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ROUGH NOTES

TAKEN DURING SOME RAPID

JOURNEYS ACROSS THE PAMPAS

AND AMONG

THE ANDES.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE sudden rise and fall, the unexpected appearance and disappearance, of so many Mining Companies, is a subject which must necessarily occupy a few lines in the future history of our country; and when the exultation of those who have gained, and the disappointment of those who have lost, are alike forgotten, the Historian who calmly relates the momentary existence of these Companies, will only inquire into the general causes of their formation and the general causes of their failure.

That a commercial error has been committed no one can deny; and it must also be admitted that this error was not confined to a few individuals, or to any association of individuals, but, like a contagious disease, it pervaded all classes of society; and that among the lists of Shareholders in these speculations were to be found the names of people of the first rank, character, and education in the country.

Experience has at last been purchased at a very great loss, and by it we now learn that both the formation of these Companies and their failure have proceeded from one cause—our ignorance of the country which was to be the field of the speculation. But although this must be confessed, yet let it also be remembered that the error was accompanied by all the noble characteristics which distinguish our country.

Had we known the nature of the different countries, it would have been deemed imprudent to have forwarded to them expensive machinery, to have given liberal salaries to every individual connected with the speculation, to have invited the Natives

to share the profits, to have intrusted the Capital to solitary individuals, &c. Still, had the Foundation been good, the Building was nobly planned; and it was undeniably the act and the invention of a country teeming with energy, enterprise, liberality, unsuspecting confidence, and capital.

Without lamenting over losses which are now irrecoverable, it is only necessary to keep in mind that the *cause* which produced them continues to exist, and that we are still in ignorance of the countries in which our money lies buried. Many of the individuals who had charge of the different Companies had undoubtedly opportunities of making important observations, and from them valuable data will probably be obtained.

I myself had the sole management of one of these Companies; but, from particular circumstances, it will be proper to show that, excepting for my Reports, I had little time or opportunity to make any memoranda beyond those of the most trifling description of personal narrative.

I was on duty at Edinburgh, in the corps of Engineers, when it was proposed to me to take charge of an Association, the object of which was to work the Gold and Silver Mines of the Provinces of Rio de la Plata; and, accordingly, at a very few days' notice, I sailed from Falmouth, and landed at Buenos Aires about a week after the Cornish Miners had arrived there.

Accompanied by two highly respectable Captains of the Cornish Mines, a French Assayer (who had been brought up by the celebrated Vauquelin), a Surveyor, and three miners, I proceeded across the great plains of the Pampas to the Gold-mines of San Luis, and from thence to the Silver-mines of Uspallata, which are beyond Mendoza, about a thousand miles from Buenos Aires.

I then left my party at Mendoza, and from the Mines I rode back again to Buenos Aires by myself, performing the distance in eight days. I there unexpectedly received letters which made it necessary for me to go immediately to Chili, and I accordingly again crossed the Pampas, and, joining my party at Mendoza,

we went over the Andes to Santiago, and from thence, without any delay, we went together in different directions about twelve hundred miles, to inspect gold and silver mines. On the night that I concluded my Report on the last mine, we again set off to re-cross the Cordillera; and, leaving my party in the plains, I rode across the Pampas to Buenos Aires, and as soon as I arrived there I felt it my duty to dismiss a portion of the miners, and return with the rest to England.

The sole object of my journeys was to inspect certain mines. We went to the bottom of them all, and, assisted by the individuals who accompanied me, I made, to the best of my ability, a circumstantial Report on each. As the miners were remaining idle and without employment at Buenos Aires, it was highly desirable that I should go from place to place as rapidly as possible, and for upwards of six thousand miles I can truly declare that I was riding against Time.

The fatigue of such long journeys, exposed to the burning sun of summer, was very great, and particularly in Chili, because, in visiting mines in the Andes, we were subjected to such sudden changes of climate, that we were occasionally overpowered by the sun in the morning, while at night we had to sleep upon one hundred and twenty feet of snow; for almost the whole time we slept out on the ground, chiefly subsisting upon beef and water.

The Reports which I collected, and the result of the communications which I officially had with the Ministers, Governors, Deputies, and other individuals concerning the mines, I do not feel inclined to publish; because as the mines which I visited almost all belong to private individuals, and are now for sale, it might be considered a violation of the attentions which I often received, to state unnecessarily the dimensions, contents, or the assay of their lodes, although the climate and the general features of the country are, of course, public property.

During my journeys I kept no regular journal, for the country I visited was either a boundless plain or desert mountains; but

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DESCRIPTIVE OUTLINE OF THE PAMPAS.

THE mountains of the Andes run about North and South through the whole of South America, and they are consequently nearly parallel to the two shores of the Pacific and the Atlantic Oceans, dividing the country between them into two unequal parts, each bounded by an ocean and by the Cordillera.

It would at first be expected that these twin countries, separated only by a range of mountains, should bear a great resemblance to each other; but variety is the attribute of Omnipotence, and Nature has granted to these two countries a difference of climate and geological construction which is very remarkable.

From the tops of the Andes she supplies both of them with water; by the gradual melting of the snow they are both irrigated exactly in proportion to their wants; and vegetation, instead of being exhausted by the burning sun of summer, is thus nourished and supported by the very heat which threatened to destroy it.

The water, however, which flows through Chili towards the Pacific, is confined in its whole course, and forces its way through a country as mountainous as the Highlands of Scotland or Switzerland. The water which descends from the east side of the Cordillera meanders through a vast plain, nine hundred miles in breadth; and at the top of the Andes, it is singular to observe on the right and left the snow of one storm, part of which is decreed to run into the Pacific, while the other is to add to the distant waves of the Atlantic.

The great plain, or Pampas, on the east of the Cordillera, is about nine hundred miles in breadth; and the part which I have

visited, though under the same latitude, is divided into regions of different climate and produce. On leaving Buenos Aires, the first of these regions is covered for one hundred and eighty miles with clover and thistles; the second region, which extends for four hundred and fifty miles, produces long grass; and the third region, which reaches the base of the Cordillera, is a grove of low trees and shrubs. The second and third of these regions have nearly the same appearance throughout the year, for the trees and shrubs are evergreens, and the immense plain of grass only changes its colour from green to brown; but the first region varies with the four seasons of the year in a most extraordinary manner. In winter the leaves of the thistles are large and luxuriant, and the whole surface of the country has the rough appearance of a turnip-field. The clover in this season is extremely rich and strong; and the sight of the wild cattle grazing in full liberty on such pasture is very beautiful. In spring, the clover has vanished, the leaves of the thistles have extended along the ground, and the country still looks like a rough crop of turnips. In less than a month the change is most extraordinary; the whole region becomes a luxuriant wood of enormous thistles, which have suddenly shot up to a height of ten or eleven feet, and are all in full bloom. The road or path is hemmed in on both sides; the view is completely obstructed; not an animal is to be seen; and the stems of the thistles are so close to each other, and so strong, that, independent of the prickles with which they are armed, they form an impenetrable barrier. The sudden growth of these plants is quite astonishing; and though it would be an unusual misfortune in military history, yet it is really possible that an invading army, unacquainted with this country, might be imprisoned by these thistles before they had time to escape from them. The summer is not over before the scene undergoes another rapid change; the thistles suddenly lose their sap and verdure, their heads droop, the leaves shrink and fade, the stems become black and dead, and they remain rattling with the breeze one against another, until the violence of the pampero or hurricane levels them with the ground, where they rapidly decompose and disappear—the clover rushes up, and the scene is again verdant.

Although a few individuals are either scattered along the

path which traverses these vast plains, or are living together in small groups, yet the general state of the country is the same as it has been since the first year of its creation. The whole country bears the noble stamp of an Omnipotent Creator, and it is impossible for any one to ride through it, without feelings which it is very pleasing to entertain; for although in all countries "the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handy work," yet the surface of populous countries affords generally the insipid produce of man's labour. It is an easy error to consider that he who has tilled the ground, and has sown the seed, is the author of his crop; and, therefore, those who are accustomed to see the confused produce, which in populous and cultivated countries is the effect of leaving ground to itself, are at first surprised in the Pampas to observe the regularity and beauty of the vegetable world when left to the wise arrangements of nature.

The vast region of grass in the Pampas for four hundred and fifty miles is without a weed, and the region of wood is equally extraordinary. The trees are not crowded, but in their growth such beautiful order is observed, that one may gallop between them in every direction. The young trees are rising up, others are flourishing in full vigour, and it is for some time that one looks in vain for those which in the great system of succession must necessarily somewhere or other be sinking towards decay. They are at last discovered, but their fate is not allowed to disfigure the general cheerfulness of the scene, and they are seen enjoying what may literally be termed a green old age. The extremities of their branches break off as they die, and when nothing is left but the hollow trunk, it is still covered with twigs and leaves, and at last is gradually concealed from view by the young shoot, which, born under the shelter of its branches, now rises rapidly above it, and conceals its decay. A few places are met with which have been burnt by accident, and the black, desolate spot, covered with the charred trunks of trees, resembles a scene in the human world of pestilence or war. But the fire is scarcely extinct when the surrounding trees all seem to spread their branches towards each other, and young shrubs are seen rising out of the ground while the sapless trunks are evidently mouldering into dust.

The rivers all preserve their course, and the whole country is in such beautiful order, that if cities and millions of inhabitants could suddenly be planted at proper intervals and situations, the people would have nothing to do but to drive out their cattle to graze, and, without any previous preparation, plough whatever quantity of ground their wants might require.

The climate of the Pampas is subject to a great difference of temperature in winter and summer, though the gradual changes are very regular. The winter is about as cold as our month of November, and the ground at sunrise is always covered with white frost, but the ice is seldom more than one-tenth of an inch thick. In summer the sun is very oppressively hot,* and its force is acknowledged by every living animal. The wild horses and cattle are evidently exhausted by it, and the *siesta* seems to be a repose which is natural and necessary to all. The middle of the day is not a moment for work, and as the mornings are cool, the latter are evidently best adapted for labour, and the former for repose.

The difference between the atmosphere of Mendoza, San Luis, and Buenos Aires, which are all nearly under the same latitude, is very extraordinary: in the two former, or in the regions of wood and grass, the air is extremely dry; there is no dew at night; in the hottest weather there is apparently very little perspiration, and the dead animals lie on the plain dried up in their skins, so that occasionally I have at first scarcely been able to determine whether they were alive or dead. But in the province of Buenos Aires, or in the region of thistles and clover, vegetation clearly announces the humidity of the climate. In sleeping out at night, I have found my poncho (or rug) nearly wet through with the dew, and my boots so damp that I could scarcely draw them on. The dead animals on the plain are in a rapid state of putrefaction. On arriving at Buenos Aires, the walls of the houses are so damp that it is cheerless to enter them; and sugar, as also all deliquescent salts, are there found nearly dissolved. This dampness, however, does not appear to be un-

* I have twice ridden across the Morea, which lies nearly in the same latitude (north) as the path across the Pampas, and I think the climate of the latter is hotter than the Morea, Sicily, Malta, or Gibraltar, in summer, and colder in winter.

healthy. The Gauchos and even travellers sleep on the ground, and the inhabitants of Buenos Aires live in their damp houses, without complaining of rheumatism, or being at all subject to cold; and they certainly have the appearance of being rather more robust and healthy than those who live in the drier regions. However, the whole of the Pampas may be said to enjoy as beautiful and as salubrious an atmosphere as the most healthy parts of Greece and Italy, and without being subject to malaria.

The only irregularity in the climate is the pampero, or south-west wind, which, generated by the cold air of the Andes, rushes over these vast plains with a velocity and a violence which it is almost impossible to withstand. But this rapid circulation of the atmosphere has very beneficial effects, and the weather, after one of these tempests, is always particularly healthy and agreeable.

The south part of the Pampas is inhabited by the Pampas Indians, who have no fixed abode, but wander from place to place, as the herbage around them becomes consumed by their cattle.

The north part of the Pampas, and the rest of the provinces of the Rio de la Plata, are inhabited by a few straggling individuals, and a few small groups of people, who live together, only because they were born together. Their history is very curious.

As soon as by the fall of the Spaniards their independence was established, and they became free, the attention of many individuals of the provinces of La Plata was directed towards the due constitution of governments which might maintain the freedom that was gained, encourage population, and gradually embellish the surface of a most interesting and beautiful country with the arts, manufactures, and sciences, which had hitherto been denied it; but the singular situation of the country presented very serious difficulties.

Although immense regions of rich land lay uncultivated and unowned, yet something had been done. Small towns and establishments (originally chosen for mining purposes), five hundred and seven hundred miles distant from each other, were thinly scattered over this vast extent of country; and thus a

FORSCOTT'S OUTLINE OF THE PLATAS:

skeleton map of civilisation had been traced, which the narrow interests of every individual naturally supported.

But although a foundation was thus laid, the building plan of the Spaniards was missing. It had been destroyed in the war, and all that was known of it was, that it had been formed for purposes inapplicable to the great political system which should now be adopted.

It was soon perceived that the provinces of the Rio de la Plata were without a harbour; that the town of Buenos Aires was badly situated; and as the narrow policy of Spain had forbid the planting of the olive and the grape, the spots which were best adapted to the natural produce of the country had been neglected: whilst, for mining, and other purposes connected with the Spanish system, towns had been built in the most remote and impracticable situations; and men found themselves living together in groups they knew not why, under circumstances which threw a damp over exertion, and under difficulties which it appeared hopeless to encounter.

Their situation was, and still is, very lamentable. The climate easily affords them the few necessaries of life. Away from all practicable communication with the civilised world, they are unable to partake of the improvements of the age, or to shake off the errors and the disadvantages of a bad political education. They have not the moral means of improving their country, or of being improved by it; and oppressed by these and other disadvantages, they naturally yield to habits of indolence and inactivity. The town, or rather the secluded village, in which they live, is generally the seat of government of the Province, and but too often affords a sad political picture.

People who, although they are now free, were brought up under the dark tyranny of the Spanish government, with the narrow prejudices which even in populous countries exist among the inhabitants of small communities, and with little or no education, are called upon to elect a governor, and to establish a junta, to regulate the affairs of their own province, and to send a deputy to a distant national assembly at Buenos Aires. The consequence (as I have witnessed) is what might naturally be expected. The election of the governor is seldom unanimous, and he is scarcely seated before he is overturned, in a manner

which, to one accustomed to governments on a larger scale, appears childish and ridiculous.

In more than one province the governor is exceedingly tyrannical: in the others, the governor and the junta appear to act for the interest of their own province; but their funds are so small, and the internal jealousies they have to encounter so great, that they meet with continual difficulties; and with respect to acting for the national interest, the thing is impossible. How can it be expected that people of very slender incomes, and in very small insulated societies, will forget their own narrow interests for the general welfare of their country? It is really against Nature; for what is politically termed their country, is such an immense space, that it must necessarily become the future seat of many different communities of men; and if these communities, however enlightened they may become, will never be able to conquer that feeling which endears them to their homes, or the centrifugal prejudice with which they view their neighbours, how can it be expected that a feeble government and a few inhabitants can do what civilization has not yet been able to perform; or that the political infant will not betray those frailties which his manhood will be incapable of overcoming? And the fact is, that each province does view its neighbouring one with jealousy; and as I travelled through the country, I invariably found that *mala gente* is the general appellation which the people give to those of the adjoining province, and that they, as well as the inhabitants of the towns, are all jealous of the power and influence of the town of Buenos Aires: and when it is explained, that the policy of Buenos Aires is to break the power of the monks and priests; that these people have still very great influence in most of the distant provinces, and that the maritime interests of Buenos Aires are necessarily often at variance with those of the inland provinces, it will be perceived how forcibly this jealousy is likely to act.

The situation of the Gaucho is naturally independent of the political troubles which engross the attention of the inhabitants of the towns. The population or number of these Gauchos is very small, and at great distances from each other: they are scattered here and there over the face of the country. Many of them are descended from the best families in Spain; they possess

good manners, and often very noble sentiments: the life they lead is wild, but interesting—they generally inhabit the huts in which they were born, and in which their fathers and grandfathers lived before them, although, to a stranger, they appear to possess few of the allurements of *dulce domum*. They are all built in the same simple form; for although luxury has ten thousand plans and elevations for the frail abode of its more frail tenant, yet the hut in all countries is the same; and therefore there is no difference between that of the South American Gaucho and the Highlander of Scotland, except that the former is built of mud, and covered with long yellow grass, while the other is formed of stones, and thatched with heather. The materials of both are the immediate produce of the soil, and both are so blended in colour with the scene of the country, that it is often difficult to distinguish them. And as the pace at which one gallops in South America is rapid, and the country flat, one scarcely discovers the dwelling before one is at the door. The corral is about fifty or one hundred yards from the hut, and is a circle of about thirty yards in diameter, enclosed by a number of strong rough posts, the ends of which are struck into the ground. Upon these posts are generally a number of ill-looking vultures or hawks,* and the ground around the hut and corral is covered with bones and carcasses of horses, bullocks' horns, wool, &c., which give it the smell and appearance of an ill-kept dog-kennel in England.

The hut consists generally of one room, in which all the family live,—boys, girls, men, women, and children, all huddled together. The kitchen is a detached shed a few yards off; there are generally holes, both in the walls and in the roof of the hut, which one at first considers as singular marks of the intolerance of the people. In the summer this abode is so filled with fleas and

* The hawks are very tame, and they are seldom to be seen except at the huts; but occasionally they have followed me for many leagues, keeping just before me, and with their round black eyes gazing intently on my face, which I fancied attracted their notice from being burnt by the sun, and I literally often thought they were a little inclined to taste it. They are constantly in the habit of attacking the horses and mules who have sore backs, and I have often observed these birds hovering about six inches above them. It is curious to compare the countenance of the two animals: the hawk, with his head bent downwards, and his eye earnestly fixed upon the wound; the mule with his back crouched down, his ears flying back, whisking his tail, afraid to eat, and apparently not knowing what to rear or kick.

binchucas (which are bugs as large as black beetles), that the whole family sleep on the ground in front of their dwelling; and when the traveller arrives at night, and, after unsaddling his horse, walks among this sleeping community, he may place the saddle or recado on which he is to repose close to the companion most suited to his fancy;—an admirer of innocence may lie down by the side of a sleeping infant; a melancholy man may slumber near an old black woman; and one who admires the fairer beauties of creation, may very demurely lay his head on his saddle within a few inches of the idol he adores. However, there is nothing to assist the judgment but the bare feet and ankles of all the slumbering group, for their heads and bodies are covered and disguised by the skin and poncho which cover them.

In winter the people sleep in the hut, and the scene is a very singular one. As soon as the traveller's supper is ready, the great iron spit on which the beef has been roasted is brought into the hut, and the point is struck into the ground: the Gaucho then offers his guest the skeleton of a horse's head, and he and several of the family, on similar seats, sit round the spit, from which, with their long knives, they cut very large mouthfuls.* The hut is lighted by a feeble lamp, made of bullock's tallow; and it is warmed by a fire of charcoal: on the walls of the hut are hung, upon bones, two or three bridles and spurs, and several lassos and balls: on the ground are several dark-looking heaps, which one can never clearly distinguish; on sitting down upon these when tired, I have often heard a child scream underneath me, and have occasionally been mildly asked by a young woman, what I wanted?—at other times up has jumped an immense dog! While I was once warming my hands at the fire of charcoal, seated on a horse's head, looking at the black roof in a reverie, and fancying I was quite by myself, I felt something touch me, and saw two naked black children leaning over the charcoal in the attitude of two toads: they had crept out from under some of the ponchos, and I afterwards found that many

* When first I lived with the Gauchos, I could not conceive how they possibly managed to eat so quickly meat which I found so unusually tough; but an old Gaucho told me it was because I did not know what parts to select, and he immediately cut me a large piece which was quite tender. I always afterwards begged the Gauchos to help me, and they generally smiled at my having discovered the secret.

other persons, as well as some hens sitting upon eggs, were also in the hut. Whilst sleeping in these huts, the cock has often hopped upon my back to crow in the morning; however, as soon as it is daylight, everybody gets up.

The life of the Gaucho is very interesting, and resembles that beautiful description which Horace gives of the progress of a young eagle:—

Olim juvenas et patris vigor
 Nido laborum propulit insipium,
 Vernique jam nimbis remotis
 Incolitos docuere nisus
 Venti paventem; mox in ovilia
 Demisit hostem vividus impetus,
 Nunc in reluctantes dracones,
 Egit amor dapis, atque pugnae.

Born in the rude hut, the infant Gaucho receives little attention, but is left to swing from the roof in a bullock's hide, the corners of which are drawn towards each other by four strips of hide. In the first year of his life he crawls about without clothes, and I have more than once seen a mother give a child of this age a sharp knife, a foot long, to play with. As soon as he walks, his infantine amusements are those which prepare him for the occupations of his future life: with a lasso made of twine he tries to catch little birds, or the dogs, as they walk in and out of the hut. By the time he is four years old he is on horseback, and immediately becomes useful by assisting to drive the cattle into the corral. The manner in which these children ride is quite extraordinary: if a horse tries to escape from the flock which are driven towards the corral, I have frequently seen a child pursue him, overtake him, and then bring him back, flogging him the whole way: in vain the creature tries to dodge and escape from him, for the child turns with him, and always keeps close to him; and it is a curious fact, which I have often observed, that a mounted horse is always able to overtake a loose one.

His amusements and his occupations soon become more manly—careless of the biscacheros (the holes of an animal called the biscacho) which undermine the plains, and which are very dangerous; he gallops after the ostrich, the gáma, the lion, and the tiger: he catches them with his balls; and with his lasso he daily assists in catching the wild cattle, and in dragging them to

the hut, either for slaughter or to be marked. He breaks in the young horses in the manner which I have described, and in these occupations is often away from his hut many days, changing his home as soon as the animal is tired, and sleeping on the ground. As his constant food is beef and water, his constitution is so strong, that he is able to endure great fatigue, and the distances he will ride, and the number of hours that he will remain on horseback, would hardly be credited. The unrestrained freedom of such a life he fully appreciates; and, unacquainted with subjection of any sort, his mind is often inspired with sentiments of liberty which are as noble as they are harmless, although they of course partake of the wild habits of his life. Vain is the endeavour to explain to him the luxuries and blessings of a more civilised life; his ideas are, that the noblest effort of man is to raise himself off the ground, and ride instead of walk—that no rich garments or variety of food can atone for the want of a horse—and that the print of the human foot on the ground is the symbol of uncivilization.

The Gaucho has by many people been accused of indolence: those who visit his hut find him at the door with his arms folded, and his poncho thrown over his left shoulder like a Spanish cloak; his hut is in holes, and would evidently be made more comfortable by a few hours' labour: in a beautiful climate, he is without fruit or vegetables; surrounded by cattle, he is often without milk; he lives without bread, and he has no food but beef and water, and therefore those who contrast his life with that of the English peasant accuse him of indolence: but the comparison is inapplicable, and the accusation unjust; and any one who will live with the Gaucho, and will follow him through his exertions, will find that he is anything but indolent, and his surprise will be that he is able to continue a life of so much fatigue. It is true that the Gaucho has no luxuries; but the great feature of his character is, that he is a person without wants: accustomed to live constantly in the open air, and to sleep on the ground, he does not consider that a few holes in his hut deprive it of its comfort. It is not that he does not like the taste of milk, but he prefers being without it to the every-day occupation of going in search of it. He might, it is true, make cheese, and sell it for money, but if he has got a good saddle and sharp spurs, he does

not consider that money has much value: in fact, he is contented with his lot; and when one reflects that, in the increasing series of human luxuries, there is no point that produces contentment, one cannot but feel that there is perhaps as much philosophy as folly in the Gaucho's determination to exist without wants; and the life he leads is certainly more noble than if he were slaving from morning till night to get other food for his body or other garments to cover it. It is true he is of little service to the great cause of civilization, which it is the duty of every rational being to promote; but an humble individual, living by himself in a boundless plain, cannot introduce into the vast uninhabited regions which surround him either arts or sciences: he may, therefore, without blame be permitted to leave them as he found them, and as they must remain, until population, which will create wants, devises the means of supplying them.

The character of the Gaucho is often very estimable; he is always hospitable—at his hut the traveller is sure to find a friendly welcome, and he will often be received with a natural dignity of manner which is very remarkable, and which he scarcely expects to meet with in such a miserable-looking hovel. On entering the hut, the Gaucho has constantly risen to offer me his seat, which I have declined, and many compliments and bows have passed, until I have accepted his offer,—the skeleton of a horse's head. It is curious to see them invariably take off their hats to each other as they enter a room which has no window, a bullock's hide for a door, and but little roof.

The habits of the women are very curious: they have literally nothing to do; the great plains which surround them offer them no motive to walk, they seldom ride, and *their* lives certainly are very indolent and inactive. They have all, however, families, whether married or not; and once when I inquired of a young woman employed in nursing a very pretty child, who was the father of the "criatura," she replied, "Quien sabe?"

The religion which is professed throughout the provinces of the Rio de la Plata is the Roman Catholic, but it is very different in different places. During the reign of the Spaniards, the monks and priests had everywhere very great influence; and the dimensions of the churches at Buenos Aires, Lucan, Mendoza, &c., show the power and riches they possessed, and the greedy

ambition which governed them. It is a sad picture to see a number of small, wretched-looking huts surrounding a church whose haughty elevation is altogether inapplicable to the humility of the Christian religion; and one cannot help comparing it with the quiet village church of England, whose exterior and interior tend rather to humble the feelings of the arrogant and proud, while to the peasant it has the cheerful appearance of his own home. And when it is considered that the churches in South America were principally built for the conversion of the Indians to the Christian faith, it is melancholy to think that the priests should have attempted, by the pomp of their temples, and by the mummery of candles, and pictures, and images, to have done what by reason, and kindness, and humility, would surely have been better performed. But their secret object was to extort money; and as it is always easier to collect a crowd of people by bad passions than by good, they therefore made their temples as attractive as possible, and men were called to see and to admire, instead of to listen and to reflect.

The power of the priests and monks has fallen very much since the revolution. At Buenos Aires most of the convents have been suppressed, and the general wish of almost all parties is to suppress the remainder. Occasionally, an old mendicant friar is seen, dressed in grey sackcloth, and covered with dirt; but as he walks through the street, looking on the ground, his emaciated cheek and sunken eye show that his power is crushed, and his influence gone. The churches have lost their plate, the candles are yellow, the pictures are bad, and the images are dressed in coarse English cotton. On great days, the ladies of Buenos Aires, dressed in their best clothes, are seen going to church, followed by a black child, in yellow or green livery, who carries in his arms an English hearth-rug, always of the most brilliant colours, on which the lady kneels, with the black child behind her; but generally the churches are deserted, and nobody is to be seen in them but a decrepit old woman or two, whispering into the chinks of the confessional box. The sad consequence of all this is, that at Buenos Aires there is very little religion at all.

At Mendoza there are several people who wish to put down the priests; still, however, they have evidently considerable

power. Once a year the men and women are called upon to live for nine days in a sort of barrack, which, as a great favour, I was allowed to visit. It is filled with little cells, and the men and women, at different times, are literally shut up in these holes, to fast and whip themselves. I seriously asked several people whether this punishment was *bonâ fide* performed, and they assured me that most of them whipped themselves till they brought blood. At Mendoza I was one day talking very earnestly to a person at the hotel, when a poor-looking monk arrived with a little image, surrounded with flowers: this image my friend was obliged to kiss, and the monk then took it to every individual in the hotel—to the landlord, his wife, his servants, and even to the black cook, who all kissed it, and then of course paid for the honour. The cook gave the monk two eggs.

The priests at Mendoza lead a dissolute life; most of them have families, and several live openly with their children. Their principal amusement, however, odd as it may sound, is cock-fighting every Thursday and Sunday. I was riding one Sunday when I first discovered their arena, and got off my horse to look at it. It was crowded with priests, who had each a fighting-cock under his arm; and it was surprising to see how earnest and yet how long they were in making their bets. I stayed there more than an hour, during which time the cocks were often upon the point of fighting, but the bet was not settled. Besides the priests, there were a number of little dirty boys, and one pretty-looking girl present. While they were arranging their bets, the boys began to play, so the judge instantly ordered all those who had no cocks to go out of the arena; upon which the poor girl and all the little boys were immediately turned out.

I soon got tired of the scene; but before I left them, I could not help thinking what an odd sight it was, and how justly shocked people in England would be to see a large body of clergymen fighting cocks upon a Sunday.

At San Juan the priests have rather more power than at Mendoza; and this they showed the other day, by taking the governor prisoner whilst he was in bed, and burning, by the hands of the gaoler, on the Plaza, the Carta de Mayo, which, to encourage the settlement of the English in this province, had lately granted religious toleration to strangers. In the other

provinces the priests have more or less power, according to their abilities, and generally according to their greater or less communication with Buenos Aires.

The religion of the Gaucho is necessarily more simple than in the town, as his situation places him out of the reach of the priests. In almost all the huts there is a small image or picture, and the Gauchos have sometimes a small cross round their necks. In order that their children should be baptized, they carry them on horseback to the nearest church, and I believe the dead are generally thrown across a horse and buried in consecrated ground: though the courier and postilion who were murdered, and whose funeral service I attended, were buried in the ruins of an old hut in the middle of the Plain of Sta. Fé. When a marriage is contracted, the young Gaucho takes his bride behind him on his horse, and in the course of a few days they can generally get to a church.

THE TOWN OF BUENOS AIRES

Is far from being an agreeable residence for those who are accustomed to English comforts. The water is extremely impure, scarce, and consequently expensive. The town is badly paved and dirty, and the houses are the most comfortless abodes I ever entered. The walls, from the climate, are damp, mouldy, and discoloured. The floors are badly paved with bricks, which are generally cracked, and often in holes. The roofs have no ceiling, and the families have no idea of warming themselves except by drinking hot maté, or by huddling round a fire of charcoal, which is put outside the door until the carbonic acid gas has rolled away.

Some of the principal families at Buenos Aires furnish their rooms in a very expensive but comfortless manner: they put down upon the brick floor a brilliant Brussels carpet, hang a lustre from the rafters, and place against the damp wall, which they whitewash, a number of tawdry North American chairs. They get an English pianoforte, and some marble vases, but they have no idea of grouping their furniture into a comfortable form: the ladies sit with their backs against the walls, without any apparent means of employing themselves; and when a stranger calls upon them, he is much surprised to find that they have the uncourteous custom of never rising from their chairs. I had no time to enter into any society at Buenos Aires, and the rooms looked so comfortless, that, to tell the truth, I had little inclination. The society of Buenos Aires is composed of English and French merchants, with a German or two. The foreign merchants are generally the agents of European houses; and as the customs of the Spanish South Americans, their food, and the hours at which they eat it, are different from those of the English and French, there does not appear to be much communication between them.

At Buenos Aires the men and women are rarely seen walking

together; at the theatre they are completely separated; and it is cheerless to see all the ladies sitting together in the boxes, while the men are in the pit,—slaves, common sailors, soldiers, and merchants, all members of the same republic.

The town is furnished with provisions by the Gauchos in a manner that shows a great want of attention to those arrangements which are generally met with in civilised communities. Milk, eggs, fruit, vegetables, and beef are brought into the town by individuals at a gallop,* and are only to be had when they choose to bring them. The necessaries of life are brought together without due arrangement, and the consequence is, that (except beef) they are dearer than in London, and sometimes are not to be had at all. I happened to leave Buenos Aires just as the fig-season was over, and though it was the middle of summer no fruit was to be had: the townspeople seemed to be quite satisfied with this reason, and I could not persuade them that some one should arrange a constant supply and succession of fruits, and not leave it entirely to the Gaucho. But the same want of arrangement exists in all instances. If one has been taken out to dinner in a carriage, and in the evening ventures to inquire why it has not arrived, the answer is that it is raining, and that those who let carriages will not allow them to go out if it rains.

During the short time I was at Buenos Aires I lived in a house out of the town, which was opposite the English burying-ground, and very near the place where the cattle were killed. This latter spot was about four or five acres, and was altogether devoid of pasture; at one end of it there was a large corral enclosed by rough stakes, and divided into a number of pens,

* One of the most striking pictures in and near Buenos Aires is the young Gaucho who brings milk. The milk is carried in six or eight large earthen bottles, which hang on each side of the saddle. There is seldom room for the boy's legs, and he therefore generally turns his feet up behind him on the saddle, and sits like a frog. One sees these boys in squads of four or five, and the manner in which they carry on a gambling game as they gallop along in their red cloth caps, with their scarlet ponchos flying behind them, has a singular appearance. The hearse's shoes are covered carts, which are not very agreeable objects. The beef, mangled in a most shocking manner, is swinging about; and I have occasionally seen a large piece tied by a strip of hide to the tail of the cart, and dragged along the ground, with a dog trying to tear it.

each of which had a separate gate. These *cells* were always full of cattle doomed to slaughter. I several times had occasion to ride over this field, and it was curious to observe its different appearances. In passing it in the day or evening, no human being was to be seen: the cattle, up to their knees in mud, and with nothing to eat, were standing in the burning sun, occasionally lowing, or rather roaring, at each other. The ground in every direction was covered with groups of large white gulls, some of which were earnestly pecking at the slops of blood which they had surrounded, whilst others were standing upon their tip-toes, and flapping their wings as if to recover their appetite. Each slop of blood was the spot where a bullock had died; it was all that was left of his history, and pigs and gulls were rapidly consuming it. Early in the morning no blood was to be seen; a number of horses, with the lassos hanging to their saddles, were standing in groups apparently asleep: the *mata-deros* were either sitting or lying on the ground close to the stakes of the *corrál*, and smoking cigars: while the cattle, without metaphor, were waiting until the last hour of their existence should strike; for as soon as the clock of the *Recoléta* struck, the men all vaulted on their horses, the gates of all the cells were opened, and in a very few seconds there was a scene of apparent confusion which it is quite impossible to describe. Every man had a wild bullock at the end of his lasso; some of these animals were running away from the horses, and some were running at them; many were roaring, some were hamstringed, and running about on their stumps; some were killed and skinned, while occasionally one would break the lasso. The horse would often fall upon his rider, and the bullock endeavour to regain his liberty, until the horseman at full speed caught him with the lasso, tripping him off the ground in a manner that might apparently break every bone in his body. I was more than once in the middle of this odd scene, and was really sometimes obliged to gallop for my life, without exactly knowing where to go, for it was often *Scylla* and *Charybdis*.

I was one day going home from this scene when I saw a man on foot select a very large pig from a herd, and throwing a lasso over his neck, he pulled it with all his strength, but the pig had no idea of obeying the summons; in an instant a little child

rode up, and very quietly taking the end of the lasso from the man, he lifted up the sheep-skin which covered the saddle, fixed the lasso to the ring which is there made for it, and then instantly set off at a gallop. Never did any one see an obstinate animal so completely conquered! With his tail pointing to the ground, hanging back, and with his four feet all scratching along the ground like the teeth of a harrow, he followed the boy evidently altogether against his will; and the sight was so strange that I instantly galloped by the side of the pig to watch his countenance. He was as obstinate as ever until the lasso choked him, and then he fainted and fell on his side. The boy dragged him in this state, at a gallop, more than three-quarters of a mile over hard rough ground, and at last suddenly stopped, and, jumping off his horse, began to unloose the lasso:—"Está muerto!" (he is dead) said I to the boy, really sorry for the pig's fate. "Stá vivo!" exclaimed the child, as he vaulted on his horse, and galloped away. I watched the pig for some time, and was observing the blood on his nose, when, to my great surprise, he began to kick his hind leg: he then opened his mouth, and at last his eyes; and after he had looked about him a little, like Clarence after his dream, he got up, and very leisurely walked to a herd of ten or twelve pigs of about the same size as himself, who were about twenty yards off. I slowly followed him, and when I came to the herd, I saw that, from the same cause, they had every one of them bloody noses.

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The house which I had near Buenos Aires was not only opposite the English burying-ground, but on the road to the Recoleta, which was the great burial-place for the town: about half a dozen funerals passed my window every day, and during the few days I was at Buenos Aires I entirely never rode into the town without meeting one.

Although the manners, customs, prejudices, and fashions of different nations are constantly changing, and are generally different in different climates, yet one would at first suspect that so simple an act as that of burying in the narrow bed the body of a dead man would, in all countries, and in all places, be the same;—but though the manners and customs are very different,

In the old world, how often does the folly and vanity and vexation of spirit in which a man has lived accompany him to the tomb; and how often are the good feelings of the living overpowered by the vain pomp and ostentation which mock the burial of the dead! In South America the picture is a very different one, and certainly the way in which the people were buried at Buenos Aires appeared more strange to my eyes than any of the customs of the place. Of late years a few of the principal people have been buried in coffins, but generally the dead are called for by a hack hearse, in which there is a fixed coffin, into which they are put, when away the man gallops with the corpse, and leaves it in the vestibule of the Recoleta. There is a small vehicle for children, which I positively thought was a mountebank's cart: it was a light open tray, on wheels painted white, with light blue silk curtains, and driven at a gallop by a lad dressed in scarlet, with an enormous plume of white feathers in his hat. As I was riding home one day, I was overtaken by this cart (without its curtains, &c.), in which there was the corpse of a black boy, nearly naked. I galloped along with it for some distance; the boy, from the rapid motion of the carriage, was dancing sometimes on his back and sometimes on his face; occasionally his arm or leg would get through the bar of the tray, and two or three times I really thought the child would have bounded out of the tray altogether. The bodies of the rich were generally attended by their friends; but the carriages with four people in each were seldom able to go as fast as the hearse.

I went one day to the Recoleta, and just as I got there the little hearse drove up to the gate. The man who had charge of the burial-place received from the driver a ticket, which he read, and put into his pocket; the driver then got into the tray, and taking out a dead infant of about eight months old, he gave it to the man, who carried it swinging by one of its arms into the square-walled burial-ground, and I followed him. He went to a spot about ten yards from the corner, and then, without putting his foot upon the spade, or at all lifting up the ground, he scratched a place not so deep as the furrow of a plough. While he was doing this the poor little infant was lying before us on the ground upon its back: it had one eye open, and the other shut; its face was unwashed, and a small piece of dirty cloth was tied

round its middle: the man, as he was talking to me, placed the child in the middle of the furrow, pushed its arms to its side with the spade, and covering it so barely with earth that part of the cloth was still visible, he walked away and left it. I took the spade, and was going to bury the poor little child myself, when I recollected that as a stranger I should probably give offence, and I therefore walked towards the gate. I met the same man, with an assistant, carrying a tray, in which was the body of a very old man, followed by his son, who was about forty years of age; the party were all quarrelling, and remained disputing for some minutes after they had brought the body to the edge of the trench. This trench was about seven feet broad, and had been dug from one wall of the burial-ground to the other: the corpses were buried across it by fours, one above another, and there was a moveable shutter which went perpendicularly across the trench, and was moved a step forward as soon as the fourth body was interred. One body had already been interred; the son jumped down upon it, and while he was thus in the grave, standing upon one body and leaning against three, the two grave-diggers gave him his father, who was dressed in a long, coarse, white linen shirt. The grave was so narrow that the man had great difficulty in laying the body in it, but as soon as he had done so, he addressed the lifeless corpse of his father, and embraced it with a great deal of feeling:—the situation of the father and son, although so very unusual, seemed at the moment any thing but unnatural. In scrambling out of the grave, the man very nearly knocked a woman out of the tier of corpses at his back; and as soon as he was up, the two attendants with their spades threw earth down upon the face and the white dress of the old man, until both were covered with a very thin layer of earth: the two men then jumped down with heavy wooden rammers, and they really rammed the corpse in such a way that, had the man been alive, he would have been killed. We then all walked away.

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MODE OF TRAVELLING.

THERE are two ways of travelling across the Pampas—in a carriage, or on horseback. The carriages are without springs either of wood or iron, but they are very ingeniously slung on hide-ropes, which make them quite easy enough. There are two sorts of carriages, a long vehicle on four wheels, like a van (with a door behind), which is drawn by four or six horses, and which can carry eight people; and a smaller one on two wheels, about half the length, which is usually drawn by three horses.

When I first went across the Pampas, I purchased for my party a large carriage, and also an enormous two-wheeled covered cart, which carried about twenty-five hundredweight of miners' tools, &c. I engaged a capatáz (headman), and he hired for me a number of peons, who were to receive thirty or forty dollars each for driving the vehicles to Mendoza.

The day before we started, the capatáz came to me for some money to purchase hides, in order to prepare the carriages in the usual way. The hides were soaked, and then cut into long strips, about three-quarters of an inch broad, and the pole, as also almost all the woodwork of the carriage, was firmly bound with the wet hide, which, when dry, shrunk into a band nearly as hard as iron. The spokes, and, very much to our astonishment, the fellys, or the circumference of the wheels, were similarly bound, so that they actually travelled on the hide. We all declared it would be destroyed before it got over the pavement of Buenos Aires, but it went perfectly sound for seven hundred miles, and was then only cut by some sharp granite rocks over which we were obliged to drive.

With respect to provisions, we were told (truly enough) that there is little to be had on the Pampas but beef and water; and a quantity of provisions, with cherry-brandy, &c. &c., was collected by the party, some of whom, I believe, fancied that I was going to take them, not to El Dorado, but to "that undiscovered country from which no traveller returns." However, when we

were ready to start, one of them found out that the loaves and fishes, the canteen, &c., were left out (whether by accident or design, it matters not), and they then all cheerfully consented to "rough it," which is in fact the only way to travel without vexation in any country. We took with us some brandy and tea, but so destitute were we of other luxuries, that the first day we had nothing to drink our tea out of but egg-shells.

As it had been reported to the government of Buenos Aires that the Pampas Indians had invaded the country through which we had to pass, the minister was kind enough to give me an order to a Commandant who was on the road with troops, for assistance if required; and besides this, we purchased a dozen muskets, some pistols and sabres, which were slung to the roof of the carriage.

As it is customary to pay the peons half their money in advance, and as men who have been paid in advance have in all countries a number of thirsty friends, it is very difficult to collect all the drivers. Ours were of all colours, black, white, and red; and they were as wild a looking crew as ever was assembled. We had six horses in the carriage, six in the cart, each of which was ridden by a peon, and I, with one of the party, rode.

The travelling across the Pampas a distance of more than nine hundred miles is really a very astonishing effort. The country, as before described, is flat, with no road but a track, which is constantly changed. The huts, which are termed posts, are at different distances,* but upon an average, about twenty miles from each other; and in travelling with carriages, it is necessary to send a man on before, to request the Gauchos to collect their horses.

The manner in which the peons drive is quite extraordinary. The country, being in a complete state of nature, is intersected with streams, rivulets, and even rivers, with pantanos (marshes), &c., through which it is absolutely necessary to drive. In one instance the carriage, strange as it may seem, goes through a lake, which of course is not deep. The banks of the rivulets are often very precipitous, and I constantly remarked that we drove over and through places which in Europe any military officer would, I believe, without hesitation report as impassable.

* The distance between each post is published at Buenos Aires, in the Road-book and Almanac.

The mode in which the horses are harnessed is admirably adapted to this sort of rough driving. They draw by the saddle instead of the collar, and having only one trace instead of two, they are able, on rough ground, to take advantage of every firm spot; where the ground will only bear passing over once, every peon takes his own path, and the horses' limbs are all free and unobscured.

In order to harness and unharness, the peons have only to hook and unhook the lasso which is fixed to their saddle; and this is so simple and easy, that we constantly observed, when the carriage stopped, that before any one of us could jump out of it, the peons had unhooked, and were out of our sight to catch fresh horses in the corral.

If, in a gallop, anything was dropped by one of the peons, he would unhook, gallop back, and overtake the carriage without its stopping for him. I often thought how admirably in practice this mode of driving would suit the particular duties of that *noble branch of our army, the Horse Artillery.*

The rate at which the horses travel (if there are enough of them) is quite surprising. Our cart, although laden with twenty-five hundredweight of tools, kept up with the carriage at a hand-gallop. Very often, as the two vehicles were going at this pace, some of the peons, who were always in high spirits, would scream out, "Ah mi patrón!" and then all shriek and gallop with the carriage after me; and frequently I was unable to ride away from them.

But strange as the account of this sort of driving may sound, the secret would be discovered by any one who could see the horses arrive. In England, horses are never seen in such a state: the spurs, heels, and legs of the peons are literally bathed with blood, and from the sides of the horses the blood is constantly flowing rather than dropping.

After this description, in justice to myself, I must say that it is impossible to prevent it. The horses cannot trot, and one cannot draw the line between cantering and galloping, or, in merely passing through the country, alter the system of riding, which all over the Pampas is cruel.

The peons are capital horsemen, and we saw them several times, at a gallop, throw the rein on the horse's neck, take from

one pocket a bag of loose tobacco, and with a piece of paper, or a leaf of the Indian corn, make a cigar, and then take out a flint and steel and light it.

The post-huts are from twelve to thirty-six miles, and in one instance fifty-four miles from each other; and as it would be impossible to drag a carriage these distances at a gallop, relays of horses are sent on with the carriage, and are sometimes changed five times in a stage.

It is scarcely possible to conceive a wilder sight than our carriage and covered cart, as I often saw them,* galloping over the trackless plain, and preceded or followed by a troop of from thirty to seventy wild horses, all loose and galloping, driven by a Gaucho and his son, and sometimes by a couple of children. The picture seems to correspond with the danger which positively exists in passing through uninhabited regions, which are so often invaded by the merciless Indians.

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In riding across the Pampas, it is generally the custom to take an attendant, and people often wait to accompany some carriage; or, if they are in condition, ride with the cotrier, who gets to Mendoza in twelve or thirteen days. In case travellers wish to carry a bed and two small portmanteaus, they are placed upon one horse, which is either driven on before, or by a halter tied to the postilion's saddle.

The most independent way of travelling is without baggage and without an attendant. In this case, the traveller starts from Buenos Aires or Mendoza with a Gaucho, who is changed at every post. He has to saddle his own horses, and to sleep at night upon the ground on his saddle; and as he is unable to carry any provisions, he must throw himself completely on the feeble resources of the country, and live on little else than beef and water.

It is, of course, a hard life; but it is so delightfully inde-

* I was one day observing them, instead of looking before me, when my horse fell into a biscachero, and rolled over upon my arm. It was so crushed that it made me very faint; but before I could get into my saddle, the carriages were almost out of sight, and while the sky was still looking green from the pain I was enduring, I was obliged to ride after them, and I believe I had seven miles to gallop as hard as my horse could go, before I could overtake the carriage to give up my horse.

pendent, and if one is in good riding condition, so rapid a mode of travelling, that I twice chose it, and would always prefer it; but I recommend no one to attempt it unless he is in good health and condition.

When I first crossed the Pampas, I went with a carriage; and although I had been accustomed to riding all my life, I could not ride at all with the peons, and after galloping five or six hours was obliged to get into the carriage; but after I had been riding for three or four months, and had lived upon beef and water, I found myself in a condition which I can only describe by saying that I felt no exertion could kill me. Although I constantly arrived so completely exhausted that I could not speak, yet a few hours' sleep upon my saddle, on the ground, always so completely restored me, that for a week I could daily be upon my horse before sunrise, could ride till two or three hours after sunset, and have really tired ten or twelve horses a day. This will explain the immense distances which people in South America are said to ride, which I am confident could only be done on beef and water.

At first, the constant galloping confuses the head, and I have often been so giddy when I dismounted that I could scarcely stand; but the system, by degrees, gets accustomed to it, and it then becomes the most delightful life which one can possibly enjoy. It is delightful from its variety, and from the natural train of reflections which it encourages—for, in the grey of the morning, while the air is still frosty and fresh, while the cattle are looking wild and scared, and while the whole face of nature has the bloom of youth and innocence, one indulges in those feelings and speculations in which, right or wrong, it is so agreeable to err: but the heat of the day and the fatigue of the body gradually bring the mind to reason; before the sun has set many opinions are corrected, and, as in the evening of life, one looks back with calm regret upon the past follies of the morning.

In riding across the Pampas with a constant succession of Gauchos, I often observed that the children and the old men rode quicker than the young men. The children have no judgment, but they are so light, and always in such high spirits, that they skim over the ground very quickly. The old grey-headed Gaucho is an excellent horseman, with great indurance: and

although his pace is not quite so rapid as the children's, yet, from being constant and uniform, he arrives at his goal nearly in the same time. In riding with the young men, I found that the pace was unavoidably influenced by their passions, and by the subject on which we happened to converse; and when we got to the post, I constantly observed that, somehow or other, time had been lost.

In crossing the Pampas, it is absolutely necessary to be armed, as there are many robbers or salteadores, particularly in the desolate province of Santa Fé.

The object of these people is of course money, and I therefore always rode so badly dressed and so well armed, that although, with no one but a child as a postilion, I once passed a gang of these salteadores who had evidently halted for no good purpose, they did not think it worth while to attack me. I always carried two brace of detonating pistols in a belt, and a short detonating double-barrelled gun in my hand. I made it a rule never to be an instant without my arms, and to cock both barrels of my gun whenever I met any Gauchos.

With respect to the Indians, a person riding can use no precaution, but must just run the gauntlet, and take his chance, which, if calculated, is a good one.

If he fall in with them, he must be tortured and killed, but it is very improbable that he should happen to find them on the road; however, they are so cunning, they ride so quick, and the country is so uninhabited, that it is impossible to gain any information about them; besides this, the Gauchos are in such alarm, and there are so many constant reports concerning them, that it becomes useless to attend to any; and I believe it is just as safe to ride towards the spot at which one hears they are, as to turn back.

The greatest danger in riding alone across the Pampas proceeds from the constant falls which the horses get in the holes of the biscachos. I calculated that, upon an average, my horse fell with me in a gallop once in every three hundred miles; and although, from the ground being very soft, I was never seriously hurt, yet previous to starting one cannot help feeling what a forlorn situation it would be, to break a limb or dislocate a joint so many hundred miles from any sort of assistance.

TOWN OF SAN LUIS.

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FIFTH day (from Buenos Aires). We arrived an hour after sunset—fortified post—scrambling in the dark for the kitchen—cook unwilling—correo (the courier) gave us his dinner—huts of wild-looking people—three women and girls almost naked* their strange appearance as they cooked our fowls. Our hut—old man immoveable—Maria or Marequita's black figure—little mongrel boy—three or four other persons. Roof supported in the centre by a crooked pole—holes in the roof and walls—walls of mud, cracked and rent—a water-jug in the corner on a three-pronged stick—floor, the earth—the eight hungry peons, by moonlight, standing with their knives in their hands over a sheep they were going to kill, and looking on their prey like relentless tigers.

In the morning, Morales and the peons standing round the fire—the blaze making the scene behind them obscure and dark—the horizon like the sea, except here and there the back of a cow to be seen—waggon and coach just discernible.

In the hut all our party occupied with the baggage—lighted by a candle crooked and thin—Scene of urging the patrón (Master) to get horses, and Marequita to get milk—the patrón wakening the mongrel boy.

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Twelfth day.—Left the post hut with three changes of horses to get to San Luis, distant thirty-six miles—inquired the way of one of the Gauchos who was driving the carriage—he dismounted and traced it with his finger on the road—we were to turn off, when about three leagues, at a dead horse which we should see.

* "They be so wild as the donkey," said one of the Cornish party, smiling, he then very gravely added, "and there be one thing, sir, that I do observe, which is, that the farther we do go, the wilder things do get!"

I then galloped on with one of my party, knowing that we were to see no habitation until we got to San Luis—we had three hours and a half of daylight. About half way we began to think we had lost our path; however, we were sure to be wrong if we stopped to debate, and we therefore galloped on. Our horses got tired, and the sun was nearly setting without any appearance of houses, but as the lower edge touched the horizon we discovered a hut, and riding up to it, we were informed by a little girl that we were near San Luis. We got to the post just as it was dark, and eagerly inquired of the wild group if there was an inn in the town. “No hay! Señor; no hay!” We then inquired for beds. “No hay! Señor; no hay!”—“Is there a café?” “No hay! Señor,” in exactly the same tone of voice. When we looked round us, we found nothing but bare walls and fleas. We happened (that day) to have English saddles, and we therefore began to ask again about beds. A woman told us we should have hers, and in a few moments she brought mattress and all rolled up, and laid them down on the floor; however, when I cast my eyes on the blanket, and above all the sheets, I begged, in the most earnest manner, that she would let me have something a little cleaner. “Son limpias!” (they are clean) said the woman, taking up the sheet, and pointing to a little spot which looked whiter than the rest. There was no use in arguing the point, so I walked out of the hut, leaving the corner of the sheet in the woman’s hand, and declaring that it was quite impossible to sleep there.

I went to the door of the Maestro de Posta (Postmaster), and told him that I had ridden all day without eating; that I was very hungry, and begged to know what we could have: “Lo que quiere, Señor, tenemos todo,” (whatever you choose, we have everything).

I knew too well what “todo” meant, and he accordingly explained to me that he had “carne de vaca y gallinas” (beef and fowls). I ordered a fowl, and then went to my room. The sight of the bed again haunted me, and after looking at it for some time with every inclination to persuade myself that it was even bearable, but in vain, I resolved to go to the Governor, deliver my letters, and see what I could do with him.

I procured a guide, who was to lead me in the dark to the

TOWN OF SAN LUIS.

After walking some distance, "Aqui stá," said the man. "What is that it?" said I, pointing to a door which some black naked children were standing. No, it is the next house.

The Governor was not at home, but I found his wife sitting on a bed, surrounded by ladies—Requested to sit down, but hurried off to the Coronello—He was not at home, said a young lady who begged me to sit down—Went to the barracks—my reception—An Ordenanza or soldier ordered to return with me to the post, to desire the Postmaster to treat me with particular respect—The town of San Luis by moonlight—no houses to be seen, but garden walls of mud—Went to look after my dinner—*found the girl who was to cook it sitting in the smoke with the peons.—I saw a black iron pot on the fire, in which I supposed was my fowl—I asked if the fowl was there.* "No, Señor, aqui stá," said the girl, throwing an old blanket off her bare shoulders, and showing me the fowl alive in her lap. I was going to complain, and I fear to swear, but the smoke so got into my eyes and mouth that I could neither see nor speak. At last I asked for eggs. "No hay, Señor." "Good heavens!" said I, "in the capital of San Luis is there not one single egg?" "Yes," she said, but it was too late; she would get me some mañana (to-morrow). She asked me if I liked cheese.—"Oh, yes," said I, eagerly.—She gave me an enormous cheese, and insisted on my taking the whole of it; but she had no bread.

I had hurt my right arm by my horse falling; however, I carried the cheese into my room, and then did not know where to put it. The floor was filthy—the bed was worse, and there was nothing else; so supporting it with my lame arm, I stood for some seconds moralizing on the state of the capital of the Province of San Luis.

* * * * *

JOURNEY TO THE GOLD-MINES AND LAVADEROS OF LA CAROLINA.

* * * * *

STARTED at day-break from San Luis, to go to the Gold-mines and Lavaderos* of La Carolina, which are in the mountains on the north of the town.

Drove a set of loose horses before us, and about twelve o'clock stopped to change.

The horses were driven to the edge of a precipice which was quite perpendicular, and which overhung a torrent, and we formed a semicircle about them while the peons began to catch them with the lasso, which they were much afraid of. The horses were so crowded and scared that I expected they would all have been over the precipice: at last the hind-legs of one horse went down the cliff, and he hung in a most extraordinary manner by the fore-legs, with his nose resting on the ground, as far from him as possible, to preserve his balance. As soon as we saw him in this situation, we allowed the other horses to escape, and in a moment the peon threw his lasso with the most surprising precision, and it went below the animal's tail like the breeching of harness. We then all hauled upon it, and at last lifted the horse, and succeeded in dragging him up: during the whole time he remained quiet, and to all appearance perfectly conscious that the slightest struggle would have been fatal to him. We then mounted our fresh horses, and although the path over the mountains was so steep and rugged that we were occasionally obliged to jump a foot or two from one level to another, we scrambled along, with the loose horses before us, at the rate of nine or ten miles an hour.

In the evening we came to a small stream of water, which led us to the wretched hamlet of La Carolina; which is close to the mine.

* Alluvial soil, which is washed for gold.

A man offered us a shed to sleep in, which we readily accepted, and we then went into several of the huts, and conversed with the poor people, who had heard of rich English associations, and who thought we were come to give them everything they could desire.

In the evening we got some supper, and slept on the ground in an outhouse. We had observed, tied up in the yard, a large savage dog, which was constantly trying to get at us. In the middle of the night, while the moon was shining upon us through some holes in the roof, this dog walked in, and after smelling us all, he went to sleep among us.

The whole of the next day we spent in the mines and the lavaderos, and in the evening I walked alone into a little garden, and looked among the soil for gold. I really was able to find a very few particles, and it was singular to collect such a commodity in the gardens of such very poor people.

On my return I called at several of the huts, to receive some gold-dust which I had promised to purchase. It happened that I had nothing but a quantity of four-dollar gold pieces; and although they were current all over South America, I found, to my very great astonishment, that no one here would take them. In vain I assured them of their value; but these poor people (accustomed to change gold for silver) all shook their fore-fingers in my face, and in different voices exclaimed, "No vale nada," (Gold is worth nothing,) and among such wild, desert mountains, the great moral truth of their assertion rushed very forcibly into my mind.

I offered them the piece of four dollars for what they only asked two and three dollars, but they would not take it; and we had scarcely silver enough among us to remunerate our landlord for the board and lodging which he had afforded us.

Our horses which we had brought from San Luis were caught, and put into the corral the evening before we left the town, and they had consequently nothing to eat all that night.

The following day, I have stated, we rode them sixty miles, and as it was then too late to turn them out, they were kept by the peon in the yard all that night.

The third day, while we were inspecting the mines, they were ~~run~~ out for four or five hours to graze among stones and

rocks, where there was apparently nothing for them to eat, and they were then brought into the yard, where they remained fasting all night. The next morning before day-break we mounted them, and rode sixty miles back to San Luis ; and as some of the party came in very late, I rather believe the post-master kept them starving in his corral all night, and that the following morning they were driven to the plain.

The poor creatures must of course have suffered very much, but I did not know that at Carolina there would have been nothing for them to eat ; and when we were there, I believe it was merciful to them not to stay : however, the truth is, that the business I was on was of such importance that I really had not time to think about them.

MENDOZA.

THE town of Mendoza is situated at the foot of the Andes, and the country around it is irrigated by cuts from the Rio de Mendoza. This river bounds the west side of the town, and from it, on the east side, there is a cut or canal about six feet wide, containing as much water as would turn a large mill. This stream supplies the town with water, and at the same time adorns and refreshes the Alameda or public walk. It waters the streets which descend with it to the river, and it can also be conducted into those which are at right angles.

Mendoza is a neat small town, built upon the usual South American plan. The streets are all at right angles : there is a plaza or square, on one side of which there is a large church, and several other churches and convents are scattered over the town. The houses are only one story high, and all the principal ones have a porte-cochère, which enters a small court, round the four sides of which the building extends.

The houses are built of mud, and are roofed with the same. The walls are white-washed, which gives them a neat appearance ; but the insides of the houses, until they are white-washed, look like an English barn. The walls are of course very soft : occasionally a large piece of them comes off, and they are of that consistency, that, in a very few moments, a person, either with a spade or a pick-axe, could cut his way through any wall in the town. Some of the principal houses have glass in the window-sashes, but the greatest number have not. The houses are almost all little shops, and the goods displayed are principally English cottons.

The inhabitants are apparently a very quiet, respectable set of people. The Governor, who is an old man, has the appearance and manners of a gentleman : he has a large family of daughters, who are very pleasing-looking girls. The men are

dressed in blue or white jackets, without skirts. The women in the day are only seen sitting at their windows, in complete dishabille, but in the evening they come upon the Alameda, dressed with much taste, in evening dresses and low gowns, and complete in the costume of London or Paris. The manner in which all the people seem to associate together shows a great deal of good feeling and fellowship, and I certainly never saw less apparent jealousy in any place.

The people, however, are sadly indolent. A little after eleven o'clock in the morning, the shop-keepers make preparations for the siesta; they begin to yawn a little, and slowly to put back the articles which they have, during the morning, displayed on their tables. About a quarter before twelve they shut up the shops, the window-shutters throughout the town are closed, or nearly so, and no individual is to be seen until five and sometimes until six o'clock in the evening.

During this time I used generally to walk about the town to make a few observations. It was really singular to stand at the corner of the right-angle streets, and in every direction to find such perfect solitude in the middle of the capital of a province. The noise occasioned by walking was like the echo which is heard in pacing by oneself up the long aisle of a church or cathedral, and the scene reminded me of the deserted streets of Pompeii.

In passing some of the houses I often heard people snoring, and when the siesta was over, I was often much amused at seeing the people awaken; for there is infinitely more truth and pleasure in thus looking behind the scenes of private life, than in making formal observations on man when dressed and disguised for his public performance. The people generally lie on the ground or floor of the room, and the group is often amusing.

I saw, one day, an old man (one of the principal people in the town) fast asleep and happy. The old woman, his wife, was awake, and sitting up in easy dishabille scratching herself, while her daughter, a very pretty-looking girl of about seventeen, was also awake, but lying on her side kissing a cat.

In the evening the scene begins to revive. The shops are opened; a number of loads of grass are seen walking about the streets, for the horse that is carrying them is completely hid.

Behind the load a boy stands on the extremity of the back ; and to mount and dismount he climbs up by the animal's tail. A few Gauchos are riding about, selling fruit ; and a beggar on horseback is occasionally seen, with his hat in his hand, singing a psalm in a melancholy tone.

As soon as the sun has set, the Alameda is crowded with people, and the scene is very singular and interesting. The men are sitting at tables, either smoking cigars or eating ices, and the ladies are on the mud benches which are on both sides of the Alameda. This Alameda is a walk nearly a mile long, between two rows of tall poplars : on one side of it are the garden walls of the town, concealed by roses and shrubs, and on the other the stream of water which supplies the town.

It will hardly be credited that, while this Alameda is crowded with people, women of all ages, without clothes of any sort or kind, are bathing in great numbers in the stream which literally bounds the promenade. Shakspeare tells us, that "the chariest maid is prodigal enough if she unveil her beauties to the moon," but the ladies of Mendoza, not contented with this, appear even before the sun ; and in the mornings and evenings they really bathe without any clothes in the Rio de Mendoza, the water of which is seldom up to their knees, the men and women all together ; and certainly of all the scenes which in my life I have witnessed, I never beheld one so indescribable.

However, to return to the Alameda :—the walk is often illuminated in a very simple manner by paper lamps, which are cut into the shapes of stars, and are lighted by a single candle. There is generally a band of music playing, and at the end of the walk is a temple built of mud, which is very elegant in its form, and of which it may truly be said, "*materiem superabat opus.*"

The few evenings I was at Mendoza, I always went as a complete stranger to this Alameda to eat ices, which, after the heat of the day, were exceedingly delightful and refreshing ; and as I put spoonful after spoonful into my mouth, looking above me at the dark outline of the Cordillera, and listening to the thunder which I could sometimes hear rumbling along the bottoms of the ravines, and sometimes resounding from the tops of the mountains, I used always to acknowledge, that if a man

could but bear an indolent life, there can be no spot on earth where he might be more indolent and more independent than at Mendoza ; for he might sleep all day, and eat ices in the evening, until his hour-glass was out. Provisions are cheap, and the people who bring them quiet and civil : the climate is exhausting, and the whole population indolent—"Mais que voulez-vous?" how can the people of Mendoza be otherwise? Their situation dooms them to inactivity ;—they are bounded by the Andes and by the Pampas, and, with such formidable and relentless barriers around them, what have they to do with the history or the improvements, or the notions of the rest of the world? Their wants are few, and nature readily supplies them ; the day is long, and therefore as soon as they have had their breakfasts, and have made a few arrangements for their supper, it is so very hot that they go to sleep ; and what else could they do better ?

THE PAMPAS.

RETURNED to the Fonda of Mendoza in the evening at ten o'clock, and found the two horses standing in the yard with nothing to eat, and a young Gaucho, who was to accompany me as postilion, lying on the ground asleep on his saddle. Next morning before daybreak, got up, saddled my horse, and with my saddle as my bed, and some pistols and money, commenced my gallop for Buenos Aires.

Country to be described:—delightful feeling of independence at the mode of travelling—air frosty and ground hard.—The sun rose, and shortly after got to the first post.—Had a letter for the lady from her husband who was at Mendoza—went to give it to her, while the Gaucho, who was to accompany me, was driving the horses into the corral—found the lady in bed.—“Siente se. Señor,” said she, pointing to an old chair which was at the head of the bed—sat down, and told her the letter was from her husband—she placed it under her pillow, and then offered me some maté, but I had no time to wait for it, and started.

At third post from Mendoza, a post-master, who might be exhibited in England as a curious specimen of an indolent man, to every thing I said, he replied “*Si*”—it was but an aspiration, and he seemed never to have said any other word—I had twice passed his house, and it was always the same *Si*!

Galopped on with no stopping, but merely to change horses, until five o'clock in the evening—very tired indeed, but on coming to the post-hut, saw the horses in the corral, and resolved to push on.—Started with a fresh horse, and a young Gaucho, who, singing as he went, galloped like the wind: the sun set, and it got so dark, that, for more than an hour, I expected every moment the boy would get away from me, as the road was rough, and through wood. At half-past seven, after having galloped a hundred and fifty-three miles, and been fourteen hours and a half

on horseback, got to the post: *—found the hut occupied by some people who had arrived in a carriage—quite exhausted—nothing to eat—asked for bread, they had none—I really could scarcely speak—carried my saddle into a shed—two children asleep, and one black girl—lay down upon the ground, and instantly fell asleep—was awakened in two or three hours by the woman of the post, who had brought me some soup with meat in it—ate it all up, and again dropt off to sleep—an hour before daylight was awakened by the Gaucho who was to go with me. “Vámos, Señor!” said he, in a sharp, impatient tone of voice—got up, had some maté, mounted my horse, and as I galloped along felt pleased that the sun which had left me the evening before thirty miles nearer Mendoza, should find me at my work. At first post detained fifteen minutes for horses—the stage the longest between Mendoza and Buenos Aires, being fifty-one miles—the woman would only give me one spare horse, which we drove before us. Galloped my horse till he came to a standstill, and then got on the fresh one, and left the postilion behind. In about an hour this other horse quite done up—by constant spurring could just keep him in a canter—at last down he fell, and my foot hung in the stirrup—my long spur was also entangled in the sheep-skin which was above my saddle—saw by the panting of the horse’s flank and nostrils that he was too tired to be off with me.—Mounted and cantered him till he fell down on my other leg, and I was then lame in both legs—was overtaken by a boy driving some loose horses—took one of them, and my horse was driven among the flock, until we came to the post. Post-master very kind, and ordered a Gaucho to give me an easy-going horse, as both my legs hurt me very much—started with a boy, but our horses were done up before we got to San Luis—obliged to walk part of the distance, and then by kicking and spurring got into San Luis just as the sun set.—(See description of the post-house and town of San Luis.)

At San Luis was advised by groups of people not to go on by myself, as the courier and postilion (from Buenos Aires), with

* Although I wrote to my party (six of whom are now in England) from this hut, they would not believe I had reached it, until they themselves returned, when they inquired of the postmaster, who told them I had slept there on the night of the day I had left Mendoza.

their horses and a dog, had just been found on the road with their throats cut—advised to join the courier who was just setting out for Buenos Aires. Accordingly, next morning started with the courier and three peons as guards, all armed with old pistols and guns. Courier a little old man of about fifty-five years of age—had been riding all his life—had a face like a withered apple—carried his pistol in his hand—told me he was father to the courier who had just been murdered—that he was his only son—that he had just succeeded in getting him the appointment—that he was nineteen—and that it was his first journey as courier—that he had no pistols, not even a knife—that it was barbarous to kill him—that he must have died like a lamb, &c. &c. This story he repeated at every post-hut, and people were so fond of asking for it, and he so willing to give it, that we lost many minutes at each post. He would relate it to anybody:—at one post he told it to a great rough mongrel-looking fellow, who was sitting on a stone while a little girl was combing his woolly hair—“*En dos?*” said the little girl, who had divided his hair at the back of his head, and who proposed to plait it into two tails—“*Si!*” grunted her father, half asleep, and nodding his head, as he listened to the courier’s story. We therefore rode all day, and only went a hundred and two miles.—Next morning off before sunrise, and took a postilion, and travelling by myself got on much quicker, but the horses still weak, and in the whole day could only proceed a hundred and ten miles.

