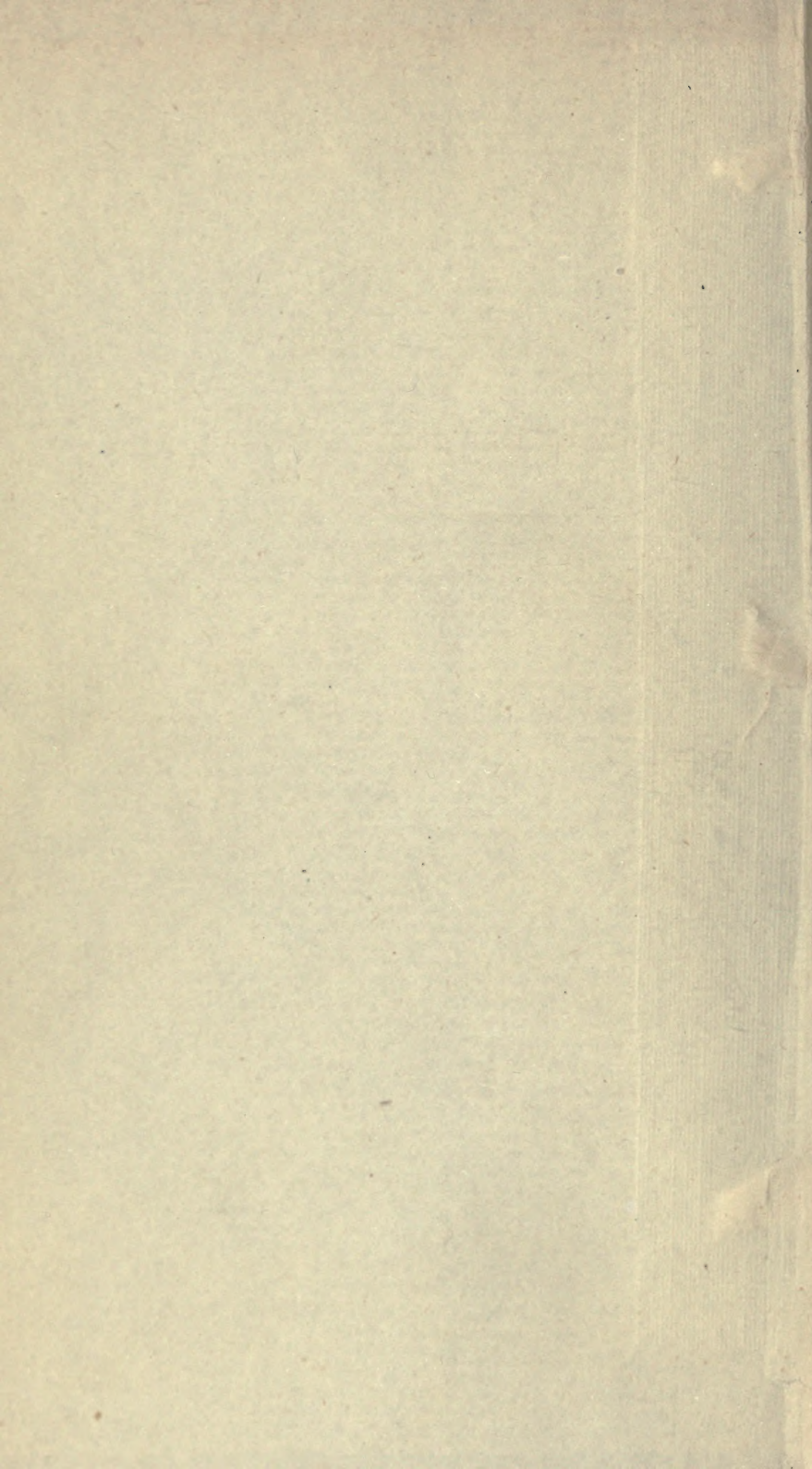




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GODOY: THE QUEEN'S FAVOURITE

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

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From a painting by Boyer.

Charles IV and his family  
see list of illustrations for details of characters.



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# GODOY: THE QUEEN'S FAVOURITE

BY

EDMUND B. D'AUVERGNE

AUTHOR OF

"THE COBURGS," "A QUEEN AT BAY," "LOLA MONTEZ," ETC.

WITH PHOTOGRAVURE FRONTISPIECE AND SIXTEEN  
OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS, INCLUDING TWELVE PORTRAITS  
AFTER GOYA

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## PREFACE

THIS is the story of one of those playthings of fortune of whom the history of despotic monarchies, and particularly of Spain, has had so much to tell. By his mere charm of manner Godoy, a penniless guardsman, captivated the Queen of Spain; by his gentleness of disposition, by his intelligence, strange to say, by his fidelity, he secured the unbounded confidence of the king. No name is more detested by his countrymen than his; no one has been treated more unjustly by his contemporaries and posterity. To him has been ascribed the downfall of his country which he fell in trying to avert. The stupid multitude pulled him down in the very act of saving them from the maws of Napoleon. Not generous enough to admit their error, they have continued to make him their scapegoat. Historians in every land have repeated the lie, and stultify themselves by picturing the awful results of the abandonment of the policy which he had advocated.

Godoy was a favourite; as such he had few friends. The people and the nobility alike, jealous of his success, pointed sneeringly to the dishonourable circumstances of his elevation. Godoy obtained his power ignobly, but he used it well. To him, untrained,

inexperienced, young, fell the Herculean task of defending ruined Spain against the forces of the French revolution and the empire. For seventeen years he maintained the independence and the integrity of his realms. Austria and Prussia, directed by the most experienced statesmen of Europe, were devastated and dismembered by the conqueror; Holland, Piedmont, Rome, were absorbed by him; but the Queen's guardsman, jeered at by his countrymen, kept the throne of the Bourbons erect by wiles and diplomacy, and parted not with an inch of their territory. The man who could withstand the revolution and Napoleon for nearly a score of years must have had in him some of the qualities of a great statesman.

At home we find him ruling mildly, checking the powers of the Inquisition, stimulating industry, agriculture, and commerce, liberally encouraging letters. Such efforts estranged rather than won for him the sympathies of Spaniards. "No drop of blood, save that of ordinary malefactors, was ever shed during my administration," was his proud boast. It awakened no applause in Spain. The people liked not mercy nor mercy-mongers. They had resented the efforts of the Bourbon kings to drag them out of their slough; such efforts on the part of the upstart from Estremadura they derided as impertinence.

Godoy was a man in advance of his age and nation. Foreseeing the loss of Spain's American possessions, he proposed to erect them into three or four kingdoms, each to be allotted to a prince of the Spanish royal house. Had his scheme been realised a close family alliance to this day would have united the mother-country



with two-thirds of the Latin world. Seeing that Spain's part in the European concert had been played, he strove to profit by the preoccupations of the Powers by founding a Spanish empire in Morocco. It is not his fault, but his sovereign's, that the tricolour instead of the red and yellow banner waves to-day from Cape Spartel to Cape Bon.

But Spain would have none of him. She wanted Ferdinand, the mild old king's unworthy son. For him she overthrew Godoy. She lived to repent her choice in blood and tears; she has not yet expiated her error. The favourite alone penetrated the true character of the beloved prince. He saw him in all his falseness, his meanness, and his cruelty. He is suspected of a design to exclude the prince from the succession—this, which has been made his reproach, should be reckoned to him as patriotism and wisdom. The history of Spain during the past century has in every particular justified the predictions and the policy of the most injured of her sons.

The original sources of information for the history of Godoy are his own and other people's personal recollections (always, of course, to be received with caution), and the reports of ambassadors and other official documents to be found in the various archives of Europe. The history of Charles IV., by General Arteche, forming three volumes of the general history of Spain edited by Canovas del Castillo, has practically exhausted the Spanish state papers so far available to the student. M. Geoffroy de Grandmaison and Count Murat have embodied in their admirable (but, in the case of the former, rather prejudiced) volumes all the light that can be thrown by the French archives

on the career and policy of Godoy. I have also used with great profit M. Tratchevsky's summary of the Russian ambassador's communications to his court. It has remained to me to examine our own Foreign Office letter-books ; and, if I have not made any very startling discoveries, the frank statements of our representatives at the court of Madrid have at least borne out at many points the contentions of Godoy and have helped to clear him of many of the cruellest aspersions of his French adversaries.

I hope the book will prove interesting to the general reader. To the historian I would say that it is an earnest attempt to do tardy justice to a patriotic statesman on whom his countrymen have been too long allowed to lay the blame of their own folly.

EDMUND B. D'AUVERGNE.



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In the centre of the picture stands the queen, Maria Luisa, with her youngest daughter, the Infanta Maria Isabel, and her youngest son, the Infante Francisco de Paula. In advance of the little prince stands King Charles. The queen of Etruria, holding her baby, stands next to her husband, Don Luis; and between him and the king are seen the Infanta Carlota Joaquina of Portugal, and the king's brother, the Infante Antonio. In the left foreground is Prince Ferdinand (afterwards king), on his left is his wife, Maria Antonia of Naples; on his right his brother Don Carlos. Behind the princess appears the king's sister, the Infanta Maria Josefa, and in the dim background the painter himself.

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# GODOY : THE QUEEN'S FAVOURITE

## CHAPTER I

### A GENTLEMAN CADET

ONE morning in the year 1784, when good King Charles III. reigned over Spain and no rumble of the revolution had as yet troubled his people, a handsome lad, seventeen years old, rode into Madrid to seek his fortune. He found it, as we shall see, at the bottom of deep waters which at last engulfed him and cast him up to perish. His name, Manuel Godoy, has long been a byword of reproach among his countrymen; when, full of high hopes, he first entered the capital it would have sounded unfamiliar to most ears. Yet in his native province of Estremadura—the country of Cortes, Pizarro, and Nuñez de Balboa—the Godoys commanded respect as an ancient and honourable family which had fallen on evil days. They came originally from Castuera, a town, it seems, of ill repute among its neighbours, who have a saying,

De Castuera y con montera

A la puerta de un zajurdon-ladron,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "The thief from Castuera, in his old cap at the door of his hovel."



But there was no stain on the escutcheon of the Godoys, who ranked among the nobility, though not with the grandees, of the province.

The family recognised as their founder a Galician knight who did good service for King Sancho el Deseado in the middle of the twelfth century. Two of his descendants—Don Pedro and Don Diego Muñiz de Godoy—held the high office of Grand Master of Santiago; while a third, also named Pedro, a great favourite of Enrique II., was master not only of that order, but of Calatrava also. Other scions of the house seem to have followed their daring countrymen in the track of Columbus, for we read of a Godoy who was a lieutenant of Cortes, and of South American generals and statesmen of the name. But little of the wealth of the Occident found its way back to poor sheep-ridden Estremadura, though here and there, to this day, some grand but dilapidated mansion bears witness to the luck of some long-dead adventurer. Whatever fortune the Godoys of Castuera may once have possessed, it dwindled away. Each generation handed down a diminished patrimony to the next; and in the middle of the eighteenth century we find the family transplanted to Badajoz and represented by Don José Godoy, a militia colonel, very poor and proud. He was the father of Manuel, whose mother was Doña Maria Antonia Alvarez de Faria, a native of the town, but descended from an aristocratic Portuguese stock.

They had four sons and two daughters. Antonia, the elder girl, afterwards married the marquis of Branciforte; her sister, Ramona, became the wife of the count of Fuente Blanca. The eldest son,

José, entered the Church, and in course of time obtained a canonry at Toledo. Luis was the second son, Diego the youngest. Between them came Manuel. He was born on May 12, 1767, in his father's mansion at Badajoz, which local antiquaries say stood on the site of the house now numbered 67, Atocha, and must have been demolished soon after the flood of 1786. But this cannot have been so, if we are to believe Manuel's statement that King Charles IV. lodged in the house in 1796 while on his way to Seville and permitted Don José to decorate it with the chain, which in Spain commemorates such royal visits.

In after-years malicious tongues busily represented the favourite as having been born in a garret and in a kitchen bred. He points out that when King John of Portugal bestowed on him the order of Christ, the illustrious lineage of his mother was referred to expressly in the diploma, and that when he and his brothers, Luis and Diego, were admitted to the great military orders of Spain they were, each in turn, obliged to furnish absolute documentary evidence of the nobility of their house for at least eight generations. "If I give these details," says Godoy, "it is not because of any intrinsic value that I attach to them, but to confute those who have accused me of inventing fictitious ancestries. In after-years I often experienced a contempt, difficult to conceal, when great personages whose forefathers and mine had no other common ancestor than Adam, used, in base adulation, to claim some remote or recent connection with my family, till then unsuspected by either of us. As to my family, no doubt its fortune was modest. My de-

tractors reproach me with having been poor. Strange that writers priding themselves on their liberalism should, instead of judging the man, examine empty titles to nobility and the state of the family purse!" We have heard other radicals reproaching English dukes with the "illegitimacy" of their ancestors, and German princes with their slender incomes. "My father's means," continues the fallen minister, "though moderate, permitted him to live in independence, and to educate his children according to their station, even to the extent of providing them with private tutors."

As a pious pupil, Don Manuel has preserved for us the names of these mentors—Francisco Ortega, Muñoz de Mena, Alonso Montalvo, afterwards canon of Granada, and his cousin, Mateo Delgado, afterwards bishop of Badajoz. Clerical instructors were doubtless preferred by Don José, who was a man of strict morals and had probably little sympathy with the modernising tendencies of the reign. He distrusted the atmosphere of the public schools and universities, but suffered his boys to learn as much philosophy as was good for them from their tutors. These impressed on Manuel the immense superiority of the great Latins, "our masters in history, morals, and politics."

The education of the future favourite was thus, according to his own showing, sound and serious. He has been taunted with his incorrect spelling and composition, but these, we know, often prove stumbling-blocks to men of much wider culture. Arms and horsemanship were the lad's sole recreation; music and dancing—the arts by which Manuel was



alleged to have risen to royal favour—were banned as frivolous and unmanly.

Luckily, young Godoy had grace enough of his own to make up for the lack of these accomplishments. He had a gracious smile, bold, black eyes and a well-turned leg—advantages not to be despised in Spain, where, an unkindly critic remarks, physical beauty is rare. Certainly Spaniards are not so comely as our novelists suppose. With his face as his sole fortune, the cadet of a noble house had then but one opening in life. He must enter, as his brother Luis had already done, the ranks of the king's Garde de Corps. He was packed off to the capital with his father's blessing, a certificate of nobility in his wallet, and a letter of introduction to one of the *camaristas* or ladies-in-waiting at the court.

The name of this benevolent lady has not been recorded, though it was she who, in opening the letter, turned the first page of a memorable chapter in the history of Spain. She glanced from the paper to the applicant, and found him good to look upon. His clothes were homespun, so were his manners; still he was a handsome, dashing lad. In the dull court of Charles III. a new-comer was a godsend. Prayer and intrigue were the only distractions for women. The *camarista* took the young provincial in hand and presented him to her friends about the court. He had to run the gauntlet of criticism. His rusticity provided huge amusement. Estremadura being the land of pigs and sausages, no doubt he was nicknamed the *choricero* (sausage-maker) in jest as afterwards in more bitter derision. His good-humour and natural ease of manner carried him safely through

the ordeal. By this time, it is asserted that the *camarista* had fallen in love with him. Manuel, we may be sure, was no Joseph. As the price of his kindness (so it is said), he received the coveted bandoleer of his catholic majesty's body-guard.

That highly ornamental and most unformidable corps was composed exclusively of men of noble birth. The book of its privileges, immunities, and dignities was a big one. The privates ranked with the lieutenants of other regiments, the cadets with captains, the lieutenants with colonels, and the captains with generals. The duties of the corps consisted almost wholly in attending the members of the royal family on state occasions and in mounting guard in the ante-chambers of the palace. It was divided into four companies—the Flemish, the American, the Italian, and the Spanish. All these, as may be supposed, went very spruce, the first with facings of yellow and silver, the second of silver and murrey, the third of silver and green, the fourth of silver and crimson. Each man kept a servant, and all were housed in a magnificent barracks.

Naturally the *chocolateros*, as the citizens rather disdainfully termed them, carried their heads very high, although they had to support their dignity on a pay of two shillings a day. The gleam of their bandoleers set many hearts a-fluttering at the evening promenade; they were not left, we may be sure, like vulgar lovers, to stare for hours at their lady's bower from the street below. Angry husbands and fathers knew better than to cross swords with his majesty's guards. Duennas were indulgent and the watch unobservant. As, too, these gallant gentlemen dis-

tributed their favours between duchesses and dairymaids with strict impartiality, they were forgiven their haughty bearing by the people of Madrid. It was an idle life but a merry one that these toy soldiers led, although their emoluments were inconsiderable.

Far otherwise, Godoy would have us believe, was his life in those early years. "The distractions of the court," he gravely assures us, "did not weaken my taste for literature and the arts. Among my comrades were two young Frenchmen, the brothers Joubert, both of most amiable character and passionately devoted to study. The warmest friendship immediately united us—a true and generous friendship such as one experiences only at that age. It pleases me to recall the name of the Jouberts, to whom I owe my knowledge of the French and Italian languages. Careful reading, long and profitable conversations, occupied all our leisure time. I must mention, too, with eternal gratitude, the venerable Padre Enguid and other learned men of his order [that of the Holy Ghost], true Christian philosophers, who gave me excellent lessons. It was they who taught me, first, never to let myself be carried away by the heat of argument; next, to be always on guard against prejudices and sophistry. These were my earliest social relations, certainly the most agreeable to me, so long as I was free to choose. I was seldom seen at the theatre, more rarely still at the court entertainments and public festivals. Gambling was always distasteful to me—it is killing time instead of employing it."

Excellent sentiments in a guardsman not yet twenty! I suspect, in fact, that this account of his time was originally prepared for the edification of his



relatives in Estremadura rather than for the public. It is to be doubted whether a young officer of conduct so exemplary would be tolerated even in the Royal Engineers. If Godoy is to be believed, certainly he has reason to complain of the account given by his enemies of this period of his career. "He was often obliged to lie in bed," says one sprightly chronicler, "while his only shirt was at the wash. [An awkward predicament, truly, for one who might be called on at any moment to mount guard at the palace!] An eating-house keeper of Madrid, who had taken a liking to him, maintained him on credit; and his patience was sustained by the *boleros* which the future prince accompanied on the guitar."<sup>1</sup> Now this is a flight of fancy surpassing Godoy's own; for, as he passionately protested and as all his friends could testify, he had no more voice than a crow, and, if his life had depended on it, could not have played so much as a tambourine.

Comparing these two accounts, it is safe to assume that the future statesman was, in his later teens, a lively young spark; sometimes at shifts for money, fond of the girls and beloved by them, but cherishing a Spaniard's regard for the honour of his name. His good looks, his graceful bearing, and a kindness of heart extremely rare in Spain, must have won him popularity and made life pleasant for him while wearing the silver bandoleer. If he was ambitious at all, it was, he tells us, of military glory. But, sober student or penniless profligate, he was presently subjected to a temptation against which an anchorite might not have been proof.

<sup>1</sup> "Biographie Nouvelle des Contemporains." Paris, 1822.

## CHAPTER II

### THE PRINCESS OF THE SPAINS

WHEN Manuel Godoy entered his service King Charles III. was already an old man. His eldest son and namesake, the prince of Asturias, was not far off his fortieth year. This time it had become plain to everybody that the prince had not inherited his father's abilities. He was a dull, simple man, not unlike our George III. in temperament. He was straightforward and just, not wanting in common sense but destitute of all the qualities which make a ruler. Like his cousin of France, he delighted in the ruder mechanical arts. He might have earned his livelihood as a carpenter, and was always glad of an opportunity of exhibiting the elaborate water-work displays of La Granja to ambassadors and distinguished visitors.

His other amusements were not so harmless. He had a passion for the chase, or rather for the indiscriminate slaughter of deer, wild boars, and foxes, as they were driven into enclosures before him. Eden, the English ambassador at the Spanish court, describes one of these horrible battues in his journal, under the date October 3, 1788: "About two thousand deer passed, and two foxes, and one wild boar. The king and prince selected only the fat bucks, and avoided killing the does as much as possible, though

in the crowds which passed some of the latter necessarily suffered. The fineness of the day and the noise of above two thousand people who were employed, and the largeness of the herds made it certainly an interesting sight; but in other respects it was piteous enough, for in front of the place and within a few yards of us, the dead and the wounded were all lying, either bleeding or struggling; some only with legs broken, etc. At last it was finished, and then the chasseurs ran in and soon put all the poor beasts out of pain that had any life remaining; in order to do this, however, dogs were also necessary as to several. The whole were then extended in a row upon the grass, in order to be opened. . . . The smell of so much warm blood was very unpleasant." Not to the catholic king and his son, who, like so many sovereigns in our own day, were never so happy as when butchering defenceless animals. "We rode from half-past one to six," writes his excellency next day, "with his majesty and the prince to see them shoot stags, and the poor beasts stood for that purpose as quiet as calves in a farm-yard." A few months later we read of Charles the younger going forth with six field-pieces and turning them upon two thousand deer cooped up in an enclosure, his wife and son being present on this happy occasion.

In these cowardly and beastly practices (certainly not peculiar to Spain or to the eighteenth century) the prince of Asturias was carefully instructed by his father, from whom he received no training whatever for the destined kingship. It seems as if Charles III. was wishful to demonstrate the absurdity of hereditary monarchy, and to prove how the work of a wise father



might be undone by a foolish son. He exhibited some of the oriental despot's jealousy of his heir, and rigorously excluded him from all part in state affairs. The prince was naturally a fool, and this was not the way to make him anything else. He was kept in leading-strings long after he had become the father of a family. Allowed no will of his own by his father, he became, as a matter of course, the dupe and the unconscious minion of his wife and cousin, Doña Maria Luisa de Bourbon.

This princess was the daughter of his father's brother, the duke of Parma. She was three years younger than he, and had been married to him at the age of fourteen. The king being a widower, she was the greatest lady in Spain. Her education was vastly superior to that of most princesses. Like her brother's, it had been conducted by the philosopher Condillac, who seems to some extent to have undermined her religious faith.

Maria Luisa grew into a woman of coarse fibre and feverish passions. She was twice as much a man as her husband, whose confidence in her was boundless. She seems to have regarded him with real affection. Married to him so young, she looked on him, no doubt, as an essential part of her life. It was a part which she determined should not be taken from her. She neglected nothing to keep him under her thumb, and exhibited furious jealousy at the mere approach of another woman. Her fears were aggravated as her beauty waned. Child-bearing, sickness, and the violence of her own emotions made her an ugly woman at thirty. From Goya's canvases she ogle us, coarse-featured and tousle-headed, in a skimpy

girlish costume, yet her face is full of animation and her black eyes sparkle with desire. Her shape was good, and she may not have been without charm. The will to please is certainly there, if not the means. She was at least a live woman.

This was early perceived, with distress and indignation, by her father-in-law. He perceived that in her the passions of her sensual sires had come to life. He hoped to still them in the death-like stagnation of his court. There, says Bourgoing, nothing was so rare as public rejoicings and noisy pleasure. "The residences of the court of Spain have very few resources of amusement. They have no plays, no public games, no large assemblies except on days of ceremony, and consequently these places are uninhabited except by a very few persons."

