plotting against Ferdinand. There is no space to tell here how Napoleon played with these vile figures as his tools, and meanwhile silently pushed his troops into Spain, seizing one stronghold after another. The King accused his son to Napoleon; Ferdinand appealed to Napoleon for protection from his father. Napoleon listened to each, fanned their passions to a fiercer heat, and still pushed new troops through the Pyrenees.

Junot by this time had reached Lisbon, and the royal family of Portugal had taken shipping for Brazil under the protection of a British squadron. Junot published a decree, drawn up by Napoleon himself, which began with the sonorous announcement, "The House of Braganza has ceased to reign," and ended by directing a bottle of wine to be given to each French soldier in Portugal every day at the Portuguese cost. "To abolish an ancient royalty in a single sentence was picturesque; the bottle of wine," says Lanfrey, "is less epic, but it brings the real truth before us." There was always a basis of plunder to Napoleon's conquests, and for Napoleon's appetite nothing was too little and nothing too big. The French soldier was to have a daily bottle of wine at Portuguese expense; Napoleon himself imposed a tribute of 200,000,000 francs on the Portuguese treasury.

Murat was now sent to Spain in command of the French forces there, with instructions to push

on towards Madrid, get possession of as many strong places as possible, and announce that Napoleon himself was coming "to besiege Gibraltar." Murat, it may be added, was allowed to entertain the hope of himself grasping the Spanish crown. The French hitherto, as it was believed they were supporting Ferdinand against the old king and the much-hated Godoy, had been received as friends; but Spanish jealousy was now taking fire. The old king, wearied of the struggle, abdicated in favour of his son, who assumed the title of Ferdinand VII., and the event was welcomed with universal delight.

But it by no means suited Napoleon's plans to have a young and popular king instead of one who was old and hated. Murat silently ignored Ferdinand VII. He persuaded Charles to withdraw his abdication and declare it had been extorted from him by force. "You must act as if the old king were still reigning," Napoleon wrote to his general on March 27. On the same day he offered the Spanish throne to his brother Louis, then King of Holland. Three days afterwards, Napoleon wrote again to Murat, "You must re-establish Charles IV. at the Escurial, and declare that he governs in Spain;" but the unfortunate king was only to discharge the office of a royal warming-pan for a Bonaparte.

Long afterwards Napoleon invented a letter, dated March 29, in which he rebukes Murat for entering Madrid with such precipitation, and warns him that

he may kindle a national uprising in Spain. This letter is a mere forgery. It was intended to deceive history, and save Napoleon's credit at the expense of Murat's. Napoleon, as a matter of fact, directed by the most explicit instructions every step Murat took. Meanwhile the two mock kings of Spain were forced to carry their disputes in person to Napoleon at Bayonne. "If the abdication of Charles was purely voluntary," Napoleon wrote to Ferdinand, "I shall acknowledge your Royal Highness as King of Spain." Yet at that moment Napoleon's plan was complete for putting his own brother on the Spanish throne.

On April 20 the unhappy Ferdinand crossed the tiny stream that separates Spain from France, and met Napoleon at Bayonne. He found himself a prisoner, and was bluntly told he must renounce the crown of Spain. He proved unexpectedly obstinate. The old king and his queen, with Godoy, were brought on the scene. They overwhelmed the unhappy prince with curses. His amazing mother, in her husband's presence, denied his legitimacy. Napoleon gave him the choice of abandoning his birthright or of being tried as a rebel. In the end Ferdinand surrendered the crown to his father, who had already transferred it to Napoleon. By a second act of renunciation Ferdinand himself formally abdicated in favour of Napoleon, father and son receiving residences in France and annuities amounting to £500,000 a year.

