

lously and shamefully protect the masters in treating their slaves with cruelty. Such laws might be amended by temperate appeals, while now they are retained out of contempt for the vulgar, fanatical violence that, pretending to serve the blacks, assails the rights of the whites.

To turn trade from its course has been beyond the power of the greatest sovereigns; and it is not likely to be effected by the pastime meetings at Exeter Hall. Nor would it be advantageous were it done. Whatever certain monopolists, and would-be monopolists, of the Northern States may say, trade has done more to civilize mankind and to promote peace in the world than missionaries and meetings. Enthusiasts, however, know not what they do, and their inconsiderate zeal must be pardoned for their good intentions, though the declaration that immediate and unconditional emancipation is the duty of the masters in the States is not to be surpassed for impracticability by any project hatched in the world either inside or outside of Bedlam

From the Spectator.

GALTON'S EXPLORATION IN SOUTH AFRICA.*

HERE we have a real book of travels, carrying the reader through a country hitherto unexplored by white men; introducing him to new scenes, new incidents, and new people; and opening up the prospect or at least the probability of being able to penetrate that hitherto mysterious and baffling region, the interior of Africa. Besides these broader sources of novelty and interest, the narrative contains much of freshness from the originality of its action. Everything was tentative in Mr. Galton's exploration from the time he fairly began. His people, his cattle, his routes, had all in a measure to be extemporized on the spot; which imparts a Crusoe-like interest to the account. The narrative, without being literal or devoid of liveliness, is very real. Even in the midst of scenes where novelty, imagination, and field-sports unite in tempting to color, Mr. Galton seems exact and matter-of-fact. The Parisian contemporaries of Le Vaillant ridiculed him for the mingled dignity and sentiment he threw into his interviews with savages or the king of beasts: my "first giraffe," or troops of lions and hippopotamuses have been recorded with empressement by English travellers in the same region. Mr. Galton's narrative of similar encounters is of a more sober and real-

looking cast. If it were embodied in an affidavit the most cautious solicitor would hardly raise a doubt.

A love of sporting and adventure took Mr. Galton to the Cape in 1850; his intention being to sail for Algoa Bay, and proceed northward from the Indian Ocean to the newly-discovered Lake Ngami. The disordered state of the country rendered this scheme impracticable. He then determined to sail for Walfisch Bay, on the Atlantic, about three degrees of latitude north of the Orange river. A storehouse had been established in the bay, though now abandoned; a few missionary stations were scattered along the interior, in a line from the bay or south of it; but nothing was known of the people or the country within the 22d degree of south latitude or the 17th degree of east longitude. Into this unknown wilderness Mr. Galton threw himself; travelling first towards the north through the Damara country, a barren table-land with scanty vegetation and little water after the rainy season, till he reached Ondonga, a fertile and well-cultivated district, extending northward from about 19½ degrees of south latitude and lying between 15° and 17° or 18° of east longitude. The state of his oxen, the falling short of his supplies both in food and articles of barter, the polite and not unreasonable opposition of the natives, compelled his return to the missionary station at Barmen. Thence, by the assistance of some Hottentot chiefs, he made a journey eastward with the view of reaching Lake Ngami in that direction; but was stopped at the 21st degree of east longitude (the lake beginning the 23d), by want of time and the character of the intervening country, which was then impassable, owing to an unprecedented drought and to its being the end of the dry season.

From the Fish or indeed from the Orange river, till the Portuguese settlement of Benguela is reached, the country, judged from the character of the coast, has been supposed a sandy desert. And such, in spite of Mr. Galton's disclaimer, seems pretty much the case. After the high land is attained the country is certainly neither utterly barren nor entirely without water; but, although Mr. Galton generally travelled along the course of streams, he found them partially or wholly dry in the dry season. When, to avoid the territory of a dangerous chief, he forsook the route by the Omoramba river, and passed more directly northwards to the Omanbonde Lake, he suffered somewhat; found the lake dry, and was told that his return by the same road was impossible, as all the water would be gone. It is in fact a continuation of South Africa; a sandy soil, which would be fertile if it were watered, but which during the part of the year when the rains do not fall gets from bad to worse, except in a