The companionship of her stupid consort was very far from consoling Maria Luisa for the dullness of her life, though it enabled her to rivet her chains more firmly upon him. The fidelity she exacted from the poor wretch she did not consider to be binding upon herself. She was the kind of woman to whom a succession of lovers—preferably two or three at a time—is an absolute necessity. This was never for an instant suspected by the guileless Charles, the typical husband of French farces. He was heard one day to observe that princes were in one respect, at any rate, more fortunate than other men: their wives were less liable to temptation, owing to the excellence of their education and the practical difficulty of finding other royal personages to be their partners in guilt. Upon which his highness's sage father shook his head and wearily exclaimed, "Carlos, Carlos, que tonto tu éres!"

(Charles, Charles, how foolish you are !) adding under his breath, "Todas, sì todas, son putas" (All, yes, all of them are strumpets !).

This was a senseless verdict if passed on the whole of the sex, but one which the princess of Asturias certainly did her best to merit. Charles III. watched her with sleepless vigilance, and placed her under supervision. To defeat him, she would resort to malingering, and, when the court moved, insisted that she was too ill to travel. Her health rapidly improved when the king ordered her to be transported in an invalid's chair. But her own husband was her innocent accessory, and it was to the interest of every one about the palace to curry favour with the prospective queen of Spain. Charles III. could not live much longer, and even the disgrace he might inflict could at the most be only temporary. For all his severity, and in spite of her own pretence of decorum and domesticity, the princess of Asturias had established a reputation for gallantry throughout the length and breadth of Europe long before middle age.

The curious in such matters may turn to a little book printed at Riga in the year 1797, which purports to give the history of her amours. We are told that her royal highness first bestowed her favours on a certain lady-killing marquis, who somewhat reluctantly accepted them. His reluctance was justified when presently Charles III. appointed him to some post in the Canaries and ordered him to depart from Madrid within twenty-four hours. The princess promptly consoled herself with the young Count Lancaster—the scion of a Portuguese house which



traces its descent from John of Gaunt; and, almost as promptly, he too was sent to join the marquis in the Canaries.

While these unfortunate noblemen were, perhaps, comparing their experience of her tenderness in those balmy isles, Maria Luisa (so it is said) had fallen a victim to the charms of Count Pignatelli. This bewitching young man was already the lover, or *cortejo*, of that duchess of Alba whose loveliness Goya has immortalised. For a long time Pignatelli successfully played one lady off against the other, and was loaded with presents by both. Between the proverbial two stools he came to the ground. Satisfied at last that his affections were given to her rival, the princess persuaded her father-in-law to pack him off to the legation at Paris.

The beautiful duchess was for some time inconsolable. Thenceforward, she and the princess were at daggers drawn. After her husband's accession to the throne, Maria Luisa secured her enemy's exile to San Lucar de Barrameda, on the Andalusian coast. Even in her retreat her grace inflicted a defeat on the queen; for she drew with her from the court the famous Goya, on whom her majesty had lavished kindness. At the end of the year the artist returned to court and prevailed on the queen to pardon his mistress. The duchess reappeared in Madrid, and died soon after in the heyday of her beauty.

Maria Luisa had long forgotten the cause of their antagonism. The memory of Pignatelli was effaced by the endearments of one Ortiz, a gentleman of her husband's household. According to Blanco White—a more trustworthy informant than the anonymous

scandal-monger of Riga—this cavalier was the first of the princess's favourites to incur the suspicion of the king. Ortiz was banished to the farthest corner of Spain. Unable to endure his absence, and not being able at the moment to lay hands on a substitute, Maria Luisa engaged her husband to obtain the loved one's recall. Charles seized a favourable opportunity and implored his father to restore Ortiz to his wife, "who was quite unhappy without him, as he amused her immensely." The king, sad to say, proved inflexible, and rebuked his heir with more vehemence than politeness for his excessive consideration for his wife.

It was now, when the princess of Asturias was in her thirty-sixth or thirty-seventh year, that her wayward passion became fixed for life. Henceforward the centre of her existence was to be the guardsman from Badajoz. Till now her vagrant fancies had harmed none but their objects. Her passions ripened with her years, and at last scorched not only her beloved but her dynasty and the kingdom.

"For lovers there are many eyes." So sings a recognised authority, and each eye seems to have seen a different beginning to the love of Maria Luisa for Godoy.

Si par aventure l'on s'enquête,  
Qui m'a valu telle conquête,  
C'est l'allure de mon cheval. . . .

The guardsman might have given such an explanation, for, by one account, he owed his rise in the world to a fall from his horse. The princess, on whom he was in attendance, noticed the unfortunate and

graceful rider, and went home more deeply scarred than he.

This version is not incompatible with that of the lively chronicler, Bermejo. Having become aware of his royal mistress's interest, Manuel may well have schemed to reawaken it at the first opportunity. On Good Friday the great crucifix was borne by four of his corps through the streets of Madrid. Tinged, perhaps, with the philosophy of his French friends, the Jouberts, the young Godoy persuaded his comrades that this office was beneath their dignity. He was thereupon deputed to draw up a respectful remonstrance to the king. Before the paper had been signed it was annexed by the sergeant-major, who forbade the petition. On looking through it, however, he found its terms sufficiently amusing, and showed it to the prince and princess of Asturias, both of whom laughed heartily and inquired who was its author. They were presently to learn.

Manuel was one of the four bearers of the crucifix on the holy day. All went well for a time; then suddenly it was noticed that the sacred effigy was dancing and waggling on its bier in a most unbecoming manner. Hearing cries of wonderment and of irreverent mirth from the bystanders, the priest walking before the crucifix turned and sternly rebuked the bearers for their careless demeanour. Godoy, on behalf of his comrades, promptly replied, "Is it our fault if the Lord chooses to dance on the day of His funeral?" To avoid further scandal, the priest was silent and proceeded.

The procession soon after halted before the house of the count of Oñate. The balconies were crowded



with ladies. In leisurely fashion the young Extremeño produced from his pocket a handful of the acorns dear not only to the pigs but to the people of his native province. He munched some of these with apparent gusto, and then aimed the rest at the ladies looking down on him, to their boundless delight. The crowd always cheers the man who enjoys a meal or a drink on a solemn and inappropriate occasion. The guardsman's irreverence was forgotten, and he was voted "a good sort." Thus encouraged, he and his comrades managed, before the end of the journey, to let the crucifix fall and crack on the pavement.

Manuel's conduct amounted to little less than sacrilege. He was denounced by the clergy to his officers, and was haled in the last resort before the prince of Asturias. By this time Maria Luisa had recognised the handsome soldier and had disposed her husband to treat the affair as a joke. The sergeant-major also did his best to extenuate his subordinate's offence. The princess smilingly questioned the delinquent about the acorns. Had he any remaining? Yes, he had, and he begged her royal highness to taste them. They had made a good meal, she would deign to remember, for the Ingenious Knight of La Mancha. The princess did taste them, and pronounced them excellent. The kindly sergeant-major, seeing the direction of the wind, now hastened to inform Charles that Godoy was an expert draughts-player. "Excellent!" cried the simple-minded prince, "I am devoted to the game. The next time you are on duty at my door you shall play with me." "At your royal highness's service," said Godoy, and, saluting, was dismissed.

I confess this account of his introduction to Maria Luisa impresses me as more piquant than plausible. Letting a crucifix tumble in the mud was not the way in Spain to win the sovereign's favour, and would certainly have brought down on the offender the heavy hand of the Holy Office. Moreover, the matter would have been inquired into by the king, and not the prince; and it is certain that this her last long amour began before Maria Luisa became queen. I am more disposed to credit the story told by the Irish Spaniard, Blanco White.<sup>1</sup> He will have it that, after the banishment of Ortiz, her highness became aware of the fascinations of Manuel's elder brother Luis, whom she had often seen on duty about the palace. The course of true love ran, as usual, over the abyss, and the guardsman found himself relegated, like his predecessors, to the distant provinces. The king's household must have been pretty well thinned by this time.

Luis was packed off in such a hurry that he had no time to take leave of his enchantress. His farewell message was therefore entrusted to Manuel, who, with a solemnity which may be imagined, promised to act as his brother's intermediary. This he was able to do with ease, as Maria Luisa, like all the other members of the royal family, had her own guard of honour stationed day and night at the entrance to her apartments. Manuel contrived to be drawn for duty with the princess, and upon a given signal was received by her in a secret closet. The result of this intercourse might have been foreseen by

<sup>1</sup> Confirmed in most of the particulars by the report of the Russian ambassador, Zinoviev.



QUEEN MARIA LUISA.  
(Goya)





Luis. The absent lover stood no chance beside his young and captivating ambassador.

I do not suppose that Manuel had deliberately proposed to supplant his brother. The fact of his selection for this embassy gives some colour to his account of himself at this time as a quiet and studious youth. But the voluptuous and love-sick princess was able to bring tremendous pressure to bear on him. To resist her entreaties meant instant disgrace, not only perhaps for himself, but for his brother. Besides, every young man feels that, in the like circumstances, Joseph acted with gross incivility. To yield might also mean disgrace in the long run, but it also meant pleasure and profit in the present. The young guardsman knew that his face was his fortune, and that he was offered the best investment he was ever likely to find.

Of course, we are equally free to believe that he deliberately wormed his way into the affections of a woman sixteen years his senior, encouraged by his knowledge of her previous amorous adventures. He might have soothed his conscience with the reflection that Charles would never believe in his wife's infidelity, and could not therefore be injured by it, and that no man had any right to expect fidelity from a woman when he had married her as a girl of fourteen. However he may have first attracted her notice—whether by a fall from his horse, by a present of acorns, or as the delegate of his brother—Manuel Godoy, guardsman, became, willingly or unwillingly, the lover of the princess of Asturias.

That he escaped the fate of his predecessors is proof that his ascendancy dates from the last few

months of the reign of Charles III. That wise and benevolent despot died on December 14, 1788, leaving Spain more prosperous than she had been for two hundred years, and yet insufficiently prepared for the storm at that moment brewing north of the Pyrenees.



## CHAPTER III

### THE FIRST RUMBLE OF THE STORM

CHARLES IV. began his reign at the age of forty years. At that time of life most men consider themselves equal, single-handed, to any responsibility. Not so the new king. Now his leading-strings were cut, he clutched eagerly at the nearest figure for support. On the first day of his reign the ministers and ambassadors were received by him and his wife jointly, and from that moment the share of the queen in the government was admitted as a matter of course without any effort or solicitation by her.<sup>1</sup>

Obedient to his father's last injunctions, Charles kept in office his old and tried minister, the count of Floridablanca. That statesman had certainly made some efforts to secure his favour eighteen months before, and had endeavoured to initiate him privately into the business of statecraft. He thoroughly understood his new-made majesty, and knew how to manage him. Of Maria Luisa, on the other hand, he had made an enemy by his interference with her amours. Anticipating her resentment, within a fortnight from the accession he hinted that he was ready to resign. "It is not yet time," replied the queen. It was an

<sup>1</sup> Jovellanos, quoted by Arteché, "Historia del Reinado de Carlos IV."

ambiguous answer, to which, however, her behaviour for some time after lent no sinister meaning. It was not time for any minister to talk of resigning till the new sovereigns were able to look round and consider their position.

Free at last from the surveillance of her husband's father, Maria Luisa might have been expected to give the rein to licence and to inaugurate a sort of saturnalia. On the contrary, she withdrew more from the public gaze, as if anxious to disappoint the expectations of her detractors, and set spies to work to find out in what repute the crown was held. "Never has the court been so lugubrious," wrote Zinoviev, the Russian ambassador, eight months after her accession. "It is everywhere penetrated with suspicion. There are no more large assemblies. Every one avoids appearing at court for fear of falling into disgrace on a bare suspicion. The diplomatic body seems to be shunned. The queen understands quite well that it is the principal occupation of diplomatists to observe all that is passing at courts and thereby to fathom their intrigues. She is by no means expansive with them. She receives foreigners only twice a week, whereas formerly she would receive them every day. We could remain invisible for months together without on that account being any worse received."

The old prime minister watched the queen in her new mood narrowly. If he had interfered in her amours in the past it had been out of complaisance to his master for the time being. Now, recognising the queen's influence over her husband, he showed himself ready to serve her, and, even as far as his

stiff, unbending nature would allow, to humour her protégés. Maria Luisa was not insensible to these overtures, and found it politic to let her animosity against the statesman slumber. She was not yet strong enough to upset his dominion over her husband, and at times found his connivance useful.

Charles showed himself to be little oppressed by the new burden of sovereignty, and divided his time about equally between butchering animals and doing little odd jobs such as carpentering and plumbing about the palace. He was disposed to leave all the cares of state to his minister; but now and again he would startle his council by outbursts of temper, which his wife alone could with difficulty subdue.

It was not yet time, as the queen had said, to drop the pilot of the State. The cloud, at the beginning of the reign no bigger than a man's hand, loomed large before the year was out, and hung red and murky over France. It was plain to all men that more than a common storm was brewing. On July 14, 1789, the first lightnings shattered the Bastille to its foundations. Charles, at his lathe, heard the shock, and looked up wondering; Maria Luisa turned her eyes instinctively for advice and help to the minister she secretly hated.

Floridablanca's task was to preserve Spain from the contagion of the French revolution. He had dabbled himself in reform under the direction of his late sovereign, but now the signal was "Full speed astern." He drew a kind of sanitary cordon along the frontier and put France in quarantine. He would have liked to stamp out the revolutionary fever by more violent means, but he was conscious



of the weakness of Spain, and allowed himself to be guided by the calculating empress of Russia. And while France remained nominally at least a constitutional monarchy, he could not afford to disdain her assistance. In 1790 he embroiled his country with England, over the affair of Nootka Sound. He did not hesitate to solicit the help of France, and had to submit to his request being considered by the Assembly. War with England might have resulted had not Lord St. Helens, the British ambassador, succeeded in arriving at an understanding with Charles in person.

Still haunted by the fear of England, Floridablanca persisted not less in his animosity towards the new forces in France. By a decree of April 12, 1791, all newspapers in Spain except the official gazette were suppressed, and the introduction of books or pamphlets from the infected area was forbidden under severe penalties. In July finally every foreigner in Spain was summoned by royal decree to swear allegiance to the king of Spain and the catholic religion, and to renounce, under pain of imprisonment, all right of appeal to the representatives of his nation. Even the passage of occasional travellers was permitted only under narrow restrictions. The edict applied nominally to all foreigners, but against the French alone was it enforced; and by the French it was accepted as an insult and a challenge.

The imprudence of thus irritating a power whom Spain had not the strength to attack presently became apparent. In his concern for monarchy, Floridablanca forgot the unfortunate monarch of the French. The luckless Louis was held by his subjects as a

hostage for the good behaviour of his fellow sovereigns, and more particularly of his cousin of Spain. The indiscretions of his self-appointed champions might at any moment precipitate a catastrophe. Aware of this, Louis wrote personally to Charles, announcing that he had accepted the constitution, and urging him to mediate between France and the Powers.

Floridablanca refused to acknowledge the constitution, and told the French ambassador that he no longer regarded Louis as the master of his own actions. "A slave," he remarked, "when he cannot break his chains, will kiss them, and will try to secure better treatment by fawning on his master." To Louis's appeal, the count replied on November 19, saying that his catholic majesty needed more time and a longer experience of the conduct of the French towards their king and towards Spain before he could return a categorical reply.

The minister probably did not give his catholic majesty a chance of replying. He presumed the king to be engrossed in his trivial pleasures, and seldom consulted him or his colleagues on matters of moment. But Charles seems to have been aroused at last to the danger to which his cousin was exposed. Louis, on hearing of his accession, had remarked that it was not of much consequence, as every one knew that the new king was a mere cipher, completely under the thumb of his wife. The sneer had rankled long in Charles's memory, but it was forgotten or forgiven now. After all blood, however blue, is thicker than water. To save his cousin's life, it was necessary to part with his imperious minister. If the king did



not himself realise this, it was no doubt brought home to him by Floridablanca's innumerable enemies. His majesty hesitated, bound by a promise to his dead father.

"Perhaps," says Lord Holland, "his scruples would never have yielded, but for an accident which gave to the resolution the appearance and indeed the reality of an act of justice arising out of virtuous indignation at misconduct. Floridablanca had instigated a prosecution for libel against a certain marquis of Mancas, employed formerly as Spanish envoy at Copenhagen. In his eagerness to procure a sentence against him, he had the imprudence to dictate it in a letter to the president, or the acting president, of the Council of Castile, whom he knew to be subservient to his designs. While the courier was on his way from the Escorial to Madrid, the president died of an apoplexy. The letter being directed to the title of office, not to the name of the individual, was delivered to and opened by the next in succession, upon whom the duty of presiding in the court had devolved. He happened to be either an upright magistrate or a man devoted to the party already formed against the Prime Minister. He accordingly despatched a copy of the letter to the king, who, justly incensed at so indecent an interference with the course of justice, and urged no doubt by the queen, overcame all scruple of breaking his promise to his father."

In the evening of February 28, 1792, his majesty received his old servant with his accustomed affability and walked up and down the room with him, discussing affairs of State. A few hours later, Florida-



blanca was aroused from his sleep by a royal aide-de-camp, who informed him that he was under arrest and must accompany. With the stoicism of a true Castilian, the old man followed the officer to the door of the palace, where a carriage was in waiting to convey him to Madrid. He asked leave to write to the king. This was curtly refused.

Zinoviev and the English ambassador both attributed the Prime Minister's downfall to the queen. Yet as late as June 15, 1791, St. Helens wrote home: "The count appears to enjoy the highest possible confidence with both their catholic majesties, and his ascendancy over his antagonist, M. de Lerena, is so visible that it is generally supposed that the latter only remains in office till some one can be found to succeed him." Lerena, the minister of Finance, is said by Zinoviev to have been a creature of the queen's, and to have given her as much money as she wanted. It is plain, therefore, that her opposition to Floridablanca was tempered by policy and that both she and he were ready enough to enter into temporary alliance to suit their interests at the moment. Her majesty sided with the Prime Minister, also against Campomanes, another of his colleagues.

It is absurd, therefore, to talk of her implacable hatred for the count and to make her mainly responsible for his dismissal. For this he had himself principally to thank. He had made too sure of his power and despised the advice and the murmurs of his own colleagues. His attitude towards the revolution satisfied nobody. His impolitic appeal to France for help against England, observes Major Martin Hume, "tied the hands of Spain and rendered the

other Powers suspicious of her; it was indeed at this period, and not later, as is usually asserted, that the weak fast-and-loose policy of Spain towards France which afterwards caused so much disaster was inaugurated, and Floridablanca and his master must bear a fair share of the burden, all of which is usually heaped upon Godoy."

The young guardsman was now a power to be reckoned with at the Spanish court. Nearly four years had passed since Maria Luisa's wandering glance had first crossed with his; and, no doubt to his own astonishment, her affection for him had waxed stronger every year. Some six or seven months of her majesty's favour had probably been the most that the young man had reckoned on. His predecessors, returning upon the death of the old king from their places of banishment, were living reminders of the instability of his ambiguous position. Among these discarded gallants was his brother Luis. The meeting between the two must have been interesting. The younger, we may suppose, justified his apparent perfidy by the necessity of keeping their royal mistress in the family, and induced him to forgo his pretensions by promising him a share in the ultimate spoils. At all events, we hear no more of any rivalry, latent or overt, between the brothers.

Upon the accession of her husband, the queen promoted her new lover to the rank of adjutant-cadet in the guards. This step he might have merited by his military services, and so much she could give without murmur or scandal. For a long time, it is plain, Maria Luisa took Godoy no more seriously than her former lovers. She regarded him as a toy,

and had every intention of ruling him as she ruled her husband. His influence was of slow growth. One wonders how this country-bred, good-natured youth succeeded in fettering the fancy of a woman so wayward and voluptuous. At the court of Spain the queen might have found lovers more experienced and brilliant than he; but Maria Luisa was drooping into the early autumn of the southern woman.

The suggestion would have been repugnant to her vanity, but it may well be that Manuel appealed not only to her passions but to her mother instinct. She was on bad terms with her sons, Ferdinand and Carlos, for which no one who knew them in after-life can blame her. In the lover she may have found a son. He was docile, sweet-tempered, solicitous for her health. Possibly he liked the woman for her own sake, and his real affection became more precious than the simulated passion of his rivals and predecessors. Doubtless he would never have dared to hint that his regard for her was other than a lover's for his mistress. That I imagine to have been the convention of their relationship; just as old fogies in Spanish and Italian salons bend low over the wrinkled hands of their cronies of fifty years' standing and still whisper through false teeth the *fadaises* which once meant so much.

The tiresome mask of the lover Godoy must often have been able to throw off on the pretext of dissembling before the husband. By what a French biographer delightfully terms a happy coincidence, the king grew as fond as his queen of Manuel. "In fact," he says with a pardonable exaggeration, "no one has ever known which of them first became



attached to the young guardsman or showed him the most affection." To the last day of his life Charles ignored the common view of his favourite's relations with his wife. Perhaps, by the time he believed it to be true, it was so no longer; perhaps his affection for Godoy had become too strong to permit him to resent the injury supposed to have been done him.

Genuine affection between a woman's husband and her lover is by no means rare. Many a man, in obedience to the demands of society, has shot at the object of his wife's affections, sincerely hoping that his bullet will miss the mark. When a man's passion for his spouse has long, long since evaporated and he is too civilised to have any sense of property in her, I imagine he can feel no keen sense of injury against her paramour. For this reason, no doubt, our English law, so zealous for the protection of true morality, has thought fit to whet the edge of his resentment by the prospect of obtaining good thumping damages in hard cash from the man who has taken what he did not prize.

The first and fervent stages of her majesty's affection could hardly have been agreeable to Don Manuel. Conscious of her own meagre attractions, the queen watched him jealously and allowed him to be approached by no woman under the age of forty-three. Eight months after her accession to the throne, she is still spoken of as badly wanting counsellors, which her suspicious nature prevented her selecting.<sup>1</sup> Godoy was evidently still in the lap-dog stage of evolution. On the other hand, we are told—by the Russian

<sup>1</sup> Zinoviev.

ambassador, who hated him—that he was making a fortune out of his mistress and sold his good offices to the highest bidder.

Even in the first year of the reign, his good luck had created the bitter envy of those about the court. Other charming young men were thrown in the queen's way, and frantic efforts were made to open the eyes of the king. These well-meant endeavours to destroy his majesty's peace of mind were of no avail. During the summer of 1790 Zinoviev writes gloomily: "The intimacy of the queen with Godoy is exhibited more and more in public. Skits are written about it, which penetrate even to the king's apartments. The queen increases the number of her spies; distrust and agitation prevail among the people"—hardly, I suppose, because her majesty was in love with a guardsman!

However, worse was to come. At Christmas the melancholy Muscovite reports that "the minister of war has been expelled from Madrid for having addressed prudent admonitions to the court; a lady of high rank went after him. The people are becoming gloomy, uneasy, and nervous. The king gives himself up as usual to the most innocent pleasures. At the present time he is building a magnificent manger, which he visits every evening, attended by his courtiers. He is delighted when people come to admire it."

