

make use of their numbers. The constant successes with which God had blessed the queen's reign, put it out of their power to compass that which was aimed at by them; the forcing a peace, and of consequence the delivering all up to France."\* Marlborough, though he still affected to be of no faction, saw the time had passed by when he could have the support of the party which the queen had first marked by her favour. Those who had attempted to stop the supplies by tacking to their vote the Occasional Conformity Bill were the High Tories, with whom he long conspired to make the life of King William a burden to him, by disturbing all his designs for the independence of nations. Marlborough, after the Session was ended, wrote to Godolphin, "As to what you say of the tackers I think the answer and method that should be taken is what is practised in all armies,—that is, if the enemy give no quarter, they should have none given to them." Godolphin's mode of giving no quarter was to deprive every man of public employment "who had given his vote for the tack." Whigs gradually were called by Godolphin into the public service; and political aspirants began to see that there was not only a virtue in moderation, but that it was a virtue which brought its own reward.

\* "Own Time," vol. v. p. 494.

## CHAPTER VIII.

The War in Spain.—Expedition to Catalonia.—Gibraltar taken by Sir George Rooke and the Prince of Darmstadt.—Sea-fight off Malaga.—Siege of Gibraltar by the Spaniards.—Expedition to Spain under Peterborough.—Siege of Barcelona.—Peterborough surprises Montjuich.—Barcelona taken.—Peterborough's rapid successes in Valencia.—Philip V. besieges Barcelona.—It is relieved.—The Allies enter Madrid.—Supineness of the Austrian king.—Disgust of Peterborough—He leaves Spain.—Prince Eugene drives the French out of Italy.

WHILST Marlborough was leading the army of the Allies to the Rhine—an army upon whose success depended the great issue between the king of France, and the emperor of Germany—the archduke Charles, who had assumed the title of king of Spain, had landed at Lisbon, and was prepared to head the troops on the western frontier of the kingdom to which he laid claim. But instead of carrying the war into Spain, the army of English, Dutch, and Portuguese were completely held in check by the duke of Berwick; and the Allies were unable to prevent several of the Portuguese towns being taken by the Spaniards. At the opposite extremity of the Peninsula an attempt was made to rouse the Catalans to declare for king Charles. The prince of Darmstadt was sanguine of success; and a little army of five or six thousand men was put under his command. They embarked at Lisbon in May, in a fleet of which sir George Rooke was the admiral. The expedition landed at Barcelona; but receiving very little support from the people, it re-embarked, and Rooke sailed down the Mediterranean, and passed through the Straits, where he effected a junction with the fleet under sir Cloudesley Shovel. It was not in the nature of English sailors willingly to return to port without effecting anything; and so the admirals planned an attack upon Gibraltar, in which the prince of Darmstadt agreed to join. The famous rock on which the Saracens had built their castle in the eighth century, and which they held till the middle of the fifteenth century, was strongly fortified by the Spaniards; but its vast importance as the key of the Mediterranean was not estimated as in more recent times. In 1704 there were not more than a hundred men within the works; but they were commanded by a brave veteran who rejected with disdain the summons to surrender.

Two thousand marines, under the command of the prince of Darmstadt, landed on the Isthmus, now known as the Neutral Ground; and the supplies from the main land were thus cut off. On the 2nd of August Rooke commenced a bombardment from his ships, which was continued on the next day. That day was a great festival; and a part of the garrison went to pray to their saint, instead of standing by their guns. The eastern part of the rock was thus imperfectly defended, and the English sailors scaled the precipice. At the same time the South Molehead was stormed,—with a heavy loss to the assailants by the springing of a mine. But they gained the ramparts; and all resistance was at an end. The brave governor made honourable terms for himself and his garrison; and upon the rock which has defied every besieger through a century and a half, the English flag floated in an easy victory. Sir George Rooke took possession in the name of the queen of England; although the prince of Darmstadt would have hoisted the Spanish standard and proclaimed king Charles.\*