* The Narrative of an Explorer in Tropical South Africa. By Francis Galton, Esq. With Colored Maps, Plates, and Wood-cuts. Published by Murray.

few favored places where water is always met with. In point of vegetation, indeed, the Damara country seems worse off than the Cape, the bush being thinner and more stunted; the Damaras are savage and often half-starved. When, therefore, Mr. Galton came suddenly upon the land of Ondonga, teeming with corn and milk, and a population that seemed to know the meaning of "a bellyful," no wonder he was delighted with the contrast. And the scene he describes is a wonder for the interior of Africa.

We slept without water. In the morning we had some delays with the oxen, but travelled from early daybreak, passing an empty well at eleven, and another a little later. We pushed through thick thorns the whole time, and had begun to disbelieve in Ondonga, when quite of a sudden the bushes ceased; we emerged out of them, and the charming corn-country of the Ovampo lay yellow and broad as a sea before us. Fine dense timber-trees, and innumerable palms of all sizes, were scattered over it; part was bare for pasturage, part was thickly covered with high corn-stubble; palisadings, each of which enclosed a homestead, were scattered everywhere over the country. The general appearance was that of most abundant fertility. It was a land of Goshen to us; and even my phlegmatic wagon-driver burst out into exclamations of delight. Old Netjo's house was the nearest, and he therefore claimed the right of entertaining me the first, and to it we went. He had two or three wives, and a most wonderfully large family, to every member of which he presented us. Then he took Andersson and myself over the establishment, and showed us his neat granaries and threshing-floors, and his cocks and hens—the pigs, he regretted, had been sent out of the way; and lastly, Mrs. Netjo, No. 1, produced a dish of hot dough and a basin of sour milk, on which we set to work, burning our fingers as we pulled off large bits, which we dipped into the milk and swallowed. Then we went on to Chick's house; who encamped us under a magnificent tree, and took our cattle under his charge. He told me that we were still a long day's journey from Nangoro, and that the whole of our way there would lie through a corn-country like this.

The harvest was now over; but the high stubble was still standing, and in it the oxen were allowed to feed. There was at this time hardly any other pasturage for them. The Ovampo have two kinds of corn; one is the Egyptian doura (or exactly like it), a sort of hominy; and the other is a corn that was new to me, but kindred, as I am told, to the Indian "badjera": its head is cylindrical, and full of small gray seeds, which, though not larger than those of millet, are so numerous that each head contains a vast deal of nutriment. Both kinds of corn grow to much the same height, about eight feet; and in harvesting the reapers bend down the stalks and only cut off the heads. As we journeyed on the next day our surprise at the agricultural opulence of the country was in no way decreased. Chick told us a great deal about the

tenure of the farms, and the way they dig them. Each farmer has to pay a certain proportion of the tobacco that he grows to Nangoro (tobacco is the chief circulating medium in Ovampo Land); but the corn can be planted without any drawback upon it. The fields are hoed over before each sowing-season, and the corn planted. The manure from the cattle kraal is spread over the ground. They plant beans and peas, but adopt no systematic rotation of crops. The palms that grew here were of the same sort as those that I saw near Omanbondè; but the fruit of these was excellent, exactly like those of the Egyptian doum, while that of the others was bitter.

Even this land, however, has the drawback of insufficiency of water; and from the flat though undulating nature of the country, we should think it might be inconvenienced in the rainy season from too much, and possibly be found unwholesome. So far as Mr. Galton's experience went, the region was healthy in a high degree. In spite of coming to privation and hard work from a life of ease and full feeding on shipboard—although the thermometer soon after landing rose to 143° in the sun, and the ground was so heated that it was with pain and difficulty he walked upon it when he was once left with boots but not stockings, while on his return from Ondonga there was ice in the morning pretty constantly—although condiments, stimulants and bread, were dispensed with, and short commons often encountered, yet the expedition preserved its health. If a missionary station could be established in Ondonga, it might be an advantageous starting-point for further exploration, if the means and disposition existed. We are not so clear about an attempt from the Atlantic through Benguela, which Mr. Galton suggests.