Two more days rode from morning till night, sleeping on the ground, with nothing to eat but beef—at last came to that part of the province of Santa Fé, near which the courier had been murdered. The post-master refused to give me horses to go on unless I could find a guard, as he said the Gauchos would not go by themselves: he insisted on my waiting for the courier, and I accordingly lost half a day, as he did not arrive till night. Next morning at daybreak got up—saw the poor old courier, lying upon his back on the ground, with his head resting on his saddle—he had a cigar in his mouth, and for a long time he remained smoking, praying, and crossing himself.—Started with the master of the post, an additional Gaucho, and the postilion, all armed—very little conversation. As we approached the spot, it appeared as if they all expected that the *Salteadores* (robbers)

would be there—after riding some leagues, left the path, and galloped through the dry grass towards a small black-looking hut in ruins. It was one of those which had been burnt by the Indians, and the whole family had been murdered in it. When we got to it, I looked around me, and no other hut or habitation was to be seen: there were no cattle, and when a few *gamas* (deer), which for some moments were in sight, had fled away, we were left completely to ourselves, and not a bird or any animal was to be seen. We were in the centre of a deserted province. We galloped up to the hut—it was built of large unbaked bricks and mud: the roof had been burnt—one of the gables had fallen to half its height—the other looked nearly falling—one wall had fallen, and we all rode up to this side of the hut.—Close to us there was a deep well, into which the Salteadores had thrown all the bodies—first the courier and postilion, then the dog, and then the horses. The carcasses of the horses lay before us—they were nearly eaten up by the eagles and biscachos. The dog had not been touched—he was a very large one—and from the heat of the weather, he was now bloated up to a size quite extraordinary—his throat was cut, and in my life I never saw so much expression in the countenance of a dead animal—his lip was curled up, and one could not but fancy that it expressed the feelings of rage and fidelity under which he had evidently fought to the last. In the hut lay the bodies of the courier and postilion with their throats cut*—they were barely covered over with some of the loose bricks from the wall. Some pieces of the courier's poncho were lying about, as also several of the covers of the letters which the murderers had opened. In the centre of the hut were the white ashes of a fire which they had kindled—at the corner of the hut stood a solitary peach-tree in blossom—its contrast with the scene before us was very striking. The old courier said something to the post-master, who immediately climbed upon the ruined wall, and threw down some loose bricks—he fell—burst of laughter—we all got off our horses, and slowly covered the bodies over with bricks—"Con que, Señores," said the old man, "haremos un oracion para el defunto"—we all took

* They had been taken out of the well by some Gauchos.

off our hats, and stood round the pile—opposite were our horses looking at us—the old man threw the handkerchief off his head, and his beard, which was of four days' growth, was quite white—he stood over the body of his only son, and offered up some prayer, to which all the Gauchos joined their responses. I joined and crossed myself with them, for as the courier looked at me, I was anxious to assist in alleviating the sorrows of an old man, and entertaining my own feelings, which it is not necessary to describe.

As soon as the ceremony was over (it lasted about two minutes), we put on our hats. "Con que, Señores," said the old man; and after a long pause, "Vámos!" said he; upon which the party split into groups to light cigars. I had scarcely lighted mine, when the old man came up to light his. His son's body was at our feet, but he put his face close to mine, and as he was sucking and blowing, with that earnestness of countenance which is only known to those who are in the habit of lighting a cigar, I could not help thinking what an odd scene was before me. However, we mounted our horses—I took a last farewell look at the peach-tree, in blossom, and we then all galloped across the dry brown grass, to regain the path and the few minutes of time which we had thus spent at the hut.

We galloped on till sunset, when we came to a post-hut, from which a party of five or six Gauchos were just starting to go to the next hut, which was twenty-four miles; and as I was anxious to get on, I accompanied them.

There was but little twilight—no moon—the sky soon became black, and in less than half an hour it was so dark, that I can declare I could not see my hand before me. The Gauchos, who had been drinking pretty freely, kept together, and galloped on in line, talking and laughing very loudly: occasionally one of them gave a shrill, sudden whistle—a signal that his horse had just passed a biscachero; but the conversation never stopped, and they were apparently as much at their ease as if they had been riding in broad daylight.

My feelings, however, were very different; and it is almost impossible to describe the reluctance I felt to use my spurs, and

the inclination I had to pull at my bridle : indeed it was as much as I could do to loosen my rein and gallop with them, or rather a few paces in their rear, for, to avoid biscacheros, I thought it safest to follow their footsteps.

Had I known it would have been so dark, or that the Gauchos would have gone at such a pace, I certainly would not have accompanied them : but having once started, I had no alternative ; for as they would not stop for me, I felt that unless I kept close to them, I should lose myself, and should not know in what direction to ride ; and also, as I expected every moment that my horse would tumble into the biscacheros, I thought it better to fall in reach of assistance, than to make the *pas seul*. However, the danger after all is not what a stranger conceives it : and after a couple of hours' fear and uneasiness, I heard the dogs of the post-hut barking before us ; and riding up to the glimmering light, we each unsaddled our horses, and leaving them to go wherever they chose, we roasted some beef upon the embers.

I slept very soundly on my saddle, and started the next morning, with a little Gaucho, before sunrise.

* * * * *

At some distance I saw a boy riding through the thistles and clover, and as he was swinging horizontally above his head the bolas or balls, I perceived he was hunting for ostriches, and I therefore rode up to him.

He was a black boy of about fourteen years of age, slight, and well-made, but with scarcely any clothing on except the remains of a scarlet poncho. I asked him several questions—where he expected to find ostriches, &c. &c. &c., to which he gave me no answer, but continued swinging the balls round his head, and looking about him. I was asking him some other insignificant questions, when he cut me short, by asking me if I would sell my spurs, as if there was nothing else worth having about me ; but before I had time to reply, an ostrich was in sight, and he darted away from me like an arrow. I was, just at the moment, among a group of biscacheros—my horse fell, and before I had got clear of them, the boy was on the horizon, and from the contempt with which he had left me, I did not feel inclined to follow him.

THE PAMPAS.

The biscacho is found all over the plains of the Pampas. Like rabbits, they live in holes which are in groups in every direction, and which make galloping over these plains very dangerous. The manner, however, in which the horses recover themselves, when the ground over these subterranean galleries gives way, is quite extraordinary. In galloping after the ostriches, my horse has continually broken in, sometimes with a hind leg, and sometimes with a fore one; he has even come down on his nose, and yet recovered: however, the Gauchos occasionally meet with very serious accidents. I have often wondered how the wild horses could gallop about as they do in the dark, but I really believe they avoid the holes by smelling them; for in riding across the country, when it has been so dark that I positively could not see my horse's ears, I have constantly felt him, in his gallop, shrink a foot or two to the right or left, as if he had trod upon a serpent, which, I conceive, was to avoid one of these holes. Yet the horses do very often tumble down; and certainly during the few months I was in the Pampas, I got more falls than I ever before had, though in the habit of riding all my life. The Gauchos are occasionally killed by these biscacheros, and often break a limb.

In the middle of the Pampas I once found a Gaucho standing at the hut, with his left hand resting on the palm of his other hand, and apparently suffering great pain. He told me his horse had just fallen with him in a biscachero, and he begged me to look at his hand. The large muscle of the thumb was very much swelled, and every time I touched it with my fore finger, the poor fellow opened his mouth, and lifted up one of his legs. Being quite puzzled with one side of his hand, I thought I would turn it round, and look at the other side, and upon doing so, it was instantly evident that the thumb was out of joint. I asked him if there was any doctor near; the Gaucho said he believed there was one at Cordova, but as it was five hundred miles off, I felt he might as well have pointed to the moon. "Is there no person," said I, "nearer than Cordova, that understands anything about it?" "No hay, Señor," said the poor fellow. I asked him what he intended to do with his thumb: he replied that he

had washed it with salt and water, and then he earnestly asked me if that was good for it? "Si! si! si!" said I, walking away in despair, for I thought it was useless to hint to him, that "not all the water in the wide rude sea" would put his thumb into its joint; and although I knew it ought to be pulled, yet one is so ignorant of such operations, that not knowing in what direction, I therefore left the poor fellow looking at his thumb, in the same attitude in which I found him. But, to return to the biscachos.

These animals are never to be seen in the day, but as soon as the lower limb of the sun reaches the horizon, they are seen issuing from their holes in all directions, which are scattered in groups like little villages all over the Pampas. The biscachos, when full grown, are nearly as large as badgers; but their head resembles a rabbit, excepting that they have very large bushy whiskers.

In the evening they sit outside their holes, and appear to be moralising. They are the most serious-looking animals I ever saw; and even the young ones are grey-headed, have mustachios, and look thoughtful and sedate.

In the day-time their holes are always guarded by two little owls, who are never an instant away from their post. As one gallops by these grave sentinels, they stand looking at the stranger, and then at each other, moving their old-fashioned heads in a manner which is quite ridiculous, until one rushes by them, when fear gets the better of their dignified looks, and they both run into the biscacho's hole.

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THE PAMPAS—PROVINCE OF SANTA FÉ

TRAVELLING from Buenos Aires to Mendoza by myself, with a *virloche*, or two-wheeled carriage—entrance behind—two side seats—had two peons—Pizarro, who had already ridden with me twelve hundred miles, and Cruz, a friend of Pizarro. We had travelled for three days a hundred and twenty miles a day—Pizarro's fidelity and attention—at night when he got in, his dark black face tired, and covered with dust and perspiration—his tongue looked dry, and his whole countenance jaded—yet his frame was as hard as iron. His first object at night to get me something to eat—to send out for a live sheep—he made a fire and cooked my supper—as soon as I had supped he brought me a candle at the carriage door, and watched me while I undressed to sleep there—then wished me good night, got his own supper, and slept on his saddle at the wheel of the carriage. As soon as I awoke, and, before daylight, anxious to get on, I used to call out "Pizarro!" "Aqui stá la agua, Señor," said he, in a patient low tone of voice—he knew I liked to have water to wash in the morning, and he used to get it for me, sometimes in a saucer, and sometimes literally in a little maté cup, which did not hold more than an egg-shell; and in spite of his fatigue he was always up before I awoke, and waiting at the door of the carriage till I should call for him.

Province of Santa Fé to be described—its wild, desolate appearance—has been so constantly ravaged by the Pampas Indians, that there are now no cattle in the whole province, and people are afraid to live there. On the right and left of the road, and distant thirty or forty miles, one occasionally sees the remains of a little hut which has been burnt by the Indians; and as one gallops along, the Gaucho relates how many people were murdered in each—how many infants slaughtered—and whether the women were killed or carried away. The old post-huts are also burnt—new ones have been built by the side of the ruins,

but the rough plan of their construction shows the insecurity of their tenure. These huts are occupied only by men, who are themselves, generally, robbers, but in a few instances their families are living with them. When one thinks of the dreadful fate which has befallen so many poor families in this province, and that any moment may bring the Indians again among them, it is really shocking to see women living in such a dreadful situation—to fancy that they should be so blind, and so heedless of experience—and it is distressing to see a number of innocent little children playing about the door of a hut, in which they may be all massacred, unconscious of the fate that may await them, or of the blood-thirsty vindictive passions of man.

We were in the centre of this dreary country—I always rode for a few stages in the morning, and I was with a young Gaucho of about fifteen years of age, who had been born in the province—his father and mother had been murdered by the Indians—he had been saved by a man who had galloped away with him, but he was then an infant, and remembered nothing of it. We passed the ruins of a hut which he said had belonged to his aunt—he said that about two years ago, he was at that hut with his aunt and three of his cousins, who were young men—that while they were conversing together a boy galloped by from the other post, and in passing the door screamed out, “Los Indios! los Indios!”—that he ran to the door, and saw them galloping towards the hut without hats, all naked, armed with long lances, striking their mouths with their bridle hands, and uttering a shriek, which he described as making the earth tremble—he said that there were two horses outside the hut, bridled but not saddled—that he leapt upon the back of one and galloped away—that one of the young men jumped on the other, and followed him about twenty yards, but that then he said something about his mother, and rode back to the hut—that just as he got there the Indians surrounded it, and that the last time he saw his cousins they were standing at the door with their knives in their hands—that several of the Indians galloped after him, and followed him more than a mile, but that he was upon a horse which was “muy ligero (very swift), muy ligero,” repeated the boy; and as we galloped along he loosened his rein, and darting on before me, looked back, and smiled at showing me the manner

in which he escaped, and then curbing his horse to a hand-gallop, continued his history.

He said that when the Indians found he was getting away from them, they turned back—that he escaped, and that when the Indians had left the province, which was two days after, he returned to the hut. He found it burnt, and saw his aunt's tongue sticking on one of the stakes of the corral; her body was in the hut; one of her feet was cut off at the ankle, and she had apparently bled to death. The three sons were outside the door naked; their bodies were covered with wounds, and their arms were gashed to the bone, by a series of cuts about an inch from each other, from the shoulder to the wrist.

The boy then left me at the next post, and I got into the carriage—the day growing hot, and the stage twenty-four miles. After galloping about an hour, I saw a large cloud of smoke on the horizon before me; and as the Indians often burn the grass when they enter the country, I asked Pizarro what it was? He replied, "Quien sabe, Señor, what it may be?" however, on we galloped.

I took little notice of it, and began to think of the dreadful story the boy had told me, and of many similar ones which I had heard; for I had always endeavoured to get at the history of the huts which were burnt, although I generally found that the Gauchos thought very little about it; and that the story was sometimes altogether in oblivion, before time had crumbled into dust the tottering mud walls which were the monuments of such dreadful cruelties.

It appears that the Pampas Indians, who, in spite of their ferocity, are a very brave and handsome race of men, occasionally invade "los Cristianos," as the Gauchos always term themselves, for two objects—to steal cattle, and for the pleasure of murdering the people; and that they will even leave the cattle to massacre their enemies.

In invading the country, they generally ride all night, and hide themselves on the ground during the day; or, if they do travel, crouch almost under the bellies of their horses, who by this means appear to be dismounted and at liberty. They usually approach the huts at night and at a full gallop, with their usual shriek, striking their mouths with their hands—and this

war-whoop, which is to intimidate their enemies, is continued through the whole of the dreadful operation.

Their first act is to set fire to the roof of the hut; and it is almost too dreadful to fancy what the feelings of a family must be, when, after having been alarmed by the barking of the dogs, which the Gauchos always keep in great numbers, they first hear the wild cry which announces their doom, and in an instant afterwards find that the roof is burning over their heads.

As soon as the family rush out, which they of course are obliged to do, the men are wounded by the Indians with their lances, which are eighteen feet long, and as soon as they fall they are stripped of their clothes; for the Indians, who are very desirous to get the clothes of the Christians, are careful not to have them spoiled with blood. While some torture the men, others attack the children, and will literally run the infants through the body with their lances, and raise them to die in the air. The women are also attacked, and it would form a true but a dreadful picture to describe their fate, as it is decided by the momentary gleam which the burning roof throws upon their countenances.

The old women, and the ugly young ones, are instantly butchered; but the young and beautiful are idols, by whom even the merciless hand of the savage is arrested. Whether the poor girls can ride or not, they are instantly placed upon horses, and when the hasty plunder of the hut is concluded, they are driven away from its smoking ruins, and from the horrid scene which surrounds it.

At a pace which in Europe is unknown, they gallop over the trackless regions before them, fed upon mare's flesh, sleeping on the ground, until they arrive in the Indians' territory, when they have instantly to adopt the wild life of their captors.

I was informed by a very intelligent French officer, who was of high rank in the Peruvian army, that, on friendly terms, he had once passed through part of the territory of these Pampas Indians, in order to attack a tribe who were at war with them, and that he had met several of the young women who had been thus carried off by the Indians.

He told me that he had offered to obtain permission for them to return to their country, and that he had in addition offered

them large sums of money if they would, in the mean while, act as interpreters ; but they all replied, that no inducement in the world should ever make them leave their husbands or their children, and that they were quite delighted with the life they led.

While I was sitting upon the side seat of the carriage, reflecting on the cruelties which had been exercised in a country which, in spite of its history, was really wild and beautiful, and which possessed an air of unrestrained freedom which is always exhilarating, I remarked that the carriage was only at a walk, an occurrence which in South America had never before happened to me, and in an instant it stopped. "Vea, Señor," said Pizarro, with a firm countenance, as he turned back to speak to me, "que tanta gente!" He pointed with his right hand before him, and I saw that the smoke which I had before observed was dust, and in it I indistinctly saw a crowd of men on horseback in a sort of wild military array ; and on both flanks, at a great distance off, individual horsemen, who were evidently on the look out to prevent a surprise. Our horses were completely tired ; the whole body were coming rapidly towards us, and, to mend the matter, Pizarro told me that he was afraid they were los Indios. "Señor," said he, with great coolness, and yet with a look of despair, "Tiene armas a fuego" I told him I had none to spare, for I had only a short double-barrelled gun and two brace of pistols. "Aqui un sable, Pizarro!" said I, pushing the handle of a sabre towards him from the window of the carriage. "Que sable!" said he, almost angrily, and raising his right arm perpendicularly over his head, in a sort of despair, he added, "contra tanta gente!" but while his arm was in the position described, "Vamos!" said he, in a tone of determined courage, and giving his hand half a turn, he spurred his jaded horse, and advanced instantly at a walk. Poor Cruz, the other peon, seemed to view the subject altogether in a different light ; he said not a word, but as I cast a glance at him, I perceived that his horse, far from pulling the carriage, was now and then hanging back a little—a just picture of his rider's feelings. I could not help for a moment admiring Pizarro's figure, as I saw him occasionally digging his spurs into the side of his horse, which had not only to draw the carriage and me, but

Cruz and his horse also ; however, I now began to think of my own situation.

I earnestly wished I had never come into the country, and thought how unsatisfactory it was to be tortured and killed by mistake in other people's quarrels—however, this would not do. I looked towards the cloud of dust, and it was evidently much nearer. In despair I got my gun and pistols, which were all loaded, and when I had disposed of them, I opened a small canvas bag which contained my ammunition gimcracks, for my gun and pistols had all fulminating locks. I ranged them on the seat before me—the small powder-flask, the buck-shot, the bullets, the copper caps, and the punched cards ; but the motion of the carriage danced them all together, and once or twice I felt inclined, in despair, to knock them all off the seat, for against so many people resistance was vain : however, on the other hand, mercy was hopeless ; so I, at last, was driven to make the best of a very bad bargain.

The carriage, which had a window at each of the four sides, had wooden blinds, which moved horizontally. I therefore shut them all, leaving an embrasure of about two inches, and then for some seconds I sat looking at the crowd which was coming towards us.

As they came close to us—for until then I could scarcely see them for dust—I perceived that they had no spears, and next that they wore clothes ; but as they had no uniforms I conceived that they were a crowd of *Montoneros*, who are quite as cruel as the Indians : however, as soon as they came to us, and when some of them had passed us, Pizarro pulled up and talked to them. They were a body of seven hundred wild *Gauchos*, collected and sent by the governors of Cordova and some other provinces to proceed to Buenos Aires to join the army against the Brazilians ; and on their flank they had scouts, to prevent a surprise by the Indians, who had invaded the country only a few weeks before.

It was really a reprieve ; everything I saw for the rest of the day pleased me—and for many days afterwards I felt that I was enjoying a new lease of my life.

THE PAMPAS.

Two days afterwards, I was riding near the carriage, which was galloping along—Pizarro and Cruz looking fatigued and dirty, while the postilion before them, fresh and careless, was singing a Spanish song, when Pizarro's horse fell, and although Cruz tried to pull up, the postilion's horse dragged Pizarro along the ground at least twenty yards.

I really thought he was killed; however, he quietly declared he was not hurt, and, without saying one other word, he adjusted his saddle, and galloped on to the next stage. As he was there mounting a young horse, which had scarcely ever before been saddled, the creature plunged very violently. Pizarro was evidently weak from his accident, and, as he fell, the horse kicked him with both legs on his back.

Still he declared he was not hurt, though he looked very faint, and could scarcely mount his horse. I galloped on by myself, to the next post-hut, and waited there more than an hour for the carriage. At last I saw it coming at a walk, and as soon as it drove up Pizarro said he could go no farther. I was therefore obliged to engage another boy as a postilion, and while they were catching the horses with the lasso, I was assisting poor Pizarro. I was very sorry to be obliged to leave him, particularly as he seemed so unwilling to quit me. I gave him some money, with half a bottle of brandy, which was all I had: and to a woman, who was a few years younger than Pizarro, and of the same mongrel breed as himself, I gave two dollars, on the condition that she should rub Pizarro's back three times a day with the brandy; and I put some salt into it, that the woman should not drink the brandy, instead of rubbing Pizarro's back with it. This being all I could do for him, I mounted my horse, and wishing him good-bye in which he roared, "Señor, adiós, adiós," I left him.

I desired the carriage to follow, and I rode from post to post, ordering horses to be ready for the carriage, and got to San Luis about one o'clock in the morning. I was completely by myself, without any postilion; but as it was a fine moonlight night, and as I had twice before travelled over the country, I managed to go in the right direction, and at five o'clock I again started, to ride towards Mendoza.



THE PAMPAS.



In the province of Santa Fé a few of the posts are fortified, to protect the inhabitants against the Indians.

The fort is a very simple one. The huts are surrounded by a small ditch, which is sometimes fenced on the inside with a row of prickly pears. The ditch I have generally been able to jump over on foot, but no horse of the country would attempt to leap it.

Most of these forts have often been attacked by the Indians: and one of them I looked at with peculiar interest, as it had very lately been defended for nearly an hour by eight Gauchos against about three hundred Indians. The cattle, the women, and six families of little children, were all in the inside, spectators of a contest on which so much depended, and they described their feelings to me with a great deal of nature and expression.

They said that the naked Indians rode up to the ditch with a scream which was quite terrific, but finding that they could not cross it, the Cacique at last ordered them to get off their horses and pull down the gate. Two had dismounted, when the musket which the Gauchos had, and which before had constantly missed fire, went off, and one of the Indians was shot. They then all galloped away; but in a few seconds their Cacique led them on again with a terrible cry, and at a pace which was indescribable. They took up their dead comrade and then rode away, leaving two or three of their spears on the ground.

One of these long spears was leaning against the hut, and as the Gauchos who had defended the place stood by it, muffled up in their ponchos, with two or three women suckling their infants, several children playing about them, and three or four beautiful girls looking up to them, I thought the spear was one of the proudest military trophies I had ever beheld.

I could not believe that any of these forts had been taken by the Indians, who are on foot, and whose horses cannot leap, and the trenches are so shallow and so narrow, that by killing a few horses, and tumbling them in, they might in two minutes ride into any part of the place.

I often asked the Gauchos why they did not defend themselves in the corral, which at first appeared to me to be a stronger position than the forts; but they said that the Indians often brought lassos of hide, with which they could pull down the stakes; that sometimes they made a fire against them, and that, besides this, their spears being eighteen feet in length, they were often able to kill every animal in the corral.

THE PAMPAS.

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THE fear which all wild animals in America have of man is very singularly seen in the Pampas. I often rode towards the ostriches and gámas, crouching under the opposite side of my horse's neck ; but I always found that, although they would allow any loose horse to approach them, they, even when young, ran from me, though little of my figure was visible ; and when one saw them all enjoy themselves in such full liberty, it was at first not pleasing to observe that one's appearance was everywhere a signal to them that they should fly from their enemy. Yet it is by this fear that "man hath dominion over the beasts of the field," and there is no animal in South America that does not acknowledge this instinctive feeling.

As a singular proof of the above, and of the difference between the wild beasts of America and of the Old World, I will venture to relate a circumstance which a man sincerely assured me had happened to him in South America.

He was trying to shoot some wild ducks, and, in order to approach them unperceived, he put the corner of his poncho (which is a sort of long narrow blanket) over his head, and crawling along the ground upon his hands and knees, the poncho not only covered his body, but trailed along the ground behind him. As he was thus creeping by a large bush of reeds, he heard a loud sudden noise between a bark and a roar : he felt something heavy strike his feet, and, instantly jumping up, he saw, to his astonishment, a large lion actually standing on his poncho ; and perhaps the animal was equally astonished to find himself in the immediate presence of so athletic a man.

The man told me he was unwilling to fire, as his gun was

loaded with very small shot, and he therefore remained motionless, the lion standing on his poncho for many seconds! At last the creature turned his head, and walking very slowly away about ten yards, he stopped and turned again. The man still maintained his ground, upon which the lion tacitly acknowledged his supremacy, and walked off.

THE PAMPAS.



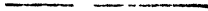
AFTER being in the post-hut a few minutes, I heard a sigh, and looking into the corner from whence it proceeded, I saw an old sick woman lying on the ground. Her head was resting on a horse's skull, close to a great hole in the wall, and when she earnestly asked me if I had any thing "por remedio," I instantly advised her to move herself into a warmer corner. She was feverish and ill, and seemed disappointed at the advice I had given her—she did not understand what the hole in the wall could possibly have to do with her illness, and she again asked me if I had any "remedio."

I had in my waistcoat pocket a little dirty paper parcel of calomel and jalap, which I had promised, much against my will, to carry with me, and which I had already twice carried across the Pampas. I did not exactly know how much there was of it, but I had a great mind to shake a little of it into the old woman's mouth, for I thought (as she had certainly never tasted calomel before) it would probably work a miracle within her: however, she was so ill that, upon reflection, I did not feel authorized to give it to her; and besides, I thought that if she died I should have to answer for it when I returned: so, partly from conscience and partly from prudence, I left her.

I may observe that this old woman was the only sick person I ever saw in South America. The temperate lives the people lead apparently give them an uninterrupted enjoyment of health, and the list of disorders with which the old world is afflicted is altogether unknown. The beef on which they almost entirely subsist is so lean and tough, that few are tempted to eat more than is necessary; and if a hungry Gaucho has swallowed too much of a wild cow, the cure which nature has to perform is

very simple. She has only by fever to deprive him of his appetite for a day or two, and he is well again.

I often remarked that the Gaucho has no remedy for any small flesh-wound, and does not even keep the dirt from it; for his habit of body is so healthy, that the cure is positively going on as he gallops along the plain.



THE PAMPAS.

I CAME to a post, and found horses in the corral, but the men were all out. The woman told me they would be in soon, if I would wait. I saw a little child about seven years old, and said I would take him as a postilion. "Bién," (very well), said the woman; upon which the little boy was going to say something, but I took him by the arm, and leading him out to the corral, I caught our horses with a lasso which was lying on the ground.

After we had started, and had ridden about a league, "Oyga, Señor," said the little rosy-faced urchin, "yo no soy vaqueano," (I do not know the road). I took up my whip and frightened him on before me; but we were shortly overtaken by a man, who had galloped after us from the post as hard as his horse could go. He said he was the boy's father, that there were a number of "salteadores" (robbers) in the country—that it was not safe for the child, and that he had therefore come to conduct me. I had ridden more than a hundred miles, was very tired, not at all inclined to talk, and the man steadily galloped on before me. "Vea, Señor!" (see!) said the little boy, as he frisked by my side, pointing to some wild ducks in a pool, which he wanted me to shoot at with my pistols.

His father was at this moment singing a wild sort of Spanish hymn, and he had just got to the last note, upon which he was to hang for several seconds, when the merry little child, finding that there was no fun in me, loosened his rein, came up with his father, and gave his horse a blow as hard as he was able with the long whip which hung at his bridle, and then laughing, he darted away like a young colt, while his father with the greatest gravity continued the last note of his song.

Arrived at a post-hut, and found its owner, Don Josef, skinning a cow which he had just killed—he was assisted by a black woman of about fifty, who busily continued the operation, while Don Josef slowly walked towards the corral to catch me a horse.

A pan of muddy water was outside the door, and I tossed a real to the black woman to let me wash my face in it; but when I asked her if there was a piece of looking-glass in the hut, she replied with considerable contempt, and without raising her grey woolly head, "Aqui no hay." At this moment a young Gaucho, who was playing with some children near the door, recognised me; he had once ridden with me as a postilion, and he now offered to saddle my horse.

I was therefore going to lie down for a few minutes among the long grass to rest myself, when passing the corner of the hut I saw close before me a female figure pounding some corn. She was the only daughter and eldest child of Don Josef (who was a widower), and she was about sixteen years of age. Her whole dress consisted of a coarse woollen petticoat, and over her bare shoulders was loosely thrown (as a shawl) an old scarlet poncho. With a large wooden pestle which she held in both hands, and which she lifted above her head, she was pounding Indian corn in a mortar rudely hewn out of one end of the trunk of a tree, which must have been dragged to the hut, for the purpose, more than a hundred miles. As soon as I appeared before her, with one hand she closed her poncho in front, and continued to pound the corn with the other: however, as soon as I asked her a few questions about the corn, she began earnestly and with great naïveté to explain to me the whole operation, and then working the pestle with both her hands, she illustrated her art both by practice and theory, pounding and expounding at the same time; and although I cared but little how the corn was pounded, yet it was impossible to help admiring the artless simplicity and innocence of the girl's countenance, manners, and appearance. The plain of brown grass extended around us, and the horizon was like the circle which is seen at sea. No cattle were in sight—and in no direction was there any thing to arrest the eye, but the hut,—the corral,—the old black woman intently skinning the cow,—and this girl pounding her corn.

THE PAMPAS.

As she was in the middle of her explanation, I interrupted her by observing, that "la Negra" (the black woman) had told me there was no looking-glass in the hut. "No hay, Señor," said the girl. What then, said I, have you never seen your own face? "No, Señor," she replied, looking down at the corn. I instantly thought whether it would not be possible to describe it to her, but "Señor! Señor! Señor!" vociferated the boy as he came from the corral leading my horse.

I therefore at once walked to meet him,—but before I mounted my horse, I took a little memorandum-book from my pocket, and wrote in it "*Black woman skinning a cow.*" for the rest of the scene I thought I should remember.

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I arrived for the night at a hut, where there were fowls, and I begged the woman to cook one of them immediately.

As soon as the water in a large pot had boiled, the woman caught a hen, and killed it by firmly holding the head in her hand, while she gave the bird two or three turns in the air. To my horror and utter astonishment, she instantly put the fowl into the pot, feathers and all; and although I had resolved to rough it on my journey, yet I positively could not make up my mind to drink such broth or "*potage au naturel*" as I thought she was preparing for me. I ran to her, and, in very bad Spanish, loudly protested against her cookery; however, she quietly explained to me that she had only put the fowl there to scald it, and as soon as I let go her arm she took it out. The feathers all came off together, but they stuck to her fingers almost as fast as they had before to the fowl. After washing her hands, she took a knife, and very neatly cut off the wings, the two legs, the breast and the back, which she put one after another into a small pot with some beef-suet and water, and the rest of the fowl she threw away.

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THE PAMPAS INDIANS.

WHEN one compares the relative size of America with the rest of the world, it is singular to reflect on the history of those fellow-creatures who are the aborigines of the land; and after viewing the fertility and beauty of so interesting a country, it is painful to consider what the sufferings of the Indians have been, and still may be. Whatever may be their physical or moral character, whether more or less puny in body or in mind than the inhabitants of the old world, still they are the human beings placed there by the Almighty: the country belonged to them, and they are therefore entitled to the regard of every man who has religion enough to believe that God has made nothing in vain, or whose mind is just enough to respect the persons and the rights of his fellow-creatures.

A fair description of the Indians, I believe, does not exist. The Spaniards, on the discovery of the country, exterminated a large proportion of this unfortunate race; the rest they treated as beasts of burden, and during their short intervals of repose, the priests were ordered to explain to them that their vast country belonged to the Pope at Rome! The Indians, unable to comprehend this claim, and sinking under the burdens which they were doomed to carry, died in great numbers. It was therefore convenient to vote that they were imbecile both in body and mind: the vote was seconded by the greedy voice of avarice; and thus carried by the artifices of the designing, and the careless indolence of those who had no interest in the question, it at length became a statement which historians have now recorded.

But although inquiry has been thus lulled to rest, and is now the plausible excuse for our total ignorance on the subject, ought not the state of man in America to be infinitely more interesting than descriptions of its mines, its mountains, &c. &c.?

During my gallop in America, I had little time or opportu-

nity to see many of the Indians; yet from what I did hear and see of them, I sincerely believe they are as fine a set of men as ever existed under the circumstances in which they are placed. In the mines I have seen them using tools which our miners declared they had not strength to work with, and carrying burdens which no man in England could support; and I appeal to those travellers who have been carried over the snow on their backs, whether they were able to have returned the compliment; and if not, what can be more grotesque than the figure of a civilised man riding upon the shoulders of a fellow-creature whose physical strength he has ventured to despise.

The Indians of whom I heard the most were those who inhabit the vast unknown plains of the Pampas, and who are all horsemen, or rather pass their lives on horseback. The life they lead is singularly interesting. In spite of the climate, which is burning hot in summer and freezing in winter, these brave men, who have never yet been subdued, are entirely naked, and have not even a covering for their head.

They live together in tribes, each of which is governed by a Cacique; but they have no fixed place of residence. Where the pasture is good, there are they to be found, until it is consumed by their horses, and they then instantly move to a more verdant spot. They have neither bread, fruit, nor vegetables, but they subsist entirely on the flesh of their mares, which they never ride; and the only luxury in which they indulge is that of washing their hair in mare's blood.

The occupation of their lives is war, which they consider as their noble and most natural employment; and they declare that the proudest attitude of the human figure is when, bending over his horse, man is riding at his enemy. The principal weapon which they use is a spear eighteen feet long; they manage it with great dexterity, and are able to give it a tremulous motion, which has often shaken the sword from the hand of their European adversaries.

From being constantly on horseback, the Indians can scarcely walk. This may seem singular, but from their infancy they are unaccustomed to it. Living in a boundless plain, it may easily be conceived that all their occupations and amusements must necessarily be on horseback; and from riding so many hours

the legs become weak, which naturally gives a disinclination to an exertion which every day becomes more fatiguing; besides, the pace at which they can skim over the plains on horseback is so swift, in comparison to the rate they could crawl on foot, that the latter must seem a cheerless exertion.

As a military nation they are much to be admired, and their system of warfare is more noble, unincumbered, and perfect in its nature than that of any nation in the world. When they assemble, either to attack their enemies, or to invade the country of the Christians, with whom they are now at war, they collect large troops of horses and mares, and then, uttering the wild shriek of war, they start at a gallop. As soon as the horses they ride are tired, they vault upon the bare backs of fresh ones, keeping their best until they positively see their enemies. The whole country affords pasture to their horses, and whenever they choose to stop, they have only to kill some mares. The ground is the bed on which, from their infancy, they have always slept, the flesh of mares is the food on which they have been ever accustomed to subsist, and they therefore meet their enemies with light hearts and full stomachs, the only advantages which they think men ought to desire.

How different this style of warfare is from the march of an army of our brave, but limping, foot-sore men, crawling in the rain through muddy lanes, bending under their packs, while in their rear the mules, and forage, and pack-saddles, and baggage, and waggons and women—bullocks lying on the ground unable to proceed, &c., &c., form a scene of despair and confusion which must always attend the army that walks instead of rides, and that eats cows* instead of horses. How impossible would it be for an European army to contend with such an aerial force! As well might it attempt to drive the swallows from the country, as to harm these naked warriors.

A large body of these Indians twice crossed my path, as I was riding from Buenos Aires to Mendoza and back again. They had just had an engagement with the Rio Plata troops, who killed several of them, and they were lying naked and dead on the plain

* On a late march it seldom happens that the bullocks are killed by us with our spears, which is the food of the Pampas Indian.

not far from the road. Several of the Gauchos, who were engaged, told me that the Indians had fought most gallantly, but that all their horses were tired, or they could never have been attacked: the Gauchos, who themselves ride so beautifully, declare that it is impossible to ride with an Indian, for that the Indians' horses are better than theirs, and also that they have such a way of urging them on by their cries, and by a peculiar motion of their bodies, that even if they were to change horses, the Indians would beat them. The Gauchos all seemed to dread very much the Indians' spears. They said that some of los Barbaros (the Indians) charged without either bridle or saddle, and that in some instances they were hanging almost under the bellies of their horses, and shrieking, so that the horses were afraid to face them. As the Indians' horses got tired, they were met by fresh troops, and a great number of them were killed.

To people accustomed to the cold passions of England, it would be impossible to describe the savage, inveterate, furious hatred which exists between the Gauchos and the Indians. The latter invade the country for the ecstatic pleasure of murdering the Christians, and in the contests which take place between them mercy is unknown. Before I was quite aware of these feelings, I was galloping with a very fine-looking Gaucho, who had been fighting with the Indians, and after listening to his report of the killed and wounded, I happened, very simply, to ask him, how many prisoners they had taken? The man replied by a look which I shall never forget—he clenched his teeth, opened his lips, and then sawing his fore-finger across his bare throat for a quarter of a minute, bending towards me, with his spur striking into his horse's side, he said, in a sort of low, choking voice, "Se matan todos" (we kill them all). But this fate is what the Indian firmly expects, and from his earliest youth he is prepared to endure not only death, but tortures, if the hard fortune of war should throw him alive among his enemies; and yet how many there are who accuse the Indians of that imbecility of mind which in war bears the name of cowardice! The usual cause for this accusation is, that the Indians have almost always been known to fly from fire-arms.

When first America was discovered, the Spaniards were regarded by the Indians as divinities, and perhaps there was nothing

which tended to give them this distinction more than their possessing weapons which, resembling the lightning and the thunder of Heaven, sent death among them in a manner which they could not avoid or comprehend ; and although the Christians are no longer considered as divine, yet the Indians are so little accustomed to or understand the nature of fire-arms, that it is natural to suppose the danger of these weapons is greater in their minds than the reality.

Accustomed to war among themselves with the lance, it is a danger also that they have not been taught to encounter ; for it is well known that men can learn to meet danger, and that they become familiar with its face, when, if the mask be changed, and it appear with unusual features, they again view it with terror. But even supposing that the Indians have no superstitious fear of fire-arms, but merely consider their positive effects,—is it not natural that they should fear them ? In Europe, or in England, what will people with sticks in their hands do against men who have fire-arms ? Why, exactly what the naked Indians have been accused of doing—run away.—And who would not run away ?

But the life which the Indian leads cannot but satisfy any unprejudiced person that he must necessarily possess high courage. His profession is War, his food is simple, and his body is in that state of health and vigour, that he can rise naked from the plain on which he has slept, and proudly look upon his image ; which the white frost has marked out upon the grass, without inconvenience. What can we “men in buckram” say to this ?

The life of such a people must certainly be very interesting, and I always regretted very much that I had not time to throw off my clothes and pay a visit to some of the tribes, which I should otherwise certainly have done, as, with proper precautions, there would have been little to fear ; for it would have been curious to have observed the young sporting about the plains in such a state of wild nature, and to have listened to the sentiments and opinions of the old ; and I would gladly have shivered through the cold nights, and have lived upon mare's flesh in the day, to have been a visitor among them.

From individuals who had lived many years with them, I was informed that the religion of the Pampas Indians is very simple. They believe in good spirits and bad ones, and they

pray to both. If any of their friends die before they have reached the natural term of life (which is very unusual), they consider that some enemy has prevailed upon the evil spirit to kill their friend, and they labour to determine who this enemy can be. They then denounce vengeance against him. These religions have very fatal consequences, and have the power of separating the tribes from one another, and of preventing that combination among the Indians which might make them much more dreaded by the Christians.

They believe in a future state, to which they conceive they will be transferred as soon as they die. They expect that they will then be constantly drunk, also that they will always be hunting; and as the Indians gallop over their plains at night, they will point with their long spears to constellations in the heavens, which they say are the figures of their Ancestors, who, reeling in the firmament, are mounted upon horses swifter than the wind, and are hunting ostriches.

They bury their dead, but at the grave they kill several of their best horses, as they believe that their deceased friend would otherwise have nothing to ride. Their marriages are very simple. The couple to be married, as soon as the sun sets, are desired to lie on the ground with their heads towards the west. They are then covered with the skin of a horse, and as soon as the sun rises at their feet, they are pronounced to be married.

The Indians are very fond of any sort of intoxicating liquor, and when they are at peace with Mendoza, and some of the other provinces, they often bring skins of ostriches, hides, &c., to exchange for knives, spurs, and liquor.

The day of their arrival they generally get drunk; but before they indulge in this amusement, they deliberately deliver up to their Cacique their knives, and any other weapons they possess, as they are fully aware that they will quarrel as soon as the wine gets into their heads. They then drink till they can hardly see, and fight, and scratch, and bite for the rest of the evening. The following day they devote to selling their goods, for they never will part with them on the day on which they resolve to be tipsy, as they conceive that in that state they would be unable to dispose of them to advantage.

They will not sell their skins for money, which they declare is

of no use, but exchange them for knives, spurs, maté, sugar, &c. They refuse also to buy by weight, which they do not understand; so they mark out upon a skin how much is to be covered with sugar, or anything of the sort which they desire to receive in barter for their property. After this business is concluded, they generally devote another day to frolics, and when they have got nearly spent, they mount their horses, and with a loose rein, and with their new spurs, they stagger and gallop away to their wild plains.

Without describing any more of their customs, which I repeat only from hearsay, I must only again lament that the history of these people is not better known; for, from many facts which I heard concerning them, I really believe that they, as well as the Araucana Indians, possess many brave and estimable qualities. It is singular, however, to think how mutually they and the inhabitants of the old world are unacquainted with each other. These untamed soldiers know nothing of the governments, customs, habits, wants, luxuries, virtues or follies, of our civilized world, and what does the civilized world know of them? It votes them savages, *et voila tout!* but as soon as fire-arms shall get into the hands of these brave naked men, they will tumble into the political scale as suddenly as if they had fallen from the moon; and while the civilized world is watching the puny contests of Spaniards who were born in the old world, against their children who were born in the new one, and is arguing the cause of dependence *versus* independence, which in reality is but a quibble, the men that the ground belongs to will appear, and we shall then wonder how it is that we never felt for them, or cared for them, or hardly knew that they existed.

It may to many appear improbable that they should be ever able to overturn any of the feeble governments which at present exist; yet these men, without fire-arms, and with nothing in their hands but the lance, which is literally a reed, were twice within fifty leagues of Buenos Aires while I was in the country, and the Montoneros went among them while I was at San Luis to offer to arm them. Besides this, the experience and history of the old world instruct us that the rise and fall of nations is a subject far beyond the scrutiny of man, and that, for reasons which we are unable to comprehend, the wild and despised tribes of our own

world have often rushed from the polar towards the equatorial regions, and, like the atmosphere from the north, have chilled and checked the luxury of the south ; and, therefore, however ill it may suit our politics to calculate upon such an event as the union of the Araucana and Pampas Indians, who can venture to say that the hour may not be decreed, when these injured men, mounted upon the descendants of the very horses which were brought over the Atlantic to oppress their forefathers, may rush from the cold region to which they have been driven, and with irresistible fury proclaim to the guilty conscience of our civilized world, that the hour of retribution has arrived ; that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children ; that the descendants of Europeans are in their turn trampled under foot, and, in agony and torture, in vain are asking mercy from the *naked Indians* ?

What a lesson this dreadful picture would afford ! However, it is neither my profession nor my wish to moralise : but it is impossible for a solitary individual to pass over the magnificent regions of America without respecting the fellow-creatures who were placed there by the Almighty.



PASSAGE ACROSS THE GREAT CORDILLERA.

THE mules were ordered at twelve o'clock, but did not arrive till four: we had been waiting for them with great impatience; at last we heard the tinkling bell approaching, and they then came into the yard of the Fonda (inn), driven by the capatáz and one peon. The capatáz was a tall, stout man, with a bad expression of countenance: we found him cruel, lazy, insolent, cowardly, and careless of everything but eating, and all this easily to be read in his countenance. The peon was a handsome, slight-made, active, young fellow.

There were sixteen mules of different sizes and colours; they were all lean, but looked very healthy and hardy. One or two of them had dreadfully sore backs, which I pointed out to the capatáz, who promised to change them as soon as he got out of Mendoza. As my party consisted of eight people, and as we had baggage sufficient for six mules, we had only two spare ones, and these unable to work; whereas I learnt afterwards, that the capatáz was bound to provide a much larger proportion of extra mules, but he was as greedy after lucre as he was after food, and to save a few dollars he would have worked his poor mules to death. However, I was then ignorant of the customs of the country, and indeed did not know what was required for the journey I was about to take: and, anxious to be off, I ordered the mules to be saddled.

As soon as this was done, the baggage-mules were to be got ready. The capatáz said he could not load them until every article of baggage was brought into the yard, and accordingly he made a great heap of it. He and the peon then divided it into six parcels, quite different from each other in weight or bulk, but adapted to the strength of the different mules.

The operation of loading then began. The peon first caught with his lasso a great brown mule, and putting a poncho over

his eyes, he tied it under his throat, leaving the animal's nose and mouth uncovered. The mule thus blindfolded stood perfectly still, while the capataz and peon first placed on his back the large straw pack-saddle, which they girthed to him in such a manner that nothing could move it. They put the articles one by one on each side, and then bound them all together, with a force and ingenuity against which it was hopeless for the mule to contend.

One could not help pitying the poor animal, on seeing him thus prepared for carrying a heavy load such a wearisome distance, and over such lofty mountains as the Andes; yet it is truly amusing to watch the nose and mouth of a mule, when his eyes are blinded, and his ears pressed down upon his neck by the poncho. Every movement which is made about him, either to arrange his saddle or his load, is resented by a curl of his nose and upper lip, which, in ten thousand wrinkles, is expressive, beyond description, of every thing that is vicious and spiteful: he appears to be planning all sorts of petty tricks of revenge, and as soon as the poncho is taken off, he generally begins to put some of them into execution, either by running with his load against some brother mule, or by kicking him: however, as soon as he finds that his burden is not to be got rid of, he dismisses, or perhaps conceals, his resentment, and instantly assumes a look of patience and resignation, which are really also the characteristics of his race, and which support him under all his sufferings and privations.

As soon as the baggage-mules were ready, we took up our pistols and carbines, and after mounting our mules, and shaking hands with the crowd who had assembled in the yard, we bade adieu to the Fonda of Mendoza. The last person that I said farewell to, was the old black cook, who was really crying to see us go. She was one of the most warm-hearted and faithful creatures I had ever met with. She came to me just before I started, to beg me to take care of myself, and she was then half laughing and half crying. I was at the moment going to throw away a pair of green goggle-spectacles, with shiting, lakered rims, which I had bought to cross the snow of the Cordillera, but which I had just condemned as troublesome and useless; however, seeing the old woman's grief, I gave them to her, and put

them on the bridge of her short black nose, sticking the ends of them into her woolly hair. She considered it, perhaps, as an act of kindness, and began to cry; and although the group around us were roaring with laughter, the spectacles remained on her nose all the time I was conversing with her. She then took them off, and looking at them with great pride and delight, put them into the bosom of her gown.

The saddling of the mules had taken up so much time that the sun had nearly set. It was still oppressively hot; however, the siesta, which, with eating, &c., is in Mendoza an operation of six hours, was over, and the people were standing at their doors to see us pass; but as we went by the Alameda road, we soon got out of the town. In the stream which runs along the row of poplars which shade this Alameda, or public walk, the people were bathing, as usual, without any dresses, and apparently regardless of each other. The young called out to us, and many jokes were taken and given.

After passing the long Alameda, the road, for about two leagues, passes through a country artificially irrigated by the Rio de Mendoza, and its luxuriance and fertility are quite extraordinary. The brown mud walls which bound the road were covered with grapes hanging down in beautiful clusters; and the number of peach-trees, laden with fruit, and scattered among rich crops of corn and other agricultural produce, gave the scene an appearance of great luxury and abundance; while the mountains of the Cordillera formed a magnificent boundary to a picture which, to one about to cross the Andes, is peculiarly interesting. As soon as the line of irrigation is passed, the country suddenly ceases to be productive. The soil, light and sandy, produces no sort of herbage, and for more than thirty miles, the road, as it approaches the mountains, passes through a plain, which bears nothing but low stunted shrubs; and when one considers that such has probably been its produce since the creation of the world, it is surprising to see that vegetation, so nearly extinct, should have lingered so long without expiring. However, its existence in these plains proves that they are capable of producing crops for man, whenever his industry shall search for the treasure.

The road across this flat country is always tedious; for the

mountains, on leaving Mendoza, appear within three or four miles of the town, and the path seems literally to lengthen as one goes. We found it particularly dreary, as we had to travel during a night which was unusually dark. The plain before us was not visible, while the black outline of the mountains against the sky appeared close to us, or rather immediately above us. However, we at length got to the first ravine of the Cordillera; and then, with the noble mountains towering over our heads, sometimes lost in darkness, and sometimes faintly traced by the few stars which were visible, we followed the sound of the water until the distant light at the post-hut and the barking of the dogs, as they came rushing toward us, informed us that we should now cross the stream, and we then rode up to the post. The dogs continued barking, and occasionally biting at our mules' tails; until the postmaster (Don Andres) and another man came to us. They were sleeping by the embers of a fire in the kitchen or shed which was before us. One side was completely open, the other three were of boughs wattled, but so open that the smoke easily escaped.

The post of Villa Vicencia, which in all the maps of South America looks so respectable, now consists of a solitary hut without a window, with a bullock's hide for a door, and with very little roof. As the night was cold, I preferred sleeping in the shed by the fire, leaving the mules to do as they chose, and to go wherever their fancies might incline them. I took for my pillow one of the horses' skulls, which in South America are used as chairs, and wrapping myself up in my poncho, dropped off to sleep. When I awoke, which was before daybreak, I found two peons and one of my party asleep round the fire, and a great dog snoring at my back.

I called out for the *capataz*, who came to me rubbing his eyes, and looking dirty and sleepy, and I told him to go after his mules; but one of the men said that the peon was already gone. Our men were also up, preparing some soup; and as the day began to dawn, and the mules did not appear, I resolved to find out the baths, which I was told were about a mile off. I followed a path until I came to a spot where I was surrounded by hills, which it seemed quite impossible to climb even on hands and knees; however, on proceeding, I found a singular passage cut

in the rock, and climbing up to it, came suddenly to a little spot in which were the ruins of two or three huts and three or four tents.

The huts and the tents were swarming with people, and the discovery of twenty or thirty fellow-creatures in such a sequestered spot was altogether unexpected. They had come there from great distances for the purpose of bathing, and many of them, I afterwards learnt, were very respectable people. As I had no time to lose, and wanted to bathe, I asked a man who was looking out of a tent, where the baths were? With the indifference and indolence usual in the country, he made no reply, but pointed with his chin to some little walls close before him, two or three feet high, built with loose stones, and in ruins. I was also close to them, so I took off my jacket and my belt of pistols, and walked towards them; but not believing they could be baths, I looked towards the man, and asked him if they were there. He made with his head the usual sign of "Si;" so I walked towards the walls, and to my astonishment I found a hole a little bigger than a coffin, with a woman lying in it! Seeing that there was no room for me there, I reconnoitred the spot, and found another hole about ten yards above the lady, and another about the same distance below her. As the water ran from the one to the other, I thought I might as well act the part of the wolf as be the lamb, and I therefore went up the stream, and got into the upper bath. I found the water very hot and agreeable; and without troubling myself about its analysis, drank some from the spot where it issued from the ground, and feeling that I had then given it a fair trial, I set off to return. In passing the huts and the tents I looked into them;—they were crowded with men, women, and children, of all ages, and mingled together in a way which would not altogether be admitted at our English bathing-places; but among the Andes customs and ideas are different, and if a lady has there the rheumatism, she sees no harm in trying to wash it away by the warm waters of Villa Vicencia.

As soon as I got back to the post-hut I found the mules all saddled; so, after drinking some soup and eating a piece of the hind-leg of a guanaco, I set off for Uspallata, where it was proposed we should sleep.

The road, on leaving Villa Vicencia, suddenly turns up a ravine, which is one of the finest passes in the Cordillera. The

mountains are extremely steep on both sides, and as the ravine winds in many directions, one often comes to a spot which has the appearance of a cul-de-sac, from which there is no exit to be seen. In some places the rock hangs perpendicularly over-head, and the enormous fragments which nearly block up the road, contrasted with those which seem to be on the point of falling, add to the apparent danger and grandeur of the scene. As we were passing we saw a guanaco on the very highest summit of one of the mountains. He was there evidently for safety; and as he stood against the blue sky, his attitude, as he earnestly watched us, was very expressive of his wild free life; and his small head and thin neck denoted the speed with which he was about to save himself.

I had ridden on by myself about fifteen miles, and had gained, by a constant ascent, the summit of the Paramillo, the high range of mountains which overhang Villa Vicencia. The view from this point is very interesting. The ground continues level for a short distance, and then rapidly descends towards the valley of Uspallata, which is about thirty miles off.

This valley is the upper base of the great range of the Cordillera; and it is, at first, surprising to see that the hills of the Paramillo, which had appeared so lofty, are very humble features, compared with the stupendous barrier which, in spite of its distance, appears to be now on the point of obstructing the passage.

This enormous mass of stone, for it appears to be perfectly barren, is so wild and rude in its features and construction, that no one would judge that any animal could force its way across the summit, which, covered with snow, in some places eternal, seems to be a region between the heavens and the practicable habitation of man; and indeed to attempt to pass it, except by following up in a ravine the course of a torrent, would be altogether impossible.

From the Paramillo, the view towards the east, or contrary direction, is also very interesting. It is pleasing to look down on the difficulties which have been surmounted even to gain this point; and beyond Villa Vicencia is a vast expanse of something which, at first, very much resembles the ocean, but which one soon recognises as the vast plains of Mendoza and the Pampas.

The natural exhalation from the earth covers them with a cloud

of uncertainty : places which one has heard talked of as points of importance are lost in space, and the hopes and passions and existence of mankind are buried in the dense atmosphere which supports them. But one has not much time for moralising on the summit of the Paramillo, for it is such a windy spot, that a man's most rational exertion there is to hold on his hat ; and as the large broad-brimmed one which I had purchased at Mendoza made several attempts to return there, I and my mule proceeded towards the valley of Uspallata. After going a league or two, I observed on both sides of me large tawny-coloured fungus-looking substances, which in size, shape, and colour so resembled lions lying on the ground, that sometimes I really could not distinguish whether they were or not.

In the Pampas I had constantly observed the singular manner in which all animals, particularly birds, are there protected from their enemies by plants or foliage which resemble them ; and as I knew there were a great number of lions about Villa Vicencia, and could see the track of their large feet in my path, I began to think that some of them were really lying before me. However, it seemed foolish to stop, and therefore I continued for some time ; at last, coming to a small coppery vein in the rock, I thought it would be a good excuse to inspect it, so I remained there cracking the stones till two of my party came up, and their first observation to me was, how very like the substances around us were to lions.

One of the party had a horse's leg in his hand. He told me that he had never been so tired in his life ; that his mule, in mounting the hill, had become quite exhausted ; and that, when he got off to lead her, she would not follow him ; that, in despair, he made her drink up his flask of brandy, and that then, taking as a whip a dried-up horse's leg that was lying on the ground, he remounted the mule, which had gone very well ever since : " But, Sir," said my honest companion very gravely, " whether it be the brandy that has got into her head, or the notion of being beaten with a horse's leg that has urged her on, I cannot tell you."

We continued our course together, and descending the hill, came to the district in which the Uspallata Mines are situated. The climate of the country in which these mines are situated is

what would naturally be expected from its latitude and elevation. The former places it under a hot sun, the latter imparts to it a considerable degree of cold; and as the air is both dry and rarefied, there is little refraction, and consequently the heat and light of day vanish almost as soon as the sun is below the horizon. In visiting these mines in winter we found the days hotter than the summer in England, when at night the water constantly froze hard by our sides as we slept crowded together in the small hut. The whole of the country is the most barren I ever witnessed, and from this singular cause, that it never rains there.*

The soil consists of the decomposed rock, which remains on the steep surface of the mountain, and rolls from under the foot like the loose cinders of Etna and Vesuvius: there is no herbage of any sort or kind upon it. A few low resinous shrubs are scattered about; but, from the severity of the climate, in most places they grow along the ground. The dead animals which are lying about are all dried up in their skins, and have a most singular appearance: indeed the whole scene is a very striking example of what a desert the earth would be without water. *One of the Cornish miners, after gazing about him with astonishment, took up a handful of the green barren soil, and looking into it with great attention, he said, "Why, surely there must be poison in this ground."*

We had scarcely passed the mines when the sun set, and although we saw the post-hut of Uspallata, yet we had great difficulty in reaching it. The rest of the party were lost, and did not arrive till midnight. My first object was to get something for our poor mules; there was very little in the plain except hot stones and resinous shrubs, but I learnt from the man that he had an irrigated potrero (or enclosed field) full of

* Without attempting to explain the cause of this phenomenon, the following are some of the facts on which the statement is founded -

1. The huts at several of the mines are built exactly across the ravine, in such a manner that if water was ever to come down the ravine, it must necessarily pass through the huts, or over them.

2. One of the lodes runs up the bottom of a ravine, and the old shafts which are formed in it are in the natural drain of the ravine. These shafts at bottom are dry, and have no appearance of having contained water.

3. The miner, who, to keep possession of the mines, had lived there alone for two years, told us that during that time it had not rained once.

grass: he began a long story about how much I was to pay— however, I cut him very short, and sent him off with the mules, who, poor things, were no doubt delighted with their unexpected supper.

We then earnestly inquired of the man what he had got for us to eat? And as we all three stood round him, our earnest looks and greedy faces were an amusing contrast to the calm tranquillity with which he replied “No hay” to everything we asked for; at last we found out that he had got dry peaches and live goats. We put some of the former into a pot to boil, and in process of time the boy, who was sent out on horseback with a lasso to catch a goat, arrived. The little fellow could not kill it, and the man was gone for wood; so partly to put an end to the animal’s fears, and partly because I was very hungry, I put a pistol to his ear, and in a short time he was roasting on the burning embers.

At this moment an English lady, a child about seven years old, two or three younger ones, and a party of peons, arrived. They had, with no other protection, passed the Cordillera, and had ridden for twelve or fourteen hours that day in order to get to Uspallata.

The situation of a country-woman with a family of little children interested us very much, and it was pleasing to hear that they had crossed the Cordillera without any accident. The eldest child, who was a very fine boy, had ridden the whole way, but the other little chubby-faced creatures had each been carried upon a pillow in front of the peons’ saddles.

In the history of the hut of Villa Vicencia, I had often heard that, in spite of its desert situation and want of comfort, an English lady, who was passing with her husband to Chili about seven or eight years ago, had been confined there, and had remained in the hut until she and her little infant were capable of prosecuting their perilous journey; and when I saw the wretched abode, I had often felt how cheerless it must have been for her to have remained there so long.

The lady who now came to Uspallata was the very person whose singular sufferings I have described, and the fine little boy was the child that was born at Villa Vicencia. He had been in Chili ever since, and now the little manly fellow had

ridden across the Cordillera, and was about to introduce his brother and sisters to the wild hovel in which it had been decreed that he should be born.

In the morning, before daybreak, we made preparations for starting. Some part of the goat was to form our breakfast: we had some tea with us, and I was very anxious to get some milk, but when I asked the man, he replied "Leche no hay," with a look that seemed to doubt there being any in the universe. The cows, he said, were four leagues off, and he added they would not come for a couple of hours. "Have the goats no milk?" asked I; the fellow laughed at the idea; however, I found out that they had kids, and I therefore insisted on his sending the boy for a she-goat. This order was complied with, and in a short time the boy came, dragging a poor creature with his lasso. She was altogether scared, and was leaping and jumping to get away; however, our peons helped, and she was thrown down upon her side. One peon knelt upon her head, and one of our men held her hind-legs, while the boy milked her on one side, and then turning her round, in spite of her struggles she was milked on the other side. They then let her go, and happy was she at regaining her liberty, after being scared at the uncouth operation she had just undergone.

The mules were now nearly laden, when one of the Cornish miners told me that the capataz wanted to put baggage upon the mule which had got a sore back, and which, according to his agreement, he ought to have changed at Méndoza. I instantly went to the fellow, and found him with his long knife in his hand, actually cutting the poor creature's back, preparatory to putting on the pack-saddle. I told him to desist; but he was explaining to me how he was going to place the saddle, so that it should not hurt the mule, and he was just going to put on a small straw-pad, when I at once put an end to the argument. As soon as the baggage was ready, we threw upon it two or three dead sheep, and in quitting Uspallata, took leave of the last inhabited hut on the east side of the Cordillera.

I was steadily riding my mule at the rate of five miles an hour, in order to measure by my watch the breadth of the plains of Uspallata, when we met an old Gaucho hunter, with two kids and a number of dogs, which at once put a stop to my calcula-

tion. He had several loose horses, over one of which was hanging the carcass of a guanaco.

He had been hunting for lions, and had been among the mountains for two days, but had had little sport. The Gaucho was a fine picture of an old sportsman. Round his body were the "bolas" (balls), which were covered with clotted blood. His knees were admirably protected from the bushes by a hide which was under his saddle, and which in front had the appearance of gambadoes. He was mounted on a good horse, his lasso in coils hung at his saddle.

As soon as we stopped, he was surrounded by his dogs, which were a very odd pack. Some of them were very large, some quite small, and they seemed to be all of different breeds; many had been lamed by the lions and tigers, and several bore honourable scars. I regretted very much indeed that I had not time to follow the sport, which must be highly entertaining.

As soon as the dogs unkennel a lion or a tiger, they pursue him until he stops to defend himself. If the dogs fly upon him, the Gaucho jumps off his horse, and while the creature is contending with his enemies, he strikes him on the head with the balls, to which an extraordinary momentum can be given. If the dogs are at bay, and afraid to attack their foe, the Gaucho then hurls the lasso over him, and, galloping away, he drags the animal along the ground, while the hounds rush upon him and tear him.

The mountains now seemed to be actually over our heads, and we expected that we should have immediately to climb them, but for many hours we went over a plain as dry and barren as the country already described on the other side of the Uspallata, and which wound its course among the mountains. At last we crossed a rapid torrent of water, and then immediately afterwards came to another, which takes its rise at the summit of the Andes, and whose course and comparatively gradual descent direct the passage; and it is on gaining this spot that the traveller may proudly feel he is at last buried among the mountains of the Andes. The surface of the rocks which surrounded us afforded no pasture, and the gnarled wood and the stunted growth of the trees announced the severity of the climate in winter; yet the forms of the mountains, and the wild

groups in which they stood towering one above another, can only be viewed with astonishment and admiration.

Although the sun was low, and the mules very tired, we wished to have gone on half an hour longer, but the peon assured us we should not find so good a place, and, pointing to some withered herbage, and some large loose stones, he earnestly advised me to stop, saying, "Hay aqui pasto bueno para las mulas, y para su merced buen alojamiento, hay agua, aqui hay todo" (Here is pasture for the mules, and for your excellency good lodging, water, and everything). We therefore dismounted near a spring, and having collected wood, and the miners having cooked our supper, we lay down on the ground to sleep. The air was cool and refreshing, and the scene really magnificent.

As I lay on the ground upon my back, the objects around me gradually became obscure, while the sun, which had long ago set to us, still gilded the summits of the highest mountains, and gave a sparkling brightness to the snow which faded with the light of day. The scene underwent a thousand beautiful changes; still, when it was all lost in utter darkness, save the bold outline which rested against the sky, it appeared more beautiful than ever.

The peon, who was always very active, was up long before day-break, and we were awakened by the bell-mule and the others which were now collected. We got up in the dark, and as our party were preparing to start, the group, though indistinctly seen by the blaze of the fire, was a very odd one. The three Cornish miners were eating their breakfasts seated on loose stones round a large fragment of rock, which served as a table. Their elbows were squared, and they were eagerly bending over the food before them. The peons, with their dark brown faces, and different-coloured caps, handkerchiefs, and ponchos, were loading the "carga" mules. Some of the party were putting on their spurs; others were arranging their toilette. The light was now faintly dawning on the tops of the highest mountains, and the snow was just discovered lying in large patches and ridges. The bottoms of the ravines were in dark shade, and white windy clouds were flying across the deep blue sky—for some moments all was silent: however, as soon as the

mules were ready, we mounted, and were off before we could distinctly see ; but the mules picked their way, and continually ascending by a path covered with great stones, and impracticable to any animal except a mule, we continued to follow the course of the great stream, which was a torrent, roaring and raging, and altogether impassable.

The sufferings of the poor mules now attracted our attention ; they had travelled from Mendoza with but little rest, and little food ; still they required no driving, but were evidently making every possible exertion to keep up with the madrina, or mare, which carried the bell. Occasionally the "carga" would require adjusting, and the peon, throwing his poncho over the creature's eyes, would alter it, while the rest continued their course, but the poncho was no sooner removed than the mule, trotting and braying, joined the troop, never stopping till he came to the bell.

On the road, the number of dead mules, which indeed strew the path from Mendoza to Santiago, seemed to increase, and it was painful to see the living ones winding their path among the bones and carcasses of those who had died of fatigue. By the peculiar effect of the climate, most of these poor creatures were completely dry ; and as they lay on the road with their hind-legs extended, and their heads stretched towards their goal, it was evident from their attitudes that they had all died of the same complaint—the hill had killed them all.

After passing one or two very rapid torrents, we came to a mountain which was one precipitous slope from the top to the torrent beneath. About half way up, we saw a troop of forty guanacos, who were all gazing at us with great attention. They were on a path, or track, parallel to the water, and as the side of the mountain was covered with loose stones, we were afraid they would roll some of them down upon us.

On the opposite side of the water was one of the most singular geological formations which we had witnessed. At the head of a ravine was an enormous perpendicular mountain of porphyry, broken into battlements and turrets, which gave it exactly the appearance of an old castle, on a scale, however, altogether the subject of a romance. The broken front represented, in a most curious manner, old-fashioned windows and gates, and one of the

Cornish miners declared "he could see an old woman coming across a draw-bridge."

As I was looking up at the region of snow, and as my mule was scrambling along the steep side of the rock, the capatáz overtook me, and asked me if I chose to come on, as he was going to look at the "Ladera de las Vacas," to see if it was passable, before the mules came to it.* He accordingly trotted on, and in half an hour we arrived at the spot. It is the worst pass in the Cordillera. The mountain above appears almost perpendicular, and in one continued slope down to the rapid torrent which is raging underneath. The surface is covered with loose earth and stones which have been brought down by the water. The path goes across this slope, and is very bad for about seventy yards, being only a few inches broad; but the point of danger is a spot where the water which comes down from the top of the mountain either washes the path away or covers it over with loose stones. We rode over it, and it certainly was very narrow and bad. In some places the rock almost touches one's shoulder, while the precipice is immediately under the opposite foot, and high above the head are a number of large loose stones, which appear as if the slightest touch would send them rolling into the torrent beneath, which is foaming and rushing with great violence. However, the danger to the rider is only imaginary, for the mules are so careful, and seem so well aware of their situation, that there is no chance of their making a false step. As soon as we had crossed the pass, which is only seventy yards long, the capatáz told me that it was a very bad place for baggage-mules; that four hundred had been lost there, and that we should also very probably lose one; he said that he would get down to the water at a place about a hundred yards off, and wait there with his lasso to catch any mule that might fall into the torrent; and he requested me to lead on his mule. However, I was resolved to see the tumble, if there was to be one, so the capatáz took away my mule and his own, and then scrambled down on foot, till he at last got to the level of the water, while I stood on a projecting rock, with the two English captains of the mines.

* When first, from the melting of the snow, the Cordillera is "open," this Ladera is always impassable; but it becomes broader towards the end of summer.

the three Cornish miners, the assayer and the surveyor, who were all anxious to witness the passage of the baggage.

The drove of mules now came in sight, one following another ; a few were carrying no burdens, but the rest were either mounted or heavily laden ; and as they wound along the crooked path, the difference of colour in the animals, the different colours and shapes of the baggage they were carrying, with the picturesque dress of the peons, who were vociferating the wild song by which they drive on the mules, and the sight of the dangerous path they had to cross,—formed altogether a very interesting scene.

As soon as the leading mule came to the commencement of the pass, he stopped, evidently unwilling to proceed, and of course all the rest stopped also.

