigners, and usually spare the richer and more influential Peruvians, which may be one cause that stronger measures are not adopted against them. Shortly before Dr Tschudi's departure from Lima, they attacked the feeble escort of a sum of one hundred thousand dollars, which were on their way to the mines of Cerro de Pasco, and carried off the money. The silver bars sent from the mines to the city they allow to pass unmolested, as being too heavy and cumbersome. The unfortunate peasants who come in from the mountains on jackasses, with eggs and other produce, are marked for their particular prey, on account of the money which they usually carry with them to make purchases in the town. If no dollars are found on them, they are killed or terribly maltreated. We pass over some stories of the cruelties exercised by these bandits. Here is

one of another sort. "One night that I found myself at Chancay," says the doctor, "an Indian told me the following anecdote: About half a mile from the village, he said, he had been met by a negro, who approached him with carbine cocked, and ordered him to halt. The Indian drew a large pistol, and said to the robber, 'You may thank heaven that this is not loaded, or it would be all over with you.' Laughing scornfully, the negro rode up and seized the Indian, who then pulled the trigger of his pistol and shot him dead on the spot."

When attacked by the police or military, the robbers display desperate courage in their defence. Sometimes they take shelter in the bush or thicket, to which, if the space of ground it covers be not too extensive, the pursuers set fire on all sides; so that the bandits have no choice but to perish or yield themselves prisoners. In the latter case their trial is very short, and after they have been left shut up with a priest for the space of twelve hours, they are brought out and shot. They are allowed to choose their place of execution, and must carry thither a small bench or stool upon which they sit down. Four soldiers stand at a distance of three paces; two aim at the head and two at the heart. A few years ago a Zambo of great daring was sentenced to death for robbery, and he demanded to be shot upon the Plaza de la Inquisicion. He sat down upon his bench – the soldiers levelled and fired. When the smoke of the discharge blew away, the Zambo had disappeared. He had watched each movement of the soldiers, and at the very moment that they laid finger on trigger, had

thrown himself on one side and taken refuge amidst the crowd, some of whom favoured his escape. In time of war a corps is formed composed chiefly of these banditti, and of men who have made themselves in some way obnoxious to the laws. They go by the name of Montoneros, and are found very useful as spies, skirmishers, despatch-bearers, &c., but are generally more remarkable for cruelty than courage. They wear no uniform; and sometimes they have not even shoes, but strap their spurs on their naked heels. In the year 1838, the Anglo-Peruvian general, Miller, commanded a thousand of these montoneros who were in the service of Santa Cruz. When war is at an end, these wild troops disband themselves, and for the most part return to their former occupation.

Abandoning Lima and its environs, Dr Tschudi takes us with him on a visit to the various towns and villages along the coast, proceeding first north and then south of the capital. In a coasting voyage to the port of Huacho, he has the honour to reckon amongst his fellow passengers, Lord Cochrane's friend, the celebrated Padre Requena, then cura of that town. Of this ecclesiastic, of whom he, after his arrival, saw a good deal, he draws a picture which may be taken as a general type of the Peruvian priesthood, and is by no means creditable to them. Requena's chief passion is coursing, and his greatest annoyance, during Dr Tschudi's stay in Huacho, was, that ill health, brought on by his excesses, prevented him from indulging it. He had several magnificent horses, and a numerous pack of greyhounds,

some of which latter had cost him one hundred and fifty and two hundred dollars a-piece. His seraglio was almost as well stocked as his kennel, and the number of children who called him *tio*, or *uncle*, the usual term in Peru in such cases, was quite prodigious. He took great pride in talking of his friendship with Lord Cochrane. He died a few weeks after his return to Huacho, and delayed so long to send for a confessor that the Indians at last surrounded the house with frightful menaces, and sent in a priest to render him the last offices of the church. He had great difficulty in making up his mind to death, or, as he expressed it, to a separation from his greyhounds and horses. At almost the last moment, when his hands began to grow cold, he made his negro put on them a pair of buckskin gloves.

This respectable priest was by no means singular in his love of the chase, of which frequent examples are to be found in Peru. On reaching Quipico, the most easterly plantation in the beautiful valley of Huaura, Dr. Tschudi had scarcely entered the courtyard when he was surrounded by upwards of fifty greyhounds, whilst from every quarter others came springing towards him. They were the remains of a pack that had belonged to one Castilla, recently the owner of the plantation, and whose usual establishment consisted of two to three hundred of these dogs, with which he every day went coursing. The strictest discipline was kept up amongst this lightfooted multitude. At stated hours a bell summoned them to their meals, and in the kennel stood a gibbet, as a warning to the lazy or perverse. One

day, when Castilla was out hunting, an Indian came up, with an ordinary-looking crossbred dog. In spite of his looks this dog out-stripped the whole pack, and pulled down the roebuck. Castilla immediately purchased him at the enormous price of three hundred and fifty dollars. A few days afterwards he again went out with his best hounds and his new acquisition. The leashes were slipped, and the greyhounds went off like the wind, but the crossbreed remained quietly by the horses. The same afternoon he was hung up to the gallows, an example to his fellows.

The whole extent of the Peruvian coast, from its northern to its southern extremity, presents nearly the same aspect; vast deserts of sand, varied by fruitful valleys, with their villages and plantations; seaport towns there where nature or commerce has encouraged their foundation; alternate insupportable heat and damp fog; scarcity of men; crumbling monuments of a period of riches and greatness. In the sandy plains it is no unusual occurrence for travellers to lose their way and perish for thirst. In that fervent and unhealthy climate, human strength rapidly gives way before want of food and water. In the year 1823 a transport carrying a regiment of dragoons, three hundred and twenty strong, stranded on the coast near Pisco. The soldiers got on shore, and wandered for thirty-six hours through the sand-waste, out of which they were unable to find their way. At the end of that time they were met by a number of horsemen with water and food, who had been sent out from Pisco to seek them,

but already one hundred and fifty of the unfortunates had died of thirst and weariness, and fifty more expired upon the following day. Forty-eight hours' wandering in those arid deserts, deprived of food and drink, is certain death to the strongest man. Rivers are scarce, and even where the bed of a stream is found, it is in many instances dry during the greater part of the year. The traveller's danger is increased by the shifting nature of the sand, which the wind raises in enormous clouds, and in columns eighty to one hundred feet high. The *medanos* are another strange phenomenon of these dangerous wilds. They are sandhills in the form of a crescent, ten to twenty feet high, and with a sharp crest. Their base is moveable, and when impelled by a tolerably strong wind, they wander rapidly over the desert; the smaller ones, more easily propelled, preceding the large. The latter, however, after a time, prevent the current of air from reaching the former – take the wind out of their sails, it may be said – and then run over and crush them, themselves breaking up at the same time. In a few hours, what was previously a level, is often covered with ranges of hillocks, hindering a view of the horizon, and bewildering the most experienced wanderers through these perilous regions. In November the summer begins. The scorching rays of the sun break through the grey covering of the heavens, and threaten to consume, by their intensity, the entire vegetable and animal creation. Not a plant finds nourishment, nor a beast food upon the parched and glowing soil; no bird or insect floats upon the sultry air. Only in the upper regions is seen the majestic condor,

flying towards the ocean. All life and movement is now confined to the coast. Troops of vultures assemble around the stranded carcases of sea monsters; otters and seals bask beneath the cliffs; variegated lizards scamper over the sand-heaps, and busy crabs and sea-spiders dig into the damp shore. In May the scene changes. A thin veil of mist spreads over sea and coast, gradually thickening, until in October the sun again dispels it. At the beginning and end of this winter, as it is called, the fog generally rises at nine or ten in the morning, and is again dissipated at three in the afternoon. It is thickest in August and September, when, for weeks together, it does not lift. It never changes into rain, but only into a fine penetrating mist, called the *garua*. On many parts of the Peruvian coast, it never rains, excepting after a very violent earthquake, and even then not always. The usual height of the fog from the ground is seven or eight hundred feet. It never exceeds a height of twelve hundred feet, nor is found at all beyond a few miles from the coast, at which distance it is replaced by violent rains. The boundary line between rain and fog may be determined with almost mathematical accuracy. Dr Tschudi visited two plantations, one about six leagues from Lima, the other in the neighbourhood of Huacho, one half of which was annually watered by the *garuas*, and the other half by rain. A wall was built upon the line where one mode of irrigation ceased and the other began.