There are numerous pictures of savage life and character, in which a closer test is often applied than mere descriptions of external features. The following conveys a good idea of Damara intelligence:—

We had to trust to the guides, whose ideas of time and distance were most provokingly indistinct; besides this, they have no comparative in their language, so that you cannot say to them, "Which is the *longer* of the two, the next stage or the last one?" but you must say, "The last stage is little; the next, is it great?" The reply is not, it is a "little longer," or "much longer," or "very much longer;" but simply, "it is so," or "it is not so." They have a very poor notion of time. If you say, "Suppose we start at sunrise, where will the sun be when we arrive?" they make the wildest points in the sky, though they are something of astronomers, and give names to several stars. They have no way of distinguishing days, but reckon by the rainy season, the dry season, or the pig-nut season. When inquiries are made about how many days' journey off a place may be, their ignorance

of all numerical ideas is very annoying. In practice, whatever they may possess in their language, they certainly use no numeral greater than three. When they wish to express four, they take to their fingers, which are to them as formidable instruments of calculation as a sliding-rule is to an English schoolboy. They puzzle very much after five, because no spare hand remains to grasp and secure the fingers that are required for "units." Yet they seldom lose oxen: the way in which they discover the loss of one is not by the number of the herd being diminished, but by the absence of a face they know. When bartering is going on, each sheep must be paid for separately. Thus, suppose two sticks of tobacco [a stick is about an ounce] to be the rate of exchange for one sheep, it would sorely puzzle a Damara to take two sheep and give him four sticks. I have done so, and seen a man first put two of the sticks apart and take a sight over them at one of the sheep he was about to sell. Having satisfied himself that that one was honestly paid for, and finding to his surprise that exactly two sticks remained in hand to settle the account for the other sheep, he would be afflicted with doubts; the transaction seemed to come out too "pat" to be correct; and he would refer back to the first couple of sticks, and then his mind got hazy and confused, and wandered from one sheep to the other, and he broke off the transaction until two sticks were put into his hand and one sheep driven away, and then the other two sticks given him and the second sheep driven away. When a Damara's mind is bent upon number, it is too much occupied to dwell upon quantity; thus, a heifer is bought from a man for ten sticks of tobacco; his large hands being both spread out upon the ground, and a stick placed on each finger; he gathers up the tobacco; the size of the mass pleases him, and the bargain is struck. You then want to buy a second heifer; the same process is gone through, but half sticks instead of whole ones are put upon his fingers; the man is equally satisfied at the time, but occasionally finds it out and complains the next day. Once, while I watched a Damara floundering hopelessly in a calculation on one side of me, I observed Dinah, my spaniel, equally embarrassed on the other. She was overlooking half-a-dozen of her newborn puppies, which had been removed two or three times from her; and her anxiety was excessive, as she tried to find out if they were all present, or if any were still missing. She kept puzzling and running her eyes over them backwards and forwards, but could not satisfy herself. She evidently had a vague notion of counting, but the figure was too large for her brain. Taking the two as they stood, dog and Damara, the comparison reflected no great honor on the man.

There are many sporting stories, but not so many as in some books on Southern Africa, because game was comparatively rare, either in the country, or for that season, or Mr. Galton had other objects to think about. The book, however, is not deficient in sketches of

this kind, and they are given without extravagance either of manner or matter.

Hans, our traveller's servant, had a narrow escape from a lion; though, probably, not more than African sportsmen, who cannot write books, go through daily, and think nothing of.