He was the finest mule we had, and on that account had twice as much to carry as any of the others ; his load had never been relieved, and it consisted of four portmanteaus, two of which belonged to me, and which contained not only a very heavy bag of dollars, but also papers which were of such consequence that I could hardly have continued my journey without them. The peons now redoubled their cries, and leaning over the sides of their mules, and picking up stones, they threw them at the leading mule, who now commenced his journey over the path. With his nose to the ground, literally smelling his way, he walked gently on, often changing the position of his feet, if he found the ground would not bear, until he came to the bad part of the pass, where he again stopped, and I then certainly began to look with great anxiety at my portmanteaus : but the peons again threw stones at him, and he continued his path, and reached me in safety : several others followed. At last a young mule carrying a portmanteau, with two large sacks of provisions and many other things, in passing the bad point, struck his load against the rock, which knocked his two hind-legs over the precipice, and the loose stones immediately began to roll away from under them : however, his fore-legs were still upon the narrow path ; he had no room to put his head there, but he placed his nose upon the path on his left, which gave him the appearance of holding on by his mouth : his perilous fate was soon decided by a loose mule who came, and in walking along the Ladera, knocked his comrade's nose off the path, destroyed his balance, and, head over

heels, the poor creature instantly commenced a fall which was really quite terrific. With all his baggage firmly lashed to him, he rolled down the steep slope, until he came to the part which was perpendicular, and then he seemed to bound off, and turning round in the air, fell into the deep torrent on his back, and upon his baggage, and instantly disappeared. I thought, of course, that he was killed; but up he rose, looking wild and scared, and immediately endeavoured to stem the torrent which was foaming about him. It was a noble effort; and for a moment he seemed to succeed, but the eddy suddenly caught the great load which was upon his back, and turned him completely over; down went his head with all the baggage, and as he was carried down the stream, all I saw were his hind-quarters, and his long, thin, wet tail lashing the water. As suddenly, however, up his head came again; but he was now weak, and went down the stream, turning round and round by the eddy, until, passing the corner of the rock, I lost sight of him. I saw, however, the peons, with their lassos in their hands, run down the side of the torrent for some little distance; but they soon stopped, and after looking towards the poor mule for some seconds, their earnest attitude gradually relaxed, and when they walked towards me I concluded that all was over. I walked up to the peons, and was just going to speak to them, when I saw at a distance a solitary mule walking towards us!

We instantly perceived that he was the Phaëton whose fall we had just witnessed, and in a few moments he came up to us to join his comrades. He was, of course, dripping wet: his eye looked dull, and his whole countenance was dejected: however, none of his bones were broken, he was very little cut, and the bulletin of his health was altogether incredible.

With that surprising anxiety which the mules all have to join the troop, or rather the leading *madrina* which carries the bull, he continued his course, and actually walked over the pass without compulsion, although certainly with great caution.

We then continued our course for two hours, until we came to the "Rio de las Vacas," which is the most dangerous torrent of any of those which are to be crossed. We got through it with safety, but it was very deep, and so excessively rapid, that large stones were rolled down it with the force of the water. The

mules are accustomed to these torrents, but they are, notwithstanding, much frightened, and it is only long spurs that can force them into them.

While we were crossing, the peons stood down the stream, with their lassos hurling round their heads, in order to catch any person who might have been carried away; but as the boxes which I had seen washed from the mules were dashed to pieces before they had got twenty yards, the peon's lasso would have come a little too late; and besides this, as the mule is their own property, I used sometimes to think that, in the hurry and indecision of the moment, they would probably catch him instead of the rider.

When a large party cross this river, and when it is deep, it is truly amusing, after one has got across, to observe the sudden change of countenance of one's friends as *they* ride through it; sometimes perched up on the top of a fragment of rock barely covered, expecting the next step to be their last; and sometimes scrambling out of a hole, with uplifted eye-brows, open mouth, and an earnest expression of uneasiness and apprehension—and these are really situations into which the traveller in the Andes is often thrown, though they disconcert the gravity and solemnity of his "Personal Narrative."

After passing the Rio de las Vacas, the ravines appear to grow narrower and steeper, and the tops of the mountains, which are those of the highest range, are rugged, with sharp edges and pinacles.

We here came to a quantity of snow and rubbish, which had been washed down, and which we had great difficulty to pass, for it occasionally broke under the weight of the mules, who recovered themselves in a surprising manner, and as if accustomed to it.

We now passed one of the brick huts, which, at every two or three leagues, have been built to protect the traveller from the dreadful snow-storms which here assail him, and after continuing our course till the sun was low, we stopped at the second of these huts.

We saw a party of loose mules at some distance standing among the stones; and leaving my mule at the hut, I walked to them, and found two or three "arrieros" on the ground asleep.

I leaned over one fat fellow, and asked him to give me something to eat, for we had lost all our provisions at the Ladera de las Vacas. As he awoke, he seemed at first alarmed at seeing a stranger well armed so near him; however, we soon came to an understanding, and in a few seconds he was putting some money into a long purse made out of the neck of an ostrich, while I was walking towards the hut, with my arms filled with hard sea biscuits, some dried beef (*charque*), with one hand full of salt, and in the other red Chili pepper.

With this our men prepared a good dinner, while I reconnoitred our situation. It was barren and desolate beyond description; and the mules, now unsaddled, were standing in the attitudes in which they had been unladen—their heads were nodding, or drooping, and they were putting up their backs and going to sleep, which was the only comfort they could enjoy, for there was literally nothing for them to eat.

The snow was all around us, and the features of the scene so large, that one could not but reflect on the situation of the many travellers who in these parts of the Andes have been overtaken by the storm, and have perished.

The *capataz* told me that these “*temporales*” are so violent that no animal can live in them; that there is no warning, but that all of a sudden the snow is seen coming over the tops of the mountains in a hurricane of wind; that hundreds of people have been lost in these storms; that several had been starved in the house before us; and that only two years ago, the winter, by suddenly setting in, as it generally does, had shut up the Cordillera, and had driven ten poor travellers to this hut. When the violence of the first storms had subsided, the courier came to the spot, and found six of the ten lying dead in the hut, and by their sides the other four almost dead with hunger and cold. They had eaten their mules and their dog, and the bones of these animals were now before us.

These houses are all erected upon one plan, and are extremely well adapted to their purpose. They are of brick and mortar, and are built solid, ten or twelve feet high, with a brick staircase outside. The room which is on the top of this foundation, in order to raise it above the snow, is about twelve feet square; the walls are extremely thick, with two or three small open loop-

holes about six inches square ; the roof is arched, and the floor is of brick.

A place so small, of so massive a construction, necessarily possesses the character of a dungeon ; and as one stands at the door, the scene around adds a melancholy gloom to its appearance ; and one cannot help thinking how sad it must have been, to have seen the snow, day after day, getting deeper and deeper, and the hope of escaping hourly diminishing, until it was evident that the path was impracticable and that the passage was closed ! But without these reflections, the interior is melancholy enough.

The table, which had been fixed into the mortar, was torn away ; and to obtain a momentary warmth, the wretched people who had been confined here had, in despair, burnt the very door which was to protect them from the elements. They had then, at the risk of their lives, taken out the great wooden lintel, which was over the door, and had left the wall above it hanging merely from the adhesion of the mortar. This operation had evidently been done with no instrument but their knives, and it must have been a work of many days.

The state of the walls was also a melancholy testimony of the despair and horror they had witnessed. In all the places I have ever seen, which have been visited by travellers, I have always been able to read the names and histories of some of those who have gone before me ; for when a man has nothing to lament, but that his horses have not arrived, or in fact that he has nothing to do, the wall appears to be a friend to whom many intrust their names, their birthplaces, the place they propose to visit, and sometimes even the fond secrets of their hearts ; but I particularly observed that in these huts on the Andes not a name was to be seen nor a word upon the walls. Those who had died in them were too intent upon their own sufferings ; the horror of their situation was unspeakable, and thus these walls remain the silent monuments of past misery.

As the air was very cold, and the wind very high, we slept in this hut, and before day-break we were once again upon our poor jaded mules, in order to cross the Cumbre while the surface of the snow was hard from the night's frost. After climbing a little but very steep hill, we came upon a small flat lauding-place, which was the most dreary-looking spot I think I ever

saw. I asked the peon what the wooden cross before us meant. After looking over each of his shoulders, he told me that the spot for many years was haunted by the ghost of a mulish-looking sort of man who used to terrify all the arrieros and peons who passed, and that they, therefore, had been absolutely obliged to get a priest to put up the cross before us. "And has that driven the ghost away?" said I, laughing, "Si," said the peon, with a look of confidence and courage which had rather deserted his face while he was describing the shape of the spectre; and he then assured me with great earnestness, "that now he was never seen, and that I need not be afraid."

The torrent which we had so long followed, now turned up the ravine to the right. We had pursued it from the east towards the west, but our path was now obstructed by the Cumbre, or upper ridge of the Cordillera, which no artifice can avoid, and which is a mountain covered with loose, decomposed rock, at an angle of very nearly forty-five degrees. At the foot is another of the huts, without door, table, or lintel, and in which many people have died.

After resting my mule for a short time, and then girthing my saddle as tight as possible, during which operation he was always trying to bite me, I whispered a little comfort into his long ear; I mounted, and then squaring my shoulders and giving a kick or two with my spurs, I commenced the climb, followed by the party of riders and carga mules.

The path ascended in zigzags from the bottom to the top, and the whole time I was obliged to hold on by the thin neck of the mule. The turnings were so short, that the animal was almost falling backwards; however, on he went, with a determination and patience that was quite astonishing. At times he stopped, but the path was so steep, and the decomposed rock so loose, that of his own accord in a few seconds he continued. It was very picturesque and interesting to see the whole party beneath, threading their way in different paths above each other; some going towards the north, and others towards the south—to see the riders leaning forwards, every animal straining to his utmost, and to hear the peons below cheering on their mules by a song which was both wild and melodious.

After climbing in this singular manner for about an hour, I

reached the summit, and it was really a moment of great triumph and satisfaction. Hitherto I had always been looking upwards, but now the difficulties were all overcome, and I was able to look down upon the mountains. Their tops were covered with snow; and as the eye wandered over the different pinnacles, and up the white trackless ravines, one could not but confess that the scene, cheerless and inhospitable as it appeared, was nevertheless a picture both magnificent and sublime.

Proceeding among some broken ground along the summit, I saw a very large wooden cross, which I rode up to. It was supported by a heap of stones piled round the bottom, but it did not stand perpendicular. It was roughly hewn, mortised together, and fixed by a large spike nail, which had rusted the wood, and being loosely clinched, the cross creaked with the wind. There was a rough inscription, cut out with a knife, along the bar of the cross; but it was so much above my head, and so bleached by the weather, that I could not read it. In the wild desolate situation in which it stood, it certainly looked very appropriate and interesting, and I stood at the foot of it leaning over my mule until the party came up, when the peon told me that it was placed there by two arrieros to commemorate the murder of their friend; and thus reminded that we had not yet risen above the bad passions of man, it was painful to see the emblem of his hopes standing as the monument of his guilt!

We now found it extremely cold; the snow was very deep, and the mules' path a most extraordinary one. A deep narrow passage had been cut by the constant travelling of these animals, but the wall of snow on each side often obliged the rider to put his feet on the mule's ears; besides this, as they always tread on the same spot, every step was into a hole which was sometimes above their knees. On the snow there was a great deal of blood from mules which had gone before, and it was only astonishing that they could proceed at all.

"What a magnificent view!" said I to one of my Cornish companions, whose honest heart and thoughts were always faithful to Old England. "What thing can be more beautiful?" I added. After smiling for some seconds, he replied, "Them things, sir, that do wear caps and aprons?"

After descending about a mile with great trouble and difficulty,

we came to another of the huts, which was in the same state as all the rest, but surrounded by about twelve feet of snow ; for on the Chili side of the Andes there is always much more snow than on the other. After passing this house we resolved to quit the path, which was getting more bloody and more difficult, and we attempted to take a nearer cut by riding over the snow, which was everywhere very deep. It bore us very well for some time ; but as we got lower down, and as the heat of the day increased, our mules began to sink into it : however, they managed to regain the path, except the poor brown mule who was carrying the four heavy portmanteaus. He had hitherto surmounted every difficulty, and with a healthy eye and a patient countenance had always led the way ; but now his treacherous path was breaking under him, and after floundering on in the most extraordinary manner, at times literally raising himself by his nose, he could proceed no farther, and the portmanteaus at his side all rested on the snow. Before this the capataz and peon had only cheered him by their voices, but they now went to his assistance. They lifted up his two fore-legs out of the holes which they had made, and they put them on the surface of the snow. They then went on each side, and with one hand on his tail and the other under his belly, the poor creature rose. The two men then instantly jumped behind the mule, and with their hands over their heads they both held the mule's tail, pushing it upwards with all their force. The weight of the baggage being thus partly supported, the mule was able to proceed, and it was really curious to see the gravity and caution with which the party regained the road.

During this singular operation, one of the Cornish captains was for a long time endeavouring to catch his mule, who had escaped, and who managed just to keep out of his reach. When his master ran, he ran ; he followed his example when he walked, and at last, when my companion threw himself down on the snow quite exhausted, the cunning creature stood still and looked at him.

As I found that my mule still went very well, I cut across the snow, and saved more than a mile, though I had some declivities to descend which no animal but a mule could have accomplished. The melting of the snow had in some places undermined it, and

as I travelled over the surface I could hear a torrent rushing under the feet of the mule. Several times I got off to walk, but was obliged to remount, as these animals will not be led by the bridle. My mule was getting tired, his back was rather sore, and so were his feet, when I came to a stream of water about a foot broad, but deep, and which was running under the snow we were crossing. The snow had fallen into this stream in two or three places, both above and below me, and I was quite sure it would not bear; so, in order that the mule should tumble by himself, I rode to the very edge, and then dismounting, put the bridle over his neck, and crossing the little stream, I endeavoured to persuade him to follow me, but he would not think of it; it was but one step, yet he would not make it.

I then resolved to back him over it, and accordingly taking hold of the Mameluke bit which was in his mouth, I tried to turn him round. He would open his mouth, and allow his head to come round to his shoulder, but he knew what I wanted, and nothing could persuade him to move his legs.

I could bear it no longer, so, without a witness but the wild mountains about me, I beat him on his nose: however, it was of no use, he would not move, and he looked so placid that I could not long be angry with him, and I therefore gave the point up and mounted him. The moment I was on his back, he walked on; as I expected, the snow broke in, and down he fell upon his nose: however, he floundered through it, and then continued as patient as if nothing had happened, sometimes pricking up his ears and looking at his path, as if some great curiosity or some great danger was before him; at other times stopping to bray after his companions, during which nothing would induce him to proceed.

In about an hour we got out of the region of snow, and then continually descending, the mountains soon began to assume a different appearance: and when we afterwards came to the first trees, we fancied that we were beholding a most beautiful country, and our whole party were making repeated observations on the particular charms of the scenery, and were pointing out spots which they agreed would be the most delightful situations for villages and cottages.

In returning from several expeditions which we had before made to mountains, to inspect mines, I had always observed how very beautiful the plains looked after a short absence from vegetation, and I endeavoured to keep the observation in mind in viewing the scenes before me. Yet upon the most deliberate reflection, I was of opinion that the climate was lovely, and that although the ground was rocky, the trees had a verdure and a luxuriance which I could not sufficiently admire; but when we returned over these same spots, after living in Chili, we all acknowledged the erroneous opinions we had formed, and were surprised to find the climate severe, the country bleak, and vegetation stunted by the continual frosts and violent winds.

I was now joined by two of my party, and we proceeded along a stream whose course guided us as on the other side. The torrent, however, was much more rapid, and it was very pleasing to see it rushing in a contrary direction to the water which we had so long observed during our ascent. We were riding close to a very high perpendicular mountain on our right, were all looking towards it, and making remarks upon its singular formation, when we heard a sound like the sudden explosion of a mine, and a large piece of the rock was instantly seen falling. The sound was exactly like that described, but I should think it must have proceeded from the rock having struck against some part of the cliff; however, one of the party exclaimed "Oh! it is all coming!" and off he darted.

The other and I stood still, and we were much amused with the appearance of the fugitive, who, bending over his mule, as if the mountain had already been on his shoulders, was kicking and spurring and beating his mule, and in this attitude actually rode out of our sight, without once turning to look behind him.

When we came up to him, "What, did you not see," said he, "the whole face of the mountain moving, and smoke piping out of all the crevices?" He added that he had heard that Chili was full of volcanoes, that he considered the whole mountain was coming upon him, and that therefore he certainly did ride for his very life.

As our mules were very tired with the fatigue they had undergone in climbing the Cumbre, we stopped earlier than usual, at an uninhabited house called La Guardia, where there was some

food for the mules, but as the house was full of fleas, most of us slept on the ground outside. A little after midnight, as soon as the moon was up, we again mounted our mules, but as the capatáz was very slow in loading the cargás, I rode on with one of the party.

We came to several torrents and laderas, and the former in the dark were passed very unwillingly, for, as my companion very justly said, "If one is to be carried away, one would like to see where one is going." As soon as the sun was up, we found it oppressively hot; and as our mules were getting lame, we could only trot very gently. The country down which we descended was similar to that which has already been described; and we continued our course till we came in sight of the town of La Villa Nueva de los Andes, whose name explains that it is a new town built in the Andes.

It is situated on ground comparatively flat, but is surrounded by mountains, or rather hills; for the features of the country are here on a smaller scale.

The town, like all towns in Chili, is built on the usual plan. The streets are broad and at right angles, and they are consequently parallel or perpendicular to each other. In the centre of the town there is a Plaza, or great square, on one side of which is a rude sort of abode called the Governor's house, where a number of dirty-looking soldiers without shoes, and with little on them but a poncho, were seen sitting under a corridor or lying about asleep.

I rode up to the guard, and asked a man who had an old sword in his hand, where La Fonda (the inn) was. He settled the point very quickly by replying "Fonda no hay;" however, I learnt that there was a house where travellers were occasionally received, and he directed me to it. When I got there, I found it locked up. I knocked at the door for some time in vain; at last, a woman from the opposite side of the street told me that the people were gone away, and that the house was empty.

It was summer, and the sun, which in Chili is always burning, was to us who had come down from the snow so exceedingly overpowering, that I found it necessary to get into the shade somewhere or other; so I told my story to the women, and asked them where we could get shelter, a dinner, or even anything to

drink. They said that the woman at the corner pulperia (shop) sold lemonade; but, as I was setting off, I saw at a little distance a quantity of rich clover-grass which had just been cut, so I filled my arms with it, and walked towards my mule. The grass was delightfully green, and the smell quite refreshing. The mule pricked up his long ears as he saw me coming; I threw it down before him, and took the iron Mameluke bit out of his mouth. After eating some mouthfuls of it, he began to look about him, and I have seldom felt more provoked than I was to see him walk away from it, and in preference begin to eat some hot, dry, dirty straw, which was lying on a dung-heap.

We then went to the shop, and I asked the old woman what in the world we were to do—that we had come across the Andes, were going next morning to Santiago, or, as they term it, to Chili, and that we wanted food, and lodging for the night. She told me that the only thing to be done was to hire a room, and then get a person to buy and cook whatever we wanted.

This sounded hopeless, but I soon found that we had no alternative; so, leaving my companion to drink a glass of lemonade and to take a siesta in the old woman's bed, I went out on foot, following a little boy without shoes, and was at last led to the door of one of the largest houses in the place. The boy went inside, and in a short time he returned with a large key in his hand, followed by a well-drest, elderly lady, who asked me to walk in. I declined, and went with the boy some distance down the street; at last he stopped at a door, unlocked it, and we entered a room full of feathers and fleas, and without any glass in the window. "Aqui stá," said the boy; and he added that I was to pay two reals (ten-pence) a day. He said I could get dinner cooked at the next house. I accordingly went there, and found a woman who had the remains of very great beauty, and her daughter, of about eighteen years of age, who very much resembled her.

They both received me with the greatest kindness, and insisted on my lying down on the bed. The old lady asked me what I would have for dinner for my party; and I told her all we wanted was the very best dinner she could give us, and that I begged to leave it to her good taste and judgment.

Away she went to get all the "materiel," while her daughter

attended to me. She brought me a plate of the most delicious cool figs I ever tasted, and then a glass of iced lemonade; and all the time I was eating the figs she was sitting by the bed-side pitying me.

In about two or three hours the party arrived, mules and men quite fagged and exhausted, and I spoke to the capatáz about starting early in the morning. He lived about two leagues from the town, and by agreement was to provide us with fresh mules for the baggage, and horses for ourselves; but I could see he was not inclined to be off early, so I insisted on his bringing the mules and horses that evening. He said that they would have nothing to eat; I therefore gave him two dollars to buy grass, and off he went, promising that he would be back in the evening.

I had just time to bathe, when our dinner was ready; and as the young woman brought us dish after dish, the party observed, first, that she was the most interesting-looking girl they had ever seen, and secondly, that they had never eaten a dinner so well drest; but the same delirium which, on coming from the snow of the Andes, had made them "babble o' green fields," caused them to err in their judgments on other parts of creation; and really, when we returned from the plain to Villa Nueva, our dinner was badly cooked, and the poor young woman was only said to be "rather pretty!"

The evening arrived, but not the capatáz or his mules, and we did not know where to send for him; but an hour before day-break the peon came to say that the capatáz had turned him away—that he had spent the two dollars I had given him in drinking with his wife—that he had not given us the proper quantity of spare mules at Mendoza; and he begged us to take him before the governor.

The sun was already up when the capatáz arrived. He had brought several of the poor tired mules, fresh ones for the riders, and a broken-kneed horse for me; but he was himself mounted on a fine prancing horse. I took his horse from him, put my saddle upon it, and desiring my party to take him before the governor, I galloped off towards Santiago.

The road soon became very bad, as the path ascends a *cuesta*, which it is necessary to climb and to descend by zigzags; how-

ever, as soon as I got on level ground by myself I galloped along; and it was quite delightful to be thus reminded of the pace of the Pampas, after having crawled so many days on the back of a jaded mule.

I soon got to the house at which we had agreed to sleep, and which is about half way between Villa Nueva and Santiago. It is a pulperia (shop), and was filled with peons drinking; however, they had got bread and wine, and I sent a man off on horseback to get a sheep; there was also a nice stream of water for bathing. In the course of three or four hours several of the party arrived on horses, and they were in high spirits at the triumph they had gained over the capatáz. They said that the governor had heard their cause, and had then ordered them to give the capatáz a hundred lashes, but that as they did not exactly know how or where they were to inflict this punishment, they begged him to have the goodness to change it: upon which the governor said that, if I preferred it, I might pay him only six dollars for each of his mules, instead of eight, which was the sum agreed for. The latter award was certainly the best of the two; and accordingly, when the capatáz arrived, I assured him that if he had behaved well I should have given him, in addition to his agreement, the usual "gratificacion;" but, for his cruelty to his mules, I should most certainly inflict upon him one of the punishments to which the governor had sentenced him: and I left him for some time uncertain which of the two he was to receive.

We all slept in the yard of the pulperia, on the ground, and long before daybreak we started. I galloped on by myself, and at first took the wrong path; but as soon as I found by my compass that it was leading me away from Santiago, I changed my course, and at last rode towards a fire, round which a family were sleeping. After the usual barking of the dog was silenced, I was directed where to go, and I crossed a number of small hills, until I came to the large uncultivated* plain of Santiago. I was more than two hours galloping across this plain, which, from want of irrigation, produces no sort of herbage, but only scattered shrubs.

When I got within two leagues of the city, I came to water, and then the road was occasionally a pantano (swamp), through

which, not knowing the passes, I had great difficulty to wade. An English horse would certainly have stuck, but those of the country, being accustomed to it, walk through very slowly, extricating their legs with the greatest caution.

I was now met by, and I overtook, men, women, boys, priests, &c. on horseback, either coming from our going into town, all at a canter, and in very singular dresses. Many of the horses were carrying double—sometimes two giggling girls, sometimes a boy with his grandmother behind him; sometimes three children were cantering along upon one horse, and sometimes two elderly ladies; then a solitary priest with a broad-brimmed white hat and white serge petticoats tucked up all about him, his rosary dangling on his mule's neck, and his pale fat cheeks shaking from the trot. Milk, and strawberries, and water-melons, were all at a canter, and several people were carrying fish into the town tied to their stirrups. Their pace, however, was altogether inferior to that of the Pampas; and the canter, instead of the gallop, gave the scene a great appearance of indolence.

The spurs of the peons were bad, and their stirrups the most heavy, awkward things imaginable. They were cut out of solid wood, and were altogether different from the neat little triangle which just holds the great toe of the Gaucho of the Pampas.

On crossing the bridge, which is at the entrance of the town, the market was underneath me, on some low ground on the left. A number of people were selling fruit, vegetables, fish, &c., which were lying on the ground, and as the sun was now oppressively hot, each parcel was shaded by a small canvas blind, which was fixed perpendicularly into the ground.

As I rode along the streets I thought they looked very mean and dirty. Most of the houses had been cracked by earthquakes; the spires, crosses, and weathercocks, upon the tops of the churches and convents, were tottering, and out of the perpendicular; and the very names of the streets, and the rigmarole stories "Aquí se vende," &c., which are over all the shops, were written as crooked and irregular as if they had been inscribed during an earthquake. They were generally begun with large letters, but the man had apparently got so eager about the subject, that he was often obliged to conclude in characters so small, that one could hardly read them, and in some places the

author had thoughtlessly arrived at the end of his board before he had come to the end of his story.

The great Plaza (square) has a fountain in the middle, and the Director's palace on one side. This building looks dirty and insufficient; it is of a fantastic style of architecture, and its outline is singular rather than elegant: part of it is used as a guard-room. The soldiers were badly dressed; some were blacks, wearing gold ear-rings, some were brown, and some of a mongrel breed.

It was just eight o'clock as I rode across this square. The bell of one of the churches tolled, and every individual, whether on horseback or on foot, suddenly stopped; the men all pulled off their hats, the women knelt down, and as I was cantering along several people called to me to stop. The guard at the palace presented arms, and then the soldiers crossed themselves; in about ten seconds we all proceeded on our respective ways. This ceremony is always repeated three times a day, at eight in the morning, at noon, and at eight in the evening. I inquired my way to the English hotel, and found there a hard-working, industrious Englishwoman, who was the landlady. She told me she had not "an inch" of room in her whole house, which was filled with what she termed "mining gentlemen." I asked her where I could go; she said she could not tell, but she offered to send one of her servants with me to a "North American lady," who sometimes took in strangers. I went accordingly, and was introduced into a room which had a mat, a few highly-varnished, tawdry, wooden chairs, and a huge overgrown piano-forte. One side of the room was glazed like a greenhouse, and looked into another small room. Two long, thin, vulgar-looking girls, who talked English through their noses, now came in, and told me a long story about "mamma," the moral of which was that mamma was coming, and accordingly in she waddled. They were all at once asking me to be seated, and were inquiring into my history, when I informed the lady that I had called to inquire whether she had accommodation in her house for strangers. "Oh yes, she had a very nice room which she could let to me; there was no bed in it, but she could lend me chairs." I asked to see it; to my horror and astonishment, she led me to the glazed side of her room, and opening the glass door, she told me that was the room. I had a great deal of

very troublesome business on my mind, and all I required for the very few days I was to be at Santiago was a little quietness and solitude. "Good heavens!" said I to myself, as I looked out of this wretched lantern, "how could I wash or make myself at all comfortable, either in body or mind, in such a place as this? Those girls, and that terrible piano-forte, would be the death of me! I am afraid, madam," addressing myself to the old lady, "this will not exactly do," and then out of the room and out of the house I walked.

I went back to the Englishwoman, who was very civil. The sun was burning me to pieces, I was quite exhausted, and I begged her to let me lie down anywhere in the shade, for that I had ridden almost all night, and was tired. She replied that she had positively no place. I told her I had been sleeping on the ground for many months, and that she surely had some little corner in which I might go to sleep. She said, "Nothing but the carpenter's shop." "Oh!" I said, with delight, "that will do famously;" so she led me to the place, and in a few seconds I was fast asleep among the shavings.

In three or four hours my party arrived, and the landlady had by this time hired two empty rooms for them, and afterwards one small one for me. She got me a table, with two chairs, and she told us we could breakfast and dine with all her guests. This was not a very agreeable arrangement, but furnished lodgings are not to be had at Santiago, and I had therefore no alternative than that of hiring an empty house, and then getting furniture and servants; but to clean the former, and break in the latter, were occupations which I had no wish to undertake, particularly as I was going so shortly to inspect mines in different directions.

I had several letters, which at Buenos Aires I had been requested to take to Santiago, and these I at once delivered to a person to whom I was addressed. I had also a drawing rolled up and sealed, which I had taken very great care of, as I was told at Buenos Aires it was the picture of a child in England, for his mother at Santiago. The lady happened to live close to the house to which I had taken my letters; and as I thought the picture of her child would be very acceptable, I called and delivered it to her myself. She was in one of the best houses in

the town, and was surrounded by a very nice family of all ages. While I was talking to her she opened and unrolled the paper, and after glancing at it for a moment, she passed it to her family, who looked at it one after another with an apathy which quite provoked me. It was then handed to me, and I no sooner saw what it was, than I bowed to the family, and left in the hands of the lady, not a picture of her child, but a school-boy's large, coarse chalk-drawing of the head of John the Baptist!

During the short time I was at Santiago, I was constantly occupied in gaining information, without which I could not have commenced my inspection of the mines; and as many unforeseen difficulties were impeding my progress, and occupying my attention, I had neither time nor inclination to enter into any sort of society, or to see any more of Santiago than what chanced to be going on in the streets.

The town is full of priests—the people are consequently indolent and immoral; and I certainly never saw more sad examples of the effects of bad education, or a state of society more deplorable. The streets are crowded with a set of lazy, indolent, bloated monks and priests, with their heads shaved in different ways,* wearing enormous flat hats, and dressed, some in white serge cowls and gowns, and others in black. The men all touch their hats to these drones, who are also to be seen in the houses, leaning over the backs of their chairs, and talking to women who are evidently of the most abandoned class of society. The number of people of this description at Santiago is quite extraordinary. The lower rooms of the most reputable houses are invariably let to them, and it is really shocking beyond description to see them sitting at their doors, with a candle in the back part of the room burning before sacred pictures and images.

* I was one day in a hair-dresser's shop at Santiago, when a priest came in to have his head shaved, and I stopped to witness the operation. The priest was a sleek fat man of about forty, with a remarkably short nose and a sallow complexion. The man lathered him with the greatest respect, and then shaved the lower part of his head about an inch above his ears all round, and discovered bumps which a student of Gall and Spurzheim would have been shocked at. His head was as deadly white as young pork; and while the barber was turning the priest's head in different directions, I really thought it altogether the most uncivilized operation I had ever witnessed; and when it was finished, and the man stood up, he looked so very grotesque that I could scarcely refrain from laughing.

The power of the priests has diminished very much since the Revolution. They are not respected; they have almost all families, and lead most disreputable lives. Still the hold they have upon society is quite surprising. The common people laugh at their immorality, yet they go to them for images and pictures, and they send their wives and daughters to confess to them. Three times a day the people in the streets take off their hats, or fall down on their knees. Every quarter of an hour during the night the watchman of each street sings as loud as he is able a prayer of "Ave Maria purissima," and then chants the hour and a description of the night. In the evening I often saw a monk going from house to house, followed by a child carrying in his arms a stuffed doll as big as himself. The poor child was generally in a profuse perspiration, and the rosy-faced doll or image of the Madonna was sometimes thrown over one shoulder, while occasionally he proceeded hugging her in his arms, quite regardless of the ornaments, or even of the decorum of her dress.

During the day one constantly meets a calash drawn by two mules, driven by a dirty boy in a poncho, and followed by a line of inhabitants with their hats off, each carrying a lighted candle in a lantern: every individual in the streets kneels, and those who have windows towards the streets (who are generally the females I have described) are obliged to appear with a lighted candle. In the inside of the carriage sits a priest, with his hands uplifted and clasped. In this system of depravity the great sinner pardons the little one. Sins are put into one scale and money into the other, and intent upon the balance, both parties forget the beauty and simplicity of the religion which they nominally profess.

The siesta at Santiago is as long as it is at Mendoza. The shops are shut at noon, and remain closed for four or five hours, during which time all business is at an end.

The climate of Santiago is similar to that of all the parts of Chili which I visited. The day in summer is burning hot; the nights delightfully cool. During the day, the sun, reflected from the mountains which surround the town on every side, and which, of course, obstruct the breeze, has a greater heat than is natural to the latitude. At night the cold air rolls down the snowy sides

of the Andes, and fills the Chilian valleys with a cool atmosphere, which is unknown to the great plains on the other side of the Cordillera. The effect of this stream of cold air is very agreeable, and people whose occupations screen them from the sun in the day enjoy their evening's ramble; and as the sky is very clear, the climate of Chili is often described as being extremely healthy. Yet the least learned, but perhaps the most satisfactory proof of the healthiness of a climate is not the brightness of the stars, or the colour of the moon, but the appearance of men's and women's faces; and certainly the people of Chili in general, and of Santiago in particular, have not a healthy appearance. The English there, also, looked very pale and exhausted; and although they keep each other in countenance, it appeared to me that a strong dose of British wind, with snow and rain, and a few of what the Scotch call "sour mornings," would do them a great deal of good.

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CONVENT at Santiago.—Group of people on the outside whispering and speaking through the keyhole, the hinges, and in the cracks of the door—turnabout filled with old linen—door half opened by a janitress to take in two large models on wheels, the one of a brown cow, the other of a brown bull—door of the chapel open—chapel divided into two parts by a double grating, one of iron, the other of wood; the lattices about the size of those in a cottage window. At one end the altar glittering with silver, mummery, and candles; at the other side of the grating the nuns assembled at vespers—some were sitting at the sides and back of the chapel—others kneeling in the middle, even close to the grating, and with their faces towards the altar. They appeared to be almost all very old, fat women, short and thick—complexions stained with garlic and oil, and countenances soured by long confinement. They were praying as if they were sick and tired of it, and as if they neither cared nor knew what they were saying. Four or five were playing on fiddles, which they held up to their necks like men—one was sawing an immense double bass, and another was blowing with a large hand-bellows into the lungs of a little organ, on which a sister-nun was playing. They all sang together, and I never heard sounds less melodious. Age had taken all softness from their voices, and had left nothing but a noise which was harsh, squeaking, and discordant. The women were old and ugly, and the scene altogether was saddening. Their dresses consisted of white caps and large black gowns—their hair was concealed, and their features were so hard, that it was difficult to say whether they were old men or old women:—the serge gown concealed their figures—figures which were intended as the ornaments of creation. When one fancied the lives they might have led—the assistance they might have afforded to society—

the friendships they might have enjoyed, and the pleasing natural duties they might have performed, it was melancholy to see them lost to the world, and only occupied in screaming in Latin through iron bars to candles and pictures.

On my right there was a young monk, who remained on a bench close to the wall all the time I was there. He was confessing a nun through some holes in a plate of tin, which was let into the convent wall which separated them; and since the days of Pyramus and Thisbe, there can never have been a more regular flirtation. The monk was much more anxious to talk than to hear, and I could not help smiling when I saw him with great eagerness of countenance putting sometimes his mouth, and sometimes his ear, to the tin plate. However, when I turned towards the group of old nuns who were before me, I felt that it mattered but little to society whether they were confessing their old sins or planning new ones; but it was distressing to think that the young and the innocent, who were rising in the world, were still the victims of such a mistaken custom—for surely nothing can tend to blunt the good feelings of the young more than the reflection that even their thoughts of yesterday are already known and recorded by a man; and if an evil genius wished to prepare a man who should be peculiarly unfitted for so delicate a confidence, what could he do better than doom him to idleness and celibacy, deny him children of his own, and feed him upon oil and garlic?

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JOURNEY TO THE GOLD-MINE OF EL BRONCE
DE PETORCA.

At about two o'clock in the morning we got up, and before we had eaten our breakfasts, the mules arrived with two peons. There were two mules for each person, and they were all driven loose into the yard. "Come now! *Vámos*," said one of the Cornish miners, who was always cheerful and ready to start, upon which the party all got their bridles and went down into the yard. The *capatáz* took my bridle and promised to give me a good beast, and I stood for a few moments looking down upon the group from the large corridor or balcony. Each man was choosing his own mule; and as, from sad experience, he had learnt the difference between riding a good animal and a bad one, it was a point of some consequence. It was amusing to see each individual trying to look a mule in the face, to guess his character by the light of the moon, while the cunning creature, aware of his intention, was constantly hiding his head among his comrades, and turning his heels towards every person who approached him. As soon as the mules were saddled, which was always a troublesome and dangerous operation, we mounted, and rode out of the yard followed by the loose mules, who trotted after the *madrina*, or bell-mare, which was driven on by one of the peons.

As we passed through the streets the watchmen were singing the hour, with the usual hymn of "*Ave María purissima*;" and it was quite singular to hear their different ways of chanting it.

Our road passed across the plain of Santiago, and although we cantered, it was nearly three hours before we got to the mountains, and then for the whole day we had either to climb up one side of a barren mountain or to scramble down the other. These mountains, from want of rain, afford scarcely any pasture: the soil upon them is cracked in a most singular manner, and

the fissures are so deep and frequent, that it is apparently dangerous to ride over them.

After travelling until our mules were quite tired, we arrived, after the sun had set, at a small hamlet of mud huts. There had been a church, but the great earthquake of 1822 had converted it into a heap of ruins. The scene in the village was a very gay one. It was Christmas, and the usual festivities were going on. There were two or three rooms built of boughs, and filled with young women and Gauchos, who were dancing to the music of a guitar. On our arrival we had been led to the hut of a man who was the richest in the village; and as soon as we had taken our saddles into his house, we went out to join the dance. The sight of a few unexpected strangers added to the cheerfulness of the scene; the guitar instantly sounded louder, and the people danced with greater vigour. Round the room were rough poles as benches, on which sat the ladies who had danced; their partners were seated on the ground at their feet, and their earnest attentions cannot exactly be described. We were received with great hospitality, and in two minutes I saw my party all happy, seated on the ground, and as completely *enfants de famille*, as if they had been born there.

After remaining with them a short time, I returned to the hut. I found the master very sulky; he had turned all our saddles out of his house, and for some little time he would not speak to me; however, I insisted that he should point with his finger where the saddles were, and accordingly I found them on the ground, outside a little hut, in which was one of the miners cooking our supper: however, we had slept so long in the open air, that it was of little consequence. I must do this man the justice to say, that though he was naturally a sulky fellow, he had intended to act right. He wished to have done the honours of his hut to strangers, and he accordingly gave the Cornish miner some eggs, but the man intending to pay for them, honestly told him there were not half enough, which the landlord considered as a breach of politeness.

While I was sitting on the skeleton of a horse's head, writing by the blaze of the fire, I saw two girls dressing for the ball. They were standing near a stream of water, which was running at the back of the hut. After washing their faces with their

hands, drying them with the lower hem of their only garment, they put on their gowns, and then twisting up their hair in a very simple pretty way, they picked, by the light of the moon, some yellow flowers which were growing near them. These they put fresh into their hair, and when this simple toilette was completed, they looked as interesting, and as nicely dressed, as if "the carriage was to have called for them at eleven o'clock;" and in a few minutes, when I returned to the ball, I was happy to see them each with a partner.

In the morning, before day, we started, and for many a league my companions were riding together, and discussing over the necks of the mules the merits of their partners. The country we crossed was mountainous, and it was very fatiguing both to mules and riders. I had just climbed up a very steep part of the mountain, and, with one of my party, was winding my mule through some stunted trees, when I suddenly met a large-headed young man, of about eighteen years of age, riding his horse at a walk, and with tears running, one after another, down his face. I stopped, and asked him what was the matter, but he made no reply. I then asked him how many leagues it was to Petorca, but he continued crying, and at last he said, "He had lost . . ." "Who have you lost?" said I, debating whether it was his mother or his mistress. The fellow burst into a flood of tears, and said "Mis espuelas" (my spurs), and on he proceeded. One cannot say much for the lad's fortitude, yet the loss of spurs to a Gaucho is a very serious misfortune. They are in fact his only property—the wings upon which he flies for food or amusement.

The sun was getting low, and the mules quite tired with the rocky barren path on which they had toiled, when we came to the top of a mountain, from which we suddenly looked down upon the valley of Aconcagua, which is a long narrow plain, irrigated by a fine stream of water. The contrast was quite extraordinary; the colour of the trees and grass was black rather than green, and vegetation so rank and luxuriant, that the huts literally appeared smothered in the crops around them. This picture is one which is constantly met with in Chili; and as the produce of these plains, when irrigated, is greater than that of any other part of the world, Chili has often been called one of the richest countries. But although these productive

spots deservedly attracted the early attention of the Spaniards, who found that the necessaries of life were there so easily obtained, yet the country is generally so mountainous, and so large a proportion of it is incapable of irrigation, that its population must hereafter be infinitely less than that of the Pampas, although at present it very much exceeds it.

On getting into the small town of Aconcagua, the church of which is in ruins, and almost every house cracked by earthquakes, we found the same sort of Christmas festivities in which we had joined the evening before, but they were less interesting, because they were more formal. The Plaza (square) was covered with sheds, in which were peasants dancing; and when we rode up to the fonda, or inn, we saw the yard filled with people, sitting in bowers made of branches of trees, with others dancing or drinking.

We were eating our dinner at a small table in the yard, when a person came up and politely offered us a room at his house, and in the evening he came to take us to it. When he unlocked the door, which was on the ground-floor, we found the room filled with sacks of Indian corn, hides, rubbish of all sorts, and swarming with fleas; however, we made room, slept there, and in the morning, after thanking the man for his lodging, we breakfasted at the fonda, where we might have slept much better.

Early the next morning we started on our fresh horses and mules, leaving the tired ones in a potrero, or field, and visited a silver-mine, which was within a league of the town. We then pursued our course over barren mountains, and at about twelve o'clock in the day we reached the village of Petorca, which consists of one long principal street, with other short ones at right angles. The church, like that at Aconcagua, was overturned by the earthquake of 1822, and the walls of the houses were cracked and rent from top to bottom.

I had a letter of introduction to the principal person, who was extremely polite, and was very anxious that we should spend the evening with him; however, I at last prevailed upon him to get us fresh mules, and about two o'clock, after we had had some refreshment, we set off with him to visit some trapiches and mills which had existed before the earthquake. We found the roofs shaken from two of the huts, and the rest tottering. The two mills were so completely annihilated, that it was difficult to trace

the foundation on which they had stood, and the water was diverted from its course.

In the evening our landlord gave us a most excellent supper, and the following morning, an hour before sunrise, we started to inspect the gold-mines of El Bronce de Petorca, which were six miles from the village, and about a hundred and sixty from Santiago.

I visited this mine accompanied by a very intelligent Chilian miner, who with several of his comrades was in a mine on this lode, a hundred fathoms deep, when the great earthquake of the 19th of November, 1822, which almost destroyed Valparaiso, took place. He told me that several of his comrades were killed, and that nothing could equal the horror of their situation. He said that the mountain shook so that he could scarcely ascend; large pieces of the lode were falling down, and every instant they expected the walls of the lode would come together, and either crush them or shut them up in a prison from which no human power could liberate them. He added, that when he got to the mouth of the mine the scene was very little better: there was such a dust that he could not see his hand before him; large masses of rock were rolling down the side of the mountain on which he stood, and he heard them coming and rushing past him without being able to see how to avoid them, and he therefore stood his ground, afraid to move. In almost all the mines which we visited in Chili we witnessed the awful effects of these earthquakes, and it was astonishing to observe how severely even the granite mountains had been shaken.

We got back to Petorca by ten o'clock, and as our host said he could give us fresh mules, I sent ours quietly on, and we agreed to start as soon as we had had a couple of hours' sleep.

After taking leave of our kind host, and bowing to the ladies, who were all standing at their doors, I went to the mule which had been provided for me, and saw by the wrinkles on his nose that he had some mischief in his head: however, he stood perfectly still, and allowed me to put my foot into the stirrup; but as soon as I threw my leg over him he jumped sideways about a yard; my heel went on to the top of some baggage which was upon the back of another mule, and my long Gaucho's spur got entangled in it. The mule, seeing that this plot had succeeded,

began to kick, and with one leg up in the air, it was quite impossible to keep my seat. I fell on my head, and was stunned by the fall: however, as soon as I recovered I remounted him, expecting that he would kick again—*au contraire*, he was perfectly satisfied with what he had done, and he proceeded as quietly as a lamb.

* * * * *

GOLD-MINE OF CAREN.

AFTER inspecting the old holes which had been worked on the lode, and gazing with great interest at the Pacific, which was apparently hanging in the air beneath us, we descended the side of the rock, sometimes upon hands and knees, for about three hundred and fifty feet, until we came to the hut where we had slept. The situation of this hut was singularly perilous. The path which ascended to it from the plain was so steep, that in riding up we constantly expected to tumble backwards over the tails of our mules; and when we got near the hut, the muleteers declared that it was altogether impossible to proceed, and this was so evident, that we dismounted and scrambled over the loose stones until we got to the hut.

The mine had not been worked for a hundred years, and was filled with rubbish and water. The hut had been lately built by an agent, who wished to sell the mine to me, and a couple of miners ordered to live in it. A small space had been scraped out for the foundation, which was so close to the precipice that there was not room to walk round it. Above it, on the mountain, were loose rocks, which by the first earthquake would probably be precipitated. Beneath was the valley, but at such a depth that objects in it were imperfectly distinguished. I consulted with the two mining captains, and we all agreed that the plain was about three thousand feet beneath us; but this only gives our imperfect idea of it, and is probably altogether incorrect; for although I spent some months among the Andes, I was always deceived in the distances, and found that my eye was altogether unable to estimate proportions to which it had never been accustomed—a trifling but a very striking proof of which occurred at this hut.

We were sitting with the native miners, when one of my men called out that there was a condor, and we all instantly ran out. He had been attracted by the smell of a dead lamb, which we

had brought with us, and which was placed upon the roof of the hut. The enormous bird, with the feathers of his wings stretched out separately like radii or fingers, majestically descended without the least fear, until apparently he was only ten or fifteen yards above us. One of the men fired at him with a gun loaded with large shot—his legs fell, and he evidently had received the whole of the charge in his chest; yet he instantly bent his course towards the snowy mountains which were opposite to us, and boldly attempted to cross the valley; but, after flying for many seconds, he could go no farther, and he began to tower. He rose perpendicularly to a great height, and then, suddenly dying in the air—so that we really saw his last convulsive struggle—he fell like a stone.

To my astonishment, he struck the side of the mountain apparently close to us; and as I looked at him lying on the rock, I could not account for his being so very near us, (apparently thirty or forty yards,) for, as he had evidently fallen perpendicularly, the distance which separated us was of course the hypotenuse of a right angled triangle, the base of which (or the space he had gone horizontally) it had taken him many seconds to fly.

I sent one of the Chili miners, who were accustomed to descend the mountain, to fetch him, and I went into the hut, and remained eight or ten minutes. On coming out, and asking for the bird, I was surprised to see that the man was not half-way to him; and although he descended and ascended very actively, his return was equally long. The fact was, that the bird had reached the ground a great distance from us; but this distance was so small in proportion to the stupendous objects around us, that, unaccustomed to their dimensions, we were unable to appreciate it.

JOURNEY TO THE SILVER-MINE OF SAN PEDRO NOLASCO.

As soon as we returned to Santiago from the gold-mine of Caren, we ordered fresh mules; and the next morning, before daybreak, we set off to inspect the silver-mine of San Pedro Nolasco, which is in the Andes, about seventy-five miles south-west from Santiago. For a few miles we traversed the plain of Santiago, which was cool and refreshed by the night air; just as the day was dawning we reached the foot of the mountains, and then, following the course of a large rapid torrent, we continued for several hours on the east side of it, climbing along a path which appeared to overhang the water.

As the sun gradually rose, the mountains on the opposite side were scorched by the heat, while we for several hours were in the shade and cool; but the line of shadow, after crossing the torrent, gradually approached us; the sun at last looked over the high mountains which were above us, and that instant commenced the fatigue of the day.

The valley of Maypo, down which the stream descended, is one celebrated in Chili for its beauty. Bounded on both sides by the barren mountains of the Cordillera, this delightful vale winds its course on both sides of the river or torrent of Maypo; and although uncultivated, yet it is ornamented with a great variety of shrubs and fruit-trees.

For several leagues we passed trees loaded with ripe cherries, and peach-trees which were bending to the ground with the weight of their crop. The ground underneath was covered with the peach-stones of the last year's produce; and there must be thousands of these trees whose fruit has never once been tasted by man. The ground, although it produced shrubs and trees, had no appearance of pasture, which cannot in a hot climate exist without irrigation.

After travelling about thirty miles we crossed the torrent of

Maypo on a suspension-bridge of hide-ropes, the construction of which I examined with great attention, as I was surprised to find it exactly similar to those which I have seen formed in England of iron, although this bridge has been there beyond the memory of man. The path across it was covered with hurdles, and as the torrent was much swollen, the water was rushing over it with great velocity, which, of course, made the bridge incline very much. Our mules were unwilling to cross it, and I certainly should have thought it dangerous, had not a man who was on the opposite side beckoned to us to come over. The bridge bent with the weight of the mules, and the water rushed with great violence against them, but as they leaned against it we all passed without accident; and in returning rode over it in the dark.

After continuing our journey about four miles we came to a small establishment for reducing the ores formerly raised from San Pedro Nolasco, and for the interesting process of amalgamation, and we remained here for the evening to inspect it.

Without entering into a description of the establishment, it will only be observed that the works were laid out with a great deal of ingenuity, with a very happy regard to economy, and that, although they of course did not possess many of the mechanical advantages which a large capital might have afforded them, yet they were on a plan suited to the resources of the country, and upon the whole were well adapted for the economical reduction and amalgamation of ores upon a small scale.

The next morning before sunrise we continued our course towards San Pedro Nolasco, and for four or five hours followed the course of the river. The valley became narrower; and as we proceeded the trees and shrubs became smaller and more stunted—around us on every side were the Andes covered with snow. Our path, which had been long neglected, was in many places very dangerous, being infinitely more so than any of the passes we had crossed in coming from Mendoza over the Cordillera. The laderas were literally only a few inches wide, and were covered with stones, which were so loose that every instant they rolled from under the mules' feet, and fell with an accelerating violence into the torrent. As I rode almost the whole of the day by myself, I would willingly have got off; but the

mules will never lead ; and besides this, when once a person is on the ladera, on the back of his mule, it is impossible to dismount, for there is no room to get off, and the attempt to do so might throw the mule off his balance and precipitate him into the torrent, which was at an extraordinary depth beneath. In some few places the path was actually washed away, and the mule had only to hurry over the inclined surface the best way he could ; but the manner in which these patient animals preserve their footing is quite extraordinary, and to know their value one must see them in the Cordillera. After passing two or three very violent torrents, which rushed from the mountains above into the river beneath us, we came to one which looked worse than those which we had with great difficulty crossed ; however, we had no alternative but to cross it or return to Santiago. We attempted to drive the loose mules, but one had scarcely put his feet into it when he was carried away, and in less than twenty yards the box which he had on his back was dashed to pieces, and its contents were hurried down the surface of the stream. In order to get across we put a lasso round our bodies, and then rode through ; but the holes were so deep that the water occasionally came over the neck of the mule, and we passed with great difficulty. These poor creatures are dreadfully afraid of crossing such torrents ; it is only constant spurring that obliges them to attempt it ; and sometimes in the middle of the stream they will tremble and refuse to advance for several seconds. When the water is very deep the arrieros always tie the lasso round their bodies ; but I never could feel it was any security, because if the torrent will dash a wooden box to pieces, a man's skull would surely have a very bad chance. I was therefore always very glad when I found myself across them ; and as our lives were insured in London for a large sum of money, I used often to think that if the insurers could have looked down upon us, the sight of the laderas and of these torrents would have given a quickness to their pulse, a flush to their cheek, and a ringing in their ears, very unlike the symptoms of placid calculation.

Shortly after passing this torrent, we turned towards the south, and began to climb the mountain of San Pedro Nolasco, which I can only describe by saying that it is the steepest ascent which

we ever made in all our expeditions among the Andes. For five hours we were continually holding on by the ears or neck of our mule, and the path was in some places so steep, that for a considerable time it was quite impossible to stop. We soon passed the limits of vegetation. The path went in zig-zags, although it was scarcely perceptible, and if the mules above us had fallen, they would certainly have rolled down upon us, and carried us with them.

In mounting we constantly inquired of the arriero, if the point above our heads was the summit, but as soon as we attained it, we found that we had still higher to go. On both sides of us we now came to groups of little wooden crosses, which were the spots where people formerly employed in the mine had been overtaken by a storm, and had perished. However, we continued our course; and at last, gaining the summit, we found ourselves close to the silver lode of San Pedro Nolasco, which is situated on one of the loftiest pinnacles of the Andes. A small solitary hut was before us, and we were accosted by two or three wretched-looking miners, whose pale countenances and exhausted frames seemed to assimilate with the scene around them. The view from the eminence on which we stood was magnificent—it was sublime; but it was, at the same time, so terrific, that one could hardly help shuddering.

Although it was midsummer, the snow where we stood was, according to the statement made to me by the agent of the mine, from twenty to a hundred and twenty feet deep, but blown by the wind into the most irregular forms, while in some places the black rock was visible. Beneath was the river and valley of Maypo fed by a number of tributary streams, which we could see descending like small silver threads down the different ravines. We appeared to have a bird's-eye view of the great chain of the Andes, and we looked down upon a series of pinnacles of indescribable shapes and forms, all covered with an eternal snow. The whole scene around us in every direction was devoid of vegetation, and was a picture of desolation, on a scale of magnificence which made it peculiarly awful; and the knowledge that this vast mass of snow, so cheerless in appearance, was created for the use, and comfort, and happiness, and even luxury of man; that it was the inexhaustible reservoir from which the

plains were supplied with water,—made us feel that there is no spot in creation which man should term barren, though there are many which nature never intended for his residence. A large cloud of smoke was issuing from one of the pinnacles, which is the great volcano of San Francisco; and the silver lode, which was before us, seemed to run into the centre of the crater.

As it was in the middle of the summer, I could not help reflecting what a dreadful abode this must be in winter, and I inquired of our guide and of the miners concerning its climate in that season. They at first silently pointed to the crosses, which, in groups of two and three and four, were to be seen in every direction; and they then told me, that although the mine is altogether inaccessible for seven months in winter, yet that the miners used to be kept there all the year. They said that the cold was intense, but that what the miners most dreaded were the merciless temporales, or storms of snow, which came on so suddenly that many miners had been overtaken by them, and had perished when not a hundred and fifty yards from the hut. With these monuments before my eyes, it was really painful to consider what the feelings of those wretched creatures must have been when, groping about for their habitation, they found the violence of the storm unabating and irresistible. It was really melancholy to trace, or to fancy I could trace, by the different groups of crosses, the fate of the different individuals. Friends had huddled together, and had thus died on the road; others had strayed from the path, and from the scattered crosses they had apparently died as they were searching for it. One group was really in a very singular situation. During a winter particularly severe, the miners' provisions, which consist of little else than hung-beef, were gradually failing, when a party volunteered, to save themselves and the rest, that they would endeavour to get over the snow into the valley of Maypo, and return if possible with food. They had scarcely left the hut when a storm came on, and they perished. The crosses are exactly where the bodies were found: they were all off the road; two had died close together, one was about ten yards off, and one had climbed to the top of a large loose fragment of rock, evidently to look for the hut on the road. The view from San

Pedro Nolasco, taking it all together, is certainly the most dreadful scene which in my life I have ever witnessed; and it appeared so little adapted or intended for a human residence, that when I commenced my inspection of the lode, and of the several mines, I could not help feeling that I was going against nature, and that no sentiment but that of avarice could approve of establishing a number of fellow-creatures in a spot which was a subject of astonishment to me how it ever was discovered.

As the snow was in many places fifty feet deep on the lode, I could only walk on the surface from one boca-mina to another; but when I had done this, I took off my clothes, and went down the mine which it was my particular object to inspect. All the rest had long ago been deserted, but in this one there were a few miners, lately sent there by an agent who had sold this mine to the Rio Plata Company for eighteen thousand dollars. These men were carrying on the works on the old system which had been exercised by the Spaniards, and to which they have all their lives been accustomed.

At first we descended by an inclined gallery or level, and then clambered down the notched sticks, which are used in all the mines in South America as ladders. After descending about two hundred and fifty feet, walking occasionally along levels where the snow and mud were above our ankles, we came to the place where the men were working. It was astonishing to see the strength with which they plied their weighty hammers, and the unremitting exertion with which they worked; and strange as it may appear, we all agreed that we had never seen Englishmen possess such strength, or work so hard. While the barreteros, or miners, were working the lode, the apires were carrying the ore upon their backs; and after we had made the necessary observations, and had collected proper specimens, we ascended, with several of these apires above and below us.

The fatigue of climbing up the notched sticks was so great, that we were almost exhausted, while the men behind us (with a long stick in one hand, in the cloven end of which there was a candle) were urging us not to stop them. The leading apire whistled whenever he came to certain spots, and then the whole party rested for a few seconds. It was really very interesting, in looking above and below, to see these poor creatures, each

lighted by his candle, and clinging to the notched stick with such a load upon his back, though I occasionally was a little afraid lest one of these above me might tumble, in which case we should have all preceded him in his fall.

We were quite exhausted when we came to the mouth of the mine: one of the Cornish captains almost fainted; and as the sun had long ago set, the air was so bleak and freezing—we were so heated—and the scene was so cheerless, that we were glad to hurry into the hut, and to sit upon the ground round a dish of meat, which had long been ready for us. We had some brandy and sugar, and we soon refreshed ourselves, and I then sent out for one of the apires with his load. I put it on the ground, and endeavoured to rise with it; but could not, and when two or three of my party put it on my shoulders, I was barely able to walk under it. The English miner who was with us was one of the strongest men of all the Cornish party, yet he was scarcely able to walk with it, and two of our party who attempted to support it were altogether unable, and exclaimed, “that it would break their backs.”

The load which we tried was one of specimens which I had paid the apire to bring up for me, and which weighed more than usual, but not much, and he had carried it up with me, and was above me during the whole of the ascent.

While we were at one end of the hut, drinking brandy and water, seated upon our saddles, and lighted by a brown tallow candle which was stuck into a bottle, and which was not three yards from a hide filled with gunpowder, the few miners we had seen at work had been relieved by others who were to work through the night. They came into the hut, and, without taking the least notice of us, prepared their supper, which was a very simple operation. The men took their candles out of the cloven sticks, and in the cleft they put a piece of dried beef; this they warmed for a few seconds over the embers which were burning on the ground, and they then ate it, and afterwards drank some melted snow-water out of a cow's-horn.

Their meal being over, they then enjoyed the only blessing fortune had allotted to them, which was rest from their labour. They said nothing to each other; but as they sat upon the sheepskin which was the only bed they had, some fixed their

JOURNEY TO SAN PEDRO MOLASCO.

eyes upon the embers, while others seemed to ruminare upon other objects.

I gave them what brandy I had, and asked them if they had no spirits, to which they gave me the usual answer, that miners *are never allowed to have spirits, and with this law they seemed to be perfectly satisfied.*

When one contrasted their situation with the independent life of the Gaucho, it was surprising that they should voluntarily continue a life of such hardship.

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DEPARTURE FROM SANTIAGO.

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DECEMBER 31st, Santiago, midnight.—Mules arrived for us to recross the Cordillera to return to Buenos Aires—a large drove—two mules for each person—spare ones for the baggage. At one o'clock in the morning the mules were laden and ready—went across the street to the fonda, to get some breakfast, which was laid for us at one end of a long table—at the other end were two Scotchmen sitting without their coats, waistcoats, or neckcloths—(midsummer).

They had been drinking in the new year—in their heads there was “mair brandy than brains,” yet their hearts were still true to their “auld respected mither.” The room was evidently moving round them—they were singing (with action) “Auld lang syne,” and the one that was pitted with the small-pox seemed to feel it as much as the other—they held out glasses to us, and begged us to join them—we declined—amusing contrast between them and the gravity of my party, drinking tea with their pistols in their belts, and prepared for a long journey—full chorus of Rule Britannia, then God save the King; shook hands with the two Scotchmen—drank half a glass of their brandy, and then mounting our mules—we groped along in the dark towards the black mountains of the Cordillera.

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RETURN TO MENDOZA.

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Got to Uspallata late in the evening with two of the party; at sunset the rest arrived. Mules tired—the maestro de posta had three horses, and being anxious to get on to Mendoza (ninety miles), three of us rode all night. We had three times travelled the road, and therefore went by ourselves. About half way we saw a fire on the ground, and by the blaze we perceived some person near it—rode up to light our cigars, called several times, but found no one. On arriving at the hut near Villa Vicencia we mentioned the circumstance, and were told it was probably an Englishman who had passed the hut that day on foot!—that he had probably been afraid of us, and had concealed himself, or had run away.

Rested, and then got fresh horses at Villa Vicencia. The sun was most dreadfully hot. We galloped across the plain—forty-five miles—each at our best pace—proceeded straggling, like the wounded Curiatii. I got into Mendoza three hours before the second—he got in two hours before the third, whose horse was tired on the road.

In riding along the plain I passed a dead horse, about which were forty or fifty condors: many of them were gorged and unable to fly; several were standing on the ground devouring the carcass—the rest hovering above it. I rode within twenty yards of them: one of the largest of the birds was standing with one foot on the ground and the other on the horse's body—display of muscular strength as he lifted the flesh and tore off great pieces, sometimes shaking his head and pulling with his beak, and sometimes pushing with his leg.

Got to Mendoza, and went to bed. Wakened by one of my party who arrived: he told me, that seeing the condors hovering

in the air, and knowing that several of them would be gorged,* he had also ridden up to the dead horse, and that as one of these enormous birds flew about fifty yards off, and was unable to go any farther, he rode up to him, and then, jumping off his horse, seized him by the neck. The contest was extraordinary, and the rencontre unexpected. No two animals can well be imagined less likely to meet than a Cornish miner and a condor, and few could have calculated, a year ago, when the one was hovering high above the snowy pinnacles of the Cordillera, and the other many fathoms beneath the surface of the ground in Cornwall, that they would ever meet to wrestle and "hug" upon the wide desert plain of Villa Vicencia. My companion said he had never had such a battle in his life; that he put his knee upon the bird's breast, and tried with all his strength to twist his neck; but that the condor objecting to this, struggled violently, and that also, as several others were flying over his head, he expected they would attack him. He said, that at last he succeeded in killing his antagonist, and with great pride he showed me the large feathers from his wings; but when the third horseman came in, he told us that he had found the condor in the path, but not quite dead.

* The manner in which the Gauchos catch these birds is to kill a horse and skin him; and they say that, although not a condor is to be seen, the smell instantly attracts them. When I was at one of the mines in Chili, I idly mentioned to a person that I should like to have a condor: some days afterwards a Gaucho arrived at Santiago from this person with three large ones. They had all been caught in this manner, and had been hung over a horse; two had died of galloping, but the other was alive. I gave the Gaucho a dollar, who immediately left me to consider what I could do with three such enormous birds.

THE PAMPAS.

IN the evening some of the miners strolled about with their guns, and procured us a supper of roasted parrots. We found these birds in great numbers from the Atlantic to the Pacific, living together in flocks. They are seldom silent, and when they assemble on trees, they bend down their heads, flap their wings with a sort of thrilling motion, and with no one to call them to order, they all, young and old, chatter at once with more good humour than harmony. The plumage of their breasts is always of the most gaudy and brilliant description, but their backs are invariably of the colour of the country they inhabit. In the region of wood, the bark of which is generally green, and bright yellow, they are of those hues—in the plain of grass, their backs are a mixture of brown and green, and they so resemble the surface of the country, that, as they skim over it, it is as difficult to trace them as the partridge when flying over ploughed land; but as soon as they get close to a person riding, they suddenly give a wild scream, in one second they all turn, and when the sun suddenly shines on their gaudy bosoms, the flash is extraordinary and beautiful.

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I WAITED some time at the post-hut, talking with the old lady, who was always very kind and glad to see me, and was also extremely clever and entertaining: I then mounted my horse, and, after galloping nearly an hour, overtook the coach just as it had reached the banks of the river Desaguadero, which was unusually deep and rapid. There was nothing but a small bark, but we lost no time in filling it with the luggage, and then made preparations for dragging the carriage through the river. As there was not room in the boat for all the party, I took off my clothes, and throwing them into the boat, tied a silk handkerchief round

my neck, and put my watch there to keep it dry. I had my pistols in my right hand, and I then rode into the river. The horse was instantly out of his depth, but he swam over very well. Just as I had scrambled up the bank, a man, dressed in a dirty-looking poncho, who lived in a hut * about a hundred yards off, came up and asked to be paid for the boat; I told him I would settle with him as soon as the coach was over, and I asked him to take care of my pistols, which he accordingly took to his hut.

We then set to work to get the carriage over, which was a very curious operation. The bank to descend to the river was much steeper than 45° , and it was therefore necessary to fix a peon, with his horse and lasso, to the back part of the carriage, to prevent its oversetting; we had also lassos fastened as guys on each side. Two or three peons fixed their lassos to the end of the pole, and one swam across the river with a long drag-rope, to which eight or ten horses were affixed, to assist in dragging the carriage. As soon as these arrangements were made, the carriage was lowered down the bank, but its weight was so great that it dragged after it the peon and horse fixed to retain it; and while our party also were hauling at the rope, it was amusing to see them all dragged down the bank. As soon as the carriage came into the river, although the wheels and perch were unusually high, it was nearly filled with water. In this state the peons whose lassos were fixed to the end of the pole, with all the horses at the drag-rope, dragged the carriage slowly along the bottom of the river: however, when it was about half-way across, it would come no farther, and the horses which were on the steep bank had little power to draw. The carriage remained in this hopeless and singular situation more than an hour, during which time we were occupied in altering the drag-ropes, and arranging them more advantageously. I found the sun so burning hot, that several times I swam about on my horse to cool myself, and then galloped on the opposite side of the river, and I cannot express the delightful feeling of freedom and independence which

* The miners were one morning very much amused at the sight of a man who was asleep on the ground near this hut. His wife had just risen, but he was still snoring, with his head resting on a bullock's skull, which had an enormous pair of horns.

one enjoys in galloping without clothes on a horse without a saddle.

When the horses and peons were ready, they all started together, and at last the carriage began to move; and the peons then spurring, flogging, and cheering their horses, it was dragged up the bank.

While they were putting the luggage into the wet carriage, I dressed myself, and then rode up to the hut to pay the man for his boat. He demanded twelve dollars, which I knew was too much, and I therefore refused to give it. In a moment, he was in a violent passion; he addressed himself sometimes to me, and sometimes to some Gauchos who were sitting drinking: and he was approaching me with menacing gestures, when I took my pistols off his table, and before I placed them in my belt, I pushed the muzzle of one of them against his front tooth, and told him very quietly, that I would give him what was proper, but that if he demanded more, I would only pay him with that pistol. In an instant, the man desired one of the Gauchos to saddle him a horse, in order to ride to the Governor of San Luis, who he said was a relation of his, and he then told me that he was himself a judge. I laughed at him, and telling him that he was a bad judge in his own cause, I left him and rode after the coach.

In about half an hour the fellow overtook me, and, without speaking, he galloped by me. He was dressed in his judicial robes; that is, he had on a coarse blue jacket, with scarlet cuffs and collar, and a long sabre. I now continued my course for the remainder of this post, which is fifty-one miles, changing my horse when I overtook the droves of loose horses which preceded the carriage.

This stage is really one of the most singular examples of South American travelling which I have witnessed. We started with seventy horses, which were driven before us at a gallop. These horses were all loose; and the country hot sand, covered with trees and brushwood. The trees are principally the Algarroba; they were about the size and shape of apple-trees, and were sufficiently high to hide the horses. This drove of wild loose animals was driven by a man and a boy; and it was quite surprising, as I galloped along the road, to see these fellows

constantly starting across the path before me in close pursuit of the horses, which were never to be seen in the road. In the plains of grass it is even wonderful to see how the troops of horses are driven on, but in a wood it is much more astonishing; and it is a beautiful display of horsemanship to see the Gauchos galloping at full speed among the trees, sometimes hanging over one side of their horse, and sometimes crouching upon his neck to avoid the branches of the trees. The carriage road is a space cleared of large trees, but it is often covered with bushes, which bend under the carriage in a most extraordinary manner.