The province of Yca, whose soil is sandy, and to all appearance incapable of producing any description of vegetation,

is devoted to the culture of the vine, which perfectly succeeds there. The young plants are set half a foot deep in the sand, and left to themselves; they speedily put forth leaves, and yield a luxuriant crop of grapes, remarkable for flavour and juiciness. These are mostly used for brandy, with which the whole of Peru and great part of Chili are supplied from the valley of Yca. It is of excellent quality, especially a sort made from muscatel grapes, and called *aguardiente de Italia*. Very little wine is made, except by one planter, Don Domingo Elias, who has attempted it after the European fashion. The result has been a wine resembling Madeira and Teneriffe, only much more fiery, and containing a larger proportion of alcohol. The brandy was formerly conveyed to the coast in huge earthen *botijas*, capable of containing one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy-five pounds weight of the liquor; but these were continually broken, chiefly by the thirsty mules across which they were slung like panniers, and who, when rushing in crowds to the watering-places, invariably smashed a number of them against each other. To remedy this the brandy-growers have adopted the use of goat-skins; and the manner in which, upon many plantations, these are prepared, is as frightful a piece of barbarity as can well be imagined. A negro hangs up the goat, alive, by the horns, makes a circular cut through the skin of the neck, and strips the hide from the agonized beast, which is only killed when completely flayed. The pretext for this execrable cruelty is, that the skin comes off more easily, and is found more durable. It is to be hoped that the

planters will have sufficient humanity speedily to do away with so horrible a practice.

The negro carnival, which Dr Tschudi witnessed at Yca, appears to us, of the two, a more civilized performance than the Creole carnival at Lima. In various of the streets large arches, tastefully decorated with ribands, are erected; the negresses and zambas dance beneath then; whilst the allotted task of the men is to gallop through without being stopped. If the women succeed in checking the horse, and pulling the rider out of the saddle, the latter has to pay a fine, and gets laughed at to boot. It is difficult to know which to admire most; the speed of the horses, the skill of the riders, or the daring of the women, who throw themselves upon the horse as he comes on at full gallop. As the horsemen approach, they are pelted with unripe oranges, which, thrown by a strong-armed zamba, are capable of inflicting tolerably hard knocks. Dr Tschudi saw one negro who, during a whole hour, galloped backwards and forwards without being stopped, and concluded by giving an extraordinary proof of muscular strength. At the very moment that he passed under the arch, he stooped forward over his horse's neck, caught up a negress under each arm, and rode off with them!

Opposite to the ports of Pisco and Chincha, lie a number of small islands, noted for their large deposits of guano, or *huanu*, as Dr Tschudi corrects the orthography of the word. The doctor gives some very interesting particulars concerning this efficacious manure, which, although but recently adopted in

Europe, appears to have been used in Peru as far back as the time of the first Incas. The Peruvians use it chiefly for the maize and potato fields; their manner of employing it is peculiar, and but little known in Europe. A few weeks after the seeds have begun to germinate, a small hole is made beside each plant, filled with huanu and covered up with earth. Twelve or fifteen hours later the whole field is laid under water, and left so for a few hours. The effect of the process is incredibly rapid. In a very few days the plants attain double their previous height. When the operation is repeated, but with a smaller quantity of the huanu, the farmer may reckon upon a crop at least threefold that which he would obtain from an unmanured soil. Of the white huanu, which is much stronger than the dark-coloured, less must be used, and the field must be watered sooner, and for a longer time, or the roots will be destroyed. When the land is tolerably good, seven hundred and fifty to nine hundred pounds of huanu are reckoned sufficient for a surface of fourteen thousand square feet; with poor soil a thousand to twelve hundred pounds are required.

The waters that wash the coast of Peru swarm with fish, upon many of which nature has amused herself in bestowing the most singular and anomalous forms. For a period of six weeks, Dr Tschudi took up his abode at the port of Huacho, with a view to increase his ichthyological collection. Every morning at five o'clock he rode down to the beach to await the return of the fishermen from their nocturnal expeditions. From as far as they could distinguish him, the Indians would hold up to his notice

some strange and newly captured variety of the finny race. He succeeded in getting together many hundred specimens of about a hundred and twenty species of sea and river fish; but ill luck attended this valuable collection. Through the negligence of the people at the port of Callao, a cask of brandy, in which the fish were preserved, was left for months upon the mole in the burning sun, till its contents were completely spoiled. A second cask, in spite of the most careful packing, arrived in Europe, after a fifteen months' voyage, in a similar condition. This, however, was not the only instance, during the doctor's stay in Peru, of the fruits of great industry, and trouble, and heavy expense, being snatched from him by untoward accidents. But nothing seems to have discouraged a man actuated by a sincere love of science and thirst for information, and possessed, as is made manifest by many parts of his modest and unegotistical narrative, of great determination and perseverance. Steadily he continued his researches, in defiance of difficulties and sufferings that would have driven ordinary men over and over again on board the first ship sailing for Europe.

We have as yet scarcely referred to those portions of the volume dedicated to natural history, although the doctor rarely dismisses a province or district without giving a brief but interesting account of its most remarkable animals, fruits, and plants. His description of some of these is very curious. Amongst others, he tells us of a small bird called the *cheucau*, (Pteroptochus rubecula Kittl,) in connexion with which the

people of Chiloë, of which island it is a native, entertain a host of superstitious fancies, foretelling good or bad luck according to the various modulations of its song. "I was one day," says the doctor, "out shooting with an Indian guide, when we came upon one of these birds, sitting on a bush and piping out a shrill *huit-huit-ru*. I had already taken aim at it, when my companion seized my arm, and begged me not to shoot it, for that it was singing its unlucky note. Wishing to obtain a specimen, I disregarded his entreaty and fired. I had leaned my gun against a tree, and was examining the little bird, when a vicious mule, irritated probably by the report, came charging down upon us, so that we had only just time to run behind a hedge in order to escape his attack. Before we could find means to drive the enraged animal away, he had thrown down my gun, bitten it furiously, and stamped on it with his fore-feet. The Indian gravely said that it would be well if no worse came of it, for that he had told me the bird was whistling bad luck." There is another bird, about the size of a starling, which passes its time, and finds its food, upon the backs of the cattle, and chiefly of horses and jackasses, picking out the insects which there abound. The beasts seem to feel that he is doing them a service, and allow him to walk unmolested over their backs and heads. Of the beasts of prey, the ounce is the most dangerous and bloodthirsty. It attains a very large size, and Dr Tschudi saw the carcass of one that measured eight feet and three inches from the nose to the extremity of the tail. The tail was two feet and eight inches long. It had been killed after a two days' hunt, during

which, three negroes had been dangerously wounded by it. Of Peruvian fruits, the most delicious is the chirimoya. It is of a round form, sometimes heart-shaped or pyramidal, its rind thick and tough, of a green colour streaked with black. The inside is snow-white, soft and juicy, with black pips or seeds. Near Lima, they are small and of inferior quality, sometimes not larger than a man's fist; but in the interior, and especially in the province of Huanuco, they attain their full perfection, and often weigh fourteen or sixteen pounds. Their smell is most fragrant, and their delicious flavour, Dr Tschudi says, he can compare to nothing, for it is incomparable.