Napoleon, for this modest price, bought Spain and all her colonies, but, with a touch of cynical humour, he made these pensions a charge on the Spanish revenues. The price for which Spain was sold must, in a word, be paid in Spanish coin and out of Spanish pockets! Both the old king and Ferdinand, it may be added—not without a certain sense of satisfaction—found much difficulty in extracting from Napoleon even the poor sum for which they had sold him a crown. Ferdinand, later, found it difficult to forget that he was of the royal caste, and wrote to Napoleon as his "cousin." "Try to make Monsieur de San Carlos understand," Napoleon wrote to Talleyrand, "that this is ridiculous. He must call me Sire!"

Napoleon believed the whole transaction was now a shining success. He foresaw no difficulties; he anticipated no war. His claim to the new throne was fortified by the double renunciation of father and son in his favour. He was, he persuaded himself, the heir of the Bourbons, not their supplanter. A strip of parchment, scribbled over with lies, constituted a valid title to a throne! A nation might be transferred, he believed, with a drop of ink, and of such curiously dirty ink! On May 14 he wrote to Cambaceres: "Opinion in Spain is taking the direction I desire. Tranquillity is everywhere established."

But never was a profounder mistake. Napoleon omitted from his calculation human nature, especially

Spanish human nature. He thought, when he had tricked a senile monarch into abdication and terrified his worthless heir-apparent into a surrender of his rights, all was ended. He forgot that there remained the Spanish people, ignorant, superstitious, half-savage; but hot-blooded, proud, revengeful. A nation by temper unsuited, perhaps, to great and combined movements; but, alike by its virtues and vices, fitted beyond any other nation of Europe to maintain a guerilla warfare, cruel, bloody, revengeful, tireless; a conflagration that ran like flame in dry grass, and yet had the inextinguishable quality of the ancient Greek fire.

CHAPTER II

A NATIONAL RISING

THE attempt to remove the last members of the royal family from Madrid on May 2 produced a furious popular outbreak, in which many French soldiers were killed, but which Murat suppressed with stern energy, and avenged by many executions. On May 20 the *Madrid Gazette* announced that both Ferdinand and his father had abdicated in favour of Napoleon.

This was the signal for a popular outbreak that swept like a tempest over Spain. Madrid was not to Spain what Berlin was to Prussia, or Vienna to Austria, or Paris to France—the single nerve-centre of the whole nation. Spain had half a hundred independent nerve-centres. It was more, indeed, like a cluster of tiny, but jealous and independent, republics than a single kingdom Each province had its own local horizon, beyond which it never looked, and its own local administration, which remained quite unaffected by what might happen elsewhere. And underneath all provincial jealousies, and all varieties of local char-

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acter, there was, as a basis, the common Spanish nature, superstitious to the point of childishness, but proud as with the pride of ancient Rome, and fierce alike in hate and revenge as only Southern nations can be.

At a hundred independent points over Spain revolt awoke. There was no waiting for signal from elsewhere, for common plans or concerted movements. Spain exploded in independent patches. Each city acted as if it were a self-governed republic; each province was as though it were itself Spain. On May 22 Carthagena was in arms; on the 23rd Valencia proclaimed Ferdinand king. Then all the hill-tops in the Asturias flamed with signal-fires. On the 26th Seville sounded the tocsin. Within ten days from the announcement that the crown of Spain had been pawned, like a second-hand coat, to Napoleon, the French authority in Spain had shrunk to the limits of the French camps. Yet there were 180,000 French troops in Spain!

The outbreak everywhere took a common form. The wrathful crowds crystallised into juntas; the juntas acted as independent powers. The Junta of the Asturias calmly clothed itself with sovereign functions, issued a declaration of war against Napoleon, and despatched envoys to England—then at war with Spain—to demand help. The Junta of Seville mistook itself for the nation, and adorned itself with the magnificent title of the Supreme Junta of Spain and

the Indies. Spanish enthusiasm easily effervesces into gorgeous syllables!