I arrived at the post some hours before the carriage, and had supper ready by the time it arrived. This post is only one stage from San Luis; the postmaster is the brother of the governor of the province, and he was at San Luis when I arrived there, but his capatáz asked me, with great seriousness of countenance, whether I was the person who had galloped after the judge at the Desaguadero, in order to shoot him. He told me that the said Juez had just passed, and taken a fresh horse to get to San Luis before I arrived there. We slept that night at the post, or rather on the ground before it; and it was curious, in the morning, to see the different groups of people, who had also slept there, dressing themselves;—men, women, and children, were all sitting up as if just risen from the grave—some were scratching themselves, some were rubbing their eyes, some putting on their hide sandals;—the hens were pecking about them, particularly round the table at which we had supped,—the great dogs, who had also just awakened, were walking very slowly with their tails between their legs towards the corral, where there is always a supply of food for them. The infants, each upon a lamb's skin, were still sleeping on the ground, without a pillow, covered only with a piece of dirty blanket, and sometimes the hens would perch upon them. As soon as the horses were caught we set off, and I galloped into San Luis, and got there an hour before the carriage. I found the post as usual; there was nothing to be had—no fruit, though in the middle of summer, and no milk. The people of the post-house told me that the Juez had arrived there last night, and it appeared, that his story had been much inflamed by his gallop. As soon as the carriage arrived, the Juez and an ordenanza or

horse-soldier, came up to the post and told me that I was to come immediately to the governor. I was dressed in a white linen jacket, which was really too dirty to go in, so I resolved to put on a coat. On opening my portmanteau, out came a quantity of water, and I found that it had been filled in passing the Desaguadero—my coat was consequently dripping wet; however, I put it on, and as I knew the way, I galloped towards the barracks followed by the Juez and the Ordenanza. I found the square filled by a set of most wretched-looking persons, who had been collected to be sent to Buenos Aires, to fight against the Brazilians. There were about three hundred of them, and the night before, they had endeavoured to gain their liberty, and had tried to overpower their guard. They were covered with old ponchos, but had very little on besides; they seemed to have been badly fed, and were altogether the wildest-looking recruits I ever beheld.

The governor was standing in the middle of the square, surrounded by a number of officers, and I dismounted and walked up to him. He began, very hastily, by telling me the Juez's story; however, I asked him if he would allow me to tell mine. I told him that it was so much my duty to respect governors and governments, that if I had known the man who was before us had been in his employment, I would have respected him, though his conduct did not deserve it; but that instead of wearing the clothes he now had on, he was dressed in a dirty poncho—was drinking aguardiente with the Gauchos, and that I had therefore no idea he was a Judge! I explained the circumstances, and the governor then told the man that he had asked too much, and that I was to pay him three dollars less than he had demanded. The governor offered, very obligingly, to lend me the money, as I had no change; he paid the man, who had not a word to say, and who had his ride, one hundred and eighty miles, for nothing. I then went into the governor's room, and mentioned to him that our carriage wanted a trifling repair, but that the blacksmith had told me he could not work at it without permission from him, as he was employed in making chains to take the three hundred recruits down to Buenos Aires. The governor very politely sent for the smith, and desired him to work for me for three hours; after which I made my bow and then galloped to the post.

While the smith was repairing the carriage, I looked again at the town of San Luis. Each house has a large garden, in which there is nothing but what they cannot prevent from growing, such as fig-trees, vines, peach-trees. The walls of their gardens are often towards the streets, which gives the place so little the appearance of a town, that the first time I came to San Luis I actually asked a man how far I was from El Pueblo; to which he replied, that I was in it. From twelve to four or five every day, the whole population of the town is asleep, and when the people awake they have no other idea than that of satisfying their hunger, by eating the old dish, carne de vaca (beef). Far from having any luxuries, they have not even what we term common necessaries; and it seems incredible that there should be no individual in the whole town, or indeed the province, who even professes to know any thing of medicine or surgery; and that there is no shop at which one can purchase the simplest medicines. If a person is ill, he dies or recovers as it may happen, but he has no earthly assistance. If he dislocates or breaks a bone, his friends may regret the accident, but he has no help. The Gaucho, who lives in his little hut on the Pampas, must necessarily be without medical assistance, and it is interesting to see his young family living so completely under the sole protection of Providence; but for the capital of a province to continue in such a state, shows an indolence which its peculiar situation can only excuse.

The post-house of San Luis is also in a state which would scarcely be credited. It is in nothing better than the post-huts of the Pampas; it has no window, the door cannot be shut, and it is more filthy than can well be described. It was late before the carriage was ready; however, as I was anxious it should get on, it started with three changes of horses, about an hour before sunset, to go to the next post, which is thirty-six miles. I rode by a different path, and it was settled that we should all get on by moonlight; however, as soon as the sun set the weather began to look wild, and it became very cloudy and dark. I continued to gallop until I could not see my hand before me, and as I knew there were many holes and biscacheros, we then slackened to an ambling canter. It is really very nervous, disagreeable work even to canter over a strange country when it is

quite dark ; however, I was anxious if possible to reach the post, as it was the nearest hut I could get to. I was cantering along, expecting every moment to tumble head over heels, when my horse suddenly struck his chest against the back of the Gaucho's horse, which was standing still. As soon as I found out what it was, I spoke to the man, but I received no answer ; I then called out, when he told me, from some distance, that he was feeling with his hands for the path,—that he could not find it,—and that there were so many holes that, as we had lost ourselves, it would be dangerous to proceed. I accordingly dismounted, and, unsaddling my horse, I had instantly my bed ready. I could see nothing ; but the Gaucho and I made our beds side by side, and as soon as we lay down he tied the horses' bridles round his own neck, and was asleep in a moment.

The country we were in was much infested by salteadores (robbers), but as I was always well armed I felt quite secure, and in a short time I was also asleep. About midnight I was awakened by the rolling of thunder, and, sitting up, I saw by the occasional flashes of lightning that I was lying on brown coarse grass, and that there were here and there a few shrubs. Some large heavy drops of rain began now to fall, and I made up my mind that we were to have a drenching shower ; however, it was useless to move, for I did not know where to go, so I took the usual precaution, which is, to place the skin which, in dry weather, one lies on, over my head, and I then went to sleep. Before the day began to dawn I was awakened by the Gaucho, who told me the horses were lost. I desired him very sulkily to go and look for them, and, with my head under the skin, I again dropped off to sleep. I was awakened by the heat of the sun, and jumping up found that it was above the horizon, and that it was late. I looked earnestly around me, but, except a few shrubs, there was nothing but "the wind blowing and the grass growing,"—in every direction was a vast expanse of plain. I began to think that the man had returned to San Luis, and I really did not know what I should do. The sun was oppressively hot, and I was standing in despair, gazing at the recado, or saddle, which had formed my bed, when I heard the distant notes of a Spanish song behind me, and turning round I saw the Gaucho galloping towards me, and driving my horse before him.

In a few moments he came up: my horse was, of course, without a bridle; the fellow had played me the old trick of hiding it, and declaring it was lost. However, I was glad to get my horse upon any terms, and I cut a piece of hide, which served to guide him, and we then galloped towards the post, from which we were distant about thirteen miles.

I there got some breakfast, while they were catching another horse for me. They had neither bread nor milk, but I got some water, a couple of eggs, and an old woman warmed some charque for me over the embers. I was surrounded by several women and girls, all three-quarters naked, who asked me if I could give them maté or sugar, "por remedio?" As soon as my horse was saddled, I purchased the bridle of the Gaucho who had stolen mine, and then galloped on. The country, which from Mendoza is covered with wood, now changes to the long brown and yellow grass, which, excepting a few straggling trees, is the sole produce of the remainder of the province of San Luis, and of the two following provinces of Cordova and Santa Fé. In the whole of this immense region there is not a weed to be seen. The coarse grass is its sole produce; and in the summer, when it is high, it is beautiful to see the effect which the wind has in passing over this wild expanse of waving grass: the shades between the brown and yellow are beautiful—the scene is placid beyond description—no habitation and no human being is to be seen, unless occasionally the wild and picturesque outline of the Gaucho on the horizon—his scarlet poncho streaming horizontally behind him, his balls flying round his head, and as he bends forward towards his prey, his horse straining every nerve: before him is the ostrich he is pursuing, the distance between them gradually diminishing—his neck stretched out, and striding over the ground in the most magnificent style—but the latter is soon lost in the distance, and the Gaucho's horse is also often below the horizon, while his head shows that the chase is not yet decided. This pursuit is really attended with considerable danger, for the ground is always undermined by the biscachos, and the Gaucho often falls at full speed: if he breaks a limb, his horse probably gallops away, and there he is left in the long grass, until one of his comrades or children come to his assistance; but if they are unsuccessful in their search, he has nothing left but to look up

to Heaven, and, while he lives, drive from his bed the wild eagles, who are always ready to attack any fallen animal. The country has no striking features, but it possesses, like all the works of nature, ten thousand beauties. It has also the grandeur and magnificence of space, and I found that the oftener I crossed it the more charms I discovered in it.

On approaching the huts, it is interesting to see the little Gauchos, who, brought up without wants, and taught to consider the heaven over their heads as a canopy under which they may all sleep, literally climb up the tails of the horses which they are unable otherwise to mount, and then sport and gallop after each other, while their father's stirrups are dangling below their naked feet. In the foreground of nature, there is perhaps no figure so beautiful as that of a child who rides well, and the picturesque dress of the little Gaucho adds very much to his appearance. I have often admired these children as they have been sent with me from one post to another. Although the shape of their body is concealed by the poncho, yet the manner in which it partakes of the motion of the horse is particularly elegant. It is interesting, too, to see the heedless, careless way in which the little chubby-faced creatures ride, and how thoughtlessly they drive their horses among biscacheros, which would break in with the weight of a man.

When I got to El Morro I resolved to wait there for the carriage, for I had the keys of my portmanteau, and both I and my party wanted money. El Morro consists of a few mud huts, as usual, without windows; and as I stood at the door of the post-room, no human being was to be seen, except occasionally a woman with her hand or poncho shading off the sun from her head as she crossed the broad irregular street which divided the huts from each other: here and there a horse was seen tied to the outside of a hut, and a little tame ostrich was before the door running after flies: the atmosphere was quivering with the heat, and resounding with the shrill cry of millions of flies and locusts enjoying the sun. There were no trees to be seen, and neither fruit nor flowers to be had. I went to the woman of the post to ask what she had got to eat: "Nada (nothing), Señor," she replied. I asked for several things which, from seeing a church and a small congregation of huts, I thought might have been procured, but

I received the usual answer, "No hay," and I was obliged to send out for a live sheep. I then took a siesta, and it was late in the evening before the carriage and the party arrived. They had stopped at a hut a few leagues from San Luis, and had afterwards broken the pole of the carriage, which had delayed them several hours. After supper I thought that the weather looked very wild, and I therefore got into the four-wheeled carriage to sleep, and one of the party was close to me in the two-wheeled one. The nine peons were scattered about the ground. The surveyor and the assayer slept under the carriage, and the rest on the ground in different places. About midnight we were awakened by a most sudden and violent whirlwind, which blew several of the party's clothes away, and they were afterwards found in the river. There was so much dust that we could scarcely breathe, and all was utter darkness until the lightning suddenly flashed over our heads; the thunder was unusually loud, and down came a deluge of rain. The wind, which was what is termed a Pampero, was now a dreadful hurricane, and I expected every moment that it would overturn the carriage. I sat up and looked around me, and in my life I never saw so much of the sublime and of the ridiculous mixed together. While the elements were raging, and the thunder was cracking and roaring immediately above us, the lightning would for an instant change the darkness to the light of day. In these flashes I saw our party, who were all hallooing one to another, in the most ludicrous situations. Some were lying on the ground afraid to sit up, and holding their ponchos and clothes, which were trying to escape from them—some who had lost their clothes were running half-naked towards the post-room—others had lost their way, and were standing against a dead wall, not knowing where to go. A French Colonel, who had travelled in the carriage from Mendoza, was lying on a stretcher made of a bullock's hide, grasping his clothes, which were now wet through, and vociferating at his cowardly servant, who, instead of assisting him, was standing about ten yards from him crossing himself. In vain did he call him in Spanish every sort of "animal;" the fellow, who had been approaching his master, was riveted to the ground by the unexpected sound of the church-bell, which, from the violence of the hurricane, occasionally gave a solitary toll. The rain beat so

violently into the two-wheeled carriage, and it shook so terribly, that its inmate could bear it no longer, and in his shirt he ran through the rain. At last they all got into the post-room, and as I looked out of the window of the carriage, I saw them all crowded together peeping over each other's heads at the door.

In the morning they found what they had lost, and the peons and the whole party looked very uncomfortable. Many of the peons had lain on the ground the whole time, and they were of course covered with the mud which had been formed by the dust and rain. The peons and the people told us they had never seen such a storm and pampero before in their lives.

The carriage was late in starting, and the sun was already up, when the French Colonel and I agreed to pay a visit to the priest. He was dressed in a dirty white serge gown, tied round his body with a rope to whip himself with; he was not more than four feet and a half high, and yet weighed more than any of our party; his neck was as thick as a bullock's, and he had not been shaved for several days. In his room, which had no window, were two or three old books, covered with dust, and a little crucifix affixed to the wall. I asked him if it was he who had tolled the bell during the Pampero; he said, Oh, no! that he had ridden a number of leagues the day before, and had slept so sound that he had not heard it, and only just been informed of it.

On account of the party's clothes being so wet, we lost a great deal of time, and it was seven o'clock before we started. The two carriages went by the road, but the post-master told a little Gaucho to take me by a nearer cut. I followed this little child, who was not more than eight years old, for many leagues. He rode like the wind, and amused me extremely by a number of very entertaining stories which he told me. At last it began to rain, and the little boy said, "Quien sabe," if ever he should find out the post, for that he had never before come that way. It was no use stopping, and as I galloped along, I made the child repeat to me the directions which the post master had given to him, but I could make nothing at all of them. One would have thought, by the child's description, that it was a mountainous country we were crossing, for he talked of hills and valleys which I could not see; but the Gauchos do divide their plains into ups and downs, which no one can distinguish but themselves. At

last the child exclaimed, that he could see a "Christiano" driving some horses, and when we came to this man he told us where the post was.

I found the horses at the post in the corral, and the post-master, whose house I had several times slept at, gave me a horse with a galope largo (a long gallop), and a very handsome Gaucho as a guide. I had a long conversation with this man as I galloped along, and I found him a very noble-minded fellow. He was very desirous to hear about the troops which the government of Mendoza had sent to reinstate the governor of San Juan, who had just been deposed by a revolution. The Gaucho was very indignant at this interference; and as we rode along, he explained to me with a great deal of fine action, what was evident enough,—that the Province of San Juan was as free to elect its governor as the Province of Mendoza, and that Mendoza had no right to force upon San Juan a governor that the people did not approve of. We then talked of the state of San Luis; but to some question which I put to him, the man replied that he had never been at San Luis! "Good heavens!" said I, with an astonishment which I could not conceal,—“have you never been to see San Luis?”—“Never,” he replied. I asked him where he was born; he told me, in the hut close to the post; that he had never gone beyond the plains through which we were riding, and that he had never seen a town or a village. I asked him how old he was: “Quien sabe,” said he. It was no use asking him any more questions; so, occasionally looking at his particularly handsome figure and countenance, and calling to mind the manly opinions he had expressed to me on many subjects, I was thinking what people in England would say of a man who could neither read nor write, nor had ever seen three huts together, &c. &c., when the Gaucho pointed to the sky, and said, “See! there is a lion!” I started from my reverie, and strained my eyes, but to no purpose, until he showed me at last, very high in the air, a number of large vultures, which were hovering without moving; and he told me they were there because there was a lion devouring some carcass, from which he had driven them away. We shortly afterwards came to a place where there was a little blood on the road, and for a moment we stopped our horses to look at it: I observed that perhaps some person had been murdered there; the Gaucho

said, "No;" and pointing to some footmarks which were near the blood, he told me that some man had fallen, that he had broken his bridle, and that, while he was standing to mend it, the blood had evidently come from the horse's mouth. I observed that perhaps it was the man who was hurt, upon which the Gaucho said "No," and pointing to some marks a few yards before him on the path, he said, "for see, the horse set off again at a gallop."*

The grass was shorter in this part of the province than it usually is, and it was very picturesque and curious, as we went along, to see bullocks' skulls lying in different directions. The skeleton of the bull's head was justly admitted by the ancients as an ornament in their architecture. In the Pampas it is often seen lying on the ground bleached by the sun, with the horns upwards, and appearing as if the animal had just risen from his grave, and was moralising to the living cattle which were feeding about him.

In consequence of what this man had told me respecting his birth, &c., I asked every one of the Gauchos who rode with me from post to post, for the next six hundred miles, the same questions, and I found that the greater number of them had never seen a town, and that no one of them knew his age. When we came to the post, which is one of the richest possessions in the Pampas, I found about twenty Gauchos assembled to commence breaking in the young horses, an operation which was to be continued for many days. As the carriage was many hours behind me, I resolved to see this, and getting a fresh horse, I rode immediately to the corral, and soon made friends with the Gauchos, who are always polite, and on horseback possess many estimable qualities, which at the door of their hut they appear to be devoid of. The corral was quite full of horses, most of which were young ones, about three and four years old. The capatáz, mounted on a strong steady horse, rode into the corral, and threw his lasso over the neck of a young horse, and dragged him to the gate. For some time he was very unwilling to leave his comrades,

* I often amused myself by learning from the Gauchos to decipher the foot-marks of the horses, and the study was very interesting. It is quite possible to determine from these marks, whether the horses were loose, mounted, or laden with baggage; whether they were ridden by old men or by young ones, by children, or by foreigners unacquainted with the *blancheros*, &c.

but the moment he was forced out of the corral, his first idea was to gallop away; however, the jerk of the lasso checked him in a most effectual manner. The peons now ran after him on foot, and threw the lasso over his four legs, just above the fetlocks, and, twitching it, they pulled his legs from under him so suddenly that I really thought the fall he got had killed him. In an instant a Gaucho was seated upon his head, and with his long knife in a few seconds he cut off the whole of the horse's mane, while another cut the hair from the end of his tail. This, they told me, is a mark that the horse has been once mounted. They then put a piece of hide into his mouth, to serve as a bit, and a strong hide-halter on his head. The Gaucho who was to mount arranged his spurs, which were unusually long and sharp, and while two men held the animal by his ears, he put on the saddle, which he girthed extremely tight; he then caught hold of the horse's ear, and, in an instant, vaulted into the saddle; upon which the man who was holding the horse by the halter, threw the end of it to the rider, and from that moment no one seemed to take any further notice of him. The horse instantly began to jump, in a manner which made it very difficult for the rider to keep his seat, and quite different from the kick or plunge of an English horse: however, the Gaucho's spurs soon set him going, and off he galloped, doing every thing in his power to throw his rider. Another horse was immediately brought from the corral, and so quick was the operation, that twelve Gauchos were mounted in a space which, I think, hardly exceeded an hour.

It was singular to see the different manner in which the different horses behaved. Some would actually scream while the Gauchos were girthing the saddle upon their backs; some would instantly lie down and roll upon it; while some would stand without being held, their legs stiff, and in unnatural directions, their necks half bent towards their tails, and looking so vicious and sulky, that I could not help thinking I would not have mounted one of them for any reward that could be offered me; and they were invariably the most difficult to subdue.

It was now curious to look round and see the Gauchos on the horizon in different directions, trying to bring their horses back to the corral, which is the most difficult part of their work, for the poor creatures had been so scared there, that they were un-

willing to return to the place. It was amusing to see the antics of the horses: they were jumping and dancing in different ways, while the right arms of the Gauchos were seen flogging them. At last they brought the horses back, apparently completely subdued and broken in. The saddles and bridles were taken off, and the young horses, with their sides bleeding, immediately trotted towards the corrál to join their companions, neighing one to the other. Another set were now dragged from the inclosure, and as the horses were kept out a very short time, I saw about forty of them mounted. As they returned to the corrál it was interesting to see the great contrast which the loss of the mane and the end of the tail made between the horses which had commenced their career of servitude, and those which were still free.

The horses of the Pampas are like the common description of Spanish horse, but rather stronger. They are of all colours, and a great number are piebald. When caught, they will always kick at any person who goes behind them; and it is often with great difficulty that they can be bridled and saddled: however, they are not vicious, and when properly broken in, will allow the children to mount by climbing up their tails. In mounting, it is necessary to be very quick, and previous to dismounting it is proper to throw the bridle over one side of the head, as the horses almost always run backwards if one attempts to hold them by the bridle when it is over the head, as in England.

Although I rode many thousand miles in South America, I was quite unable to learn how to select either a good horse or an easy-going one, for by their appearance I found it impossible to form a judgment; indeed, I generally chose for myself the worst-looking horses, as I sometimes fancied that they went the best.

When first mounted, they often begin to kick and jump, but by giving them a loose rein, and by spurring them, they will generally start, and when once at their gallop they go quiet. However, the kicking at starting is a most painful operation to undergo, for from hard riding the back and shoulders get so dreadfully stiff, that such sudden and violent motion feels as if it would dislocate the limbs.

The evening closed, but the carriages did not appear. I anxiously looked on the horizon for them, until it became dark; I then went into the post-room, and ordered one of the women to

bring me the roast-beef and soup which was prepared for the party. I was quite ravenous, for I had been so occupied with the horses, that I had forgotten I had eaten nothing since daylight. The woman brought me a dirty sheet four times doubled, which she put on the little square table, then a bottle of wine. "Have you a glass?" "No hay, Señor." "Oh, never mind," said I, putting the bottle to my mouth. The woman returned with the beef cut up into pieces, in a pewter dish; it was smoking, and looked very nice; and she also gave me some bread. I instantly took out of my pocket a clasp knife and fork. She asked me if I wanted anything else? "No," said I, putting a piece of the beef into my mouth; but as she was going out of the door, I called her back, and asked her to get me some salt. "Aqui está, Señor," said the woman, apparently recollecting herself; and opening her right hand, she put very quietly upon the table some salt which she had intended for me, and because some of it stuck to her hand, she scratched it off with her fingers, and seemed resolved that I should have every particle of it.

There was no candlestick, but, with the beef, a little black girl about seven years old, and almost naked, brought in a crooked brown tallow-candle, which she held in her hand all the time I dined. The little creature had gold ear-rings and a necklace of red beads. I gave her a large piece of bread, which she ate very slowly, with the most perfect gravity of countenance. As I was dining, I occasionally looked at her; nothing was white but her eyes and the piece of bread in her mouth; she was watching every mouthful I ate, and her eyes accompanied my fork from the pewter dish to my mouth. With her left hand she was scratching her little woolly head, but nothing moved except her black fingers, and she stood as still as a bronze statue.

The carriage did not arrive, and as the room was full of fleas and binchucas, I laid my saddle in front of the post, and slept there. It was late in the morning before one of the peons came to tell me that the two-wheeled carriage had broken down in spite of all its repairs; that it was in the middle of the plain, that the party had been obliged to ride, and put the baggage on post-horses, but that they would be with me immediately. As soon as they arrived, they told me their story, and asked what was to

be done with the carriage.* It was not worth more than one hundred dollars; and it would have cost more than that sum to have guarded it, and to have sent a wheel to it six hundred miles from Buenos Aires; so I condemned it to remain where it was, to be plundered of its lining by the Gauchos, and to be gazed at by the eagle and the gáma,—in short, I left it to its fate.

I had been much detained by the carriages, and I was so anxious to get to Buenos Aires without a moment's delay, that I resolved instantly to ride on by myself. The two Cornish mining captains, the French assayer, and the servant of the French Colonel, expressed a wish to accompany me, instead of riding with the carriage; so after taking from the canvas bag sufficient money for the distance (about six hundred miles), I left the rest for the coach, and once more, careless of wheels and axles, I galloped off with a feeling of independence which was quite delightful.

We travelled sixty miles that day, not losing one moment, but riding at once to the corral, and unsaddling and saddling our own horses. The next morning the French assayer was unable to proceed, so he remained at the post, and we were off before daylight. After galloping forty-five miles, one of the Cornish captains said he was so jolted that he could not go on, and he also remained at the post to be picked up by the carriage: we then continued for sixteen miles, when my other companion knocked up, and he really was scarcely able to crawl into the post-hut, where he remained. As I was very anxious to arrive at Buenos Aires, and was determined to get there as quick as my strength would allow, I rode sixty† miles more that day, during which my horse fell twice with me, and I arrived at the

* After the party had left one of the posts about an hour, and when they were twelve or thirteen miles from it, they saw a man galloping after the carriage, endeavouring to overtake it. They stopped, and when he came up, they found it was the master of the post-hut where they had slept. He said very civilly that they had forgotten to pay him for the eggs, and that they therefore owed him a medio (two-pence half-penny). They paid him the money, neither more nor less, and then galloped on, leaving the man, apparently, perfectly satisfied.

† These and the other distances I rode, are taken from the road-book and almanac published at Buenos Aires, and they agree with the inquiries which my party (in following with the carriage) made in order to determine the huts at which I had slept.

post an hour after sunset, quite exhausted. I found nothing to eat, because the people who live at this post were bathing, so I went to another part of the river, and had a most refreshing bath. I then spread out my saddle on the ground, for the post-room was full of fleas and binchucas. The people had now returned from the river, and supper was preparing, when a young Scotch gentleman I had overtaken on the road, and who had ridden some stages with me, asked me to come and sing with the young ladies of the post, who he told me were very beautiful. I knew them very well, as I had passed several times, but I was much too tired to sing or dance: however, being fond of music, I moved my saddle and poncho very near the party, and as soon as I had eaten some meat I again lay down, and as the delightful fresh air blew over my face, I dropped off to sleep just as the ninas were singing very prettily one of the tristes of Peru, accompanied by a guitar. I had bribed the capataz to let some horses pass the night in the corral; we accordingly started before the sun was up, and galloping the whole day till half an hour after sunset, we rode a hundred and twenty-three miles. The summer's sun has a power which, to those who have not been exposed to it, is inconceivable, and whenever we stopped at the corral to get our horses, the heat was so great that it was almost insupportable. However, all the time we galloped, the rapid motion through the air formed a refreshing breeze. The horses were faint from the heat, and if it had not been for the sharp Gaucho spurs that I wore I should not have got on. The horses in the Pampas are always in good wind, but when the sun is hot and the grass burnt up they are weak; and being accustomed to follow their own inclinations, as soon as they feel tired they want to slacken their pace, or rather to stop altogether; for, when mounted, they have no pace between a hand-gallop and a walk, and it is therefore often absolutely necessary either to spur them on for nearly half the post, or else to stand still, an indulgence which, under a burning sun, the rider feels very little inclined to grant. As they are thus galloping along, goaded by the spur, it is interesting to see the groups of wild horses which one passes. The mares, which are never ridden in South America, either by the Christian or the Indian, seem not to under-

stand what makes the poor horse carry his head so low, and look so weary. The little innocent colts come running up to meet him, and then start away frightened; while the old horses, whose white marks on the flanks and backs betray their acquaintance with the spur and saddle, walk slowly away for some distance, and then, breaking into a trot, as they seek their safety, snort and look behind them, first with one eye, then with the other, turning their nose from right to left, and carrying their long tails high in the air. As soon as the poor horse reaches the post he is often quite exhausted; he is as wet as if he had come out of a river, and his sides are often bleeding violently; but the life he leads is so healthy, his constitution is so perfectly sound, and his food is so simple, that he never has those inflammatory attacks which kill so many of our pampered horses in England. It certainly sounds cruel to spur a horse as violently as it is sometimes necessary to do in the Pampas, and so in fact it is, yet there is something to be said in excuse for it; if he is worn out and exhausted, his rider also is—he is not goaded on for an idle purpose, but he is carrying a man on business, and for the service of man he was created. Supposing him to be ever so tired, still he has his liberty when he reaches the goal, and if he is cunning, a very long time may elapse before he is caught again; and in the meanwhile the whole country affords him food, freedom, health, and enjoyment; and the work he has occasionally performed, and the sufferings he has endured, may perhaps teach him to appreciate his liberty and the wild plains in which he was born. He may suffer occasionally from the spur; but how different is his life from that of the poor post-horse in England, whose work increases with his age,—who is daily led in blinkers to the collar, and who knows nothing of creation but the hard dusty road on which he travels, and the rack and manger of a close-heated stable!

The country through which we rode this day was covered with locusts of a very beautiful colour: they were walking along the road so thick that the ground was completely covered—some were hurrying one way and some another, but the two sets were on different sides of the road, like people in the City (of London). Multitudes were basking in the sun, and apparently in high enjoy-

ment were making a faint thrilling cry which was higher or lower as it proceeded either from the young or old, and as I galloped along the notes varied like the distant vibrations of an Æolian harp. At one post these locusts were in such numbers, that the poor woman, in despair, was sweeping them away with a broom, and they swarmed in crowds up my horse's legs. A little girl had given me some water, and I put my straw hat on the ground while I sat down to drink, and with feelings of very great pleasure I was looking at the mug, which was an English one, and on which was inscribed—

No power on Earth,
Can make us rue,
If England to her-
Self proves true—

when I saw my hat literally covered with locusts biting the straw. As soon as I took it up, these parti-coloured creatures hopped off like harlequins. The number of them is quite incredible, and they would be a most serious enemy to any individual who should attempt to cultivate a solitary farm in the Pampas—although a large population and general cultivation might perhaps keep them away.

We arrived late and very tired at the post, having ridden one hundred and twenty-three miles, and found the master, Don Juan —, very busy, providing supper for a priest, who had just arrived in a carriage. The water was extremely bad, and I began to think I should fare badly, when the priest asked me to partake of his supper, which was now smoking on the table. He had some good water in bottles, and we had a roasted lamb before us. The priest ate the heart, and seemed to enjoy his repast as much as I did. He was silent, but very kind, and occasionally nodded at the dish and said to me "Come bien!" (Eat well). After the lamb he brought out a box of sweetmeats, and he then put his hand up the large loose sleeve of his white serge gown, and pulled out some cigars.

Next morning at daybreak we started. The French Colonel's servant, who was a Chilian Gaucho, now began to complain; and after riding one hundred miles I saw no more of him, as he and

the Scotch gentleman who had accompanied me stopped at sunset at a hut where the servant was afterwards found by my party, who took him into the carriage. I rode on about twenty miles, and the next day I rode one hundred and twenty miles, and reached Buenos Aires about two hours after sunset.

A FEW GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

RESPECTING

THE WORKING OF MINES IN SOUTH AMERICA.

WHEN one reflects upon the immense riches which have proceeded from some mines, and the large sums of money which have been lost in others, it is evident that the inspection of a mine, with a view of immediately working it with a large capital, is in any country an important and difficult duty. There are, perhaps, few subjects which require more deliberate and dispassionate consideration; for to be too sanguine, or to be too timid, are faults which it is easy to commit. In the former case, one builds upon hopes which are never to be realized; in the latter, one loses a prize which energy and enterprise might have secured; and the passions of the mind are never more eager to mislead the judgment than when the object to be considered is the acquisition of what are termed the "precious metals."

But if this is the case in civilized countries, where experience has recorded many valuable data, where the lode to be inspected may be compared with those which are flourishing and with those which have failed, where operations may be commenced with a cautious step, where the windlass may be succeeded by the whims, and the whims by the steam-engine, how much more difficult is the task when the lode is in a foreign country, destitute of resources, experience, and population, and when as a stranger one is led over a series of wild, barren mountains, to a desert spot, at once to determine whether the mine is to be accepted or not. As this has been my situation, I will venture to make a few imperfect observations on the subject.

The first object which draws the attention to a lode (which is

a ramified crack or fissure, in which ores, with other substances, are embedded), is its positive value or contents, and this value has lately been estimated in England merely from the inspection and assay of a piece of the ore; but of course this judgment is altogether erroneous, for a large lode of a moderate assay may be more valuable than a small lode of rich ores or assay; and an extraordinary rich lode may be too small to be worth the expense of working, while a very large poor lode may be worked with profit.

But besides these observations, the physical character of the lode must be considered; for the fissure is seldom filled with ore—it contains also quartz, mundic,* &c. &c., and is occasionally a strong box which contains no riches at all.

It is therefore evident, that besides the size of the lode, and the assay, the average quantity of ore it contains is also to be considered; because a large lode, with an occasional bunch (as it is termed) of rich ores may not be so worthy of working as a smaller lode with a number of bunches of poorer ores. There is also another material question,—whether the lode is getting richer or poorer as it dips? For a large lode, with rich assay and frequent bunches, but *diminishing* in value, may be calculated at less value than a smaller lode with poorer assay, less frequent bunches, but *increasing* in value.

There are many other considerations; but the above, perhaps, will satisfy those who have not reflected on the subject, that the abstract value of a lode in *America* can in no way be determined by the assay of a piece of ore in *England*, particularly when it is known that specimens of ores are often sent from South America as samples of lodes from which they never were extracted. However, upon the spot a calculation may be made of the probable produce of the mine; and in Cornwall, where the expenses of the mine are known and certain, it is on this calculation that almost all the *speculation* of the enterprise depends. For the riches of lodes being subject to sudden variations, they may increase or diminish in a surprising degree; still the calculation rests in Cornwall upon as fair a basis as those which are made on the duration of human life, or the insurance of ships, &c. &c. But in South America the case is widely different; for

* The Cornish term for sulphurets of arsenic, iron, &c.

besides the value of the produce of the mine, it is necessary to calculate what will be the probable expense of working it, in order to weigh or compare the one with the other; and the absolute necessity of this, which is always done in mining, farming,* and other speculations in England, is particularly obvious in the provinces of Rio de la Plata; for as one there rides over many hundred miles of rich land, which is unowned, and almost unknown, one cannot but reflect, that while, from want of population, industry, &c., such riches are lying on the *surface* unvalued, considerable difficulties would necessarily oppose the extraction of wealth from the bowels of the earth by labour and machinery; and these difficulties, in many parts of the provinces, would be so great, that it might satisfactorily be proved that the silver extracted from such mines would scarcely be worth its weight in iron by the time it reached England; while the iron which was sent from England would cost nearly its weight in silver by the time it reached the mine.

The following is a rough memorandum of some of the difficulties, physical, moral, and political, which would probably obstruct the working of mines in the provinces of Rio de la Plata by an English association.

PHYSICAL.

1. The great distances which separate the mines from their supplies of men, tools, materials, provisions, &c., and which separate one mine from another; badness of the roads; danger in passing the laderos; torrents and rivers without bridges, and often impassable; the locality of the mines, which are generally situated among lofty and barren mountains, without resources or supplies;—the above would require expensive disbursements, and would often cause a great loss of time, which, in mercantile operations, is a loss of money.

* No one would venture to say how much an unknown estate is worth per acre, merely from an inspection of a box of earth; because the object of farming being to make the receipts exceed the expenditure, it may happen (from its particular situation for manure, markets, &c.) that bad land is worth more per acre than good land.

2. The dryness of the climate, which affords no water for machinery or for washing the ores; but little even to drink; the mine itself dry, or nearly so. In consequence of the above, machinery is inapplicable, and the mines are better adapted to the limited exertions of a few people than to the extensive operations of an English association.

3. Heat of the climate; its effects on Europeans.

4. The desolate and unprotected plains between the mines and the port at which their produce would be shipped; the distance being, upon an average, more than a thousand miles of land-carriage.

5. The poverty of the lodes, when compared with those of Mexico, Peru, or Potosi.

MORAL.

The want of population—its effects. The general want of education, and consequently the narrow and interested views of the natives.—The richer class of people in the provinces unaccustomed to business.—The poorer class unwilling to work.—Both perfectly destitute of the idea of a contract, of punctuality, or of the value of time.—Among a few people, the impossibility of obtaining open competition, or of preventing the monopoly of every article required, or the combination which would raise its price “ad libitum.” The wild, plundering habits of the Gauchos—the ready absolution of the priests—the insufficiency of the laws.

The want of experience, &c. in the Commissioner who has charge of the association.—The character, constitution, habits, and expensive wants of the English and European workman, ill adapted to the country.—The experience they have gained in Cornish copper-mines inapplicable to the extraction of silver ores in South America. (See Memorandum A.) Europeans, overcome by the climate, become indolent from possessing large independent salaries in a country where wine and spirits are cheap. Women of the country—their characters.—Impossibility of the distant mines being frequently inspected; consequently, the necessity of placing confidence, and of trusting gold and silver to individuals, many of whom in England would not

be deemed persons of sufficient education for so difficult a situation. Probability that many would endeavour to perform their duty, but the certainty that one leak, whether from inattention or otherwise, would affect the interests of the whole.

POLITICAL

Important reasons why mines in South America, which formerly were worked with profit, would now ruin either Europeans or natives who should attempt to work them. (See Memorandum B.)

The instability and insufficiency of the national government of the United Provinces.—The provincial governments—their sudden revolutions.—The jealousy which exists between the Provinces and Buenos Aires.—In spite of decrees or contracts, the governments would not allow large profits to go out of their provinces, or even to pass through them, without contribution.—Individuals, urged by the priests, would overturn the Governor—his acts and contracts fall with him.—The junta could voluntarily retire—their responsibility has then vanished—no remedy, and no appeal.

MEMORANDUM (A).

Those who propose to work a mine in Cornwall have the following advantages over those who propose with the same people to work a mine in South America:—

1. In Cornwall, previous to commencing operations, they may inspect the mine themselves, and call any number of practical men to assist them.—In South America they cannot do this, but must commit this important duty to one or more individuals.

2. In Cornwall the lode is in a country whose climate is favourable to great bodily exertion, and the general character of which is industry; but in South America the climate and excessive heat are unfavourable to great bodily exertion, and the general character of the country is indolence.

3. In Cornwall the miners are subjected to a code of most admirable local regulations, which encourage competition and industry, and leave the idle to starve:—in South America, the miners are away from the force of all these regulations, and a high, fixed salary, with cheap wines and provisions, discourage competition and labour.

4. In Cornwall, although the miners have no theory, no schools, no books, yet, from long practice and experience, they most perfectly understand the geological construction of the country, the particular nature of the ores they seek, and the difficulties which they are likely to meet with. In South America, the geological construction of the Andes, and the mountains in which the mines are situated, is unknown to the Cornish miner—he is unacquainted with the ores he is to seek. The muriates, carbonates, pacos, colorados, and other non-resplendent ores, are by him so unnoticed, and unvalued, that the native miner has actually to point out to him the riches of the mine he has come to improve.*

* There exists in England a natural feeling of confidence in the exertions

5. In Cornwall the greatest difficulties are the subterraneous streams, which, in a humid climate and a flat country, so influence the plan of operations, that the art of mining in Cornwall is the art of draining, not on a general principle, but adapted to the geology of the country.—In South America, as it never rains at Uspallata, and seldom rains in Chili, and as the winter showers, instead of sinking into the earth, rush down the precipitous sides of the mountains in which the lodes are situated, there is but little water; and therefore the Cornish plan of operations, and, consequently, the experience which the Cornish miner has gained, is inapplicable, for the difficulties which he has learnt to overcome do not exist; while others oppose him which he has never been accustomed to meet.

6. In Cornwall, to drain the mines, steam-engines can be procured at a short notice, and if, for any particular object, a large body of men are required for a few days, they can always be had; also whatever tools, wood, iron, rope, &c. may be required, can be obtained with a facility and punctuality known only in England.—In South America, from the absence of water, the overpowering force of steam is unnecessary, inapplicable, and its great advantage is unattainable. In case of unforeseen difficulties requiring for a few days the assistance of a large body of extra labourers, it would be absolutely impossible to obtain them. Tools, iron, and materials could only be procured with the greatest possible difficulty. In many situations it would be necessary to send several hundred miles for materials: the purchaser would be assailed by every endeavour and combination to defraud: they would be delivered at a great expense of time and

of English workmen, but I am afraid this expectation will not be realized in South America.

The Cornish miner is, I believe, one of the best-regulated workmen in England, but, like all well regulated workmen, his attention has been directed to a particular object, and in proportion as he is intelligent upon that point he is ignorant of all others.

By a division of labour, which is now so well understood in England, we have goldsmiths, silversmiths, tinsmiths, coppersmiths, whitesmiths, and blacksmiths, who are all ignorant of each other's trades; and if this is the case, why should a man whose life has been spent in working copper-ores be supposed able to search in any country for silver-ores? There is certainly a much greater difference and variety between the ores than there is between the metals.

money ; and, in a country in which contracts are not understood, and time is of no value, there would be the most serious delays and disappointments.

7. In Cornwall the expenses of the mine are known. The customary wages of the captains of the mines, the pay of the miners, who all work by tribute,* or by tut-work, are accurately calculated ; the price of tools, iron, wood, rope, and all materials is known, and the sale of the ores by public auction gives an immediate and certain return.—In South America the expenses of each mine can never be anticipated. The wages of the English captains and miners are very high ; every article, if purchased a thousand times, would be the subject of a new bargain, and materials would be perhaps of double or treble cost, according to the people and the spots from which they were to be obtained. After the extraction and reduction of the ores, the processes of smelting and amalgamation, which in Cornwall are unknown (the Cornish ores being always smelted in Wales), would be required.

8. In Cornwall, in case it should be deemed necessary to abandon the mine, the men can be discharged ; the engines can be removed ; the materials can be sold by auction, and the loss is only what has actually been spent on the mine.—In South America, in case the mine should be deserted, to the sum sunk in the mine is to be added the expense of the men getting to the spot and returning, which in many cases would be very great ; the construction of houses for officers and men, as also the establishments for smelting and amalgamation ; the cost of engines and stores, which it would often be cheaper to abandon than to remove.

9. In Cornwall the resources of a great mercantile country

* Excepting the levels, which are always driven by tut-work (task-work), the mines in Cornwall are all worked by Tributers. These Tributers are the common miners, who take their pitches by public auction, at which they agree to deliver the ore fit for market for different prices, from 6d. to 13s. 4d. in the pound, according to the nature of the ground, the ores, &c. &c. The adventurers of the mine, therefore, are tolerably sure of their profit before the work is begun, for the Tributers pay the smith-cost, candles, powder, breaking, wheeling, and drawing. They pay men for spalling and cobbing the large rocks, for separating the prill from the drudge, and they also pay girls for bucking the ores, and boys for jigging them.

are so extensive, that public competition suppresses every sort of unjust combination, but among small communities of men this would be impossible ; and without the slightest intention to blame any individual, I must declare that, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, I found that Englishmen and foreigners were preparing to monopolise every article that could be required for mining purposes ; and that a large English capital, belonging sometimes to A. and sometimes to B., was considered by a pack of people as a heedless, unprotected carcass, which was a fair subject for universal "worry."

MEMORANDUM (B).

Comparing the past and the present Value of the Mines in South America.

ON the discovery of the different countries of South America, the attention of the Spaniards was immediately directed towards the acquisition of those metals which all men are so desirous to obtain. Careless of the beauty of these interesting countries, their sole object was to reach the mines; and hence it is that the history of the American mines has always been considered the best history of the country. As soon as information was obtained from the Indians of the situation of the mines, however remote, small settlements were formed there; and with no other resources or supplies than those which nature had bestowed upon the country, they commenced their labours: they obtained their reward, and the arrival of the precious metals in Europe was hailed as the produce of intrepidity, industry, and science.

The mode, however, in which these riches were first obtained forms one of the most guilty pages in the moral history of man; and the cruelties which were exercised in the American mines are a blot on the escutcheon of human nature which can never be effaced or concealed, and which is now only to be confessed with humility and contrition. Besides the mita, or forced labour of the Indians (the particular cruelty of which is not the present object to describe), the whole system was one of extortion and oppression.* The miners were barely sheltered from the weather;

* Those who formerly worked the South American mines have been accused of *ignorance*, in having brought ore and water from the mine on the backs of men. If the Indians employed had received English wages and English comforts, and had carried the small quantity which in England would be called a load, the *ignorance* of their masters would have been great indeed. But the case was very different. The Indian Apuz were beams of burden, who carried very nearly the load of a mule, and their food was but

the use of all spirits was forbidden ; their food was coarse, and the weighty tools which were placed in their hands were emblems of the ignorance, cruelty, and avarice of their masters.

However, there is no situation of misery or suffering to which the mind and body of man cannot be enured. The miner by degrees became accustomed to his labour and his tools ; the slave, toiling under his load, ceased to complain ; the cry of the sufferers became gradually silent, and in a short time no sound issued from the gloomy chamber of the mine but the occasional explosion of powder, the ringing blow of the hammer, and the faint whistle of the slaves, who thus informed the overseer that they had reached those points of the shafts at which, by law, they were allowed to rest.

The mine was said to have assumed a prosperous appearance, and men were talking aloud of the flourishing state of the South American colonies, and of the inexhaustible riches of the mines, when the spell was gradually broken. The Revolution at last broke out, and, as if by magic, the miner found himself in the plain surrounded by his countrymen, marching forward in support of liberty, and lending his arm to exterminate from la Patria the oppressors who were now trembling before them.

All the poor mines in South America from this moment were deserted, and the country was for many years in a state of warfare which it is not necessary to describe ; but as soon as the victory was gained, and independence gradually established, one of the first acts to which many people had recourse was the working of the deserted mines, from which they naturally expected again to obtain wealth. Several of the miners had been killed in the wars, while others, wearing the spurs and poncho of the Gaucho, enjoyed a life of wild and unrestrained liberty. There were some, however, who voluntarily returned to the profession in which they had been trained, and were willing again to embrace a life whose hardships had become habitual ; but the forced labour of the Indian was now wanting ; and although this system of cruelty had been long abolished in many

little. Their unrecorded sufferings were beyond description ; and I have been assured from unquestionable authority, that, with the loads on their backs, many of them threw themselves down the mine, to end a life of misery and anguish.

parts of South America, yet its existence in some places, and the unjust and impolitic encouragement which the Spaniards had given to mining, in exclusion of every other branch of industry, had, up to the period of the Revolution, greatly assisted the working of the mines.

Operations were, however, recommenced at almost all the old mines. They were all tried; but, generally speaking, they were all abandoned, because they did not pay, and with little inquiry into the cause, the reason assigned was, the want of intelligence and capital; and people, frustrated in this object, and incapable of contending with the difficulties which impeded any step towards civilization in the insulated, remote, and almost impracticable situations in which they found themselves, yielded to the habits of indolence in which they still exist.

If the above rough and imperfect history of the mines of South America is deemed correct in its general features, it will account for a phenomenon which, in visiting several deserted mines, I was for a long time totally unable to comprehend.

In many places we found lodes worked to considerable depths, but the lode so small, and the assay so poor, that the constant remark of the Cornish captains who accompanied me was, "that there must have been something got out of the mine which they could not see, or else it could never have paid." Besides this, the country was barren, and there were often many other local disadvantages: still, however, it was evident to me that these mines, somehow or other, **MUST** have paid, or else they would not have been worked; and in spite of the disadvantages which were *before my eyes*, the natural conclusion was, that if they had once paid, they might surely pay again.

However, as soon as I afterwards saw a few of the miners at work, the problem was solved.

The miners who are now in Chili, though toiling in the path of their early days, have probably relaxed a little from the discipline of the Spaniards; yet the extraordinary manner in which they still work, or rather slave, is almost incredible. The contrast between their lives and the ease and independence of the rest of the inhabitants of the country, naturally leads the mind to reflect on the sad history of the South American mines; and this history, in my humble opinion, sufficiently accounts for, first,

the impossibility which now exists of getting more miners ; and, secondly, for the important truths, that the American mines have positively fallen in value since the country has been free, because the contents or produce of the mines are still the same, while the value of labour, &c. has necessarily increased ; and therefore that, far from being able to get a *greater* profit from these mines than was extracted by the Spaniards, it would be impossible now to draw from them what they formerly repaid, and that many of them must continue deserted, for the evident reason that poor mines, as well as poor land, may be made productive by a system of cruelty and tyranny, when under a free government they must lie inactive and barren.

CONCLUSION.

HAVING now completed a very rough and defective sketch of the Pampas, &c., and some of the provinces of the Rio Plata, and of the governments and habits of the people, it is natural to consider how powerful this country must necessarily become, when, animated by a large population, enriched by the industry and intelligence of man, and protected by the integrity and power of well-constituted governments, it takes that rank in the civilized world which is due to its climate and soil; and as, in nature's great system of succession, "nations and empires rise and fall, flourish and decay," it is possible that this country, availing itself of the experience of past ages, may become the theatre of nobler actions than have hitherto been performed by any of the nations of the Old World, whose obscure march towards civilization was without a precedent to guide them or a beacon to warn them of their dangers. And far from being jealous of the superior strength and energy which this young country may attain, it is pleasing to anticipate the prosperity which may await it, and to indulge a hope that its young arm may maintain the dignity and the honour of human nature; that it may liberate the slave, and against every threat or danger support freedom, when the infirmities of an *older nation* may have rendered her incapable of the task.

But between this moral and political eminence which the Pampas and the provinces of Rio Plata *may* attain, and their present state, there is a distance which is evident to every one, though no man can calculate the time which will be requisite to pass it. The difficulties to be encountered must necessarily be great, and it is not an improper or a useless subject of speculation to consider what some of these difficulties may be.

The great desideratum of these countries is population; for until there is a certain proportion of inhabitants, the provisions

of life must necessarily be easily obtained, and people will remain indolent until necessity drives them to exertion. The overplus population of the Old World will undoubtedly flow towards these countries, bringing with it different habits, languages, and customs. The points at which the emigrants settle will depend upon the produce which they are best fitted for obtaining, and the governments of the different provinces must become more or less powerful in proportion to the success of these people. Some will rapidly rise, while others will be left for some time in the wretched state of ignorance, poverty, and inactivity in which they now exist; and the laws and regulations which govern the one will be insufficient, inapplicable, or contrary to the interests of the others. As the provinces become more vigorous, it will probably be found that the situations of many of the present capitals must unavoidably be changed. For instance, the maritime province of Buenos Aires already requires a harbour; and it is easy to foresee that when commerce establishes its residence at the new port, the government must follow.

The language, religion, habits, and occupations of the different provinces will of course be influenced and affected by the quantity of foreign settlers, and the laws **MUST** vary with the exigencies which require them. The provinces, as they become powerful, will naturally desire to be independent; and the possibility of their being all governed from Buenos Aires will rapidly diminish.

During these or similar events, the provinces of the Rio Plata must necessarily be in a troubled and unsettled state. The national government, thwarted in its plans, deserted sometimes by one province, and sometimes opposed by another, must often, unavoidably, act contrary to the interests of those plans it may have suggested; while the provincial governments must often suddenly be overturned, be annihilated and remodelled, until prosperity has afforded to society the liberal principles of a good education, which, with time and experience, will at last constitute governments practically suited to the country.

If the state of the provinces of Rio Plata has been correctly sketched, and if the above should be a fair statement of some of the probable difficulties which these provinces will experience in their progress towards civilization, there are two questions to be

considered, which are very material to the interests of many individuals in our country.

1st. *Is it advisable for those who are in reduced circumstances in England to migrate to these provinces?*

2nd. *Is it prudent for those of large capital to embark their money there in any permanent establishment or speculation?*

My humble opinion on these two important questions is shortly as follows:—

A poor individual, or a poor family, or a congregation of poor families, coming from England to these provinces, will instantly be relieved from that part of their sufferings which proceeded from absolute want of food, for they will arrive at a place where coarse beef is cheap. Artisans will obtain good wages in the town of Buenos Aires; but as English peasants are not fitted to perform any part of the Gaucho's labour, they will not receive from them more than their board.

Now, at Buenos Aires, artisans will find provisions very dear; and although they receive more money than in England, they will not be able to live there so well. The lodgings, which are always unfurnished, are shockingly dirty, filled with all sorts of vermin; and, after all, they are extremely dear. Beef is sold in such a mangled state, that when the Cornish miners first arrived, they often returned from the butchers' carts without buying the meat, being unable to make up their minds to eat it. The fowls at Buenos Aires are also very bad, for they feed upon raw meat; occasionally I have seen them hopping out of the carcass of a dead horse; and we all fancied that the eggs tasted of beef. The pigs are also carnivorous. Raw beef is cheap, but fuel,* pepper, salt, bread, water, &c., are all so exorbitantly dear, that the meat when cooked positively becomes expensive; and every article of clothing is eighty per cent. dearer than in England.

The society of the lower class of English and Irish at Buenos Aires is very bad, and their constitutions are evidently impaired by drinking, and by the heat of the climate, while their morals and characters are much degraded. Away from the religious and moral example of their own country, and out of sight of their own friends and relations, they rapidly sink into habits of

* The coals which are used come from Newcastle; and almost all the potatoes from Falmouth.

CONCLUSION.

carelessness and dissipation, which are but too evident to those who come fresh from England; and it is really too true, that all the British emigrants at Buenos Aires are sickly in their appearance, dirty in their dress, and disreputable in their behaviour. A poor person with a young family should therefore pause before he brings them into such society; for it is surely better that his children, until they arrive at an age to work, should occasionally be in want in England, than that their constitutions should be impaired, and those principles ruined which induce every religious and honest man in England to labour with cheerfulness, and to return from his work with a healthy body and a contented mind.

A single man may imagine that he is able to resist the effects of bad society; that he would enjoy the climate and freedom of the country, and by attention save up a sum of money to return to England,—but he would find many unexpected difficulties.

The principal one to a working man is the climate, which in summer is so dreadfully hot that his constitution is unable to stand against it, and with every inclination to work he finds that his strength fails him, and that he is overpowered by a debility before unknown to him. He would then wish himself back in England; and his absence from his friends, and being unable to work, would make him discontented with a life which hangs heavy upon his hands, and which becomes more cheerless because, unless he has a large sum of money to pay for his passage, he sees that he is unable to return.

The above observations are not altogether theoretical. I particularly observed the unexpected effect which the climate had upon many English companies,* and upon a large body of our

* We had all sorts of English speculations in South America, some of which were really amusing. Besides many brother companies which I met with at Buenos Aires, I found a sister association of milkmaids. It had suddenly occurred to some of the younger sons of John Bull, that as there were a number of beautiful cows in the United Provinces of Rio de la Plata, a quantity of good pasture, and as the people of Buenos Aires had no butter to their bread, a Churning Company would answer admirably; and before the idea was many months old, a cargo of Scotch milkmaids were lying becalmed under the Line, on their passage to make butter at Buenos Aires. As they were panting and sighing, (being, from heavy rains, unable to come on deck,) Neptune as usual boarded the ship, and the sailors who were present say that his first observation was, that he had never found so many

English miners, who were selected in Cornwall for their good behaviour, and who arrived in the Provinces with every inclination to maintain their character. They saw the degraded state of the English settlers at Buenos Aires, and of their own accord they kept clear of them; but the cheapness of the spirits and the heat of the climate were inducements to them to drink, which they found it very difficult to resist. As soon as the heat set in, the men were exhausted, and complained of a "feebleness" that they had never felt before; and this was so great, that many of the strongest of them preferred going without meat to the fatigue of going through the sun to fetch it. This imbecility had its natural effect upon their minds, and they expressed their dislike of a climate in which they could make no exertions, and by which they were even exhausted while lying down and sitting still; and as soon as I determined on sending them home, they all most joyfully gave up the lucrative advantages which had induced them to come to the country, and none of them would remain, although by their agreements they might each have claimed sixty pounds instead of a passage, and might instantly have made very good contracts with the other mining companies; but they were all anxious to return, and I heard several of them say to each other, that "they had sooner work their fingers to the stumps in England than be gentlemen at Buenos Aires."

From the above circumstances, and many other observations which I endeavoured to make on the situations of a few English emigrants I met with in the different provinces, I am convinced that those who have hitherto emigrated to this country, as well as

passengers and so few beards to shave; however, when it was explained to him, that they were not Britannia's sons, but Jenny Bulls, who have no beards, the old god smiled and departed. The people of Buenos Aires were thunderstruck at the unexpected arrival of so many British milkmaids; however, private arrangements had been made, and the young women, therefore, had milk before it was generally known that they had got cows. But the labour which they experienced was very great: instead of leaning their beards against patient domestic animals, they were introduced to a set of lawless wild creatures, who looked so fierce that no young woman who ever sat upon a three-legged stool could dare to approach, much less to milk them!—however, the Gauchos attacked the cows, tied their legs with strips of hide, and as soon as they became quiet, the shops of Buenos Aires were literally full of butter. But now for the sad moral of the story:—after the difficulties had been all conquered, it was discovered, first, that the butter would not keep; and secondly, that, sooner or later, the Gauchos and natives of Buenos Aires

those who deserted from General Whitelocke's army, have passed their days in disappointment and regret—that the constitution of every individual has been more or less impaired—that their religious principles have altogether been destroyed—and I therefore would sincerely advise poor people, particularly those who have families, not to migrate to such hot latitudes, if they have the means of supporting themselves in England.

In reply to the second question, *Whether it is prudent to embark a large capital in any permanent establishment or speculation in this country?*

The Spanish South Americans have certainly become independent of the government of Spain, and this has of course proceeded from their own positive strength, and from the imbecility of the Spanish government; but supposing it to have arisen from the first cause only, still it must be admitted that a young nation may be strong enough to gain its independence, before it has education, wisdom, or experience enough to know what to do with it; and taking into consideration the peculiar political situation of the country, I must own it appears to me that during the troubles and vicissitudes which must unavoidably attend the progress of these provinces towards civilization, it would be imprudent for a stranger to enter into any permanent establishment; for, ignorant of what is to happen, all he can depend upon is that great changes will take place, that *he* must always be a responsible person, while unlooked-for revolutions may cause the governments or the individuals with whom he has established himself to vanish, leaving him in the wide plain without a remedy, and perhaps even without a just cause of complaint. He may have treated with a government which has ceased to exist, or with an individual whose fortune or whose influence may have suddenly disappeared; and be like the person who came from England to Buenos Aires some years ago, under the promise that he should have a lucrative situation in the Cabildo, and who learnt on his arrival that the Cabildo had just been destroyed.

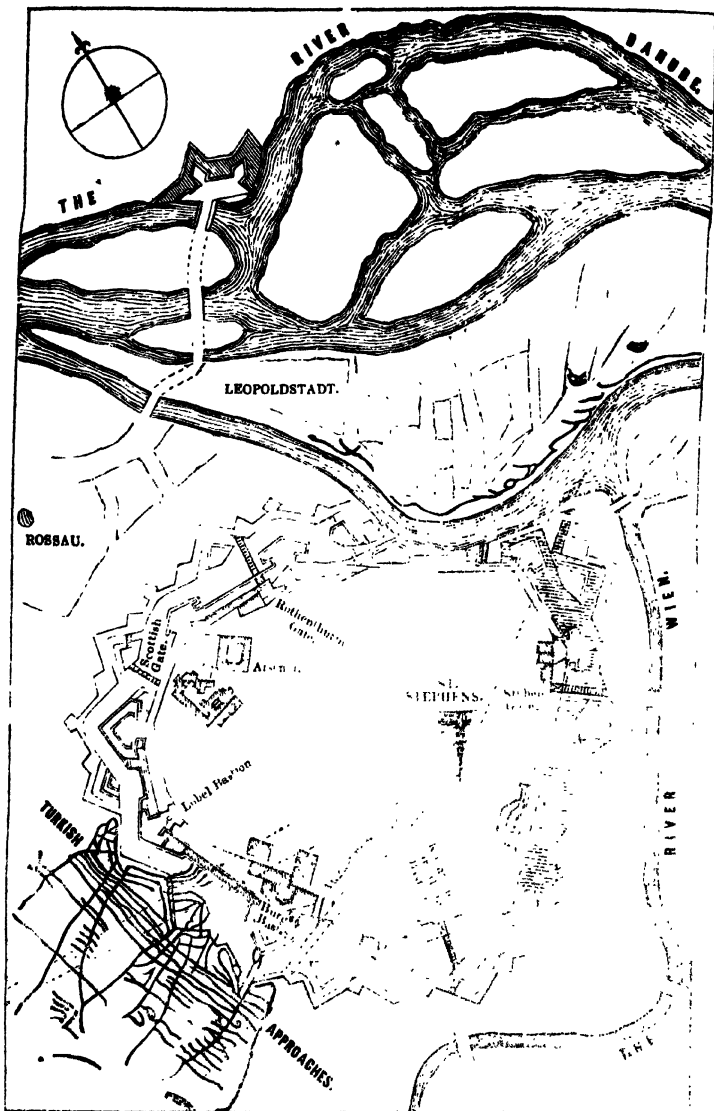
I can speak from my own private experience, for I was very nearly in a similar or worse situation. I was furnished with letters of introduction to the Governor of San Juan, and a copy of the then famous Carta de Mayo, which had been published in that province to ensure to us religious toleration; but had I not

fortunately been delayed on the road, I should, upon my arrival at San Juan, have been instantly thrown into prison with the *Góvernor* who was already confined, and from the window of my dungeon I should have seen the public executioner burning the *Carta de Mayo*, amidst the acclamations of the people. Yet I could not have complained, for my letters of introduction and the copy of the *Carta de Mayo* had been sent to me with the best intention—and the Governor at San Juan had wished to give me a polite reception; but the event was a political tempest which had not been foretold.

The failure of the Rio Plata Mining Association is a most serious proof of the insufficiency of the governments of La Plata. This public association was formed in London in virtue of a solemn decree, framed and signed by Don Bernardino Rivadavia, the minister of the government of Buenos Aires, authorising the formation of a Company to work the mines of the United Provinces, “at the discretionary choice of the Company;” and to promote this object, Reports were forwarded by Rivadavia from the Governors of the Mining Provinces describing their Mines. Yet, on my arrival at Buenos Aires, with an expensive establishment of miners and machinery, I found that almost the whole of the mines were actually sold by the Governments to the opposition Companies, and that Don Bernardino Rivadavia, the Government of Buenos Aires, and the Governors of the Provinces, were totally unable to fulfil the Decree! Private interests and private speculations had cancelled their act and their intention, and they had only to confess—

Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis.

THE END.



PLAN OF VIENNA, WITH THE TURKISH APPROACHES.

THE
SIEGES OF VIENNA

BY
THE TURKS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF
KARL AUGUST SCHIMMER,
AND OTHER SOURCES.

Think with what passionate delight
The tale was told in Christian halls,
How Sobieski turned to flight
The Muslim from Vienna's walls.
How, when his horse triumphant trod
The burghers' richest robes upon,
The ancient words rose loud -From God
A man was sent, whose name was John.

Penn Leaves, by Richard Moncton Milnes.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1847.

P R E F A C E.

THE narrative specified in the Title from which the following pages are in general borrowed, and in great part translated, is the work of a gentleman resident in Vienna, and enjoying as such access to the numerous and valuable sources of information extant in the archives of that city. The other sources to which I have adverted in the title-page, and which I have used for purposes of addition and verification, are principally the well-known Turkish 'History of Von Hammer;' 'The Life of Sobieski, by the French Abbé Coyer;' the 'History of Poland, by Monsieur de Salvandy;' and the invaluable volume of 'John Sobieski's Letters, translated from the Polish by the Count Plater.' I may add that, as many of the rarer printed tracts of the time, cited by Mr. Schimmer, are to be found in the British Museum, I have not failed to avail myself of the assistance of my friend Mr. Panizzi for their examination. Towards the close of my labour, and in fact through the narrative of the second siege, I have been less faithful as a translator than in the earlier portion. The introduction of such a character as Sobieski on the scene will be my apology to Mr. Schimmer for this divergence, and for the insertion of such matter as I have ventured to embroider on the ground of his narrative. Of

the letters of John Sobieski I have spoken my opinion in the text. The style of the Abbé Coyer seems to me such as might entitle his biography of Sobieski to take rank with Voltaire's Charles XII. and other standard works as a class book for students of the French language. I am indebted to Monsieur de Salvandy for some details of the great battle for the relief of Vienna which have escaped the notice of Ulric and the other German narrators.

TWO SIEGES OF VIENNA,

BY

THE TURKS.

CHAPTER I.

THE fall of Constantinople in 1453 was followed by a rapid extension of the arms and power of the conqueror, Mahomet II. Within a short period he subjected Persia, the whole of Greece and the Morea, most of the islands of the Archipelago, and Trebisond on the coast of Asia Minor, the seat of the Greek empire of the Comnenes. The last of that dynasty, Daniel Comnenus, he took prisoner, and shortly after caused him with his family to be executed for the alleged offence, probably a mere pretext, of an understanding with the Persians. In 1467 Mahomet took from the Venetians, in addition to several possessions in the Morea, the island of Eubœa, and, in 1474, Caffa from the Genoese. The hostilities in which he was soon afterwards involved with Persia hindered him from further pursuing his conquests against the Christian powers, who on their side were prevented by their unhappy dissensions and divisions from attempting to retrieve their losses. In general their campaigns against the Turks were confined to purely defensive operations, and it was not till a much later period that common need and danger produced a more general system of aggressive action. In 1480 Mahomet II. attacked the island of Rhodes, the conquest of which he had it much at heart to accomplish; he was, however, repulsed with great loss by its defenders, the Knights of St. John. Upon this repulse he directed his arms against Italy, took Otranto, and would probably have

pushed his conquests further in that country, if death had not overtaken him, on an expedition to Persia, in 1481. He had overthrown two empires and ten other sovereignties, and captured more than 200 cities. He directed as an inscription for his tomb the following sentence, simple, but significant to his successors :—“ I wished to take Rhodes and subdue Italy.” His two immediate successors, Bajazet II., who reigned from 1481 to 1512, and Selim I. (1512 to 1520), prosecuted schemes of conquest in various directions. The latter was in particular the founder of an extensive naval power, before which those of Venice and Genoa, so considerable at that time, were compelled to quail. He conquered also Mesopotamia, Syria, Palestine, and Egypt, and reduced to subjection the powerful Sheikh of Mecca. In wisdom, however, in power, and in glory, this Soliman was surpassed by his son, the second of that name, the greatest of the Ottoman sovereigns, under whom the Turkish empire attained a pitch of splendour which has not been equalled before or since. In acquirements he was far beyond his age and country : in addition to the Turkish language, he was master of Persian and Arabic ; he also understood Italian ; and in that kind of metrical compositions which are called, in Turkish, *Misen*, the critics of that country pronounced him to exceed all others. In military achievements he was equally distinguished among the sovereigns of his race, and ranks with Mahomet II. as a conqueror. In the first year of his reign, he acquired in Belgrade the key of the Danube, and opened the way for his further advance into Hungary. In the following year, 1522, he carried into execution the unaccomplished wish and dying injunction of Mahomet II. in the subjection of Rhodes, and on Christmas-night held his triumphant entry into the conquered city. Soon afterwards he directed his forces again upon Hungary, in which country internal dissensions afforded him a favourable opportunity for the furtherance of his plans of conquest.

King Louis II. of Hungary, the feeble successor of his illustrious father, Ladislaus II., had ascended the throne in 1516, under the guardianship of the Emperor Maximilian I. and of Sigismund, King of Poland, his uncle. At the very commencement of his reign, an insurrection of his nobles threatened to deprive him of the throne. He had, moreover, mortally offended

the ambitious John Zapolya, Count of Zips, who held as wayvode the government of Transylvania, and excited him to the most destructive projects by passing him over on the occasion of the election to the office of Palatine.* This man, whose name, like that of Tekeli, is so intimately connected with the misfortunes of his country, was born in 1487, the son of Stephen Zapolya, one of the best officers of the great king and warrior Mathias Corvinus. Inheriting the rewards of his father's valour in the shape of vast possessions and important governments, he was distinguished through life by restless ambition, great talents for intrigue, and on some occasions by acts of inventive cruelty which exceed in extravagance of horror all that Suetonius has related of the Roman emperors. By a reckless acceptance of Turkish aid, and by treachery as reckless to his engagements with that power, he partially succeeded in the great object of his adventurous life—his establishment on the throne of Hungary. He died a natural death in 1540, leaving an infant son, who succeeded him in the government of Transylvania, but who struggled in vain to establish himself in that of Hungary. With his death in 1570 this race of able and dangerous men fortunately became extinct.