We perceive, on glancing over what we have written, that we have occupied ourselves chiefly with the lighter portions of this book, and, by so doing, may have given the reader an erroneous idea of its value. Although, as already mentioned, the more important and scientific results of Dr Tschudi's travels are to be found in others of his works, the one before us must not be set down as a mere amusing and ephemeral production. It contains a great deal of curious information, and will be found useful as a book of reference by all who are interested in the commerce, natural history, and general statistics of Peru.

Notwithstanding our endeavours to "go a-head," we have got no further than the conclusion of the first volume. In the second, which is also the final one, the doctor abandons the coast and the city, and penetrates into what may be termed the Peruvian back-woods, amongst the snow-covered Cordilleras and aboriginal

forests, the silver mines and Indians. Of what he there saw and heard we shall give an account in our next Number.

LETTERS ON ENGLISH HEXAMETERS

Letter I

Dear Mr Editor – I perceive, by your having requested a second specimen of N.N.T.'s English hexameters, that you feel an interest in the question, whether that form of verse can be successfully employed in our language. Certainly the trial has never yet been made under any moderate advantages. Sidney, and the other Elizabethans, in their attempts, hampered themselves with Latin rules of the value of syllables, which the English ear refuses to recognise, and which drive them into intolerable harshness of expression and pronunciation. Stanihurst's *Virgil* is so laboriously ridiculous in phraseology, that every thing belonging to it is involved in the ridicule. Southey's *Vision* is a poem so offensive in its scheme, that no measure could have made it acceptable. Yet the beginning of that poem is, as you, Mr Editor, have remarked, a very happy specimen of this kind of verse; and would, I think, by a common English reader, be admired, independently of classical rules and classical recollections. Now, if we can reach this point, and at the same time give a good English imitation of the Epic mode of narration

in Homer, we shall have a better image of Homer in our language than we yet possess. Your contributor appears to me to have advanced a good way towards the execution of this kind of work; and I should be glad if he, or you, would allow me, as a reader of English hexameters, to offer a few remarks on his first book of the *Iliad*, with a view to point out what appear to me the dangers and difficulties of the task. I do not say any thing of my general admiration of N.N.T.'s version, for mere praise you would hardly think worth its room.

I should be glad to discuss with you, Mr Editor, the objections which are usually made to English hexameters. There is one of these objections which I will say a few words about at present. It proceeds upon a misapprehension, now, I hope, pretty generally rectified; I mean the objection that we cannot have hexameters, "because we have so few spondees the language." Southey says we have but one, *Egypt*; and gives this as a reason why the spondees of classical hexameters are replaced by trochees in German and English. As to Southey's example, *Egypt* is no more a spondee than *precept* or *rescript*; but the fact is, that we have in English spondees in abundance; and these spondees have tended more than any thing else to spoil our hexameters. The universal English feeling of rhythm rejects a spondee at the end of the verse; and if the syllables there placed are such as would, in the natural course of pronunciation, form a spondee, we nevertheless force upon them a trochaic character. This may be worth proving. Read, then, the following lines of Sidney: —

"But yet well do I find each man most wise in his *own case*."

"And yet neither of ūs great ōr blest deemeth his *own self*."

"Shall such morning dews be an ease to heat of a *love's fire*?"

"Tush, tush, said Natūre, this is all but a trifle; a *man's self*
Gives haps or mishaps, ev'n as he ord'reth his heart."

Now, here you have four endings which are naturally spondees; but the verse compels you to pronounce them as trochees —*ōwn căse*, *ōwn sĕlf*, *lōve's fĭre*, *mān's sĕlf*. If you still doubt whether the last foot of English hexameters is necessarily a trochee, consider this: – that if you make them rhyme, you must use double rhymes, in order that the rhyme may include the strong syllable. Thus take any of the examples given in *Maga* for April last: —

"See, O citizens! here old Ennius's image pre*sented*.
Honour me not with your tears; by none let my death be la*mented*."

The ear would not be satisfied with a rhyme of one syllable such as this —

"But yet well do I find each man most wise in his own *case*:
Wisely let each resolve, and meet the event with a calm *face*."

Now, so long as men retain the notion that the most perfect English hexameters are those which have spondees in the classical places, they are led to admit such verses as those just quoted; and this being done, the common reader, and indeed every reader, is compelled to do some violence to the language in reading. This, more than any thing else, has made an English hexameter frequently sound forced and unnatural. N.N.T. has a few such in his first *Iliad*.

> "Pressed on the silvery hilt as he spake was the weight of his *right hand*."
>
> "Two generations complete of the blood of articulate *mankind*."
>
> "Over the split wood then did the old man burn them, and *black wine*
> Pour'd."

These forms of English hexameter are to be avoided, if you would commend the verse to the common ear. And we may exclude them with a good conscience. Their forced and uneasy movement does not arise from any imperfection in our English spondees; but from the spondee in these cases being so perfect, that it cannot without some violence be made a trochee, which the English verse requires. I do not think you will find this

bad trick in Southey. His habitual feeling of English rhythm preserved him from it.

But there is another blemish, which Southey, forgetting his classical rhythm too much, for it ought to have guided his English practice, has often incurred. It is, the writing lines without a *cæsura*, so that they divide themselves into half lines. Such as these: —

> "Washington, said the monarch, | well hast thou spoken and truly."
>
> "Evil they sow, and sorrow | will they reap for their harvest."
>
> "That its tribute of honour, | poor though it was, was witholden."
>
> "Pure it was and diaphanous. | It had no visible lustre."

N.N.T. has a few of these. One is the last line I quoted from him.

The essential point in English hexameters, especially while they are imperfectly naturalized, is, that the rhythm should be *unforced*. Without this, they will always repel and offend the English reader. And hence, though our rhythm is to be constructed by stress, and not by Latin rules of long and short, still, if it do not destroy it mars the verse, to have, for short syllables, those which have long vowels, clustered consonants, or

special emphasis.

Such are the dactyls at the beginning of these lines of Southey: —

> "Thōu, tŏo, dĭdst act with upright heart as befitted a sovereign."
>
> "Hēaven ĭn thĕse things fulfilled its wise though inscrutable purpose."
>
> "Heār, Heăv'n! yĕ angels hear! souls of the good and the wicked."

Except you prefer to read it thus —

> "Hear, Heav'n! yē ăngĕls hear!"

which is no better. Perhaps the worst of Southey's lines in this way is this —

> "Flōw'd thĕ lĭght ūncrēātĕd; lĭght all sufficing, eternal."

And as examples of weak syllables harshly made strong, take these —

> "Fabius, Ātrides, and Solon and Epamininondas."
>
> "Here, then, āt the gate of Heaven we are met! said the

Spirit."

"Thē desire of my heart hath been alway the good of my people."

N.N.T. has some examples of this. As a slight one, I notice at the end of a line, *hārvĕstlĕss ocean*. And these, which are spoiled by the violation of emphasis: —

"Trūly *Ĭ* came not, for one, out of hate for the spearmen of Troja."

"Mightier even than you, yet amōng *thĕm* Ĭ never was slighted."