The Spanish rising against Napoleon was, of course, a very mixed product. A leaven of cruelty ran through it. It often lacked sanity. It knew nothing of method. It was intoxicated with pride. It waltzed with breathless speed from the opposite extreme of fiery heroism to one of mere shivering cowardice. It was never less soldierly than when organised into martial shape. The story of the siege of Saragossa is one of the most kindling tales of human courage and suffering in all literature. Yet Wellington, with his chilly common sense, was able to say of his Spanish auxiliaries, "They did nothing that ought to be done, with the exception of running away, and assembling again in a state of nature." "Did you ever see the Spanish troops stand to their work?" he was once asked. "No," was his reply; "the best would fire a volley while the enemy was out of reach, and then all run away."

They would fight after their own fashion, in a word, but that fashion was not in formal line of battle. Yet Napoleon was accustomed to say, "The Spanish ulcer destroyed me." And the scale and waste of that "ulcer" are not easily realised. The chief mischief of the Spanish revolt lay in the fact that it gave England its fatal opportunity. It taught the Continental nations, too, that Napoleon was to be defeated. "We ought not," said Blücher,

"to count ourselves less brave than Spaniards." But Spain revealed, also, where Napoleon was vulnerable. The march of Napoleon's ambition was to be checked only by the strength and depths of a national uprising; and Spain was the first example of the outbreak, not of a government, but of a people against Napoleon.

What Spain cost Napoleon in direct losses can, in a rough way, be measured. Wellington, the least exaggerative of men, translates it into a bit of almost horrifying arithmetic. "I entertain no doubt," he says, "that, from first to last, Napoleon sent 600,000 men into Spain, and I know that not more than 100,000 went out in the shape of an army; and, with the exception of Suchet's corps, these were without cannon or baggage, or anything to enable them to act as an army." Of course this huge loss was due to Wellington's campaigns in Spain more than to the spluttering guerilla warfare of the Spaniards themselves. Nevertheless, Spain gave to England a battlefield, a cause, and the alliance of a nation.

Napoleon summoned a phantom Parliament of Spanish notables at Bayonne. On June 6, 1808, the crown of Spain was presented to Joseph, and accepted by him. But the war which the French troops in Spain had now to wage was one of a new character, planless, sporadic, inextinguishable; and on July 19 a great disaster befell the French arms. Dupont, who with 23,000 men held Andalusia, was surrounded

JOSEPH BONAPARTE

From an engraving after a portrait by PICART

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and with his whole corps laid down his arms. A French army was suddenly blotted out, and the prestige of France, not merely in Spain itself, but far beyond its borders, reeled from the shock. Joseph had to abandon his new capital within a week of his triumphal entrance into it.

Napoleon punished Dupont by long years of imprisonment without trial; but time brings strange revenges, and it brought to Dupont a revenge of which neither Napoleon nor his unlucky marshal could have dreamed. Dupont was the first Bourbon Minister of War after the fall of Napoleon, and it fell to him to sign the formal order for the transport of "Napoleon Bonaparte, ci-devant Empereur des Français," to the island of Elba!

Six weeks after the capitulation of Baylen a yet more ominous event took place. On August 1, 1808, Wellesley, with 12,000 men, landed at Figueras. England, in a word, had stepped on to the great stage of the Peninsula.

Spain represents the fatal blunder of Napoleon's career. Popular belief credits Napoleon with almost supernatural genius, an insight that was never deceived, and a wisdom that never blundered. But the belief is a mere superstition, and as independent of evidence as a superstition. Into this business of Spain he crowded blunders enough to wreck a dozen reputations. Under Charles or Ferdinand Spain was the obedient and costless tool of Napoleon. Her

fleets and colonies were but pawns on the chess-board of his plans. It is a proof of Napoleon's contemptuous way of treating Spain—as a mere will-less counter in the game of his politics—that in 1807, while Spain was still a sovereign state and his ally, he had calmly offered the Balearic Isles—a Spanish possession—to Great Britain in exchange for Sicily! Napoleon was able to treat his ally as a mere subject for experiments in political vivi-section. But when, for the sake of thrusting a Bona-parte on the Spanish throne, he affronted the national pride, Spain became his deadly enemy, and 180,000 French troops were at once entangled in its confused guerilla warfare. Napoleon thus lost Spain when he snatched the Spanish crown.