Soliman found little resistance to his invasion of Hungary. Peterwaradin and the Bannat fell quickly into his hands; and on the 20th August, 1526. occurred that disastrous battle which in Hungary still bears the name of the Destruction of Mohacs. Zapolya remained with his forces motionless at Szegedin, careless of the fate of kingdom or king; while the latter, with scarcely 20,000 men and little artillery, stood opposed to a tenfold superior force of the Turks. The wiser heads of the army advised the waiting for reinforcements, but they were overruled by Paul Timoreus, Archbishop of Koloeza, a man who seems to have

* It is difficult to illustrate the very peculiar institutions of Hungary by reference to those of any other state, as I know of none which presents any near analogy to the office of Palatine. He is chosen by the king out of four magnates presented for election by the states of the kingdom. He represents the king, and is the constitutional mediator between him and his subjects in all matters at issue between them. As President of the highest court of appeal, he resembles our Lord Chancellor, and, like him, takes precedence of all subjects except the primate, the Archbishop of Gran. From 1765 to Joseph II.'s death in 1790 the office remained vacant. It has since been usually filled by an Austrian Archduke.—E.

united every quality which could unfit him for either the sacred functions he had abandoned or those which he had assumed of military command. The arrival, still hoped for, of Zapolya, with the excellent cavalry of Transylvania, might have saved Hungary, but it would have deprived the prelate of the chief command; and the latter preferred to risk his own life, that of the sovereign, and the fortunes of Hungary, in premature and unequal battle. In less than two hours Soliman had gained a complete victory; the prelate paid the penalty of his presumption with his life, and with him perished the flower of the Hungarian nobility, many of his episcopal brethren, and lastly the unfortunate King Louis himself, suffocated beneath his floundering horse, and borne down by the weight of his armour, in a swamp through which he was urging his flight. The jewels in which the plume of his helmet was set led ultimately to the discovery and identification of the body. Scarcely 4000 men, led by the Palatine Bathory, escaped under the cover of night from this disastrous battle. Soliman pushed forward his troops, intoxicated with success, as far as the Platten and Neusiedler lakes, laid waste the country, and burnt Fünfkirchen and Pesth. On the news, however, of disturbances in Asia, he suddenly retired, dragging with him 200,000 persons into captivity, but soon to re-appear in terrible power at the gates of Vienna itself.

The circumstances of the succession to the throne of Hungary were well calculated to invite and facilitate that return. Upon the death of Louis without issue, in virtue of his double connexion by marriage with the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria (afterwards Emperor), and of a treaty concluded between his father Ladislaus and the House of Austria, the right to the throne devolved upon the latter, of which the Archduke was the representative. The royal widow, Mary, sister to Ferdinand, convoked, for the purpose of ratifying this arrangement, a diet at Presburgh, whither she had been compelled to fly when Pesth surrendered. Her intention, however, was frustrated by the counter measures of John Zapolya, who, after solemnizing the obsequies of Louis at Stuhlweissenburg, had, with the assent of many of the magnates, proclaimed himself king, and had caused himself to be crowned on the 11th November, 1526. He appealed to an ancient law by which no one but a born Hungarian

could occupy the throne, although it had never been universally acknowledged, and had been set aside by the recent arrangements. Ferdinand now sent against him an army under the command of a brave man, Nicholas, Count of Salm, who defeated him near Tokay. By the exertions of the faithful Palatine Bathory, a considerable party was created in favour of Ferdinand, and his coronation was celebrated at Pesth on the 21st August, 1527. After two successive defeats at Erlau and Szinye, Zapolya was compelled to abandon Transylvania and to take refuge in Poland. The magnates of Hungary now came over in great numbers to the party of Ferdinand, and he rejoiced in the prospect of an undisturbed possession of his newly acquired sovereignty. Zapolya, however, though on all sides deserted, and destitute of troops and money, persevered in his designs, and made every exertion to gain over to his cause the nobility of Poland and their king, Sigismund, his brother-in-law by marriage with his sister Barbara. These attempts were in most instances fruitless; but he succeeded with Jerome Laski, Wayvode of Siradia, a man of resource and enterprise, who showed hospitality to the fugitive, and promised him every possible support. Laski, however, conscious of the inadequacy of his own means to effect his friend's restoration in opposition to the House of Austria, gave him the deplorable advice to betake himself to the Sultan. We are assured by several contemporary writers that Zapolya long hesitated to follow this fatal counsel; and it is not incredible that he felt some compunction in throwing himself into the arms of the arch enemy of Christianity, and in possibly exposing half Europe to Mahometan invasion. The condition, however, of his affairs, and his ambition, urged him to the desperate step, which was somewhat reconciled to his conscience by the knowledge that Ferdinand himself had despatched an embassy to Constantinople to conciliate the good will of the Sultan. Zapolya overlooked the distinction that Ferdinand's object was to establish peace, while his own was to kindle a desolating war of race and religion. So soon as his resolution was adopted, Laski undertook in person a journey to Constantinople, accompanied by a renegade Venetian, Ludovico Gritti, who served him as interpreter. He found ready audience from the Sultan, who asked for nothing better

than pretext and opportunity to lead his hitherto unconquered forces into the heart of Christendom. The Sultan had also been highly irritated by the injudicious behaviour of Ferdinand's envoy, a Hungarian named Hobordansky, who had chosen this unpropitious juncture to demand not merely the unconditional recognition of Ferdinand as king of Hungary, but also to insist with violence on the restoration of Belgrade and Jaicza. Demands such as these, addressed in peremptory language to a sovereign flushed with recent conquest, produced their immediate and natural consequences in facilitating the designs of Zapolya. A treaty was without delay concluded, by which Soliman undertook to effect his restoration to the throne of Hungary. Zapolya, by secret articles of this compact, engaged in return not merely to pay an annual tribute in money, but to place every ten years at the disposal of the Sultan a tenth part of the population of Hungary, of both sexes, and to afford for ever free passage through the kingdom to the Ottoman forces. At the same time Soliman dismissed the envoys of Ferdinand with the menace "that he would soon come to drive the latter out of a kingdom which he had unjustly acquired; that he would look for him on the field of Mohacs, or even in Pesth; and should Ferdinand shrink from meeting him at either, he would offer him battle under the walls of Vienna itself." It was thus that through *treason in one quarter, ill-timed audacity in another, and the restless spirit of conquest and progression which the Turks derived from their Tartar origin*, the crisis arrived so pregnant with evil consequences to an important portion of Christian Europe.

CHAPTER II.

From 1527 to September 11, 1529.

THE Turkish preparations were pushed forward with great vigour, and in a short time an immense army was assembled in the great plain of Philippopolis. Although the Sultan had originally formed the intention of marching with it in person, he nevertheless appointed to its command his famous Grand Vizier and favourite Ibrahim. This man was by birth a Greek, of moderate stature, dark complexion, and had been in infancy sold as a slave to Soliman. He soon by his intelligence, his musical talents, his aspiring and enterprising spirit, won the favour of his master, and after Soliman's accession to the throne participated with him in the exercise of the highest powers of the state, in the character of Vizier, brother-in-law, friend, and favourite, and enjoyed such distinctions as neither Turkish favourite nor minister has ever before or since attained. He not only often interchanged letters with his master, but frequently his clothes, slept in the same chamber, had his own seraglio in the Hippodrome, and his own colour, sky-blue, for the livery of his pages and for his standard. He insisted in his communications with Ferdinand on the title of brother and cousin. In a Latin verse which he addressed to the Venetian ambassador, he signified that while his master had the attributes of Jupiter, he himself was the Caesar of the world. Yet all this exaltation was destined to the usual termination of the career of an Oriental favourite. He was murdered in 1536 by command of Soliman, on suspicion of a design to place himself on the throne.

Soliman had intended to put his army in motion in 1528, but his stores were destroyed, and his arrangements paralysed by rains of such extraordinary violence, that the troops, and even his own person, were endangered. A year's respite was thus afforded to the Austrians,—the more valuable to them because, as

all accounts concur in stating, they had in the first instance placed little reliance on the accounts of the Turkish preparations for war, and had entertained a very unreasonable disbelief in any serious intention on the part of Soliman to carry his menaces into execution. The threats and vaunting of Oriental despots may generally be received with much allowance for grandiloquence; but in this instance Ferdinand should have remembered that the sovereign who uttered them had already once overrun Hungary to the frontiers of Austria, and had good reason, from past experience, to anticipate success in a renewed invasion. On the 10th of April, 1529, the Sultan left Constantinople at the head of an army of at least 200,000 men. Zapolya, on his part, was not idle. He applied to nearly all the powers of Europe, not excepting even the Pope, Clement VII., whom he knew to be at this period on bad terms with the Emperor, urging them to support what he termed his just cause. These applications were unavailing; the Pope replied by excommunicating him, by exhorting the magnates of Hungary to the support of Ferdinand, and by urging the latter to draw the sword without delay in defence of Christendom.

Zapolya, supported by the money of some Polish nobles, and by some bands of Turkish freebooters, pushed forward early in April into Hungary at the head of about 2000 men, summoning on all sides the inhabitants to his support. Near Kaschau, however, he was attacked and completely routed by the Austrian commander Da Rewa. Meanwhile the Turkish army advanced without other hindrance than heavy rains and the natural difficulties of the passes of the Balkan, and by the end of June had effected the passage of the rivers of Servia, and had crossed the Hungarian frontier. Before the main body marched a terrible advanced guard of 30,000 men, spreading desolation in every direction. Their leader was a man worthy of such command of bloodthirsty barbarians, the terrible Mihal Oglou, whose ancestor, Kose Mihal, or Michael of the Pointed Beard, derived his origin from the imperial race of the Palæologi, and on the female side was related to the royal houses of France and Savoy. His descendants were hereditary leaders of those wild and terrible bands of horsemen called by the Turks "Akindschi," *i. e.* "hither streaming," or "overflowing;" by the Italians, "Guastadori,"

the spoilers ; by the French, “*Faucheurs*” and “*Ecorcheurs*,” mowers and flayers ; but by the Germans universally “*Sackman*,” possibly because they filled their own sacks with plunder, or emptied those of other people. Whether this explanation be correct or not, it is certain that the name long retained its terrors in Austria, and that down to the beginning of the eighteenth century mothers used it to frighten their unruly children.

Meanwhile Zapolya, encouraged by the progress of the Turk, had ventured his own person in an advance upon Hungary ; many of his old adherents joined his standard, and he collected an army of some 6000 men, with which he came on to join the Sultan. The meeting took place in the field of Mohacs. Zapolya was received with acclamation by the Turks, and with presents and other marks of honour by the Sultan, whose hand he kissed in homage for the sovereignty of Hungary. The Sultan assured him of his future protection, and awarded him among other royal honours a body-guard of Janissaries. After the army had refreshed itself it proceeded slowly, occupying the fortified places to the right and left ; and in thirteen days after its departure from Mohacs the Sultan's tents were pitched in the vineyards of Pesth, the inhabitants of which had for the most part fled either to Vienna or Poland. The garrison consisted of only about a thousand German and Hungarian soldiers, under Thomas Nadasky, who in the first instance showed the best disposition towards a manful defence. The Turks, however, after continuing a well-sustained fire from the neighbouring heights for four days, were proceeding—although no breach had been effected—to storm the defences, when the courage of the garrison failed them. The latter, with the few remaining inhabitants, retired into the citadel, and the Turks occupied the town. Nadasky was firmly resolved to hold out to the last, with the view of delaying as long as possible the advance of the enemy ; but the soldiers had lost all courage, and preferred to obey two of their German officers, who entered into a capitulation with the Turks, and answered Nadasky's remonstrances by putting him into confinement. The Vizier rejoiced at the prospect of removing an obstacle which might have materially affected the ulterior plan of his campaign at so advanced a period of the season, and eagerly accepted the

conditions, promising them life and liberty; and thus by mutiny and treason was the fortress surrendered on the 7th September. The traitors soon found reason to repent their crime. The event was one which, in justice to the Sultan, demands a close investigation, for the naked circumstances were such as to fix a stigma of bad faith on that sovereign, who, however open to the charge of cruelty, was usually distinguished by a rigid and even magnanimous adherence to his word. In many accounts, contemporary and later, he is accused in this instance of a reckless violation of his promises. It is certain that the garrison was massacred, but there is reason to believe that this occurred neither with the sanction of the Sultan nor without provocation on the part of the victims. The Janissaries were in a temper bordering on mutiny on being disappointed of a general plunder of the fortress. Stones were flying at their officers, and the second in their command had been wounded. Through the ranks of these men the garrison had to defile amid expressions of contempt for their cowardice. A German soldier, irritated at this treatment, exclaimed that if he had been in command no surrender would have exposed them to it. This information being received, as might be expected, with redoubled insult, the stout German lost patience, and with his sword he struck a Janissary to the ground. The general massacre which naturally ensued was certainly not by the order, and probably against the will, of the Sultan, as indeed the writer, Cantemir, a bitter enemy of the Turk, acknowledges. Not more than sixty men escaped this sweeping execution, part of whom escaped by flight and part were made prisoners. A proof, however, of Soliman's appreciation of honour and courage is to be found in the fact that he not only eulogized the fidelity and firmness of Nadasky, but dismissed him on his parole not to serve against the Turks during the war. This generosity is the more to be praised as it was exercised in the teeth of the resistance not only of the embittered Janissaries, but of the Hungarian traitors in the suite of Zapolya. The fortress was placed in the hands of that leader, who remained behind with a sufficient garrison in charge of it, while the Turkish army pursued its triumphant progress over the Austrian frontier. On the 14th September Zapolya was solemnly installed on the Hungarian throne, the ceremony being attended, however, on the part of

Soliman only by the Segbanbaschi, or second in command of the Janissaries, and by Soliman's commissioner in Hungary, the Venetian Gritti, whose name has been already mentioned. A Turkish commandant was left in the place, and the Pacha of Semendria, Mohammed Bey, was sent on in advance towards Vienna to obtain intelligence and clear the roads.

CHAPTER III.

BEFORE Soliman quitted Pesth he had issued a proclamation to the effect that "Whosoever in Hungary should withhold obedience and subjection from the Count John of Zips, Wayvode of Transylvania, whom the Sultan had named king, had replaced in the sovereignty, and had engaged himself to uphold, should be punished and extirpated with fire and sword; but that those who should submit themselves should be stoutly protected, and maintained in the possession of their property and privileges." On the 21st of September, Soliman with his main army crossed the Raab at Altenburg in Hungary, and on the same day his advanced corps of plunderers and destroyers under Michael Oglou, after spreading terror far and wide around them, reached the neighbourhood of Vienna. It may be questioned whether the main objects of the campaign were promoted by the employment of this force. As a scourge to the defenceless portion of an enemy's country, none could be so effective; but though terror may paralyze the resistance of the scattered and the weak, cruelty serves to excite the indignation and organize the resistance of those beyond its immediate reach; and in the case of the Sackman cruelty was combined with a reckless treachery, which was laid to the account and affixed to the reputation of the general body of the invaders and their great leader, in some instances hardly with justice. Contemporary writers have exhausted their powers of language in describing the atrocities perpetrated by these marauders. We find, for example, in a rare pamphlet of the time,* the following: "At which time did the Sackman spread himself on every side, going before the Turkish army, destroying and burning everything, and carrying off into captivity much people, men and women, and even the children, of whom

* "The Besieging of the City of Vienna in Austria by the cruel Tyrant and Destroyer of Christendom, the Turkish Emperor, as it lately befell, in the Month of September, 1529."

many they grievously maimed, and, as Turkish prisoners have declared, over 30,000 persons were by them carried off, and as has since been told, such as could not march were cruelly put to death. Thus have they wasted, destroyed, burnt, and plundered all in the land of Austria below Ens, and nearly to the water of Ens, but on the hither side of the Danube for the most part the land has escaped, for by reason of the river the Turk could do there but little harm; the towns also round about Vienna beyond Brück on the Leitha, have remained unconquered and unwasted by the Turk, but the open country wasted and burnt." The irresistible pressure forward of the main army, the threats of the Sultan, and the merciless fury of the Sackman, produced their consequences in the prompt surrender of most of the places which were unprovided with garrisons and adequate defences. In this manner fell Fünfkirchen, Stahlweissenburg, and Pesth, without a blow, into the hands of the enemy. In Gran the inhabitants even refused to admit the garrison sent by Ferdinand for its occupation, and the Archbishop Paul Tomori so far forgot his honour and duty as to procure the surrender both of town and citadel to the Sultan, to whose camp the prelate also betook himself. Comorn was abandoned by its garrison. Raab also fell, but not till it had been set on fire by the fugitives. Altenburg in Hungary was betrayed into the hands of the enemy. Brück on the Leitha, on the contrary, defended itself stoutly; and the Sultan, pleased with the constancy and courage of its defenders, willingly accorded them terms in virtue of which they were pledged to do him homage only after the fall of Vienna. Content with this compact, he ceased his attack on the city, marched past under its walls, and strictly forbade all injury to the district in its dependence. Wiener Neustadt also defended itself with spirit, and in one day repelled five attempts to storm its defences in the most heroic manner. Several other places, among them Closternenburg, and Perchtoldsdorf, and some castles held out with success.* Such occasional opposition was scarcely distasteful to Soliman, for

* These instances illustrate the fact that Soliman was ill provided with siege artillery. The Turks at this period, as will be seen in the case of Vienna, relied principally on their skill in mining for the capture of strong places, a method very effective in their hands, but slow.—E.

whom invincible and cheap success had not its usual attraction. His far-reaching ambition looked to a sovereignty of the West corresponding to that which his ancestors had asserted over the East, and he remarked with complacency the valour of men whom he destined for his future subjects. For the same reason he detested cowardice in the ranks of his opponents, and punished it with the same severity as if it had exhibited itself in his own. In contemplation also of the immensity of his force, the rapidity of his progress, and the unprepared condition of Austria, he held success for certain, and isolated instances of resistance could, as he conceived, only afford useful practice to his troops without affecting the general and inevitable result. In fact, the aspect of the time for Austria was one of gloom and danger. The main force of the enemy was hard upon the frontier, which had already been crossed at several points by the terrible bands of Michael Oglou; and from the walls of Vienna the horizon was seen reddened with the flames of burning villages, while within the city little or nothing had yet been done for its fortification and defence. It is true that, on the near approach of the danger, Ferdinand had called meetings of the States, as well in Austria as in the other provinces of his hereditary dominions; and had for this object proceeded in person through Styria, Carinthia, Tyrol, and Bohemia. The cause was everywhere taken up with much alacrity. In Austria the tenth man was called out for service; the other provinces undertook to furnish considerable forces; and Bohemia promised, in case of the actual invasion of Austria, to send to her aid every man capable of bearing arms. The King, however, saw but too well that with all this aid he would be no match in the field for the Sultan's force; and he turned his thoughts to the Empire, in which the religious disputes of the time presented serious difficulties in the way of the assistance he required. The danger, however, was pressing enough to allay for the moment even the heats engendered by the Reformation. At the Diet of Spire, which was attended by most of the Electoral and other Princes of the Empire, Ferdinand addressed to them an urgent appeal, in which he made a prominent allusion to the fact that Soliman had declared his determination never to lay down his arms till he had erected a monument to his victories on the bank of the

Rhine. The voice of party was indeed silenced by this appeal to a common interest; but the succour, voted after a protracted discussion, was nevertheless scanty, not exceeding 12,000 foot and 4000 horse, as the contingent for the Germanic body. Then followed interminable debates as to the selection of a commander; and the Turks were over the Save and in possession of Pesth before the Germanic contingent was mustered. There were not wanting men hard of belief, pedants of the true German stamp, who maintained that mere apprehension had exaggerated the danger; and finally it was agreed at Ratisbon, to which city the assembly had transferred itself, to send a deputation of two persons to Hungary to investigate the state of affairs on the spot.* They went; and, having the good fortune to escape the hands of the Turks, returned with evidence sufficient to satisfy the doubts of their sagacious employers.

On the day on which Soliman crossed the Hungarian frontier, a detachment of Imperial cavalry under Paul Bakics encountered a body of the Turkish light troops in the immediate neighbourhood of Vienna, and took a few prisoners. The conquerors showed themselves apt disciples in cruelty of the Turks, and even exceeded their teachers, who with the sabre usually made short work with their captives, whereas the men now taken were racked or tortured before they were bound together with ropes and flung into the Danube. Meanwhile the near approach of the Turks and the delay of all succour raised consternation in Vienna to the highest pitch. The news of the fall of Pesth, which reached it on the 17th September, suggested flight to all who had the means of escape. In defiance of an urgent summons on the part of the authorities, addressed to all capable of bearing arms, many burghers left the city on pretence of bearing their women and children to places of safety, and few of these returned. These delinquents were called afterwards to severe account, though much excuse was to be found for such conduct on the part of individuals in the shameful neglect of their rulers, who had postponed measures of defence till resistance appeared hopeless. The countless hosts of the invader had crossed the frontier before any force had been collected which could even impede its

* These commissioners were civilians. One of them was a lawyer, answering probably to our barrister of six years' standing.—E.

advance. The royal troops encamped at Altenburg hardly amounted to 5000 men, who on the first appearance of the enemy effected a rapid retreat in order not to be cut off from Vienna. The succours promised by the Empire were not forthcoming, though messenger after messenger was sent to hurry their advance. Even the Bohemian troops approached but by slow marches, under their leader John of Bernstein, and required every exhortation to greater diligence. At length Duke Frederick of the Palatinate, the prince elected as leader of the army of the Empire, arrived on the 24th of September at Lintz with the scanty levies, amounting to a few thousands, which had as yet been collected. At Lintz he held conference with Ferdinand as to the measures to be pursued, and then hastened forward to effect his entrance into Vienna before the arrival of the Turks. On the 26th, however, he received at Grein the intelligence that the Turks had appeared in force in the neighbourhood of the city. He was at first resolutely determined to cut his way at all hazards, but when he learned that both the bridges over the Danube were in possession of the enemy, being satisfied that by the attempt he could only involve his feeble forces in certain and useless destruction, he determined to halt at Grembs for reinforcements. His cousin, however, the brave Pfalzgraf Philip, succeeded in throwing himself into the city, with a small number of Spanish and German troops, three days before it was surrounded by the Turks.

In Vienna the necessary preparations had now been made with almost superhuman exertion, but in such haste and with so little material, that they could only be considered as very inadequate to the emergency. The city itself occupied then the same ground as at present, the defences were old and in great part ruinous, the walls scarcely six feet thick, and the outer palisade so frail and insufficient that the name *Stallzaun*, or city hedge, which it bears in the municipal records of the time, was literally as well as figuratively appropriate. The citadel was merely the old building which now exists under the name of Schweizer Hof. All the houses which lay too near the wall were levelled to the ground; where the wall was specially weak or out of repair, a new entrenched line of earthen defence was constructed and well palisaded; within the city itself, from the Stuben to the Kärnthner

or Carinthian gate, an entirely new wall twenty feet high was constructed with a ditch interior to the old. The bank of the Danube was also entrenched and palisaded, and from the draw-bridge to the Salz gate protected with a rampart capable of resisting artillery. As a precaution against fire the shingles with which the houses were generally roofed were throughout the city removed. The pavement of the streets was taken up to deaden the effect of the enemy's shot, and watchposts established to guard against conflagration. Parties were detached to scour the neighbouring country in search of provisions, and to bring in cattle and forage. Finally, to provide against the possibility of a protracted siege, useless consumers, women, children, old men, and ecclesiastics were, as far as possible, forced to withdraw from the city. Though this latter measure was successful for its special purpose, and prevented any failure of subsistence during the investment of the city, it had the melancholy consequence that many of the fugitives met with massacre or captivity at the hands of the Turkish light troops. In the neighbourhood of Traismauer, for instance, in the very beginning of September, a body of no less than 5000 were unsparingly massacred by the Sackman. To meet the financial exigency of the time, an extraordinary contribution was levied throughout Austria. A bishop was taxed 5 florins, a mitred prelate 4, an unmitred 3, a count 4, the rest of the noblesse, as also the secular clergy, and all citizens who were accounted to possess 100 florins, 1 florin each; peasants, servants, and others of the poorer classes a kreutzer in the dollar; day labourers 10 pennies, and every communicant 9 pennies (see "Chronicon Mellicense," part vii. p. 572). Should these sums appear small, the value of money must be considered at a period when a considerable country-house might be purchased for 50 florins, and when 200 florins were reckoned a competence.

In respect of the active defence, the Pfalzgraf Philip had taken the command in the city. Associated with him was the veteran hero Nicholas, Count of Salm, who had crossed the March field from Upper Hungary with a chosen band of light troops, and on whose proved fidelity and valour Ferdinand principally relied for the defence of the bulwark of Christendom. These qualities had been tried through fifty-six years of

service in the field, and recently in the victory of Pavia (1522), in which he had borne a distinguished share, having crossed swords and exchanged wounds with the French king, Francis I. At the age of seventy, he now undertook a heavier responsibility than any he had yet incurred; for though the Pfalzgraf's rank gave him a nominal precedence, the confidence both of the soldiery and the citizens rested chiefly on the veteran leader.

The other commanders were William, Baron of Roggendorf, general of the cavalry, who had distinguished himself in the Italian wars; Marcus Beck, of Leopoldsdorf, commissary general; Ulrich Leyser, master of the ordnance; John Katzianer; Leonhard, Baron of Vels; Hector Eck, of Reischach; and Maximilian Leyser. Of Austrian states-deputies and councillors, the following were in the city:—George von Puechhaim, governor of Lower Austria; Nicholas Rabenhaupt, chancellor; Rudolph von Hohenfeld, Felician von Pottschach, privy councillors; John von Greissenegg, commandant of Vienna, and of the foot militia of the city; Melchior von Lamberg; Trajan von Auersberg; Bernardin Ritschen; Helfreich von Meggun; Erasmus von Obritschen; Raimund von Dornberg; Otto von Achterdingen; John Apfalterer; Siegfried von Kollonitsch; Reinbrecht von Ebersdorf; and Hans von Eibenswald. The Styrian troops were commanded by the gallant Abel von Holleneck; the Bohemian, by Ernst von Brandenstein. The contingent of the Empire consisted of two regiments, under Kuntz Gotzman and James von Bernan. Luis de Avallos, Melchior de Villanel, Juan de Salinas, and Juan de Aquilera, commanded the Spaniards. The magistrates remaining in the city were Wolfgang Troy, burgomaster; Paul Bernfuss, judge; and the councillors Sebastian Eiseler, Sebastian Schmutz, and Wolfgang Mangold. *The limits of this work do not admit a list of subordinate officers. It would include names connected with the first houses of the German and Austrian nobility. Among these were several who had joined the garrison as volunteers. In the camp of the Imperialists at Crems were two young nobles, Rupert, Count of Manderscheid, and Wolf, Count of Oettingen, so zealous in the cause, that after the city had been invested they swam the Danube, and were drawn up over the wall near the Werder gate. The garrison altogether amounted*

to 20,000 infantry and 2000 horse; the armed burghers to about 1000. The distribution of the troops was as follows:—The Pfalzgraf Philip occupied, with 100 cuirassiers and 14 companies of the troops of the Empire, the Stuben quarter from the Rothenthurm to the middle of the curtain towards the Karnthner gate. Thence the line of defence was taken up to the Augustine Convent by Eck von Reischach, with 3000 infantry. Thence to the Burggarten were posted the Styrian troops under Abel von Holleneck. The citadel was held by Leonard von Vels, with 3000 chosen troops. Thence to the Scottish gate Maximilian Leyser was in command. In the four principal squares of the city were posted cavalry, under William von Roggendorf, ready to advance in any direction. From the Scottish gate to the Werder gate were posted 2000 Austrians and 700 Spaniards, under Rupert von Ebersdorf. The tower in the spot called Elend, was strengthened with a rampart, and mounted with heavy guns to annoy the Turkish flotilla, which covered the Danube as far as Nussdorf. Finally, from the Werder gate to the Rothenthurm, including the Salz gate, were posted 2000 Bohemians under Ernst von Brandenstein and William von Warthenberg, with a detachment of cavalry under John, Count of Hardegg. The artillery mounted on the defences appears to have consisted of between sixty and seventy pieces, of the very various calibres and denominations in use at this period. A small armament according to our present ideas, if the circuit of the defences and the lightness of some of the pieces be considered, but respectable perhaps for the time, and more than a match for the light pieces of the Turks. The city would probably have been still less provided with this arm of defence, but for the Emperor Maximilian, with whom the fabrication and use of artillery had been a favourite study and pursuit, of which his heirs and country now reaped the benefit.* The care of this artillery was committed to seventy-four gunners under the master of the ordnance, Ulrich Leyser. After all these preparations the defences were very weak, even according to the engineering science of the time. There were no bastions on which the guns could be properly disposed. It is mentioned that several of the pieces which had been adjusted

* See Ranke, "Deutsche Geschichte," vol. iii. p. 202.

to embrasures or loopholes opened in the wall were found useless in that position, and were removed to the roofs of neighbouring buildings; the ditches were dry, and it was left to the defenders to supply by gallantry and endurance the deficiencies of art and the precautions of prudence. The hour of trial was at hand; on the 20th September, Altenburg surrendered, after a gallant defence, and its garrison, 300 strong, were made prisoners. These men were interrogated by the Sultan as to the condition of Vienna, the strength of its garrison, &c., and having, as would appear, answered in terms which agreed with his ideas of the truth, were well treated by him, but forced to accompany him on his march. Soon afterwards Brück on the Leitha and Trautmannsdorf fell into his hands by capitulation; and, freed from these petty obstacles, he advanced with his collected might, and with every prospect of achieving the ruin of the empire in the subjection of its capital.

CHAPTER IV.

From September 16 to September 26, 1529.

IN Vienna it was resolved by a council of war, as it was not possible to face the overwhelming numbers of the enemy in the open field, to neutralize, at least as far as possible, the advantages of any positions in the neighbourhood by the sacrifice of the suburbs, and of all buildings within range of fire from the walls. A more timely adoption of this indispensable measure would have obviated much of the violence and misery which attended its hurried execution. The necessity was one which from the end of August, and after the fall of Pesth, had been obviously inevitable. By the 16th of November the whole neighbourhood was swarming with the bands of Michael Oglou, who spared neither age nor sex; children, old people, and pregnant women were murdered with every circumstance of cruelty, and those who were spared from the sabre were swept into slavery. A contemporary writer, Peter Stern von Labach, describes these horrors in the following terms: "After the taking of Brück on the Leitha and the castle of Trautmannsdorf, the Sackman and those who went before him, people who have no regular pay, but live by plunder and spoil, to the number of 40,000, spread themselves far and wide over the country, as far as the Ens and into Styria, burning and slaying. Many thousands of people were murdered, or maltreated and dragged into slavery. Children were cut out of their mothers' wombs and stuck on pikes; young women abused to death, and their corpses left on the highway. God rest their souls, and grant vengeance on the bloodhounds who committed this evil." The peasantry fled either to the depths of the forests, or to the city, and increased by their narratives the consternation there prevailing. By the 20th September every road which led from east and south towards the city was crowded with fugitives endeavouring to save themselves and their moveables. As

however the Eastern horsemen were familiar with all difficulties of ground, and overcame all impediments of morass, or forest, or mountain, few of the fugitives escaped. A few fortified towns and castles only held out. A chronicle of the time asserts that scarcely a third part of the inhabitants of Upper Austria survived the invasion. It was only on the 22nd September, when the enemy was at the gates of Vienna, that the resolution we have mentioned was finally adopted, to sacrifice to the general security the entire suburbs and the many sumptuous buildings which they included. The most valuable of the moveable property was first conveyed into the city, and the work of destruction commenced. It was soon, however, found that it had commenced too late for its orderly and deliberate execution. It was left to the proprietors to save hastily what they could; the rest was given up for the soldiery to glean, and the torch was applied to all the buildings. Disorders and excesses such as might be expected were the result, and the inhabitants were little better treated by the foreign soldiery than they would have been by the Turk. That many wine-casks should have been broken in the cellars, the owners of which at this period cultivated the vine to a great extent, and much store of provisions and other valuables burnt, and that even the churches should have been desecrated and plundered, can scarcely be matter of censure, except so far as it may be conjectured that with better discipline on the part of the soldiery, the articles destroyed might in part have been removed; but the wretched people who were conveying the sole remnants of their property to the city were remorselessly plundered, misused, and even murdered on any attempt at resistance. The example of this unrestrained licence spread its effects even to within the walls. Several houses in the city were broken open and plundered, and even the citadel itself was entered by a band of marauders. A proclamation was speedily issued against these disorders, and put in force by the erection and employment of a gallows at the so-called Lugeck. Eight hundred houses had within four days been burnt. Among the most important of these were—the great City Hospital, dedicated to the Holy Ghost, which stood between the city and the Wien river, the situation of which, till about twenty years ago, was marked by an ancient

pillar, bearing an inscription, with the date 1332 (from this building, which also had a fine church, the sick and helpless inmates were transferred first to the convent at the Himmel's Pforte, and next to the desecrated church of the nunnery of St. Clara)—the Franciscan Convent at St. Theobald's, the present corn-market—the churches of St. Anthony and St. Coloman, between the city and the Wien river—the great nunnery of St. Nicholas, before the Stuben gate, and that of St. Magdalen, near the Scottish gate—the Closterneuburgerhof, also near the Scottish gate. Finally, in order to deprive the Turks of the advantage of a stronghold, on an eminence near the city, it was unfortunately necessary to destroy the castle on the Kahlenberg (Leopoldsberg), formerly the residence of the Margrave Leopold, who died in the odour of sanctity. The last measure adopted was that of walling up and fortifying all the gates, except the Salz gate, which was left open as a sally-port.

On the 23rd September, while the suburbs were in full conflagration, a strong body of Turks pressed forward as far as St. Mark's, cut to pieces a number of invalids who had scandalously been left there to their fate, and ventured still further on the high road. This occasioned the first sally from the city of five hundred cuirassiers under Count Hardegg. These having pressed too far forward, the Turks took advantage of the ruins of some of the burnt houses to attack them in flank while the front was also engaged with superior numbers. The cuirassiers fell back in disorder without waiting for a support which was detached to their assistance. They must have had good horses and sharp spurs, for only three were killed, but six, with a cornet, Cornet Christopher von Zedlitz, were taken. The Turks immediately placed the heads of the three killed on the points of lances, and to make the number of the dead equal to that of the prisoners, they beheaded four of the invalids of St. Mark's, and compelled the prisoners to bear the seven heads to the presence of the Sultan, then on his march from Brück on the Leitha, in order to gladden him as soon as possible with the sight of these grisly trophies of his first success over the defenders of Vienna. He interrogated the prisoners as to the strength of the garrison and the present position of Ferdinand, on both which points they

gave him true replies. Upon this Soliman released four of the prisoners, presented each with three ducats, and sent them back to Vienna with the following message:—"If the city would surrender on terms, the conditions should be arranged with its commanders without the walls, none of his people should be allowed to enter the city, and the property and persons of the inhabitants should be secured. It was Soliman's sole desire to follow the King till he should find him, and then to retire to his own dominions. Should the city, however, venture to resist, he would not retreat till he had reduced it, and then he would spare neither old nor young, not the child in the mother's womb, and would so utterly destroy the city that men should not know where it stood. He would not rest his head till Vienna and the whole of Christendom were under his subjection, and it was his settled purpose within three days, namely on the feast of St. Michael, to break his fast in Vienna." The other three prisoners with the cornet he retained about his person. To the latter he showed great favour, caused him to be sumptuously attired in silk and gold, and kept him constantly in his suite. At the close of this narrative will be found the curious and lively account of the prisoner, preserved in the collection of the Baron von Enekel in the archives of Vienna.

At length, September 29th, the Grand Vizier with the main army appeared before the city. On the 25th, nevertheless, two companies of imperial troops, raised from Nuremberg, effected their entrance through the Salz gate with drums beating and colours flying. They related that between Tulln and Traismauer they had fallen in with a body of 5000 fugitives on foot and 3000 in boats, mostly women, children, and regular clergy, who on the following day had been overtaken and destroyed by the hands of Michael Oglou. On the 26th September, Soliman sent into the city a Bohemian, one of the garrison which had surrendered in Altenburg, with the contemptuous offer that he would send the other Bohemians there taken to strengthen the garrison of Vienna. The man was sent back accompanied by two Turkish prisoners, each of whom was presented with two ducats, with the reply that they had more garrison than enough in Vienna, and that Soliman might keep his Bohemian prisoners. Soon after the arrival of the main army a discharge of arrows,

which literally darkened the air, was followed by a first summons to surrender, succeeded by a second and a third. These remaining unanswered, Soliman sent in four prisoners richly dressed, and liberally supplied with presents, with a repetition both of his offer of a favourable capitulation, and of his threats in case of resistance. Officers should be put to death with torture, the site of the city sown with salt and ashes, &c. The stern commanders, however, merely despatched in return a like number of Turkish prisoners, as richly provided with presents and apparel, but without an answer either to his threats or promises.

CHAPTER V.

From September 26 to October 2, 1529.

THE Turkish army had scarcely arrived in the neighbourhood of the city, when a forest of tents rose from the ground, presenting so striking a spectacle, that even Austrian contemporary writers are excited to exchange their usual phlegmatic style in describing it for something of the Oriental.

The country within sight of the walls as far as Schwechat and Trautmannsdorf was covered with tents, the number of which was calculated at 30,000, nor could the sharpest vision from St. Stephen's tower overlook the limit of the circle so occupied. The flower of the Turkish force, the Janissaries, took possession of the ruins of the suburbs, which afforded them an excellent cover from the fire of the besieged. They also cut loopholes in the walls yet standing, from which they directed a fire of small ordnance and musketry on the walls of the city. The tent of Soliman rose in superior splendour over all others at Simmering, on the spot and to the extent now occupied by the building called the Neugebäude. Hangings of the richest tissue separated its numerous compartments from each other. Costly carpets, and cushions and divans studded with jewels, formed the furniture. Its numerous pinnacles were terminated by knobs of massive gold. The colour of the chief compartment was green striped with gold. Five hundred archers of the Royal guard kept watch there night and day. Around it rose in great though inferior splendour, the tents of ministers and favourites; and 12,000 Janissaries, the terror of their enemies, and not unfrequently of their masters, were encamped in a circle round this central sanctuary. The Pacha of Roumelia was posted opposite the Stuben gate, and thence down to the Danube, securing the baggage and its attendant train of horses, mules, and camels: the latter, some 20,000 in number, were at pasture in the mea-

dows. The camp of the Vizier Ibrahim extended from Simmering over the Wienerberg as far as Spinnerin, and thence down the declivities as far as Wieden and the high road opposite the Stuben and Kärnthner gates. The Pacha of Bosnia occupied the line of the Wien river, from St. Ulrich and St. Theobald to Penzing. The Pacha of Roumelia communicated with his right by a body of the renegades who had joined the Turkish forces. From St. Veit to near Döbling the second line was formed by the Pachas of Scutari and Semendria; the camp of the Pacha Nastertsky with many Christian prisoners was formed at Sporkenbühel. The corps of the Pacha of Belgrade, which extended itself from Schönbrunn to beyond Laxenburg, secured the rear of the besieging force. The guard of the Royal tent was intrusted to the Pacha of Anatolia. The meadows and islands of the Lobau as far as Nussdorf were occupied by the crews of the Turkish flotilla, which had arrived on the 25th of September, with charge to watch the banks and prevent the passage of succours. These mariners, a well-trained and efficient body, were called Nasser or Nassadists, and Martolos, a Turkish corruption of the German Matros. The number of their vessels amounted to 400. Amid the ruins of the suburbs the Janissaries and the asapes (a species of sappers) dug trenches, from which they plied their arrows and musketry with such assiduity, that no one without extreme danger could show himself on the walls. Their archers' aim was so accurate that they often sent their missiles through the embrasures and loopholes of the defences. It happened, however, fortunately for the weak garrison, that the greater part of the Turkish heavy artillery had been left behind in Hungary, its further transport having been rendered impossible by heavy rains. For this reason the besiegers were reduced to limit their operations to mining, and to a discharge of arrows so heavy and incessant, that through the town generally, and especially in the Kärnthner street, no one could walk abroad in safety. The line of actual attack extended from the rampart near the Augustine Convent to the tower situated between the Stuben and Rothenthurm gates, where Eck von Reischach commanded. In face of this line of defence they excavated a labyrinth of deep entrenchments, strengthened with earth and timber, the Kärnthner tower being their principal point

of assault. Their artillery fire, probably from its inefficiency for breaching purposes, was principally directed against the higher buildings of the city, especially St. Stephen's tower; but the arrows flew in all directions. Some of the latter, probably discharged by persons of distinction, were of costly fabric, painted, and even set with pearls; and were kept long afterwards as curiosities. The total force of the besiegers is stated by Peter von Labach and Meldemann at nearly 300,000, of whom, however, only 100,000 were fully armed. The remainder was employed with the baggage, ill equipped, untrained to arms, and rather a burthen than an assistance to the more regular force. The artillery amounted to about 300 pieces, of which not more than thirty were of respectable calibre. The investment of the city was completed, and the passage of the Danube effectually closed by the Nassadists on the 27th September; and soon afterwards three companies of German and Spanish horse made a sally from the Burg gate. A skirmish ensued, in which some two hundred Turks and several of their officers were killed. The Spaniards at the Werder gate also opposed with success the landing of a cargo of arms, which had arrived by the Danube from Kahlenberg. From this time forth, to prevent unauthorized alarms, all the bells in the city were silenced, and even the striking of the hour was forbidden, the only exception being in favour of the prime bell of St. Stephen's, which was allowed to strike the quarters. On the 29th—that St. Michael's day on which Soliman had declared his purpose of breakfasting in Vienna—the Vizier Ibrahim rode the circuit of the walls with a numerous suite. He had wisely laid aside the usual costume of his high office, and exchanged its turban of white and gold and flowing robe for a coloured shawl and a simpler soldier's attire. He adopted also the further precaution of keeping pretty well out of gunshot. This ride was perhaps meant as a substitute for that celebration of the saint's day which the Sultan had announced, but failed to observe. The Viennese, who were possessed in the sixteenth century by the jocular propensity which they still retain, did not fail to indulge it at the Sultan's expense. Prisoners were released with a message to him that his breakfast had waited for him till the meat was cold, and he must be fain to content himself with such poor entertainment as they could send him from

the guns on the wall. To this, however, about midday, they added a vigorous sally, conducted by the brave Eck von Reichach, from the Karthner gate, through which also the Spaniard Luis d'Avallós led a company of his people, and killed many of the Turks, who had been attracted by the grapes of the neighbouring vineyards. The Spaniards only retired at last before superior numbers, with the loss of their cornet, Antonio Comargo. On the same day, for the first time, a spy ventured out of the city, who twice swam the Danube and returned in safety, but on a third venture was no more heard of. Measures were now adopted for taking an exact account of all provisions in the city, the duration of the siege being uncertain. The troops were then divided into messes of four men; and to each mess a ration was allotted of eight pounds of bread and fifteen measures of wine. It was found necessary to diminish this quantity to some of the foreign lanzknechts, who, unaccustomed to the strong Austrian wines, found it sufficient to incapacitate them for duty. Five-eighths of their wine and two pounds of their bread were struck off. From St. Michael's day, continued rains, and frosts, unusual for the season, at night, caused much suffering to the Turks in their light tents, unused as they were to the climate. The cold continued after the rain abated, and was aggravated by severe storms. The 30th September passed with no other incident than an assault by the Turks on the guard at the drawbridge, which was driven into the city with some loss. On this day a Christian boy and a girl escaped from the Turkish camp into the city. The girl had been appropriated by a rich pacha, who had lavished upon her adornment ornaments and apparel. Upon a nocturnal alarm in the camp, which caused a general movement towards the walls, they had left their tent and succeeded, under cover of the darkness, in reaching the city. Much information was obtained from both. On the 1st October, Friday, the principal day of the week with the Turks, the Vizier with all the Agas paid their respects to the Sultan, who, in consequence of the inclement weather, had taken up his quarters in Ebersdorf.

Three hundred lanzknechts made a sally on this day from the Scottish gate, and a conflict ensued without material advantage to either side. Towards noon a man made his appearance near

the drawbridge attired as a Turk, who prayed earnestly for admission, saying that he had been brought up in Turkey, but had come of Christian parents, and was determined to revert to their faith. This man was questioned both by ordinary interrogation and by torture, and gave much valuable information as to the strength of the enemy. Of their artillery, he said that he had seen ten of the largest guns, called wall-breakers, each three fathoms long, in a boat on the Danube; that the number of the Nassad boats was 400, manned with 5000 soldiers. He gave also the first accurate information of the mines to the right and left of the Karnthner gate, a point of intense interest to the defenders of that post, respecting which nothing had previously been ascertained. The besieged, having now ascertained that one principal mine was directed against the Karnther tower, and the other against the convent of St. Clara, betook themselves with the utmost zeal to the excavation of counter-mines at these two points, propping, at the same time, the walls with posts and beams, so that upon any springing of the enemy's mines, the ruins might fall outwards and impede the access to the breach. The General Roggendorf ensured to the informant a subsistence for life in return for his intelligence; we may suppose, also, with some consideration of the manner in which it had been extracted. On the same evening a heavy fire was kept up on both sides, which led to the expectation of an assault, but none ensued. On the 2nd of October, the enemy's mine under the Karnthner tower was detected and destroyed. A large body of Turks, however, about the same time, pressed forward nearly to the Scottish gate, and retired, after a lively skirmish, with ten prisoners and thirty heads of the slain. To meet the danger of the enemy's mines, guards were placed in all the cellars near the walls, trenches dug near the fort of the rampart, and drums with peas strewed on their parchment, or tubs filled with water, placed at the suspected spots, to indicate by their vibration the neighbourhood of the Turkish labourers, and guide thereby the operations of the counter-miners. By these precautions, many of the enemy's galleries were discovered, and either ruined by counter-mines, or penetrated and robbed of their powder. It is here expedient to contradict the tale, current to our own time, that the continual efforts of the Turks had pushed a mine as far

as the house on the so-called *Freiung*, which bears still the name of *Heidenschuss*, where it is said that a baker's apprentice discovered it and occasioned its destruction.*

This incident is in itself highly improbable, I may almost assert impossible. Not to take into account that it is mentioned in none of the narratives of the time, of which I have fourteen before me, the distance alone would make it next to impossible that so long an operation could have been carried on without detection. It appears also, from the archives of the Scottish foundation in Vienna, that the house in question bore the name *Heidenschuss* long before the Turkish siege, namely, from the year 1292, when the Tartars overran Austria. Others aver that it belonged to a family of the name of *Hayden*, which bore in its arms a Tartar discharging an arrow. This is, indeed, disputed; but the antiquity of the name *Heidenschuss* is certain, and it is equally so that no Turkish mine ever was carried so far as to the spot in question. It is just to mention that the fraternity of bakers, as well as many other corporations, rendered great services in this season of common danger, and it is likely enough that one of that body may have performed the particular service in question in some other locality. The services of the bakers' guild were acknowledged, after the raising of the siege, by the present of a silver cup, and the privilege of carrying the same in procession round the city every Easter Tuesday. This practice was observed till the year 1811, when the disorders incident to the concourse of people it collected, and the loss of some days' labour which it was apt to occasion, led to its suppression by the authorities of the bakers' corporation.

* The distance of this spot from the wall would be about one-third of the extreme breadth of the city.—T.

CHAPTER VI.

From October 3 to October 13, 1529.

ON the 3rd October, the enemy's fire was much increased, and protracted even far into the night. An assault was therefore confidently expected. The garrison remained under arms night and day. Nothing, however, ensued except considerable damage to the Karnthner tower and the adjacent bastion, in return for which the kitchen of the Beglerbeg of Roumella was almost entirely disorganized by a heavy shot from the city. On the following day orders were issued in the Turkish camp for the most active prosecution of the mines. Michael Oglou's people were ordered to convey ladders, and bundles of straw to the trenches, and every preparation was made for a general assault. On this day Simon Athinai, surnamed the Learned, a friend and dependant of Zapolya, made his appearance in the camp, to pay his respects to Soliman, who received him with the honours which he was accustomed to show to men of letters. In the evening a council of war was held in the city, and a strong sally was resolved upon for the following day, principally with the object of discovering and destroying the mines last commenced; and also of driving the Janissaries out of the ruins of the suburbs, from which their incessant fire greatly annoyed the garrison. Eight thousand men of all arms and nations were appointed to this service, and the operation was commenced at six in the morning. Its success was by no means such as was expected; though at first it produced the happiest results. The batteries of the enemy were in the first instance carried and set behind; the soldiers, well led by their officers, hung themselves on the enemy with the deadly weapons in their hand-to-hand conflicts at this period, such as the musket, pike and the bayonet, and with murderous effect. In the day the alarm ran through the Turkish camp and brought heavy numbers to the scene.

A sudden apprehension of being cut off from the city, suggested by a few voices, degenerated into a panic, and the troops fell into confusion, which ended in a general flight. The voices of their officers, the encouragement from the garrison on the walls, and the example of a brave commander, Wolf Hagen, were unavailing to check the torrent. Hagen himself, with a few brave men who remained about him, was surrounded and beheaded. His body was rescued and brought into the city for honourable burial. There fell also in this disastrous action a German officer of noble blood, George Steinpeiss, and a Spaniard, Garcia Gusman: the brave Hector von Reischach was severely wounded. Five hundred heads and several prisoners remained in the camp of the Turks, who, however, on their part, suffered considerable loss. The retreat was conducted with such confusion, that many were forced over the parapet of the bridge, and, maimed by the fall, remained at the mercy of the Turks, who pursued so closely up to the walls, that they were only driven back from them at push of pike. At noon there was a fresh alarm that camels were conveying fascines of wood, straw, and vine-sticks to fill up the ditch. The expected assault, however, did not take place. The fire of the Turks recommenced at 5 P.M. and was maintained without cessation, which caused the soldiers to remain at their posts through the night. On the 7th, at 9 A.M., the Turks assaulted two bastions, and sprung a mine at the Karnthner gate, by which the wall opposite the nunnery of St. Clara was destroyed for a space of thirteen fathoms. The following night the camp was illuminated with several thousand torches, and a general shouting and alarm took place without further result. It was probably the celebration of some festival. The garrison having been assembled at their posts, Count Salm announced to them that by a trusty messenger, who had swum the Danube at midnight, he had received consolatory tidings from King Ferdinand and the Duke Frederick, who promised to come to their relief within a week. The garrison hailed this intelligence with noisy acclamation, which probably excited as much notice and surprise in the Turkish camp as their illuminations and shoutings had excited in Vienna. Though this cheering assurance raised the hopes of all, yet the difficulties of the defence became every day more

urgent, and a proclamation was issued, forbidding, on pain of death, all self-indulgence and neglect of duty. To illustrate and enforce this edict, two lanzknechts, who, over their cups, remained absent from their posts after the alarm had been given, were hanged at the Lugeek as traitors. On the 8th the whole artillery of the Turks played upon the city. The timber bulwark in front of the Karnthner gate was set on fire, and the walls, deprived of their breastwork, threatened to fall inwards. To avoid this, possibly fatal, catastrophe, trunks of trees and huge beams were brought to their support, and a new breastwork was thrown up with incredible celerity. A similar work was thrown up before the Scottish gate, and mounted with two guns, which did much mischief in the Turkish camp towards Sporckenbühel. On the 9th October an alarm took place at daybreak, and preparations for a storm were evident in the Turkish camp. At 3 P.M. mines were sprung to the right and left of the Karnthner gate. The one on the left opened a breach in the wall, wide enough for twenty-four men to advance in order. The assault was nevertheless gallantly repulsed by Salm and Katziener in three successive instances. Several Spaniards and Germans had been buried or blown into the air by the explosion; others were hurled back into the city without serious injury. The explosions would have been more effective if the besieged had not succeeded in reaching some of the chambers of the mines by countermining, and in carrying off eight tons of the charge. During the repeated assaults the heaviest artillery of the city was discharged incessantly upon the Turkish cavalry, and with such good aim, that, to use the words of Peter Stern von Labach, man and horse flew into the air. Upon every retreat of the storming-parties, trumpets from St. Stephen's tower, and warlike music on the place of St. Clara, celebrated the triumph of the besieged. The Sultan, dispirited at these repeated failures, adopted a precaution which indicated apprehension on his own part of a sally from the city, for he directed trenches to be dug round the tents of the Janissaries and other picked troops. In the city, when quiet was restored, the old wall was rapidly repaired, a new one constructed, the houses which interfered with it levelled, and their materials employed to fill up the wooden breastwork.

On the 10th all was quiet, and the work of repair proceeded. Two mines were discovered and destroyed, and in a small sally of some eighty men five camels were captured.

On the 11th, towards 9 A.M., a mine was sprung between the Karnthner and Stuben gates, which made an enormous breach, equivalent to an open gateway in the wall. Heavy bodies of men rushed on to the assault: a second mine was sprung at the Stuben gate, and, according to some accounts, the city was positively entered at this quarter by some of the enemy. This, however, is doubtful; but it is certain that a Turkish standard-bearer had mounted the wall, when he was struck down by a musquet shot into the ditch. The assault and defence were continued with equal determination for three hours. Twelve hundred bodies were heaped up in the breach, and though new assailants seemed to spring from the earth, their efforts failed before the unshaken courage of the defenders. The conflict ceased at midday. The loss of the garrison was far less than that of the Turks; yet, at a general muster of the armed citizens which took place in the evening, 625 were missing from the numbers mustered at the beginning of the siege. The wrath of the Sultan was kindled to the highest pitch. He stormed, entreated, promised, and threatened; and on the following day the assault was renewed. Again two mines exploded in the same quarter as before, and again the ruin of the wall was extensive. The Turks were in the breach sooner almost than their approach could be detected, as they thought, but the wall was scarcely down before its ruins were occupied by a company of Spaniards, with their colours flying and courage undepressed. The storm was fierce, but short; the repulse was again complete, and depression and exhaustion prevailed in the Turkish ranks. From the towers of the city their officers were seen urging them forward with blows. In several places explosions were observed which did no injury to the walls. Although the attacks were several times repeated, and to a late hour in the evening, as the courage of the defenders rose that of the enemy quailed, and the latter efforts were more and more easily repelled. The loss of the assailants could not be ascertained, as the Turks, according to their custom, carried off their dead. Late in the night, however, a council of war was held in their camp, in which the

~~former~~ *tone of confidence* was remarkably lowered. The lateness of the season and the difficulty of subsistence were the topics of discussion. The latter difficulty was not indeed a fictitious one, for, under the expectation of a speedy surrender of the city, supplies had been collected on a scale quite inadequate to the present exigency. It was also remembered that three main assaults had been executed, and that three times on each occasion the troops had advanced to the charge. This magic number had fulfilled the law of Islam, by which, whether in the field or against defences, no more than three attacks are required of the faithful. Notwithstanding these good reasons and fair excuses for immediate withdrawal, the temptation of plunder was so strong, that it was agreed to attempt on the following day, the 14th, one more assault with all their force; but, should this fail, to raise the siege. The Janissaries, who were loudest in their complaints, were pacified by a payment of the ordinary assault money, namely, a thousand aspers, or twenty ducats, to each man. The 13th October passed therefore without attack, but the preparations for one were in active progress. Numerous criers perambulated the camp, proclaiming the great assault for the following day, and announcing the following rewards:—To the first man who should mount the wall, promotion from his respective military rank to the next above it, and a sum of 30,000 aspers (600 ducats).* The Sultan inspected in person and on horseback the preparations, and expressed his satisfaction. Nor were they idle in the city. While the soldiers stood to their arms, the citizens of both sexes, and of all classes, ages, and professions, spiritual as well as lay, were at work without cessation, removing rubbish, digging new intrenchments, throwing up works, strengthening the ramparts, and filling up the breaches. Many so engaged were wounded by the enemy's various missiles. Their attention was also carefully directed to the enemy's mines.

* The vast pecuniary resources of the Turkish empire at this period, and the profusion with which they were dispensed abroad, offers a striking contrast to the poverty and niggardliness of the House of Austria and the Germanic body. While Soliman was marching upon Pesth the operations of the Austrian flotilla on the Danube were paralyzed for want of 40,000 florins to pay the crews of the crews. With great difficulty 800 florins were raised for the purpose.—See Hünke, "Fürsten und Volker," vol. iii. p. 191.—E.

and they succeeded on this day in detecting and carrying off six
tuns of powder from one intended for the destruction of the
Karnthner tower. Thus prepared and thus determined, they
waited for the dawn of the day which was to decide the fate
of the Christian stronghold, so long and so gallantly main-
tained.

CHAPTER VII.

October 14 to November 20, 1529.

AT daybreak of the 14th October the flower of the Turkish army was arrayed in three powerful bodies for the assault, and towards nine o'clock they advanced, led on by officers of the highest rank. On this occasion, however, the desperate courage and cheerful contempt of death which had usually been conspicuous among the Turkish soldiery were no longer distinguishable. It was to no purpose that their officers, the Vizier in person at their head, urged them forward with stick and whip and sabre-edge, they refused obedience, saying they preferred to die by the hands of their own officers rather than to face the long muskets of the Spaniards and the German spits, as they called the long swords of the lanzknechts. Towards noon two mines were sprung to the right and left of the Karnthner gate, but a third, which had been carried under the Burg, was fortunately detected, and its entire charge of twenty barrels of powder fell into the hands of the counterminers. A breach, nevertheless, twenty-four fathoms wide, was the result of the mines which succeeded, and through this, supported by the fire of all their batteries, repeated attempts were made to storm, but in every instance repulsed as before. These attacks were the last expiring efforts of exhausted men. Two incidents connected with them have been considered worthy of record. The first is the adventure of two officers, a Portuguese and a German, who had quarrelled over night, and were proceeding to settle their difference with the sword in the morning, having selected the breach or its immediate neighbourhood for their place of meeting. Being interrupted by the Turkish assault, they naturally enough, instead of proceeding with their own foolish and useless purpose, agreed to turn their arms against the Turks. The point of the story seems to be, that after one had lost his left arm and the other the use of his right, they

stood by one another, making a perfect soldier between them, till both were killed. The other incident is one of more historical importance. It is that of the severe and ultimately fatal wound of the brave Count Salm, who, after escaping all the previous dangers of the siege, was hit on the hip towards 2 P.M. by the splintered fragments of a stone, and carried from the breach, which till then he had never quitted. He survived till the spring of the following year, when he died of the effects of this injury at his residence of Salm Hoff, near Marchegg in Lower Austria. King Ferdinand caused a sumptuous monument to be erected to this deserving soldier in the church, then existing, of St. Dorothea, in which was the family vault of the Salms. This church was pulled down in 1783, when the Salm family took possession of the monument, and removed it to their residence at Raitz in Moravia.

On the failure of these last attacks, Soliman abandoned all hope of gaining possession of the city, and the troops received accordingly a general order of retreat. Its execution was attended by an act of atrocity which throws a shadow over the character of the sovereign by whose servants it was perpetrated,—a shadow not the less deep because contrasted with many recorded indications of a noble and generous nature. It may, indeed, possibly be considered as another specimen of unavoidable condescension to the passions of an ill-disciplined soldiery, such as the massacre of the garrison of Pesth, and rather as an exhibition of the weakness than the misuse of despotic rule. The Janissaries broke up from their encampment an hour before midnight, and set on fire their huts, forage, and every combustible article which they could not or would not carry with them. Under this latter head they included the greater portion of the vast swarm of prisoners of all ages and both sexes collected in their quarters. Of these the younger portion alone, boys and girls, were dragged along with their retiring columns, tied together by ropes, and destined to slavery. The old of both sexes and the children were for the most part flung alive into the flames of the burning camp, and the remainder cut to pieces or mangled. The glare of the conflagration and the shrieks of the sufferers disturbed through the night the rest so dearly earned by the brave defenders of the city, and though their approach-

ing deliverance might be read in the one, it was probably easy to conjecture from the other the horrors by which that deliverance was accompanied. When this act of cowardly vengeance was accomplished, a parting salvo from all their fire-arms was discharged at the walls; and after all remaining buildings in the suburbs and adjacent villages had been set on fire, the army commenced its retreat.

With the first light of morning came assurance of the city's safety, which was hailed by a general discharge of artillery from the walls, and by warlike music in the public squares, and from St. Stephen's tower. The bells, too, were released from the silence to which they had been condemned since the 29th of September, and a solemn *Te Deum* and high mass were celebrated in St. Stephen's in honour of the Holy Trinity. The Sultan questioned his prisoner the Cornet Zedlitz as to the cause of the sounds which reached his ear. The cornet avowed at once his belief that the clamour was that of joy and triumph over the deliverance of the city. The Sultan evinced his satisfaction at the frankness of his favourite's reply by dismissing him in safety to the city, bearing on his person the marks of Oriental favour in the shape of silken and gold-embroidered apparel, and accompanied by two of his fellow-prisoners, who thus shared the advantage of the good-will which the soldier had earned by his manly bearing. Soon after this creditable act, the Sultan commenced his march in the direction of Brück on the Leitha. Early the following day the flotilla began to drop down the river, not, however, unmolested by the artillery from the city, which sunk several of the vessels. The Grand Vizier remained for some time with some 60,000 cavalry in the neighbourhood of the Wienerberg, partly to cover the retreat, partly to rally the light troops dispersed on plundering expeditions. It is stated by some writers, further to account for this delay, that he waited for the issue of the machinations of certain of his agents in the city, who had undertaken to set it on fire, and that he hoped even at this late hour by such means to effect his entrance. This supposition is not very consistent with the haughty and elevated character of the man. It is however certain that three suspected individuals were arrested, who gave themselves out for escaped prisoners. They had been at first

admitted as such without suspicion; but when it was observed that their purses were well filled with Turkish money, this was thought a sufficient reason for putting them to the torture, by which a confession was extorted that they had been hired for the purpose above described. They were quartered, and their limbs affixed *in terrorem* on the walls. At the distance of a mile the Sultan again halted, and held a divan to receive the felicitations of his great officers on the *fortunate termination* of the campaign. After these functionaries had kissed his hand, he distributed among them rich rewards. The Vizier received a jewelled sabre, four costly pelisses, and five purses.* The Pachas received each two pelisses and a sum of money. The money distributed as reward to the storming-parties had amounted to 240,000 ducats, so that the closing act of the siege cost the Sultan at least 250,000 ducats. The most curious feature of the transaction is the tone of the bulletins in which the retreat was described. The great Orientalist and historian Von Hammer has given us translations of several. The concluding passage of one of them is to this effect:—"An unbeliever came out from the fortress and brought intelligence of the submission of the princes and of the people, on whose behalf he prayed for grace and pardon: The Padischah received his prayer with favour, and granted them pardon. Inasmuch as the German lands were unconnected with the Ottoman realm, that hence it was hard to occupy the frontier places and conduct their affairs, the faithful would not trouble themselves to clear out the fortress, or purify, improve, and put it into repair; but a reward of 1000 aspers was dealt out to each of the Janissaries; and security being established, the horses' heads were turned towards the throne of Solomon."

Before the Vizier joined the column of retreat, a messenger was despatched to him with proposals for an exchange of prisoners. The Vizier presented the messenger with a rich caftan of blue silk, and returned the following answer written in bad Italian:—"Ibrahim Pacha, by the grace of God, first Vizier, Secretary and chief Councillor of the most glorious, great, and invincible Emperor, Sultan Soliman, head and minister of his whole dominions, of his slaves and *sandshaks*, Generalissimo of

* The purse held 500 piastres, or 20,000 aspers, which at 20 aspers to the ducat, makes 6000 ducats.

his armies. Well-born, magnanimous officers and commanders, receiving your writing, sent by your messenger, we have digested its contents. Know that we are not come to take your city into our possession, but only to seek out your Archduke Ferdinand, whom however we have not found, and hence have waited here so many days, he not appearing. Yesterday moreover we set free three of our prisoners, for which reason you should be fain to do likewise by those in your possession, as we have desired your messenger to explain to you by word of mouth. You may therefore send hither one of your people to seek out your countrymen, and without fear or anxiety for our good faith, for what happened to those of Pesth was not our fault but their own. Given before Vienna in the middle of October." The above was written on smooth Italian paper, the signature alone and the signet impression in Turkish characters. The authorities in Vienna presented the bearer of this missive with an upper garment of red damask, and sent him back with the verbal answer that they were the more anxious to deal strictly according to the usages of war, because they looked forward to much future matter for intercourse. If rightly reported, it must be confessed that both reply and rejoinder in this negotiation appear to have somewhat lost sight of the point at issue. The contemporary writer, Labach, asserts that Soliman, *after his withdrawal*, sent a message to the city containing an offer to withdraw on payment to him of 200,000 florins, to which the authorities made answer that the keys of their treasury were missing.

On the 17th of October the Vizier really commenced his retreat under a heavy snow-storm which lasted from early morning till late into the night. The day's march extended as far as Brück on the Leitha, and was one of great difficulty and attended with much loss of baggage. The garrison exerted itself to take advantage of these circumstances. A sally took place on the same day, under command of John Katzianer, Paul Bakies, and Sigismund von Weichselburg, with eight squadrons of cavalry and four companies of foot, in which many prisoners were made, many Christians rescued, and a rich booty captured in tents and camp furniture, together with some camels. On the 19th another sally was attended with still happier results. Near the village of Laa on the Wiedenberg upwards of 200 Turks were

slain, a Pasha captured, and many children rescued from captivity. The Turkish rear-guard was thus annoyed, till, on the 20th of October, it crossed the Hungarian frontier. The invaders, however, left fearful traces of their incursion over a vast extent of country, and on their line of retreat wreaked to the last their vengeance for the failure of their main purpose on every object animate and inanimate within their reach. To their usual practices of massacre, plunder, and incendiarism, they superadded the destruction of fruit-trees, vineyards, and gardens; and the wretched inhabitants who had saved their lives by flight or concealment, returned to scenes of desolation which required years to repair.

The loss of the invaders during the siege has been very variously stated, at numbers indeed varying from 80,000 to 30,000. The Hungarian historian, Utvanffy, reduces this to 20,000, and Ortelius to 14,000. The truth probably approaches the lower calculation, as, in the absence of all general encounter in the field, the loss in action fell heavily only on the storming-parties. The return of 1500 killed on the side of the city, though adopted in all the narratives, is manifestly below the truth, for we have seen that as early as the 11th October 636 of the armed citizens were missing. On the 25th October, the tenth day from the raising of the siege, Soliman entered Pesh, where he was received with all honours by Zapolya. On the 28th, in full divan, Zapolya renewed his homage, and was presented with ten caftans and three horses, with bits and chains of gold. His minister, Ludovico Gritti, received 20,000 ducats. On the 30th, Soliman recommenced his march, and pursued it through Peterwaradin to Belgrade, which he reached only on the 20th November, having been much delayed by inundations. Much baggage remained behind in the swamps, and many men and horses perished of starvation. These incidents did not prevent Soliman from writing in a victorious strain to the Venetian Doge, Andreas Gritti. This letter, dated from Belgrade, was written in Italian, and began with a pompous list of titles of sovereignty, comprising Asia and Europe generally; and descending to particulars, Persia, Arabia, Syria, Mecca and Jerusalem, the whole territory of Egypt, and the shores of the Mediterranean. The letter further related how the Sultan had

“taken from Ferdinand the kingdom of Hungary and invested with the same the Wayvode of Transylvania; how with his Vizier Ibrahim, his Agas and Pachas, he had marched over Syria to Pesth, and there placed the crown of Hungary on the head of the Wayvode, and had looked for King Ferdinand in Vienna: but inasmuch as the latter had fled towards Prague, and it was impossible even to ascertain whether he were alive or dead, had again, at the end of twenty days, turned round towards Pesth and there received the homage of his vassal.” The whole is a curious specimen of the perfection which this mode of describing occurrences had attained three centuries before our time. The tone is the same of most of the Turkish narratives of the day, all of which extol to the skies the magnanimity and moderation of the Sultan. One only, that of Ferdi, describes with some fidelity the devastation effected by the army. The national animosities of this writer are so violent that he calls Ferdinand by no other name than the “accursed.” The conclusion of his narrative runs as follows:—“As it came to the ear of His Majesty that a portion of the Christian army had shut itself up in the city, and from this it was to be conjectured that the accursed Ferdinand was among them; the victorious army besieged the said fortress for fifteen days, and overthrew the walls in five places by mines, so that the unbelievers prayed for mercy from the faithful. As some of the garrison were taken prisoners, and from these it was ascertained that the accursed was not in the fortress, the Imperial mercy forgave their offence, and listened to their entreaties; but His Majesty, who governs the world, to gain the merits of this holy war, and to ruin the aforesaid accursed, had sent out the Akindschis, the runners and burners, in all directions into Germany, so that the whole country was trodden down by the hoofs of the horses, and even the lands north of the Danube wasted with fire by the crews of the vessels. Cities and hamlets, market-towns and villages, blazed up in the fire of vengeance and destruction. The beautiful land, the treasury of spring and abode of joy, was trodden down by the horsemen and filled with smoke. Houses and palaces were left in ashes. The victorious army dragged away captive the inhabitants, great and small, high and low, men and women, strong and weak. In the bazaars were sold

many fair ones with jasmine foreheads, eyebrows arched and thick, and countenances like Peris; and the booty was incalculable. Property, moveable and immoveable, men and cattle, the speaking and the dumb, the rational and the senseless, were destroyed and slaughtered at the edge of the sabre. Thus on the page of time was written the fulfilment of the prophecy of the Koran, 'Thus deal we with the wicked.'