Here we have an emphatic *I* and an emphatic *them* which are made short in the rhythm.

N.N.T. has one dactyl which I can hardly suppose was intended —

"Under his chāstĭsĭng hand."

It appears to me that we shall never bring the lovers of English poetry to like our hexameters, except we can make the verses so that they *read themselves*. This the good ones among them do. N.N.T. has whole passages which run off without any violence or distortion.

But the phraseology of English hexameters requires great

care, as well as the rhythm, and especially in such a work as the translation of Homer. The measure has the great advantage of freeing us from the habitual chain of "poetical diction." But we must take care that we are not led, by this freedom, either into a modern prose style, or into mean colloquialities; or in translating, into phrases which, though expressive and lively, do not agree with the tone of the poem. The style must be homely, but dignified, like that of our translation of the Old Testament. Perhaps you will allow me, for the sake of example, to notice some of N.N.T.'s expressions: —

> "Try not the engine of craft: to *come over me* thus is *beyond thee*."
>
> "This the *suggestion*, *forsooth*, that thyself being safe with thy booty,
> I shall *sit down* without mine."

The phrase to "*come over me*" is colloquial, and too low even for a letter. "Your *suggestion*" is a phrase for a letter, not for an epic poem. "*Forsooth*" would be good in construing, but not in a poem. Again, is this passage serious English: —

> "Opposite rose Agamemnon in wrath, but before he could *open*?"

I could notice other blemishes of style, as they seem to me;

and, indeed, I could the more easily find them, on account of the very severe standard of good English, serious and dignified, yet plain and idiomatic, which I think the case requires. Every phrase should be the very best that can be found both for meaning and tone. I know that this requirement is difficult; but I think the thing may be done; and I do not see why N.N.T. should not do it, and thus give us a better English Homer than we have yet.

If you can find room for me, I have a few more words to say on this same matter of English hexameters another day. It appears to me that there are still very erroneous notions current upon the subject. In the mean time I subscribe myself your obedient

M. L.

MARLBOROUGH'S DISPATCHES

1708-1709

The fall of the external walls of Lille did not terminate the struggle for that important fortress. Marshal Boufflers still held the citadel, a stronghold in itself equal to most fortresses of the first order. No sooner, however, were the Allies in possession of the town, than the attack on the citadel commenced with all the vigour which the exhausted state of the magazines would furnish. Detached parties were sent into France, which levied contributions to a great extent, and both replenished the stores of the Allies and depressed the spirits of the French, by making them feel, in a manner not to be misunderstood, that the war had at length approached their own doors. To divert, if possible, Marlborough from his enterprise, the Elector of Bavaria, who had recently returned from the Rhine, was detached by Vendôme, with fifteen thousand men against Brussels; while he himself remained in his intrenched camp on the Scheldt, which barred the road from Lille to that city, at once stopping the communication, and ready to profit by any advantage afforded by the measures which the English general might make for its relief. The governor of Brussels, M. Paschal, who had seven thousand

men under his orders, rejected the summons to surrender, and prepared for a vigorous defence; and meanwhile Marlborough prepared for its relief, by one of those brilliant strokes which, in so peculiar a manner, characterize his campaigns.

Giving out that he was going to separate his army into winter-quarters, he dispatched the field artillery towards Menin, and he himself set out with his staff in rather an ostentatious way for Courtray. But no sooner had he lulled the vigilance of the enemy by these steps, than, wheeling suddenly round, he advanced with the bulk of his forces towards the Scheldt, and directed them against that part of the French general's lines where he knew them to be weakest. The army, upon seeing these movements, anticipated the bloodiest battle, on the day following, they had yet had during the war. But the skill of the English general rendered resistance hopeless, and gained his object with wonderfully little loss. The passage of the river was rapidly effected at three points; the French corps stationed at Oudenarde, vigorously assailed and driven back on Grammont with the loss of twelve hundred men, so as to leave the road uncovered, and restore the communication with Brussels. Having thus cleared the way of the enemy, Marlborough sent back Eugene to resume the siege of the citadel of Lille; while he himself, with the greater part of his forces, proceeded on to Brussels, which he entered in triumph on the 29th November. The Elector of Bavaria was too happy to escape, leaving his guns and wounded behind; and the citadel of Lille, despairing now of succour, capitulated on the

11th December. Thus was this memorable campaign terminated by the capture of the strongest frontier fortress of France, under the eyes of its best general and most powerful army.[6]

But Marlborough, like the hero in antiquity, deemed nothing done while any thing remained to do. Though his troops were exhausted by marching and fighting almost without intermission for five months, and he himself was labouring under severe illness in consequence of his fatigues, he resolved in the depth of winter to make an attempt for the recovery of Ghent, the loss of which in the early part of the campaign had been the subject of deep mortification. The enemy, after the citadel of Lille capitulated, having naturally broken up their army into cantonments, under the belief that the campaign was concluded, he suddenly collected his forces, and drew round Ghent on the 18th December. Eugene formed the covering force with the corps lately employed in the reduction of Lille. The garrison was very strong, consisting of no less than thirty battalions and nineteen squadrons, mustering eighteen thousand combatants.[7] The governor had been instructed by Vendôme to defend this important stronghold to the last extremity; but he was inadequately supplied with provisions and forage, and this event signally belied the expectations formed of his resistance. The approaches were vigorously pushed. On the 24th the trenches

[6] Marlborough to Mr Secretary Boyle, 17th December 1708. *Disp.* iv. 362.

[7] *Disp.* iv. 315, 323, 345. Marlborough to Duke de Mole, 10th Dec. 1708. *Ibid.* 346. Coxe, iv. 278.

were opened; on the 25th a sortie was repulsed; on the 28th December, the fire began with great vigour from the breaching and mortar batteries; and at noon, the governor sent a flag of truce, offering to capitulate if not relieved before the 2d January. This was agreed to; and on the latter day, as no friendly force approached, the garrison surrendered the gates and marched out, in such strength that they were defiling incessantly from ten in the morning till seven at night! Bruges immediately followed the example; the garrison capitulated, and the town again hoisted the Austrian flag. The minor forts of Plassendall and Leffinghen were immediately evacuated by the enemy. With such expedition were these important operations conducted, that before Vendôme could even assemble a force adequate to interrupt the besiegers' operations, both towns were taken, and the French were entirely dispossessed of all the important strongholds they had gained in the early part of the campaign in the heart of Brabant. Having closed his labours with these glorious successes, Marlborough put the army into now secure winter-quarters on the Flemish frontiers, and himself repaired to the Hague to resume the eternal contest with the timidity and selfishness of his Dutch allies.[8]

Such was the memorable campaign of 1708 – one of the most glorious in the military annals of England, and the one in which the extraordinary capacity of the British general perhaps shone forth with the brightest lustre. The vigour and talent of Vendôme,

[8] Marlborough to Mr Secretary Boyle, 3d January 1709, *Disp.* iv. 389.