The prince of Darmstadt remained at Gibraltar, with a force of two thousand men. The English fleet then went in search of a French fleet that had been equipped at Toulon, and was under the command of the high-admiral of France, the count de Toulouse. Rooke had been joined by some Dutch vessels; the French admiral had also been joined by some Spanish vessels. These two armaments, formidable in the number of their ships, met off Malaga. They fought all day; but not a ship of the hundred vessels engaged was sunk, or burnt, or taken on either side. Nothing exhibits a more striking contrast to the naval engagements of the days of Nelson than this drawn battle. And yet we must not conceive that little damage was done, or that it was a bloodless action. Sir Cloudesley Shovel describes the fight as "very sharp." He says, "there is hardly a ship that must not shift one mast, and some must shift all." † The French fleet was even more disabled. The count de Toulouse sailed away to Toulon, and Rooke made for Gibraltar. *Te Deum* was sung in Paris for a great victory; and thanksgivings were offered up at St. Paul's for the blessing upon her majesty's arms. Three thousand English and Dutch were killed and wounded, and the estimated loss of the French was four thousand,—a terrible slaughter of brave men without any decisive results.

The capture of Gibraltar was considered a very serious blow by the court of Madrid, and before the autumn of 1704 was passed,

\* Mahon, "War of the Succession," p. 100.

† Letter printed in Tindal, vol. iv. p. 665.

eight thousand men, under the marquis of Villadaria, commenced a siege. The earl of Galway, who in 1704 was appointed to the command of the troops in Portugal, sent four regiments to the aid of the garrison of Gibraltar, with supplies of ammunition and provisions.\* The prince of Darmstadt made a brave and judicious resistance. The captain-general of Andalusia, whose energy had saved Cadiz in 1702, was unable to make any impression upon those who now held the rock with an adequate force. The English fleet constantly threw in fresh supplies to the besieged, which the French admiral, De Pontis, was powerless to prevent. The besiegers were ill supplied with necessaries. A French commander was sent to supersede Villadaria, but matters were not improved by the change. Sir John Leake, in March, attacked De Pontis, and swept away what remained of the French naval power. The siege was raised; and the Spaniards saw with dismay that a fortress which they had neglected properly to defend had been rendered impregnable. It was some time before the English government appreciated the true value of Gibraltar; but during the war of the Succession it was always vigorously defended against many attempts to retake it; and in 1713 its possession was confirmed to England by the peace of Utrecht.

In our brief relation of the great campaign of 1704, we have exhibited, however imperfectly, those wonderful qualities of Marlborough by which he appears, in all his movements, to have left nothing to accident. The most enduring patience; a temper never to be disturbed; a caution that allowed no surprise; a foresight that left no contingency unprovided for—these were qualities even more remarkable than his daring and courage when the hour arrived for their display. It has been said of Marlborough,—by a writer who has succeeded in the very difficult task of presenting the broadest aspect of history with the clearness and precision that are rarely obtained without minute detail—"for the first time, in English history at least, a march was equivalent to a battle. A change of his camp, or even a temporary retreat, was as effectual as a victory; and it was seen by the clearer observers of his time, that a campaign was a game of skill, and not of the mere dash and intrepidity which appeal to the vulgar passions of our nature." † As if to exhibit, upon a different theatre of the same great warfare, the most remarkable contrast to the character and actions of Marlborough, Charles Mordaunt, earl of Peterborough, took the command of an expedition to Spain. He has come upon the scene

\* Galway's Narrative. Parliamentary Hist. vol. vi. col. 941.

† "Eighteen Christian Centuries," by the Rev. James White, p. 485.