On the 28th November, the Sultan reached Constantinople, and made his triumphal entry with the portion of his army which had least suffered by the march. The greater part of the exhausted troops remained at Belgrade, Nissa, and Adrianople to recruit their strength and numbers; for the Sultan was passionately intent upon retrieving his failure, and prosecuting with new resources his plans for the establishment of an Empire of the West. Years, however, were required to place his forces on a footing for another expedition, the results of which will be hereafter disclosed.

CHAPTER VIII.

From November 20 to the end of the year 1529.

ALTHOUGH for the moment Vienna was relieved from dread of the Turk, other causes of distress and apprehension survived the removal of the main danger, and required equally the application of violent remedies. Not to mention that the open country was long infested with roving parties of Turkish marauders who were little interfered with by a soldiery who had forgotten their own discipline in the excitement of success, in Vienna itself this spirit displayed itself in a fearful insurrection of the troops of the Empire, which threatened the citizens with greater calamities than even those of the siege itself. On the ground that they had repulsed five main attacks, they demanded fivefold pay; and as it was impossible at once to concede this demand, they indicated, not obscurely, an intention to pay themselves by a general plunder of the city. The authorities attempted in the first instance to appease them with fair words and moral reflections. These only led to increased demands, and at length to distinct threats of a total rejection of military obedience, and of a general assault on persons and property. The invitation of one of their ensigns, Paul Gumpenberger, for every man to rally round his colours who would be content with double pay, had, it is true, the desired effect, so far that several reasonable men broke off from the mass and rescued for the moment the superior officers from their turbulent comrades. On the following day, however, the clamour and the menaces were revived with increased violence. The Pfalzgraf Frederick, who had meanwhile arrived in Vienna, promised them now threefold pay, with which the greater number were satisfied, but it was not till the ringleaders had been executed that tranquillity was entirely restored. The troops were finally divided and marched off, some to Pressburg, others to Altenburg in Hungary, and with their departure confidence

revived and the citizens were enabled to commence the work of restoration and repair both of their defences and of the houses which had suffered by the enemy's fire. The whole of the extensive space occupied by the fortifications now existing, as well as the glacis, both of which at this period were covered with buildings, were now cleared of such; and the repeated and obstinate attempts of the former proprietors to rebuild their dwellings as obstinately resisted. By the same operation the booths, so called, of the suburb vanished for ever, and when, some three years later, the alarm of invasion was revived, the extensive remains still standing of the Burgher hospital, and of many other large buildings and churches between the river Wien and the city, were levelled to the ground. In exchange for the vast and richly endowed Burgher hospital, the ruins of which had afforded the Turks so excellent a position in front of the Karnthner gate, the city obtained in 1580 the nunnery of St. Clara, the nuns of which, reduced in numbers by the Reformation, had fled to another establishment of their order at Villach in Carinthia. Those who returned to Vienna after the siege were received in the Pilgrim-house near St. Anne, where they gradually died out, and their former buildings were formally made over to the city, out of which has since grown the great hospital now existing.

Original Narrative of the Adventures of the Cornet Christopher von Zedlitz in the Turkish Camp. From the Collection of the Baron von Eneukel in the State Archives at Vienna.

AMONG such praiseworthy Christian Knights, may also justly be celebrated the honourable and noble Knight and Master, Christopher von Zedlitz, who in his honourable knightly deeds against the hereditary enemy of Christendom, the Turk, has learned and known the use and profit of diligent prayer, and how to acquit oneself with the Psalter or Prayer-Book of the good Knight and King, David, much better than other careless, idle, godless people, who take no account of psalm or paternoster; for when in years past the Turkish tyrant, Soliman, with a terrible power came from Constantinople upon Hungary, and having marched 280 German miles, without reckoning the bendings of roads and by-ways, sat down before Vienna, as it were at the door of the

old and famous German people, so that all Germany behoved to be stirring, then did this noble Knight, Christopher, essay himself often and manfully against the enemy.

Firstly, before Comorn; secondly, at the coronation at Stuhlweissenburg, where he distinguished himself among all the other knights there present, and exhibited himself before the king in knightly fashion, in tilting-feats, which no one could repeat after him, and which the chivalry present and his Majesty himself had much content to witness; and the latter soon after ordered him a cornetcy under the Count von Hardegg, when Pesth was recovered from the Turk. When Soliman in 1529 retook Pesth, and marched upon Vienna, Cornet Christopher was in the latter city, attached to the principal in command, when and where he gained much honour in skirmishing, and was moreover made prisoner, as will be related. In 1530, having been meanwhile knighted by his Majesty, he marched again to Pesth, under Count Hardegg, for the recovery of that city, where he joined himself with one Von Reussenstein, agreeing together to mount to the assault, as they did, and got as far as the breach, where, inasmuch as the others did not follow like men, but remained in the ditch, Cornet Christopher was hardly entreated, a Nimptsch (one of the family of Nimptsch) shot by his side, and he thrown back into the ditch; and this siege passed without success. In 1532, when the Turk was minded again to march on Vienna, but who for the good fortune of the Emperor Charles, who joined King Ferdinand in person at Vienna, had turned off to Güns, against which he failed in several assaults, Cornet Christopher was at the head of some knights from the principalities of Schweidnitz and Jaber, and when some on our side skirmished with the Turk at Neustadt, he advanced in front of all, and assailed and disrobed a Turk of consideration;—not to mention that he was somewhat ailing, and enfeebled by his march, so that so soon as he had found his way back to Breslau, he departed in God, helped surely by a Turkish syrup which he had taken, and which worked the stronger with time. For when, in the year before-mentioned (1529), the Turk assailed Vienna, this noble knight had fallen upon him, and well conducted himself, and in a skirmish had fallen from and parted company with his horse, which had not

trusted itself to come back to him, and a cry being raised to save the standard, which was performed by a Fleming, Cornet Christopher had taken post on a small round hillock, where three Turks perceived and assaulted him, but he with his sword stood at bay, and stuck one of their horses in the head, and would have got clear off, but that twelve other Turks assailed him before and behind, and by numbers struck him to the ground; and when he had wounded one of these through the arm, they wrung his sword from him, and endeavoured to loose his armour, but as he was armed with a whole cuirass, no one could strip him, else, without doubt, in their fury they would have sabred and cut him to pieces. As it was they made him prisoner, and carried him off among them, by the side of their horses, a good quarter of a mile, and then set him in his cuirass on a baggage-mule, and carried him on through the night as far as Brück on the Leitha, the head quarter of the Turkish emperor. When they entered the camp there was much concourse to see a figure in full harness, cuirass, and head-piece, all screwed up, so that there was nothing but sheer iron to be seen; then one of the bystanders spoke to him in the Croat tongue, and asked him what he could do and compass, having such a load of iron on him; and he answered: "Had I a horse, and were I loose and free, thou wouldst then quickly see what I could do." Being further asked whether he, Von Zedlitz, could touch the ground with his fist, he quickly bent himself down thereto: meanwhile the girth of the baggage-saddle burst, and he fell with a crash to the ground; and when the Turks began to laugh, he (Von Zedlitz) rose nimbly up, and, without a run, jumped in his heavy armour on the tall mule, so that the Turks admired and forbore to laugh. In this expedition there was about the Emperor Ibrahim (in German Emerich) Pacha, an eminent and notable man, the next to Solyman in that day, ruler and minister of everything in the Turkish realm, and who in this war counselled and directed everything. Before him when Von Zedlitz was brought, he gave order that they should take him out of his armour; but among the Turks was no man familiar with knightly equipment, who could deal with the manner of fastening of such a cuirass, then no longer much used and quite

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unknown to the Turks, and he remained armed till questioned by Solyman himself. To him Count Christopher made answer, that if assured of his life he would undo himself. When Ibrahim Pacha had given him such assurance, he showed the interpreter two little screws at the side, which being loosed, the cuirass came to its pieces, to the great wonder of the Turks. When he had laid aside his harness, the Turks, observing a gold chain about him, fell upon him violently to tear it off; but he, seizing it with both hands, tore it in pieces and flung it among them. They also took from him his seal and ring, and on account of the gold, concluded him to be of great means and condition; but he held himself out for a gentleman of small means, who had won these things in war. As the account of these things spread itself through the camp, much was said of the feats of this man-at-arms, and of his singular dexterity under his strange attire, and every one was curious to see him, being, moreover, among the first who had been taken prisoners out of the city itself of Vienna. He was, therefore, ordered to exhibit himself in full cuirass, armed at all points for fight, and to prove whether in this fashion he could, without vantage, lift himself from the ground. On the following day, mules and several kicking horses being produced, Count Christopher laid himself on the ground with his cuirass screwed, and rising nimbly, without any vantage, sprung on a horse, and this he repeated several times; and then, with running and vaulting, afforded those bellhounds a princely spectacle of knightly exercises to their great admiration, and specially that of Ibrahim Pacha, who soon after took him to himself, and kept him safe in his own custody. Meanwhile, there came to him certain officers to frighten or to prove him, telling him to hold himself in readiness, for that the Pacha would do him right that same day. To these he answered, that as a Christian he was in truth not afraid of death; as one who, in honour of his Redeemer, in obedience to his sovereign, and in defence of his country, had prepared himself by prayer for death at any hour or instant, and hoped and believed most certainly to enjoy eternal joy and happiness through Christ; but, nevertheless, could not credit that such was the order of the Pacha, for he knew for certain

that what the Pacha had promised he would perform like an honourable soldier. When this reached the Pacha, the longer he considered the more he admired, not only the knightly feats, but the noble spirit of this hero. When, also, Soliman himself asked him whether, if he (Soliman) should release him, he would still make war upon him, Count Christopher answered, undismayed, that if God and his Redeemer should grant him deliverance, he would while life lasted fight against the Turks more hotly than ever. Thereupon the Sultan replied, "Thou shalt be free, my man, and make war on me as thou wilt for the rest of thy life." Soliman knew perhaps well that he would not live long, for it has been conjectured that the Turks had given him a potion, which in a few years attacked his life and carried him off. The Pacha, however, kept him in good case while the siege lasted, namely, about a month; and in place of his cuirass, gave him a dress of red velvet Tyrian stuff, which he wore and lay in night and day, and sent him from his own table meats and mixed drinks (probably sherbet), as daily prepared for himself, and even in course of time offered and gave him wine.* The Count, for special reasons, gave himself out for a Bohemian, being conversant in the Slave language, which is much in use with the Turks. When it came to the time appointed for the great assault, the Pacha said to him at table, "This evening will the great Sultan take possession of Vienna, and it will fare ill with your people," and then asked him further, how strong the garrison was; and the Count answered, "All that he could tell was, that the garrison within were of that stamp that they would one and all be killed before they would surrender the city." When the assault took place, the Count was left in the Pacha's tent without any special guard, but loose and free of his person, and able to look about him in the camp; but when, by help of God, the Turks being repulsed broke up their camp, the Pacha took the Count with him the first day's march, but in the morning after put another Turkish robe of velvet on him

* This specimen of favouritism, won, not by mean arts, but by soldierlike and simple bearing, does honour to both parties. No one in these days would, like the Chronicler, give credit to the tale of slow poison with which his credulity impairs the merit justly due to the Turk. Even were it more consistent than it is with the character of Soliman or his minister, it is

over the former, which is still preserved by his brothers, Francis and Hans von Zedlitz; and added a present of a hundred aspers, and also a cavalry prisoner whom the Count knew and had begged for, and caused them to be honourably attended and passed safe, so that on the following day they reached Vienna, where the Count was honourably received by the princes, counts, gentlemen, and officers there present.

Notice of the Devastation effected by the Turks, from Original Sources.

The general character of the operations of the Sackman has been sufficiently described. From the foot of the Kahlenberg, from Heiligenstadt and Döbling to the shore of the Leitha, his presence was proclaimed by the smoke of burning villages, and his march was tracked by wasted fields and vineyards. In the first days of the investment of Vienna the vineyards of Heiligenstadt had been destroyed by the Bosnian light troops; and on the day of the last assault its failure was avenged by the indiscriminate massacre of the inhabitants. At Döbling the pastor, Peter Heindl, was flung on a burning pile of the registers and archives of the district. Hütteldorf, St. Veit, Brunn, and Enzersdorf were burnt. In Perchtoldsdorf the inhabitants indeed held out in the castle, but every thing beyond its walls was destroyed. From the fortress of Lichtenstein the eldest son of its possessor of that day was dragged into slavery. In Kloster-Neuburg the upper town and the ecclesiastical buildings held out, but the lower was destroyed. Baden shared its fate. The destroyers penetrated even into Upper Austria, and thence into Styria, where, however, they on several occasions met with their match, for the people rose upon their scattered bands, and burned alive those whom they overpowered. A detachment also crossed the Danube in thirty vessels, and made an incursion on the left bank. After having set fire to the village and castle of Schmida, they were surprised and in great part destroyed by a body of 200 cavalry under Count Hardegg. A number of fugitives were pursued to the shore, and perished in an over-crowded vessel, which went to the bottom. Another body, which, disturbed in its occupation of plunder, had taken refuge in a tower near Kornenburg, were surrounded and cut to pieces by

the land-bailiff George von Leuchtenberg, and the Bavarian colonel of cavalry Wolfgang von Weichs. In spite of these isolated acts of vengeance and resistance, upwards of 20,000 Christians were slaughtered or dragged into slavery; and but few of the latter, most of them young persons of either sex and priests, ever returned. It is a remarkable fact, proved from all the original accounts, that the Turks preferred making slaves of the clergy to the putting them to death; possibly, for the pleasure of tormenting them at leisure. According to a contemporary narrative, upwards of 14,000 of the Akindschis perished in these desultory conflicts. Taking their whole force at the number, usually admitted, of 40,000, the proportion is not improbable.

BOOK II.

FROM THE END OF THE FIRST SIEGE OF VIENNA TO THAT
OF THE SECOND. 1530 to 1684.

CHAPTER I.

1530 to 1538.

THE close of the year 1529 had been made memorable in the annals of Christendom by the retreat of Soliman. He had retired not without loss and a degree of exhaustion which promised an interval at least of repose to the countries he had so cruelly ravaged. He was, however, neither satiated with blood nor discouraged by that signal failure of the main object of his expedition which the Turkish historiographers strove in vain to conceal beneath the flowers of Oriental eloquence. So early as in the spring of 1532, he poured down upon Hungary and Styria a force even more numerous than that which had invested Vienna. Some have computed it at 600,000 men, probably an exaggeration; but Ortelius, a writer generally to be depended upon, speaks of 500,000, and of these 300,000 horsemen. The first serious resistance which this immense accumulation of numerical force had to encounter, was opposed to it by the inconsiderable and scarcely fortified town, Güns. The defence of this place ranks high among the instances in which patience and resolution, arrayed behind very feeble defences, have baffled all the efforts of numbers stimulated by the hope of plunder and a strong sense of the disgrace of failure. Nicholas Jurechich, a Croatian nobleman, was the leader to whom the credit of this defence is due. In the character of ambassador extraordinary from Ferdinand to the Sultan, he had very recently displayed firmness, temper, and sagacity; and now, behind walls which had been mined in thirteen different places and which presented a practicable breach eight

fathoms wide, with a body of troops originally of insignificant numbers and reduced by eleven assaults, he met with unshaken resolution, a twelfth desperate attempt of the enemy. It was all but fatal. The troops were nearly driven from the walls, upon which eight Turkish standards were already planted, when a shout of despair raised by the women and unarmed inhabitants of the place was mistaken by the assailants for the cheer of a reinforcement. The garrison profited by a moment of hesitation, and again succeeded in their noble effort. For twenty-five days they had occupied the whole force of the Turkish Empire in a fruitless attempt,—a period fully sufficient to exhaust the patience of the brave and impetuous but ill-disciplined armies of the faithful. The Sultan, unwilling to waste a further portion of the best season and of his best troops before a place so unimportant in itself, adopted his usual expedient in such cases, magnanimity. He invited the commanders under a safe conduct to his presence, complimented them on their conduct, and making them a present of the town and citadel, a donation founded on a right of property on which they had no inclination to raise a verbal dispute, for the utter exhaustion of their resources of all kinds would have rendered further resistance impossible, withdrew his forces; not however, as was expected, in the direction of Neustadt and Vienna. He marched, on the contrary, up the course of the Mur, by roads of the most difficult and harassing description; and, establishing himself in Styria, sat down before Gratz, which, after a tedious siege, he took and ransacked, but failed to reduce the citadel. Some writers are of opinion that this diversion of his force, in fact a circuitous retreat, was the work of the Vizier Ibrahim, who had been bribed by Charles V. Nothing has been discovered in the Austrian archives which contain the state secrets of the time, and no passage has been detected by such inquirers as Von Hammer in the pages of Turkish history to favour this supposition. The bribe also must have been a large one which could have influenced the conduct of a man who had the treasure of the seven towers at his disposal. A far more natural cause may be assigned for the movements of the Sultan. The relative position of the two parties was very different from that of 1529. It is true the frontier provinces were, as then, exposed to the first onset of the invader; but the preparations of the House of Aus-

tria for defence were further advanced, better organized, and on a more respectable scale than before.

The Emperor Charles in person had put himself at the head of the troops of the Empire, and had well employed the interval of security which the delay of the Sultan before the town of Güns had afforded him. With an army rated at 260,000 men, of which however only 126,000 were combatants, namely, 96,000 infantry and 30,000 cavalry, he lay encamped at no great distance from Vienna. In his former campaign Soliman had sought in vain for the accursed Ferdinand, and had made much of his disappointment in the bulletins from his camp and in the pages of his servile historiographers. He was probably not equally desirous of falling in with such an antagonist as Charles, at the head of an untouched force of this magnitude. The sudden direction of his army upon provinces bare of troops, but which contained plunder to be gathered, and villages to be burned, and helpless people to be slaughtered, was a safe and a tempting, though inglorious proceeding. These were the motives, as far as inquiry can now detect them, which postponed to a subsequent century the great spectacle of actual collision in the field between the main armies of Turkey and the Empire. Austria meanwhile derived from the postponement of so tremendous an issue no immunity from a repetition of the horrors of the last invasion. While the main Turkish army occupied Styria, the bands of Michael Oglou were again let loose upon her plains, re-enacting, up to the walls of Lintz and Vienna, every former atrocity. If, however, they were allowed for a period thus to extend and pursue their ravages, they came at last within reach, not merely of the partial resistance by which the more adventurous of their parties had before been occasionally cut off, but of the heavy blows of a disciplined enemy. Vienna itself was in a state of defence which fully secured it against any attack from the irregular troops of the Turks; and it is not probable that Soliman at any time had contemplated a renewal of his attempt upon that city with his main army, for he had again left his heavy artillery behind; and all his preparations tended to a pitched battle in the open field. The Pfalzgraf Frederick was able, therefore, with a strong detach-

from the marauders, and took up a position at Enzesfeld, which threatened the communications of Michael Oglou with Styria. The latter commenced a hasty retreat in the direction of Neustadt and Pottenstein; but the principal passes of the mountains beyond were already occupied by the Pfalzgraf; and a strong force of arquebuziers under a skilful officer, Sebastian Scheitl, moved upon his rear by Kaumberg. On the 18th of September, *his main column, encumbered with plunder and with 4000 prisoners, was suddenly attacked by this detachment, and driven through Pottenstein towards the defiles in front, which were strongly occupied by the Pfalzgraf. The savage leader, thus caught in the toils, kept up his character for courage and cruelty to the last. He directed an instant and indiscriminate massacre of his prisoners, setting the example with his own hand; and, dividing his forces into two bodies, scattered one into the pathless forests to the south, and headed the other and main body in a desperate attempt to cut its way to the front by the valley of Stahremberg. He fell among the foremost. His jewelled helmet, appropriately adorned with vultures' wings, was conveyed to Ferdinand, and may still be seen in the Ambros Museum at Vienna. On his fall, the command was assumed by his lieutenant, Osman, who struggled through the defiles only to fall in opener ground upon the troops of the Empire commanded by the Count Lodovic and the Margrave Joachim of Brandenburg. Tired horses and despairing riders fell an easy prey, not only to the troops, but to the peasantry. Attacked by the latter in the neighbourhood of Siebenstein, many were forced over a picturesque precipice, which still bears the name of the "Turkish Fall." Osman himself fell by the hand of Paul Bakics, who bore him from the saddle with his lance, and finished him with his own jewelled dagger, which hung at his saddle-bow. Of this division of the robber force, nearly 18,000 strong, it is said that not one escaped. Those who were detached through the forests had better fortune. Part, at least of them, effected their junction with Soliman in Styria. In Austria the Sackman was seen no more. In Hungary, indeed, and Styria, their excesses continued for some years, but the frontier of Austria proper was henceforth secure. In the battle of Guirgewo against the Poles in 1596, the last remnant of the Akindschis was destroyed, and the*

name appears no more in the Turkish annals. On the 2nd of October the Emperor Charles V. and his brother Ferdinand descended the river from Lintz, and were formally received at Vienna on the 3rd. A great review was held, at which Charles, to conciliate the Hungarians, appeared in the costume of that country. Soliman, on receiving intelligence of the fate of Michael Oglou, pursued his retreat with so much precipitancy and confusion, that if Charles had followed him with activity, the fate of Hungary must have been decided. The affairs of religion, however, were nearer to the heart of Charles than those of Hungary, and the approaching convocation of the Council of Trent attracting him to Italy, the golden opportunity was lost. Zapolya retained possession of his throne, under the protection of 60,000 Turks encamped on the bank of the Drave. In 1538 the peace of Grosswaradin was concluded, in which Ferdinand recognised the usurper as King of Hungary in the portion of that country occupied by him, and as Wayvode of Transylvania, in return for the reversion of that kingdom on Zapolya's death, whose son, should he leave one, was to enjoy only the hereditary succession of his house, the Countship of Zips.

CHAPTER II.

1539 to 1566.

IN 1539, Zapolya, advanced in age, but anxious to bequeath his powers of mischief to a lineal descendant, contracted a marriage with Isabella of Poland. His wishes were gratified in the following year by the birth of a son; an event which he himself survived only twenty-four days. The ambitious mother, setting at defiance the terms of the treaty of Grosswaradin, asserted the claim of her child to the throne of Hungary, and invoked the protection of the Sultan. The secrecy with which the treaty of Grosswaradin had been concluded between Ferdinand and Zapolya had excited the deep indignation of the Sultan; and though, as might be supposed, fully determined to prevent its fulfilment in favour of Ferdinand, he was little inclined to allow the widow and race of Zapolya to profit by its infraction. In June, 1641, he for the ninth time took the field in person; and in August he appeared before Pesth, from which a besieging army of Ferdinand had lately been repulsed with loss. On the 29th August, the fifteenth anniversary of the battle of Mohacs, the infant Zapolya was brought into his camp, and Pesth admitted a Turkish garrison. Much negotiation passed with the widowed queen; presents and civil speeches abounded on both sides; and finally she received, and counted probably at its real value, the solemn assurance of the Sultan that the capital should be restored to her son on the attainment of his majority. Meanwhile the young Zapolya was acknowledged as Wayvode of Transylvania; but a purely Turkish administration was organised and placed in authority over the whole extent of that portion of the kingdom of Hungary which had been under the real or nominal sovereignty of Zapolya. In a small part of it the House of Austria had all along maintained itself; nor did that power submit to the summary appropriation of the remainder by

the enemy of Christendom. For many a year, and through many a reign, Hungary continued the field of a struggle of race and religion, which the temporary exhaustion of either or both parties could but occasionally interrupt, and in which, during the lifetime of Ferdinand, the Turks had generally the advantage. In 1547, an armistice of five years was purchased by humiliating concessions on the part of Austria. *Punctually* at the expiration of the period hostilities were resumed, and continued without cessation or decisive result to the death of Ferdinand in 1564, and into the reign of his successor Maximilian II. In the prosecution of the struggle, this wise sovereign reaped advantage from the system of toleration which he extended to the powerful Protestant party in Hungary.

The Hungarian campaign of 1566 was distinguished by the famous siege of the small fortress of Szigeth, and the self-immolation of its defender, the Hungarian Leonidas, Nicholas, Count of Zriny. In early life he had distinguished himself at the siege of Vienna; and having pursued a successful career in arms, held under the present Emperor the chief command on the right bank of the Danube. Soliman had undertaken the siege of Erlau; and the Pacha of Bosnia was on the march with reinforcements, when he was attacked near Siklos by Zriny, completely defeated, and slain. The Sultan, furious at this disaster, raised the siege of Erlau and marched with 100,000 men upon Zriny, who, with scarcely 2500, flung himself into Szigeth, with the resolution never to surrender it; a resolution to which his followers cheerfully bound themselves by an oath. To the utmost exertion of his vast military means of attack, Soliman added not only the seduction of brilliant promises, but the more cogent threat of putting to death the son of Zriny, who had fallen into his hands. All was in vain. The Sultan's letter was used by Zriny as wadding for his own muskét; and for seventeen days the town held out against repeated assaults. The enfeebled garrison were then driven to the lower castle, and at last to the upper one. No hope remained of repelling another general assault, for which the Turkish preparations were carried forward with the utmost vigour under the eye of the Sultan, who, however, was not destined to witness their issue. On the 6th of September he was found dead in his tent, having thus

closed, at the age of seventy-six, by a tranquil and natural death, a reign of forty-five years, which for activity and variety of military enterprise, for expenditure of human life, and for the diffusion of the miseries of warfare, unmitigated by the conventional usages and inventions of later times, could scarcely find its parallel. His decease afforded no respite to the besieged. The event was kept a rigid secret from the soldiery by the Vizier Ibrahim, who adopted the Oriental precaution of putting to death the physicians in attendance. Zriny did not wait for the final assault. On the 8th September the Turks were pressing forward along a narrow bridge to the castle, when the gate was suddenly flung open, a large mortar loaded with broken iron was discharged into their ranks, according to their own historians killing 600 of them, and close upon its discharge Zriny and his faithful band sallied forth to die. His resolution was evinced by some characteristic preparations. From four swords he chose a favourite weapon which he had worn in the first campaigns of his youth, and, determined not to fall alive into the hands of his enemies, he wore no defensive armour. He fastened to his person the keys of the castle and a purse of a hundred ducats, "The man counted and selected, of the coinage of Hungary. he found not who lays me out," he said, "shall not complain that take the key lying upon me. When I am dead, let him who may take me alive with his hands and the ducats. No Turk shall point at me while before him is his finger." The banner of the Empire was borne by Laurence Juranitsch. In this guise, followed by his 600 remaining comrades, he rushed upon the enemy, and by two musket-shots through the body and an arrow in the head obtained the release he sought. With some of his followers the instinct of self-preservation prevailed so far that they retired from the massacre which followed into the castle, where some few were captured alive. It is said also that some were spared in the conflict by the Janissaries, who, admiring their courage, placed their own caps on their heads for the purpose of saving them. Three Pachas, 7000 Janissaries, and the scarcely credible number of 28,000 other soldiers, are said to have perished before this place. The Vizier Ibrahim's life was saved by one of Zriny's household, who was taken in the castle, which the Vizier had entered with his troops. This man, to the Vizier's

inquiry after treasure, replied that it had been long expended, but that 3000 lbs. of powder were then under their feet, to which a slow match had been attached. The Vizier and his mounted officers had just time to escape, but 3000 Turks perished in the explosion which shortly followed. Zriny's head was sent to the Emperor; his body was honourably buried, as some accounts state, by the hands of a Turk who had been his prisoner, and well treated by him. Szigeth never recovered from its destruction, and some inconsiderable ruins alone mark the scene of Zriny's glory.

CHAPTER III.

1566 to 1664.

SOLIMAN was succeeded on the throne by Selim II., son of a favourite slave, Roxalana. The male issue of the other inmates of the royal harem, whether wives or concubines, had been remorselessly sacrificed to secure the undisputed succession of one who proved the first of his race to set an example of degeneracy from the qualities which had made his predecessors the terror of Christendom. Under the rule of Soliman the power and reputation of the Porte had reached a point of elevation from which it rapidly declined under his sensual and inactive successor, and to which it has never re-ascended. The structure, indeed, raised by the warrior founders of the Ottoman dynasty, survived, without suffering material injury or diminution, too long for the peace and safety of Europe; but this permanence was due less to its own solidity than to the jealousies and dissensions of the Christian powers, political and religious, but more especially the latter. Within two years of Selim's accession, in 1568, he concluded with the Emperor Maximilian an armistice on the basis of their respective occupation of territory, by which the Turk remained in possession of Lower Hungary. In 1575 this compact was renewed for eight years. The younger Zapolya had previously agreed that after his decease the government of Transylvania should devolve by election upon a Wayvode, a subject of the crown of Hungary; and on his death, in 1571, Steven von Bathory had been accordingly elected. This prince subsequently attained the crown of Poland, and in 1589 his cousin, Sigismund, made over Transylvania to Hungary. In 1590, in the reign of Rodolph II., son and successor to Maximilian, war again broke out between Austria and Turkey, and was prosecuted with much bitterness, but with alternations of success which led to no important results. In 1595 the Turks, after two

years of discomfiture, recovered themselves so far as to approach the Austrian frontier in force, and seriously to threaten Vienna. The landsturm of that city was called out, and the defences were strengthened in all haste; but the force of Turkish invasion spent itself upon Upper Hungary. Several strong places in that district having been surrendered, as was alleged, by treason and cowardice, Vienna became during several years the scene of bloody executions. Thus, in 1595, Ferdinand Count Hardegg, and several of his officers, expiated on the scaffold the surrender of Raab. In the same year an engineer, Francis Diano, was executed on a charge of having undertaken to blow up the Rothenthurm bastion on the appearance of a Turkish force. Raab, after three years and a half possession by the Turks, was retaken by the Austrian commanders, Rodolph Schwarzenberg and Nicholas Palfy, an important service which the Emperor Rodolph acknowledged by the erection of columnar monuments, and by the addition of a raven to the escutcheon of the Schwarzenbergs. One of the columns remains to this day in the neighbourhood of Mödling. In 1600 a mutinous project for the surrender of the fortress Papa was detected and suppressed by summary execution, and fifteen of the leaders were reserved for a more terrible example at Vienna, twelve of whom were quartered and three impaled. It would be tedious and disgusting to pursue the list of similar atrocities perpetrated both at Vienna and in the frontier fortresses. The Austrian authorities would appear to have considered that the devices of Oriental cruelty were the only remedies or preventives for treason and cowardice, and to have overlooked the fact that many of the misdemeanours so savagely punished were attributable to their own maladministration, to the inactivity of the Emperor, and to the maltreatment and non-payment of the soldiery. In 1609 the Archduke Mathias assumed the practical exercise of sovereignty, and on his formal succession to the imperial throne on the death of Rodolph in 1612, he transferred the imperial residence from Prague to Vienna. Under his administration better measures were applied to the existing evils than those which had, by their use and their failure, disgraced the reign of Rodolph. Mathias found himself shortly after his coronation compelled to prepare for a renewal of hostilities with the Turks,

who were now in possession of the whole of Hungary and Transylvania, in addition to Moldavia and Wallachia. When, however, he made application to the states of the empire, the Protestants, by far the majority, excused themselves on the allegation that no powers had been delegated to them to furnish aid to a Turkish war, and they recommended forbearance and delay in dealing with the hereditary enemy of Christendom. Mathias had no resource but to conclude an armistice for twenty years, which the Turks, on their part, exhausted by the long previous struggle, and no longer led by such a ruler as Soliman, were not reluctant to accept. They retained, however, their conquests. This truce was observed with scrupulous and unshaken fidelity by the Turks under five feeble successors of Selim II., (Murad III., Mohammed III., Achmet I., Mustapha I., Osman II.) By this honourable forbearance, practised under strong temptation of advantage from its infraction and in resistance to the allurements of Christian powers, especially of France, Austria during the thirty years' war enjoyed immunity from attack on the most assailable portion of her frontier. Even Amurath IV., who ascended the throne in 1623, and was the first of Soliman's successors who showed symptoms of a warlike spirit, concluded a fresh truce with Austria, and thus the Turks remained tranquil through the first half of the seventeenth century. In fact, the moral energy of their race had declined while civilization and attendant power had progressed in Christian Europe, and no exertion could have raised them to their former elevation. Amurath's son and successor Ibrahim, notorious for his vices and cruel actions, was strangled in 1648. He was succeeded by Mohammed IV., a boy seven years of age, during whose minority confusion reigned supreme. His grandmother and mother contended for power, and Janissaries and Spahis fought over the dead bodies of viziers, murdered in rapid succession for the spoil, till they met, A.D. 1656, with a master in the energetic Mohammed Kinkerli. Under his administration internal licence was repressed by measures of salutary severity, and when foreign war again broke out it was conducted by him in a manner which revived the terror of the Turkish name. This war had its origin in the troubles of Hungary and Transylvania. The Transylvanians, on the death of their sovereign George Rakoczy, second

of that name, elected as his successor a distinguished leader of his army, John Kemeni, who entered into an alliance with the Emperor Leopold I. At the instigation, however, of the Turkish Vizier, a faction of Hungarian nobles set up a rival candidate, Michael Apafi. Kemeni was defeated and slain in the battle of Nagy Szollos, fought against a Turkish force in 1662. Apafi seized on the government, cancelled all the measures adopted by Kemeni, and in an assembly of the States outlawed the adherents of Austria. He failed, however, in all his attempts upon the places occupied by German garrisons, and the presence of a so-called auxiliary Turkish force was a scourge rather than a protection to the exhausted country. In 1663 Apafi was compelled to lead his forces in the train of the Vizier Achmed Kincerli, son of Mohammed, who was marching upon Hungary with the intention and expectation of annihilating the power of Austria. The advance of the Turks was so rapid and unimpeded that Vienna once more trembled at the prospect of a siege. The measures for defence, of destruction, and repair were, as usual in the moment of danger, commenced in haste, and prosecuted with more confusion than real despatch.

The progress of the Turks was favoured by disputes between the civil and military authorities of Austria, and the Vizier was thus allowed, without opposition, to secure the open country of Transylvania, and to reduce the important fortress of Neuhausel. After these successes he marched with his main army on Raab, with the project of exciting alarm for the safety of Styria, and then of suddenly flinging himself upon Vienna. It was, however, the good fortune of the Emperor Leopold to possess at this period the services of the only great commander of the moment, Raymond, Count of Montecuculi, as general of his forces in Hungary. On the 1st of August, 1669, this leader overthrew the Turks, in numbers fourfold greater than his own, with the loss of 17,000 men and all their artillery, in the memorable battle of St. Gothard. The armistice of Basvar followed close upon this victory. Twenty years were specified for its duration, but the civil and religious troubles of Hungary, and the severities by which Leopold sought to suppress them, led to its earlier infraction.

CHAPTER IV.

MONTECUCULI had derived but little assistance in his campaigns from the good will or aid of the Hungarians. Their disaffection led to the adoption by the Austrian Government of a course of measures at variance with the laws of the realm, and as impolitic as they were illegal, their main objects being to Germanize the nation, and to extirpate the Protestant heresy. The excesses of the German troops were such as to make the Hungarians, especially the Protestants, feel that they would rather gain than lose by the restoration of Mahometan rule. The proselytizing activity of the Jesuits was specially irritating to the non-Catholics, but the discontent was so general, that when the natural consequences broke out in the shape of an extensive and dangerous conspiracy, nearly all its leaders were dignitaries of the realm, and zealous Roman Catholics. The Emperor, whose natural disposition was mild and humane, was goaded to severity by the falsehoods and exaggerations of his advisers. The Hungarians, for instance, were accused of having poisoned the well of the citadel of Vienna. It was found, on examination, to have been tainted by the dead bodies of dogs and cats. The French ambassador, Grantonville, was exciting the Emperor to measures for the extirpation of heresy, and the destruction of the Hungarian constitution and nationality, while, at the same time, he was holding secret communication with the heads of the Hungarian nobility—Counts Nadasky, Zriny, and Rakoczy, and encouraging their reunion. At the head of the malcontents were the brave Palatine Francis Wesseleny, and Nicholas Zriny, a great grandson of the defender of Szygeth. At a meeting at Neusohl it was agreed to apply for Turkish assistance. The designs, however, of this formidable league were thwarted by the untimely deaths of the two above-mentioned leaders. Zriny perished by a wound from the tusk of a wild boar, and Wesseleny was carried off in the prime of life by a sudden fever.

The ranks of the conspirators could furnish no man worthy,

from talent and influence, to replace the loss so unexpectedly incurred at this critical juncture; and the enterprise, falling into inferior hands, was commenced without plan and prosecuted without energy. The young Prince Rakoczy, and Peter Zriny, brother to the deceased, were the inefficient substitutes elected for its guidance. The latter had gained over to the cause his brother-in-law Francis Frangipani, a young and ardent man, incited by motives of revenge for an injury received from a German officer. The governor also of Styria, Count Tettenbach, a man related by marriage with the Hungarian leaders of the conspiracy, joined its ranks. He undertook to arm his peasants and foresters to the number of some thousands, to impart all official intelligence which should reach him, as governor, to the party, and to put them in possession of the town and citadel of Gratz. Frangipani undertook to provide a naval force in the Adriatic, and to gain over the Uskok and Greek population of Croatia. The chief meetings of the parties took place at the castle of Pottendorf, on the Hungarian frontier, a residence of the Count Nadasky, in a summer-house, the roof of which was adorned with a rose in stucco, from which the common expression "sub rosâ" derives its origin. The moment of execution for the designs of the conspirators was near at hand, when the danger, of incalculable magnitude to the Austrian government, was averted by an accidental disclosure. Tettenbach, too confident of success, had thrown into prison for some petty theft a servant initiated into the plot. This man, in the accidental absence of the Count, was submitted, in the usual course of law, to the torture, and to save his life confessed all he knew. The officers who administered the province in the absence of Tettenbach lost no time in forwarding the weighty intelligence to Vienna. Tettenbach on his return to Gratz was arrested. His papers contained ample evidence of his designs, which was confirmed by the discovery of arms for 6000 men in the cellars of his residence. The imperial minister, Prince Lobkowitz, offered a generous forgiveness to Zriny, but sent a force to occupy his residence of Czakathurn. Zriny betrayed a fatal vacillation of purpose, observing in the first instance and afterwards violating the conditions of his pardon. He was finally, together with Frangipani, arrested, and confined at Czakathurn. Effecting their escape, they con-

ceived the project of presenting themselves and offering their submission at Vienna. Their project was betrayed to the Emperor by a friend named Keri, with whom they had taken refuge. He was instructed to encourage them to persevere in their design, but should they depart from it, and proceed to join Rakoczy, to arrest them. Keri preferred, for the purpose of magnifying his own services, to act at once on the latter part of the instruction. He arrested and conveyed them to Neustadt. Rakoczy, who had taken as yet no open measures, fled to his mother, who by her influence with the Jesuits procured his pardon. Charles Duke of Lorraine besieged the fortress Murany, occupied by the widow of Wesseleny, Maria Szetsi. She surrendered it without resistance, and died some years after, a prisoner at Vienna. The papers found at Murany compromised many leading men, and especially Nadasky, the Judex Curiae of Hungary, who bore the name of the Hungarian Cræsus, coin to the amount of five millions being found in his treasury at Pottendorf. He also was conveyed a prisoner to Vienna. Of the remaining conspirators Stephen Tekeli was the most formidable. He died during the siege of his fortress of Arva by the imperialists. His daughters were dragged to prison at Vienna; but his son Emerich, afterwards so famous, escaped to Transylvania, and, joining the Turks, became an active adviser and promoter of every design of that power hostile to Austria. An extraordinary commission was instituted at Vienna for the trial of the accused. Its acts were submitted to the Imperial Chamber at Spire, and to the universities of Ingoldstadt, Tubingen, and Leipzig, and these learned and merciless bodies unanimously condemned the prisoners to suffer all the refinements of cruelty which the practice of the age assigned to the crime of treason in the highest degree. The Imperial Privy Council advised the loss of the right hand and beheading, which the Emperor mitigated to simple beheading, accompanied by degradation from the rank of noble and confiscation of property. The ceremony of the degradation of Nadasky took place with the accustomed form of words, "No longer Count Nadasky, but—*thou* traitor." He was then brought to the town-house by the Captain of the city guard in a close carriage. The Pope, Clement X., had interceded for his life and that of Zriny, but in vain. On the 30th of April,

1674, at an early hour, the gates of the city were closed; the Burgher guard under arms; chains drawn across the streets; the principal public places occupied by regular troops, foot and horse. In the Burgher hall, near the Register office, the scaffolding hung with red was prepared, and the executioner, John Moser, in attendance, the black staff in his right hand, the sword in his left. The spectators sat round, all dressed in black. A Turkish Chiaus or officer of the Sultan's guard was present in a private tribune. Nadasky's head fell at one blow. The body was laid on a bier and exhibited till evening in the court of the town-house. It was then conveyed to the Augustines, and subsequently to the convent founded by the victim at Lockenhaus, in Hungary, where it is said to remain to this day uncorrupted. The sword and chair used in the execution are now in the Burgher arsenal. On the same day Frangipani and Zriny were also executed. Tettenbach's fate was deferred till December, when he also was beheaded at Gratz.

CHAPTER V.

1672 to 1680.

THE suppression of the dangerous conspiracy above described—however on many grounds we may sympathise with its authors—can hardly be considered in itself other than as an event favourable to the interests of Christian Europe. Unfortunately, however, the Austrian Government, not satisfied with the severity exercised on the leading conspirators, wreaked its impolitic and unjustifiable revenge upon the kingdom of Hungary at large. It was treated as a conquered country. The Protestant churches were closed; the preachers who declined to subscribe to conditions incompatible with the exercise of their functions were arrested, banished, and in some instances condemned to the galleys. Resistance and civil war ensued, more fertile in atrocities even than war with the Turk. The adherents of either party, as usual in cases of intestine strife, adopted popular designations long remembered for the misfortunes with which they were associated. The national partisans were called Kuruzzen, probably a corruption of Kreuzer, or cross-bearer; and the German lanzknecht was modified into the term Labanz. Each impaled, or flayed, or roasted the other on every opportunity. The Kuruzzen not unfrequently passed the Austrian frontier, reviving, wherever they appeared, recollections of the atrocities of the Sackman. The name to this day is coupled with that of the Turks in Lower Austria. Then, as at subsequent periods, the insurgents received aid and encouragement from France, and in 1679 they were even joined by a force levied in Poland, and officered by Frenchmen. The young Tekeli also came forward to wreak his vengeance upon Austria. He defeated the Imperialists in several encounters, and even led his forces, joined by hordes of Tartar cavalry, to the walls of Neustadt, over the March field, and far into Moravia. A pestilence which broke

out in this year could hardly persuade a man to resign to the powers of nature the task of decimating his species; and it was not till the mortality of disease had reached an awful pitch that the spirit of mutual destruction came to a pause. In 1681 a diet was convened at Edenburg with views of reconciliation, and attended by the Emperor in person. A palatine was elected, old privileges and institutions, the power of the Ban, and the frontier militia were revived, the licence of arbitrary taxation restrained, a general amnesty conceded, and the laws of the empire re-established, under which religious freedom was to be enjoyed by the professors of the Helvetic or Augsburg forms of Protestantism. The disruption, however, had gone too far to allow of a speedy and solid re-union of parties. The spirit of ambition and revenge in the bosom of Tekeli was not to be appeased even by the concession of his marriage with the widow of Rakoczy, which conveyed into his hands the important fortress of Munkacs. The deputies of the Austrian Government also betrayed unfortunate and unreasonable indications of a lurking tendency to revengeful measures. The Hungarians, on the other hand, considered merely as their due the concessions obtained from the Emperor. At last the parties agreed so far as to determine upon sending an embassy to Constantinople, with the purpose of obtaining a prolongation of the twenty years' truce, which was about to expire. Count Albert Caprara was the envoy selected. He left Vienna in February, 1682, with a large suite and rich presents, and instructions to spare no pains for the avoidance of a Turkish war. The utter fruitlessness of his mission was apparent to him from the date of his arrival at Constantinople. He found the war party in that city, with the Vizier Kara Mustapha at its head, eager to avail themselves of the distractions of Hungary, which Tekeli's emissaries could hardly exaggerate in their reports. Troops were sent before his face to the assistance of the rebels, and the conditions of peace demanded by the Porte were such as to extinguish all hope of an accommodation. An annual tribute of 50,000 dollars was demanded in the first instance, the surrender of the territory between the Theiss and the Waag to the Turks, and of several places of strength to Tekeli. The latter was also to be recognized as Prince of Upper

Hungary, and of equal rank with the Prince of Transylvania. Finally, the restitution of all the confiscated estates of the conspirators was insisted upon. Troops poured in from Asia and Egypt to support these pretensions, and swell the European forces collecting under the eye of the ambassador; and the demands of the Turks rose with the tidings they now received of the progress of the arms of Tekeli, till at last they claimed the fortresses of Raab, Komorn, and Szathmar, and an indemnification for their war expenses of six million dollars. The ambassador saw the futility of further attempts at negotiation. His firm but temperate reply to the Vizier Kara Mustapha procured him the treatment of a prisoner of state. His couriers were detained, and he was reduced to despatch the tidings of Turkish insolence and preparation by secret messengers, and by the way of Venice to Vienna. He himself was compelled to accompany the Turkish army of invasion on its march. There was but too much ground for the Turkish confidence. The undefended condition of the Austrian frontier, the general inadequacy of the military preparations of that power, were known and appreciated at Constantinople; but it also happened that three Arabian astrologers had predicted the reduction of Vienna, the fall of the West Romish Empire, and moreover the further advance of the armies of the faithful to Rome and to the Rhine. Even without respect to such prophecies as these, the moment was propitious for reducing to entire subjection the long disputed kingdom of Hungary; and the influence of Kara Mustapha, eager for war, prevailed against the serious opposition of the Ulema, of the mother Sultana, Valide, and even against the inclination of the unwarlike Sultan Mohammed himself. The Vizier, while he dazzled the latter with splendid visions of ulterior conquest, was influenced in secret by ambition on his own account. He destined for himself the plunder of Vienna, and he considered his own advancement to the throne of Hungary, at least as a tributary to the Porte, a reasonable and attainable reward for his anticipated success as leader of the army of the faithful. His influence with the Sultan, exerted to the utmost, gained the ascendancy over that of the Sultana. He contrived to win over the chief of his spiritual opponents. The soldiery, including that formidable body the Janissaries, were naturally of the faction which promised

them plunder and blood. The strong party which appealed by various methods against the injustice of the war was silenced by harsh measures; and by the autumn of 1682 the army was in motion under the immediate command of the Vizier, and accompanied by the Mufti and the principal dignitaries of the empire. It was halted, and encamped for the winter, at Adrianople, to refresh the contingents which had marched from the more distant Asiatic provinces, and to prepare for effective operations in the spring. Here also it was joined by the Sultan, the pomp and expenditure of whose progress, and especially the hundred carriages devoted to the female portion of his retinue, moved the soldiery to rough comparisons with the practice of Murad IV., who took the field with one wife and two pages. The army had to contend with those autumnal rains which more than once had impeded under Soliman the progress of similar expeditions. The superstition of the people interpreted these incidents of climate into omens of failure; but the Vizier, though his own tent was swept away by an inundation which, on the first night after the troops were halted, ravaged the camp, was unshaken in his purpose, and the horse-tails continued planted before the royal residence in the direction of Hungary. The tedium of winter quarters was relieved by a royal chase, for which 30,000 peasants were collected to drive the game. The result, if the beaters themselves are not reckoned, was small—one wild boar, six roes, and thirty hares—but a much larger number of the beaters perished from exhaustion. Where the Sultan met with their corpses he observed that they had probably spoken ill of him, and had met with their reward—a safe and satisfactory assumption. In the following spring, while the army was mustered in presence of the Sultan, a still more violent storm occurred, which among other exploits of its fury carried off the turban from the head of the sovereign. Undeterred by this omen, the Sultan accompanied the march of his army as far as Belgrade, where on the 12th May he received the ambassadors of Tekeli. Here, however, he also received intelligence of an event which, could his Arabian soothsayers have predicted its results, might still have made him pause in the prosecution of his purpose. This was no less than the signature of an alliance between the Emperor and John Sobieski, king of Poland. On the

following day he committed the green standard of the Prophet, and with it the chief command, to the Vizier, who undertook the further conduct of the campaign uncontrolled by the presence of a master who had not the taste of his earlier ancestors for the fatigues of the march or the dangers of the field. The strength of the regular force with which he took the field is known with accuracy from the muster-roll which was found in his tent in the lines at Vienna. We thus find the total strength of the regular troops amounting to 275,000 men. The attendants on baggage, commissariat, camels, horses, &c., were never numbered, and would be difficult to calculate. If we add the force which afterwards joined the Turks under Tekeli, including 12,000 Tartars, 13,000 Janissaries, and 2000 Spahis, and amounting in all to 60,000 fighting men, we cannot estimate the numbers which poured into Hungary at less than 400,000. The approach of the Turkish army, following upon his own successes, excited the pride of Tekeli to the utmost. He assumed the title of Duke of Hungary, and threatened with banishment and even with death all who should fail to appear at a Diet which he summoned to assemble at Kaschau. He struck coins, now become rare, with his own likeness, and the legend, "Emericus Comes Tekly in Kaesmarki, Dux Ungariæ," and on the obverse a naked sword with the words "Pro Deo et Patriâ." Several French officers and engineers served in his forces, in pursuance of the unworthy policy of Louis XIV., whose jealousy of the House of Hapsburg rejected no means, however disgraceful, and no ally, however discreditable; and overlooked all the evil consequences to Christendom of the success of the schemes he thus supported. The last proposals for peace conveyed from the Austrian court to Tekeli, by the Baron Sapomara, were haughtily rejected. At Essek, where he was received with royal honours by the Vizier, he accepted at the hands of the latter his investiture as Prince of the kingdom of Hungary, which he acknowledged subject to the Porte. With all his pomp, and after all his exploits, he was but what J. Zapolya had been before him, a scourge in the hands of Providence to a miserable country, a tool and catspaw to the Sultan and the Sultan's slaves.

CHAPTER VI.

1682 to 1683,

ON the 8th December, 1682, the servants of Count Caprara had reached Vienna with tidings of the enormous preparations of the Turks. The reports from Hungary were also unfavourable, and the necessity for immediate measures of defence was palpable as it was urgent. The first requisite, money, was sought for in an impost of a hundredth part of the means of the higher and lower nobility, and of the clergy, usually exempt from such burthens, but considered liable in the case of invasion by the enemy of Christendom. It was, however, to Poland that Austria now looked with the deepest anxiety, though it must have been with profound reluctance, and at first with little expectation of success, that the Emperor could turn to that quarter for assistance. The fate of Hungary at the least, and of the Austrian capital, hung, however, on the success of Austrian diplomacy with the great soldier, John Sobieski, who now filled the throne of Poland. His neutrality alone would have left both to a certain fate, and even that neutrality was hardly to be depended upon; for at a recent period French officers in the service of Tekeli had been allowed to commence the levy of a force in Poland for the support of that dangerous ally of the Turks. Mohats had been lost by the defection of Zapolya. John Sobieski as a leader was as much superior to Zapolya as the 20,000 Sarmatian horse which he and he alone could bring into the field were superior to Zapolya's Transylvanian cavalry. A long course of slights received and interests thwarted had alienated him from the throne of Austria, and cemented the connexion which his education, his marriage, and his political interests had hitherto maintained with France. To remove these obstacles it was necessary in the first instance for the hereditary sovereign of the House of Hapsburg to concede to the Elective King of Poland the title of Majesty. This

was an act of derogation which nothing but hard necessity could have wrung from a sovereign so faithful to the traditions of Austrian etiquette as Leopold. It was easier to hold out hopes, which he never intended to realise, of more substantial advantages, of a marriage between Prince James, the heir of Sobieski, and an Austrian Archduchess, and of the establishment of themselves and their descendants on an hereditary throne. The devices, however, of diplomacy would probably have been unavailing to overthrow the influence of France, which was unceasingly exerted against that of Vienna, but for an accident of the time.

“ Porta salutis

Quâ minimè reris Graiâ pandetur ab urbe.”

The intrigues of the French court were defeated by those of a Frenchwoman. Sobieski had espoused, in 1665, ten years before his accession to the throne, Marie Casimire de la Grange, daughter of Henri de la Grange, Marquis d'Arquien. She had early acquired an influence over her husband, which she exerted in a manner almost uniformly detrimental to his peace, his interests, and those of his kingdom; and the wife of 41 continued now to exercise over the consort of 53 the dangerous fascination of a mistress. It pleased that Providence, which so frequently works out its greatest designs by contemptible instruments, to disappoint this woman in an intrigue which she had set on foot at Versailles for the elevation of her father to a French dukedom. On her announcement of an intended journey to France, question had been raised in this quarter also as to that title of Majesty which has been mentioned as affecting her husband's relations with Austria. These, and such as these, were the influences which are said at this critical moment to have caused the scale to descend in favour of Austria, to have outweighed the uxorious Sobieski's recollections of his education in France, to have saved Vienna and rescued Hungary from Mahometan rule. That other and sounder considerations had not their influence upon Sobieski's decision, it would be preposterous to suppose. Sincere and earnest to the verge of bigotry in his attachment to the Romish form of Christianity, he could not look with indifference to the probable success of the Turkish arms in Hungary and Austria. He had received, however, assurances from Turkey that in the event of his continued neu-

trality the Polish frontier should be kept free from invasion. To that neutrality he was in strictness bound by the fidelity with which the Ottoman Porte had observed the engagements of her last pacification with Poland—a fidelity which all historians agree has usually characterized the proceedings of the Porte, and which stands out in strong and frequent contrast with the practice of Christian States. Relying on the faith of treaties, Mohammed IV. had left the important fortress of Kaminiéc and the frontier of Podolia unguarded; and if Sobieski had sought for an excuse to avoid alliance with Austria, he might have found it in the obligations of the Treaty of Zurawno, which had been so faithfully observed by the Turks. Rome, however, was at hand to dispense with these obligations towards the infidel. Advisers meanwhile were not wanting to suggest that by continuing awhile a spectator of a struggle which must produce exhaustion on either side, and by striking in at the proper time and in the proper quarter, Sobieski might best find occasion to recover from the Turk the much coveted fortress of Kaminiéc. It was under such circumstances that the good genius of Christendom stepped in in the disguise of an intriguing Frenchwoman. Influenced for once in a right and sound direction by his wife, and inspired by the memories of former victories, among others of that great battle of Choczim, in which he had seen the turbans floating thick as autumnal leaves on the Dniester, he flung his powerful frame into the saddle and his great soul into the cause, and gladly forgot, in the congenial occupation of collecting and recruiting his reduced and scattered army, the perpetual intrigues of his court and household. By the treaty now concluded the two sovereigns contracted a mutual obligation to assist each other against the Turk, bringing into the field respectively 60,000 and 40,000 men. The Emperor conceded a questionable claim to the salt-mines of Wieliczka, and the more important point of a pretension to the eventual succession to the crown of Poland in favour of his son. He was well advised to exact that the treaty should be ratified by the solemn sanction of an oath administered by a Cardinal Legate. There is no doubt that the sense entertained by Sobieski of the obligation of this oath had a serious influence on his subsequent conduct. By a precaution to which Pascal,

had he been alive, might have referred as illustrative of the practices which spring from the school of Loyola, the two parties to this oath bound themselves not to resort to the Pope for any dispensation from its observance. How far it was logical and consistent thus to limit the Pope's power, and confine its valid operation to one dispensation, it is not for Protestants to decide. The Abbé Coyer quotes this as a secret article. Possibly at the moment the parties were ashamed of it; but it is extant in the copy of the treaty printed in Dumont's *Corps Universel Diplomatique*, 1731. It was agreed that, should either sovereign take the field in person, the chief command should be vested in him. This article was doubtless intended to effect the purpose, which it accomplished, of turning to practical account the acknowledged military talents of Sobieski, and the terror which his name excited among the Turks. No provision is made in the treaty for the contingency of the appearance of both sovereigns in the field. Leopold was no soldier; and though he at one time threatened a visit to the army, from which he was judiciously dissuaded by his confessor, it is not probable that he ever contemplated an appearance on the field of battle. An anecdote however is current that, after the great success before Vienna, he reproached his minister, Sinzendorf, for having advised his absence from the field, with so much bitterness, that the latter died of the infliction. If this had been believed at the time, it is not probable that Sobieski would have failed to report so piquant an anecdote in his correspondence with his wife.

In Poland as well as in Austria time was required to bring into the field the forces promised on all hands; and in the mean time the Austrian frontier was uncovered, for the Imperial army under command of the brave and experienced Duke Charles of Lorraine, stationed in the neighbourhood of Presburg, scarcely amounted to 33,000 men. From this scanty force garrisons were to be drawn for Raab, Komorn, Leopoldstadt, and Presburg—two flying corps to be furnished against the first advance of the enemy on the Raab and the Mur, and with the overplus the Austrian monarchy was to be upheld till the promised succours should appear. Austria was fortunate in the leader upon whom these difficult and complicated duties devolved. Trained to

arms against the Turks under Montecuculi, and against Condé under William of Nassau, Charles Leopold, Duke of Lorraine, had matured his military talents, in independent command, against the armies of France, through several scientific campaigns on the Rhine and in Flanders. He was now in a situation which required him to call forth all the resources acquired in such schools as these, and which demanded a cautious and patient application of strategical and tactical lore to retrieve the disadvantages of vast disparity of numbers and great local difficulties of position. To make any serious stand against the first rush of the invaders with the small force at his command was impossible, and his first duty was to save from destruction an army outflanked and nearly surrounded, upon the extrication of which the ultimate preservation of the capital depended. It was manifest, under these circumstances, that Vienna must again bide the brunt of the storm. The shape of the city was nearly what it had been in 1529, and what it still continues, but the defences had been improved under Ferdinand III. and Leopold I. The entire population of the neighbouring country were now summoned by Imperial edict to labour on the outworks, and to fell trees for palisades. On the fortifications themselves 3000 labourers were daily employed, and the families in the suburbs were called upon to furnish a man from each house for two months for the same object. Elevated spots within range of the walls, and the nearer houses, as in 1529, were levelled, and upwards of 30,000 palisades of solid oak prepared and disposed. On the 20th March the labourers mustered from all sides, and the work of fortification went on from that date with regularity, but slowly, from the insufficient supply of tools and materials. By another edict every citizen was summoned under heavy penalties to furnish himself with provisions, for a year's consumption, within the space of a month. Those clearly unable to do so were directed to quit the city.

While these measures were in progress hostilities had commenced in Upper Hungary. The Pacha of Neuhausel received orders under pain of the bowstring to make himself master of the Schütt island of the Danube. He attempted in the middle of February to pass the river for this purpose on the ice, but it broke, and he was compelled to retire with a loss of 90 men.

On the 8th of March he repeated the attempt with 2000 men, but after a partial success, was driven back into the fortress with loss by the Imperialist, Colonel Castelli. Other places, however, of small note fell into the hands of the Turks, and the tide of war rolled steadily on towards Vienna. On the 6th of May the Emperor reviewed the army near Kitsee, but it had as yet received no material accession to its strength. Hungary, although at a Diet held in Oedenburg it had promised a levy en masse, had as yet scarcely furnished 3000 men, under the Palatine Esterhazy, a number insufficient to protect the shores of the Raab and the Danube from the predatory excursions of the Turkish garrison of Pesth. The Emperor, accompanied by such of the princes of the empire as were present, inspected the army, distributed 500,000 florins among the troops, and caused the Pope's indulgence to be read to them by the Primate of Hungary, the Archbishop of Gran. In a council of war, in which it is probable the Lorraine was overruled by the influence of the court, it was determined to adopt the course, difficult if not impossible, of taking the initiative of hostilities in Hungary, on the reliance that the main army of the Turks could not be in presence before July, and in the hope of encouraging the troops by some preliminary success. It was first proposed to lay siege to Gran; but as it was found impossible to close the passage of its supplies by the Danube, and 20,000 men were moving from Pesth to its relief, this enterprise was abandoned, and the army encamped on the 3rd of June before Neuhaüsel. The Pacha made answer to a summons that the Imperialists should learn to what kind of men the Sultan confided his fortresses, and he was as good as his word. The Imperialists had carried the suburbs and attacked the body of the place when they were driven back by a successful sally with the loss of two young volunteers of distinction, the Counts Taxis and Kazianer. The report also reached them of the approach of the Turkish main army, and of the wide-spread irruption of its forerunners, the Tartar cavalry, which threatened their line of retreat. On the 10th June the siege without an object was raised, and the army withdrew along the Danube, but not without loss from sallies of the enemy. Garrisons were hastily flung into Raab, Komorn, and Leopoldstadt, sufficient for their defence should the enemy leave them

in his rear. The army, reduced by this draft on its numbers to about 12,000 foot and 11,000 horse, took up the best position it could find between the Raab and Radutz, and there awaited the approach of the enemy.

CHAPTER VII.

From June 30 to July 13, 1683.

THE Vizier during the above transactions had led the main army by way of Belgrade as far as Essek, where, as before related, his meeting with Tekeli took place. In the discussions of a council of war held at this place, several Pachas and Tekeli himself declared their opinions strongly against undertaking a siege of Vienna, at least in the current year. They recommended, not without substantial military grounds, the previous reduction of the strong places in Hungary still held by the Imperialists, and the establishment of a base for further operations in the complete subjugation of that kingdom. The Vizier, obstinate in his own view, and irritated by the strength of the opposition, concealed his determination, and, appearing to acquiesce in the advice of Tekeli, gave orders for an advance upon Raab, which was invested and summoned on the 30th of June. The Governor returned a reply to the summons by which, whether by collusion or accident, he played into the hands of the Vizier. It stated the impossibility of a present surrender: the Vizier would do well to pursue his march on Vienna: after the fall of that city Raab should be surrendered without resistance. In a council of war the aged Ibrahim Pacha, Governor of Pesth,* strongly advocated the reduction of Raab and the other fortresses of Hungary. A king, he said, once placed a heap of gold on the middle of a carpet, and offered it to any one who could take it up without treading on the carpet. A wise man rolled up the carpet from the corner, and thus obtained possession of the gold. Hungary was the carpet, and if rolled up in like manner the gold might be reached in the autumn, or at latest in the following spring. This apologue only drew down the insolent wrath of the Vizier upon the venerable councillor, and Raab was left unmolested in the rear of the advancing army, which the Tartar

hordes preceded in all directions. With the exception of a few places, which, surrendering themselves to Tekeli, were spared from destruction, the old system of havoc was everywhere pursued. The works of man were everywhere destroyed, and the population slaughtered, or dragged into captivity. The Imperial army soon beheld the flames of burning villages rising in the rear of its position. Not a moment was to be lost in effecting its retreat: the infantry had scarcely time to fling itself into the Schütt island, and thence, gaining the left bank, to pursue its retreat, over the March field to Vienna. The cavalry, under the immediate command of the Duke of Lorraine, retired by Altenburg and Kitsee. Its advanced guard was, on the 7th of July, surprised near Petronel by an attack of 15,000 Tartars, and the whole body was thrown into a confusion which, but for the presence and exertions of its commander, might have been fatal. He was ably seconded by the Margrave Louis of Baden, the Duke of Sachsen Lauenberg, and others, and, order once restored, the enemy was repulsed without difficulty. About 200 men fell on the side of the Turks; the Austrians lost only sixty, but among them were a young prince of Aremberg and Louis of Savoy, elder brother of the future conqueror of the Turks, Eugene. The first fell by the Turkish sabre; the latter was crushed beneath his horse. The baggage of the Dukes of Sachsen Lauenberg and Croy, and of General Caprara, containing their plate, with which it was the fashion of the day for generals to encumber themselves, fell into the hands of the Tartars. The tidings of this action produced their immediate effects on either party. The Vizier, on the day after receiving them, crossed the Raab. He took care to disseminate through his ranks exaggerated reports of the discomfiture and confusion of the Imperialists, and of the unprovided condition of Vienna; and while he stimulated the Janissaries by the prospect of an easy triumph and boundless plunder, he silenced the opposition of the timid and the wise by the promulgation of the Sultan's Hatti Scheriff, which invested him with sole and unlimited power of command. Some time, however, had been lost in deliberation, and in going through the formality of the investment of Raab, and these moments were precious to the defenders of Vienna. The usual tendency to exaggerate evil tidings had strongly displayed itself

in that city. The skirmish of Petronel had been magnified into the total defeat and hasty flight of the Imperial army. Those who had been the first to leave the field, and therefore knew least of the actual result, were the authors of this intelligence; and it derived dismal probability from the flames which reddened the nightly horizon in many directions and at no great distance. The villages, for instance, of Schwechat and Fischamend gave this evidence of the presence of the Turkish horse. The Emperor Leopold was not one of those rare instances of military talent on the throne which appear once perhaps in a century in the shape of Gustavus Adolphus, John Sobieski, or Charles XII. Such men by their presence would have made a capital impregnable. Leopold would have been but an incumbrance during a siege; and he adopted the wiser course of removing himself and his court to a sufficient distance from the scene of danger. Before, however, he had decided on this step, events had left him little time to lose; and it had become matter of serious deliberation which road he should take to avoid the risk of falling into the hands of the Tartar cavalry. The direct road to Lintz was adjudged by his council no longer free from this danger, and it was determined that he should make his way thither by the left bank of the Danube. On the evening of the 7th, therefore, the long file of the Imperial carriages issuing from the Rothen-thurm gate crossed the Leopoldstadt island and the Tabor bridge, and reached that evening the village of Chor Neuburg, some fifteen miles from Vienna, which had been previously occupied by a small detachment of musketeers under an Irish officer, whose name, probably O'Haggerty, has been Germanized into Von Haffti. Thence he pursued his journey to Lintz, but not without serious risk. It is said that but for the prompt and able interference of the French envoy, the Marquis de Sepville, who caused a part of the bridge at Crems to be removed, the Emperor and his entire suite would have fallen into the hands of the Tartars. It would be a curious matter of inquiry how far this important service was approved of at Versailles. It is evident that the first route proposed would have consigned the heart of the empire, his consort, far advanced in pregnancy, and the Empress mother, to the hands of the Tartars. Even Lintz was considered insecure; and the Royal party continued its discreditable

flight till it found refuge beyond the frontier of its own dominion in the Bavarian fortress of Passau. From nine in the evening till two of the following morning the carriages of the wealthier fugitives, who followed the example of the court, filed over the Tabor bridge, lighted on their route by the flames of the Carmelite convent on the Kahlenberg. They left the city in a state of well-grounded alarm and discontent bordering upon revolt. The public feeling was strongly evinced against the Jesuits, who were not unjustly accused of having instigated the naturally mild disposition of the Emperor to courses which had alienated the affections of the Protestants, and driven them into the arms of an infidel enemy. The city also, thus left to itself, was at this moment nearly without a garrison. Besides the usual burgher guard, a mere police force, the regiment of Kaiserstein, about 1000 strong, were the only troops within the walls. The palisades were not fixed, the bastions were unprovided with artillery or gabions. The number of those who left the city on the 6th and 7th of July amounted to 60,000, of whom a large proportion, whose means of conveyance failed them on the way, and all those who took the road of Styria, fell into the hands of the enemy. The Turks are said to have used bloodhounds to hunt down those who fled to the woods. So large an emigration reduced to a fearful extent the number of citizens capable of bearing arms. The courage, however, of this remnant was somewhat restored on the 8th by the appearance of the cavalry, who filed through the city with much military clangour and display, and encamped in the meadows near the Tabor. This substantial contradiction of the rumour previously circulated of the total destruction of the imperial army was well calculated to produce a reaction on the public mind; but a still happier impression was made by the arrival on the same day of Ernest Rudiger, Count Stahrenberg, another pupil of the Montecuculi school, to whom, on the score of his successful defence of Moravia against the incursions of Tekeli in 1681, the Emperor now confided the command and defence of the city. He lost no time in setting all hands to work on the fortifications; but at first little more could be done than to complete the fixing of the palisades, for the scarcely credible fact is on record that the necessary works for the main defence of the city could not be prosecuted

for want of the common and essential tools. The annals of the city are silent as to the parties responsible for this monstrous neglect; but it is certain that if the Turks had not lingered before Raab, or if by greater expedition on the march they had arrived before Vienna a few hours sooner than they did, that city must have fallen without a blow, and with all its treasures, into the hands of the destroyer. It was not till the following day after Stahremberg's arrival that, by the unwearied exertions of the Imperial Chancellor Benedict Geizer, the contents of the secret archives and the treasury were conveyed away by the Danube under circumstances of imminent peril. The population of all classes, the richest citizens, and even women and ecclesiastics, now laboured unremittingly at the fortifications. The burgo-master, Von Liebenberg, set the example, doing active service with a wheelbarrow. The wood stored for building or fuel without the walls was conveyed into the town; every householder was enjoined to have water ready on his roof, and all persons whose usual employment would be in abeyance during the siege were armed and taken into the regular service of the state. They formed a body of 1200. The most important works were conducted between the 7th and the 12th July, and towards the end of that period almost under the eye of the enemy, who on the 10th had crossed the Austrian frontier at Hungarian Altenburg, destroying everything as he advanced. At Klosterneuburg a number of boats were collected for the construction of a floating bridge there in case of necessity, and the arsenals were well stored with ammunition brought by water from Crems. On the 12th the nearer vicinity of the enemy was evinced by the contracting circle of blazing villages. From the Hungarian frontier to the neighbourhood of the Kahlenberg every unfortified place bore lurid token of Turkish occupation—Baden, Mödling, Ebenfurt, Inzersdorf, Pellendorf, Laxenburg, Laa. Neustadt alone held out by the strength of its walls and the gallantry of its inmates. Perchtoldsdorf emulated this example in the first instance, but its ulterior fate demands separate and particular narration.