My servant, Hans, had a very narrow escape some time since. He was riding old Frieschland (the most useful ox I had, but now worn out by the Ondonga journey) along the Swakop, when he saw something dusky by the side of a camel-thorn tree, two hundred yards off. This was a lion, that rose and walked towards him. Hans had his gun in his gun-bag by the side of his saddle, and rode on; for there is no use in provoking hostilities single-handed with a lion, unless some object has to be gained by it, as every sportsman at last acknowledges. The coolest hand and the best shot are never safe; for a bullet, however well-aimed, is not certain to put the animal *hors de combat*. After the lion had walked some twenty or thirty yards, Frieschland, the ox, either saw or smelt him, and became furious. Hans had enough to do to keep his seat; for a powerful long-horned ox tossing his head about and plunging wildly is a most awkward hack for the best of jockeys. The lion galloped up. He and Hans were side by side. The lion made his spring, and one heavy paw came on the nape of the ox's neck, and rolled him over; the other clutched at Hans' arm, and tore the sleeve of his shirt to ribbons, but did not wound him; and there they all three lay. Hans, though he was thrown upon his gun, contrived to wriggle it out, the lion snarling and clutching at him all the time; but for all that, he put both bullets into the beast's body, who dropped, then turned round, and limped bleeding away into the recesses of a broad, thick cover; and of course Hans, shaken as he was, let him go. There were no dogs to follow him, so he was allowed to die in peace; and subsequently his spoor was taken up, and his remains found.

Many more stories on this subject might be quoted, but we prefer a passage on disputed creatures. What if the left-hand supporter of the royal arms of England should turn out a reality after all, and the cockatrice not metaphorical!

As the Bushmen learnt to understand our Hottentot a little better, we had some long talks about the animals on the river that joins the western end of the lake; that there are many there quite new to the Hottentots is beyond doubt, as several carosses were stolen by the Kubabees and brought back south, and the skins that many of these were made from were quite unknown to them. The Bushmen, without any leading question or previous talk upon the subject, mentioned the unicorn. I cross-questioned them thoroughly; but they persisted in describing a one-horned animal, something like a gemsbok in shape and size, whose horn was in the middle of its forehead, and pointed forwards.

The spur of the animal was, they said, like that of a zebra. The horn was in shape like a gemsbok's, but shorter. They spoke of the animal as though they knew of it, but were not at all familiar with it. It will indeed be strange if, after all, the creature has a real existence. There are recent travellers in the north of Tropical Africa who have heard of it there, and believe in it; and there is surely plenty of room to find something new in the vast belt of terra incognita that lies in this continent.

Of another fabulous monster, the cockatrice, a most widely-spread belief exists. The Ovampo, the Bushmen of this place, and Timboo, all protested that there is such a creature, and that they had often seen it. They described it as a snake, sometimes twelve feet long, and as thick as the arm; slender for its length, with a brilliantly variegated skin; it has a comb on the head exactly like a guinea-fowl, but red, and has also wattles; its cry is very like the noise that fowls make when roosting — I do not mean crowing, but a subdued chucking; its bite is highly venomous, and it is a tree snake. I heard an instance of ten cows having been bitten one after the other; they said that sometimes people when on their way home at night hear a clucking in the tree, and think that their fowls have strayed, and as they are peering about under the branches to see where they are, the snake darts down upon them and bites them. It appears to be a particularly vicious snake. I have generally heard it called "hangara." I never heard of its possessing wings.

From the Economist.

MR. GALTON confirms the observation of other travellers as to the general existence of slavery in Africa as a regular part of society. His description of the slave is striking, and we quote it: —

THE PROPERTY OF MAN IN MAN.

All over Africa one hears of "giving" men away; the custom is as follows. A negro has chanced to live a certain time in another's employ; he considers himself his property, and has abandoned the trouble of thinking what he is to do from day to day; but leaves the ordering of his future entirely to his employer. He becomes too listless to exist without a master. The weight of independence is heavier than he likes, and he will not bear it. He feels unsupported and lost if alone in the world, and absolutely requires somebody to direct him. Now, if the employer happens to have no further need of the man, he "gives" him, that is to say, he makes over his interest in the savage to a friend or acquaintance; the savage passively agrees to the bargain, and changes his place without regret; for, so long as he has a master at all, the primary want of his being is satisfied. A man is "given" either for a term of years or forever; and it was on this tenure that I held several of my men. Swarthboy gave me his henchman; Kahikene, a cattle-watcher; Mr. Hahn, a very useful man, Kambanya. As a definition of the phrase "giving a man," I should say it meant "making over to another

whatever influence one possessed over a savage, the individual who is given not being compelled, but being passive."