at times, in various characters. He has accompanied William of Orange to England in 1689. He has lost his position as a statesman; has been sent to the Tower; has been deprived of his places and emoluments, in carrying on a system of intrigues in the proceedings against Fenwick in 1696. He attempted to save the life of the accused,—endeavouring to implicate two of the leading Whigs in the conspiracy, by inducements to Fenwick to accuse them; and then he turned round upon the unhappy man when the scheme broke down, and was strenuous for his attainder. Restless and changeable, vain and flighty, too adroit to be wise, all parties became afraid of him. But with all his eccentricities, his genius commands the admiration of the cleverest, and his profusion buys the flattery of the meanest. He adores the ladies with the homage of a knight-errant; and he rushes into war as if he were to be the first lance in a tournament. His craving for excitement kept him always in motion; and it was said that he had seen more kings and more postilions than any man in Europe. Pope declared of him, with sound judgment, “He has too much wit as well as courage to make a solid general.” What he did in Spain is one of the marvels of history—a series of exploits beside which romance may “pale its uneffectual fire.” When Peterborough sailed from Portsmouth, in June, 1705, having the command of five thousand men, and with general directions “to make a vigorous push in Spain,” he had precisely that commission which suited his character. It was a service of hazard which was agreeable to his chivalric nature; for he scarcely did justice to his own courage when he said that it proceeded from his not knowing when he was in danger. He had very inadequate resources of men and money, and thus he had difficulties to overcome, which pleasurably tasked all his mental energies. He was left unfettered by minute instructions, and had unlimited authority over the land forces and a divided command with sir Cloudesley Shovel at sea,—which circumstances gave him, as he imagined, free scope from the pursuit of his own road to fame, by the shortest and steepest path. Macaulay calls Peterborough “the most extraordinary character of that age, the king of Sweden himself not excepted . . . a polite, learned, and amorous Charles the Twelfth.”\* Swift pointed to some such comparison, in well known lines on Peterborough:

“Ne’er to be match’d in modern reading  
But by his namesake, Charles of Sweden.”

The wit, the learning, the accomplished manners, the very faults of Peterborough made him a favourite with the most celebrated men of his time. “I love the hang-dog dearly,” wrote Swift to Stella.

\* Essays.

Johnson, with the same feeling of respect for Peterborough’s brilliant qualities, was curious in the later years of his life to learn more about him, saying, “He is a favourite of mine, and is not enough known.”

It is remarkable that the most trustworthy, as well as the most interesting, account of Peterborough’s actions in Spain was for some time thought to be a fictitious narrative. “The Military Memoirs of Captain George Carleton” have been unhesitatingly ascribed to Defoe—chiefly because “we are reminded of him by the plain matter-of-fact, and off-handed manner of telling a story,”—and because the events, which are “matters of history, are related with all the minuteness and personality of an eye-witness, and an actor upon the spot.”\* The very existence of Captain George Carleton has been questioned. Lord Stanhope [Mahon] has settled this doubt; † and he believes, as Dr. Johnson believed, in the perfect authenticity of this, “the most valuable, perhaps, because the most undoubtedly faithful and impartial, of all our materials for this war.” ‡ We may safely follow this guide, in tracing the actions of a man who, “by a course of conduct and fortune almost miraculous, had nearly put us into the possession of the kingdom of Spain; was left wholly unsupported; exposed to the envy of his rivals; disappointed by the caprices of a young inexperienced prince, under the guidance of a rapacious German ministry; and at last called home in discontent.” §

When Peterborough, with his troops, arrived at Lisbon, he was reinforced by two regiments of dragoons—men without horses, which the earl, who never made difficulties, had to provide. He here took on board the archduke Charles, and a numerous suite. At Gibraltar he received two veteran battalions, in exchange for the same number of recruits which he had brought from England. The prince of Darmstadt also here joined Peterborough. That prince had one dominant idea,—a siege of Barcelona. Peterborough opposed the plan. The archduke upheld his countryman, in the scheme of attempting, with seven thousand men, the reduction of a place which was far better prepared for defence than when the expedition of the previous summer had resulted in a complete failure, and which required thirty thousand men for a regular siege. With the squadron under sir Cloudesley Shovel, the fleet sailed

\* Wilson’s Defoe, vol. iii. p. 590.

† “Carleton states in his Memoirs, that he was taken prisoner, with the garrison, at the petty siege of Denia, in 1708. After some search, I found in a large heap of military accounts and returns for that year, a list of the officers taken at Denia, and amongst them, ‘Captain Carleton.’” ‡ “War of Succession in Spain,” p. 133.