The Tartar bands in the course of this day ventured as far as St. Marks, and to the present Theresianum. All that man can do to blast the results of human labour and defeat the powers of production inherent in a fruitful soil was performed by this tribe

of human locusts. One spot alone was held sacred by them: this was the imperial villa at Sommering, occupying and nearly co-extensive with the site of Soliman's tent at the former siege. From respect to his memory this building was spared and converted into a magazine. These scenes of desolation were not confined to Lower Austria. The marauders followed the course of the Danube into the Upper Province, and even in Bavaria and Suabia the terror of their rumoured approach was such that many of the inhabitants fled with their moveable effects to Switzerland and over the Rhine. On the 13th July, towards 8 A.M., several bodies of Turkish horse showed themselves on the Wienerberg, whence they spread themselves towards Schönbrunn, Hietzing, Ottakrin, Hernals, and Währing as far as Döbling and Nussdorf. Towards 2 P.M. another numerous body showed itself from St. Marks, which took possession of the whole ground from the so-called Gatterholzel to the Hundsturm. The first fire from the city was opened on these troops, which caused them to retire behind the enclosures of the numerous vineyards of this neighbourhood. At this, the last available moment, the commandant gave the order, which an hour's delay would have made impossible of execution, to set fire to the suburbs, the inhabitants of which had on the previous day removed their property into the city. The conflagration was general and effective for its purpose: many costly buildings, public as well as private, were its victims, and many valuable contents still remaining in them shared their fate. A high wind sprung up at the same time, and as much timber was still accumulated near the palisades and up to the walls of the city, it required all the exertions of the commandant and the city authorities to prevent the city itself from sharing the disaster which was intended for its preservation.

Stahremberg has been by some blamed for postponing so long the destruction of the suburbs. Others would have been found to blame him if, while a hope or a possibility remained of an abandonment of their undertaking by the Turks, he had given so many costly public edifices, so many abodes of luxury and comfort, so much wealth, to the flames. To the last moment that hope was probably entertained—that possibility might reasonably be held to exist. The disputes in the Turkish council were no secret, and perhaps were exaggerated in the imperfect reports

which reached Vienna. The movement on Vienna might be an empty menace; even if serious, it might be frustrated by a counter-advance of the forces of the Empire. If these or other possible contingencies had occurred, what complaints of ruined proprietors would have assailed him—what a stigma of useless barbarity would chroniclers have attached to the name since become so famous! The circumstances were very different in 1529. The suburban buildings of that day were of far less extent and value, but approached much nearer to the city; and the necessity of their demolition was much more palpable, inasmuch as after the fall of Pesth the advance of such a leader as Soliman was a matter of far greater certainty than that of the Vizier in this instance; the more so because in the former case there was no regular force whatever to oppose the invasion—in the present, an army of some strength, well disciplined, and ably commanded, was in the path of the invader. The ultimate event certainly justified the wary advice of the old Pacha of Pesth, but it was rather in the execution of his plan than in its conception that the Vizier can now be held to have failed. If Vienna had fallen, we should have heard little of the rashness of the rapid and daring march by which so great a blow had been struck, and the operation would have been possibly considered as an anticipation of the system of Napoleon by a semi-barbarian but kindred genius. As such indeed it is now considered by some military critics.

CHAPTER VIII.

From the 13th to the 19th July.

In the evening of the 13th, the infantry of the Imperial army destined for the garrison of Vienna marched into the city; and now all the gates, even including that of the *Rothenthurm*, by which these troops had entered, were built up and barricaded. On the same day two summonses in the Latin language were thrown over the counterscarp. They remained unanswered. The following were the military arrangements for the defence:—*Stahremberg's* principal subordinates in command were the Generals *Daun* and *Serini*; the Brigadiers *Souches* and *Scheffenberg*; the Marquis of *Obizzi*, commander of the city guard; Colonels the Duke of *Wirtemberg*, the Baron von *Beck*; Counts *Dupigny* and *Heister*—all men of experience and proved courage.* The affairs of the city were managed by a separate and secret college of Imperial Councillors of State, of which the President was Count *Cappliers*. The other members were Count *Molart*, Marshal of Austria; the Baron von *Belchamin*; *Hartmann von Hüttendorf*, and the Secretaries *Haeckl* and *Fux*. Among those who volunteered their services in any capacity, the worthy Bishop of *Neustadt*, *Leopold Count von Kollinitsch*, demands special mention. The Bishop of Vienna, *Emerich Sinellius*, had accompanied the Emperor to *Passau*, and had thus left the affairs of his see to be administered by one who by his discharge of spiritual functions, by his expenditure on works of charity, and by his attendance on the sick and wounded, earned a reputation as sound and as honourable as could be obtained by others in the battery or the breach. Nor was his ministry confined to these sacred functions. He had served as a Knight of Malta in his

* *Sigbert Count von Heister*, one of the best soldiers of his day. At the beginning of the siege his hat was shot through by a Turkish arrow. Arrow and hat are preserved in the *Ambros* collection at Vienna.

youth against the Turks, and his military experience now became scarcely of less value than his spiritual labours. He was among the most active at the side of Stahremberg; was his companion daily at the posts of greatest danger, encouraging the combatants by his example, tending the wounded, and administering the rites of religion to the dying. The systematic arrangements for the extinction of fires, for the collection and distribution of provisions, and for the prevention of extortion during the siege, were all due to this remarkable man. In the crowded hospital, where the mien of death is most hideous, he was to be found dispensing hopes of heaven to those who had no longer hope on earth. Women, children, and old men, usually the burthens of a besieged place, were by him organized and disciplined for services which would have otherwise drawn off defenders from the walls. Through his exertions also a subscription was set on foot, which, backed by his own liberal contributions, and those of other leading men, such as Prince Ferdinand of Schwarzenberg, who contributed 50,000 florins and 3000 eimers of wine, reached the sum of 600,000 florins. The example of this prelate was emulated by Maximilian, Count of Trautmansdorf; Charles, Count of Fünfkirchen; Godfrey, Count of Salaburg; Count Vignoncourt; Matthew, Count of Colalto; Frederick, Baron of Kielmansegg, who besides his services in action assisted the defence by the invention of a powder-mill, and of a hand-grenade. To the above names are to be added those of Zetteritz, Rünningen and Rosstauscher. The garrison consisted of 13,000 regular troops from the regiments of Stahremberg (now of the Archduke Louis, No. 8); Mansfield (now Duke of Lucca, No. 24); Souches (now Archduke Rainer, No. 11); Bock (now Grand Duke of Baden, No. 59); Scherfenberg; of the half regiments Pfalz Newburg (now Hohenegg, No. 20)*; Thungen (now Wellington, No. 42); Heister, and nine companies of Dupigny's horse; finally of the usual city-guard, 1200 strong. In addition to these, all men capable of bearing arms were called out and divided into companies. These amounted to 2382, and were commanded first by the burgomaster, John Andrew von Liebenberg, and after his death by fever, by his successor, Daniel Focky. Ambros Frank, a member of the inferior town-council, formed a free corps 255

strong, principally composed of tavern-keepers. In the University, 700 students armed themselves and were distributed into three companies under the command of the Rector Magnificus, Laurence Grüner. The merchants and wholesale dealers formed a company of 250 men. The officials and servants of the Imperial household formed a corps of nearly 1000 men, commanded by Maximilian, Count of Trautmansdorf. Finally, many guilds and corporations formed themselves into companies either separate or conjoined. Thus, for example, the butchers with the brewers, 294 strong. The bakers, 150. The shoemakers, 288. The remaining handicraftsmen, 300 in number, were distributed into two companies; some others were employed in the arsenals. The guilds furnished in all 1293 men. The number under arms altogether amounted to about 20,000. The remaining population was not less than 60,000 souls.

At sunrise of the 14th July the main force of the enemy showed itself on the heights of the Wienerberg. It was difficult for the most practised eye to distinguish particular objects from amidst the multitudinous crowd of men, horses, camels, and carriages. The mass extended itself from the Lauer wood to near the Hundsturm, by Gumpendorf, Penzing, Ottakrin, Hernals, Währing and Döbling, towards Nussdorf and the Danube, in a circuit of some 25,000 paces. The camp was marked out in the form of a half-moon. In a few hours 25,000 tents had risen from the ground. That of the Vizier was pitched on the high ground in the present suburb of St. Ulric, behind the walls of the houses which had been burned. It rivalled in beauty and splendour of decoration Soliman's famous pavilion of 1529, being of green silk worked with gold and silver, and adorned within with pearls, precious stones, and carpets, and contained in a central sanctuary the sacred standard of the Prophet. Within its precincts were baths, fountains, and flower-gardens, and even a menagerie. In respect of its numerous alleys and compartments, it was likened to a town of canvas. The value of it with its contents was estimated at a million dollars. Under St. Ulric, towards the Burg gate, the Aga of the Janissaries had arrayed his forces: the precincts of St. Ulric itself were occupied by the Tartars under Kara Mehemed. The other Pachas were stationed opposite the Karnthner and Stuben gates, and the city was

threatened from five distinct quarters, though it was soon easy to perceive that the main attack would be directed against the Burg and the Löbelbastion. The first care of the Turks was to plunder and destroy the few buildings which had escaped destruction in the suburbs.

The church of the Servites in the Rossau was the only edifice that escaped, and this exception was due to a singular incident. Its distance from the town had preserved it from the general conflagration. The Turks are said to have taken the Patriarchs depicted on the ceiling, with their long beards and Oriental costume, for followers of Mahomet, and under this misapprehension to have spared the church. Such is the solution of the fact to be found in all the accounts of the time, but it is probable that there was no misapprehension in the case. The Mussulman holds the Jewish Patriarchs in as much respect as does the Christian, and has even adopted their names, for Ibrahim is nothing but Abraham, Musa Moses, &c. &c. It is not therefore necessary to suppose that the Turks entertained the absurd notion imputed to them that a Christian temple could have been decorated with portraits of Mahometan saints.

CHAPTER IX.

From the 9th to the 17th July.

THE fate of the inhabitants of the small town of Perchtoldsdorf forms a sad episode in the annals of the Turkish invasion. So early as the 9th July the Tartar horse had appeared in its neighbourhood. The inhabitants, after the example of their forefathers of 1529, converted the church tower and the churchyard with its surrounding wall into a fortress, and repulsed without difficulty the first attack of the marauders. The attack was repeated on the following day, but with the same result; the garrison was increased in numbers by many fugitives from other places, and the inhabitants, after some days of repose, began to believe that, as in 1529, the crisis would pass over without serious consequences. The bailiff of the market was one Adam Streninger; the other authorities were the parish priest and his coadjutor. On the 14th, when the investment of Vienna had been brought to bear by the main army of the Turks, their next care was to secure the strong places within a certain distance of the city. With this view a strong detachment was directed at sunrise of the 14th upon Perchtoldsdorf, which began to throw incendiary missiles into the place, and speedily set fire to it in various quarters. Some citizens ventured upon a daring sally, but the small body, not more than thirty in number, were cut down to a man. The overwhelming superiority of the enemy's numbers and the failure of their own ammunition compelled the inhabitants entirely to abandon the town and to betake themselves to their fortified church and its precincts. The town was given to the flames, which raged from 2 P.M. through the following night, which was passed by the little garrison in the contemplation of this dismal scene, and in the expectation of an attack at sunrise, which they had no hope of being able to repel. The Turks, however, preferred craft and perfidy to force, and contented

themselves with a blockade of the stronghold, which was moreover rendered scarcely tenable by the heat and smoke of the burning houses adjacent. This state of things lasted till the afternoon, when a horseman rode up the main street, dressed in the doublet of a German Reiter, but otherwise in Turkish attire, and bearing a flag of truce, which he waved towards the church, and in the Hungarian language summoned the citizens to surrender, distinctly promising them security of life and property on condition of an immediate submission. Such terms, under the circumstances, were far too favourable to be refused. A man and a woman who spoke Hungarian made known their acceptance to the envoy, and a white flag was hung out from the tower in token of surrender. On the morning of the 17th a Pacha with a strong attendance arrived from the camp, and seating himself on a red carpet near the house of the bailiff, opposite the church, announced through an interpreter the following conditions to the besieged. First, two citizens were to come out to the Turks, and two of the latter to be admitted into the fortress; secondly, as a symbol that the place had not before been yielded to an enemy, the keys were to be delivered to the Pacha by a maiden with loosened hair and a garland on her head; thirdly, a contribution of 6000 florins was to be levied on the inhabitants. This latter demand appears to have protracted the negotiation for some hours, but finally half the sum demanded was paid into the Pacha's hands, and the remainder was promised for the 29th August, the day of St. John the Baptist. These terms arranged, the citizens left their stronghold, the daughter of the bailiff, a girl of seventeen years, at their head, arrayed according to the fanciful conditions above stated. She bore the keys of the place on a cushion, and presented them trembling to the Pacha, who now required that the whole body of men capable of bearing arms should be drawn up in the market-place, for the purpose, as he pretended, of judging what number of troops might be required for the preservation of order in the town. This requisition excited some misgiving among the townsmen, but there was no retreat, and they prepared to carry it into effect. As they issued from their stronghold bodies of Turkish troops closed about them and took from them their weapons, observing that men who had surrendered had no longer use for such. Some who hesitated to

deliver them were deprived of them by force, and others who, from apprehension, paused in the gateway, were dragged out by the hair. The Turks loaded some carriages in attendance with the arms, and conveyed them away. The men, some 2000 in number, were drawn up in ranks in the place opposite the priest's house, and surrounded with cavalry. At a signal from the Pacha, a troop of the latter dismounted and commenced a diligent search of the persons of the prisoners for money or concealed weapons. The entrance gate was at the same time strongly guarded. Some of the townsmen taking alarm at these proceedings, with the bailiff at their head, endeavoured to regain the church. The Turks pursued them with drawn sabres, and the bailiff was cut down on the threshold. The Pacha now rose, flung down the table before him, and gave the signal for a general massacre, setting the example with his own hand by cutting down the trembling girl at his side. The slaughter raged for two hours without intermission: 3500 persons were put to the sword in the strictest sense of the word, and in a space so confined that the expression, "torrents of blood," so often a figure of speech, was fully applicable to this case. The women and children, who still remained in the asylum of the church, together with the priest and his coadjutor, were dragged into slavery and never heard of more. A local tradition avers that one solitary individual returned after a lapse of fifteen years, but as from maltreatment he had lost speech and hearing, he was unable to communicate the story of his escape. Another prevalent report, that two townsmen escaped by concealment in the roof of the church, is less probable, because the Turks immediately set fire to that building. It is certain, however, that three persons did escape, but in a different manner. One of them, Hans Schimmer by name, a tailor's apprentice and an ancestor of the writer of this narrative, wisely fled before the catastrophe to Maria Zell; another, Jacob Holzer, is supposed to have escaped in the first confusion; the third, Balthasar Frank, it is said, hid himself till nightfall in the well of the tower, and then found means to abscond. This last story, however, is less well authenticated than the two former. From the number of the slaughtered, it is evident that many of the inhabitants of the places adjacent had taken refuge in this devoted town for the ordinary male nonula-

tion never reached that number, and those who were carried off as slaves are also to be counted. It is probable that among the victims were people of condition, for in the course of some excavations which lately took place in the mound of their sepulture, some rings of value, enamelled, and even set with precious stones, were discovered.

CHAPTER X.

From July 15 to July 30.

THE 15th July, the day from which may be dated the commencement of the active siege of Vienna, was distinguished by an accident which might well have brought that operation to a close by the destruction of the city. At two o'clock P.M., some time after the Turkish batteries had opened, a fire broke out in the Scottish Convent, which, after destroying that establishment, rapidly spread to the Renngasse and the neighbourhood of the Imperial arsenal, which contained some 1800 barrels of powder. Two windows of this building were actually at one moment on fire. The exertions, however, of the Commandant and the citizens were proportionate to the emergency, the windows were built up with great haste, and under a heat which made the operation very difficult. This immediate danger averted, a propitious change of wind assisted the final extinction, but several palaces and other extensive buildings had been destroyed, and for three days the smouldering ruins threatened danger and demanded attention. Nothing certain was ever known of the origin of the fire. At a period of so much alarm and excitement, it was scarcely possible that under this uncertainty the public would be satisfied to ascribe it to any of the many accidents which may give rise to a conflagration in a besieged town. Popular suspicion fell upon the Hungarian malecontents, and many acts of cruelty were the result of this surmise. Men wearing the Hungarian dress were massacred in the streets, but others also fell victims to the spirit of frantic and indiscriminating cruelty which panic generally engenders. A poor half-witted man, whose eccentricities had often afforded amusement at the tables of the wealthy Viennese, chose in his folly to discharge a pistol in the direction of the fire: he was seized by the populace and torn to pieces. Even at these residences some rocket sticks were

discovered, was flung into prison after terrible maltreatment. It required great exertion on the part of the authorities to repress this phrenzy, and to bring back the population to that regular discharge of duties on which rested the sole chance of salvation to the entire community. On this same day, the 15th, the trenches were opened against the Burg and Löbel bastions, and many Christian prisoners were compelled to labour in them. On the part of the town the palisades were completed along the counterscarp, the ditches were furnished with traverses, and with the necessary passages of communication, and on the bastions arrangements effected for placing in battery about 300 pieces of cannon. Countermines were now also commenced, in conducting which the Venetian Bartholomeo Camuccini and a Captain Hafner specially distinguished themselves, being the only persons in the city skilled in this branch of engineering.

On the 16th the Commandant Stahremberg, who with unwearied activity visited every quarter of the defences, was wounded in the head by the explosion of a shell. His exertions were scarcely interrupted by this accident, for before he was sufficiently recovered to walk, he caused himself to be carried in a chair to every quarter which required his presence. The stone seat is shown to this day, high up in the spire of St. Stephen's, from which for many an anxious hour he overlooked the camp of the Turks, and watched the movements of their corps and the progress of their engineers. The fire of the Turks was henceforth sustained with scarcely any interruption, and it has been calculated that during the siege upwards of 100,000 shells were thrown into the city. If this calculation approach the truth, it is difficult to account for the smallness of the amount of damage they are known to have produced. The buildings indeed of Vienna were then, as now, of very solid construction, and all the usual precautions against vertical fire, the placing of beams, earth, &c., on the roofs and upper stories, had been resorted to. The chronicles of the transaction have however recorded several instances of the inefficiency of the Turkish missiles. It is said that one of the first shells which fell in the city, near St. Michael's, was extinguished by a child of three years old before it could burst; another which fell into a full congregation at St. Stephen's, did no injury beyond carrying off the foot of an

old woman ; a third fell upon an open barrel of powder, and did no mischief. The fragments of these missiles were occasionally collected, and after being, according to a custom of the day, blessed by a priest, were re-discharged at the enemy. The various contrivances of the besiegers for incendiary purposes,—arrows wrapped with combustible materials, fireballs, &c.,—proved equally ineffective. To meet indeed this particular danger, the wooden shingles with which the houses were generally roofed were removed ; a theatre, magnificent and costly, but constructed with wood, which then stood on the Burg Place, was pulled down ; and, to deaden the rebound of shot or shell, the pavement was every where taken up. The vaults of the great churches were in general found to supply the best and safest magazines for powder : windows, and superfluous entrances of the churches so used were walled up. All wells were placed under strict superintendence, and every precaution taken for a due supply of water for extinction of fire.

Up to this moment the insular suburb, Leopoldstadt, had remained the only quarter of the suburbs still uninjured and free from the presence of the enemy. General Schulz occupied it with a detachment of cavalry, and was directed to hold it as long as possible. As early, however, as the 16th July, the Princes of Wallachia and Moldavia had thrown two bridges over the arms of the Danube on either side of this suburb, and the Imperialists, from want of artillery, had been unable to interrupt this operation. Early on the 27th the Turks crossed the stream in great numbers, favoured by the lowness of the water at this season ; and after a conflict of several hours, General Schulz was compelled to yield to numbers, and to withdraw his troops to the left bank of the Danube. The great bridge of the Danube was now broken up, and Leopoldstadt fully abandoned to the enemy. The city was now invested on all sides ; every communication and every channel of supply cut off. The lot of Leopoldstadt was a severe one. The authorities had given the inhabitants a premature and inconsiderate assurance that the island would be permanently held and defended by the Imperial troops ; and, relying on this prospect, they had forborne to remove their property to any place of safety. It thus happened that not only

part of the funeral pile which, wherever the Turkish force set foot, was lighted to give token of their occupation. Among the more sumptuous of the edifices destroyed was the Imperial villa called the Old Favorita (now the Augarten). The Turks opened trenches immediately on the island, and established batteries both on the Danube bank and near the church of the Brothers of Mercy, from which they much annoyed the lower part of the city, and especially the Convent of St. Lawrence. Every possible measure was adopted for the defence of this quarter of the city; the Røthenthurm gate was closed and barricaded, flanking works were constructed, and the windows of adjacent buildings built up, loopholes only for musketry being left. On the 2nd August the Turks made all their preparations for an assault on this side. They sent from Closterneuburg and Nussdorf all their boats down the small arm of the Danube, which, being caught in their descent by the piers of the bridge which had been removed, so clustered together as to form in themselves a sort of bridge. In the course of the night, however, the boatmen of the city contrived to set the vessels again afloat. This important service was performed under a heavy fire from the island, and cost a good many lives in its execution. On the side of the Burg, meanwhile, the works of the besiegers above and below ground, the battery and the mine, were rapidly pushed forward. The approaches, when inspected after the siege, excited the admiration of the German engineers, for the skill and labour which had been bestowed on them. The trenches were twice the height of a man in depth, and near the city were roofed with timber and sods. Apartments were excavated for the principal officers, and those for the Vizier and pachas sumptuously carpeted and cushioned.

To check this dangerous progress a sally took place from the town on the 19th of July, the first of the siege, under command of Guido Count von Stahrenberg, nephew and aide-de-camp to the Commandant, and Samson von Stambach, by which some of the trenches were filled up, and several of the enemy killed or taken. The latter were immediately exchanged, on which occasion the Grand Vizier presented the drummer who attended the flag of truce with three ducats. These sallies were often repeated, and gave occasion to the students particularly to dis-

guish themselves by their gallantry and intelligence. Many herds of cattle were captured in some of them, and driven into the city, affording, under the circumstances of blockade and daily increasing scarcity, a most welcome aid to its resources. The principal object of the Turkish fire was the Burg, which was riddled with shot-holes: next to this, St. Stephen's tower, and the houses from the Carinthian to the Mülk bastion. The outer ravelin of the Löbel bastion was so smashed with shot that no one could show himself upon it and live, and the besieged were advised to withdraw its armament, and distribute the pieces elsewhere.

On the 23rd of July took place the first assault. Two mines which had been carried under the counterscarp of the Burg and the Löbel bastion were exploded at the same instant, burying 150 of the garrison in the ruins, and tearing up twenty palisades. The Turks rushed over the ruins to the assault, but were quickly and completely repulsed. The second assault, July 25, was directed against the face of the Burg ravelin. It followed as usual the explosion of a mine, and was led by the Janissaries, who, after three successive repulses, retired with a loss of 200 men. The besieged, however, had to lament the loss of some valuable officers, among them of their chief engineer, Rimpler, who died within two days of wounds received in this affair. He is said to have been one of the greatest engineers of his day: he had distinguished himself at the siege of Philipsburg, under the Margrave Herman of Baden, and had written works on subjects of his profession which still retain their value. On the 27th, an assault took place, in the course of which some of the Janissaries surmounted the palisades, but only to perish in the ditch. The Turks lost 300 men. On the side of the besieged, the Major, Baron von Gallenfeld, perished by a poisoned arrow. On the 20th there came in a Turkish flag of truce, bearing a request on the part of the Vizier for an armistice for the purpose of burying his dead, and also a summons fraught with the usual threats of vengeance and extermination. Stahremberg replied, that in the city they were enjoying excellent health, and having no dead to bury could not listen to the proposal for an armistice; as to surrender, they had made up their minds on that head, and were

Raab. If this report be founded, as Wagner in his *Historia Leopoldi Magni* supposes, it would show how far the projects of the Vizier had been checked by the noble resistance of the garrison. If this or any proposal was intrusted to Caprara, it remained unanswered.

CHAPTER XI.

From August 1 to August 22.

As far as feats of arms were concerned, the garrison had as yet maintained its own with undaunted resolution and with a success unimpaired by any material discomfiture; but by the middle of August the inevitable consequences of so close an investment of a large town began to show themselves in the shapes of sickness and scarcity. The use of dried and salted meat produced a dysentery, which was often mortal both among the soldiery and the townspeople. Other forms of disease were attributable to the use of beer ill-brewed and hastily consumed, and to the accumulation of impurities in the streets. Among the victims were the Burgomaster Liebenberg, the Bishop's Vicar of Vienna, the Provost of St. Stephen's, the Rector of the University, and many other officials and ecclesiastics. The Commandant himself was attacked by the epidemic, but, for the good fortune of Christendom, recovered. The disease yielded at length, a result due in great measure to the exertions of the admirable Kollonitsch, who visited the hospitals daily; and to the sanatory regulations of the authorities, who carried a stricter supervision into the proceedings of the bakers and the brewers, particularly into the brewery which supplied the Burg Hospital. The provisions specially productive of the dysentery, such as herrings, which were much sought after by the soldiers, were confiscated. The sick townspeople were carefully separated from the healthy, and conveyed into temporary hospitals. The sick and wounded of the soldiers were distributed among the convents, and the city provided for their use 500 measures of wine and 4500 ells of linen. Cesspools were dug to supply the place of the ordinary outlets and transport of the filth of the city; the kennels were irrigated, and proper officers appointed under the direction of Kollonitsch to carry these systematic measures into effect, and

made responsible for their execution. The Vizier, whose confidence, possibly somewhat abated by the course of military events, had been revived by the reports of the condition of the garrison, is said to have vowed vengeance against the prelate who had thus assumed the noble attitude of the Prophet between the people and the plague; and to have destined his head as a present to the Sultan. He did not foresee from whose shoulders such a peace-offering would ultimately be culled. Coupled with these sanatory regulations, others were put in force to prevent premature exhaustion of the means of subsistence in the city, which fortunately were so ample as only to require good economy to make them sufficient. Twenty hand-mills and five horse-mills were established under regulation of the authorities for the supply of flour. Lists of prices of the principal articles of subsistence are given in the records of the time, which, in themselves, would convey little information to readers not familiar with the measures in use, and with the current prices of the day, but which indicate considerable abundance as still existing at this period of the siege, and which also show that prices were quadrupled before the siege was raised. The price of wine, in particular, appears to have been low even in comparison with the ordinary prices of the time and locality. The great cellars of the city were reported to contain 169,000 eimers, of which 32,000 belonged to the three colleges of the Jesuits, and other ecclesiastical establishments possessed a large portion of the remainder. The stock of the numerous private traders, and the wine-growers of the neighbourhood was not, it would appear, included in this return. The military measures of defence, meanwhile, were carried on, as was well needed, with unabated vigour. The Captain, Elias Kühn, a Silesian gentleman, gained great credit by his services as an engineer. The citizens showed the greatest alacrity. While 1300 of their body were required for daily service at various posts, they furnished, in addition, from thirty to forty waggons for the daily transport of every necessary article to the works, and many of their horses were sacrificed in this service. In contemplation of the last extremity, chains were furnished from the arsenals to be drawn across the streets. The rings for these are still to be seen in the walls in various parts of the city. To watch the motions of the enemy,

two Jesuits were constantly stationed on the tower of Saint Stephen provided with telescopes, who furnished written reports of their observations to the Commandant. The latter took up his residence in the outer court of the Burg, in the immediate neighbourhood of the principal point of attack, and on his own punctual and conspicuous performance of his duties, established his claim to exact the same from others, and to punish or rebuke every instance of neglect or failure. A lieutenant in command of the watch at the most dangerous part of the Löbel bastion neglected to prevent the enemy from forming by night a timber defence against sallies. A court-martial sentenced him to death. The Commandant pardoned him on condition that he would conduct a sally with 29 men and destroy the defences so thrown up. He succeeded, but perished in the execution. Two soldiers, who, upon some dispute as to their pay, rose upon and maltreated an officer, were compelled to throw dice for the life of one, and the loser underwent the penalty. A population so numerous could not but comprise some faint hearts. An order was issued that any one who, from cowardice, should absent himself from his appointed duty should be hanged from his own window. A commission was appointed to undertake a search for delinquents through the four quarters of the city. We hear of no executions in consequence, but the menace is said to have produced a considerable and welcome accession of able-bodied defenders to the walls, who were encouraged to their duty by a bounty of three rix-dollars and ample rations of bread and wine. During the entire siege, indeed, the fighting men were liberally provided for, and clergy as well as laity opened their cellars for their refreshment. The besiegers meanwhile pushed forward their works with unwearied activity. It is, however, unaccountable that their leaders, who usually showed so much eagerness to possess themselves of every commanding position in the neighbourhood of a besieged fortress, should have neglected to establish themselves on the adjacent heights of the Kahlenberg. These acclivities presented not only a cover to the motions of an army advancing to raise the siege, but a post of the utmost importance if once occupied, and the assemblage of the army of the Empire at Crems could be no secret to the Turks. The latter nevertheless contented themselves with the useless destruction of the

Camaldulise Convent and the desecration of the tomb of the Margrave in its chapel, and then abandoned the position without leaving either garrison or corps of observation, an error which was certainly the main cause of the ultimate catastrophe.

For several days the offer had been promulgated of a considerable reward to the man who would brave the adventure of endeavouring to make his way with dispatches to the camp of the Duke of Lorraine, when on the 6th of August a trooper of Count Gotz's regiment made his appearance in the city, having swum the various arms of the Danube, and bearing a letter well secured in wax. The hearts of the besieged were thus gladdened with the tidings of the assemblage and daily increase of the Christian army, and with the assurance of early relief. The safe arrival of this messenger was announced to the yet distant army by a discharge of rockets. The messenger was less fortunate in his attempt to return. He was taken by the Turks and brought before the Vizier. The dispatch with which he was intrusted being written in cypher, he was closely interrogated as to its contents and as to the condition of the city. He cunningly invented a tale of despair, and described the defenders of the place as depressed in spirits, exhausted in resources, and on the verge of surrender. The invention saved his life. The Vizier proclaimed these tidings through the camp, and caused the cypher dispatch to be shot back into the city attached to an arrow, with an appendix to the purport that it was needless to write in cypher, for the wretched condition of those who had sent it was well known to the world, and was but the just punishment of men who had awakened the wrath of the Sultan. Soon after this transaction Christopher von Kunitz, a servant of Caprara, who had been detained in the Turkish camp, found means to escape into the city. He brought an account that the Vizier fully expected to have Vienna in his power within a few days, and that many of the Magnates of Hungary, considering the cause of Austria as desperate, had come into the camp to do homage to the Vizier. He gave also a dismal confirmation of the ravage of the surrounding country, of which the Viennese had partial evidence in their own observation. On the 9th of August, Michael Gregorowitz, a Greek by birth, once a Lieutenant in the Heister regiment, leaving the city in a Turkish dis-

guise, crossed the Danube with dispatches for the Duke of Lorraine. A fire signal from the crest of the Blamberg conveyed the intelligence of the safe accomplishment of his enterprise, and he was rewarded with promotion to the rank of Captain. He did not, however, succeed in effecting his return. The condition of affairs in the city began to be serious: the enemy made daily progress in his approaches, and no more volunteers came forward for the dangerous task of conveying intelligence to the army of the increasing pressure. At last George Francis Kolschitzki, a partisan officer whose name deserves honourable record for the importance of his services, and the courage and dexterity with which they were executed, stepped forward. A Pole by birth, and previously an interpreter in the service of the Oriental merchants' company, he had become a citizen of the Leopoldstadt, and had served since the siege began in a free corps. Intimately conversant with the Turkish language and customs, he willingly offered himself for the dangerous office of passing through the very camp of the Turks to convey intelligence to the Imperial army. On the 13th of August, accompanied by a servant of similar qualifications, he was let out through a sally-port in the Rothenthurm, and escorted by an aide-de-camp of the Commandant as far as the palisades. He had scarcely advanced a hundred yards, when he became aware of a considerable body of horse which advanced at a rapid pace towards the place of his exit. Being as yet too near the city to escape suspicion, he hastily turned to the left and concealed himself in the cellar of a ruined house of the suburb near Altlerchenfeld, where he kept close till the tramp of the passing cavalry had died away. He then pursued his course, and, singing a Turkish song, traversed at an idle pace and with an unembarrassed air the streets of Turkish tents. His cheerful mien and his familiar strain took the fancy of an Aga, who invited him into his tent, treated him with coffee, listened to more songs and to his tale of having followed the army as a volunteer, and cautioned him against wandering too far and falling into Christian hands. Kolschitzki thanked him for the advice, passed on in safety through the camp to beyond its verge, and then as unconcernedly made for the Kahlenberg and the Danube. Upon one of its islands he saw a body of people, who, misled by his Turkish attire, fired upon him and his companion.

These were some inhabitants of Nussdorf, headed by the bailiff of that place, who had made this island their temporary refuge and home. Kolschitzki explained to them in German the circumstances of his mission, and entreated them to afford him an immediate passage over the river. This being obtained, he reached without further difficulty the bivouac of the Imperial army, then on its march between Angern and Stillfried. After delivering and receiving dispatches, the adventurous pair set out on their return, and after some hairbreadth escapes from the Turkish sentries, passed the palisades and re-entered the city by the Scottish gate, bearing a letter from the Duke to the following purport:—"He had received with deep emotion the intelligence of the loss of so many brave officers and soldiers, and of the sad condition of the city consequent both on this loss in action and on the epidemic. He retained his hopes that the defenders of a place so important would never relax in their noble efforts for its preservation. A considerable army was already collected for its relief. Reinforcements were daily arriving from Bavaria, Franconia, and Saxony, and the Duke was only waiting the arrival of the numerous forces of Poland, commanded by their king in person, which was to be expected by the end of August at the latest, to put the united mass in motion for the raising of the siege." As an appendix to these assurances was added the consolatory intelligence of the surrender of Presburgh to the Imperialists, and of the defeat of Tekeli in two actions. The safe return of the bearer of this dispatch was announced as usual by rockets as night signals, and in the day by a column of smoke from St. Stephen's spire. On the 21st August the daring Kolschitzki was on the point of repeating his adventurous undertaking, when a deserter, who had been recaptured, and was standing under the gallows with the halter adjusted, confessed that he had furnished to the Turks an accurate description of Kolschitzki's person. He was himself deterred by this warning, but his gallant companion, George Michailowich, found means twice to repeat the exploit, with the same safety and success as in the first instance. On his second return he displayed a remarkable presence of mind and vigour of arm. Having all but reached the palisades, he was joined by a Turkish horseman, who entered into familiar conversation with him. As

it was, however, impossible for him to follow further his path towards the city, in such company, by a sudden blow he struck his unwelcome companion's head from his shoulders, and springing on the riderless horse, made his way to the gate. He did not, however, after this success, tempt his fortune again. He brought on this occasion an autograph letter from the Emperor, full of compliments and promises, which was publicly read in the Rathhaus.* In contrast to so many examples of patriotism and self-exposure, there were not wanting instances of treason. A youth of sixteen, who had twice ventured into the Turkish camp and brought back intelligence which proved to be unfounded, was arrested and put to the question. He had been apprentice to a distiller, or vender of strong liquors (in the vulgar tongue of Vienna, called a water-burner). In his confession, extorted by torture, he stated that the severity of his master had driven him from his employment, and, having no other refuge, he had found means to escape to the camp. Promises of reward had induced him to undertake to procure for the Turks accurate information of the weak points of the defences, the strength of the garrison, the state of its supplies, &c. He at the same time accused a man of the cavalry stables as having instigated him to these courses. Being, however, confronted with this man, he totally failed in maintaining the charge. He was executed with the sword. The audacity of a younger traitor, a boy ten years of age, was still more extraordinary. He was arrested on the 10th August, while entering the city at a slow pace. When questioned as to the cause of his having ventured into the Turkish camp, he alleged that his parents, having been inhabitants of the suburb, had been detained by the Turks; that his father was compelled to work in the trenches, and his mother to sew sandbags for the sappers. While they were conducting him for his subsistence and safe custody to the Burger Hospital, the unfortunate urchin was met by his mother, who flew at him with reproaches for his long absence, and from her it was soon ascertained that she had never been in the Turkish camp, and

* Kolnitschki's services would appear to have made a deep impression on the public mind. Several narratives of his adventures were published at the time; and his portrait, in his Turkish costume, figures in the frontispiece of most of them.—E.

that the boy's father was dead. After this unlucky meeting the boy, taken before the authorities, confessed that he had carried to the enemy intelligence that several guns on the defences had been rendered unserviceable; that the wheaten loaves were no longer so white nor so heavy as they had been, that the commissariat bread was become black and scarcely eatable; that many soldiers had died of such victual, and that the garrison had lost all courage for fighting. After endeavouring, with cunning beyond his years, but in vain, to fix on others the guilt of having instigated his treason, this precocious criminal, for whom whipping would have answered every legitimate purpose of punishment, was beheaded. Two soldiers, taken in the act of deserting, suffered with him. The practice of straying beyond the lines for the real, or alleged, purpose of seeking for plunder, in the ruins of the suburb, had become frequent, and it was thought necessary to check proceedings so favourable to desertion and treason by this example, and by severe edicts.

CHAPTER XII.

23rd August to 8th September.

ON the 23rd of August, the enemy, after repeated assaults, had all but gained possession of the Burg ravelin, and had set on fire the palisades in face of the portion of that work still held by the garrison. This the soldiers, carrying water to it in their steel caps, succeeded in extinguishing, and the further advance of the Turks was checked. An assault ensued, in which the combatants mingled hand to hand. The Ottoman sabre, as on other similar occasions, failed in close conflict with the ponderous weapons wielded by the German arm—the halberd, the scythe,* the morning star, and the battle-axe, aided by the pitch and water cauldron; and the Turks retired with a loss of 200 men. In various of the adjacent open spaces of the city great fires were kept up to supply the last-mentioned ingredients, which were cooked in huge cauldrons, and transported in smaller vessels, principally by women and children, to the walls. Many Turks were greeted with the contents as they mounted the breach, and finished by a second application as they lay scalded and blinded in the ditch below. Six hundred and sixty-nine cwt. of pitch were used during the siege; but a large part of this was doubtless applied for the purpose of lighting up the ditch, and discovering the nightly operations of the Turkish sappers immediately below the rampart. On this day the Turks were seen from the walls to transport a considerable force of cavalry to the left bank of the Danube, the men in boats, the

* Count Dann is said to have first suggested the use of the scythe affixed to a long staff for the defence of the breaches at this siege. Under the name of the Lochaber axe it had long been used by the Scots. In the recent wars of liberty in Poland it has acquired much celebrity, and many stories are told of its terrible effects in the hands of the peasantry. Of the weapon called the morning star, a species of club with spikes, 600 were furnished from the arsenal.—E.

horses swimming beside them. This strong detachment was sent to reinforce the Pacha of Peterwaradin, who had crossed the river near Presburg to attack the Duke of Lorraine, who was keeping the field near the Bisamberg with his cavalry. Few of this united Turkish force returned to tell the tale of the thorough defeat they received at the hands of Lorraine, who drove them into the Danube with a loss of twenty-five standards. A Polish contingent, under Prince Lubomirski, assisted at this victory, and much distinguished itself. Its services on this occasion were the first fruits of the Polish alliance. Lubomirski's junction with the Imperialists was an independent movement, and in the first instance excited some jealousy in the mind of Sobieski. Aug. 25, a gallant sally took place for the purpose of checking the operations of the Turkish miners against the Löbel bastion, and driving them from the ditch. The young Duke of Wirtemberg, who was overlooking this operation from the wall, seeing his troops hard pressed, in spite of all remonstrance, descended at the head of a reinforcement in person to the fray, and drove the Turks as far as their first battery. With equal courage he conducted the retreat. The sally was brilliant and successful, but cost the besieged 200 men and several officers. The Duke himself was wounded in the calf of the leg by an arrow, and thereby disabled for the rest of the siege. For several successive days the Burg ravelin continued to be the scene of murderous assault and successful resistance, of which it would be tedious to narrate particulars. Both parties, meanwhile, began to feel sensibly the effects of the long endurance of the siege. In the Mahometan ranks, and especially among the Janissaries, a prejudice of the nature of a superstition assigned forty days as the limit to which an operation of this nature could be extended. They considered it, at least, as a prerogative of their body to mutiny against an extension of that period. In the city, on the other hand, the condition of affairs had assumed a gloomy complexion. The casualties of war and disease had materially thinned the ranks of the garrison, and the mine and the battery, especially the former, had made gaps of ruin in the defences which no exertion of the besieged could fully repair, and which it became daily more difficult to maintain against the rush of numbers. Many of their

guns had been rendered unserviceable; but the want of skilled artillery officers and men, with whom the city from the first had been ill provided, was still more severely felt. The engineer, Rimpler, had fallen; the colonel Werner, who commanded the ordnance, and who had effected his entrance into the city on the 17th July, lay wounded and disabled; and before the close of the siege, but two regular artillery officers remained fit for service. The outworks from the Burg, almost to the Scottish gate, were nothing but a mass of rubbish. The Löbel bastion in particular, and the adjacent houses in the street of that name, had specially suffered; but still more so the dwelling which still bears the name of the Turks' House. Scarcity also was making rapid strides; and if the casualties of war diminished the number of consumers, falling as they did principally on the fighting men they also made it impossible to repeat the sallies which in the early part of the siege had sometimes swept into the city the cattle of the Turkish commissariat. The Turks, while their large force enabled them to close hermetically every channel of supply to the city, guarded their own communications with the utmost vigilance. Forage for the live cattle and sheep still in the city had also failed, and the supplies of the public shambles at the Lichtensteg and the Rothenthurm, were as lean and dry as they were dear and scanty. The small store of dried provision which remained was reserved for the soldiery, and the citizens at large were exposed to severe privation. The streets leading to the shambles were crowded with females, who often had to return home with empty baskets. The price of a pound of beef had risen in the proportion of 1 to 9, and sometimes 12. Articles of daily subsistence to families of middle rank had now become the luxuries of the rich. An egg cost half a dollar, pork eight silver groschen the pound; veal and poultry no longer existed. Under these circumstances, cats no longer enjoyed the immunity due, in times of peace and plenty, to their domestic virtues, and the chase of this animal in cellars and over roofs became not merely a pastime of the young and mischievous, but the occupation of serious and hungry men. The Viennese love for a jest is discernible in the appellation of *dachshase*, or roof hare, bestowed on this new object of the chase.

distant friends by discharges of rockets through the nights of the 24th, 28th, and 30th. They were answered by fire-signals from the crest of the Bisamberg; but it was not from the left bank of the Danube that succour was to be expected, and no cheering sign yet broke the darkness in the direction of the Kahlenberg. The besieged looked forward with deep anxiety to the 29th August, the anniversary of the decapitation of St. John, one held peculiarly sacred and fortunate by the Turks. In Soliman's reign it was the day of the fall of Rhodes, of Belgrade, of Pesth, and of that fight of Mohacs of which three centuries have not effaced the recollection. A general assault was reasonably to be expected on this awful anniversary; but it passed over with no other occurrence than the ordinary explosion of some mines, and a cannonade principally directed at St. Stephen's. The scanty portion of the Burg ravelin yet held by the besieged had now become untenable. Its communication with the curtain behind was all but cut off, and a reluctant order was at length, on the 3rd September, issued to the officer in command to withdraw his men, which was as reluctantly obeyed, the artillery having been previously removed, and the palisades burnt. It had been actively assailed for twenty-nine days, had withstood fifteen main assaults and the explosion of ten powerful mines, and had been the grave of many thousands of the Turks. Its defence, which was closed in the last moment of withdrawal by the death of the officer in command of the day, a Captain Müller, has been considered by military writers as one of the finest on record. The Grand Vizier gave it a name which implied that the arts of hell and magic had been applied to its defence. During the French occupation of 1809, this outwork, worthy of being preserved as a monument, was blown up, and altogether levelled by order of Napoleon. The Turks took immediate advantage of their acquisition to plant on it two guns and two mortars, from which they opened a heavy fire on the main defences. The danger was now become most imminent, and called for the application of every resource, and the exertion of every faculty, to meet it. Every gate except the Stuben, still reserved as a sally-port, was barricaded afresh with masonry and timber; the chains were drawn across the streets, especially those which led to the Löbel; new batteries were erected; and internal defences so accumulated one

behind the other, that, at every ten paces, there rose a breastwork thronged with men and bristling with palisades. In the interior even of the city, at the entrance of the Ballplatz, and near the hotel then occupied by the Spanish ambassador (now the Chancery), were bulwarks, strengthened with beams, and fenced by ditches; and orders were issued to break away the iron gratings of the windows, in order, if necessary, to apply these also to the defence of the streets. In every cellar of the neighbouring houses were placed vessels of water, and drums with pease strewn on their parchment, to give warning, by their vibratory motion, of the approach of the Turkish miners. The subterranean warfare was carried on with much effect by the Austrian counterminers, who frequently succeeded in burying or suffocating the Turkish labourers, and carried off many hundredweights of powder from their chambers. The tenacity of the Turks in prosecuting this mode of attack is shown by the loss they experienced: 16,000 of their miners perished during the siege. On one occasion a fourier or quartermaster of the Beck regiment having detected the end of a mine, sprung like Curtius into the abyss, and encountering five Turks, killed three, and drove the other two to flight. The neighbourhood of the Burg bastion was the scene of the principal of these exploits, and under that fortification occurred also the discovery, more interesting to antiquarians than soldiers, of an ancient stair of sixty-six steps. As the excavations in this quarter soon descended into water, the operations of the enemy were the less to be dreaded, and the vigilance of the besieged was relaxed, but the cellars near the Burg were nevertheless still garrisoned by night, and it was thought necessary to extend this precaution shortly to other parts of the city. The armed force of the city, both regular and irregular, was now so reduced in numbers by repeated assaults and sallies, that the remnant began to pine for the long promised relief. The Burg ravelin being now in the hands of the enemy, the Burg itself, as well as the Lübel bastion, were hourly threatened with the same fate, the more so that the curtain which connected them was so ruined as scarcely to afford a shelter to the troops which manned it. Almost every house in the city was thronged with invalids; and while the energies of the besieged sunk under such pressure, it was to be expected that the courage and honours of the assailants would rise in pro-

portion. This was not, however, the case. While through the livelong night whole clusters of rockets were discharged together at frequent intervals as signals of increasing distress and danger, and as invocations for succour, there was trouble also in the camp. On the 24th August a mutinous spirit had displayed itself among the Janissaries. The term of 40 days, to which, for love of the Sultan and the Vizier, they had added three, was expired, and they demanded to be released from further duty in the trenches. The exhortations and prophecies of the Vani Effendi, a popular preacher, had persuaded them to await the famous anniversary of St. John, and the effect of the extensive mines which had been pushed under the works of the citadel. These mines, however, had failed; it became difficult to keep the secret of that failure from the troops, and the day of St. John had passed, as we have seen, without any signal occurrence. The troops, too, under command of the Pacha of Aleppo had even left the trenches, and it required the influence of the Grand Vizier in person to bring them back to their duty by promises and fearful threats. He was driven at this crisis to the temporary expedient of promulgating a report of the sudden death of the Emperor Leopold. The Vizier went so far as to order a general discharge of cannon and musketry throughout the camp, a proceeding which puzzled for a while but did not succeed in alarming the garrison, for the alleged cause of rejoicing did not obtain a moment's credence in the city. The adoption of such expedients by the Vizier, and his general mode of conducting the military operations at this period, are explained, in the opinion of many, on the theory of his desire to obtain possession of the city by capitulation and not by storm. At a period when the result of a simultaneous attack, from the ruined state of the defences, could no longer have been doubtful, he preferred, it is said, to send his troops against the breach in isolated detachments, unequal to cope with the resistance which the garrison, however weakened, was still able to oppose to them. Having destined the valuables of the imperial residence for his own treasury, he was unwilling to expose them to the indiscriminate plunder of a final assault. He was anxious also to preserve from destruction the city itself as the future seat of government for a dynasty of the West, of which he intended to be himself the founder.

Writers contemporary and subsequent have concurred in assigning these motives and this policy to Kara Mustapha, and in looking upon him as a Moslem Wallenstein, prepared, in reliance on the devotion of the army, to brave the displeasure of his sovereign, and possibly to throw off his allegiance. It was only towards the end of the siege and under the prospect of failure that these views underwent alteration, and that he became disposed to force an entrance at any sacrifice. By this time, however, the spirit of his troops was so depressed that, as we learn from Demetrius Kantemir's history of the Ottoman Empire, they often exclaimed, as if addressing the armies of Lorraine and Sobieski. "O ye unfaithful, if you will not come yourselves, let us see at least the crests of your caps over the hills; for these once seen, the siege will be over and we shall be released." The demonstration of such a spirit as this left the Vizier no longer a choice as to his measures. Though he was still incredulous as to the junction of the Polish forces, and still more so as to the appearance of their terrible commander in the field, the gathering strength of the Imperialists and their preparations for a forward movement could be no secret even to one so negligent in procuring intelligence from that important quarter, and he determined upon a conclusive effort. On the 4th September an explosion took place towards the eastern end of the Burg bastion, the more violent because of the solidity of that work's construction: 4000 Turks, directed by the Vizier in person, rushed forward to the assault. From every alarm-post the besieged hastened to the point of attack, and among the foremost was Stahremberg, accompanied by his whole staff, prepared and probably expecting to die in the breach, which to a breadth of more than five fathoms had been opened by the explosion. The rubbish had fallen outwards, filling the ditch and facilitating the advance of the Turks, who, armed with sabre and target, and bearing baskets of earth on their backs, were thronging up the ascent. The shout of Allah was heard nearer and nearer, and some bold hands had already planted the horse-tails on the crest of the rampart, when the fire of the besieged filled the ditch with the bodies of the bravest. The fight raged for two hours, and the Turks once more retired with a loss of

men and two captains. The fighting had no sooner ceased than every available material was used to repair the breach. Besides the usual appliances of timber, sand-bags, and ox-hides, mattresses and reed mats were pressed into this service. The heavy wooden wine-presses were broken up and the rafters taken from the roofs for the same purpose, and ramparts of planks, in engineering phraseology mantelets, fitted with wheels, were prepared and brought down to the scene of danger. The other portions of the defences were intersected with fresh traverses, and armed with additional guns. A corps 400 strong was raised from parties who had been hitherto exempted from military duty, clerks and artisans in the most indispensable departments of industry. The nightly discharges of rockets from St. Stephen's were thicker and more frequent than before. The city was in its last agonies. On the 6th, an explosion brought down a length of five fathoms of the wall, 24 feet thick, of the Löbel bastion, making a breach less defensible than that in the Burg bastion, because the parapets of the wall which remained had been previously destroyed. The fury of the assault which followed, and the tenacity of the resistance, may be measured by the Turkish loss of 1500 men. Two standards were at one moment planted on the rampart. A house in the Löbelstrasse opposite the spot where this took place is still called the Turks' house, and bears a date and a painting of a Turk's head commemorative of the occurrence. On the evening of this day, five rockets were observed to rise from the Kahlenberg.* That short-lived apparition was sufficient to scatter the clouds of despondency which had so long been gathering over the city. The lighthouse which identifies the promontory, or the star which marks the Pole, never sparkled on the eye of the anxious mariner with more of comfort and assurance than that fiery sign conveyed to the watchman on the rampart, or the Jesuit on the spire. It indicated not only that the Imperial army had crossed the river, but that its outposts had crowned the heights and occupied the passes which commanded its only

* I give this incident as I find it in the work from which these pages are borrowed, and in other accounts, but I am at a loss to account for the alleged date of its occurrence. The army of the Christian allies had not completed its passage of the river, and was mustering in the camp of Tulln, and I can find no account of any reconnaissance being pushed forward at this date. The statements, however, of the fact are numerous and positive.—E.

access to the relief of the city, heights and passes which nothing but judicial blindness could have prevented the Turks from occupying in force. Still the salvation of the city hung on a thread. As the imperial army approached, the incentive to attack rose in intensity in the same proportion with the motive to resistance, and it was to be expected that the struggle would be waged to the last with increased energy. Every device of war was exhausted by Stahremberg to provide that no inch of advance should be gained by the enemy unpurchased by streams of his blood. All the ominous preparations for a street fight were reloubled. The houses nearest the breach were converted into batteries; every avenue to it from the interior thronged with soldiers. The city force was mustered at its alarm-posts, waiting for the bell of St. Stephen's to proclaim the moment of the assault. It never came. The Turks, though they continued to mine under the city, pushing one of their galleries as far as the church of the Minorites, never again showed themselves above ground beyond the mouths of their parallels. On the 8th September there was strange movement in their camp. Camels were loaded, horses were saddled. More rockets rose from the Kahlenberg.

CHAPTER XIII.

To preserve the narrative of the siege unbroken down to the critical period at which it has now arrived, it has been necessary to withhold our attention from the proceedings of the Duke of Lorraine and the army of the Empire. We left them in the early part of July unable to cope with the tenfold numbers of the Turkish host, and compelled to await at safe distance, and scarcely in a threatening attitude, the accession of German levies and of the promised succour of the Poles. The former mustered with somewhat of the slowness and circumspection which have in all ages characterized the motions of the Germanic body. Distance retarded the junction of the Poles, whose contingents had in many instances to march from the Ukraine. The first care then of Lorraine, was to bring together the troops of the Empire, and Crems, with its bridge over the Danube, was the main position chosen for that purpose. In the first instance, indeed, the Duke had proposed to make a stand in the Leopoldstadt, and by means of *têtes-du-pont* at the several bridges of the arms of the river, to keep up a direct communication with the city, virtually, in fact, to make his force a part of the garrison. The danger of such an expedient, however, became instantly palpable. The summer was a dry one, and the small arm of the river nearest the city was fordable in several places. To place 10,000 cavalry in a position so acceptable to the attack of the whole Turkish army, and which also from its relative level was commanded from the whole extent of the opposite banks, would have been certain destruction. The army of Tekeli, also, coming over the Marchfeld, threatened the rear of the Imperialists, and gave them much anxiety. The Duke therefore selected a series of positions the best calculated to prevent the enemy from occupying the left bank of the Danube, and shifted his head-quarters as circumstances indicated, between Jedlese and Stockerau, till he finally fixed them at Crems. His next care was to arm and

garrison as extensively as possible the fortified and tenable places of Lower Austria. He confided Crems to the care of the generals Dunnewald and Leslie, Tulln to the Baron d'Orlique; and even Closterneburg, scarcely five English miles from Vienna, which had beaten off an attack of the Turks, under its commandant, Marcel Ortner, was supplied with a garrison. Count Herberstein covered with a corps the avenues to Styria, already threatened by the enemy. Neustadt was sufficiently garrisoned; and in several instances from these strongholds successful sallies were directed against the marauding bands of the enemy. Measures, late indeed, but energetic, were also adopted for the internal defence of the Austrian provinces. Otho, Count of Traun, in Lower, and Wolf, Count of Weissenthurn, in Upper Austria, directed these with much judgment and activity. The forest passes were guarded with abattis; the fords, especially those of Ybbs and Ens, with palisaded works; and the peasantry summoned and organised for the defence of the castles and convents. Many more instances of courage and conduct occurred in the defence of places than it would be possible here to particularize. The inhabitants of Closterneburg, commanded by the Sacristan of their convent, Marcellin Ortner, on three occasions beat off the assault of many thousand Turks. Gregory Müller, Abbot of MÖlk, exchanged the crosier for the sword, and at the head of the armed burghers, by the skilful use of this irregular force, kept the Turks at a distance, though they had encamped on the Steinfeld between St. Polten and Wilhelmsburg, and had burnt the suburbs of St. Polten. 2000, however, of the vassals of that rich abbey were dragged into captivity, 120 houses on its estates were burnt, and 5000 head of cattle carried off. After the retreat of the Turks from before Vienna, the people of St. Polten found a number of deserted children, of whom they kindly took and kept charge, without ever discovering their parents. The defence of the abbey of Lilienfeld forms a brilliant episode in the history of the time. Many of the inhabitants of the adjacent districts, and among them a large portion of the gentry, had taken refuge from the Tartar cavalry in this place. On the nearer approach, however, of the dreaded marauders, the greater part of these fugitives continued their retreat, and sought a more assured refuge in Salzburg or the Tyrol. Not so the brave abbot Matthew Kol-

bries. He rallied round him his clergy and vassals, fortified his convent, and prepared to defend it to the last. He did a great deal more than this; for though deserted by all but a small body of devoted adherents, after repelling several assaults, instead of leaving his enemy to rally at leisure, he fell upon him in a series of well-planned sallies and ambuscades, which by their success elevated the courage of his adherents to the highest pitch of daring. Following up these first successes, he fell by surprise on a column of the Tartars near Marinzell, destroyed them almost to a man, and brought back in triumph 200 rescued Christians, a mule load of money, and forty heads of Tartars, whose bodies he had left for example exposed on the roads. Three Turkish prisoners of distinction were ransomed at from 2000 to 3000 ducats each. The casual accession of a Bavarian officer and five troopers to his small force enabled him to introduce into it something of military science and discipline. Military genius was evidently not wanting to the man who, at the age of sixty-three, could perform such exploits. Some Polish troops, who also joined him, gave him more trouble by their indiscipline than assistance by their military experience. With this motley band, however, he struck some more severe blows on the parties of the enemy; and by holding Lilienfeld till the Vizier was compelled to withdraw his light troops from the country, and thus guarding the main pass into Styria, he saved that province from all the horrors of Tartar invasion. The value of that exemption may be gathered from the calculations made by contemporary writers of authority, of the number of those who were carried off into slavery from Austria, which amounts to 6000 men, 11,000 women, 19,000 girls, and 56,000 children. Among the girls were 200 of noble extraction. The example of the Abbot of Lilienfeld, though eminently conspicuous, is not the only one which shows how much might have been done to check the brave and rapacious, but undisciplined, horsemen of the East, if the Austrian gentry had not, in a moment of general consternation and depression, emigrated so largely to the Tyrol and other places of safety. Many tales are related of troops of marauders put to flight by the firm countenance of individual men, and even women. No one of these stories can, perhaps, be so strictly relied upon as to justify its

insertion in the page of serious history ; and it is certain that in other instances the Tartar cavalry, by their skill in horsemanship and individual daring, were found formidable antagonists. Troops, however, whose occupation is plunder, and engaged in a difficult country, are never safe from such a man as the Abbot of Lilienfeld, and a few more such would at least have caused them to concentrate their numbers, and to include a far less extent of country within their ranges. On the 13th August, the Bavarian forces, 13,000 in number, were ferried over the Danube near Molk. They were received with salvos of artillery and military music from the fortified abbey. The Margrave of Bareuth crossed the river on the following day with 6000 men. The presence of this respectable force on the right bank of the Danube freed the upper provinces from that of the invaders.

CHAPTER XIV.

From the end of July to September 11.

THE corps of Tekeli had meanwhile prosecuted his operations in Upper Hungary. As he was approaching Tyrnau, the Duke of Lorraine reinforced the citadel of Presburg with some regiments of cavalry, and put the remainder of his army in motion across the Marchfield. Learning that the town of Presburg was already occupied, and the citadel threatened by the adherents of Tekeli, and also that 20,000 Turks and 20,000 Hungarians were encamped in the neighbourhood, he pushed on towards the city. He succeeded in flinging an additional force into the fortress, and, after some resistance, drove the enemy out of the suburbs and town. The citizens, excusing their defection on the ground of compulsion, renewed their fealty to the Emperor. The advanced guard of the Polish army, under Prince Lubomirski, had meanwhile arrived, and with their assistance the Duke on the following day gained a victory which cleared the left bank of the Danube, and re-established the communication with Comorn and Rāab. The hostile camp fell entirely into the victors' hands. The Turks and Tekeli threw mutual blame upon each other. To whichever it was due, their united forces, after ravaging the Marchfield; were overtaken by Lorraine near Stammerdorf, and again completely defeated. The Pacha of Erlau with 1200 men were left dead on the field, many more perished in attempting to swim the Danube, 22 standards were taken, and a body of 600 Hungarians deserted to the enemy. Meanwhile the troops of the Empire were flocking in from all quarters. The Bavarians have been already mentioned. The Elector of Saxony, John George III., marched out of Dresden on the 22nd July with 12,000 men and 18 guns, and reached Crems on the 28th August. Sobieski writes to his wife in great admiration of the Saxon troops, as well dressed, complete in numbers, and well disci-

plined. "We may say of the Germans what has been said of the horse, they do not know their own strength." The King of Poland left Cracow early in August. The Emperor had undergone the humiliation of imploring the personal presence of a sovereign whose policy and interests he had always thwarted, even should he arrive without his army. This homage to his military talents was doubtless grateful, but John Sobieski needed no stimulus when the Turk was in the field. While the French ambassador was exerting all his influence to detain him, and writing to Louis XIV. that he was too corpulent for active service, he took leave of his wife, and, after making his will, set out, accompanied by his son, a boy sixteen years of age, in advance of his army. His march lay through a country exposed to the incursions of Tartars and Hungarians, but he performed it on horseback with an escort of some 2000 cavalry, and reached the head-quarters of Lorraine in safety. He found them at Tuln, on the right bank of the river, the force weak in numbers, and still employed in the construction of the bridge which the Emperor in his letters had announced as finished. Many of the German troops had not yet arrived. Lorraine spake with anxiety of the condition of affairs. "Be of good cheer," replied Sobieski; "which of us at the head of 200,000 men would have allowed this bridge to be constructed within five leagues of his camp? The Vizier is a man of no capacity." The Polish army, under Field Marshal Jablonowski, reached the bank of the Danube opposite Tuln early in September. It amounted to about 26,000 men of all arms, but with a very small proportion of infantry. After passing them in review, the leaders held a council of war, in which Lorraine suggested that the march for the relief of the city should be directed over the Kahlenberg. The King gave an immediate assent, observing, that he had left his royal dignity at Warsaw, and was prepared to act with the Duke as with a friend and brother. On the other hand, no jealousies would seem to have interfered to prevent an immediate and frank acknowledgment of the authority of Sobieski as Commander-in-chief of the assembled forces. It is not to be forgotten that the Duke of Lorraine had been competitor with Sobieski for the crown of Poland. Sobieski's letters contain some graphic details of their first meeting, which seems to have passed off at table with more

joviality than was consistent with the ordinary habits of Lorraine, who was free from the German vice of drinking, but who on this occasion, beginning with the lighter vintage of Moselle, passed on to the stronger wines of Hungary. Sobieski describes him as modest and taciturn, strongly marked with the small-pox, *le nez trez aquilin, et presque en peroquet*; stooping, plain, and negligent in his attire. *Avec tout ça, il n'a pas la mine d'un marchand mais d'un homme comme il faut, et même d'un homme de distinction. C'est un homme avec qui je m'accorderais facilement.* It was further decided that the Poles should cross the river at Tulln and the Germans at Crems, so as to effect their junction at the former place on the 5th September. The junction did not however take place till the 7th. Three thousand Poles were detached towards the March field to keep the Hungarians in check. The Christian army now consisted of 85,000 men, Austrians, Poles, Bavarians, Saxons, Swabians, and Franconians, with 186 pieces of artillery. Of this number, some 7000 were detached for the occupation of various posts, leaving about 77,000 effectives for field operations against the Turks. This force, small in numbers if we consider the greatness of the stake at issue, counted among its leaders four sovereigns and twenty-two other princes of sovereign houses. The electoral houses of Germany were worthily represented by Saxony and Bavaria. John George III., Elector of Saxony, had seen much service in the cause of Austria, and had been the first of the German princes to give a frank adhesion to her cause. Sobieski describes him as speaking neither Latin nor French, and little German; not addicted to harangues or compliments, *étourdi*, drunken, simple, and good-natured. The man thus satirically painted was however a sturdy specimen of the German race, and could deal hard blows in the field. Maximilian Emanuel, of Bavaria, conspicuous in after years for the misfortunes entailed upon him by his alliance with France against Austria, and the principal victim of Marlborough's success at Blenheim, came forward now at the age of twenty-one, to save from destruction the sovereign who, after rewarding him with the hand of a daughter, lived to expel him for awhile from his dominions. He had the good sense now to consign the conduct of his troops to experienced hands, and served himself as a volunteer. Among the others were the Duke of

Lauenburg, Eisenach, and Weissenfels, of Brunswick-Lüneburg, Wirtemberg and Holstein, Pfalzneuburg and Croy, the Margrave of Baireuth and Louis of Baden afterwards so famous; the Landgrave of Hesse, the Princes of Waldeck, Hohenzollern, Anhalt, and Salm; last and youngest, Eugene of Savoy. The Prince of Waldeck commanded the troops of the Circles.