Good, simple monarch! when Russian ambassadors, ministers of war, ladies of high rank, and the people generally were all so distressed about him and anxious to make him distressed, too! In spite of all these well-wishers, the infatuated sovereign was so base as

to consent to the promotion of his entertaining young friend Manuel. In February 1791 his majesty made a batch of twenty-four lieutenant-generals and nearly forty major-generals, solely (so Zinoviev assures us) in order to advance Godoy to the rank of brigadier. This method of promotion ought to have made him popular ; but the Russian tells us, on the contrary, that it annoyed several officers—presumably those who were not promoted—and amused the public. The public is to be congratulated on its sense of humour.

In the October following, no doubt to its huge diversion, Maria Luisa presented her favourite with a superb coach-and-six, all adorned with his monogram surmounted by the crown. In this he followed her majesty when she drove through Madrid.

One so much beloved by the sovereigns could hardly fail to exercise some political influence, even if, as Godoy assures us, his ambition did not lie in that direction. He aspired, he tells us, to military distinction, which sounds probable enough of a dashing young spark of twenty-five. It would have needed, too, a phenomenal degree of presumption in one so young and inexperienced to have pretended to rivalry with Floridablanca. That sage statesman was, moreover, careful to make a friend of Manuel, and frequently spoke of him with esteem and affection to the king. As a mark of his friendship, or perhaps as a bribe, he presented him with six costly chandeliers and a crucifix of lapis lazuli which he had brought from Rome. "I had intended," he wrote, "to bequeath them to you by will, but prefer that you should enjoy them during my life-time."

Nevertheless, living at the very focus of government,



Manuel, as time went on, was bound to pick up some knowledge of statecraft and to form his own opinions on political questions. To him the queen must have come, in course of time, to confide her misgivings as to the count's policy. Had Manuel not been captured in his youth by the court, there is no doubt that he would have been among those daring youths of Madrid who wore the republican cockade and read Voltaire. He had been imbued by his friends, the Jouberts, with the new philosophy, and could not altogether extinguish his sympathy with the revolutionary movement in France. Of Floridablanca's attitude he could not have approved. Suspecting his views, or for purely moral reasons, the queen's chaplain endeavoured to undermine his influence. The favourite was strong enough to resist, and got her majesty to exchange her confessor for the Abbé Musquitz, an ecclesiastic of exceedingly liberal views in politics and ethics.

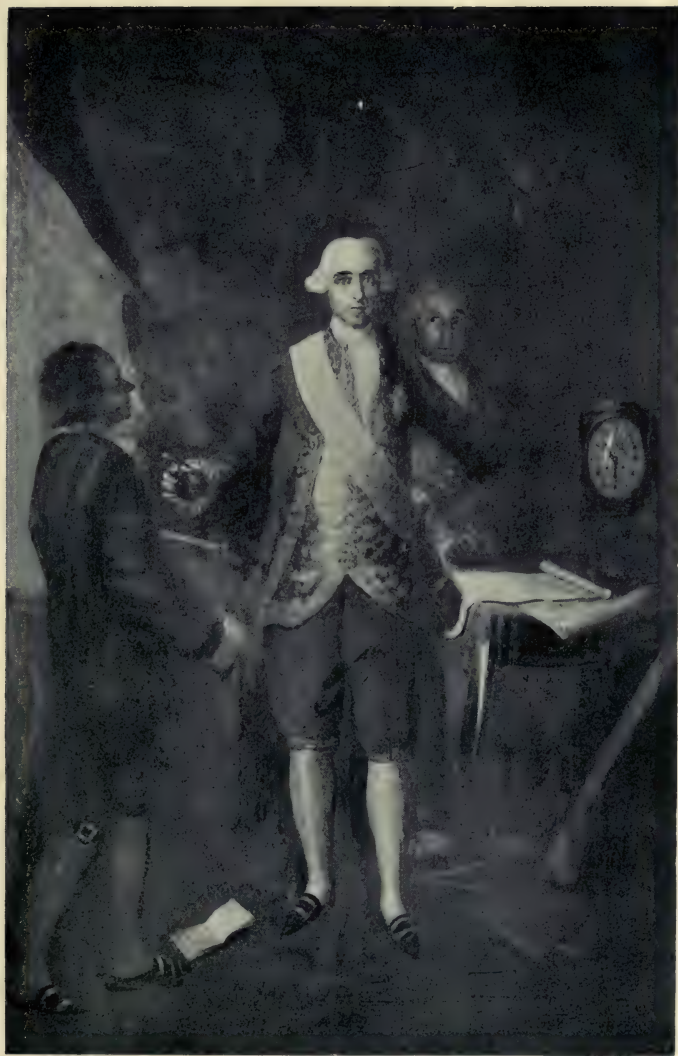
Soon after, there was a fresh outburst of hostility between the queen and the prime minister. Maria Luisa determined to follow the example of her predecessors and to create a private council, or *camarilla*. The selection of its members she entrusted to Godoy, who, from prudence or modesty, designated, not himself, but one Brancial as its president. Floridablanca became alarmed. He professed to detect in Don Manuel singular talents for diplomacy, and recommended the king to employ him at one of the legations abroad; but his majesty had more use for him at home.

Godoy indignantly denies that he had any share in the count's dismissal. It was for him, he says,

a matter of profound regret, and he entertained a real regard and respect for the old statesman. But he is not believed by Spanish historians, for no better reason, that I can discover, than that the conde de la Cañada, with whom his brother was connected by marriage, made himself conspicuous by his bitterness when employed in the subsequent impeachment of the count.

The successor in office of the fallen Prime Minister was no minion of the court, but his life-long opponent, the count of Aranda, a man seventy-four years of age. This veteran statesman was the recognised leader of such liberal movements as existed in Spain. He had been minister of State and president of the Council of Castille under Charles III., and had been largely responsible for the expulsion of the Jesuits. "He had done his utmost," declares a French historian bitterly, "to dechristianise his country." That he had been a statesman of capacity cannot be disputed; but old age had weakened his powers while accentuating his native obstinacy and aggressiveness.

Such was the man in whom the Russian envoy professed to see merely the creature of Maria Luisa and Godoy, and others the warming-pan for the ambitious favourite. Aranda, it may be safely asserted, was the choice of King Charles. He was the obvious and inevitable successor to Floridablanca. His sympathy with the dominant powers in France was well known, and the king hoped by a new policy of conciliation to avert the dangers which threatened his cousin. Aranda was certainly named minister *ad interim*; but, if Charles had already made up his mind to give the premiership to Godoy, he might have easily done so,



FLORIDABLANCA.

(Goya)





without any interval. It is hardly necessary to account for the appointment of Aranda by imagining cabals and intrigues, which might have been more profitably directed to securing a more pliable tool.

The new minister was very far from that. Though the news of his appointment had been communicated to Godoy, and though he had made friendly overtures towards the favourite, he could not brook his interference in affairs of State, and objected to honours being heaped upon him. Nearly four years of favour and influence at court had whetted Don Manuel's appetite for power and left him greedy as a cormorant of honours. The conscience of no one round about the throne was very nice in those days, and of responsibility to the public there was little thought. Charles and Maria Luisa were infatuated with their favourite, and would give him anything he asked for.

In April his majesty announced his intention of making Godoy a grant of crown lands worth ten thousand pounds a year. This exercise of royal generosity Aranda did not hesitate to oppose with the vehemence characteristic of him. His resistance was vain, and the former guardsman stepped at once into the enjoyment of this comfortable income.

Nor did Aranda succeed in pleasing the king in matters of external policy. Upon taking office he showed a conciliatory attitude towards France by receiving M. de Bourgoing, the ambassador of the new régime, whom Floridablanca had refused to recognise; but the march of events beyond the Pyrenees soon dispelled all his revolutionary sympathies. On the other hand, he would do nothing to assist the Bourbons. He withdrew the subsidies hitherto granted to the

French *émigrés* at Madrid, and told them to work for their living. He was at daggers drawn with Zinoviev, and refused to enter into any combination with the Powers for the relief of French royalty. He could not forgive Russia for her attack upon Poland, and when asked by the Swedish ambassador to furnish the subsidy promised to his king, reminded him brusquely that Sweden had as yet put no army in the field. Floridablanca had tried to help Louis by doing nothing for the revolutionaries ; Aranda sought to conciliate the revolutionaries by doing nothing for Louis.

The massacre of the Swiss mercenaries on August 10 filled the court of Spain with fury. Every courier that galloped into Madrid brought news of fresh massacres, of new and deadlier assaults upon the privileges of the crown, the Church, and the nobility. To the diplomatists Aranda continued to protest that the situation in France was not yet critical and that the slaughter at the Tuileries might even prove favourable to Louis if it should cause the duke of Brunswick to arrest his march on Paris.

Only a fortnight later, however, the aged minister called a Council of State, and submitted the alternatives of war, peace, and armed neutrality. The council voted for war, and Aranda on the very next day began his preparations ; but apprehensions for the fate of Louis paralysed his arm. Hard on the news of the proclamation of the republic came the tidings of the defeat of the duke of Brunswick at Valmy. Aranda, who had declared himself ready to go from town to town, sounding the call to arms, suddenly returned to his project of an armed neu-



trality. The octogenarian statesman had lost his head.

This was patent to the king and queen, to the diplomatic body, to the whole court, and not least to Manuel Godoy. The favourite cannot be accused of any prejudice in the first instance against Aranda or his policy. He was suspected, we know, of having favoured both. It is possible that the minister's opposition to his enrichment may have helped to open his eyes to the dangers of his policy; but the dangers were real, not the less because detected by an unfriendly critic. Godoy protested hotly against Spain's timid and vacillating attitude. Were they to stand by and see Louis XVI., the head of King Charles's own house, perish on the scaffold or in the dungeon? They spoke of armed neutrality; well, if such a treaty had been come to with France earlier, the court of Madrid might have treated with the revolutionary Government as friends and been listened to with consideration. At present, they neither threatened nor interceded on behalf of the unhappy and deposed monarch. These sentiments were so much those of the court generally that, had Godoy enjoyed far less influence, they would still have earned him confidence and applause.

That the favourite was the only man equal to the situation is apparent from the unwilling and hostile testimony of Zinoviev: "The ministers decide on nothing without Godoy; in concert with him they do many things, unknown to Aranda, who has made up his mind to object to nothing. All seem careless of the future; nobody attempts any necessary reforms or troubles his head as to what may be the

results of this indifference. The king is either hunting or amusing himself with balloons. Aranda is occupied with experiments on the value of cork jackets in diving operations. Meanwhile, the ministers are closeted with the queen, to ascertain her wishes and those of Godoy."

The ministers were wise to bow before the rising sun. The king's confidence in his guardsman had increased hugely during the past six months. He had promoted him sergeant-major of the body-guard, and now made him a grandee of the first class with the title of duke of Alcudia. As grounds for this unprecedented exaltation, it was given out that the Godoys had sacrificed their fortune during the war of succession in the service of the Bourbons, and that, moreover, they were descended from his majesty's ancestors, the Gothic kings. While playing draughts with his sovereign, Manuel had contrived to impress him with his fitness for the larger game of politics. Charles had had enough, at all events, of his father's ministers, who had shown themselves incapable of comprehending the new order of things. The times demanded new men, young men.

Aranda fell suddenly, but very much more softly, than his predecessor. On the night of November 14, 1792, he was summoned to the Escorial. With studied kindness and delicacy, the king informed him that, in consideration of his great age, he had determined to relieve him of the burden of government. In proof of the royal gratitude and esteem, he would continue to serve his majesty as president of the Council of State, and would retain all his other offices and honours.

The decree placarded next morning on the walls of Madrid expressed in the like terms the king's appreciation of his late minister's worth and long service, and concluded by announcing that, to succeed him in the office of first secretary of State, his catholic majesty had been pleased to name the duke of Alcudia, in whom he had confidence, preserving to him also the office of sergeant-major of the royal Garde de Corps.



## CHAPTER IV

### THE KING'S FAVOURITE

IN the twenty-fifth year of his age, Manuel Godoy, the son of a poor country gentleman, now found himself called by his sovereign to seize the tiller of the state. "See," said his detractors, "what comes of seducing a queen and bamboozling her husband. A handsome face and a well-turned limb have won for this minion of the court the control of the destinies of this kingdom."

That was not quite so. The grace of his person may explain Godoy's introduction to court life, but not the life-long confidence of the king. The true explanation of his elevation, he avers, was long a mystery to him. At last it was revealed to him. "Charles IV. and Maria Luisa were continually and profoundly moved, as may well be supposed, by the troubles in France, and by the appalling experiences and misfortunes of the good king Louis XVI. and his unhappy family. Closely following this long series of disasters, they attributed them in great part—and not altogether wrongly—to the various ministers of that prince, so badly served and so torn between the conflicting and interested influences of his court. The neighbourhood of the two kingdoms made my sovereign fear that the conflagration might at any moment extend to his own dominions. Charles IV.

looked around him ; confidence failed him in himself ; he sought the light, and he feared a snare ; day by day the peril grew greater.

“ It does not become me to excuse or to blame this irresolution. Their majesties conceived the idea of procuring a man of whom they might make an incorruptible friend, the work only of their hands, whose private interest should bind him to them and to their kingdom. Admitted to the intimacy of the royal spouses, if they heard me discourse from time to time—if they concluded that I understood something of the politics of the epoch—if they formed a favourable opinion of my honesty—and if they persuaded themselves (to my undoing) that of me they could make the one they sought— this predisposition in my favour, whether ill or well founded, was not the result on my part of any deliberate ambition. I hoped, like other men, to rise in the world, but my dreams were of military distinction ; and I protest that I received with alarm the favours, most of them unclaimed and unsought, of which I was the object in so few years.”

It is certainly easily conceivable that Charles, weary of the domination of his father's grey-headed advisers, may have longed for a minister in every way his own creation. All his predecessors had been served by their creatures, made, so to speak, according to their designs. Charles was no fool when he chose Godoy. The selection was justified by the unswerving fidelity of a life-time. It seemed rash, of course, to appoint a young man, destitute of ministerial experience, to the highest office under the crown, but doubtless Charles intended that he should be merely the mouth-

piece and executant of his own will. Besides, of what avail had been the statecraft and the accumulated experience of Floridablanca and Aranda? The one had struggled in the ruts in which the other had stood fast. Both had proved incapable of coping with the existing crisis. A new and younger man might be expected to show more resolution, even if he possessed no more wisdom.

Then, again, there was no one else to appoint. Those who blame Godoy most harshly have never suggested any other successor to the two fallen ministers. The minor secretaries of State were without exception mere ciphers—clerks accustomed to obey orders, not to give them. As to the inexperience of his protégé, Charles had probably found out by this time that there is no great mystery or technic in the so-called science of politics. Common sense and a cool, courageous head will enable any man to deal with the problems which diplomatists pretend are almost insoluble. Godoy was as good a man to take the reins of government as any other just then in Spain. And Charles never had reason to regret his choice.

“The storm had burst and was raging on all sides. It was thus, as it were, in the midst of a convulsion of nature, on the brink of a volcano whose dark smoke portended an immediate explosion, when terror was at our gates and agitated every mind, that I was unexpectedly called upon—O God!—to take the helm of state.” So complained Godoy in years long after. But the hour itself found him resolute and undismayed. Its perils loomed larger in the retrospect.

His mind was made up. All other considerations



were to be subordinated to the necessity of serving Louis of France. Such were Charles's imperative orders, and such was the new minister's own desire. He adopted the only course by which that end could have been effected. The veteran diplomatists sneered at his ignorance and giggled over his blunders in matters of detail; but his policy, perhaps because of the frankness with which he stated it, they could not for a long time penetrate.

Pressed to act by Zinoviev, he replied: "Spain will do all she can to help the good cause, as she has done hitherto. But she cannot act alone, for she wants troops; moreover, she is France's neighbour. Russia is in a different position: she is the most powerful State in Europe, her resources are inexhaustible; we are nothing in comparison with her." Let Russia, then, pull the chestnuts out of the fire. The Prussian minister so little understood him that he told his Government that the queen and Godoy desired peace at any price, in order to dispose of the public money. His excellency would have done well as a political journalist in our own day.

"If all the armies of all the Powers in Europe attacked France to-day, they could not rescue the king from his dangerous position," wrote Godoy to Lord St. Helens in vindication of his policy.<sup>1</sup> Conciliate the republicans and then intercede on behalf of the deposed monarch: this was the plan which he proposed to Charles IV., who, we are told, approved it with tears. Aranda protested. He approached his successor, pointing out the danger of irritating the revolutionaries by any remonstrances or appeals.

<sup>1</sup> Record Office, F.O. Spain, vol. xxvi., January 1, 1793.

If the intercession of the king of Spain were rejected, war, he argued, must result; if it were accepted, Spain would have to act as hostage and guarantee for Louis and his family. "The king of France," replied the young minister, "will no doubt faithfully comply with the conditions of a treaty which shall have saved him from the scaffold. I can have no better pledge of this than his Christian virtues. In the extraordinary situation in which France is placed, something must be left to chance, and we must choose, between two extremes, that which accords most with our honour and humanity."

The old statesman retired, nettled, it is alleged, by the rejection of his counsels. Godoy coldly received the French envoy, but agreed to the treaty of neutrality which had been proposed to Aranda. In the first of two notes, Spain bound herself to maintain a complete neutrality in the war in which France was engaged with other Powers; in the second, she agreed to withdraw her troops from the frontiers, provided France did the same. Both notes were valid only when exchanged against identical undertakings by the Provisional Government of France.

Not a word was said in either note as to the ex-king. There was no hint of menace or remonstrance in either. But the Chevalier Ocariz, who had remained in Paris during the progress of the revolution as Spain's unofficial agent, at the same time handed to the French foreign minister, Lebrun, a moderately worded offer of mediation on the part of Charles IV. between his wretched relative and the Convention. Lebrun communicated both the treaty and the letter to the president of the Assembly, observing that the

motive of the one was sufficiently indicated by the tenor of the other.

The two notes and the letter were read at the assembly of the Convention on December 20. Ocariz laid stress on the friendly disposition of his sovereign towards France, as testified in the treaty. To consolidate the friendship of the two nations, all that was needed was a display on the part of France of generosity towards their royal captive. The king of Spain was not to be suspected of any wish to interfere in the affairs of an independent State; his voice was the voice of nature and compassion raised on behalf of a kinsman and an old ally. Louis and his family handed over to the safe-keeping and custody of Spain, would be a living testimony at once to the magnanimity and strength of the French people.

This appeal was listened to in deep silence. A moment later the ferocious Thuriot sprang to his feet. "Away with the influence of kings!" he cried. "Let us not allow the ministers of foreign courts to come among us, to intimate to us the orders of crowned ruffians. Would the Spanish despot threaten us?"

"There is not a word of threat," interjected a solitary voice. "No," cried Thuriot, "not a word of threat for those who will not see or understand the machinations of crime and perversity! Let us baffle royal intrigues . . . !" The voice of humanity was silent. The offer of mediation was contemptuously rejected.

The Spanish envoy blenched at this insult to his sovereign and his nation; but, previously instructed by Godoy, he courageously persisted in his efforts. His credit was unlimited. He had all the wealth of



Spain and the Indies to draw upon. He bribed, he entreated, he flattered members of the Convention. When the voting on the fate of the king began on the evening of January 17 he made a last appeal. He offered to transmit to Madrid any honourable condition the Convention might impose, provided they would grant a reprieve. These unworthy republicans merely howled for blood. Danton demanded that war should at once be declared against Spain. All discussion of the proposal was stifled by the order of the day, and amid yells and applause from the galleries.

On January 31 Godoy learnt that all his efforts had been vain. The head of Louis XVI. had fallen. The whole Spanish nation thrilled with horror. The king and queen were plunged into the deepest sorrow. The court was ordered into mourning for three months. The solemn mass celebrated for the repose of the soul of the dead monarch was attended by an enormous concourse of Spaniards of all ranks. The execution of an anointed king seemed to this catholic people an act of blasphemy.

War was now inevitable, but Godoy wisely curbed his own and the nation's impatience. He had hurried on his preparations, but things in Spain move slowly ; moreover, he was not without apprehensions for the family of the dead king, still in the hands of his slayers. He contented himself, for the moment, with refusing to see the French envoy, who found it prudent to confine himself to his residence.

A few days before the fatal tidings the French ratification of the treaty of neutrality had been received with reservations to which Spain had demurred.

Bourgoing begged for a private and unofficial interview. This was granted by Godoy, who stated that Spain would resume negotiations with France on two conditions only: that his catholic majesty should be allowed to treat for the release of the prisoners in the Temple, and that France should revoke all the decrees proclaiming or implying war against the monarchical principle. The Frenchman replied that he was instructed to demand the instant and unconditional ratification of the treaty of neutrality. If Spain did not at once disarm, she must face the bayonets of France. The Prime Minister shrugged his shoulders. Bourgoing demanded his passports, which he received on February 19, addressed to "The late ambassador of the Most Christian King." Four days later he was on his way to France, narrowly escaping an attack by the mob at Valencia.

"I was weak enough to wish to remain at peace with France," said Charles IV. bitterly, "but I see now that it is impossible to treat with such a Government as theirs." Aranda did not think so. At the eleventh hour he begged his king to hold his hand. In a memorandum which he presented on February 27, the old man adjured his sovereign not to allow himself to be led to forget the real interests of his people by indignation at the murder of his kinsman. Spain, he persisted, should still play a waiting game. The united Powers were about to attack France. If they were successful, by joining them at the moment of victory, Spain's task would be the easier; if France, on the other hand, emerged victorious from the struggle, she would be glad enough to spare herself more danger and fatigue by negotiating



with a neutral nation fully armed and prepared. Moreover, to weaken France meant to strengthen England, Spain's natural enemy. As to crushing the revolutionary Government, the best policy for nations, as for individuals, was for each to mind his own business.

These arguments, as might have been expected, did not weigh with a king whose offer of mediation had been flung back in his face and whose cousin's blood had hardly dried on the scaffold of Paris. As to the propriety of Spain's minding her own business, Godoy could point derisively to the proclamation of the Convention promising fraternity and help to all nations desirous of recovering their liberty, or, in other words, of shaking off the yoke of kings. By standing neuter when all Europe was marching to avenge the death of his kinsman, Charles of Bourbon would have covered himself with infamy. Considering the aggressive action of the Convention towards other States, I doubt, too, if a declaration of neutrality would have saved Spain from invasion. It would certainly not have hindered the revolutionary communities already established at Bayonne and Perpignan from actively fomenting insurrectionary movements in the northern provinces of the kingdom.

With one voice the Spaniards clamoured for war. The French declaration of war was received on March 7; it was replied to by the Spanish Government a fortnight later. Enthusiasm possessed every class of the people. Upwards of seventy-three millions of francs were rapidly subscribed towards the expense of the campaign, as compared with five millions raised by the Convention on the other side of the



Pyrenees. The blind street-singers of Madrid proudly contributed their mite—sometimes, out of their secret hoard, they were able to offer a gift which the wealthy might not have disdained. Peasants forsook the plough to join in the crusade; widows offered their only sons. The smugglers of the Sierra Morena offered their services to the Government they had hitherto set at defiance. Manufacturers, who had no money to spare, sent supplies. The Carthusians of Paular sent a million ounces of silver to the Treasury and bound themselves to supply forage for the cavalry. The chapter of Toledo melted down their plate and poured their wealth into the war-chest. Municipalities levied special rates to equip local bodies of volunteers. The duke del Infantado and many other nobles raised corps at their own expense. Godoy equipped and maintained a regiment from his native province.