It is rather singular to find a joke against a particular class agreeing with a certain philosophic theory concerning the origin of man: —

RELATIONSHIP OF MEN AND MONKEYS.

A standing joke against the Ghou Damup is, that they trace their descent from the monkey tribe. An old man amongst them gave me the following history of his family; he worded it very neatly: — "My great uncle was a baboon, and lived on excellent terms with the rest of his family, but the following occurrence caused his separation from it. My grandfather had been gambling, and lost all the ornaments, &c., that he had on his person, but wishing to continue the game, requested his brother the baboon to go to my great-grandfather, the famous Hadjii-Aybib, and beg enough beads from him to form another stake. My great uncle the baboon went, but passing a Hottentot werft by the way, in which were many fierce dogs, before unknown in the country, he became so alarmed at their barking and snapping at him that he ran to the hills, and never dared face man again. Why should not we and the baboons be brothers?" said the old gentleman. "Everybody persecutes us alike. We both live on the hills, eat the same roots, and 'crow' (dig) for them with our hands in the same manner!" Hadjii-Aybib, my friend's great-grandfather, married a Bushwoman for his second wife, who annoyed her step-sons by her hauteur, and twitted them on account of their vulgar habits and low connections. Influenced by her, Hadjii-Aybib cruelly threatened his Damup progeny, and they on their part earnestly longed for his death. One day he was missing, rumor gave out that he was killed, and the sons gave way to the greatest paroxysms of merriement, during which they behaved in such an unseemly manner before the eyes of their fine lady Hottentot connections that on Hadjii-Aybib's return — for he was not killed after all — they were obliged, from absolute shame, to hide themselves away from his presence, and fled to the hills, bearing with them the reproachful name of Ghou Damup.

We have never seen the real hardships of savage life more clearly and vividly depicted than in the pages of Mr. Galton: —

CRUELTY OF THE SAVAGES.

It is very difficult to find out how many people are killed or wounded in occasions like these, as hyenas soon devour the dead bodies, and those who survive scatter in all directions; so that no clue remains towards the numbers missing. I saw two poor women, one with both legs cut off at her ankle joints, and the other with one. They had crawled the whole way on that eventful night from Schmelens Hope to Barmen, some twenty miles. The Hottentots had cut them off, after their usual habit, in order to cut off the solid iron anklets that they

wear. These wretched creatures showed me how they had stopped the blood by poking the wounded stumps into the sand. A European would certainly have bled to death under such circumstances. One of Jonker's sons, a hopeful youth, came to a child that had been dropped on the ground, and who lay screaming there, and he leisurely gouged out its eyes with a small stick.