The literature of modern Europe, rich as it is in the correspondence of eminent persons of both sexes, perhaps contains no collection of letters of such engrossing interest as those written at this period by John Sobieski to his wife, which have lately found an eminent translator and commentator in the Count Plater. The familiar correspondence of such a man as Sobieski, even if devoted to ordinary occurrences and insignificant events, would derive an interest from the character and fame of the writer which few such collections could claim. In the case of these, however, the circumstances of the time combine with the character of the man to enhance that interest to the highest degree. They are the letters of an absent lover, pledged to punctual and familiar correspondence, and consequently rich in minute details. They are the military dispatches of one of the greatest soldiers who ever lived, penned in moments snatched from hard-earned repose, often when the night-lamp of his tent was growing pale before the twilight of morning, and dealing with the hourly progress of one of the greatest military transactions in history. Some passages of these documents escaped at the time, and have been quoted by all writers on the subjects concerned, from Voltaire and Madame de Sévigné to the gazette writers of the day; but these passages, principally relating to the great and notorious result, are not of greater interest, and are of less historical value, than the remainder more lately rescued from the obscurity of the Polish language which was the medium of his most familiar intercourse with his absent wife. It is a singular trait of ability in this mischievous woman, especially when we consider the habitual distaste of her countrymen and countrywomen for the acquisition of foreign languages, that she should have so completely mastered the difficulties of a Slavonic dialect as to speak and write it with fluency and correctness. It is embarrassing to quote from these letters, because there is scarcely a passage in them which does not present the temptation. The

letter concludes from the 10th August, and the evening life taking leave of his wife at Cracow. This and the five following letters carry him through the fatigues of the march, the tedious ceremonies of his reception at Olmutz and other halting-places, and the seventh, of the 9th September, is written from Tulln, the great rendezvous, and one of the points of passage for the collected forces of Poland and Germany. At every step the interest thickens; fresh intelligence is announced of the desperate condition of the city; the figures of men then, or afterwards, famous in history, are briefly and graphically introduced to our notice; observations on the busy present, and speculations on the doubtful future, are interwoven with lively sketches of character and costume. At Tulln commenced the main difficulties of the great operation on which the eyes of Europe were concentrated, difficulties which nothing but the gross negligence of the Turks could have enabled the allies to surmount. The Tartar cavalry, properly directed, might alone have rendered impossible the three days' march, by forest paths, through a country destitute of provisions, and scarcely practicable for artillery or carriages, which intervened between the banks of the river and the heights of the Kahlenberg. Baggage and commissariat were of necessity left behind, in the neighbourhood of Tulln. It was necessary to weaken the fighting strength of the army by a strong guard to protect these depôts from the Tartars, and by heavy escorts for the transport of provisions from this base of operation.

It was hardly to be expected that the heights of the Kahlenberg themselves would be found unguarded; and to explore the condition of this crowning post, the key to the main operation, was in itself a task of the utmost hazard and delicacy. It was performed on the night of the 10th by the king and the other principal commanders in person, and this service separated him so far and so long from his army then struggling up the precipices and through the forests behind, that the greatest alarm was excited for his safety. The crest of the Kahlenberg, with its castle and chapel, were found unoccupied; but the Turks, too late aware of its importance, were moving towards it in the course of the 11th, when, by great exertion, the first troops which came to hand, five Saxon battalions of the left wing, with three guns, were brought up to the summit.

themselves anticipated, retired without a serious struggle, and the Saxon guns opening upon their rear, gave signal to the city of its approaching salvation. The king and the other commanders rejoined their several corps about mid-day of the 11th, and the principal difficulties of the march having been now overcome, the army was enabled to arrange itself in nearly the order which was preserved through the following day of battle.* This operation was conducted without disturbance from the enemy, except on the extreme left, where General Leslie experienced some opposition in the establishment of a battery. The report of this skirmish roused Sobieski, not from slumber, which, as he states, was rendered unattainable by the thunder of the Turkish batteries against the city, but from the occupation of writing a long and detailed letter to his wife. Disturbed in this enjoyment, the indefatigable man, described by the French ambassador as too corpulent to ride, was again in the saddle at three A.M. He appears to have ridden along the whole position, from his tent on the extreme right to the Leopoldsberg on the left. This exertion had the advantage of bringing him once more into personal communication with Lorraine before that final issue which took place on the following day, contrary indeed to the expectation or intention of either, for neither contemplated at this moment the possibility of bringing so vast an operation as the relief of the city within the compass of a single day.

Nothing seems to have given Sobieski so much annoyance at this period as the non-appearance of some Cossack levies, which his agents had been despatched to raise. He writes of them in their absence in a strain which might have been used by a Russian commander of our own day, and which shows that the admirable qualities of the real Cossack for the duty of light troops, especially against the Turk, had fully displayed themselves in the seventeenth century. It is certain that down to the latest period, the Vizier had no belief, or even suspicion, that Sobieski had taken the field in person, or that any strong Polish force had joined the army. The reported appearance of Polish troops was accounted for by the known arrival of Lubomirski's partisan corps.

The muster-roll of the Turkish army, found in the tent of the Vizier gives in round numbers a total of 160,000 men, and histo-

rians have been ready enough to adopt a cypher, which would give a difference of 80,000 men as against the victorious party. As this document, however, includes all detachments and garrisons, and also many commanders and men who were certainly no longer in existence, the Pacha of Erlau, for instance, who, with most of his troops, had perished, as has been related, in the affair of Stammersdorf, it is as needless to dwell upon the fallacy of such an assumption of numbers, as it would be difficult to arrive at anything like accuracy with any other. If we accept the statement of Kantemir, that, on the night before the battle, nearly a fourth of the Turkish army disbanded itself, we can hardly calculate the force remaining in the camp at more than 100,000, for whom, exhausted and dispirited as they were, 80,000 untouched regular troops were more than an equal match.

When the advance of the Christian army became no longer doubtful, the Vizier called his Pachas about him to deliberate upon the mode in which to meet the impending attack. The aged Pacha of Pesth, who has been mentioned as adverse from the first to the march upon Vienna, advised the Vizier to raise the siege without delay, to collect the whole army, and, cutting down the neighbouring forests, to palisade and entrench themselves and abide the attack. On the repulse of the first onset, to launch the cavalry on both flanks of the enemy, and thus decide his defeat. The majority of the council was in favour of this proposal. The Vizier was obstinate in rejecting it, alleging, not unjustly, that if the siege were once raised, the city would instantly avail itself of the opportunity to repair its defences, and put itself into condition to defy a renewed attempt. It would be difficult, if the Janissaries were once withdrawn from the trenches, to persuade them to return to their toil, even after the achievement of a victory in the field. His opinion then was that a sufficient force should be left in the approaches to carry on the siege operations without interruption, and that the remainder should advance against the enemy, whose inferior numbers would be easily crushed. The Pachas made some further remonstrances, but were forced to give way to the unlimited authority of their chief. On the 11th September all the Turkish troops in the Leopoldstadt were withdrawn, and the greater part of the cavalry were moved forward towards the Kahlenberg, near the

base of which, and on the Wienerberg, they threw up entrenchments; and, disposing themselves in the shape of a crescent, they awaited the appearance of the Imperialists. Between Weinhauſ and Gerſtorf are ſtill to be ſeen the traces of a conſiderable work, which bears the name of the Turkenschauz, the ſite of one of their principal batteries. So long previous as the 9th September, the Vizier, in his firſt alarm at the approach of the enemy, had determined to collect his force on the Wienerberg, and a field-tent had been pitched for him near the ſo-called Spinnerkreuz. On the following day, however, he changed his intention and plan, and moving the main portion of his force towards the Kahlenberg, drew it up upon the heights between Grinzing and Heiligenſtadt. On the evening of the ſame day, the 10th, the advanced guard of the Chriſtian army arrived on the Kahlenberg, and the firſt ſound of its guns, as above deſcribed, was heard in Vienna, as they opened from the heights on the columns of the Turks. The effect was one of mingled joy and anxiety. The iſſue of the ſtruggle was evidently at hand, but that iſſue was ſtill uncertain, and the night was one of agonizing ſuſpense. The population not immediately employed in military duty, was divided through the day between the churches and the roofs of towers and houſes; the firſt engaged in earneſt ſupplication to Heaven, the latter in ſurveying the movements of the Turkiſh camp, and watching for the firſt gleam of the Chriſtian weapons as they iſſued from the wooded heights. The commandant, as evening closed in, deſpatched a meſſenger, who ſwam the Danube with a letter for the Duke of Lorraine. Its words were few. "No time to be loſt!—no time indeed to be loſt!" This meſſage was acknowledged by a cluſter of rockets from Hermauſdorf. Orders were now iſſued by Count Stahrenberg to all the troops, regular and irregular, to hold themſelves in readineſs for a ſally during the expected battle of the morrow, or for joining the Chriſtian army, and driving the Turks out of the approaches. The night of the 11th of September closed in upon this troubled ſcene. The man whoſe doom is ſealed will often ſleep till morning calls him to the ſcaffold. Such heavy ſleep as his, the offspring of nervous excitement and exhaustion, perhaps, was granted to the citizen of Vienna; but even this may be doubted, for the criminal

CHAPTER XV.

September 12.

AT sunrise of the 12th September, the crest of the Kahlenberg was concealed by one of those autumnal mists which give promise of a genial, perhaps a sultry day, and which, clinging to the wooded flanks of the acclivity, grew denser as it descended, till it rested heavily on the shores and the stream itself of the river below. From that summit the usual fiery signals of distress had been watched through the night by many an eye as they rose incessantly from the tower of St. Stephen, and now the fretted spire of that edifice, so long the target of the ineffectual fire of the Turkish artillerists, was faintly distinguished rising from a sea of mist. As the hour wore on, and the exhalation dispersed, a scene was disclosed which must have made those who witnessed it from the Kahlenberg tighten their saddle-girths or look to their priming. A practised eye glancing over the fortifications of the city could discern from the Burg to the Scottish gate an interruption of their continuity, a shapeless interval of rubbish and of ruin, which seemed as if a battalion might enter it abreast. In face of this desolation a labyrinth of lines extended itself, differing in design from the rectilinear zigzag of a modern approach, and formed of short curves overlapping each other, to use a comparison of some writers of the time, like the scales of a fish. In these, the Turkish lines, the miner yet crawled to his task, and the storming parties were still arrayed by order of the Vizier, ready for a renewal of the assault so often repeated in vain. The camp behind had been evacuated by the fighting men; the horse-tails had been plucked from before the tents of the Pachas, but their harems still tenanted the canvass city; masses of Christian captives awaited there their doom in chains; camels and drivers and camp followers still peopled the long streets of tents in all the confusion of fear and suspense. Nearer to the

base of the hilly range of the Kahlenberg and the Leopoldsberg, the still imposing numbers of the Turkish army were drawn up in battle array ready to dispute the egress of the Christian columns from the passes, and prevent their deployment on the plain. To the westward, on the reverse flank of the range, the Christian troops might be seen toiling up the ascent. As they drew up on the crest of the Leopoldsberg they formed a half circle round the chapel of the Margrave, and when the bell for matins tolled, the clang of arms and the noises of the march were silenced. On a space kept clear round the chapel a standard with a white cross on a red ground was unfurled, as if to bid defiance to the blood red flag planted in front of the tent of Kara Mustapha. One shout of acclamation and defiance broke out from the modern crusaders as this emblem of a holy war was displayed, and all again was hushed as the gates of the castle were flung open, and a procession of the Princes of the Empire and the other leaders of the Christian host moved forward to the chapel. It was headed by one whose tonsured crown and venerable beard betokened the monastic profession. The soldiers crossed themselves as he passed, and knelt to receive the blessing which he gave them with outstretched hands. This was the famous Capuchin Marco Aviano, friend and confessor to the Emperor, whose acknowledged piety and exemplary life had earned for him the general reputation of prophetic inspiration. He had been the inseparable companion of the Christian army in its hours of difficulty and danger, and was now here to assist at the consummation of his prayers for its success. Among the stately warriors who composed his train, three principally attracted the gaze of the curious. The first in rank and station was a man somewhat past the prime of life, strong limbed and of imposing stature, but quick and lively in speech and gesture, his head partly shaved in the fashion of his semi-Eastern country, his hair, eyes, and beard, dark-coloured. His majestic bearing bespoke the soldier king, the scourge and dread of the Moslem, the conqueror of Choczim, John Sobieski. His own attire is said to have been plain, but we gather from his letters that in his retinue he displayed a Slavonic taste for magnificence which strongly contrasted with the economical arrangements of Lorraine, and even of the two Electors. Painters, and others studious of accuracy,

may be glad to know that on this occasion the colour of his dress was sky blue, and that he rode a bay horse. An attendant bearing a shield, with his arms emblazoned, always preceded him, and his place in battle was marked by another who carried a plume on his lance point, a signal more conspicuous, though less inseparable, than the famous white plume of Henry IV. On his left was his youthful son Prince James, armed with a breastplate and helmet, and, in addition to an ordinary sword, with a short and broad-bladed sabre, a national weapon of former ages; on his right was the illustrious and heroic ancestor of the present reigning house of Austria, Charles of Lorraine. Behind these moved many of the principal members of those sovereign houses of Germany whose names and titles have been already specified. At the side of Louis of Baden walked a youth of slender frame and moderate stature, but with that intelligence in his eye which pierced in after years the cloud of many a doubtful field, and swayed the fortunes of empires. This was the young Eugene of Savoy, who drew his maiden sword in the quarrel in which his brother had lately perished. The service of high mass was performed in the chapel by Aviano, the King assisting at the altar, while the distant thunder of the Turkish batteries formed strange accompaniment to the Christian choir. The Princes then received the sacrament, and the religious ceremony was closed by a general benediction of the troops by Aviano. The King then stepped forward and conferred knighthood on his son, with the usual ceremonies, commending to him as an example for his future course the great commander then present, the Duke of Lorraine. He then addressed his troops in their own language to the following effect:—"Warriors and friends! Yonder in the plain are our enemies, in numbers greater indeed than at Choczim, where we trod them under foot. We have to fight them on a foreign soil, but we fight for our own country, and under the walls of Vienna we are defending those of Warsaw and Cracow. We have to save to-day, not a single city, but the whole of Christendom, of which that city of Vienna is the bulwark. The war is a holy one. There is a blessing on our arms, and a crown of glory for him who falls. You fight not for your earthly sovereign, but for the King of kings. His power has led you unopposed up the difficult access to these heights, and has thus

placed half the victory in your hands. The infidels see you now above their heads; and with hopes blasted and courage depressed, are creeping among valleys destined for their graves. I have but one command to give,—follow me. The time is come for the young to win their spurs.” Military music and the shouts of thousands greeted this pertinent harangue, and as it closed, five cannon shots gave the signal for the general advance. A sharp fire of musketry from the small hamlet of Kahlenberg near Nussdorf soon announced that the left wing, under the immediate command of the Duke of Lorraine, had felt the enemy, and it increased as his attack developed itself towards Heiligenstadt and Döbling. The centre, commanded by the Elector of Bavaria and the Prince of Waldeck, moved upon Währing and Weinhaus. The right wing, under the King of Poland, issued from the woods near Dornbach. There is no doubt that the general disposal of the confederated forces was entirely arranged by the King. His rank alone would have entitled him to a nominal precedency, which, even in the case of an ordinary sovereign, it would have been convenient to admit; for, previously to his arrival in the camp, disputes had already arisen between Saxony and Bavaria, and Vienna might have been taken twice over before such disputes between German sovereigns could have been settled. The respect however in which John Sobieski’s military talents were held, his vast experience of the Turkish manner of fighting, and the dread which his presence was known to inspire amongst that people, were such as to obtain a ready and real acquiescence in his slightest suggestions, so long as the difficulty lasted and the danger was imminent. His order of battle was a deep one. To avoid so great an extension of front as would have compelled him to throw his right flank beyond the little river Wien instead of keeping that stream on his right, he adopted a formation in three lines, the third acting as a reserve. The troops were strictly directed to preserve their ranks on the approach of the enemy, and halt to receive his fire and return their own; then to advance steadily, and make good the ground so gained—the infantry gradually developing itself to the right and left, and allowing the cavalry to fill up the intervals, and take its full share in the further advance, charging as opportunity should offer.

The first operation of Kara Mustapha was worthy of one in whom the cruelty was united with the ignorance of the savage—it was the slaughter of the defenceless captives of all ages and either sex, with whom, to the number it is said of 30,000, his camp was crowded. It was obeyed to the letter; and even the inmates of the soldiers' harems, women far different in morals from the courtezans of the Christian camp, are said to have perished. The command of the right wing, which occupied strong and broken ground opposite the Duke of Lorraine, was intrusted to the Pacha of Mesopotamia. The Vizier himself commanded in the centre opposite Währing, and the left wing opposite Hernals was commanded by the old Pacha of Pesth. The cavalry were in advance towards the base of the Kahlenberg. The hollow ways between Nussdorf and Heiligenstadt were strongly entrenched and fiercely defended. It was, as has been noticed, the original intention of the king to content himself on this day with the descent of the acclivity and the establishment of the army in favourable order and position for a general action on the morrow, and he had agreed upon this course with Lorraine, but the fierceness of the struggle on the left of the allies drew his forces gradually to its support, and brought on a more immediate decision. To descend the wooded acclivities without deranging the scientific order of battle devised and adopted was an operation only less tedious and difficult than the ascent of the preceding days, and it was to be performed in the presence of an enemy for courage and numbers not to be despised. The left wing was engaged for some hours before the Bavarians in the centre or the Poles on the right could deploy. The defence of the broken ground near Nussdorf and Heiligenstadt on the part of the Turks was obstinate, but having occupied in haste and too late their present position at the foot of the heights, they had not brought up their artillery, and their dismounted cavalry, of which the troops here engaged were principally composed, were not a match for the Imperialists, who drove the enemy steadily before them from ravine to ravine, and carried the two villages. It is probable that Lorraine, adhering to the original scheme of action, might have contented himself with this success for the day, and it is not certain at what period of the action a contrary and bolder determination first suggested itself to either the King or

himself. The Duke is said to have consulted at a critical period the Saxon Field-Marshal Geltz, who, observing the progress of the Bavarians and Poles towards the centre and right, gave it for his opinion that the Duke might sleep that night if he would in Vienna. Eugene of Savoy was employed during the action in conveying a message from Lorraine to the King. We may indulge ourselves with the conjecture that he was charged with this decision, one worthy of such a messenger. Accounts differ as to the hour at which the action became general by the deployment of the Bavarians and Poles. Some put it as late as two P.M. It is said, however, that towards eleven o'clock the Imperialists on the left were slackening their advance to make good the ground they had gained, and to wait for the appearance of their friends, when the gilded cuirasses of the Polish cavalry flashed out from the defiles of the Wenersberg, and the shout of "Live Sobieski" ran along the lines. The heat was oppressive, and the King halted and dismounted his people for a hasty repast. This concluded, the whole line advanced, and the battle soon raged in every part of an amphitheatre admirably adapted by nature for such a transaction. The Turks had profited by the lull to bring up heavy reinforcements, and the Vizier flung himself on the Poles in very superior numbers. In an early part of the encounter, a body of Polish Husars compromised itself by a rash advance, and was for a time surrounded. It was extricated by the prompt and judicious assistance of Waldeck and his Bavarians, but lost many officers of distinction, and among them, a Potocki, the treasurer Modrjewski, and the Colonel Alasuerus. The second line was brought up by Sobieski, and the Turks were driven before their desperate valour through ravines and villages, and the fortified position of Hernalsback, upon the glacis of their camp. The city of tents with all its treasures was almost within their grasp; but it is said that even with such a spectacle before him, Sobieski's caution all but induced him to pause till the morrow. The approach to the camp was protected by a ravine, the ground in front was undulating and strengthened with works, and occupied by a strong force and a powerful artillery. The King was in face of the centre of this position; his right covered by Jablanowski against the attacks of the Tartar cavalry. It was five o'clock; his

infantry was not yet at hand; the only artillery which had kept pace with the speed of his advance consisted of two or three light pieces which the veteran commander of his artillery, Kouski, had brought up by force of arm and levers. Sobieski pointed these at the field tent of crimson silk, from which the Vizier was giving his orders. The ammunition carriages were, however, far behind, and a few charges carried by hand were soon exhausted. A French officer, it is said, rammed home the last cartridge with his gloves, his wig, and a packet of French newspapers.

At this moment of hesitation the infantry came up. They were led by the Count Maligniz, the King's brother-in-law, against a height which commanded the quarters of the Vizier. The attack was successful, and the King determined on the instant to pursue his fortune. As he led his troops in a direct line for the Vizier's tent, his terrible presence was recognized by the infidel. "By Allah the King is really among us," exclaimed the Khan of the Crimea, Selim Gieray. The mass retreated in confusion. Those who awaited the attack went down before those lances of the Polish cavalry of which it was said by a Polish noble to one of their kings, that if the heavens were to fall they would sustain them on their points. The Pachas of Aleppo and Silistria perished in the fray. The panic became universal and the rout complete. The Vizier, hurried along with the stream, weeping and cursing by turns--had neither time to deliberate nor power to command. By six o'clock his gorgeous tent was in possession of Sobieski. His charger, too heavily caparisoned for rapid flight, was still held by a slave at the entrance. One of the golden stirrups was instantly sent off by the conqueror to the Queen as a token of the defeat and flight of its late owner. On the left, meanwhile, the progress of Lorraine, though less rapid from the difficulties of the ground and the tenacity of the resistance, had been equally victorious. The great Turkish redoubt, of which the traces yet remain, held out against repeated assaults till near five o'clock, when Louis of Baden, at the head of a regiment of Saxon dragoons, dismounted for the purpose, and two Austrian regiments of infantry, carried the work. The Turks now gave way at every point, and poured into their camp in the wildest confusion. The Margrave Louis, at the head of a squadron of dragoons, was the first to open a

communication with the city from the counterscarp of the Scottish gate. Stahremberg ordered an immediate sally against the approaches of the enemy, from which they had maintained through the day as heavy a fire as on any previous day of the siege, though no assault had been attempted by the strong body of Janissaries left in them for that purpose. These men, abandoned now without orders to their fate, endeavoured to turn the guns of the batteries upon the Imperialists. The attempt, however, in the general confusion which ensued, was vain, and the main body of the Janissaries, unable or unwilling to retreat, was cut to pieces in the course of the night. The camp meanwhile fell into the undisputed possession of the Poles.

Previous precaution, or a few moments' halt at St. Ulric, enabled the Vizier to save the sacred standard of the Prophet. One of the many standards captured was sent by Sobieski to the Pope under the supposition that it was the famous Palladium in question, but this proved to be a mistake. It is probable also that the mass of the treasure, which is supposed to have been very great in the Vizier's exchequer, had been removed; and we learn from the King of Poland's letters that considerable sums of coin were hastily divided among the Vizier's attendants at the last moment, and carried off. No great amount of coin or bullion was found in the tents. Every other item in the long catalogue of the treasures and luxuries which the Vizier had accumulated round his person fell into the hands of the Poles. The Turks continued their flight without intermission in the direction of Raab, where the force still employed in the blockade of that fortress afforded them a rallying point. It was, however, impossible for the Christian leaders to assure themselves at so late an hour of the full extent of the enemy's discomfiture, or even to consider themselves secure against a night attack. Great exertions were therefore made both by the King and the Duke to keep their troops well in hand through the night. The King, whose advance had led him to the very centre of the camp, found it necessary to resort to threats of summary and capital punishment to prevent his whole army from dispersing itself at once to gather the rich harvest of the Turkish tents. These threats were, as may be imagined, only partially effectual. Tents guarded in front

were cut open from behind, and discipline as usual gave way before the attraction of spoil. The Germans had no such immediate opportunities for plunder. Two regiments only of Austrian dragoons were despatched in pursuit as far as the Fische stream. The slaughter of this great battle was not great in proportion to the numbers engaged and the results obtained. The loss of the Turks has been computed at 25,000 men. Among these was that body of Janissaries, who were forgotten, and left without orders in the trenches, and were cut to pieces during the night. The King describes the Turks as defending themselves desperately even in full flight. In this point of view, he says, they made the finest retreat in the world. That of the Christians has been stated at 1000 killed and 3000 wounded, which is probably far less than the truth, for the Poles alone lost 100 officers, among them some of their first nobles. In the centre the loss of the Bavarians was probably trifling, but on the left the struggle was long and severe. A Prince of Croy fell here in the early part of the action. In the Vizier's encampment was found the Polish envoy Proski, who, from the period of his sovereign's junction with Austria, had been kept in fetters, under constant menace of the sabre or the bow-string, and now owed his life and liberation to the confusion of the moment. Kunitz also, an agent in Caprara's suite, who had been detained in the Turkish camp, and had found means to send occasional intelligence to Stahremberg, escaped in a Turkish disguise during the action. A Polish writer, Rudnikowski, gives a rough list of the artillery and its appurtenances abandoned in the lines: 60 guns of 48 lbs., 60 of 24 lbs., 150 of various lesser calibre, 40 mortars, 9000 ammunition waggons, 100,000 oxen, 25,000 mules, 1,000,000 lbs. of powder. To this may be added 10,000 camels, 5000 oxen, mules, sheep, &c., and immense stores of other provision. Among those accidental results of events which the political economist and the philosopher loves to notice, is the fact that the popular use of coffee in Germany is to be dated from this period, and is due to the plunder of the Turkish camp. Stahremberg's brave and faithful messenger, Kolschitzki, was rewarded by permission to set up the first coffee-house in Vienna. The head of the corporation of coffee providers is bound to this day to have

in his house a portrait of this patriarch of his profession.* Another inventory of the siege-stores actually brought into the arsenal of Vienna shows a considerable amount, as well as variety of articles, but can give but an imperfect notion of the vast provision accumulated, as the army authorities could but glean after the plunderers of the three first days. The King writes to his wife that the quantity of ammunition saved was at most a third of the whole, and says that the continual explosions in the camp were like the last judgment. His letters give some very amusing details of that portion of the spoils of the Vizier's tent which he contrived to rescue for his own share from the fangs of his officers. They illustrate also the character of the man whose penetralia were thus rudely exposed to investigation, and show that Kara Mustapha had superadded every description of refinement to the simpler sensuality of the East. Tissues and carpets and furs are natural appendages of Oriental rank and wealth, and jewelled arms and quivers, studded with rubies and pearls, were equally consistent with his functions as commander of the armies of the faithful. Baths, fountains, a rabbit warren, and a menagerie, were found within the encampment. A parrot took wing and foiled the pursuit of the soldiers. An ostrich had been beheaded by the Vizier's own hand, as if it had been a woman of the harem, to prevent its falling into Christian hands. This rarity had been taken from the Imperial Menagerie at the Favorita, where the King mentions having found a famished lioness and a small body of Janissaries, who had been left behind at that post, and still held out some days after the action. The Janissaries surrendered to the personal summons of the King. Their lives were spared, and the lioness fed by order of the good-natured conqueror. "The Vizier," writes the King, "is a *galant homme*, and has made us fine presents: everything in particular which came near his person is of the most *mignon* and refined description. Father Louis will have reason to rejoice,

* The first coffee-house in Europe was established in Constantinople in 1551. A century later, in 1652, a Greek established one in London. The first in France was at Marseilles in 1671, in Paris the following year. In Germany that of Kolschitzki was the first, the second was opened at Leipzig in 1694. In 1700 Vienna counted four, in 1737 eleven. In the city and suburbs there are now one hundred.

for I have in my possession the medicine chest of the Vizier. Among its contents are oils, and gums, and balms, which Pecovini* is never tired of admiring. Among other things we have found some rare fishes called Eperlans de mer. *Informez-vous-en, mon cœur, chez le Père Louis; ce doit être une chose précieuse pour rechauffer les entrailles.*" Among the treasures of the Vizier, diamonds were found in great profusion; many, set in girdles and otherwise, fell into the hands of the King, and many more carried off by the officers and soldiers. The King remarks that they were not used for ornament by the Turks of his day, and conjectures that they were destined to adorn the ladies of Vienna when transferred to the harems of the Vizier and his Pachas.

Among other trophies of interest, Roman Catholic historians have particularized an oaken cross six ells in height, remarkable from the fact that in the camp of the infidel it was set up for the daily celebration of mass by one of their Christian allies, Servanus Kantacuzenos, Prince of Wallachia. A chapel was built for it in the so-called Gatterholz, near Schonbrunn, on the spot where it had thus braved the scoffs of the Moslem. It was stolen thence in 1785.

As far as a considerable lapse of intervening years permits us to decide, this great action appears to have been planned with surpassing judgment, and conducted with that steady valour and perseverance on the part both of officers and men, to give scope and effect to which all rules of war were invented, and without which these rules are useless. History presents few instances in which an extensive operation has been conducted with such cordial concert between bodies of different nations commanded in several cases by their respective sovereigns, and in which jealousies of precedence and professional rivalries appear to have been so completely laid aside during the action. The only instance of any apparent deficiency in this respect is that of a refusal of the Prince of Waldeck to support an attack directed by the Duke of Lorraine; but even in this case there is every reason to suppose that he considered it to involve a departure from the earnest injunctions of the chief in command, the King, who had directed him to keep his troops in hand for the support

* The King's Italian physician.

of the right wing. When the discomfiture of the Polish cavalry had compromised the safety of that wing, and with it the fate of the battle, we find the German troops, probably the Bavarians, prompt and efficient to the rescue; and on the left, Saxons, intermingled with Austrians, fought together, as if under one common banner. The stout elector himself was in the thickest of the fray. He is said to have been splashed with Turkish blood so as scarcely to be recognised. With the exception of the first somewhat rash attack of the Poles, there is no appearance of any indulgence of that untempered enthusiasm which the occasion might have excused. Order and steadiness seem to have pervaded the whole area of the Christian operations. Attacks were everywhere duly supported, failures retrieved, and obstacles of ground successively overcome, in a manner which showed a grave consciousness of the magnitude of the stake at issue.

CHAPTER XVI.

September 13.

AT sunrise of the 13th the Viennese rushed forth in crowds to taste the first sweets of their liberation from a two months' imprisonment. The only gate yet open, the Stuben, was soon clogged with the multitude, and the greater number clambered over the rubbish of the breaches, eager to gratify in the Turkish camp their curiosity, or their rapacity, or both. With respect to the more transportable articles of value, the Pole had been before them; but in the article of provisions there was yet much for hungry men to glean. Prices rapidly fell, and superfluity succeeded to starvation.

Among those who sought the camp with other purposes than plunder or curiosity, was the good Bishop Kollonitsch. His inexhaustible benevolence found employment there in collecting and saving some 500 infants, whose mothers, many of them, as is supposed, Turkish women, had perished by the swords of their ruthless masters. The King mentions one instance of a beautiful child whom he saw lying with its skull cloven; but in general even Turkish inhumanity had shrunk from the task of child-murder. These, with many half-murdered mothers and some Christian adult survivors of the massacre, the Bishop transported to the city in carriages, at his own cost, and took measures for the future support and education of the infants thus rescued. Popes may spare themselves the trouble of the forms, the ceremonies, and the intrigues necessary for adding such names as that of Kollonitsch to the list of saints in the Romish calendar: the recital of these actions puts the Devil's advocate out of court, and the simple record, though traced by a Protestant pen, is their best canonization. Another worthy member of the Church, the Father Aviano, had recently performed a service for which the Duke of Lorraine and the army had doubtless reason to thank

him. As confessor to the Emperor he had used his influence to prevent the latter from embarrassing the army with his presence at Crems, and distracting men and officers from their duty by the etiquettes and ceremonies which that presence would have inflicted, and the intrigues which it would have fostered. On the news, however, of the victory, the Emperor had dropped down the river as far as Durrenstein, and thither the Duke of Lorraine despatched the Count Auersperg with the details of the late occurrences. At ten A.M. of the 13th, the Commandant Stahremberg issued forth from the walls he had so stoutly defended to visit the camp and exchange congratulations with the leaders of the liberating army. On this morning, too, the Duke of Lorraine and the Elector of Saxony met with the King of Poland for the first time since the mass of the Kahlenberg. The meeting between all these worthies had every appearance, in the first instance, of cordiality. They perambulated the camp and the approaches together amid the acclamations of the troops; but when they entered the town, the King had the shrewdness soon to perceive that, though the gratitude of the people was as warm as the cordial and kindly nature of the Viennese could make it, its full expression was checked by authority. In two churches which he entered the people pressed to kiss his hand; but when a few voices uttered the *vivat*, which had evidently been forbidden by the police, he recognised at once in the clouded mien of the Austrian authorities that jealousy and ingratitude which proved afterwards the only guerdon of his vast services. At an angle of the wall between the Burg and Scottish gates, the King, wearied by the heat of the day, rested for awhile; a stone, with his name inscribed, marked the spot till the year 1809, when the French engineers blew up the rampart. In one of the above-mentioned churches, that of the Augustines, a grand *Te Deum* was sung. The Abbé Coyer remarks that the magistracy were absent from this ceremony, which perhaps explains a passage in a letter of the King, in which he says:—"I perceive that Stahremberg is not on a good understanding with the magistrates of the city." The sermon was preached from the famous text—"There was a man sent from God, and his name was John"—a happy plagiarism from the quotation of Scripture by Pope Pius V. on the occasion of the victory of Lepanto. The service concluded. 300

cannon shots from the ramparts spread wide the intelligence of the relief of the city—not superfluous announcements; for in Wiener Neustadt and other places the trembling inhabitants had drawn a contrary conclusion from the sudden cessation of the firing, and thought the city lost. The King, after dining with the commandant, only delayed his departure to hold a long discourse with a man of much accomplishment, the court interpreter, Meninski, whose conversation had probably more charms for him than that of the dull notabilities by whom he was surrounded. He was himself a good linguist, and a proficient in the Turkish language. This over, he hastened to quit the scene of cold civilities for the camp. He was escorted to the gates by the populace. It may be mentioned that during the dinner an alarm was raised that the Turks had rallied, and were advancing. The King desired his officers present to leave the feast and mount, and was doubtless preparing to follow, when they returned with assurance of the falsehood of the report. This circumstance is mentioned in a very simple and detailed diary of the siege by the Doctor of Laws, Nicholas Hocke, one of the most curious of the many contemporary publications. The electors of Saxony and Bavaria appear to have been exempt from any share of the feeling of jealousy manifested by Austria. Both in the first hour of enthusiasm offered to accompany the King to the end of the world. The former indeed soon found his appetite for a Hungarian campaign subside, and shortly withdrew with his army to his electoral dominions. The younger Bavarian thought fit to pass a longer apprenticeship under so great a master in the art of war. The Duke of Lorraine had little exercise of his own discretion; he knew too well by what tenure the command of the army of Austria was held to do otherwise than reflect the livid colour of the spirit in which the hereditary sovereign of the House of Hapsburg contemplated the elective King of Poland. The King's letters are full of complaints of the unworthy treatment which he daily received from the Duke and his subordinates; but we may charitably ascribe such mean conduct on the part of so great a commander to influence from above. In an early letter the King describes him by report as speaking little, and timidly, from the constant dread of infringing on the instructions of the court. Some jealous feeling was doubtless excited,

and might be excused by the fact that the chances of battle had given the Polish sovereign and his army prior and exclusive possession of the spoils.

The King, immediately on his return to his quarters, directed a removal of them in advance. Some of his cavalry indeed were already on the track of the enemy, killing and taking prisoners in great numbers. There were cogent reasons, both political as well as military, for his removing himself as soon as possible from the immediate neighbourhood of Vienna. The heat of the autumnal season had made the camp and its environs one vast charnel, swarming with flies and vermin. This circumstance had caused the Duke of Lorraine to transfer his quarters from Ebersdorf to Mansdorf, and would alone have induced the King to follow such example. He was however also aware that his presence at Vienna was an obstacle to the expected entrance of the Emperor, who shrunk from any public acknowledgment of the services which had saved his crown from danger and his capital from destruction, at the expense of the most trifling infringement of etiquette, or the momentary concession of a point of which he was peculiarly tenacious. The practice, as regarded the reception of crowned heads in general, offered no difficulty. It was not derogatory to the Imperial dignity in French phraseology to give them the right; but the claim of an elective monarch to this distinction had always been disputed by Austria. "Je suis fort aise," writes the King, "d'éviter toutes ces cérémonies." He moved to the neighbourhood of Schwechat in the first instance. He writes on the 17th from Schonau, some fifteen miles from Vienna, on the road to Presburg, describing the interview which, after the removal of difficulties, did take place with the Emperor. The latter, having ascertained the departure of the King, landed at Nussdorf on the 19th, where he was received by the princes and other commanders of the German troops. After inspecting the camp and defences, he attended a solemn thanksgiving in the cathedral, at which the bishop Kollonitsch presided, and reviewed and thanked the burgher guard and free companies, &c. who lined the streets. On the 15th he reviewed the Bavarian forces near St. Marx, and afterwards took heart of grace and accomplished the dreaded interview with the King at Schwechat. That it ever took place at all was due, however, to the straight-

forward proceeding of the King, who, finding himself put off with excuses of the clumsiest manufacture, asked the courtier Schafgotsch the plain question whether the ceremonial of the right hand was or was not the cause of the delay. He extorted for once the plain answer, Yes, and gravely proposed an expedient for obviating the difficulty, which was, that the two sovereigns should meet face to face on horseback, and remain in that position, at the head the one of his army, the other of his suite; the one attended by his son, the other, as the head of the Empire, by the Electors. This happy expedient was accepted, and the interview took place.

The King's own account of this singular interview is doubtless more to be depended upon than the numerous Austrian relations, which extol the condescension and cordiality of the Emperor. "Of the Electors, the Emperor was only accompanied by the Bavarian. Saxony had already quitted him. He had in his suite some fifty horsemen, employés, and ministers of his court. He was preceded by trumpets, and followed by body guards and ten foot attendants. I will not draw you a portrait of the Emperor, for he is well known. He was mounted on a Spanish bay horse. He wore an embroidered *juste au corps*, a French hat, with an agrafe and red and white plumes; a belt mounted with sapphires and diamonds; a sword the same. I made him my compliments in Latin, and in few words.* He answered in prepared phrases in the same language. Being thus facing each other, I presented to him my son, who advanced and saluted him. The Emperor did not even put his hand to his hat. I remained like one terrified. He used the same behaviour towards the senators and Hetmans, and even towards his connexion the prince palatine of Belz.† To avoid scandal and public remarks I addressed a few more words to the Emperor, after which I turned my horse round; we saluted, and I retook the route for

* The King was practised in this language, which he always used in his addresses to the Polish diets. When the young Charles XII. of Sweden opposed the usual resistance of boyhood to his Latin preceptor, he was informed of this fact; and the example of the great soldier proved an efficient substitute for flogging. Sobieski learned Spanish at the age of fifty.

† Constantine Wisnowiecki, allied to the Imperial family by the marriage of the king Michael with the Archduchess Eleanor.

my camp. The Palatine of Russia* showed my army to the Emperor, at his desire; but our people have been much provoked, and complain loudly that the Emperor did not deign to thank them, even with his hat, for all their pains and privations. Since this separation, every thing has suddenly changed; it is as if they knew us no longer. They give us neither forage nor provisions. The Pope had sent money for these to the Abbé Buonvisi, but he is stopped at Lintz."

The King does not mention the words of his reply to the Emperor's harangue, "I am glad, Sire, to have rendered you this small service." The Emperor is said two days afterwards to have sent, with a present of a sword for Prince James, a clumsy apology for the silence and coldness of his demeanour.

We cannot certainly judge of passages like these by the standard of our present modes of European thought and action. There may be circumstances under which these apparent air-bubbles become ponderable realities. In dealing, for instance, with the Emperor of China, the slightest abandonment of a point of etiquette might involve the most serious consequences, and the concession of a diplomatist could perhaps only be retrieved by the guns of an admiral. At the worst we might smile at the pedantic tenacity of the courts of Vienna or Versailles of the seventeenth century on points of ceremonial and precedence, but no such considerations can temper the indignation which the perusal of Sobieski's letters excites, at the practical and substantial ingratitude and neglect he experienced at the hands of Austria from the moment that his services ceased to be indispensable. That some quarrels and jealousies should arise from the juxtaposition of the Slavonic and Teutonic elements was perhaps inevitable. To be cheated, starved, and neglected, is usually the lot of armies serving in the territory of an ally whom they cannot openly coerce and pillage; but the Polish sovereign had to endure more than this. His sick were denied boats to remove them down the river from the pestilential atmosphere of the camp; his dead, even the officers, were denied burial in the public cemeteries. The

* The appellation of Russia was at this period applied to the province of Galicia. The territories of the Tzar, which have since assumed it, came under the general designation of Muscovy.

starving soldier who approached the town in search of provisions was threatened to be fired upon. The baggage, including that of the King, was pillaged—the horses of stragglers on their road to rejoin the army carried off by force—men on guard over the guns they had taken, robbed of their effects, and every complaint treated with cold neglect and every requisition dismissed almost without an answer. The royal tents, which before the battle, though, as the King observes, spacious enough, could not contain the throng of distinguished visitors, were now deserted, and the demeanour of the Duke of Lorraine himself and every other Austrian authority, showed that this treatment was deliberate and systematic. It may have been some satisfaction to Sobieski, it almost becomes one to his admirers now, to find that the Austrian government was impartial in its ingratitude, and exercised on others, besides the Poles, its singular talent for disgusting and offending those who had done it service. The Elector of Saxony, as we have seen, lost no time in withdrawing his person and his troops. The father Aviano departed for Italy, disgusted with the intrigues of the court and the licence of the camp. The Duke of Saxe Lauenburg retired, offended by the only instance in which the Emperor appears to have shown a creditable sense of his obligations. The hero of the defence, Count Stahremberg, was justly rewarded with 100,000 crowns, the golden fleece, and the rank of field-marshal. The Duke of Saxe Lauenburg, who had held high command in the late action, considered himself ill-used by this promotion over his head of an officer inferior to himself, as also to Caprara and to Leslie, in length of service. Lastly, the Duke of Lorraine himself had as little reason as any one to be satisfied. The King writes of him later, more in pity than in anger, “the poor devil has neither any of the spoils of war, nor any gratification from the Emperor.” We have indeed met with no instance but that of Stahremberg in which any signal mark of favour or munificence was bestowed on any party conspicuous in the late transactions. Gold medals and nominations to the dignity of state counsellor were indeed awarded to many of the city officials. The young volunteer, Eugene, was attached to the service for which he had quitted that of France by his nomination to the Colonelcy of a

regiment of dragoons which still bears his name ; but this promotion only took place in December, and was rather a retaining fee to a young man of high rank and promise than a reward for positive service. Kollonitsch received a cardinal's hat from the Pope ; and Daun, Sereni, and other distinguished officers, obtained from the liberality of the city rewards in plate and money, more commensurate with the exhausted state of the municipal exchequer than with the value of their services ; the sums varying from 400 rix-dollars to 100 florins.

The state of affairs above described affords some reason for surprise, that the King should have persevered any further in his co-operation with the Imperial troops. He was as free to depart as the Emperor of Saxony. The Abbé Coyer supposes that he still entertained hopes of procuring a bride for his son in the person of an Austrian Archduchess, and, as a consequence of such a connexion, the establishment of his descendants on an hereditary throne in Poland. The treatment, however, which he experienced at the hands of Austria could have left him little reliance on such expectations, and his letters to the Queen indicate a higher motive for his perseverance, in a sense of the obligation of the oath by which he had bound himself to the assistance of the Emperor. This, and his appetite for military success, are sufficient to account for his endurance. The Emperor, on the other hand, if we may trust the Abbé, would have heard of his departure for Warsaw with pleasure, being advised of some Hungarian intrigues for raising up a rival to Tekeli in the person of the young Prince James, and placing him on the throne of Hungary. There is no evidence to show that Sobieski was influenced by any ambition but that of serving the common cause of Christianity, and adding to the military laurels which, in his case, almost hid the crown. One satisfaction Sobieski allowed himself in writing an autograph letter to the King of France, to whom, as the writer well knew, the tidings it contained would be gall and wormwood. The King also made over to the Elector of Bavaria some choice articles of the Danish plunder, in the hope that, through him, they might find their way to the Dauphiness of France, and to the Tuileries. The following Pasquinade of the time is neat and bitter enough to deserve insertion here :—

TRIA MIRANDA !

Omnes Christiani arma sumunt contra Turcam,
Præter Christianissimum.

Omnes filii Ecclesiæ bellum contra Turcam parant,
Præter Primogenitum.

Omnia animalia laudant Deum ob partem de Turcis victoriam,
Præter Gallum.

The endeavours which Louis XIV. had made to detach, at all risks to Christendom, the King of Poland from the Austrian alliance, and the satisfaction with which he had viewed the critical position of the Austrian capital, were no secret. It is true that, to preserve appearances, he had raised the siege of Luxemburg and forborne an invasion of the Spanish Netherlands on pretence of setting free the King of Spain to assist his Austrian relations. These devices, however, deceived no one, and it was generally believed that it was his intention, after the humiliation of Austria should have been accomplished, to come forward at the head of the large force he was collecting on the Rhine as the saviour of Christendom.

A sovereign more deeply concerned in the issue than Louis, the Sultan, was perhaps the better prepared of the two for the reception of the unwelcome tidings of the relief of Vienna. The report of the confidential emissary despatched by him to the camp had been so unfavourable as to dissipate at once the expectation of success which no one down to that period had dared to represent as doubtful. Every preparation indeed had been made at Constantinople for a general illumination, and effigies of the Pope and of the principal Christian sovereigns had been prepared as materials for a bonfire. The report in question raised the Sultan to such a pitch of fury, that it required the influence of the Mufti to restrain him from directing a general massacre of all the Christians in his dominions. It had, however, the further effect of preparing him for the news of failure, and before it reached Constantinople, his rage had subsided into a deep melancholy. No sudden order for the destitution or death of Kara Mustapha betrayed his indignation, and the Vizier continued for a while to exercise and to abuse the powers with which he had been intrusted.

CHAPTER XVII.

From the end of September to the end of December, 1683.

THE Emperor's stay in his rescued capital was brief. He quitted it for Linz on the 16th, leaving to the local authorities a heavy task to be performed of repair, and reconstruction, and purification. The Christian prisoners had been compelled to labour in the Turkish trenches, and in like manner Turkish captives were now compelled to repair the damage they had contributed to effect. The events of the siege had shown the danger occasioned by the near vicinity of suburban buildings in possession of an enemy, and an order was now issued for preventing the establishment either of buildings or gardens within a distance of 600 paces from the city rampart, to which edict the present glacis owes its origin. In this, the metropolitan seat of wealth and power, the work of restoration proceeded with speed and regularity; the affairs of mankind soon fell into their accustomed order, and material objects resumed their former aspect. It was far different in the country, where, through whole districts, human hands were wanting to build upon the sites of ruined villages, to replant the vineyard and orchard, and to restore to cultivation the fields which the Tartar had converted into a wilderness. It was necessary in many instances for the Government to colonize before it could cultivate, and it required years of peace and security to repair the ravages of a few hours of Turkish occupation.

The failure of so vast a scheme of invasion produced in the minds of the Viennese a reasonable sense of security against any reappearance of the horse-tails before their walls. It might be long, indeed, before the aggressive power of the Porte should be restrained within the limits of a well-defined frontier, and awed into quiescence by experience of its inability to cope with
The Turks were still in possession of fortresses.

such as Neuhausel, within a few hours' march of the capital, but another investment of Vienna was an event not within the scope of reasonable calculation. It was therefore now determined to remove from public gaze a conspicuous and not very creditable memorial of the former liability of the city to the insult which it had twice experienced : namely, the crescent, which, since the siege of 1529, had surmounted the spire of the Christian Temple of St. Stephen. It was generally held to have been placed there on an understanding with Soliman, that, like the black flag, which in modern warfare frequently protects an hospital, it should exempt the building beneath from the fire of an attack. Some writers, jealous of their country's honour, have indeed disputed this version of its origin. Be this as it may, the talisman had lost its virtue, for the malignity of Kara Mustapha had selected the cathedral as a principal object for his batteries, though the Turkish gunners had only succeeded in two or three instances in disturbing the celebration of its services, and the return of killed and wounded in its congregations exhibited only one old woman whose leg had been carried off by a shell. At the suggestion, according to some authors, of Sobieski, but more probably of Kollonitsch, the crescent was now removed to the arsenal, where it is still preserved, and replaced in the first instance by an iron cross, which being fixed was shortly carried away by a storm. In 1587, a rotatory double eagle of brass was placed on the pinnacle, which it still adorns.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THOUGH the main interest of the drama ceases with the liberation of the city, the fate of a principal actor, Kara Mustapha, remains to be noticed ; and some further events of the campaign will be found neither deficient in historical importance nor destitute of instruction to the soldier.

The situation of the Polish army, and the general prospect of affairs some days after the battle, can hardly be better indicated than by the following extract from Sobieski's letter to the Queen of the 17th September. After giving a long list of the grievances and sufferings of his people, whose condition on the banks of the Danube he compares to that of the Israelites by the waters of Babylon, he proceeds :—"You will extract from this letter a gazette article, with thē understanding, however, that all my topics of grievance are to be kept out of sight. We must not forget the old adage of Kochanouski, 'the man who knows not how to conceal his disgust makes his enemy to laugh.' Say only that the commissaries of the Emperor have deceived our army with respect to the provisions and forage which they promised us, and for which the Pope has destined considerable sums ; that the bridge is not finished ; that the army suffers much ; that the Imperial troops are still under the walls of Vienna ; that the Saxons have retired ; that the King is in advance ; that his light cavalry is pressing the enemy ; that if it were not for the horrible devastation of the country not a Turk would have escaped ; that the King is constantly sending to the Emperor to press him to enter the enemy's territory and to invest at the least two fortresses ; that Tekeli has sent emissaries to me submitting everything to my decision ; and so on."

Of the Hungarian fortresses at this time in the hands of the Turks, Neuhausel and Gran were the two which the Imperial commanders were most desirous to reduce. Neuhausel derived importance from its proximity to Presburg and Vienna, and

from its situation in face of that vast Schütt island of the Danube of which the fortress of Komorn fortunately gave the Imperialists the command. Gran, often mentioned by authors by its Latin name Strigonium, was situated lower down the river on the right bank of the Danube. Its bridge, protected on the northern shore by the fortress of Barkan, gave the Turks the power of operating on both sides of the river; and a strong body of Turkish cavalry had thrown itself into the tête-du-pont, under the command of Kara Mehemet, a young Pacha, worthy, by his courage, of the charge of a post of so much military importance. Some difference of opinion seems to have arisen in the first instance between the King and the Imperial generals, the former inclining to postpone operations against Neuhausel and to move at once upon Gran, with the view of ulterior operations against the still more important city of Pesth. to which the Vizier had transferred his head quarters. The King, however, acquiesced in the views of the Imperialists, which were influenced by the proximity of Neuhausel to the capital; but the decision of both was overruled by events. In any case it became necessary to throw a bridge over the river in the neighbourhood of Komorn, and the King complains in his letters of the delay in this operation. He was anxious to cross the river, both for the purpose of further encounter with the enemy and from the exhausted state of the country on the left bank. The passage of the river was effected on the 4th or 5th October. The troops, during their occupation of the rich island of the Schütt, had been better supplied with forage and provisions, but had suffered dreadfully from the various forms of contagious and deadly disease for which the autumnal climate of Hungary is notorious. Sobieski remarks that the Germans, generally more delicate than the Poles, suffered less by the prevalent fever which decimated officers and men in his own army. He describes his own people as dissatisfied with the rich wines of Hungary, and pining for their beer and smoky cottages. Drunkenness, it would appear, was a preservative against the prevalent fever, and possibly the Poles were less addicted than the Germans to this prophylactic. Many Polish officers of distinction were swept off.

The Turks, meanwhile, were little in condition to take ad-

vantage of Austrian delays, or Polish sickness, for the purpose of stemming the tide of victory and pursuit. Detractors from the reputation of Sobieski have not been wanting to censure the laxity of the pursuit, and to ascribe it to the attractions of the Vizier's tents. That he was fond of money his admirers have not denied. His apologists have alleged in his defence, on this head, the temptation to which the holder of a life interest in a crown is exposed to accumulate wealth for those descendants who on his decease may sink into a private station. Perhaps a law of celibacy would be no unreasonable condition of elective sovereignty. No female reader of his letters will, however, blame the complacency with which he describes the treasures destined for the boudoir of the wife whom he styles "his incomparable," but who appears, by her taste for dress and intrigue, to have been very comparable indeed to many of her countrywomen. It is unnecessary to detail the many circumstances which must have made an active and immediate pursuit of the flying foe a military impossibility. It is sufficient to point to the forest defiles through which the allied force had toiled for three weary days from the Danube to the heights of the Kahlenberg, during which time the horses had fed on nothing but the leaves of the trees which impeded their progress. The Vizier's first halt was under the walls of Raab; his first reassertion of his authority, which, in the confusion of defeat and flight, had been in abeyance, was to select a man he hated as an expiatory victim. The veteran Pacha of Pesth, whose original counsels, if followed, would have probably led to less fatal results, was ready to his hand. This old and distinguished man, with two other Pachas and the Aga of the Janissaries, were beheaded on a charge of cowardice, and some fifty other officers of less note strangled. After a halt of three days, employed in such proceedings as these, and in rallying and collecting the troops, he pursued his march towards Pesth, not unmolested by the garrison of Raab, but throwing reinforcements into Neuhausel and Gran as he passed.

The Polish army had, as has been stated, crossed the Danube near Komorn on the 4th and 5th, and the Imperial cavalry had followed; but the mass of the infantry was still behind. The

in the hopes of an easy conquest of the Turks, whom he knew to have hastily occupied the *tête-du-pont* of Barham. Forgetting, in his contempt for a beaten enemy, and in his anxiety to seize the Turkish bridge of boats near Barkan, the first rules of military science, and pressing forward without support or reserve, and without due security for co-operation from the more cautious Lorraine, he sacrificed some of his best troops, and narrowly escaped, in his own person and that of his son, the last penalty a soldier can pay for imprudence. The affair began with the advanced guard, which, according to the King's rather exculpatory but graphic report to his wife, committed itself prematurely, and contrary to his orders, in a skirmish with the Turks near Barkan. Some accounts state that the latter were crafty enough to lure them on, by causing a herd of oxen to retire slowly before them. The Palatine of Russia, proceeding to the front, found it necessary to send in all haste for assistance, and the King in person brought up to the rescue his whole disposable force, making his numbers in the field some 5000 men, without infantry or artillery. He would have done more wisely to have left his advanced guard to their fate. He found it routed and disorganized, and himself with his small force, not yet deployed, within some hundred paces of an enemy flushed with success, and immensely superior in numbers. The Palatine of Russia, who saw the danger, implored* him to leave the field. He replied to this invitation by charging at the head of his best available squadron. The charge succeeded, but at the same moment the centre and left wing, though not yet engaged with the enemy, gave way, and the conflict degenerated into a race for life and death. The young Prince, who in this affair, as in the battle of Vienna, had followed his father like his shadow, received from him a positive command to fly. The King himself lingered till every effort he could make to rally his people had utterly failed, and he was left with six companions. Of two of these, Czerkass, a Lithuanian gentleman, and a nameless soldier of heavy cavalry, he himself mainly attributed his salvation. The latter, who shot down with his carbine one of two horsemen who had come up with the King, and wounded the other, perished: the former lived to enjoy a pension of 500 crown-

skirmish. For some two miles and more the furious race continued: the Palatine of Pomerelia fell, horse and man, and was cut to pieces. The ground was heavy, and intersected with deep furrows: the King, though not so inactive as the French ambassador had described him, was both tall and corpulent; and when at length he pulled up and rallied his people on the cavalry and guns of the German troops, which at the instance of the Austrian General Dunnewald, attached in this affair to the staff of the King, were coming up to his support, breathless, and covered with bruises from rough contact with the companions of his flight, he lay for a while exhausted on a heap of straw. The Abbé Coyer has a story of the King's witnessing the escape of his son, as he left his cloak in the hand of a Turkish horseman. The King expressly states that Fanfau, as he always calls his son, was *bien en avant* with the grand *écuyer* Mateinski, to whom the Abbé and others also have attributed the preservation of the King. Most of the King's personal attendants, pages, &c., perished: he mentions a negro boy, a young Hungarian, master of several languages, but dwells with most interest on the fate of a little Calmuck, a famous rider in the King's hare-coursing pastimes.* In spite of his horsemanship he was captured, but by some strange accident spared by the Turks. After their subsequent defeat he was found in their camp and recognised by the Poles, but an unlucky German cut him down. There are many instances in which the greatest commanders have had to ride for their lives. In our own times the list would comprise names no less than those of Napoleon, Murat, and Blücher; but the Cossack hurra of Brenne, and the skirmish near Leipzig, were accidents of warfare which no prudence could avert, and the gallant charge of Ligny few would be found to

* In the intervals of war and business the King had always been devoted to the chase. One of his objects of pursuit was the aurochs, now confined to a single forest of Lithuania, where alone it continues its species under imperial protection. One of the most eminent of living geologists, Sir R. I. Murchison, has broached a theory, founded at least on a profound investigation of the features of the district, that the species is a sole survivor of one of those great geological changes which have obliterated other forms of animal life. Sobieski's Queen wore a girdle of the skin of this animal. Down to a recent period it was an object of royal chase in Poland. Sir C.

censure. The race of Barkan is historically valuable for the lesson it conveys of caution in the hour of success. An adherence to the simplest rules of military science would have saved two thousand lives. Sobieski's character shines out conspicuously in the manner in which he took this severe check. Like the old Prussian of 1815, though bruised and stiffened, and scarcely able to sit his horse, he was up and ready on the following day, pressing the Duke of Lorraine to move against the Turks. In his religious convictions he was earnest, perhaps to the verge of bigotry, and in his letters to his wife in tracing the disaster to the judgment of Providence on the licence and crimes of the army, he passes over rather lightly the share which his own in-caution had in producing it.

It required all the magic of Sobieski's influence to repair the moral consequences of this discomfiture in his own ranks, in which at first an ominous inclination displayed itself to concede the post of honour, the right of the line, to the German troops. We can hardly believe, on the sole authority of Rycant, that the King himself was disposed to yield to this suggestion. His letter, written on the field, breathes nothing but an impatience for the arrival of the imperial infantry. Lorraine, on his part, seems to have needed no pressing, and it was determined to attack the enemy on the 9th. The young Pacha, who had struck so serious a blow at the veteran conqueror of Choczim and Vienna, now himself fell into the error of abiding the chances of unequal battle; for though he had been strongly reinforced from Gran, he had but 23,000 men to oppose to some 50,000. Tekeli, too wise to believe the Vizier's message announcing the total destruction of the Christian army, and engaged in tortuous negotiations with Sobieski, was hovering almost within sight, but kept aloof from action. The Pacha fell into the still graver error of meeting the enemy with a chain of hills on his right, the river of Gran in his rear, and no retreat but by the bridge over the Danube. The consequence of this arrangement was a defeat, rendered bloody and complete by the failure of the bridge, which gave way under the fugitives. Barkan itself was carried by storm. Kara Mohammed himself escaped, but the Pacha of Karamania was killed, and the Pacha of Silistria taken. The

for vengeance, and excited by the sight of the heads of their countrymen stuck on the palisades of the fort, gave little quarter, and artillery was brought to bear upon the crowds who attempted to swim the river. This success was purchased at the loss of 400 Poles and 70 of the imperial troops. Sobieski, in the moment of victory, writes of it as a victory greater than that of Vienna—an exaggeration only to be excused by the excitement of the moment. Its importance, however, was manifested by the speedy fall of Gran, the seat of the Hungarian primacy, containing the tomb of Stephen, the first Christian King of Hungary, but which from the year 1605 had been desecrated by Turkish occupation. The Turkish bridge having been demolished during the battle, the Imperialists brought down their own bridge of boats from Komorn, which was ready for the passage of the troops a league above the city on the 13th. The town was carried by storm. The garrison, some 4000 strong, which had retired into the citadel, surrendered on the 27th, on condition of their safe conveyance to Buda, with their women and children, and retaining their small arms. The Vizier, on receiving at Buda intelligence of the fall of Gran, departed in haste for Belgrade, but left with Kara Mehemet an order for the execution of the officers who had signed the surrender. His own bloody rule was meanwhile drawing to a close. His first reports and excuses for his failure before Vienna had been received at the court of Adrianople with simulated favour, and his messenger had returned with the usual tokens of royal approbation, a sword and a pelisse. Influence, however, both male and female, was busy for his destruction; the friends of the murdered Pacha of Pesth, and all those who had originally opposed the expedition, were powerful and zealous. Tekeli, and the dying Sultana mother, Validé, threw their influence into the scale. At length the vacillation of the Sultan was overcome, and a chamberlain of the court rode out from Adrianople with the simple order to return as soon as might be with the head of Kara Mustapha. The officer, on approaching Belgrade, communicated his mission to the Aga of the Janissaries, who gave his prompt acquiescence and ready assistance to the objects of the mission. The transaction was conducted, on the part of the servants of the crown,

with that decent privacy and convenient expedition which usually attend the execution of Turkish justice, and submitted to by the patient with the quiet dignity with which the predestinarian doctrine of Islam arms its votaries against all accidents. The insignia of authority were politely demanded and quietly resigned. The carpet was spread, the short prayer uttered, the bowstring adjusted. In a few moments the late dispenser of life and death, the uncontrolled commander of 200,000 men, was a corpse, and his head on the road to Adrianople. It met with some subsequent adventures; for, having been returned to Belgrade by the Sultan, and deposited in a mosque, it was discovered after the surrender of that city to the Christians, and forwarded by them to the Bishop Kollonjtsch. The prelate made over the grisly memorial of the man, who had threatened to send his own head on a lance's point to the Sultan, to the arsenal of Vienna, where it still keeps its place among the other trophies of a long struggle of race and religion.

With the catastrophe of so leading a personage this work may properly reach the termination which its limits now demand. For the winter march by which Sobieski withdrew his forces to his own frontier, and the fortresses which he picked up by the way, his negotiations with Tekeli, and his passing successes over the Turks, the reader who wishes to pursue the subject will do well to consult his correspondence so often quoted, and the ample work of M. de Salvandy. From the above pages, concerned as they have been with a principal passage in the public career of one of the greatest characters in modern history, some faint idea may be derived of his qualities as a soldier. As a king, a statesman, an orator, and a man of letters, he must be estimated from other and fuller sources. After learning what he was in all these respects, we shall be prone to conjecture what he might have been. As a husband and a father, if he had not married a bad and mischievous woman, *daturam progeniem vitiosiore*—as a commander, if, instead of leading ill-disciplined levies to transient victories by the example and personal exposure of a partisan, he had brandished the staff of a Marlborough or an Eugene at the head of a permanent and organized force—as a king and a statesman, if his better fortune had placed him at the

head, not of a horde of turbulent, intriguing, and ungovernable slave-owners, but of a civilized, free, and united people—it is scarcely too much to suppose that he might have realized the greater projects which it is known entered into his large conception, that the Turk would have been rolled back upon Asia, and that Greece might have dated her emancipation from the seventeenth century.

APPENDIX.

No. 1.

THE number of pieces of artillery furnished from the imperial arsenal of Vienna for the defence in 1683 was 262. The thirty years' war had led to many improvements in the construction and use of artillery. Gustavus Adolphus and Wallenstein had both effected important alterations, and in 1650 a Jesuit of Warsaw had invented the elevating screw as a substitute for the quoin. Whatever improvement, however, had taken place in the system as applied to field movements, it would appear that for purposes of stationary defence it was still one of much complexity and confusion. The 262 pieces used at Vienna were of no less than 26 denominations and calibres, the capacity of the latter ranging from 1 lb. to 12, and in the case of some large pieces called *boller* or *poller*, used as mortars for vertical fire and discharging stone shot, from 60 to 200 lbs. There were of these four of 200, two of 150, five of 100, and ten of 60. Fifty other pieces furnished from the city arsenal were planted, not on the defences, but at various points in the city, and worked by 100 men of the burgher force. Of these hundred volunteer artillerists 16 were killed and 5 of the pieces ruined: 72 pieces in all had been rendered unserviceable at the close of the siege.

Thirty-seven officers were killed, which, considering the frequency of assaults and sallies, operations which require great personal exposure on the part of the leaders, would appear rather a small proportion to that of 5000 rank and file among the regular troops

is scarcely possible to arrive at. The only two officers of much distinction who fell were the Col. Count Dupigny and the engineer, Rimpler.

The Turkish loss is stated at 48,544. It appears to have fallen heaviest on the miners, of whom 16,000 perished, and 6000 of their artillerists. The formidable corps of the Janissaries was reduced by a loss of 10,000: 544 officers, including 3 pachas, were also killed. As this list is taken from a return found in the tent of the Vizier, it does not include the loss of the Turks in the battle. These statements are naturally liable to much allowance for inaccuracy from many causes. A comparison of the various sources of information leads to a rough conclusion that the Vizier sat down before the place with about 220,000 men. Of these it is supposed not more than 50,000 regained the Turkish frontier.

No. 2.—*Order of battle of the Christian army before Vienna on the 13th September.*

The left wing was commanded by the Duke of Lorraine; the centre by the Elector of Saxony and the Prince Christian Louis von Waldeck (it is idle to adjoin to these the Bavarian Elector, who was present, but had the good sense to consign the direction of his troops to Waldeck); the right wing by the Polish Field-Marshal Jablonowski; the whole by the King of Poland. The army was drawn up in

to be washed down with a cup of muscat wine at the Italian vintners; and truth to say, this animal, when the sweetness of the flesh was tempered with the salted lard, was an unusual, indeed, but not an unacceptable morsel. The 9th August was a fine clear day, on which a young and spirited Turk chose to disport himself for bravado on a caparisoned horse, performing strange antics with a lance in his right hand. While he was caracoling at a distance of full 300 paces from the counterscarp, Henry Count von Kielmansegge, who happened to be with his foresters on the Karthner bastion, took such good aim at him with a fowling-piece that he jumped up with a spring from the saddle and fell dead amid shouts and laughter from the besieged. A lucky shot of the same kind was executed by a student of the university, who sent a bullet through the head of a Turk near the counterscarp palisade, and dragged the body to him with a halberd. Having learned from experience of others that the Turks, either to strengthen the stomach, or when mortally wounded, to rob the Christians of their booty, were accustomed to roll up their ducats together and swallow them, without further ceremony he ripped up the corpse and found six ducats so rolled up within it. The head he cut off and bore it round the city upon a lance-point as a spectacle of his ovation. In the assault of the 17th August a common soldier, having mastered and beheaded a Turk, and finding 100 ducats upon him sewed up in a dirty cloth, as one who had never seen so much money together before, went about the city like one distracted, clapping his hands and showing his booty to all he met, encouraging them by his example to win the like, as though it rained money from Heaven.

On the 12th September, the day following the relief of the city, the Poles being masters of the Turkish camp, many soldiers, citizens, and inhabitants, while as yet no gate was opened, clambered down over the breaches and by the secret sallies to pick up what

or other articles of small value. The King of Poland and his people having fallen on the military chest and the Vizier's tent, had carried off many millions in money, and the Vizier's war-horse, his quivers, bows, and arrows, all of countless value, together with the great standard of their Prophet, inscribed with Turkish characters, and two horsetail standards. I, with many others who had been enrolled in a volunteer body during the siege, thought to pick up our share of the spoil. I, therefore, gained the counterscarp by the Stuben gate, passing between the ruined palisades on horseback to the Turkish camp. I did not, however, dare to dismount, by reason of the innumerable quantity of flies and vermin, which, although at so advanced a time of the month of September, swarmed up from the bodies of more than 20,000 dead horses and mules, so as to darken the air, and so covering my horse, that not the space of a needle point remained free from them, the which was so insufferable to him, that he began to plunge and kick in front and rear, so that I was fain to get me clear of the press and make my way back to the city, but not till I had persuaded a passer-by to reach to me the bow and arrows of one who lay there, and also the cap of a Janissary, and some books which lay about, and which had been plundered in the country, and secured them in my saddle-bags. After the which I re-entered the city, not as one *ovans* on foot, but *triumphans* on horseback with my *spolia*. I had no want of predecessors before or followers behind, for every one who had legs to carry him had betaken himself to the camp to plunder it. Although I had gained the counterscarp and the inner defences, I passed a good hour making my way through the pass, and my unruly horse was compelled to move step by step for such time before I could extricate him and regain my quarters.

<i>No. 4.—Specification of the Christians carried off into Turkish slavery out of Hungary, Austria, and the adjacent districts in 1683. From a contemporary MS.</i>		<i>Children, boys and girls, the oldest between 4 and 5 years of age .</i>	
Old men	6,000		
Women	11,215		26,093
Unmarried women, 26 years of age at the oldest, of whom 204 were noble.	14,922	Total	57,220
		Villages and hamlets burnt in the Viennese territory	4,092
		In that of Presburg	871
			<u>4,936</u>