§ Swift, “Conduct of the Allies.”

from Gibraltar. Making Altea Bay, a landing was effected near Valencia; and here the people were found favourable to the cause of the Austrian prince, who was proclaimed, upon the surrender of the castle of Denia, as Charles III., king of Spain and the Indies. Peterborough, encouraged by this reception, conceived an enterprise, "which would, in all probability, have brought that war to a much more speedy conclusion, and at the same time have obviated all those difficulties, which were but too apparent, in the siege of Barcelona."\* King Philip was at Madrid with few troops. All the Spanish forces were on the frontiers of Portugal, or in Catalonia. It was only a march of fifty leagues from Valencia to Madrid, and the centre of Spain was undefended. Such an exploit had every chance of success, if Peterborough could have dashed upon the capital, without being fettered by the hesitation of Charles or the preconceptions of Darmstadt. He was overruled. The Valencians were left to shout "Viva Carlos" in vain. The expedition went on, under the pressure of weak and timid, but truly rash counsels, to attack "one of the largest and most populous cities in all Spain, fortified by bastions, one side secured by the sea, and the other by a strong fortification called Montjouich."† A council of war had decided against Peterborough's plan of a march to Madrid; but when the expedition arrived before Barcelona, another council thought the undertaking of a siege too formidable. Charles, however, pressed the enterprise with a tenacity that could not be resisted, and to which Peterborough at length yielded. The troops were landed on the 27th of August.

In three weeks there was nothing but dissensions amongst the great men of this expedition. Peterborough had received new instructions from home to respect the opinions of the princes and of councils of war. They were all differing in opinion. The prince of Darmstadt and the earl had come to an open rupture. The Dutch officers said their troops should not join in an enterprise so manifestly impossible of success for a small force. It was considered by them an act of madness to attack the town from the eastern plain where the troops were encamped—a position which involved the necessity of making regular approaches, under the fire of heavy batteries. Peterborough conceived a plan of attack totally opposed to all the routine modes of warfare. The citadel of Montjouich, built on the summit of a ridge of hills skirting the sea, commanded the town. Peterborough went out secretly from the camp; viewed the ground; and determined upon attempting a surprise of a garrison that considered themselves safe in an

\* Carleton.

† *Ibid.*

impregnable place. He gave notice that he should raise the siege; sent his heavy artillery on board the ships; and made every preparation for embarking the troops. With twelve hundred foot soldiers and two hundred horse, he marched out of the camp on the evening of the 13th of September; and passing by the quarters of the prince of Darmstadt, told him that if he chose to come with him, he might see what troops could do that had been subjected to his reproaches. The prince took him at his word. They marched all night by the side of the mountains; and before day break were under the hill of Montjouich, and close to the outer works. Peterborough's officers thought that their general would make the attack in the dark. He showed them that when they were discovered at daylight, the enemy would descend into the outer ditch to repel them, and that then was the time to receive their fire, leap in upon them, drive them into the outer works, and gain the fortress by following them close. The scheme succeeded, and the English were soon masters of the bastion. A similar attack on the opposite side of the fortress was also successful. But the governor of the fort, having obtained some reinforcements from Barcelona, the men were welcomed with shouts by their comrades, which the prince of Darmstadt mistaking for a signal of surrender, he incautiously advanced, lost two hundred of his party as prisoners, and was himself killed at the moment when Peterborough came to his rescue. Intelligence then arrived that three thousand men were marching from Barcelona. Peterborough rode out to reconnoitre. As he returned, he was told by Carleton that the men were flying out of their posts, in one general panic, with lord Charlemont at their head. "Immediately upon this notice from me," says Carleton, "the earl galloped up the hill, and alighting when he came to lord Charlemont, he took his half-pike out of his hand; and, turning to the officers and soldiers, told them, if they would not face about and follow him, they should have the scandal and eternal infamy upon them of having deserted their posts, and abandoned their general." All the posts were regained; and the three thousand Spaniards returned alarmed to Barcelona. The citadel held out for several days, but was finally reduced by a bombardment from the hills, the cannon having been reloaded from the ships. The reduction of Montjouich by this extraordinary act of daring was very soon followed by the surrender of Barcelona. Success gave spirit to those who had before been hopeless. The sailors dragged heavy guns up the hills, and joined the land-troops in forming intrenchments. The town was so fiercely bombarded that a breach was soon effected; and the besiegers were preparing to

storm, when the governor beat a parley, and agreed to surrender, with all honours of law. His soldiers had mutinied; the people of the city were in a state of riot; and the governor, who was unpopular, was in danger of his life. Peterborough with the same indomitable courage that he had shown in the assault of Montjouich, being apprised of the tumult, demanded admittance at one of the gates. Carleton, who accompanied him, describes a scene very characteristic of this modern Amadis. He met a lady of extraordinary beauty flying from the fury of the Miquelets—the armed peasants of the province—who implored his protection. Peterborough took the lady by the hand—she proved to be the duchess of Popoli—and conveyed her through the wicket by which he entered, to a place of safety without the town. “I believe it was much the longest part of an hour,” says Carleton, “before he returned.” When he did return, he saved the governor; got him on board one of the ships; and by that extraordinary ascendancy which a determined will and the total absence of fear have over the passions of a multitude, “wherever he appeared the popular fury was in a moment allayed.”