I saw a horrible sight on the way, which has often haunted me since. We had taken a short cut, and were a day and a half from our wagons, when I observed some smoke in front, and rode to see what it was; an immense blackthorn tree was smouldering, and, from the quantity of ashes about, there was all the appearance of its having burnt for a long time; by it were tracks that we could make nothing of; no footmarks, only an impression of a hand here and there. We followed them, and found a wretched woman, most horribly emaciated; both her feet were burnt quite off, and the wounds were open and unhealed. Her account was that many days back she and others were encamping there; and when she was asleep, a dry but standing tree, which they had set fire to, fell down, and entangled her among its branches; there she was burnt before she could extricate herself, and her people left her. She had since lived on gum alone, of which there were vast quantities about; it oozes down from the trees, and forms large cakes in the sand. There was water close by, for she was on the edge of a river-bed. I did not know what to do with her; I had no means of conveying her anywhere, or any place to convey her to. The Damaras kill useless and worn-out people; even sons smother their sick fathers; and death was evidently not far from her. I had three sheep with me, so I off-packed, and killed one. She seemed ravenous; and though I purposely had off-packed some two hundred yards from her, yet the poor wretch kept crawling and dragging herself up to me, and would not be withheld, for fear I should forget to give her the food I promised. When it was ready, and she had devoured what I gave her, the meat acted as it often does in such cases, and fairly intoxicated her; she attempted to stand, regardless of the pain, and sang, and tossed her lean arms about. It was perfectly sickening to witness the spectacle. I did the only thing I could; I cut the rest of the meat in strips, and hung it within her reach, and where the sun would jerk (i. e., dry and preserve) it. It was many days' provisions for her. I saw she had water, firewood, and gum in abundance, and then I left her to her fate.

We take that as a specimen; but there are other horrors — of women having their limbs gnawed off by hyenas, of throats cut cruelly by fellow-men, and of no end of the destruction of life by wild animals. Any person who is still enraptured by such an existence will probably be fully converted, should he read Mr. Galton's pages, to the opinion that civilized life is freer, safer, and happier than savage life. To pass from such cruelties, we must

quote a passage which goes far to relieve the civilized sportsman from the supposition that he shared in the savage love of cruelty: —

SPORTING.

It is one of the most strongly exciting positions that a sportsman can find himself in, to lie behind one of these screens or holes by the side of a path leading to a watering-place so thronged with game as Tounobis. Herds of gnus glide along the neighboring paths in almost endless files; here standing out in bold relief against the sky, there a moving line, just visible in the deep shades; and all as noiseless as a dream. Now and then a slight patting over the stones makes you start; it jars painfully on the strained ear, and a troop of zebras pass frolicking by. All at once you observe, twenty or thirty yards off, two huge ears pricked up high above the brushwood; another few seconds, and a sharp solid horn indicates the cautious and noiseless approach of the great rhinoceros. Then the rifle or gun is poked slowly over the wall, which has before been covered with a plaid, or something soft, to muffle all grating sounds; and you keep a sharp and anxious look-out through some cranny in your screen. The beast moves nearer and nearer; you crouch close up under the wall, lest he should see over it and perceive you. Nearer, nearer still; yet somehow his shape is indistinct, and perhaps his position unfavorable to warrant a shot. Another moment, and he is within ten yards, and walking steadily on. There lies a stone, on which you had laid your caross and other things, when making ready to enter your shooting-screen; the beast has come to it, he sniffs the taint of them, tosses his head up wind, and turns his huge bulk full broadside on to you. Not a second is to be lost. Bang! and the bullet lies well home under his shoulder. Then follow a plunge and a rush, and the animal charges madly about, making wide sweeps to right and left with his huge horn, as you crouch down still and almost breathless, and with every nerve on the stretch. He is off; you hear his deep blowing in the calm night; now his gallop ceases. The occasional rattling of a stone alone indicates that he is yet afoot; for a moment all is still, and then a scarcely audible "sough" informs you that the great beast has sunk to the ground, and that his pains of death are over.

The animals are picked up in the morning; but it is not very easy to find them.

For my own taste I should like to spend nights perched up in some tree with a powerful night-glass watching these night frolics and attacks. I really do not much care about shooting the animals, though it makes a consummation to the night work, as the death of the fox does to a fox-hunt, but it is the least pleasurable part of the whole. Great fun seems to go on among the different animals; jackals are always seen and are always amusing; their impudence is intolerable; they know that you do not want to shoot them, and will often sit in front of your screen and stare you in the face. Sometimes, while straining your eyes at the dimly seen bushes

about you, the branched stem of one gradually forms itself into the graceful head of some small antelope. The change is like that of a dissolving view; the object had been under your notice for a minute, yet you could not tell when it ceased to be a bush and became an animal. The young rhinoceroses must be much chased by the hyenas and wild dogs, for you never find one, either young or old, whose ears do not show marks of having been sadly bitten.