joined to the secret communication which he had with those disaffected to the Austrian government in Ghent and Bruges, procured for him, in the commencement of the campaign, a great, and what, if opposed by less ability, might have proved a decisive advantage. By the acquisition of these towns, he gained the immense advantage of obtaining the entire command of the water communication of Brabant, and establishing himself in a solid manner in the heart of the enemy's territory. The entire expulsion of the Allies from Austrian Flanders seemed the unavoidable result of such a success, by so enterprising a general at the head of a hundred thousand combatants. But Marlborough was not discouraged; on the contrary, he built on the enemy's early successes a course of manœuvres, which in the end wrested all his conquests from him, and inflicted a series of disasters greater than could possibly have been anticipated from a campaign of unbroken success. Boldly assuming the lead, he struck such a blow at Oudenarde as resounded from one end of Europe to the other, struck a terror into the enemy which they never recovered for the remainder of the campaign, paralysed Vendôme in the midst of his success, and reduced him from a vigorous offensive to a painful defensive struggle. While the cabinet of Versailles were dreaming of expelling the Allies from Flanders, and detaching Holland, partly by intrigue, partly by force of arms, from the coalition, he boldly entered the territory of the Grand Monarque, and laid siege to its chief frontier fortress, under the eyes of its greatest army

and best general. In vain was the water communication of the Netherlands interrupted by the enemy's possession of Ghent and Bruges; with incredible activity he got together, and with matchless skill conducted to the besiegers' lines before Lille, a huge convoy eighteen miles long, drawn by sixteen thousand horses, in the very teeth of Vendôme at the head of an hundred and twenty thousand men. Lille captured, Ghent and Bruges recovered, the allied standards solidly planted on the walls of the strongest fortress of France, terminated a campaign in which the British, over-matched and surrounded by lukewarm or disaffected friends, had wellnigh lost at the outset by foreign treachery all the fruits of the victory of Ramilies.

The glorious termination of this campaign, and, above all, the addition made to the immediate security of Holland by the recovery of Ghent and Bruges, sensibly augmented Marlborough's influence at the Hague, and at length overcame the timidity and vacillation of the Dutch government. When the English general repaired there in the beginning of 1709, he quickly overawed the adherents of France, regained his wonted influence over the mind of the Pensionary Heinsius, and at length succeeded in persuading the government and the States to augment their forces by six thousand men. This, though by no means so great an accession of numbers as was required to meet the vast efforts which France was making, was still a considerable addition; and by the influence of Prince Eugene, who was well aware that the principal effort of the enemy in the

next campaign would be made in the Netherlands, he obtained a promise that the Imperial troops should winter there, and be recruited, so as to compensate their losses in the preceding campaign. Great difficulties were experienced with the court of Turin, which had conceived the most extravagant hopes from the project of an invasion of France on the side both of Lyons and Franche Comté, and for this purpose required a large subsidy in money, and the aid of fifty thousand men under Prince Eugene on the Upper Rhine. Marlborough was too well aware, by experience, of the little reliance to be placed on any military operations in which the Emperor and the Italian powers were to be placed in co-operation, to be sanguine of success from this design; but as it was material to keep the court of Turin in good-humour, he gave the proposal the most respectful attention, and sent General Palmer on a special mission to the Duke of Savoy, to arrange the plan of the proposed irruption into the Lyonnois. With the cabinet of Berlin the difficulties were greater than ever, and in fact had become so urgent, that nothing but the presence of the English General, or an immediate agent from him, could prevent Prussia from seceding altogether from the alliance. General Grumbkow was sent there accordingly in March, and found the king in such ill-humour at the repeated disappointments he had experienced from the Emperor and the Dutch, that he declared he could only spare *three battalions* for the approaching campaign.[9] By great exertions, however, and the

[9] "'Can I do more than I do now?' said the King. 'I make treaties, but the Emperor

aid of Marlborough's letters and influence, the king was at length prevailed on to continue his present troops in the Low Countries, and increase them by fourteen squadrons of horse.[10]

But it was not on the Continent only that open enemies or lukewarm and treacherous friends were striving to arrest the course of Marlborough's victories. His difficulties at home, both with his own party and his opponents, were hourly increasing; and it was already foreseen, that they had become so formidable that they would cause, at no very remote period, his fall. Though he was publicly thanked, as well he might, by both houses of parliament, when he came to London on 1st March 1709, yet he received no mark of favour from the Queen, and was treated with studied coldness at court.[11] Envy, the inseparable attendant on exalted merit – ingratitude, the usual result of irrequitable services, had completely alienated the Queen from him. Mrs Masham omitted nothing which could alienate her royal mistress

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breaks his word with me, as well as Holland, every moment. Besides it is impossible, without great inconvenience, *to give more than three battalions*; and he is a wretch who would advise me otherwise.' I said he was a wretch who should advise him not to do it. He replied, 'You speak very boldly, and may perhaps repent it, if your arguments are not conclusive.'" – General Grumbkow to Marlborough, March 9, 1709. Coxe, iv. 341.

[10] King of Prussia to Marlborough, March 9, 1709. Coxe, iv. 346.

[11] In communicating the thanks of the House of Lords, the Chancellor said,"I shall not be thought to exceed my present commission, if, being thus led to contemplate the mighty things which your Grace has done for us, I cannot but conclude with acknowledging, with all gratitude, the providence of God in raising you up to be an instrument of so much good, in so critical a juncture, when it was so much wanted." Coxe, iv. 375.

from so formidable a rival; and it was hard to say whether she was most cordially aided in her efforts by the open Opposition, or the half Tory-Whigs who formed the administration. Both Godolphin and the Duke speedily found that they were tolerated in office merely: while, in order to weaken their influence with the people, every effort was made to depreciate even the glorious victories which had shed such imperishable lustre over the British cause. Deeply mortified by this ingratitude, Marlborough gladly embraced an offer which was made to him by the government, in order to remove him from court, to conduct the negotiation now pending at the Hague with Louis XIV. for the conclusion of a general peace.[12]

The pride of the French monarch was now so much humbled that he sent the President Rouillé to Holland, with public instructions to offer terms to the Allies, and private directions to do every thing possible to sow dissension among them, and, if possible, detach Holland from the alliance. His proposals were to give up Spain, the Indies, and the Milanese to King Charles; and cede the Italian islands, reserving Naples and Sicily for his grandson. In the Netherlands and Germany, he offered to restore matters to the state they were at the peace of Ryswick; and though he was very reluctant to give up Lille, he offered to cede Menin in its place. These terms being communicated to the court of London, they returned an answer insisting that the whole Spanish monarchy should be restored

[12] Coxe, iv. 352, 366, 377.

to the house of Austria, the title of Queen Anne to the Crown of England, and the Protestant succession acknowledged, the Pretender removed, the harbour of Dunkirk destroyed, and an adequate barrier secured for the Dutch. In their ideas upon this barrier, however, they went much beyond what Marlborough was disposed to sanction, and therefore he maintained a prudent reserve on the subject. As the French plenipotentiary could not agree to these terms, Marlborough returned to England, and Lord Townsend was associated with him as plenipotentiary. They were instructed to insist that Furmes, Ipres, Menin, Lille, Tournay, Condé, Valenciennes, and Maubeuge, should be given up to form a barrier, and that Newfoundland and Hudson's Bay should be restored. Alarmed at the exaction of such rigorous terms, Louis sent M. de Torcy, who made large concessions; and Marlborough, who was seriously desirous of bringing the war to a conclusion, exerted all his influence with the States to induce them to accept the barrier offered. He so far succeeded, that on the very day after his return to the Hague, he wrote both to Lord Godolphin and the Duchess of Marlborough, that he had prevailed on the Dutch commissioners to accede to the principal articles, and that he had no doubt the negotiation would terminate in an honourable peace.[13]

[13] "M. de Torcy has offered so much, that I have no doubt it will end in a good peace." Marlborough to Godolphin, 19th May 1707."Every thing goes on so well here, that there is no doubt of its ending in a good peace. Government have in readiness the sideboard of plate, and the chairs of state and canopy; and I beg it may be made so as to form part of a bed when I am done with it here, *which I hope may be by the end*