The possession of Barcelona, in which king Charles III. was proclaimed with great solemnity, was followed by the adhesion to his cause of the chief towns of Catalonia. Peterborough was for following up his wonderful success by other daring operations. The German ministers and the Dutch officers opposed all his projects. At length a pressing request came to Charles to send assistance to San Mateo, which was besieged by the count of Las Torres. There were twelve hundred troops at Tortosa, to which Peterborough sent orders to cross the Ebro. He was with them as soon as his messenger, expecting to find a large army of peasantry ready to join him, as he had been informed. The army was a mere illusion. But there was a small force only, he was told, before San Mateo. He found seven thousand; and yet, by a series of daring effects, he raised the siege, and entered the town in triumph. But for him there was no repose. He determined to follow Las Torres. “His foot were marching on the stony mountains, and in a winter season, without clothes or shoes, and his few dragoons were upon horses that could hardly go on.”\* He received an express, commanding him to send his troops back to Barcelona, for the safety of the king’s person. He sent back his infantry, and followed the retreating army of Las Torres with only two hundred cavalry. What would have been mere desperation in another man, was, in his conduct of such a warfare, the most per-

\* Friend’s Account, Quoted by Lord Mahon, p. 163.

fect strategy. By his rapid marches; his confident tone; his disguise of his real strength, he kept up the terror of the thousands who were flying before his two hundred, and towns opened their gates to him without a blow. But a more important service awaited Peterborough. The magistrates of Valencia, which city had thrown off its allegiance to king Philip, sent messengers to implore the aid of Peterborough; for a body of ten thousand men was approaching to invest their city. He managed to recall the infantry which he had sent back to Barcelona, and obtained some other reinforcements. On the 1st of February, 1706, Peterborough had about three thousand men under his command. The duke of Arcos, the Spanish general, was encamped upon a wide plain, over which Peterborough must pass on his way to Valencia. Between him and the plain was a formidable pass under the walls of Murviedro, built under the hill upon which Carleton saw “the ruins of the once famous Saguntum; famous sure to eternity, if letters shall last so long, for an invincible fidelity to a negligent confederate, against an implacable enemy.” The classic mind of Peterborough might have thought of Hannibal’s eight months’ siege of Saguntum; but he was not to be stopped by any such tedious process. The commander at Murviedro, Mahoni, was of Irish extraction, and was not unknown to Peterborough, having been related to his first wife. By a stratagem of no very worthy character,—more resembling some of his old political manœuvres than the frank honesty of a soldier,—he succeeded in throwing Mahoni off his guard, and then in inspiring the duke of Arcos with suspicion of his faithful officer at Murviedro. Peterborough requested a conference with Mahoni; endeavoured in vain to induce him to join the cause of king Charles: drew from him an admission of the advice which he meant to give to Arcos, which was to remain in the plain; and then contrived to send the duke an intimation, through two of his men, who pretended to be deserters, that Mahoni had undertaken to betray his post, and to advise the duke to remain in his position, that he might there be sacrificed. When the frank Irishman’s letter of advice was delivered to Arcos, he determined to move precisely in an opposite direction to that which was advised. He thus left the way open to Peterborough to march to Valencia; for Mahoni was arrested, and as Arcos was gone, the pass of Murviedro was undefended.\* Peterborough had not long rested in this pleasant city when he sallied forth to attack a body

\* Carleton’s Memoirs relate this strange story in considerable detail. The captain does not appear to think that his general was doing anything beyond his duty in carrying out this complicated deception. It is satisfactory to know that honest Mahoni, though sent a prisoner to Madrid, was acquitted and promoted.

of four thousand horse; came upon their encampment with a force not a third of their number; and returned to Valencia with six hundred prisoners, having utterly routed the troops of king Philip. "Here," says Carleton, "the earl of Peterborough made his residence for some time. He was extremely well beloved; his affable behaviour exacted as much from all; and he preserved such a good correspondence with the priests and the ladies, that he never failed of the most early and best intelligence."