The French declaration of war, wrote Lord St. Helens to Lord Grenville on March 22, produced no surprise or alarm in Spain “since, owing to the prudent and vigorous measures of precaution which had been taken by the Government, particularly since the last change in the administration, they are not only fully prepared to resist any attack but to act upon the offensive.”<sup>1</sup> In reality Spain was prepared only because her adversary was unprepared. The utmost efforts of Godoy and of his predecessor had produced a force by no means worthy of the nation or sufficient for the enterprise in hand.

“Our land and sea forces, at the approach of an unavoidable war, scarcely amounted, on the whole,

<sup>1</sup> Record Office, F.O. Spain, vol. xxvi.

to more than thirty-six thousand men. The cavalry were dismounted, the arsenals empty, our manufactures of arms falling to decay, and our effective forces everywhere inadequate, with the exception of the royal navy, to the upkeep of which our fear of England had compelled us to devote all our resources." This is Godoy's own picture of the situation of his country at the outbreak of the war. Though drawn to excuse his failures and to magnify his achievements, it seems substantially correct. A modern Spanish historian estimates the strength of the army in 1792 at forty-four regiments of foot, twelve of cavalry, and six battalions of artillery; but the French Intelligence Department assessed the total effective force at 40,000 men, and Lord St. Helens considered 42,000—the figure given by the Spanish War Office—a decided over-estimate.

Godoy proposed to profit by Spain's naval strength by transporting a large expeditionary force to the coast of Normandy and thence striking at Paris. The plan seems to me a good one. The distance from Spain would have been no drawback, as the army could have drawn all its supplies from England, which was now in alliance with King Charles. Such a descent, too, would have materially assisted the allies attacking from the side of Flanders.

Instead, it was resolved to defend the line of the Pyrenees and to invade France at its eastern extremity, in the hope of rallying the royalists of Languedoc and Provence. By incorporating bodies of the local militia with the regulars, the Government was able to place an army of 34,000 men, supported by 30,000 volunteers, in northern Catalonia, under



GODOY.





the command of General Ricardos. The prince of Castel Franco and General Caro, with forces numbering respectively 32,000 and 38,000 regulars and irregulars, defended the passes of Aragon, Navarre, and Biscay.

The first shots were exchanged on April 17, when Ricardos crossed the frontier into Roussillon and drove the French before him. They rallied and were soundly beaten at Masdeu. The Spaniards besieged and took Bellegarde. The veteran Dagobert was defeated by the invaders at Trouillas, but he was reinforced and turned the tables on his opponents by penetrating into northern Catalonia. Heedless of this manœuvre, Ricardos continued his advance northwards. On November 7 he defeated the French left wing at Ville Longue and drove them beneath the guns of Perpignan. He then took up winter quarters in the valley of the Tech—this being the only frontier, as Thiers remarks, on which the campaign had not terminated gloriously for the arms of the republic.

The Spanish fleet had been sent to co-operate with the English before Toulon; but, on the fall of that royalist stronghold, the allies had separated with mutual recriminations and suspicions. Nevertheless, the first year of Godoy's administration had not proved on the whole dishonourable or disadvantageous to Spain. She alone had dared to intercede on behalf of the captive king; her flag alone waved over a portion of French soil. As Godoy has been reproached with every disaster, from an earthquake to the failure of a penny bank, which has overtaken his country, it is but fair that he should be credited with a share in its good fortune. The troops must have

been pretty well equipped to repulse the elsewhere-invincible warriors of the republic, and their generals must have been well chosen by the Government at Madrid.

But even the happy conduct of the war could not persuade the count of Aranda of its wisdom. On March 7, 1794, he addressed to the king another memorandum, setting forth much the same objections as before to the continuance of hostilities, and prophesying that, if his counsels were disregarded, the French would ere long water their horses at the fountains of the Prado. The Council of State met on the 14th of the month. According to one authority, Godoy refused to read the memorandum, but briefly acquainted the king with its contents and angrily demanded the punishment of its author. Manuel himself says that the memorandum was read, and that he replied to it in an impassioned speech which occupies seventeen pages of print. The count's arguments might have been refuted in fewer sentences.

Taunted by the veteran with his youth, the young minister is reported to have answered: "It is true I am only twenty-six years old, but I work fourteen hours a day and sleep only four, and am at all hours at the service of the State." He says nothing of this himself, but relates that, the king having called on Aranda to reply to his rejoinder, the old man refused with ironical deference. It was plain, he said, that the Prime Minister's arguments were agreeable to his majesty, and, this being so, who would venture to offer advice of a contrary tendency?

The king rose abruptly. "Enough for the day," he said, and walked towards the door. As he passed,



Aranda muttered some words presumably of apology. All the councillors heard the king reply : " In your intercourse with my father you were always head-strong and wanting in respect ; but you never went so far as to insult him in full council."

Two hours later the old statesman was arrested by the governor of the palace, escorted to a travelling carriage which was in readiness, and hurried off to Jaen, in Andalusia, which the king had appointed to be his place of banishment. His fall, like his predecessor's, is of course ascribed to Godoy. If this is true, then at least the favourite proved himself a generous enemy. The Church had never forgiven Aranda for his bitter attacks ; now in the hour of his disgrace, the Inquisition demanded that he should be handed over to its tender mercies on the charge of heresy.

Here, if Godoy had wished it, was a sure means of ridding himself of his powerful antagonist ; instead, he interfered to prevent any allusion being made to the count's opinions, political or religious, in the prosecution presently instituted against him. Aranda was found guilty solely of want of respect to the king, for which offence he was held as a prisoner at large in the delightful palace of the Alhambra for the rest of the year. He was then permitted to return to his native province of Aragon, thanks to the man whom he never ceased to pursue with rancorous hatred till the day of his death.

Spain could spare him better than her best general, Ricardos, who died before the renewal of the campaign in Roussillon. By some oversight on the part of historians, his death has not been attributed to

Godoy. It has not even been suggested that this favourite endeavoured to prevent the appointment of his highly capable successor, the count de la Union. But the French were emulous of the glory achieved by their comrades on every other frontier, and were now commanded by the able Dugommier, fresh from the taking of Toulon. The luck turned. The Spaniards were driven back into Catalonia. The rival commanders fell in a desperate engagement at the head of their troops. Rosas and Bellegarde were closely invested by the republicans; the strong fortress of Figueras fell into their hands. At the other end of the Pyrenees they assumed the offensive. They took Fuenterrabia and San Sebastian and threatened Pampeluna; but the Spaniards resisted so stubbornly at all points that the invaders dared not encamp for the winter beyond the southward shadow of the Pyrenees.

But by this time Spain had lost all zest for the fight. In two years the indignation of her people at the murder of a foreign sovereign had had time to cool. The amazing prowess of the French, their irresistible onrush across the Alps, the Rhine, and the Scheldt filled the more wary Spaniards with dread. They asked themselves if Aranda's prophecy might not come true after all. There were those in Spain who wished that it would. The diligent propaganda carried on by the republican troops and spies had not been without effect.

Godoy observed that a faction in Madrid studiously imitated new French modes, and found that these were adopted as the symbols of new French ideas. The revolutionary contagion had spread even to

religious houses. Addresses were prepared to welcome the liberators when they crossed the Ebro. A man named Picornel was detected in a republican conspiracy and condemned to death. Godoy disliked bloodshed, so the sentence was commuted to banishment to the Indies. In their jealousy of the favourite, certain of the grantees were willing to call in the slayers of Louis XVI.

Godoy at length perceived that nothing was to be gained by continuing the war. Spain had preserved her honour, and Louis could not be brought to life again. When Aranda had counselled peace Spain was one of a formidable coalition which promised to crush the wild-eyed Mænad of the nations within its coils. Now her allies were powerless to help her, and she might soon be left to face the onslaught of the legions fresh from their triumphs in Italy and Germany. There was no cohesion among the enemies of France. The emperor would only promise not to make peace with the republic without giving due notice to Spain; Prussia confessed that her resources were exhausted, and that she could not continue the war without the financial help of other Powers.

In August 1794 the ministers of Sweden and Denmark hinted to King Charles that they might be able to negotiate a peace with France, and subsequently a triple alliance with her and the United States.<sup>1</sup> But his catholic majesty alone among the sovereigns of Europe was fighting for the orphan in the Temple. He had the audacity to propose that

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Jackson to Lord Grenville, Record Office, F.O. Spain, vol. xxxiii.



he should be placed on his father's throne, while the French republicans should be allowed to form a little state of their own in America. But when the Pyrenees were no longer between him and the armies of France, his majesty's conditions became more moderate; he proposed to leave France to her actual rulers and to found a little kingdom for Louis XVII. in French Navarre.

Upon the renewal of hostilities in the spring of 1795, at an unofficial conference between the agents of the two countries, the conditions were further reduced, on the part of Spain, to the re-establishment of the catholic religion in France, the granting pensions to the family of the dead king, and an annuity for the *émigrés*. These terms were, of course, unacceptable by France, but she was none the less anxious for peace with her southern neighbour. The fury of the revolution was spent. The dauphin and his sister were treated more kindly by their gaolers.

Spain had an ambassador in the heart of the French Government in the person of Madame Tallien, the daughter of one of Godoy's secretaries of state, Cabarrus. Her husband was one of the most influential members of the Committee of Public Safety. He intimated to Godoy that, if he earnestly desired peace, the violence of certain individuals would not be allowed to hinder it. Thus while Frenchmen and Spaniards were still shooting each other in Catalonia and Biscay, negotiations were opened at Bâle between Yriarte, the Spanish envoy to Poland, and Barthélemy, the French ambassador to Switzerland.

The death of the dauphin removed Charles IV.'s

last scruples to the conclusion of a peace. On July 22 the treaty of Bâle was signed. The republic restored to Spain all the conquests made on her territory since the outbreak of the war, engaging to deliver up all the fortresses already taken in the state in which they were at the date of the treaty. In her dealings with other Powers France had taken care to dismantle all such strongholds before returning them to their owners. By secret articles, it was agreed to hand over the dauphin's sister to King Charles and to accept his mediation between France and the Pope.

Spain had opposed France since 1789; she had been fairly beaten; but, thanks to her resolute bearing, she paid not a dollar by way of indemnity and lost nothing to France but the eastern half of the island of Santo Domingo, which had never been worth the cost and trouble of governing. The concession was the less liberal on the part of Spain in that the island had for a long time past belonged to no one in particular.

## CHAPTER V

### HALCYON DAYS FOR SPAIN

GREAT was the joy in Spain and France at the conclusion of the treaty of Bâle. The news was received with acclamations by the French troops on the slopes of the Pyrenees, who, ragged, ill-fed, and weary, were in no mood to test a Spanish welcome further. By the Spaniards the peace was looked upon as a victory. Honour was saved and practically all besides.

It was Godoy's great hour. Having launched his country on a perilous course, he had guided it between the rocks to a pleasant anchorage. Proud of having discerned so promising a statesman, well satisfied with his performances, glad paternally of his success, Charles loaded Manuel with honours. He raised him to a rank held only once before in Spain by one not of the blood-royal (Don Luis de Haro, favourite of Philip IV.), and commemorated his diplomatic victory by conferring on him the title of Prince of the Peace. With this went the style of "highness," and the not very valuable privilege of having the image of Janus borne before him on solemn occasions—an emblem of foresight gained by reflection on the past. What other favours the king of Spain could give, he gave with open hands.

Here is the list of Godoy's dignities and titles :



Prince of the Peace, duke of la Alcudia and Sueca, prince Godoy, prince of Bassano, baron of Mascalbo, lord of Soto de Roma and Albufera, knight of the Golden Fleece, comendador of Santiago, grand-cross of the order of Charles III. and St. Ermengild, provost of St. John of Jerusalem, captain-general, and generalissimo of Spain. To these in after-years were added the title of count of Evoramonte and knight of the order of Christ by the king of Portugal, the grand-cross of the order of St. Ferdinand and St. Januarius by the king of the Two Sicilies, and the grand-cross of the Legion of Honour by Napoleon.

At twenty-eight a man seldom regards his own aggrandisement with philosophical indifference or Christian humility. Godoy was exceedingly well pleased with himself, and no doubt regarded these honours as justly due to him. Every prophet wants to be honoured in his own country, so the Prince of the Peace took care to parade his glory in Estremadura. While the negotiations were going on at Bâle, Charles and Maria Luisa thought fit to revive the loyalty of their subjects by exhibiting their gracious persons. To Seville accordingly they went, ostensibly to return thanks at the tomb of St. Ferdinand for the unlucky recovery from illness of their first-born son.

Seizing this opportunity, Godoy persuaded their majesties to return in a very roundabout fashion via Badajoz, where they were entertained by his father in the house in which he was born. It must have undergone an elaborate process of furbishing-up, I imagine; but this Godoy senior could now well afford, for his son had appointed him, by what was

perhaps an excess of filial piety, president of the Board of Finance. Possibly the Prince of the Peace might have defended the appointment on the ground that a nobleman who had kept up a certain amount of state all his life on nothing in particular a year, would know better than any one how to make money go a long way.

His brother Luis was gazetted major-general, a step which he had merited by his valour in the recent campaign. Then or afterwards he was appointed captain-general of Estremadura. He married Doña Juana de Armendariz, "of the marquises of Castelfuente." Diego, Manuel's younger brother, became in course of time duke of Almodovar del Campo. By his wife, a relative of the count de la Cañada, he left no children. The sisters, Antonia and Ramona, married respectively the marquis of Branciforte and the count of Fuente Blanca.

After the king, Godoy was the most powerful man in Spain. His fortune amounted to forty millions of francs; he held open court in the grandiose palace which is now the Ministry of Marine. The nobility sneered at the upstart, and denied him the familiar style of "thou" which was generally employed between them in token of fellowship. The common people told each other coarse jokes about the *choricero*, or sausage-maker, as they called him, in allusion to his native province; but everybody was well pleased with the results of his diplomacy, and thousands hastened to pay him court and to throng his saloons.

A Spanish writer<sup>1</sup> has transmitted to us his recollections of the Prince of the Peace in all the pomp

<sup>1</sup> "Recuerdos de un Anciano." Don A. Alcalá Galiano.



and circumstance of his power. "His mansion was guarded by a special corps, considered a part of the Royal Carbineers, but differing from them in uniform, which resembled rather that of the hussars of those days. The guard was composed of picked men and of particularly smart-looking officers. A staircase, constructed at enormous cost, but ostentatious rather than tasteful, led to a succession of reception-rooms. The crowd filled the principal room, which was long and narrow, and overflowed into two or three smaller apartments. This crowd was made up of persons of all classes and categories, most of them there in search of preferment, others out of curiosity, some again there lest their absence should be remarked. The sexes were represented in about equal proportions. As the entry was free to all, a few women of doubtful reputation could be seen there, even perhaps a courtesan or two of the richer sort. And with them, sad to say, were ladies, respectable by their birth and position, who used their charms to secure the good-will of the all-powerful minister, and bartered their virtue for his favours. Mothers there were, though seldom, ready to sell their daughters and husbands their wives. In its blind hatred the mob has exaggerated the number of these enormities, but exaggerated them only. For the favourite himself in after-years, pleaded guilty to transgressions in the matter of love, if such transactions can be dignified by that name.

"The routine followed at this court was that used by the sovereign, and on occasions by the captains-general of our provinces. The Prince of the Peace issued from the inner apartments; the murmur at



once ceased, and those present placed themselves in a double line, every one anxious to be seen or at least heard by the object of their somewhat interested devotion.

“It may not be out of place to give a rough sketch of this famous personage. Don Manuel Godoy, the commencement of whose elevation was due altogether to his personal advantages, was tall, full-bodied though not fat, heavy about the shoulders so as to carry the head rather low, and very fresh-coloured—a circumstance sufficiently curious in a native of Estremadura, where complexions generally reflect the parched face of the landscape. The whiteness of his skin was relieved by the redness of his cheeks, which his enemies were fond of attributing to art; but there can be no doubt at all that it was the work of nature. He wore the uniform of a captain-general, but with a blue sash, to distinguish him as generalissimo. He carried in his hand his baton and his plumed cocked hat. His countenance was mild but not expressive; his speech sufficiently to the point, if not specially brilliant, though at times he made jokes, which never failed to provoke smiles more or less forced. He had a notable memory for faces and for the respective business of each of his visitors, in the midst of such a confusion of persons and affairs—a faculty common in princes, thanks to its being so much exercised by them. The reception over, the crowd streamed out—most of them to abuse the man before whom a minute earlier they had bowed as respectful suppliants.”

The prince's accessibility and affability are favourably commented upon by Blanco White: “Very

different from the ministers who tremble before him, he can be approached by any individual in the kingdom without an introduction, and in the certainty of receiving a civil if not a favourable answer." His recommendation "is not always made the reward of flattery or of more degrading servility." It was admitted by a French minister, who had good reason to dislike him, that he never encouraged corrupt practices, and that he was ready to sustain a just cause—"even by unjust means."

Lucien Bonaparte avowed himself his friend. "The number of enemies which he owes to his extraordinary favour with the king and queen will not prevent me saying that the Prince of the Peace, as I saw him, was at all times amiable, obliging, sincere, compassionate, chivalrously gallant towards women, personally courageous, much better informed than his traducers care to admit; in short I was as much his friend as he showed himself to be mine on every occasion."

Bourgoing, who knew him at the dawn of his prosperity, remarked that the favourite inspired more jealousy than hatred. "He tries to please as many as possible. He has given several proofs of humanity and kindness, he remedies injustices." To his good qualities, and in particular to his kindness of heart, Lord Holland—no friend of kings and their favourites—bears ready witness.

"His manner," says his lordship, "though somewhat indolent, or what the French call *nonchalant*, was graceful and attractive. Though he had neither education or reading [?], his language was at once elegant and peculiar, and notwithstanding his humble origin [*sic*], his whole deportment announced more



than that of any untravelled Spaniard I ever met with that mixture of dignity, politeness, propriety, and ease which the habits of good company are supposed exclusively to confer. He seemed born for a high station. Without any effort he would have passed, wherever he was, for the first man in the company. I never conversed with him sufficiently to form any judgment of his understanding. Our interviews were mere interchanges of civility. But a transaction of no importance to the public, but of great importance to the parties concerned, took place between us, and he not only behaved with great courtesy to me but showed both humanity and magnanimity. A young English gentleman of the name of Powell had, before the war between England and Spain, engaged either with General Miranda or some other South American adventurer in an expedition to liberate the Spanish colonies. He was taken. By law his life was forfeited, but he was condemned by a sentence nearly equivalent to perpetual imprisonment in the unwholesome fortress of Omoa. His father, chief justice of Canada, on hearing the sad tidings, hastened to England. Unfortunately hostilities had commenced under circumstances calculated to exasperate the people and Government of Spain. The chief justice was, however, determined to try the efficacy of a personal application to alleviate the sufferings of his son by a change of prison, since he despaired of obtaining his release. He proceeded to Spain, furnished with a letter of introduction to the Prince of the Peace from me, to whom he applied as one recently arrived from thence and not involved in the angry feelings and discussions which had led to the rupture



between the two countries. The prince received him at Aranjuez, and, on reading the letter and hearing the story, bade the anxious father remain till he had seen the king, and left the room for that purpose without ceremony or delay. He soon returned with an order, not for the change of prison, but for the immediate liberation of the young man. Nor was he satisfied with this act of humanity, for with a smile of benevolence he added that a father who had come so far to render a service to his child would probably like to be the bearer of good intelligence himself, and accordingly he furnished him with a passport and permission to sail in a Spanish frigate then preparing to leave Cadiz for the West Indies."

He displayed, as we know, even greater magnanimity towards his personal enemies and rivals. "He celebrated his triumph with a feigned generosity," admits M. Alexandre Tratchevsky, with unfeigned ungenerosity.<sup>1</sup> Aranda was released from his gilded cage on the Alhambra hill; Floridablanca was set free from his prison and allowed to reside at his native city of Murcia; Cabarrus, one of his associates, who had been implicated in a banking scandal, was not only set at liberty, but employed by the Prime Minister in diplomatic and financial business to the advantage of the State.

Benevolence is the essential quality in a ruler. Without it efficiency and sagacity may be mischievous rather than beneficial. Government exists only to promote the happiness of the governed. This Godoy never forgot. By his administration of Spain he well deserved his title. It is but fair to acknowledge the

<sup>1</sup> "Revue Historique," vol. xxxiii. p. 43.

mildness and tolerance of his sway, reluctantly admits a Spanish critic. "My administration," boasts the Prince of the Peace, "has left no traces of blood. State trials were extremely rare, and were menaces rather than serious prosecutions. In the gaols only common malefactors were to be found. Throughout this stormy period trials by the Inquisition, arbitrary imprisonments, and harsh penalties were unknown among us."

The claws of the Holy Office the young minister very soon cut. We have seen how he refused to surrender Aranda to its clutches. Olavide, who had been savagely persecuted in the preceding reign and then banished on account of his "philosophical" opinions, he not only recalled but endowed with a pension. He next dragged out of the Inquisition's fangs an unfortunate Hebrew who had come over from Morocco to visit the graves of his forefathers. When Don Ramon de Salas was prosecuted by the same dread tribunal, this upstart minister coolly ordered the matter to be referred to the Council of Castile; and wound up by obtaining a decree from the king forbidding the Holy Inquisition to undertake any proceedings without the royal assent. For this he was not forgiven by the church of Spain.

He was the Mæcenas of his age. The best friend of enlightenment Spain has ever had, Hume calls him. This man, who was sneered at as unlettered, as hardly able to write his own name, at least revered and encouraged intellect in others. He sought out men of learning and ability in the remotest corners of the country, and strove to reward them and to benefit the State by giving them posts in the govern-



GODOY.





ment service. His immense fortune was lavishly employed in the patronage and assistance of struggling genius. His name is for ever associated with the fame of Melendez, one of Spain's most distinguished men of letters. To him Moratin owed not only his training as a dramatic writer, but the position in society which assured his success. When the minister fell, the dramatist refused to turn against him. "I was neither his friend nor his counsellor nor his servant," he said, "but all that I was I owed to him; and although we have nowadays a convenient philosophy which teaches men to receive benefits without gratitude, and to pay with reproach favours asked and received when circumstances alter, I value my own good opinion too much to condescend to such infamy."

Floridablanca and his successor, alarmed by the progress of revolutionary ideas, had endeavoured to uproot the tree of learning which Charles III. had sedulously cultivated. Not so Godoy. He reorganised the universities, and promulgated a new scheme of public instruction. He did his utmost to fill the academic chairs with the ablest men that Spain could produce. He had no fear of the diffusion of culture. The censorship, rigidly enforced by his predecessors, was relaxed and foreign works were freely admitted into the kingdom, provided that they did not directly assail the principles of monarchy and religion.