These flattering prospects, however, were soon overcast. The Dutch renewed their demand of having their barrier strengthened *at the expense of Austria*, and insisted that the Flemish fortresses of Dendermonde and Ghent, forming part of the *Imperial* dominions, should be included in it. To this both Eugene and Marlborough objected, and the Dutch, in spite, refused to stipulate for the demolition of Dunkirk. So violent an altercation took place on the subject between the Pensionary Heinsius and Marlborough, that it had wellnigh produced a schism in the grand alliance. M. de Torcy at first endeavoured to mitigate the demands of the Dutch government; but finding them altogether immovable, he addressed himself privately to Marlborough, offering him enormous bribes if he could procure more favourable terms for France. The offers were 2,000,000 livres (£80,000) if he could secure Naples and Sicily, or even Naples alone, for the grandson of the King of France; and 4,000,000 livres (£160,000) if, in addition to this, he could save Strasburg, Dunkirk, and Landau, for France. Marlborough turned away from the disgraceful proposal with coldness and contempt;[14] but enforced in the most earnest manner on the French king, the prudence and even necessity of yielding to the proffered terms, if he would save his country from dismemberment, and himself from ruin. His efforts, however,

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of this summer, so that I may enjoy your dear society in quiet, which is the greatest satisfaction I am capable of having." Marlborough to the Duchess, 19th May 1709. Coxe, iv. 393.

[14] *Mémoire, M. de Torcy*, ii. 104-111.

to bring matters to an accommodation with France proved ineffectual; and after some weeks longer spent in proposals and counter-proposals, the ultimatum of the Allies was finally delivered to the French plenipotentiary by the Pensionary of Holland.[15]

By this ultimatum, Charles was to be acknowledged King of Spain and the Indies, and the whole Spanish monarchy was to be ceded by France. All the conquests of Louis in the Low Countries were to be given up; the Duke of Anjou was to surrender Spain and Sicily in two months, and if not delivered, Louis was to concur with the Allies for his expulsion. The barrier towns, so eagerly coveted by the Dutch, were to be given up to them. Namur, Menin, Charleroi, Luxembourg, Condé, Tournay, Maubeuge, Nieuport, Fismes, and Ipres, were to be put into the possession of the Allies. De Torcy objected to the articles regarding the cession of the whole Spanish monarchy in two months; though he declared his willingness to go to Paris, in order to persuade the French monarch to comply with them, and actually set off for that purpose. On the way to the French capital, however, he was met by a messenger from the French king, who rejected the proposals. "If I must continue the war," said Louis, with a spirit worthy his race, "it is better to contend with my enemies than my own family." So confidently had it been believed, both at the Hague and in London, that peace was not only probable, but actually concluded, that letters

[15] Swift's *Conduct of the Allies*, 72; Coxe, iv. 395-415.

of congratulation poured in on the duke from all quarters, celebrating his dexterity and address in negotiation not less than his prowess in arms. So confident, indeed, was Marlborough that peace would be concluded, that he was grievously disappointed by the rupture of the negotiations; and never ceased to strive, during the whole summer, to smooth away difficulties, and bring the Allies to such terms as the French king would accept. He was overruled, however, by the ministry at home, who concluded the celebrated barrier treaty with the Dutch, which Marlborough refused to sign, and was accordingly signed by Townsend alone, without his concurrence! And it is now decisively proved by the publication of his private correspondence with Lord Godolphin, that he disapproved of the severe articles insisted upon by the Allies and his own cabinet; and that, if he had had the uncontrolled management of the negotiation, it would have been brought to a favourable issue on terms highly advantageous to England, and which would have prevented the treaty of Utrecht from forming a stain on its annals.[16]

The rigorous terms demanded, however, by the Allied cabinets, and the resolute conduct of the King of France in rejecting them, had an important effect upon the war, and called for more vigorous efforts on the part of the confederates than

[16] "I have as much mistrust for the sincerity of France as any body living can have; but I will own to you, that in my opinion, if France had delivered the towns promised by the plenipotentiaries, and demolished Dunkirk and the other towns mentioned, they must have been at our discretion; so that if they had played tricks, so much the worse for themselves." Marlborough to Lord Godolphin, June 10, 1709. Coxe, iv. 405.

they had yet put forth, or were even now disposed to make. Louis made a touching appeal to the patriotic spirit of his people, in an eloquent circular which he addressed to the prelates and nobles of his realm. He there set forth the great sacrifices which he had offered to make to secure a general peace; showed how willing he had been to divest himself of all his conquests, abandon all his dreams of ambition; and concluded by observing, that he was now compelled to continue the contest, because the Allies insisted upon his descending to the humiliation of joining his arms to theirs to dispossess his own grandson. The appeal was not made in vain to the spirit of a gallant nobility, and the patriotism of a brave people. It kindled a spark of general enthusiasm and loyalty: all ranks and parties vied with each other in contributing their property and personal service for the maintenance of the war; and the campaign which opened under such disastrous auspices, was commenced with a degree of energy and unanimity on the part of the French people which had never hitherto been evinced in the course of the contest.[17] As afterwards, in the wars of the Revolution, too, the misfortunes of the state tended to the increase of its military forces. The stoppage of commerce, and shock to credit, threw numbers out of employment; and starving multitudes crowded to the frontier, to find that subsistence amidst the dangers of war which they could no longer find in the occupations of peace.

Skilfully availing themselves of this burst of patriotic fervour,

[17] Coxe, iv. 401.

the ministers of Louis were enabled to open the campaign with greater forces than they had yet accumulated since the beginning of the war. The principal effort was made in Flanders, where the chief danger was to be apprehended, and the enemy's most powerful army and greatest general were to be faced. Fifty-one battalions and forty-nine squadrons were drawn from the Rhine to Flanders; and this great reinforcement, joined to the crowds of recruits whom the public distress impelled to his standards, enabled the renowned Marshal Villars, who had received the command of the French, to take the field at the head of 112,000 men. With this imposing force, he took a position, strong both by nature and art, extending from Douay to the Lye; the right resting on the canal of Douay, the centre covered by the village of La Bassie, the left supported by Bethune and its circumjacent marshes. The whole line was strengthened by redoubts and partial inundations. Marlborough was at the head of 110,000 men, and although his force was composed of a heterogeneous mixture of the troops of different nations, yet, like the *colluvies omnium gentium* which followed the standards of Hannibal, it was held together by the firm bond of military success, and inspired with unbounded confidence, founded on experience, in the resources and capacity of its chief. Events of the greatest and most interesting kind could not but be anticipated, when two armies of such magnitude, headed by such leaders, were brought into collision; and the patriotic ardour of the French nation, now roused to the uttermost, was matched against the

military strength of the confederates, matured by so long and brilliant a series of victories.[18]

Though relying with confidence on the skill and intrepidity of his troops, Marlborough, according to his usual system, resolved if possible to circumvent the enemy by manœuvring, and reserve his hard blows for the time when success was to be won in no other way. His design was to begin the campaign with a general battle, or the reduction of Tournay, which lay on the direct road from Brussels by Mons to Paris, and would break through, in the most important part, the barrier fortresses. To prepare for either event, and divert the enemy's attention, strong demonstrations were made against Villars' intrenched position, and if it had been practicable, it would have been attacked; but after a close reconnoitre, both generals deemed it too hazardous an enterprise, and it was resolved to besiege the fortress. On the 23d June, the right under Eugene crossed the lower Dyle below Lille; while the left, with whom were the whole English and Dutch contingents, crossed the upper Dyle, and Marlborough fixed his headquarters at the castle of Looz. So threatening were the masses which the Allies now accumulated in his front, that Villars never doubted he was about to be attacked; and in consequence he strengthened his position to the utmost of his power, called in all his detachments, and drew considerable reinforcements from the garrisons of Tournay and other fortresses in his vicinity. Having thus fixed his antagonist's attention, and concentrated his force in