Whilst Peterborough was carrying on this astonishing warfare in Valencia, the news of the fall of Barcelona had reached England; and the queen had gone to Parliament in great exultation, to recommend the Commons especially "to improve the opportunity which God Almighty is pleased to afford us, of putting a prosperous end to the present war."\* Such was the estimation in which the deeds of Peterborough were then regarded. A sum of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds was voted, "for her Majesty's proportion of the charge of prosecuting the successes already gained by king Charles III., for the recovery of the monarchy of Spain to the House of Austria." It was soon found that king Charles was incompetent to follow up the successes which Peterborough had accomplished for him. The young Bourbon king, Philip V., took a vigorous resolution. He marched from Madrid with a force which, being joined by that of Marshal Tessé, enabled him to enter Catalonia with twenty thousand men. Charles in April was shut up in Barcelona, whilst a large army was investing the city by land, and it was blockaded by a French fleet. The officers of Charles exhorted him to fly. Though he wanted energy he had passive courage; and he remained in the beleagured city, animating the population with appeals to their superstitious feelings, for he declared that the Holy Virgin had manifested herself to him, and told him that the Catalans would never forsake him. Nevertheless Montjouis fell, after being bombarded for twenty-three days. Peterborough, meanwhile, had rapidly marched from Valencia, with two thousand foot and six hundred horse, and from the mountains above Barcelona he kept the besieging forces in perpetual alarm. But he had a project of more importance than this partisan warfare, however suited to his genius. A fleet was coming from England under admiral Leake, on board of which was general Stanhope with reinforcements. Leake, whose caution was in signal contrast to Peterborough's daring, would not risk an encounter with the French squadron before Barcelona until he was joined off the Spanish coast by another fleet, under admiral Byng.

\* Parliamentary History, vol. vi. col. 477.

Stanhope, by an ingenious device agreed upon with Peterborough—that of transmitting a blank sheet of paper cut in a particular form—apprised him of the junction which had been so long delayed. Peterborough had a commission to command at sea. He immediately marched to a small sea-port, Stiges; made every preparation for his troops to embark; and for two nights, to the amazement of his officers and men, went out to sea in an open boat. He at last discerned the fleet; leapt on board one of the ships, and hoisted his flag; sent orders to Leake and Stanhope; had his men soon on board; and hoped to reach Barcelona in time to fight the count de Toulouse. But the Frenchman had sheered off. The English troops were, however, thrown into Barcelona; and the French general Tessé, filled with apprehensions of defeat if he should attempt to storm the city, raised the siege, and the great army moved off, leaving their heavy cannon behind. King Philip retired to Madrid. But he had little time for resting there. The Allies from the Portuguese frontier were marching upon the capital; and the Court having fled, they entered Madrid on the 25th of June. Here they wasted their time, instead of marching after the duke of Berwick, who had been joined by Philip. In the same way Charles lingered at Barcelona, when it was no longer in danger. But success still followed the House of Austria. Aragon had imitated Catalonia and Valencia in acknowledging king Charles. It seemed as if the dominion of Spain was melting away from the House of Bourbon.

At this crisis, if one tenth of the energy of Peterborough, and even a smaller portion of the common sense of Stanhope, could have been infused into the slow and formal Austrian prince, the contest might have been decided. Charles was urged by them to take the road to Madrid through Valencia, whither Peterborough had gone by sea with his men. Charles lingered at first, without showing any inclination to move at all. His equipage was not ready, he said, to enable him to enter the capital with proper state. "Sir," said Stanhope, "our William III. entered London in a hackney, with a cloak-bag behind it, and was made king not many weeks after."\* When Charles did move, he went into Aragon and loitered at Saragossa. Peterborough was disgusted that his advice was not followed; and he gave himself up to the same inaction, which appeared a fatality in this summer. When he was sailing to Valencia he wrote a letter to Halifax, "aboard the Somerset," which sufficiently shows his gay temper under the most serious responsibilities: "There cannot be worse company than a beggarly

\* Mahon, p. 99.