Godoy's best services to his country consisted perhaps in the furtherance of practical education. In 1795 he founded the Royal Medical College at Madrid. Before his time any village barber or

quack, however ignorant, was able to practise upon the king's subjects ; now, by royal decree, no one was allowed to exercise the profession of a surgeon or physician without having received a diploma from the competent medical authority. Thousands of Spaniards must have been indebted for their health and life to Godoy, thanks to this reform alone. Nor did he forget the animal kingdom. To him the veterinary college of Madrid owes its existence. A staff of linguists was kept at work to translate the leading medical works of Europe into Spanish. Such was Godoy's concern for the bodies of his countrymen that a pious friend thought fit to adjure him to take heed rather for their souls and to remind him that physician and materialist were generally synonymous terms.

The man, unlike most statesmen, was genuinely anxious to do practical good. Not content with founding learned institutions and stimulating a taste for culture, he tried hard to teach his countrymen how to earn their living. He strenuously encouraged technical education. Commissioners were despatched to England to report on the best methods of promoting industry. Schools for instruction in the handicrafts were established in Madrid and the provinces. The instruments used in the medical college and the royal observatory were all made by Spanish hands in the adjacent workshops. A school of clock-making and a factory for musical instruments were opened in 1798. Experts were called in to teach the Spaniards how to design wall-papers. New methods were introduced into the cloth-making and silk industries. Pamphlets explaining them were printed at the



expense of the State and distributed free. The economical works of Adam Smith and Hume, hitherto banned as the works of the devil, were translated and circulated.

This profligate and upstart, as his enemies loved to call him, was like the gentle-hearted Captain Coram, profoundly moved by the plight of the foundling children left to perish in the streets of Spanish cities. A hospital for their reception had indeed been founded by Charles III., but it was shamefully mismanaged and wholly insufficient for the needs of the time. Of course there were in Spain then, as in England to-day, "moralists" who wanted to punish vice by striking at its helpless victims; though in that catholic land none dared to brand this concern for human life as sentimentality. "I looked upon it," says Godoy, "as the duty of the State to come to the aid of these unfortunates. It behoved the Government to stand them in lieu of father and mother, and not to punish them for the insensibility or weakness of the authors of their being."

Charles was moved by his favourite's appeal. The decrees of 1794 and 1796 directed the work of his father to be reorganised and extended. His majesty announced that he would take effectual measures for the relief of destitute and abandoned children, and sternly forbade any one to speak of them as "bastards" or "illegitimate." He also lent a willing ear to Godoy's plea for the deaf and dumb. Instead of consigning these luckless ones to the lethal chamber, according to the recommendation of modern deans and journalists, the minister had them taught the

deaf-and-dumb alphabet and trained in useful handicrafts.

A reformer, in a sweeping sense, Godoy was not. He sympathised with the social and intellectual tendencies of the revolution, but he was firmly attached to the ancient form of government in Spain. He believed in hereditary monarchy limited by law. In the old Council of Castile he saw the germs of a valuable consultative assembly, and he caused the Council of Ministers to sit practically permanently. He refused to deprive the Basques of their old liberties and institutions in punishment of their demonstrations of sympathy with the French invaders. His policy was almost wholly constructive. He had faith in the institutions of his country, and believed that they could be adapted to the increasing requirements of successive generations. He was no innovator, yet he did not hesitate to attack abuses. As an Extremeño he had witnessed the injury done to agriculture by the *Mesta*, a powerful corporation existing from ancient times privileged to pasture their enormous flocks on vast areas of country. Thanks to him, these privileges were curtailed and afterwards abolished. The authority of the trade guilds was limited in the interests of artisans, and the Inquisition was strictly forbidden to interfere with foreign workmen not of the catholic religion whom the minister wished to attract to the country.

Godoy, in fact, resumed and infused a more humane spirit into the policy of internal amelioration begun in the preceding reign and reversed by Floridablanca. The material prosperity of the country was undeniable—roads were made, industry flourished, life

and property were secure, opinions were respected. The will to do good amply made up for the young minister's want of experience.

He was well aware of his own deficiencies. Finance is the stumbling-block to the tyro statesman. Godoy, therefore, greedily availed himself in this department of the services of experts. Of these the crafty Cabarrus was one—the man who afterwards served Joseph Bonaparte in the like capacity. But the resources of Spain were limited and its expenses enormous. The ablest financier could achieve little. Godoy took care, at least, that the burden of taxation should fall almost entirely on the rich. He thought that those who live merely by virtue of their ancestors' thrift owe more to the State than those who enrich it by their own labour.

The people proved less grateful than the poets. They had long lagged behind their rulers in the path of social reform, and resented even the attempts to revive their flagging industries. The landowners and wealthy religious bodies called upon by the minister to disgorge their riches were then, as always, able to make the poor weep with them. The rich man revenges himself on the poor by reducing his wage or refusing him alms, and the poor man can easily be persuaded that the blame is that of the Government which has taxed the rich man. Yet, perhaps, if Spain had remained deaf the next twelve years to the threats and temptations of her northern neighbours, the administration of Godoy might still have been remembered with thankfulness.



## CHAPTER VI

### THE ALLIANCE WITH THE REGICIDES

MANUEL GODOY was essentially an easy-going, kindly disposed man, much fonder of pleasure than of work. His own instincts and interests were in harmony with his new title; yet no sooner had he brought one war to a conclusion than he proposed to embark upon another. Immediately upon the signature of the treaty of Bâle, he determined to join his late enemy in an attack upon his late ally. France was the natural friend, England the natural enemy of Spain. The two Latin peoples fell weeping into each other's arms. Republicans and monarchists discovered that they were brothers. The Spanish ambassador at Paris—the son, by the way, of an Englishwoman named Field—manifested a truly republican simplicity and a truly Parisian indifference to propriety. The grateful Directory discontinued its efforts to seduce the subjects of King Charles from their allegiance. Spain's overtures on behalf of the Pope and the Italian princes were listened to with politeness. "Spain," cried Burke, "has become the fief of the regicides."

This unnatural alliance between the cousin of Louis XVI. and the representatives of his executioners is hard to explain. It is boldly asserted by an English

historian<sup>1</sup> that Charles IV. looked for the speedy break-up of the republic, and hoped to be called to succeed his kinsman on the throne of France. This theory meets with no approval from Spanish writers ; it is not hinted at in the memoirs of the time ; but it certainly offers the most satisfactory explanation of a policy so opposed to the instincts and sentiments of the king and to the temperament of his favourite.

Godoy, of course, justifies his change of front on other grounds. He rapidly strung together a long list of grievances against England. We had protested against the cession of Santo Domingo, we had kept Spanish prizes recovered by our vessels from the French, we had neglected the interests of our ally at Toulon, we had insulted the Spanish flag on the high seas, we had treated neutrals as enemies, we had pushed our right of search beyond legitimate limits, we had fomented disorder in South America. These charges were no doubt true, but taken altogether they hardly warranted Spain going to war with the only Power which could harm her, and which, moreover, coveted her oversea possessions. The Directory, naturally, did its utmost to inflame the dons' resentment. It circulated rumours that England meditated landing an army in Portugal, and that she had promised Russia the Balearic Islands in return for her aid. By renewing the family compact of 1761, Spain and France would present a united front to the world and secure respect.

Godoy, whose real motive for currying favour with the French we have attempted to guess, submitted the question of peace and war to the Council. That

<sup>1</sup> Major Martin Hume.

body welcomed a return to the old policy of hostility to England. France had now a regular government, and there seemed no reason why the old relations of the two Latin Powers should not be resumed. The Directory certainly did not covet any territory south of the Pyrenees, while England still held Gibraltar and looked with a greedy eye on the Indies. This seemed a good opportunity to settle accounts with the traditional foe.

On August 19, 1796, accordingly, an alliance offensive and defensive between Spain and France was established by the treaty of San Ildefonso. Each Power covenanted to furnish the other, when called upon to do so, with fifteen ships of the line, six frigates, and four corvettes, and an army of 18,000 foot, 6,000 horse, and guns in proportion. The eighteenth article of the treaty announced that, England being the only Power against which Spain had direct grounds of complaint, the alliance should be valid during the actual war against her only, and not against any of the other nations at war with the republic.

War was declared by Spain on October 6 and continued for the next six years. That Spain gained nothing by it, except the dubious friendship of France, is to say what should have been foreseen by all men from the first. The wonder is that she suffered so little. Upon the outbreak of hostilities the English abandoned Corsica, and their fleets disappeared from the Mediterranean for another eighteen months—to the immense advantage of the French. True, the Spanish fleet was seriously crippled by Jervis off Cape St. Vincent, but the English



attacks upon Cadiz and Teneriffe were defeated with severe loss. Godoy had prudently protracted the negotiations with France, till he had put the South American possessions in a state of defence. There Spain lost Trinidad, but successfully repelled descents upon Cuba and Puerto Rico.

Meanwhile French fleets were able to cross the Atlantic with impunity. The privateers of the allies scoured the seas and inflicted enormous damage on British shipping. No fewer than 3,466 of our merchantmen were taken. In this remunerative form of reprisals the Spaniards evidently took a large share, for in the year following the treaty of San Ildefonso the number of English prizes rose to 949, nearly double the total of the preceding year.

Godoy affected to be so elated by these results that when England, in July 1797, showed a disposition to treat, he announced that Spain would be satisfied with nothing less than the retrocession of Gibraltar, Trinidad, and the Nootka Sound territory, with Jamaica thrown in by way of indemnity. He now learnt that gratitude was no part of the republic's policy. The Directory, at the instance of the English envoy, refused to admit the representatives of her ally to the conference, promising, however, to look after her interests. But the negotiations proved abortive. The 18th of Fructidor saw the downfall of the peace party in France, and England was left to continue the war without a single ally.

This miniature revolution, at the same time, must have dispelled all King Charles's hope of one day seating himself on the throne of St. Louis. Yet he refused to console himself by taking another crown.

While England and France were wasting time at Lille, Godoy had induced the Portuguese Government to abandon the English alliance and to proclaim that henceforward the hospitality of its harbours would be denied to more than six warships of either combatant at any one time. An attempt, due to pressure from England, to evade this stipulation brought down upon Portugal the wrath of the Directory. King Charles was invited to conquer the sister kingdom, and was promised the help of 30,000 seasoned French troops for that purpose.

This, remarks General Arteche, was the best chance Spain has ever had of recovering the territory lost by the Habsburgs, and all might have been forgiven Charles and his minister if they had profited by it. The honest king rejected the offer. His eldest daughter (the notorious Carlota Joaquina) was married to the Portuguese heir-apparent. He had no wish to rob his own grandchildren. Godoy perhaps was less affected by these scruples than by the danger of letting 30,000 French troops into Spain, of which Cabarrus, his agent at Paris, did not cease to warn him. He offered, therefore, his mediation between France and Portugal, and restored friendly relations between them. To effect this, it is said that Cabarrus had to spend about two million francs in Paris. The money was doubtless supplied by the Portuguese court, which showed its appreciation of Godoy's good offices by conferring on him the order of Christ and the title of count of Evoramonte, with some estates which had formerly belonged to his mother's ancestors.

The alliance was not working smoothly. At all



points the interests of the Directory appeared to clash with his catholic majesty's personal affections and sympathies. The duchy of Parma, ruled by his cousin, Maria Luisa's brother, was regarded as an eyesore by the newly founded Cisalpine republic. The duke was invited to exchange his ancestral dominions for the island of Sardinia. He refused and was forced, contrary to treaty, to receive a French garrison of ten thousand men.

By the treaty of Bâle France had promised to admit the mediation of Spain between her and the Pope. When his holiness determined to join the league against the republic, he exhorted Charles to join him. "His nuncio at Madrid," says Godoy, "used all possible persuasions with the cabinet then confided to my direction. The king's answer, as well as mine, was filled with sentiments of piety, love, and respect for the common father of the faithful, but his majesty solicited Pius VI. not to interfere in wars which might compromise his character and his existence." These warnings were vain. The victorious army of Bonaparte overran the Legations and crossed the historic Rubicon. Godoy promptly directed Azara, the Spanish minister at Rome, to intercede with the conqueror. The treaty of Tolentino was concluded, thanks to the efforts of this envoy, as Bonaparte himself acknowledged, adding that his presence at the pontifical court would probably contribute to the maintenance of peace.

The treaty no doubt saved the Pope his sovereignty, but it cost him his richest provinces, his choicest art-treasures, and a third of his revenue. The Spanish Prime Minister was blamed for not having secured



him better terms. The Italian courts sought his overthrow, forgetting that a quarrel between France and their only friend, Spain, must mean their own destruction. But Godoy had a more dangerous foe to reckon with in the palace itself. The king's affection for him grew stronger every day, but on the queen he could never rely. It was not in her nature to be true to any one, and his innumerable love-affairs gave her abundant excuse for her variations. She was jealous, too, of his dominion over her husband, which made him independent of her whims, and, I doubt not, less attentive. Over and over again her passion for him was interrupted by fits of anger and long intervals of downright hostility. For such lapses Godoy must have been to some extent thankful, for they gave him leisure to worship before other shrines. Besides, he could always make her return to him in the end. But his tigress had sharp claws, and her gusts of resentment went more than once towards his undoing.

In such an angry mood she fell in with an Italian named Malaspina, an officer of high rank in the Spanish navy. He was a handsome and accomplished man, who had lately gained much fame and applause by a voyage round the world. By the countess of Matallana he was introduced into the queen's boudoir. Whether he was tempted, as some say, with the viceroyalty of the Indies, or promised the favour of her majesty, he consented to draw up a memorial to the king representing the favourite in the most odious light. On the pretext of visiting his kinsfolk in Lombardy, he seems to have found an opportunity of concerting a scheme for Godoy's destruction

with the queen's friends at the court of Parma. "He was at this time," says Blanco White, "preparing an account of his voyage for publication, with the assistance of a conceited sciolist, a Sevillian friar, called Padre Gil, who in our great dearth of real knowledge, was looked upon as a miracle of erudition and eloquence. Malaspina, putting aside his charts and log-books, eagerly collected every charge against Godoy which was likely to make an impression upon the king; while the friar, inspired with the vision of a mitre ready to drop upon his head, clothed them in the most florid and powerful figures which used to enrapture his audience from the pulpit."

But the conspirators did not understand their mistress. Her passion was not dead, but merely smouldering. Her old lover, warned of his danger, was easily able to rekindle her love once more. In a moment of tenderness, she uttered some vague expression of regret which supplied the clue to the mystery. The countess of Matallana, having refused to betray her accomplices, was banished from court. Her stubbornness was vain. Malaspina was arrested and imprisoned in the castle of San Anton at Corunna. He was, soon after, set at liberty by Godoy, but banished under pain of death from the Spanish dominions. "The reverend writer of the memorandum," adds Blanco White maliciously, "was forwarded under an escort to Seville, the scene of his former literary glory, to be confined in a house of correction where juvenile offenders of the lower classes are sent to undergo a salutary course of flogging."

The next attack was also directed by churchmen.



Godoy was formally denounced to the Inquisition as an atheist, a notorious evil liver, and one who had not for eight years complied with the paschal precept. Cardinal Lorenzana, the Inquisitor-General, had no desire to try conclusions with so formidable a sinner, and refused to prosecute. For this respect of dignities he was rebuked by his brethren, the archbishop of Seville and that very Rafael Musquitz whom Godoy had given as confessor to the queen. These zealous priests promptly wrote off to Rome, complaining of the inquisitor's neglect of duty. His holiness, angry with the minister for not having broken with France, or for having failed to get him better terms at Tolentino, at once addressed a sharp reproof to the cardinal, coupled with instructions to proceed against the accused.

This letter fell into the hands of the French, by whom it was passed on to the Prince of the Peace. His highness put it in his pocket and bided his time. When the French renewed the quarrel with the Pope and entered Rome, he sent a mission to Rome to offer comfort and support to the holy father. The deputation was composed of the Inquisitor-General and his two accusers. The three ecclesiastics, it may be supposed, did not much enjoy each other's company, and must have surprised Pius VI. by appearing together before him.

It is probable that Maria Luisa had a hand in this intrigue also. She was exasperated by the discovery of her lover's relations with Doña Josefa ("Pepita") Tudó, an Andalusian of great charm and beauty. This lady was the daughter of an artillery officer who had done good service for the State, and had



left his wife and children—as army officers often do—practically penniless. The widow, Doña Catalina Tudó y Catalan, came to Madrid with her three daughters, Josefa, Magdalena, and Socorro, and were introduced by the minister Valdez to Godoy. He was much interested in the widow's story, and still more in her beautiful daughter. He secured the mother a pension, and paid violent court to Josefa. He conceived for her the strongest and longest passion of his life. She was presently given an honourable office about the queen, and the rumour ran through Madrid that she had become his wife.

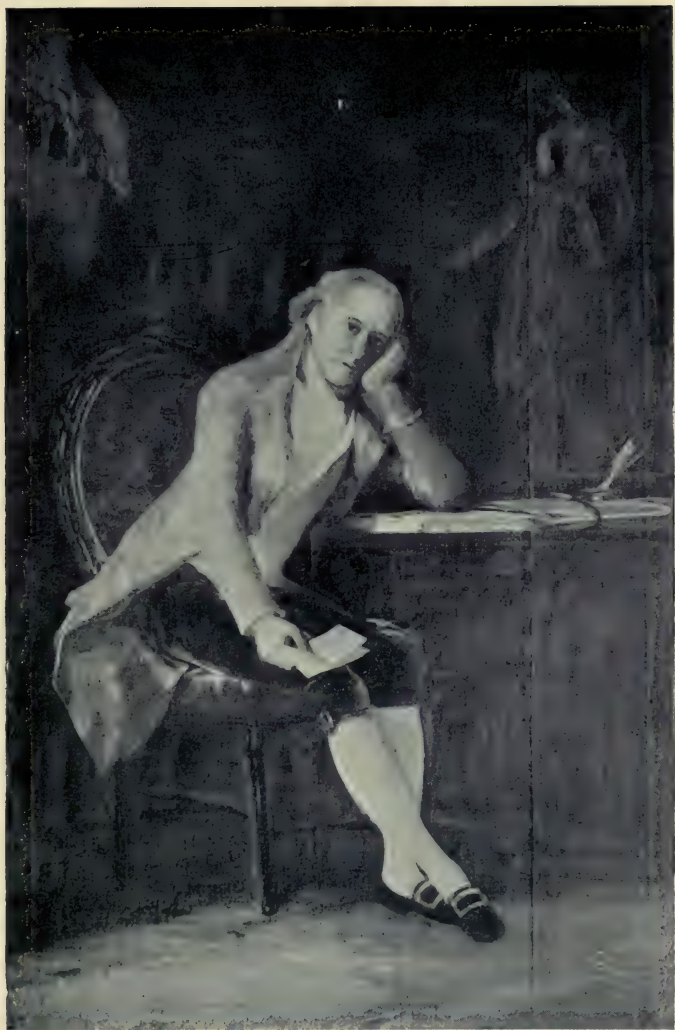
To contract a binding marriage in secret is not difficult in Spain. Even to-day, when the form of marriage has become so much more regarded than the thing, Spanish lovers will meet together at mass, and at the moment of the Benediction join hands and plight their troths, unnoticed perhaps except by the friends they have brought to witness this private union. After some such fashion Godoy may have married Pepita, but neither has ever told us so. The lady, though extremely high-spirited and passionate, continued to live in the palace and to witness her lover's attentions to the queen. Assured of their insincerity, she was not, I suppose, much pained by them. In any case, to come between Godoy and his royal mistress would have been to ruin him.

Maria Luisa soon became suspicious. Her simple-minded husband, we are not very credibly informed, believed his favourite to be a model of austere virtue. The angry queen bade him, therefore, accompany her at once to Godoy's apartments. They surprised the lovers together, but Charles was not seriously

shocked and Maria Luisa satisfied herself that the Tudó was not her lover's lawful wife. Her wrath evaporated, and Pepita became in after-years her devoted friend.

Her majesty's changing moods were carefully noted by the French ambassador and his spies about the court. Their importance was no doubt greatly exaggerated by the Directory, which had long become distrustful of Godoy. His conduct with regard to Portugal and the Pope had shown them that he would not be made their cat's-paw. They suspected him of intriguing with the brothers of Louis XVI. An ingenious proposal was devised to get rid of him and at the same time to obtain for France a long-coveted stronghold. Malta was then held by its sovereign order of knights. It was expected that the Grand-Master would presently die. Perignon, the French representative at Madrid, suggested that Spain and France should combine to put Godoy in the vacant place, "temporarily," the ambassador no doubt murmured under his breath. The favourite affected to fall in with the scheme, and Charles delightedly promised to find him a wife worthy of the proffered dignity. But Godoy penetrated the designs of the Directory. He knew that this was a project merely to remove him, and that Malta would not long remain his. He refused to swallow the bait.

The match proposed by Charles, however, was proceeded with—probably at the instance of the queen, who feared that her lover might be torn from her by one who could claim him both by love and law. She would marry him to some one to whom he was indifferent. The king had two nieces handy for the



JOVELLANOS.

(Goya)





purpose. Their father, Don Luis, had been invested with the archbishopric of Seville and raised to the cardinalate; but he had never taken holy orders and was able, therefore, to renounce his ecclesiastical dignities and to marry the beautiful Maria Teresa de Vallabriga. He was compelled, at the same time, to renounce all right of succession to the throne, and spent the rest of his life in a kind of banishment at Saragossa. His only son entered the Church; his elder daughter bore the title of countess of Chinchon and was now seventeen years old. Her royal uncle signified his intention to bestow her hand upon the Prince of the Peace.

His highness, the husband in all but form of Pepita Tudó, dared not refuse the gift. Apparently he made some effort to do so, for he asserts that he bowed only to the absolute and express command of the king. "Charles IV.," says the unwilling bridegroom, "gave directions for the nuptials in such a manner that, at the moment the marriage was forced upon me, the Council received the official notification through a special decree. I obeyed in this, as in all the acts of my life, with loyalty and submission." He goes on to deny the allegation that, in obeying, he broke sacred ties. The ties were not, perhaps, those which his enemies suspected, but he should have held them sacred all the same. But he was formally married in September 1797 to Maria Teresa de Vallabriga, to whom and to her brother and sister the king conceded at the same time the right to bear the name and the arms of their father.

The match, we can well believe, was not one that inspired Godoy's ambition. In fact, the bride's

family benefited by it more than he. He obtained leave to transport the remains of Don Luis to the tomb of his ancestors in the Escorial, and he afterwards procured the archbishopric of Toledo for his brother-in-law and for his wife's sister, Doña Maria Luisa, who had no fortune, a pension of 50,000 francs a year. His kindness was acknowledged in a letter from the archbishop couched in very affectionate terms.

This left-handed alliance with the royal family for a while disconcerted the enemies of the Prince of the Peace at home and abroad. Upon the advice of Cabarrus, he wisely strengthened his position still further by calling to the ministry two of the most respected men in Spain. One of them, Don Francisco Saavedra, did not altogether deserve his high reputation. He was a man of vast experience indeed, and of remarkable quickness of perception ; but the feebleness of his body seemed reflected in the weakness and irresolution of his character. To him was entrusted the department of finance. A much greater man was his colleague, Don Gaspar Melchor Jovellanos, who accepted the ministry of justice on November 21, 1797. He was an upright judge and an accomplished man of letters who had suffered a good deal of persecution.