He utterly misread, too, the forces with which he was dealing. Himself the offspring of the Revolu-tion, he could not understand that behind the mean and corrupt figures that formed the court of Spain—the complaisant husband, the vile wife, the plotting son, the disgraceful favourite—there was a nation of 11,000,000 people, and that the uprising of a nation was the entrance of a new factor into the strife—a force mightier than the lies of diplomatists or the intrigues of politicians. The latest theory about Charles I. of England is that he was essentially a Celt, and, as a consequence of possessing the Celtic temperament, could neither understand Englishmen nor govern them. If in mental type they had not

been obstinately Celtic, the Stuarts, it is said, might still have sat on the English throne. Their failure is but an incident in the secular struggle betwixt the Celt and the Saxon; an illustration of the enduring intellectual incompatibility of the two types.

But Napoleon had not any similar excuse for failure in Spain. The Corsican in him ought to have understood the Basque! Better than any pure Frenchman, he might have realised what hot-blooded Iberian passion meant when kindled in 11,000,000 Spaniards. But this is exactly what Napoleon failed to realise. He, the representative and heir of the Revolution, thought an entire nation was disposed of by the signature of the most contemptible member of it, because he happened to be a king! He actually believed that a drop of ink on a pen held by Charles IV.'s trembling fingers settled the Spanish trouble! The religion of Spain, too, he imagined, was like that of Italy, a servile and strengthless thing. "Those countries where there are the greatest number of monks," he wrote, "are easy to subdue. I have had experience of it." But the monks in this case were of the Spanish variety—who could kill or be killed!

Betwixt Spain and France, too, rose the Pyrenees, and Napoleon had to fight far from his base. On the other hand, round three faces of the Peninsula rolled the sea, and the sea was the natural field and base of England. A duller brain than that of Napoleon might well have understood the scale of the blunder

that was being committed. But Napoleon's otherwise keen intellect was intoxicated with success. His genius was drugged with pride; it was ruled by a superstitious belief in his "star."

Meanwhile, Napoleon, utterly blind as to the future, found a childish delight in his new kingdom. He was busy reckoning up how much gold Mexico would yield him, what tribute Spain. He saw, with the eye of fancy, new fleets coming into existence. France had, even after Trafalgar, forty-two line-of-battle ships; the Baltic Powers, Napoleon reckoned, would give him fifty-four; Spain, thirty-five. Here was a fleet of 131 ships of the line, as he explained to his somewhat sceptical Minister of Marine. "England is mine!" he wrote. The true road to London, he was persuaded, lay through Madrid.

But Napoleon's picture of Spain under a Bonaparte was as unreal as Sancho Panza's kingdom of Barataria. Everything went by contraries. Each sanguine expectation turned to ashes in his hands. He found the Spanish treasury empty, and had to pawn the crown jewels to raise £1,000,000. He sent to Cuesta the appointment of Viceroy of Mexico, and Cuesta, by way of reply, took command of the insurgent forces against him in Leon. Napoleon would reap a new harvest of victories; he found the capitulation of Baylen and of Cintra. He thought he had gained a subject nation; it proved to be a new and most ferocious enemy. He gave to Joseph a throne

and 11,000,000 subjects, and the unhappy Joseph found himself absolutely alone. "I have not one single partisan here," he wrote to his brother. "Neither the honest men nor the rogues," reported the disgusted Joseph, "are on my side." "There is nothing to fear," Napoleon wrote on July 21; and on that very day Dupont was surrendering with his entire army! "In one month," says Lanfrey, "from July 15 to August 20, Napoleon had experienced more checks than he ever sustained in his whole career." The magic spell of his fortune seemed, at last, to be shattered.