[18] *Ibid.* v. i. 5.

his intrenched lines between Douay and Bethune, Marlborough suddenly moved off to the left, in the direction of Tournay. This was done, however, with every imaginable precaution to impose upon the enemy. They decamped at nightfall on the 27th in dead silence, and advanced part of the night straight towards the French lines; but at two in the morning, the troops were suddenly halted, wheeled to the left, and marched in two columns, by Pont à Bovines and Pont à Tressins, towards Tournay. So expeditiously was the change in the line of march managed, and so complete the surprise, that by seven in the morning the troops were drawn round Tournay, and the investment complete, while a half of the garrison was still absent in the lines of Marshal Villars, and it was thereby rendered incapable of making any effectual defence. Meanwhile, that commander was so deceived, that he was congratulating himself that the enemy had "fixed on the siege of Tournay, which should occupy them the whole remainder of the campaign; when it is evident their design had been, after defeating me, to thunder against Aire la Venant with their heavy artillery, penetrate as far as Boulogne, and after laying all Picardy under contribution, push on even to Paris."[19]

Tournay is an old town, the ancient walls of which are of wide circuit; but it had a series of advanced works erected by Vauban, and its citadel, a regular pentagon, was considered by the great Condé as one of the most perfect specimens of modern fortification in existence. So little did the governor

[19] *Mém. de Villars*, ii. 63. Marlborough to Godolphin, June 27, 1709. Coxe, iv. 5, 6.

expect their approach, that many of the officers were absent, and a detachment of the garrison, sent out to forage, was made prisoners by General Lumley, who commanded the investing corps. The fortifications, however, were in the best state, and the magazines well stored with ammunition and military stores. It was the ancient capital of the Nervii, so celebrated for their valour in the wars with Cæsar; and an inscription on its walls testified that Louis XIV., after taking it in four days, had assisted in the construction of the additional works which would render it impregnable. The attempt to take such a place with a force no greater than that with which Villars had at hand to interrupt the operations, would have been an enterprise of the utmost temerity, and probably terminated in disaster, had it not been for the admirable skill with which the attention of the enemy had been fixed on another quarter, and the siege commenced with half its garrison absent, and what was there, imperfectly supplied with provisions.[20]

The heavy artillery and siege equipage required to be brought up the Scheldt from Ghent, which in the outset occasioned some delay in the operations. Marlborough commanded the attacking, Eugene the covering forces. By the 6th, however, the approaches were commenced; on the 10th, the battering train arrived and the trenches armed; repeated sallies of the enemy to interrupt the operations were repulsed, and several of the outworks carried, between that time and the 21st, on which last occasion the

[20] Marlborough to Mr Secretary Boyle, 27th June 1709. *Disp.* iv. 520. Coxe, v. 7, 8.

besiegers succeeded in establishing themselves in the covered ways. The breaching batteries continued to thunder with terrible effect upon the walls; and on the 27th, a strong horn-work, called of the Seven Fountains, was carried, and the Allies were masters of nearly the whole line of the counterscarp. Meanwhile, Villars made no serious movement to interrupt the besiegers, contenting himself with making demonstrations between the Scarfe and the Scheldt to alarm the covering forces. Eugene, however, narrowly watched all his proceedings; and in truth the French marshal, far from really intending to disquiet the Allies in their operations, was busied with an immense army of pioneers and labourers in constructing a new set of lines from Douay along the Scarfe to the Scheldt near Condé, in order to arrest the progress of the Allies in the direction they had now taken. Seeing no prospect of being relieved, the governor on the 29th surrendered the town, and retired with the remains of the garrison, still four thousand strong, into the citadel.[21]

On the surrender of the town, no time was lost in prosecuting

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[21] Marlborough to Lord Galway, 4th July 1709; and to the Queen, 29th July 1709. *Disp.* iv. 530 and 556. Coxe, v. 8, 13. Marlborough's private letters to the Duchess at this period, as indeed throughout all his campaigns, prove how he was tired of the war, and how ardently he sighed for repose at Blenheim. "The taking of the citadel of Tournay will, I fear, cost us more men and time than that of the town; but that which gives me the greatest prospect for the happiness of being with you, is, that certainly the misery of France increases, which must bring us a peace. The misery of the poor people we see is such, that one must be a brute not to pity them. May you be ever happy, and I enjoy some few years of quiet with you, is what I daily pray for." Marlborough to the Duchess, July 30, 1709. Coxe, v. 12.

operations against the citadel, and the line of circumvallation was traced out that very evening. But this undertaking proved more difficult than had been expected, and several weeks elapsed before any material progress was made in the operations, during which Villars made good use of his time in completing his new lines to cover Valenciennes and Condé. The garrison of the citadel, though unequal to the defence of the town of Tournay, was quite adequate to that of the citadel: and the vast mines with which the whole outworks and glacis were perforated, rendered the approaches in the highest degree perilous and difficult. The governor, M. De Surville, proposed, on the 5th August, to capitulate in a month if not relieved; and to this proposition, Marlborough and Eugene with praiseworthy humanity at once acceded: but the King of France refused to ratify the terms proposed, unless the suspension of arms was made general to the whole Netherlands, to which the allied general would not accede. The military operations consequently went on, and soon acquired a degree of horror hitherto unparalleled even in that long and bloody contest. The art of countermining, and of counteracting the danger of mines exploding, was then very imperfectly understood, though that of besieging above ground had been brought to the very highest degree of perfection. The soldiers, in consequence, entertained a great and almost superstitious dread of the perils of that subterraneous warfare, where prowess and courage were alike unavailing, and the bravest, equally as the most pusillanimous, were liable to be at any moment blown

into the air, or smothered under ground, by the explosions of an unseen, and therefore appalling, enemy. The Allies were inferior in regular sappers and miners to the besieged, who were singularly well supplied with that important arm of the service. The ordinary soldiers, how brave soever in the field, evinced a repugnance at engaging in this novel and terrific species of warfare: and it was only by personally visiting the trenches in the very hottest of the fire, and offering high rewards to the soldiers who would enter into the mines, that men could be got who would venture on the perilous service.[22]

It was not surprising that even the bravest of the allied troops were appalled at the new and extraordinary dangers which now awaited them, for they were truly of the most formidable description. What rendered them peculiarly so, was, that the perils in a peculiar manner affected the bold and the forward. The first to mount a breach, to effect a lodgement in a horn-work, to penetrate into a mine, was sure to perish. First a hollow rumbling noise was heard, which froze the bravest hearts with horror: a violent rush as of a subterraneous cataract succeeded; and immediately the earth heaved, and whole companies, and even battalions, were destroyed with a frightful explosion. On the 15th August a sally by M. De Surville was bravely repulsed, and the besiegers, pursuing their advantage, effected a lodgement in the outwork: but immediately a mine was sprung, and a hundred and fifty men were blown into the air. In the night between the 16th

[22] Dumont's *Military History*, ii. 104. Coxe, v. 15, 16.