Blanco White says of him : " With all the virtues and agreeable qualities of the old Spanish *caballero*, he exhibits many of the prejudices peculiar to the period to which he belongs. To the most passionate attachment to the privileges and aristocracy of blood, he joins a superstitious reverence for external forms." He had also an exaggerated attachment to the people



of his native province, Asturias. These predilections warped his fine understanding. He was firm and stiff, rather disposed to preach, somewhat of a pedant. Those who knew him understood why Aristides was banished, and were not surprised that he met the same fate. On one occasion he refused to appoint one of the queen's protégés to some professorial chair, for the excellent reason that he had no academical training. "And where were you educated?" asked the queen. "At Salamanca." "It is a pity," sneered her majesty, "that manners formed no part of the curriculum."

She might with more reason have regretted that gratitude did not. "These two men," says General Arteche, "devoted themselves, though with extreme repugnance, to the arduous and perilous but patriotic task of undermining that colossal power founded on the queen's passions and the king's blindness," with which they had agreed to work and co-operate. Jovellanos, franker than his colleague, was with difficulty dissuaded by him from addressing a grave remonstrance to Godoy on the subject of his relations with the queen. By themselves these two pedants would have been unable to dethrone the man who had called them to the ministry; but they were assisted by the enemies of Spain.

While a powerful English party, headed by the duke of Osuna, was working for his destruction, Godoy became more and more suspicious of his ally. The renewed attacks upon the Roman pontiff exhausted his patience. On January 15, 1798, he wrote to Del Campo at Paris: "The king orders you to require a categorical reply from the Directory,

as her friend and ally, Spain, has a right to demand; and, without discussing other matters, asks the French Government to state its intentions towards Rome, whether the temporal dominion of the Pope is to continue, what extension is to be given to the dominions of the duke of Parma, or of the king of Naples, what is to be done with Genoa and the Cisalpine Republic, if there are to be in Italy any more governments than those of Naples, Sardinia, Florence, Parma, the Holy See, and the Cisalpine and Ligurian Republics. In the confidence existing between our governments, there should be no difficulty in getting an answer on all these points."

By way of reply the Directors sent a new representative to Madrid with secret instructions to get rid of this arrogant Spaniard. This ambassador was the former minister of marine, Truguet, "a handsome young man, elegant, polite, and loquacious," who would stick at nothing. By Cabarrus, whom the Directory had refused to accept as Spanish ambassador at Paris, Godoy was warned of his real intentions. In presenting his credentials to King Charles, the envoy referred to the virtues of his majesty and the abilities of his Prime Minister as the guarantee of the alliance; but he went on to denounce the traitors harboured by Spain, and hoped that his majesty would make an example of those pointed out to him. The allusion, of course, was to the unfortunate royalist *émigrés* and to the members of the party lately overthrown at Paris who had sought refuge in Spain.

As Godoy stubbornly refused to do more than expel those exiles who were actually conspiring against the republic, Truguet sought a private audience



of the king and urged him to pave the way to a better understanding with his ally by dismissing his minister. His majesty refused: "It might be thought," he pointed out, "that the Directory, being less favourably disposed towards Spain than had been presumed, was desirous, in remembrance of the events of the 4th of Fructidor, to arraign and condemn the minister in whom his majesty reposed the fullest confidence."

Thus rebuffed, Truguet addressed himself to Saavedra, of whom he quickly made an ally. Godoy was attacked from all points at once. The English party demanded his downfall as the author of the alliance with France; the French, because he upheld the dignity of his country; the rich, because he taxed them; the clergy, because he did not fear them; the people, because the squires and parsons told them he was their enemy. The prince ignored these attacks, and ordered the fleet to get ready to co-operate with the French in the invasion of Ireland. His unseen foes redoubled their efforts. The most insidious reported to him all that had been said against him, in the hope that he might alarm the king by some rash act; but he kept his temper, while his master feebly wondered whether, after all, it might not be better to part with Manuel.

His fears were worked upon by Don José Antonio Caballero, who is described by Godoy as "one of those students, so numerous in Spain, who took all their university degrees without having had the opportunity or the intention of opening a single learned work. . . . His figure was most ungainly, corpulent, short, and crooked; his face pale and unmeaning." He was, it seems, a drunkard, adulterer,



extortioner. His wife endeavoured to keep him at home that others might not see him in "a beastly state." "He was an ill-intentioned man, a ready tool of mischief and an enemy to every virtue, without a single spark of honour or generosity."

It is seldom that the good-natured Godoy uses such language even about his enemies, but it is echoed less emphatically by disinterested historians. Caballero was a bitter reactionary, who wished to plunge Spain back into the dark ages. Yet he allied himself with the French revolutionaries now as readily as he did in after-years with the invaders of his country. He had managed to worm himself into the confidence of Charles, representing the minister as at once a dangerous innovator and the obstacle in the way of an understanding with France.

It was he probably who told the king that Godoy, in inviting Jovellanos to join the ministry, had used the words, "Come then, my friend, and take your place in our executive directory." Charles was naturally alarmed by this use of a word which had then a purely republican significance. He sent for the Prime Minister and asked him if he could refute this allegation. Godoy sent to his office and laid the draft of the letter before his master. He had used the expression, "our *monarchical* directory." He besought the king to demand the original from Jovellanos, who had by this time reached Madrid. His majesty sulkily refused, and acknowledged, years afterwards, that he had not been altogether satisfied by his favourite's explanation.

Maria Luisa seems to have made no effort to save her nominal lover. She may have feared war with

France more than she cared for him. More probably a temporary estrangement between them had resulted either from her discovery of his relations with Pepita or from the marriage she had herself helped to bring about. At such intervals she invariably consoled herself with a new lover, and she may now have been too much occupied with him to concern herself about the fate of his rival.

Probably by the express command of the king, Godoy at last issued a decree banishing all the French exiles who elected to remain in the Spanish dominions to the island of Mallorca. That no term was fixed for compliance with this order was no doubt due to the pertinacious humanity of the Prime Minister. As a counterstroke, he revoked on his own responsibility the sentence of exile passed in the previous reign on the Spanish members of the Society of Jesus, thus permitting "many venerable old men, who had lost all hope of ever again seeing their country, to be restored to their families and to enjoy in peace the sweets of domestic happiness." The exasperated French ambassador pressed his confederates hard. This pestilent prince must be got rid of.

At the Council on March 28, 1798, Saavedra proposed to disband a part of the army to relieve the overburdened Treasury. Godoy sprung to oppose this measure, pointing out that the English might land in Portugal, and the French demand a passage through Spain to attack them. "Let us," he cried, "exercise our troops without intermission, let us inure them to hardships." He went on to urge the importance of the camps of instruction which he had formed at Algeciras and on the Portuguese



frontier. The king had been prejudiced against these, as innovations, by Caballero. "No," he interrupted, "these camps are of no avail."

The Prince of the Peace sank back in his chair, silent. The Council broke up. The minister hastened to the king and asked, not for the first time, to be relieved of his portfolio. Frightened by France, egged on by Saavedra, his majesty tearfully assented. He drew from his pocket a paper in the handwriting of Caballero. It was thus worded: "Yielding to your repeated verbal and written solicitations to be relieved from the office of secretary of State and sergeant-major of my bodyguard, I relieve you from the duties of these offices; I appoint *ad interim* Don Francisco de Saavedra to the former, and the Marquis de Ruchena to the latter, to whom you will give up all that pertains to these offices. You shall continue to enjoy all the honours, allowances, emoluments, and right of access to the court that you now hold; and I assure you that I am in the highest degree satisfied with the proofs of affection, zeal, and capacity which you have given me during your ministry; for these I shall be grateful so long as I live, and at every opportunity I will give you unequivocal proofs of my gratitude for your singular services."

This decree was dated March 28, 1798. Godoy shook his master by the hand, well aware that his was not the hand that had struck the blow. He had not feared France as an enemy; he had sought her as an ally; he would not accept her as a mistress. His fall became him better than his rise. He immediately went to the office of the secretary of State.



He embraced his successor, handed him the keys and papers, and returned home accompanied by a numerous retinue of sympathisers. "They had shown," he says, "less eagerness to hail my rising fortune than to testify their regret at my disgrace."

## CHAPTER VII

### GODOY IN THE BACKGROUND

Now the pilot had been driven from the helm, the Spanish ship of state was towed by France. Truguet found in Saavedra and Jovellanos docile instruments. The markets of Spain were, at his instigation, closed to British goods; the decree against the *émigrés* was put into immediate execution; the duc d'Havré, the agent of the French princes, was expelled, and the duc de Saint-Simon, a French officer old in the Spanish service, was deprived of his offices. Strongly anti-clerical in sentiment, the new ministers enforced the order of expulsion with especial severity against refugee priests. These were shipped off in such numbers to Mallorca that the islanders refused at length to receive them. The most catholic king dared not resist the behests of his infidel ally. But he was not willing to declare war against his son-in-law of Lisbon. To overcome his resistance, Truguet laid siege to the heart of the infanta Maria Luisa—a conquest which he hoped “might be to the interest of the republic.”

The Directory thought that the fallen minister's influence might, after all, be more useful to them. They sent a secret agent, named Ségui, to invite him to persuade the court of Lisbon to abandon the English alliance. Truguet detected this intrigue and

protested to his employers. He was promptly recalled, but would only deliver up the embassy to his successor under the threat of being treated as an *émigré*. He skulked for some time on the frontier, and, on setting foot in France, was arrested. He was finally exiled to Holland.

Godoy, meanwhile, came and went at the palace, minutely informed as to all the proceedings of the new Government. Charles, it is said, in a passing mood of anger with his favourite, offered to banish him from court. Saavedra rejected the proposal, let us hope, as much from motives of gratitude as from prudence. The prince had, in reality, lost nothing of his influence over the king, and the queen he could always bring to her knees when he felt disposed to play the lover.

He regularly corresponded with the royal couple while absent from the court. His letters strike us as fawning and Uriah Heep-ish; but such a tone must have seemed quite proper and natural to a Spaniard at that time addressing one of the Two Majesties (the other was God). "Lady," writes the fallen minister to her majesty, "a man persecuted by envy and abhorred by the unjust may not repose where their shafts may reach him. I know what those who have obeyed and feared me speak and think of me, I know the degree of authority to which they have attained; will my pretension, then, be indiscreet? I am well content; solitude and ruined walls are agreeable to me; I ask nothing from violence, I wish nothing to be disturbed on my account; so if your majesty knows what I ought to do, and has any sentiment of good-will towards me, speak



and I will obey. Manuel will not act otherwise—Manuel who has given so many moments of pleasure to your majesties, will never give you an instant's distress and will ever be the same faithful and grateful vassal."

A month later—that is, on October 29, 1798—he writes to the king: "Your majesty be thanked: you remember and respect your poor vassal. My lord, what a reward do you not give me by your virtuous consideration! Yes, God will reward your majesty as you dispense to me the food of my love and devotion. . . ." These rapturous passages are usually the prelude to a discussion of the political situation, which must of course have been invited by the king.

In the letter quoted by Arteche the ex-minister confines himself almost exclusively to advice upon internal policy, very sensibly reminding his majesty that the continuance of the war with Britain need not hinder the development of agriculture and industries, and urging, as ever, the necessity of military colleges and a more general system of instruction for the army.

Meanwhile he watched the attitude of his successors with contempt and apprehension. He had inaugurated the French alliance, it was true; but it was not he who had converted that alliance into bondage. Within a few weeks of his dismissal he was recognised as the leader of the catholic party, which favoured England. To his banner rallied his old enemy Musquitz, the infante of Parma, and the duke of Osuna.

The reign of the new ministers was brief. Saavedra,

prostrated by ill health, resigned his offices one by one, and was finally relieved of the secretaryship in February 1799, eleven months after the fall of Godoy. His colleague Jovellanos likewise fell ill in the preceding August, and threw up his appointments. The sickness of both statesmen was attributed to the agency of Godoy or the queen. A servant of Jovellanos is said to have been bribed with ten ounces of gold to poison his master, but confessed his design before it was too late. The slander is absurd. It was warranted by nothing in Godoy's character or career; and the queen of Spain could have used less dangerous means to rid herself of obnoxious ministers.

If she did conspire to effect their downfall, it was not in the interest of Godoy. Her susceptible majesty was now in love with Saavedra's under-secretary. This was Mariano Luis Urquijo, a native of Bilbao, a handsome fellow, thirty years old. He was an ardent disciple of Voltaire, and a deadly enemy of the Catholic Church. Appointed secretary of legation at London, he always received official visitors with Tom Paine's "Age of Reason" ostentatiously displayed on the table before him. He had the anti-clerical cause so close at heart that, on hearing of the peace of Tolentino, which disappointed his hope of seeing the final destruction of the Holy See, he ran a mile along the Uxbridge Road and threw himself into the pond in Kensington Gardens. He was fished out and resuscitated by a Dr. Carlisle. In the same year he returned to Madrid and was promoted to the rank of chief clerk in the office of the secretary of State.

"Every Spanish minister," Blanco White tells us,



"has a day apportioned in the course of the week—called the *Dia de Despacho*—when he lays before the king the contents of his portfolio, to dispose of them according to his majesty's pleasure. The queen, who is excessively fond of power, never fails to attend on these occasions. The minister, during this audience, stands, or, if desired, sits on a small stool placed between him and the king and queen. The love of patronage, not of business is, of course, the object of the queen's assiduity; while nothing but the love of gossip enables her husband to endure the drudgery of these sittings.

During Saavedra's ministry his majesty was highly delighted with the premier's powers of conversation and his inexhaustible fund of good stories. The portfolio was laid upon the table; the queen mentioned the names of her protégés, and the king, referring all other business to the decision of the minister, began a comfortable chat which lasted till bedtime. When Saavedra was taken with sudden illness, the duty of carrying the portfolio to the king devolved upon the under-secretary. Urquijo's handsome person and elegant manners made a deep impression upon the queen; and ten thousand whispers spread the important news the next morning that her majesty had desired the young clerk to "take a seat."

This seat was only preparatory to one in the cabinet. The queen persuaded herself that she was in love with the under-secretary and longed to show the arrogant Manuel that she could make others as she had made him. The inopportune recovery of Saavedra upset her plans for the moment. The minister perceived he had a rival in his subordinate, and got the king to



name him his representative in Holland. Urquijo had hardly started, however, before he was recalled. Saavedra had definitely resigned, and Maria Luisa at once suggested the under-secretary as his successor. Charles adopted this proposal, chiefly to humour the French, to whom he knew Urquijo's views would be acceptable.

The young statesman fell in rather reluctantly with these schemes for his own aggrandisement. He knew that he was expected, in return, to make love to her majesty, who, as her husband did not hesitate to tell her, had become desperately old and ugly. Moreover, Urquijo already had a mistress, and she was no other than Antonia, marquesa de Branciforte, the sister of Godoy. Ambition in the long run overcame both aversion and loyalty. With shut eyes Urquijo swallowed the bait at a gulp, and was designated on February 21, 1799, as acting first secretary of State.

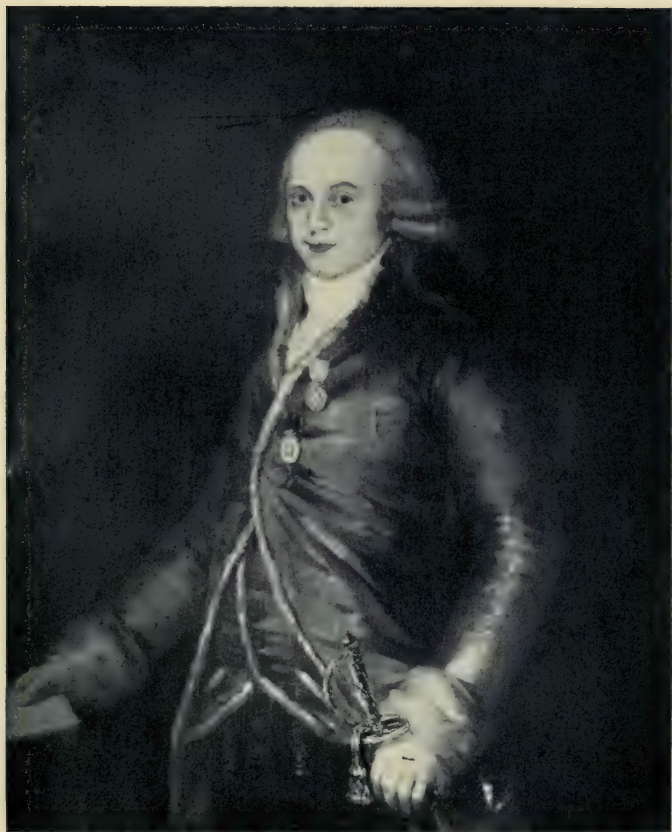
This new appointment at first gave considerable satisfaction to the predominant partner. "The views of M. Urquijo on the liberties of the church of Spain and the abuse of papal authority are infinitely sound," wrote Alquier, the new French ambassador; but his views as to the liberties of the Spanish State and the abuses of its ally's authority proved to be equally firmly rooted. The Directory did not want another Godoy at Madrid. Alquier intimated to King Charles that the French Government would like to see Azara, his ambassador in Paris, at the head of the ministry. His catholic majesty, with more dignity than was his wont, indignantly repudiated the right of his ally to interfere in his choice of ministers. He

had not, strangely enough, dared as much to save Godoy, which rather encourages the belief that now he was backed by his wife and that then he was not.

In June the administration which thus attempted to dictate to its neighbours was no more. Whatever hopes Charles may have cherished of being called to the throne of France were revived by the resignation of the Directory; they were speedily dashed by the events of the 10th of Brumaire and the assumption of the government of France by the great soldier who was to tear the crown from off his brow.

In his enthusiastic admiration for the First Consul, the Spanish king forgot his disappointment. "At the court and in the ministry," wrote the French ambassadors, "general satisfaction is expressed. Perhaps it is thought that this change in our government is part of a scheme to restore tranquillity to Europe; for Spain has imperious need of peace." Peace, however, she was not to enjoy for many years to come. If war at the bidding of the Directory was tolerable by Charles, how much more was it tolerable in conjunction with his favourite hero! Here was no longer an alliance with the regicides, but with the young conqueror who had rescued the realm of St. Louis from their blood-stained hands.

The Tsar had declared war against Charles because he had refused to join the coalition against France. Bonaparte recognised, as he had done in Italy, the value of the republic's only independent ally. King and First Consul vied with each other in the exchange of courtiers. Musquitz, Azara's successor at the Legation in Paris, was ordered by Charles to entertain Mme Bonaparte at a banquet.



URQUIJO.  
Goya)





The Consul, rightly accounting Godoy to be still one of the powers in Spain, sent him a magnificent suit of damascened armour in token of his esteem. This present was the one topic of conversation in Madrid. Charles wanted to know why he had been forgotten; Maria Luisa asked whether the Consul proposed to send her anything. Her majesty presently received a superb breakfast-service and an exquisite costume of muslin embroidered by the most skilful hands in Paris. Urquijo, as Prime Minister, could not well be forgotten; in his character of an austere philosopher, he selected as his presents a Bible and a Vergil printed by Didot, to which was incongruously added by the Consul a case of pistols.

Charles, without waiting for the arms promised him, sent his new ally sixteen of his most beautiful horses, each worth two to three hundred pounds. This princely gift was despatched in charge of a veterinary surgeon, a deputy master of the horse, and twenty-four grooms, all wearing the Spanish arms. His majesty expressed his desire that the members of the escort should be given every facility for assisting at mass while traversing French territory. Bonaparte gave immediate orders to this effect. "Ah," said the gratified monarch, "I recognise there the act of the First Consul! I know that he is a catholic, like me, and rejoice that we are of the same religion." In his delight his majesty commissioned David to execute for him a life-size portrait of his new friend. The horses were received by the Consul with every sign of pleasure and gratitude; but he kept poor Charles waiting for his guns till May 1802.

By that time Spain had paid a long price for the

gift to her sovereign. The new ruler of France expressed his desire to augment the dignity of his good ally's cousin, the young prince of Parma. Charles and Maria Luisa listened rapturously to the tempter. General Berthier was sent, with a great flourish of trumpets, to Madrid to arrange matters to the liking of his catholic majesty. On October 1, 1800, a treaty marked "preliminary and secret" was drawn up at San Ildefonso. By the first and second articles the First Consul bound himself to carve out of Tuscany and the Roman Legations a kingdom of not less than one million inhabitants for the prince; but, in return, Spain had to make her neighbour a present of six line-of-battle ships and to surrender the whole of the vast province of Louisiana, which she had acquired from France forty years before. Spain had thus to pay with an enormous slice of her empire for the aggrandisement of her sovereign's family.

This treaty was signed by Urquijo, probably very much against his will. He was a good friend of the French republic, but he distrusted General Bonaparte. He had already refused to send troops to besiege Malta and ships to raise the blockade of the Egyptian ports. The First Consul knew him for a foe, and paid court, as we know, to Godoy.

Urquijo meanwhile pursued the same policy as his rival, but with infinitely less tact and no success. His hatred of the Church carried him altogether beyond the pale of his countrymen's sympathies. He aimed at emancipating the Spanish hierarchy from the control of Rome, and ordered the translation of a Portuguese work by Pereira exposing the exactions and abuses of the papal chancery. This



provoked a strongly worded remonstrance from Casoni, the nuncio. The minister, backed by the French ambassador, handed him his passports. The indignant cleric invoked the good offices of Godoy, who, as he tells us, without in the least impugning the policy of the Government, persuaded the king to revoke the order of dismissal.

This incident did not teach Urquijo wisdom. He continued his anti-clerical campaign, although both the catholic and the French factions had now combined to overthrow him. The marquises of Solis, of Villa Lopez, of Casares, and of Santiago openly laboured to secure the return of Godoy to the ministry. Yet on October 7, 1800, the Prime Minister foolishly allowed his rival to appear at court and to have a long audience of Charles on the occasion of the birth of his only daughter, Carlota Luisa. The queen stood sponsor to the child, and the ceremony of baptism was conducted with a splendour befitting a princess. The little girl was, it is true, the great-granddaughter of a king. It was plain to everybody, except to Urquijo, that Maria Luisa was returning to her old love.

She had never been able to secure even the lip-worship of her last-created minister. Whether he had remained true to the sister of his rival, or, like him, had divided his affection between many women, he had utterly failed to convince the queen of his devotion. Still incensed against Godoy, her majesty looked out for yet another lover in that nursery of royal favourites, the royal guard. This time the handkerchief was thrown to a South American named Malló, a personage who seems to have been little more

than a proper noun. He was presumably pleasing in form and feature, but of his character we know nothing; still, in their affected zeal for morality, historians have bespattered him with every contemptuous epithet in their respective languages. He was, we are told, a coxcomb, an absurd, vain fop, an idiot, *un jeune fat sans intelligence . . . absolument nul*. Godoy himself could not have used him more harshly.