CHAPTER III

THE APPEAL TO ENGLAND

ON the night of June 6, 1808, two Asturian deputies landed at Falmouth, bringing to England an appeal for help from the local Junta. Never were the messengers of a people attended with less of official pomp. The two Asturians had actually started from the Spanish coast in an open boat; they had been picked up by a casual privateer and brought after nightfall to Falmouth, and by seven o'clock the morning after they landed they were pouring their tale into eager ears at the British Admiralty. Spain and Great Britain, as a matter of official fact, were at that moment at war, and 5000 troops were on the point of starting to attack the Spanish colonies—the very troops, it may be added, which, two months later, were fighting for Spain at Vimiero! The Asturian deputies, in a sense, had no credentials. They represented no settled government. They spoke not for Spain, but for only a tiny patch of it. Yet these two vagrant Spaniards instantly took captive, not only the shrewd brains of English statesmen, but the gene-

rous sympathies of the common people of the three kingdoms.

The rising of Spain against Napoleon was a portent visible to all Europe. It changed the whole aspect of the world's politics. The Asturian deputies were received not merely as the spokesmen of a nation, but as the symbols of a totally new force which had suddenly emerged in the struggle against Napoleon. The British Opposition welcomed them as eagerly as did Ministers. They represented, in a word, a movement which satisfied both the great political parties in England.

The Grenville Ministry, during their brief period of office, abandoned Pitt's policy of costly coalitions. They would not hire by vast subsidies half-hearted governments, moved chiefly by dynastic interests, to oppose Napoleon. As a sign of the new policy, they dismantled the whole transport service of Great Britain. They saved by this £4000 per month; but as Alison—whose arithmetic probably has a Tory complexion—argues, they added eight years to the duration of the Great War, and increased the public debt of Great Britain by £400,000,000 sterling! Pitt's policy, that is, would have put 30,000 British troops into the battle-line at Friedland against Napoleon; and, in that case, there might have been no Treaty of Tilsit, no Continental system, and no Peninsular War. But even the Grenville Ministry declared that, if a nation awoke to fight for existence

and freedom against the new despotism, then England would cast all her wealth and strength into the struggle on its side. Now Spain offered exactly such an example of a national uprising.

The Portland Ministry, at that moment in power, inherited Pitt's coalition policy, and its two leading spirits, Canning and Castlereagh, welcomed the chance of not only aiding a nation against Napoleon, but of destroying a new naval combination against Great Britain. A new force had arisen in English politics. George Canning was not exactly a Pitt, but as compared with the Addingtons, the Portlands, the Percevals, the Liverpools of the time, he had something of Pitt's scale and much of Pitt's spirit. He was the greatest personal force in the Ministry of which Portland (and afterwards Perceval) was the nominal head. He breathed a new daring and energy into the war. The situation created by the Treaty of Tilsit, the disappearance of all other Powers save France and Russia, and the conspiracy of the two Emperors against the freedom of the rest of the world, might well have daunted even Pitt's lofty courage. But Canning met the new peril with dauntless spirit; and the speed and decisive force of his counter-stroke at Copenhagen showed that on the side of England, Napoleon was confronted by an opponent with a touch of his own genius. It was with equal daring, but more doubtful wisdom, that Canning framed the second Order in Council,

levelled at neutrals, which drove the United States into war with England.

Castlereagh, too, strengthened the resolute purpose of the Cabinet to maintain the war. His statesmanship had many defects. He lacked Canning's literary gifts and oratorical power; he belonged, indeed, to the inarticulate type of statesman, and is a standing proof of the fact that an almost unintelligible speaker may yet be a great power under a Parliamentary system of government. But he had a cool brain, a keen intellectual vision, an unshaken courage, and a masterful will; and though he finally broke with Canning, and the breach destroyed the Cabinet to which they both belonged, yet he too constituted one of the great personal forces in the statesmanship of England during this period.