and 17th, a long and furious conflict took place below ground and in utter darkness, between the contending parties, which at length terminated to the advantage of the besiegers.[23] On the 23d a mine was discovered, sixty feet long by twenty broad, which would have blown up a whole battalion of Hanoverian troops placed above it; but while the Allies were in the mine, congratulating themselves on the discovery, a mine below it was suddenly sprung, and all within the upper one buried in the ruins. On the night of the 25th, three hundred men, posted in a large mine discovered to the Allies by an inhabitant of Tournay, were crushed by the explosion of another mine directly below it; and on the same night, one hundred men posted in the town ditch were suddenly buried under a bastion blown out upon them. Great was the dismay which these dreadful and unheard-of disasters produced among the allied troops. But at length the resolution and energy of Marlborough and Eugene triumphed over every obstacle. Early on the morning of the 31st August the white flag was displayed, and a conference took

[23] A very striking incident occurred in the siege, which shows to what a height the heroic spirit with which the troops were animated had risen. An officer commanding a detachment, was sent by Lord Albemarle to occupy a certain lunette which had been captured from the enemy; and though it was concealed from the men, the commander told the officer he had every reason to believe the post was undermined, and that the party would be blown up. Knowing this, he proceeded with perfect calmness to the place of his destination; and when provisions and wine were served out to the men, he desired them to fill their calashes, and said, "Here is a health to those who die the death of the brave." The mine in effect was immediately after sprung; but fortunately the explosion failed, and his comrades survived to relate their commander's noble conduct.

place between the two commanders in the house of the Earl of Albemarle; but the governor having refused to accede to the terms demanded – that he should surrender prisoners of war – the fire recommenced, and a tremendous discharge from all the batteries took place for the next three days. This compelled the brave De Surville to submit; and Marlborough, in consideration of his gallant defence, permitted the garrison to march out with the honours of war, and return to France, on condition of not serving again till exchanged. On September 3d the gates were surrendered; and the entire command of this strong fortress and rich city, which entirely covered Spanish Flanders, was obtained by the Allies.[24]

No sooner was Tournay taken than the allied generals turned their eyes to Mons, the next great fortress on the road to Paris, and which, with Valenciennes, constituted the only remaining strongholds that lay on that line between them and Paris. So anxious was Marlborough to hasten operations against this important town, that on the very day on which the white flag was displayed from the citadel of Tournay, he dispatched Lord Orkney with all the grenadiers of the army, and twenty squadrons, to surprise Ghislain, and secure the passage of the Haine. On the 3d, the Prince of Hesse-Cassel was dispatched after him with 4000 foot and 60 squadrons. Lord Orkney, on arriving on the banks of the Haine, found the passage so

[24] Marlborough to Mr Secretary Boyle, 31st August and 3d September 1709. *Disp.* iv. 585, 588. Coxe, v. 14, 18. Dumont's *Military History*, ii. 103.

strongly guarded that he did not deem it prudent to alarm the enemy by attempting to force them. The Prince of Hesse-Cassel, however, was more fortunate. He marched with such extraordinary diligence, that he got over forty-nine English miles in fifty-six successive hours; a rapidity of advance, for such a distance, that had never been surpassed at that, though it has been outdone in later times.[25] By this means he reached the Haine on the other side of Mons, and surprised the passage near Obourg, at two in the morning of the 6th, and at noon he entered the French lines of the Trouille without opposition, the enemy retiring with precipitation as he advanced. He immediately extended his forces over the valley of the Trouille, fixed his headquarters at the abbey of Belian, and with his right occupied in strength the important plateau of Jemappes, which intercepted the communication between Mons and Valenciennes. It was on this height that the famous battle was fought between the French Republicans under Dumourier in 1792: another proof among the many which history affords how frequently the crisis of war, at long distances of time from each other, takes place in the same place. By this decisive movement Marlborough gained an immense advantage; – Mons was now passed and *invested on the side of France*; and the formidable lines, thirty leagues in length, on which Marshal Villars had been labouring with such assiduity during the two preceding months, were turned and rendered of

[25] Mackenzie's brigade, which joined Wellington's army after the battle of Talavera, marched sixty-two English miles in twenty-six hours. Napier, ii. 412.

no avail.[26]

While the Prince of Hesse-Cassel, with the advanced guard of the army, gained this brilliant success, Marlborough was rapidly following with the main body in the same direction. The force besieging Tournay crossed the Scheldt at the bridge of that town, and joined the covering force under Eugene. From thence they advanced to Sirant, where they were joined by Lord Orkney with his detachment, which had failed in passing the Haine. On the 6th, having learned of the success of the Prince of Hesse-Cassel, who had turned the enemy's lines, and got between Mons and France, the allied generals pushed on with the utmost expedition, and leaving their army to form the investment of Mons, joined the prince in the abbey of Belian. Both commanders bestowed on him the highest compliments for the advantages he had gained; but he replied, "The French have deprived me of the glory due to such a compliment, since they have not even waited my arrival." In truth, such had been the celerity and skill of his dispositions, that they had rendered resistance hopeless, and achieved success without the necessity of striking a blow. Meanwhile Marshal Boufflers, hearing a battle was imminent, arrived in the camp as a volunteer, to serve under Villars, his junior in military service; a noble example of disinterested patriotism, which, not less than the justly popular character of that distinguished general, raised the enthusiasm of the French soldiers to the very highest

[26] Coxe, v. 20, 25. Marlborough to Mr Secretary Boyle, 7th September 1709. *Disp.* iv. 590.

pitch.[27] Every thing announced a more sanguinary and important conflict between the renowned commanders and gallant armies now arrayed on the opposite sides, than had yet taken place since the commencement of the war.[28]

During these rapid and vigorous movements, which entirely turned and broke through his much-vaunted lines of defence, Villars remained with the great body of his forces in a state of inactivity. Aware he was to be attacked, but ignorant where the blow was first likely to fall, he judged, and probably rightly, that it would be hazardous to weaken his lines at any one point by accumulating forces at another. No sooner, however, did he receive intelligence of the march of the Prince of Hesse-Cassel, than he broke up from the lines of Douay, and hastily collecting his forces, advanced towards that adventurous commander. At two in the morning of the 4th, he arrived in front of him with his cavalry; but conceiving the whole allied army was before him, he did not venture to make an attack at a time when his great superiority of force would have enabled him to do it with every chance of success. The movement of Villars, however, and general *feux-de-joie* which resounded through the French lines on the arrival of Marshal Boufflers, warned the allied

[27] A similar incident occurred in the British service, when Sir Henry, now Lord Hardinge, and Governor-general of India, served as second in command to Sir Hugh Gough, his senior in military rank, but subordinate in station, at the glorious battles of Ferozepore and Sobraon, with the Sikhs. How identical is the noble and heroic spirit in all ages and countries! It forms a freemasonry throughout the world.

[28] Coxe, v. 24, 25. *Disp.* iv. 588, 595.

leaders that a general battle was at hand; and orders were in consequence given to the whole army to advance at four o'clock on the afternoon of the 7th. A detachment of Eugene's troops was left to watch Mons, the garrison of which consisted only of eleven weak battalions and a regiment of horse, not mustering above five thousand combatants; and the whole remainder of the allied army, ninety thousand strong, pressed forward in dense masses into the level and marshy plain in the middle of which Mons is situated. They advanced in different columns, headed by Marlborough and Eugene; and never was a more magnificent spectacle presented, than when they emerged from the woods upon the plain, and ascended in the finest order, with their whole cavalry and artillery, as well as infantry, the undulating ground which lies to the south of that town. They arrived at night, and bivouacked on the heights of Quaregnon, near Genly, and thence on to the village of Quevy, in a line not three miles in length, and only five distant from the enemy; so that it was evident a general battle would take place on the following day, unless Villars was prepared to abandon Mons to its fate.[29]

[29] Marlborough to Mr Secretary Boyle, 7th and 11th September 1709. *Disp.* iv. 591, 592. Coxe, v. 25, 26.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.