German and a proud Spaniard, particularly to my humour; and were it not for the revenge we seek in the disagreeable men with the agreeable ladies, our condition were intolerable, black eyes and wit in the wives being what alone can make us endure the husbands."\* But a cloud was to come over even Peterborough's gaiety. All that he had accomplished was to be thrown away.

Whether any energy on the part of Peterborough could have made effectual resistance against the spirit which was rising up in Spain may be doubted. Charles had done nothing to identify himself with the nation. The majority of the nation felt that foreign invaders had come against them. The Castilians took up the cause of Philip as if it were a national cause. The western provinces were imbued with the same spirit. Charles advanced towards Madrid. Peterborough was ordered to join him. But Berwick, knowing the full value of the enthusiasm which had gone so thoroughly in favour of Philip, compelled the Allies to evacuate the capital. Peterborough saw that the game was up; and declared "that all the force of Europe would not be sufficient to subdue Castile."† Charles and he met, as the one was leading his forces from Saragossa, and the other from Valencia. They were unsuited to act in unison. The impetuosity of the one, and the frigid obstinacy of the other, made them natural antagonists. Peterborough, resolving, or affecting to resolve, upon transferring his services to another field, proposed that he should go to the relief of Turin. He was taken at his word. Charles and his advisers were left to their own ruinous course. What Peterborough's feelings were at this juncture may be collected from a letter of singular interest, addressed by him on the 25th of August to admiral Wassenauer: "Our circumstances, in a few words, are brought to this: from being sure of the monarchy of Spain without a blow, without further expense or hazard, it is now, not only a doubtful case, but I fear worse. Our army in the midst of an enemy's country (as it has been managed) without magazines, without any place of strength, without bread, or a farthing of money, the communication being cut off with Portugal, the enemy stronger in horse, and almost equal in foot: we lost Madrid like fools, with our army superior in number, without a blow, and such confusion and want of discipline was never known, the troops subsisting upon nothing but rapine. These are the effects of a young prince's giving ear to such wretched creatures who, contrary to such solemn councils of war, and measures so unanimously agreed to, contrary to the protestations of ambassadors and ministers, the repeated in-

\* Kemble, "State Papers and Letters," p. 445.

† Mahon, p. 207.

stances of generals and all mankind, have lost, perhaps, such an empire to their prince, by carrying him up and down, selling offices, and picking up little sums of money in exchange for Peru and Mexico."\* From this time we do not find Peterborough in any of the more important transactions of the war. He returned early in 1707 to Spain as a volunteer; and he offered judicious advice which was rejected. He then received his formal recall to England; rushed about Europe, sometimes on public business and oftener for his private pleasures; seems to have looked with something like contempt upon his military vocation, when he said, "A general is only a hangman in chief;"† and exhibited the versatility of his talents in dictating to nine amanuenses at once, and in superintending Pope's horticulture at Twickenham.

"He whose lightning pierced the Iberian lines,  
Now forms my quincunx, and now ranks my vines."

Peterborough, we have seen, had proposed to go to the relief of Turin. The duke of Savoy, having been enabled through the subsidies of England and Holland to expend large sums in preparations for the defence of his capital, treated with contempt the summons to surrender of La Feuillade, the French general, who invested the city with an immense army. The successes of the French in the early part of the campaign had been very great; and though Victor Amadeus lost not heart, even when he left Turin with a part of his forces, whilst the siege was carried on for three months with a fearful loss of life, it appeared very doubtful whether Savoy could be saved. Prince Eugene was beyond the Adige with an army of Imperialists. By a series of movements, in which he displayed that skill and energy which fitted him to be the colleague of Marlborough, he united his forces with the cavalry of the duke of Savoy in September; attacked the French in their entrenchments; obtained a complete victory; and finally drove them out of Italy.

The great campaign of Marlborough in 1706, which we shall have to relate in the next chapter, completed a series of triumphs for the Allies, which made this year one of the most memorable of the great war of the Succession.

\* Kemble, "State Papers and Letters," p. 452.

† Spence's Anecdotes, edit. 1858, p. 116.