Trafalgar, it is to be added, had not quite purged the imagination of the English statesmen of that day of the terror of invasion. They were persuaded that Napoleon would gather up the broken and scattered navies of Europe, and once more weave them into some gigantic fleet, and so renew with England the great contest for supremacy on the sea. And they had some evidence in support of their fears. Long afterwards, at St. Helena, Napoleon said it was part of the agreed policy of Tilsit that "the whole maritime forces of the Continent were to be employed against England; and they would muster," he added, "180 sail of the line. In a few

years this force could be raised to 250. With the aid of such a fleet and my numerous flotilla, it was by no means impossible to lead a European army to London. . . . Such was my plan at bottom, which only failed of success from the faults committed in the Spanish war."

Napoleon's St. Helena arithmetic and history need, of course, to be generously discounted. He talked on stilts. His imagination spoke, not his memory, still less his conscience. But it is a curious fact that a secret memorandum submitted to the British Cabinet in January 1808—three years after Trafalgar, that is—reckoned the fleet at the command of Napoleon at no less than 121 sail of the line. What may be called the right wing of this fleet consisted of the navies of the Northern Powers; and the expeditions to Copenhagen and to Sweden were directed against this section of Napoleon's far-spread naval combination, and, as a matter of fact, destroyed it. The Walcheren expedition was intended to shatter the centre of that somewhat shadowy navy. And, by aiding the Spanish revolt, both Castlereagh and Canning believed they would destroy what may be described as the left wing of Napoleon's new combinations.

The naval effects of the Peninsular War are not usually dwelt upon. Yet that war plucked out of Napoleon's grasp not only the Spanish and Portuguese fleets, which Napoleon himself reckoned at fifty

ships of the line; it directly led to the capture of the French ships escaped from Trafalgar, and since that battle lying in Cadiz, and to the surrender of a powerful Russian squadron in the Tagus. Out of the 180 ships of the line which, as we have seen, Napoleon reckoned the Treaty of Tilsit put at his disposal, at least 100 within two years were captured, destroyed, or turned into the allies of England. And the Peninsular War cost Napoleon fifty out of that hundred, thus justifying the forecast of the English Government.

Both political parties in England thus welcomed the appeal from Spain for help; Ministers because it fell within the lines of their settled policy; the Opposition because it satisfied their ideal of a national uprising. The general British public, it is hardly necessary to add, was kindled to a flame of generous sympathy at the spectacle of a nation deserted by its king, and practically without a government or an army, yet rising in audacious revolt against the master of so many legions.

British help for Spain, however, had, in its first steps, much more of generosity than of wisdom. Hostile operations against Spain and her colonies were, of course, at once suspended, and all Spanish prisoners of war were freed. But Spain was a mosaic of local juntas, all at the moment independent, all in a mood of the highest rage, and all waging war on their own account. British agents were despatched

to all these, with offers of help. When the Spanish imagination is left to assess its own worth and needs, its arithmetic easily expands into quite surprising proportions. Thus arms were asked for armies which existed only in the dreams of excited patriots, and money for operations which were unknown to any sane art of war.

The Junta of Oporto, for example, which had raised a modest force of 4000 men, asked for arms and equipment for 40,000; and much the same modesty of request existed over the whole area of the Peninsula. With the treasury of England to draw upon, and the self-denial of self-appointed juntas to determine the scale of the drafts, the stream of British assistance flowing into the Peninsula naturally assumed great volume. In twelve months England had given to Spain £2,000,000 in gold, 150 pieces of field-artillery, 200,000 muskets, 15,000 barrels of gunpowder, 40,000 tents, 10,000 sets of camp equipage, 92,000 uniforms, 356,000 sets of accoutrements, &c., &c. Equipment sufficient, in brief, for an army equal to that of Xerxes was emptied on the Peninsula.

"There is a way of conferring a favour," says Napier, "which appears like accepting one; and this secret being discovered by the English Cabinet, the Spaniards soon demanded as a right what they had at first solicited as a boon." But these lavish supplies found very unwise employment. The British muskets sent to Spain were left to rust, or were even sold to the