Her majesty repaid the homage of her new swain so well that presently every one noticed his apparent wealth and prosperity. One day the king observed him driving up to the palace in a brilliant equipage drawn by four superb horses. Charles turned to Godoy: "Who is this Malló?" he asked. "Every day I see him with a new turn-out. Where does he get his money?" "Sire," replied the ex-minister, glancing with a bitter smile towards the queen, "Malló has not a penny of his own; but they say he is kept by some toothless old woman who robs her husband to enrich her lover." The king chuckled and turned to his wife. "Do you hear that, Luisa? what do you think of that, eh?" "Oh, it is probably one of Manuel's jokes," replied her majesty, with a wry smile.

It was a joke that she was forced to forgive. Says Blanco White: "Malló's day of prosperity was but short. His vanity, coxcombry, and folly displeased the king and alarmed the queen; but in the first ardour of her attachments she generally had the weakness of committing her feelings to writing. Malló possessed a collection of her letters. Wishing to rid herself of that absurd, vain fop, and yet dreading an

exposure, she employed Godoy in the recovery of her written tokens. Malló's house was surrounded with soldiers in the dead of night, and he was forced to yield the precious manuscripts into the hands of his rival. The latter, however, was too well aware of their value to deliver them to the writer; and he is said to have kept them as a powerful charm, if not to secure his mistress's affection, at least to subdue her fits of fickleness and jealousy. Malló was soon banished and forgotten."

However episodical, this "absurd, vain fop," by supplanting Urquijo in the queen's regard, had deprived him of the only friend capable of withstanding the forces now massed against him. He had infuriated Bonaparte by ordering Mazarredo, the admiral commanding the Spanish fleet now locked up in Brest harbour by the English, to force the blockade and to concentrate his ships at Cadiz. This plan was so contrary to the designs of the First Consul that he resolved to send an ambassador to Madrid whose remonstrances must be listened to as commands. He made choice of his brother Lucien. In this appointment Godoy saw a deliberate attempt to overawe the court of the catholic king.

On November 17 he wrote to the queen urging that Azara should be instructed to protest against this embassy as irregular and uncalled for. Urquijo acted upon his rival's advice and despatched the note of protest next day; but, anticipating such an objection, Lucien hastened on his journey, left his escort at Vittoria, took post, and, to the boundless surprise of the court, presented himself at the Escorial accompanied by a single servant.



Godoy denies that this ambassador's arrival brought about the downfall of Urquijo. His doom, he insists, was sealed by a letter addressed by the newly elected Pope, Pius VII., to the king complaining of the anti-clerical policy of his Government and adjuring his majesty to banish his godless advisers. This admonition frightened Charles. He sent for Godoy and told him that he could not and would not countenance the policy of his minister any longer. He had resolved upon dismissing him. It only remained for Manuel to suggest a successor.

The prince modestly deprecated any such interference on his part, but at last proceeded to read out from the official almanac a list of noblemen and statesmen who might be said to have qualified for high office. He paused significantly at the name of Azara. "No," said the king, "he is a good man, but too devoted to Bonaparte; go on." "Cuesta?" "A good man, too, but one I could not get on with." "Ceballos?" "Ah-ha! the very man; what think you?"

Godoy reflected. Ceballos, when secretary of the legation at Lisbon, had married his cousin, Doña Josefa Alvarez de Faria; he had advanced him £180 on that occasion, and had obtained for him successively the posts of minister at Naples and counsellor of the Treasury. "A good man indeed," he replied at length, "but one so closely associated with me that, in his appointment, the public would see my hand and believe that he was my creature." "Pooh!" said Charles, "the public know that I am king in Spain—that it is I who choose my ministers and rule through them. Ceballos it shall be." But as

a preliminary step Urquijo was abruptly deprived by royal decree of his authority and offices and ordered to retire, without an instant's delay, to his native province of Guipuzcoa, there to attend the king's further pleasure concerning him.

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE WAR OF THE ORANGE-TREES

CEBALLOS was now secretary of State, and Godoy might use him as a mouthpiece; but, to the favourite's no slight annoyance, Caballero continued in office. Godoy marvels why, and asks how such a man could have obtained such empire over the king. The explanation, says Major Hume, to those who have studied the old history of Spain will be as apparent as that of the rise of Godoy himself. "It was the kernel of the political system of Charles V. and Philip II. to have for Prime Minister a man of the sovereign's own making, and to give him colleagues of violently antagonistic opinions; so that the sovereign might always hold the balance." Charles IV. was frightened at his own infatuation for Godoy, and regarded Caballero as a check upon it.

Godoy's first task was to put the new and unwelcome ambassador from France in a good humour. He succeeded beyond his wildest hopes. Lucien recognised in the Prince of the Peace a good fellow and a kindred soul. He wrote off to Paris: "They shower favours on me; I have broken through the barriers of etiquette. I am received when I like and in private. I talk business with the king and the queen. The Prince of the Peace, far from being alarmed, is pleased." Lucien, also, was so pleased with his



reception at Madrid, so immersed in the pleasures carefully provided by Godoy, that he forgot till the eleventh hour to remind the Spanish Government of his brother's desire that a fleet should be sent to the mouth of the Nile. The Prince of the Peace promised to look into the matter; but, before the vessels were despatched, the French army in Egypt had capitulated.

The ratification of the treaty of San Ildefonso was not to be put off after the traditional Spanish fashion. Charles and Maria Luisa were anxious to secure the kingdom of Etruria for the young prince of Parma, who was not only their cousin but their son-in-law. He had married the infanta Maria Luisa, thanks to the intervention of Godoy, who had noticed that he preferred her to her sister. The exchange of the vast province of Louisiana for an Italian kingdom the favourite, on the whole, approved. The colony was separated from the other continental Spanish possessions by vast desert tracts, was difficult to defend and expensive to maintain, and in the hands of France might prove a bulwark against the further expansion of the United States in the direction of Mexico. He protested, but in vain, against the cession, in addition, of the duchy of Parma, and postponed the ratification of the compact till a clause had been inserted in the treaty of Lunéville, agreed between Bonaparte and the empire on February 9, 1801, which guaranteed the dispossessed duke compensation in Germany.

Having made the best terms he could for the father, Godoy packed the son off to Paris to make his bow to the arbiter of Europe and to cement the bond between France and Spain. The young princess

was a little alarmed at thus putting her head into the lion's jaws ; but the welcome extended by the French Government and people soon dispelled her fears.

The vanity of the First Consul was immensely tickled at this spectacle of a Bourbon prince coming to Paris to receive a crown from the head of the republic. He also expected that the visit would cure the French people of any lingering fondness for their old royal house. The newly made king of Etruria was a young fool. "You see," said Bonaparte delightedly, "what these princes are, sprung from the old blood, and especially those who have been educated at the southern courts. How can we entrust them with the government of nations ? However, there is no harm in having exhibited to the people this specimen of the Bourbons." It is not impossible that the infante's incapacity may have led the great man to question his father-in-law's fitness to rule ; but the royal pair were dismissed with the consular benediction, and were installed at Florence on August 12.

At peace with all the continental Powers, Bonaparte determined to deprive England of her only ally on the mainland. Portugal, in spite of treaties made and broken, proposed but not ratified, persisted in her allegiance to the mistress of the seas. The little kingdom could only be reached through Spain. Lucien was charged to win over the Prince of the Peace and to overcome the king's repugnance to an attack on his neighbour. France asked Spain to join her in an attempt to bring Portugal to reason or else to stand aside and let her do the work alone. An ally could not fairly refuse both alternatives. It was not necessary, as has been absurdly suggested, to bring



pressure or cajolery to bear upon Godoy to adopt this view, and Lucien, his crony and well-wisher, was not the man to have employed such means.

The proposal, made in the first instance to Ceballos, was referred by the king to his favourite. Manuel unhesitatingly replied that this was an excellent opportunity to subdue the sister kingdom, "to make it Spain's, or at least to occupy it till peace was made with England"; and that it would be far better for Spain to do this than to let the French snatch the prize within her grasp. This opinion was substantially the same as that given by Campomanes and other members of the Council. There can be no doubt as to its wisdom.

Charles still hesitated to attack his son-in-law. He insisted that the Portuguese regent should first be offered every reasonable chance of breaking off the connection with England; he pleaded want of money. Godoy agreed to the presentation of an ultimatum, and countered the objection by a proposal to tax the Church for the expenses of the campaign. The clergy, he observed silyly, ought to be glad to pay to keep the wicked French out of the country.

Charles wrote several letters personally to his daughter and her husband, beseeching them to accede to the French demands while there yet was time. The plucky Portuguese rejected all his overtures and stood to their arms. On February 28, 1801, war was declared between Spain and Portugal. Godoy, appointed generalissimo of the Spanish forces, feverishly hurried on his preparations, determined that the French should have no share in the victory. The army had been left in a deplorable state by his



predecessors in power; as late as the preceding August the French ambassador had called attention to its desperate inefficiency<sup>1</sup>; yet by the beginning of May the Prince of the Peace had concentrated a force, amounting altogether to 60,000 men, along the frontier from the Minho to Algarve.

On the 14th of the month he assumed command of the main army of 30,000 men stationed at his native city of Badajoz. The campaign that followed was short and creditable to Spain. On the 20th the frontier fortresses of Olivenza and Juromenha capitulated. The Spaniards advanced to the assault of Elvas, the strongest place in Portugal. In the gardens or on the glacis, a light infantryman intrepidly plucked a branch from an orange-tree under the enemies' guns. The trophy was presented by the generalissimo to Maria Luisa, who reviewed the troops at Badajoz clad in a semi-military uniform. The incident has been made the subject of ridicule by the enemies of Godoy, I don't know on what grounds. Any object snatched under the guns of the enemy may be at once a proof of valour and a pledge of future victory. Elvas was closely besieged; on May 29 the Portuguese were defeated at Arronches; on June 6 Campomajor capitulated, and the court of Lisbon solicited a peace.

For the first time for centuries the Spaniards had beaten their next-door neighbours in a stand-up fight and wiped out a long tale of defeats and insult.

<sup>1</sup> M. de Grandmaison, who quotes this despatch, condemns Godoy for the tardiness of his preparations. A military writer, General Arteche, praises him for the rapidity with which the mobilisation was effected.

The Garde de Corps, who had so far done military duty only in the lobbies of the palace, had proved himself a soldier and a captain. He had also proved himself a statesman, for he had brought the campaign to this happy conclusion without the help of a single French battalion and shown Bonaparte that Spain could do without her ally.

By the time 8,000 French troops had been assembled at Ciudad Rodrigo and before Gouvion Saint-Cyr had arrived at Madrid to claim the supreme command of the allied army on behalf of the First Consul, the plenipotentiaries of Spain and Portugal had met to settle the terms of peace at Badajoz. Portugal bound herself to close her ports against English shipping and ceded to Spain the important town of Olivenza with the territory adjoining. This treaty bears the date July 6. On the same day Lucien Bonaparte, on behalf of the French Government, accepted an indemnity of 20,000,000 francs and the closing of her ports against England as Portugal's price of peace.

The rage of Napoleon knew no bounds when news reached him of the conclusion of the war. He desired nothing less than the occupation of Lisbon and Oporto. He was at that moment in negotiation with England, and felt that those cities would have been trump cards in his hands. He sent couriers flying to Badajoz to prevent the ratification of the treaty. They came too late. Gouvion Saint-Cyr, already on the spot, had protested in vain. Charles was at Badajoz and Godoy had secured from him the ratification of the treaty "before the ink wherewith it was writ could dry." The Spanish generalissimo pointed out that

the treaty was now irrevocable, and defended it on the grounds that the primary object of the war had been achieved and that "his catholic majesty was above all things anxious to relieve his subjects of the burden of war and from the inconvenience imposed by the sojourn among them of foreign forces, however well behaved these might be."

The First Consul found it difficult to frame a reply to these bold words. He pretended to believe that Godoy had been bought by England, and he refused to ratify the treaty concluded by Lucien. He announced his intention of keeping his troops in Spain till he had settled terms with Portugal to his liking, and declared that if the king and queen, at the instigation of the Prince of the Peace, should take any measures at variance with the dignity of the French republic, the knell of the Spanish monarchy would be sounded.

The worst of these threats do not seem to have been officially communicated to Godoy. He made matters worse by complaining that the number of the French troops in Spain exceeded the stipulated number and by refusing to feed the surplus forces. He also threatened to withdraw the Spanish fleet from Brest. Napoleon rushed to Azara. "Are your monarchs tired of reigning, that their minister dares to provoke me thus?" he thundered. The ambassador, remarkably enough, succeeded in calming him, and repeated that his sovereign's sole desire was to relieve his people of burdens which they could not endure. Talleyrand also helped to moderate the First Consul's wrath by pointing out that France was now released from all obligations to her ally and could



without scruple facilitate the peace negotiations by abandoning Trinidad to the English.

The conqueror took this hint and dissembled his indignation. He did not even recall his brother, but suffered him to conclude another treaty with Portugal, by which the war indemnity was increased to 25 millions and an enormous quantity of the crown jewels of the house of Braganza was transferred to the First Consul for his private use. The French troops, to the immense relief of the Spaniards, immediately recrossed the Pyrenees.

In the same month the Spanish Government learned that, by the preliminary treaty of peace signed at London, France had agreed to the annexation of her ally's island to the English dominions. It was resolved to ignore the negotiations, so that Spain might perhaps have an opportunity of making a separate peace with England. Azara was, however, instructed to protest against this sacrifice by France of an ally who had suffered so much and so long in her cause. Bonaparte immediately retorted by demanding his authority for making such a protest, as no communication had been addressed to him by the court of Madrid on the subject. The Consul would probably have troubled himself little about Spain's abstention from the negotiations, but the English ambassador insisted that she should formally ratify the cession of Trinidad.

Gouvion Saint-Cyr was told to demand of King Charles that Azara should be appointed his representative at the forthcoming conference at Amiens. The French general was also instructed to explain that Spain's own breach of faith in the Portuguese

war had brought about the loss of the island, and to inform the king that the Consul was profoundly dissatisfied with the behaviour of the Prince of the Peace. It does not appear that this despatch was actually repeated.<sup>1</sup> Bonaparte's agents often enough extracted the venom from their master's messages before delivering them. Very reluctantly, however, the king appointed Azara his plenipotentiary at Amiens, where on March 23, 1802, peace was signed between England and France and the latter Power's allies, Spain and Holland, with the loss to these of Trinidad and Ceylon respectively.

Godoy assures us that Spain resigned the West Indian island willingly enough in the interest of general peace, and appears to think that she got off lightly. Against the island she could certainly set her recent conquest, Olivenza. He also denies that any pressure was brought to bear on Charles by the First Consul, who publicly thanked his ally for having made so generous a sacrifice in the cause of humanity. Godoy probably felt himself responsible for the loss which he here attempts to minimise, by his action with regard to Portugal. His conduct needed no such flimsy and obviously insincere defence. He need have indulged no sentiments of remorse. Bonaparte did not spare his other ally, Holland, which had given him no cause for dissatisfaction, real or pretended. If Spain had burnt Lisbon and Oporto to the ground, Bonaparte would have sacrificed her territories to redeem the French colonies in English possession.

<sup>1</sup> "Rien ne marque le séjour de Gouvion Saint-Cyr à Madrid."—Grandmaison.



LUCIEN BONAPARTE.





In bringing the war with Portugal to an early conclusion Godoy certainly acted in the best interests of the peninsula. Had French troops taken part in the conquest they would not have quitted the country till the peace, which, for all Godoy knew, might have been very long in coming. Moreover, the English might have sent an army to assist the Portuguese, and Spain itself might thus have become, as it did later, the scene of the final struggle between French and British. And even had Godoy wished to act otherwise, it is certain that his master would never have allowed the war against his daughter's husband to be fought to the last ditch.

Lucien Bonaparte, for one, was so pleased with the result of the brief campaign that he thought the moment favourable for an alliance of a more intimate character than before between the courts of Paris and Madrid. On hearing of the signature of the preliminaries of peace at London, he came at a late hour of the night to see Godoy, and began to talk about the European situation. Among the other Governments he spoke of that of Naples, and described it as "devoted to the British and a disturber of the peace of Europe." "That may be so," replied Godoy, "but the king of Naples is likely to join the alliance of Spain and Etruria with France, for our king proposes to marry the prince of Asturias to one of his daughters, and the infanta Maria Isabel to Prince Leopold of Naples." "Dissuade the king from any such project," cried Lucien. "My brother would prefer to depose the king of Naples and put an infante of Spain in his place. Moreover"—the tone of the ambassador became confidential—"the infanta Maria Isabel

may become a bond the more between France and Spain."

"My brother," continued Lucien, "is a great power in himself. He will share his glory with Spain, the comrade of France. As to minor difficulties, there is no need to dwell on them—all things, human and divine, may be set aside in the interest of nations."

Godoy understood that Lucien was proposing the king of Spain's daughter as bride for his brother, the husband of another living woman. The favourite piqued himself upon his advanced notions; he was no devotee and certainly no puritan; but to a man brought up in catholic and monarchical Spain such a proposal must have seemed the grossest of insults to his country and its sovereign. "The difficulty of framing a reply," he writes, "may be imagined. Assuring him of my appreciation of this fresh proof of friendship and confidence, I took refuge in vague words which I seasoned as well as I could with praises of his brother, and endeavoured to conceal the surprise and the impression produced in me by so grave a proposal."

Godoy was convinced that this extraordinary scheme originated in the mind of Napoleon himself, and saw in it the explanation of his cordiality towards the king and queen of Etruria. To Napoleon, on the other hand, the suggestion was represented by his brother as having come from Maria Luisa. There seems no doubt that it was as unacceptable to the First Consul as it was repugnant to the Spanish court, and that it was conceived in the lively brain of Lucien and nowhere else. It was part of the cam-



paign waged against the barren Josephine by her husband's family. When reproached by her, the young man answered that he had set his duty to the State above his affection for her.

This intrigue and his conduct of the negotiations with Portugal earned him so many rebukes from his brother that on December 10, 1801, he threw up his embassy and returned with his usual impetuosity to Paris. The wealth with which he was loaded not unreasonably inspired the First Consul with suspicions of his good faith. He had endeavoured to acknowledge the favours he had received from the Spanish ministers by handsome presents. Napoleon refused point blank to make any acknowledgment to the Prince of the Peace, of whom, he said, he might make use, but for whom he had nothing but contempt. The great Corsican was so fortunately constituted as always to be able to despise those who thwarted him.

King Charles quivered with rage when his favourite reported to him the proposal of the French ambassador. "So," he exclaimed, "it is my family that they would select for this scandal!" He ordered the negotiations for the double alliance with the house of Naples to be hurried on. The infanta Maria Isabel was to wed the crown prince of that kingdom; this prince's sister, Maria Antonia, was to marry his bride's brother, the prince of Asturias. Godoy approved the first match; as to the second, he shook his head. Being alone with the king, he suggested that it might be better to postpone the prince's marriage till his education was completed. The king looked grave: "I know what you mean,"

he said, "Ferdinand is backward. But do you believe that by delaying his marriage a year or two his deficiencies might be remedied?"

With considerable trepidation Godoy replied that he had not much faith in the education imparted by tutors—that at any rate, it did not seem, so far, to have done the prince much good; but he ventured to recommend that his royal highness might receive considerable benefit from a couple of years' travel in the company of carefully selected mentors. Charles admitted the wisdom of this counsel, but objected that the prince might, in the disturbed state of Europe, be exposed to accident and might be perverted by the evil influence of some foreign court.

Godoy made no further demur. He was well aware that his proposal would be looked upon as a scheme to rid himself of the persistent hostility of the prince; and so it is generally regarded. If this was, in fact, the favourite's motive, it was abundantly justified by the course Ferdinand was presently to pursue; just as the prince's whole life and character warranted the criticisms on his education. Moreover, nothing could have been more offensive to Napoleon than this alliance of the future king of Spain with the daughter of his bitter enemy and traducer, Queen Maria Carolina of Naples, the friend of Nelson and the English.

The double marriage, notwithstanding, was celebrated at Madrid on October 4, 1802. The ceremonial and public rejoicings were carried out on a scale that exhausted Spain could ill afford; and the people were delighted at this alliance of their royal house with the most imperilled throne in Christendom.



King Charles gratified thousands of his subjects in the least expensive way by conferring titles and orders. The Neapolitan cross of San Gennaro was given so freely that it was said to be worth no more than an egg. The whole royal family was united—the king and queen of Etruria had come over to witness the ceremony. Spain rejoiced as if she had known that she would rejoice no more for many a long day.

To this period of Godoy's ascendancy belongs an attempt to extend Spanish influence over northern Africa. In the year 1801 the favourite was approached by Don Domingo Badía y Leblich, a native of Barcelona, who had devoted most of his life to the study of oriental languages and Mohammedan institutions. This learned and adventurous person appealed to the Government to utilise his knowledge by sending him on a scientific expedition to Africa, to be extended perhaps to Asia. Godoy approved the project, which he thought might open new markets to Spanish trade and result in scientific discoveries of importance. Spain, rightly argued the favourite, ought by her geographical position to absorb the lion's share of commerce between Europe and Western Africa. Badía was therefore told to prepare for his mission, which he did in the most thorough fashion. He perfected his knowledge of Arabic, he underwent the rite of circumcision, he practised all the observances of the Moslems, and cultivated a flowing beard. When he was ready for departure he looked every inch what he gave himself out to be—Ali Bey Ben Othman Bey, the last descendant of the Abbasside sultans who had once ruled in Spain.

In this character he was received with the utmost



respect and courtesy by Mulai Suleyman, the reigning sultan of Morocco. He was housed in a palace and presented with his Shereefian majesty's choicest slaves. Having obtained the confidence and admiration of his host, the wily Catalan took a survey of the political situation of Morocco. The sultan was a devotee and a fanatic, unpopular with his subjects, and bitterly opposed to any intercourse with Europeans. His authority had long been disputed by a pretender named Ahmed, with whose son, Hisham, the adventurer entered into negotiations. In return for the assistance of Spain, the rebel chief was willing to cede the whole kingdom of Fez.

Godoy rejoiced at this opportunity of gaining a firm foothold on a continent then almost free of European domination. Upon the report of Badía, he ordered the Marquis de la Solana to equip an expedition at Cadiz upon the pretext that the Moors were about to attack the Spanish settlements on the Mediterranean coast. He had no scruple about attacking the hereditary foes of Christendom, who had resolutely refused ever to conclude a definite peace with Spain.

So far these designs had had the approval of the king; but at the last moment there came a letter from Badía, alluding to the hospitality with which he had been treated by the sultan and the confidence reposed in him. Charles cried out upon the treason which was in contemplation. "I will never permit hospitality to be turned to the ruin of one who has offered it so generously," he declared. "Let Badía continue his travels, but let us not so ill requite the favours he has received from this Moorish prince."

And to this determination his catholic majesty adhered. To his intense mortification Godoy was compelled to countermand the orders he had issued, and to instruct the Catalan to extricate himself as quickly as possible from his risky position. His foresight was defeated by his sovereign's honesty. Hisham succeeded in establishing an independent kingdom for himself without foreign help, thus proving that it would have been within his power to fulfil his promises. Had Godoy's advice been followed, Spain might have won an African empire to console her for the loss of her American dominions; but the golden opportunity was wasted, and the future of Northern Africa no longer lies with Spain.