From the Spectator.

WARBURTON'S LIFE OF PETERBOROUGH.*

Among the remarkable men who have reached the highest top of greatness without being able to sustain themselves there, Peterborough is undoubtedly the most remarkable, not only for the variety of his accomplishments, but for the greatness of his greatest exploit compared with the means at his disposal. To speak of the *conquest* of Spain during the War of the Succession, is not hyperbole in relation to his exploits; for by his means the French were driven from Spain, with the exception of a small force under the Duke of Berwick, and this the allied armies under Lord Galway and the Portuguese General Das Minas could readily have crushed or expelled if they would have moved. What the final result might have been it is impossible to say. With the country clear, the Austrian Charles peaceably on the throne, Louis the Fourteenth pressed by the victories of Marlborough and embarrassed by ill-success in Italy, it is a matter of doubt whether his grandson Philip could have remounted the throne of Spain, unless the folly of the Austrian with the insolence and corruption of his Germans were as felicitous in losing as in preventing an acquisition.

The success of Peterborough in Spain, where he captured strong places without artillery, and with less numbers than the beleaguered garrison, drove an army like sheep before himself and a few horsemen, and compelled a Bourbon and a Marshal of France to evacuate the country on really little better grounds than the terror of his name, has been compared to the exploits of a knight-errant. The almost hopeless hazard of his attempt, the daring courage and the incessant activity that alone enabled him to succeed, certainly read like a tale of enchantment, where everything falls before the destined hero. But there was nothing wild or errant-like in the conception, the plan, or the execution. Every mode was examined, every hazard estimated, the means weighed, failure prepared for, and

nothing left to accident except what Wellington calls "the inevitable risk of an action." Peterborough's celebrated capture of Barcelona was the result of deep consideration, frequent personal reconnoissance, and the perception of a strange engineering error in the construction of the defences. The assault was masked by an apparent embarkation, and the enemy, rejoicing at appearances, were hallooing before they were out of the wood. His subsequent relief of the city when besieged by the French was equally skilful, and more patient; and, had he failed, he had formed three distinct plans to punish if not destroy the French on their return march to Madrid. Nor was he only fitted for one kind of warfare. When divided commands, envy, intrigue, corruption, and German slowness, coupled with his own sharp tongue, and vivacious manners, had undid nearly all that he had done, and the French had rallied in superior force, he laid down the maxim that the time for action was past for the present; that the war must be defensive, and a battle avoided, for defeat would be ruin. At a council of war he was unanimously outvoted, and in fact dismissed; but during his journey he reiterated his opinion in letters to General Stanhope.

Never men were so industrious to bring things always to the utmost extremities; for I see nothing but a battle, which with a disadvantage of our side, is fatal—no retreat, no security, no after-game, but every man lost; for, assure yourself, in Castile there is a most violent spirit against us, which appears to a degree that could not be imagined.

The fatal battle of Almanza proved the wisdom of Peterborough's advice, and the final surrender of Stanhope with two thousand British troops fulfilled his prophecy.

The Spanish war seems to us to prove in Peterborough the possession of military qualities equal to those of any general that ever lived; but whether he had them at command, or whether his eccentricity would have allowed of their development under any other circumstances than of difficulties apparently insurmountable, may be a question. In the qualities equally essential to a commander—temper, management, and considerate patience with others—he was greatly deficient. Marlborough in Flanders and Wellington in Spain had equal or greater annoyances to put up with from incapacity, sloth, and corruption, and for a longer time; yet they triumphed over them. They, however, had much greater resources at command and a position which carried greater weight than Peterborough's. Still it is a question, whether an impulsive temperament, and a quickness of feeling incompatible with the immovable patience and pertinacity of Marlborough or

* A Memoir of Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough and Monmouth; with Selections from his Correspondence. By the Author of "Hoche-laga," and "The Conquest of Canada." In two volumes. Published by Longman and Co.