## CHAPTER IX

### GODOY VERSUS NAPOLEON

THOUGH holding only the purely military office of generalissimo, Godoy was now universally regarded at home and abroad as solely responsible for the policy, internal and external, of Spain. It is impossible for historians brought up under a constitutional régime to imagine a king having any voice in the government of his own kingdom. The despot is looked upon by them as a ruler irresponsible in the medical as well as the constitutional sense of the term. "Because," complains Godoy, "the king distinguished me on all occasions with singular marks of friendship and affection, taking no step in foreign affairs without my advice and communicating through me with ambassadors; because he consulted me frequently on home affairs and placed me finally at the head of our land and sea forces, entrusting to me the task of reforming them—it was natural to suppose that I was everything in the Government and that all power was concentrated in my person. But this was not so. Nothing was undertaken, not even a measure of army reform, except through the ordinary ministerial channels. Charles IV. consulted and listened to all his ministers; no business was transacted or decided without them; and, though the king may have followed my advice in political matters, those of a con-



trary opinion had always the opportunity of expressing their views. The king never shut his eyes or acted blindly or by routine upon my advice. Far from doing so, in certain very grave matters he acted upon counsels altogether opposed to mine."

His majesty, at all events, always hearkened to his favourite's appeals on behalf of his subjects. Godoy could so little command the ministers of the crown that directly, contrary to his advice, Cornel, the new Minister for War, refused to admit the traditional exemption of the people of Valencia from service in the militia. The Valencians rose in insurrection to maintain their liberties. Caballero and Cornel at once proposed to march an army of twelve thousand men into the province to crush the rising with fire and sword. Godoy and Ceballos were for milder measures. The generalissimo published an appeal to the king in the Gazette, reminding him of the loyal services of the Valencians as volunteers in the late war and begging that the militia laws might be suspended till he had completed his scheme for the reorganisation of all the forces of the crown. His majesty at once announced that he had granted this request. The insurrection immediately ceased, and, to the disgust of Caballero, the prince succeeded, two months after, in extracting from the king an amnesty for all but seven or eight of the insurgents. The favourite justly prides himself on this almost bloodless extinction of a formidable revolt; but clemency is not a virtue much esteemed by his countrymen, who continue to blame him and his master for what they consider a weak surrender to the forces of disorder.

Yet Spaniards could not afford to quarrel with each other, for it became every day plainer that the peace between England and France was but a truce. At any moment Spain might be again called upon to take side in the war of the Titans. Neither of the two great Powers was willing to execute all the provisions of the treaty of Amiens. England would not give up Malta, France would not evacuate Holland. The dispute could not be composed. The First Consul, in conference with the English ambassador, proceeded from words almost literally to blows. On May 18, 1803, the two countries were again at war. The fight to a finish had begun.

By the treaty of San Ildefonso, Spain was bound to draw the sword in defence of her ally ; but Godoy kept it sheathed. Court and country were weary of war. The loss of Trinidad had shown them what Napoleon's friendship was worth. Since then he had shown his contempt by selling Louisiana, immediately upon its cession by Spain, for cash down to the United States, the very Power she least desired as a neighbour. Charles retaliated by forbidding the importation of foreign cotton goods—a measure which hit French industry hard. Other pin-pricks warned Napoleon that his ally was no longer to be trusted. Ceballos was known to incline to an English alliance. The conqueror had to stoop so far as to attempt to conciliate Godoy.

Beurnonville, the new French ambassador, was ordered to discuss with him the policy of the kingdom. He reports : “ He is as amiable as he can possibly be in our social relations, but I am dissatisfied with him as regards politics. He affects the greatest

frankness, no doubt to conceal the falseness which I suspect. Every time I speak about the vexations suffered by our commerce he pretends that these details are foreign to him and that his influence is confined to high political questions. He then repeats some phrase which has been taught him by his attendant *demi-savants*. He has the pretension to pass for a great man; yet, when you have spoken twice with him, you are astonished to see all Spain at his feet. But he directs everything and we must gain him or overthrow him."

It was not easy to do either. As Godoy held no cabinet rank, he could always deftly shift responsibility on to the shoulders of the ministers; and these, if bullied by France, were capable of carrying the country into the arms of England. Ceballos refused to believe in the possibility of a revival of hostilities and would do nothing to increase the armaments of the kingdom. Beurnonville and Frere, his English colleague, bid against each other for the support of Godoy. The prince adopted a double-dealing policy, and seems to have been guilty of betraying the confidences of the Englishman to the Frenchman. Perhaps he thought this was the cheapest way of conciliating France. It may have been for the same reason that he made a point of asking the king to dismiss Ceballos in June 1803, with a foreknowledge of his refusal. All the ministers wished to avoid war; but of the two Powers, France was undoubtedly the more dangerous to Spain. England could singe the king of Spain's beard; France could strike at his heart.

Upon the rupture of the peace of Amiens, Napo-



leon called on Spain to comply with the treaty of 1796. Godoy insisted that the peace had released Spain from her obligations. He proposed to remain the friend of France and at peace with England at the same time. He had abundantly satisfied the French as to the fragility of his country's armaments. He suggested that France, instead of a contingent of men, might be ready to accept an advantageous commercial treaty. This was objected to by Ceballos as likely to promote discontent among the industrial classes. This was to appeal to the king on his weakest side. He wished, at all costs, to live at peace with his own people. Ceballos proposed to substitute a subsidy in money for a subsidy of men. Godoy, who is usually credited himself with this suggestion, demurred to it; he argued that it would be tantamount to a declaration of war against England. But, as Beurnonville admits, the influence of Ceballos had just then most weight with the monarch. His counsel was adopted, and an offer of help in some other shape than men and ships was communicated to France on July 7, 1803.

Rightly or wrongly, the Spanish Government thought fit, about the same time, to concentrate large bodies of militia at Valladolid and Burgos, in order, I suppose, to remind Napoleon that Spain was not helpless. The neutral attitude was, moreover, persisted in too far. Two French vessels, the *Prudent* and the *Timoléon*, were taken by the English under the guns of the fort of Carnero, without the Spaniards' firing a shot to save them. The governors of Malaga and Algeciras looked on with indifference at similar violations of Spanish waters.

A French squadron was refused admission, under quarantine regulations, to the harbour of Corunna.

"All this will end," shrieked the irascible Corsican, "in a clap of thunder." He continued to rave about the vileness of the Prince of the Peace and the unspeakable contempt he felt for him, but he never doubted that he was the only man in Spain capable of withstanding him. Since Godoy could not be conciliated he should go. Beurnonville was ordered to wait on the prince and inform him that, if a single Spanish soldier advanced towards the frontier, he, the ambassador, would be superseded by 100,000 French bayonets. Godoy, probably expecting some such outburst on the part of Napoleon, affected to hear the announcement with surprise, but did not seem frightened.

A few days after, the reply arrived to the proposal of Ceballos. France demanded a subsidy of six millions of francs a month or alternatively the dismissal of the English ambassador. This summons was delivered at the end of July. The court was about to proceed on its usual summer outing to La Granja. Before his departure Charles wrote to Godoy as follows: "My dear Manuel, I do not wish to quarrel with the First Consul, and I am prepared to make every sacrifice which my dignity, my means, and the interests of my people may permit, to avoid a war with France. As the ambassador Beurnonville is authorised to sign secretly the renunciation of the contingent which we are called on to furnish, settle matters with him, let him know our situation, and tell him that I throw myself upon the good-will of the First Consul. As a good ally he will exact nothing



but what is just, and he certainly could not wish me to break my word of honour. I approve, dear Manuel, what you have written to Azara, and I rely on your zeal for the rest, persuaded as I am that you will consider only my tranquillity and the prosperity of Spain."

Godoy showed this letter to Beurnonville, who was content for the moment to hold his hand. But Azara had been instructed to offer a subsidy of two and a half millions as all that Spain could afford. There was a fresh display of childish temper on the part of the Consul. He wrote at once to Beurnonville: "If by the 3rd September there is a single soldier at Valladolid or Burgos, if the frontiers of Biscay and Catalonia are not entirely cleared of troops, in the last days of September the French army will exact retribution for this insult." Spain must promise the whole sum demanded or hand Hookham Frere his passports by September 7 at latest.

Armed with positive instructions, Beurnonville appeared on September 1 at the levee of the Prince of the Peace. He handed his serene highness the note and explained its tenor. "This," said Godoy haughtily, "is an order. His catholic majesty takes orders from no one. I do not accept your note." "Have a care, prince," hissed the ambassador, "there are five hundred persons present. Take this note, or I will call them all to witness that I leave this important communication to the king under your personal responsibility." Godoy stared at the ambassador, but kept the note between his fingers. The Frenchman continued, in threatening tones: "His majesty is above all criticism. It is you, prince,



who will be held responsible by the Spanish people for the calamities in which you are about to involve your country—you, who will be in the eyes of Europe the deliberate and guilty cause of war !” “Ah, you wish to undermine my credit with the nation ?” “Beware, prince,” continued this diplomatic monitor, “of a factitious popularity. Of all these courtiers who come to ask favours of you there is not one on whom you can count, and who will not become an instrument of the public’s indignation when the First Consul opens the eyes of the king and deprives you of his confidence.” Tears, we are told, came into the prince’s eyes at this threat. “I will come,” concluded Beurnonville, “to receive my reply within twenty-four hours. His majesty will be guided by your advice, and I trust sufficiently in your discernment to expect good news.” And the ambassador stalked away through the terrified assembly.

Of this interview we have only the Frenchman’s account. Possibly his attitude was not so commanding and Godoy’s not so meek as he would have us believe. Tears may have stood in the Spaniard’s eyes, but how little he was in reality moved by the ambassador’s bluster may be gathered from the terms of the king’s reply: “My dear Manuel,—I have read the communication you have received from the ambassador of France. Tell General Beurnonville that I have already despatched my reply to the First Consul, and that I cannot depart from it. My financial situation will not admit of the sacrifice demanded, and I am determined not to enter into any engagement which I cannot fulfil. Under the terms of our alliance, the ambassador requires our

assistance. It will be furnished him, and six of our vessels are ready to put to sea. Any other arrangement which might involve me in war with any other Power would be contrary to my wish and to the interests of my people. The crops have failed again this year all over Spain. If I declared war against England at this moment, I should expose my realm to the horrors of famine. However, the First Consul will be informed of all this through Azara, and I am satisfied that he will do me justice.—Charles.”

This letter was read by the Prince of the Peace to Beurnonville on September 3. “Very well,” said the ambassador. “Now listen to me. I am now speaking to you as man to man. Just cast your eyes over this passage in a letter I have received from Talleyrand. Let me read it to you: ‘I hope to hear within a fortnight that you have opened the eyes of this prince, who ought to know by this time that Bonaparte is the most irresistible man created by God.’ Prince,” continued the Frenchman, “while it is yet time, abandon a policy which means your ruin. The First Consul will do justice to Charles IV., but he will call down the vengeance of France on his favourite. Be warned in time! The Spanish people are devoted to their sovereign, but they have no love for a favourite whose fortune is as great as the national debt. I am speaking to you as a friend. Reject my counsels if you like, but you will regret it one day and you will not then be able to blame me.”

“I hear you,” replied the upstart prince. “I am here simply to do my duty. The will of the king is my only law and I cannot and will not add anything to the communication which you have just



GODOY.  
(Goya)





read." Beurnonville, at his wits' ends, left the palace. The "soul of mud," as he was pleased to term Godoy, had displayed the rigidity of granite.

For another month the scene of these diplomatic hostilities was transferred to Paris. Azara, probably out of affection for the First Consul, had tendered his resignation,<sup>1</sup> but the king sternly bade him continue negotiations with the French Government. Charles stated that he had proffered his mediation to the king of England and requested a statement of his attitude. If the British reply was unfavourable, he would join under the terms of the treaty in an attack on the common foe. Meantime, he was at a loss to understand the concentration of French troops on his frontiers. Napoleon, after writing a score of bullying letters, which he or his ministers had the good sense not to despatch, at last sent a new and special envoy to Madrid, one M. Herrman, a man calm in manner and sober in judgment. He was the bearer of an ultimatum.

Godoy received this ambassador extraordinary at the Escorial on October 3. He was informed that France would be satisfied with not a franc less than six millions a month or alternatively a declaration of war against England, together with compensation for the French vessels taken in Spanish waters, the degradation of the governors of Malaga, Cadiz, and Algeciras, the admission of the French fleet to El Ferrol, and the disbandment of the militia. Godoy debated these articles one by one. Herrman refused to argue, but warned him of his responsibility and

<sup>1</sup> Frere to Lord Hawkesbury, August 29, F.O. Spain (Record Office).

of his approaching destruction. "Your official character protects you," replied the Spaniard. "This is not the language employed between gentlemen." In vain, after the fashion of his master, the envoy screamed and bullied. The Prince of the Peace referred him to Azara, who had full powers to treat.

It was now once more the turn of Beurnonville. Indignant at the intervention of his colleague, he now rushed like a mad bull upon the prince and summoned him to sign the ultimatum there and then. Godoy replied that the king would consent to furnish the subsidy—nothing more. Heaping insults on the favourite's head, the ambassador rushed off to Ceballos and demanded an audience of the king. He would hand his majesty directly the note of M. de Talleyrand and the letter of the First Consul. The audience was promised for a quarter-past eleven in the morning of October 11. Beurnonville flattered himself that the knell of the Prince of the Peace had at last sounded.

The letter with which Napoleon hoped to accomplish the favourite's ruin was a vulgar document characteristic of the writer. He ordered Charles to dismiss a man who had made himself the real king of Spain, who lived for the satisfaction of his own vices, who had no elevated sentiment (this from the assassin of the duc d'Enghien, the butcher of Jaffa !), who was sold to England, and who proposed to retire to London to enjoy the price of his country's ruin. If Charles did not obey, the First Consul would declare war against Spain.

Strange to say, the bomb did not burst; Godoy had seen to that. At the appointed hour General



Beurnonville appeared at the palace. He was received by the king and queen with all the pomp and ceremony of royalty. A trifle abashed in spite of himself, the ambassador, in civil tones, acquainted his catholic majesty with the orders of Bonaparte and presented that truculent person's autograph letter. Charles smiled blandly and took the letter without glancing at it. "Tell the First Consul," he said, "that I esteem as much as I like him, and that I am much more attached to France than to England, and will do all that I can. I will tax my subjects, my clergy, I will tax myself; but I will not consent to the dismissal of Manuel, for no one can object to my liking for a man who acts properly and whose society is necessary to me. I accept, therefore, the Consul's letter, but I shall not open it, as Azara has this negotiation in hand."

The more blandly the king smiled the bigger he seemed to become. Maria Luisa smiled sweetly at the ambassador, everybody bowed and purred. Poor Beurnonville was reduced to impotence by the serenity of the atmosphere. As through a mist, he saw the splendid and opulent figures before the throne, and replied mechanically to the grave Castilian compliments. He found himself dismissed, and bowed himself out. Going downstairs, he no doubt recalled all the terrible and cutting things he had meant to say and marshalled once more the arguments which had somehow gone astray. After all, he could not have snatched the Consul's letter out of the king's hand and have held him by force while he read it aloud to him. And he had hoped to come home with Godoy's head on a salver!

Spain, however, gained little by the favourite's address. By a convention signed at Paris on October 19, Azara was obliged to concede most of the points demanded: the subsidy, the degradation of the governor, and protection for French shipping in Spanish waters. By an additional clause, his catholic majesty bound himself to induce Portugal also to contribute a million francs a month, as the price of her neutrality. Probably no better terms could have been obtained, but Azara was the warm friend of the Consul. Godoy declared he was more the friend of France than of Spain; and certainly this ambassador never spared his own Government in his communications to the French foreign office. His resignation was accepted by Charles six weeks after the signature of the treaty; in January 1804 he died with his hand in that of the worst enemy of his country.<sup>1</sup>

The treaty was ratified by Charles with a heavy heart. But even Spanish statesmen, experts in the art of procrastination, could temporize no longer. Spain was placed between the devil in the shape of Napoleon and the deep sea controlled by Great Britain. Hookham Frere threatened Godoy with the consequences of an alliance with France. "That is all very well," said the prince, "but what are the intentions of your Government and what have you to propose?" The ambassador had nothing to propose except a commercial treaty as a means of mollifying his country. He was surprised next day

<sup>1</sup> See F.O. Spain, vols. xl., l. (Record Office) and Grandmaison; yet Major Hume says that the conclusion of the treaty broke Azara's heart!

by an ingenious proposal made to him by a discreet man of business named Bringas. "Let Spain fulfil her obligations to France by making a nominal attack on Portugal. That our king can mean no real harm to his own grandchildren cannot be doubted. If England agrees to this plan and remains neutral as regards Spain, we will agree to the commercial convention."

Frere replied that he must refer this suggestion to his chief. Before it reached London it had been answered by Lord Hawkesbury's intimation to the Spanish ambassador that any attack on Portugal would be considered an act of war against Great Britain<sup>1</sup>; yet it would have been safer for the little kingdom to have been engaged by her neighbour than left to the mercies of Napoleon.

Disappointed by the rejection of this project, Godoy and Ceballos made no secret of the tremendous pressure being brought to bear on them by France. Our ambassador realized that Spain could not be expected to defend herself with Manchester-made dish-clouts. On August 5, 1803, he sent a cypher message to Downing Street: "In my conversation with the prince I succeeded in persuading him that England might be able to offer a minor force capable of enabling Spain to resist France. Great promises can do no harm. This country wants only confidence. You may judge that I shall be anxious to have an answer on this subject."<sup>2</sup>

Luckily for Spain, our ambassador had not succeeded in persuading Godoy of England's readiness to help,

<sup>1</sup> June 8; Record Office, F.O. Spain, vol. 1.

<sup>2</sup> Record Office, F.O. Spain, vol. 1.



and no confirmation of the offer was received from London. Frere continued to protest against Spain's submission to the exactions of her ally; Godoy continued to point out the futility of resistance. If Portugal would pledge herself to assist Spain with all her forces, something might be done; he, the Prince, asked nothing better than to command a Portuguese army. This alliance our representative made some efforts to bring about, but he was thwarted by the Lisbon cabinet's unconquerable aversion from their neighbour.

On October 9 he announced (prematurely in fact) the conclusion of the treaty of subsidy, adding disgustedly, "Under the circumstances, having nothing to oppose but vague exhortation and general assurances of support, with such slight encouragement as I could engage the ministers of Austria and Prussia occasionally to throw in, Mr. Freire [the Portuguese representative at Madrid] never having been authorised by his Government to do anything more than make a kind of loose declaration that they were sensible of the importance of the Pyrenees as the common natural frontier of the two countries, it will not appear in any degree extraordinary that these things should have taken the turn they have done."

Godoy had been shrewd enough to perceive that England would not have lifted a bayonet to protect Spain against her tyrant. His suspicion was confirmed when, on his announcing (truly or falsely) that the French had demanded a right of passage at any and all times for their troops across any part of the kingdom, Lord Hawkesbury, in a despatch dated November 24, replied that the British Govern-

ment found it impossible to make any definite promise of military succour. Napoleon's army was threatening the shores of Kent. Nothing would have suited us better than a diversion of that army to the side of the Pyrenees; nothing would have suited us less than a diversion of our forces from our own shores to those of the peninsula.

Having been unable to delude Godoy by specious promises, Mr. Frere resorted to threats, and informed him that his Government would regard the continuance of the subsidy to France as an act of hostility. "Very well," was the answer, "declare war upon us as soon as you like. We shall then be relieved from this appalling tribute." With all her men and ships needed for the defence of her own shores, England was not at all anxious to do this. Frere did not accept the challenge, but urged Godoy to put his trust in Great Britain, promising help, as he admits, in "rather more favourable terms" than his instructions warranted. He ventured, like his French colleague, to refer to the insecurity of the favourite's position. "Still," he observed, "there are few persons in authority nowadays who have not entrusted their fortune to the safe-keeping of England. Your highness has probably nothing to fear on that score from an invasion. If, however, you have not the funds to tide you over any such catastrophe, you could count on us."

"Mr. Frere," replied the Prince, "my fortune, for good or ill, is bound up with my country. I have no funds in the Bank of England, nor do I acknowledge any better safeguard than Spain affords. As to the rest of your remarks, let us forget you have uttered



them. A Spaniard does not sell his king for all the wealth of the Indies."

Frere, reporting this interview, admits that Godoy replied to his proposals in terms which he would not repeat, but which fully satisfied him of the fairness of his intentions. The king's favourite could not be bought by francs or guineas.

Yet the ambassador stayed on at the court of Madrid, hoping that some coalition of the continental Powers would embolden Spain to throw off the yoke of the French. Godoy, perceiving that the tribute was draining the country of its last resources, invited England over and over again to declare war. It was to this end that he deliberately picked a quarrel with Frere, and in a manner, it must be said, that reflected no lustre on him. In a Parisian paper appeared the report of a conversation between him and the ambassador, which put the latter in a very unfavourable light. His excellency invited his highness to contradict this report as publicly as it had been uttered. Godoy replied, in stilted language, that no one who knew him could suppose him to have inspired the printed version of their interview, but since "such slanders were beneath the greatness of his soul", he was surprised that his excellency should notice them.

Frere, in answer, pointed out that nothing attributed in the newspaper to the prince was inconsistent with the greatness of soul on which he so justly prided himself, but that he, the ambassador, had been the object of the slander, and, not being possessed of the prince's dignity of character, was disposed to resent it. To this retort Godoy could find no other reply than to remind the ambassador that he was not a



minister of State and that his denial of the report could carry no weight. Mr. Frere very properly declined to continue the correspondence, and broke off all communication with the favourite. In August he returned to England, leaving his brother, Bartle Frere, as chargé d'affaires.

If England did not choose to take offence, she did not hesitate to give it. King Charles's throne was besieged with the complaints and protests of his subjects against acts of aggression by English seamen. The old king would not be driven into war. "It is my determination to remain at peace with England," he declared. "But the English are burning your ships," expostulated Godoy. "Pooh!" said the king, "the captains were probably drunk. We are not going to take upon ourselves the quarrels of drunken seamen." But there came a day when the patience even of Charles IV. was exhausted. Four of his frigates, escorting a fleet of treasure-ships from America, were waylaid off Cape Santa Maria by as many English warships and summoned to surrender. The Spaniards indignantly refused. The English, without an instant's delay, opened fire, sank one of the galleons, and towed the whole fleet into Portsmouth as hostages.

Happily for the good name of Britain, this disgraceful act of piracy was described in proper terms by not a few of our most prominent statesmen. "There are some acts of hardship and severity which the laws of civilised war permit," said Lord Grenville, speaking in the House of Lords, "but this atrocious act of barbarity is contrary to all law of nations and stamps indelible infamy on our name." In the lower House

Fox stigmatised the attack on the convoy as a wanton and premeditated outrage on a neutral flag and "to have Mr. Frere at the same moment negotiating in Madrid was an act of fraud and duplicity unparalleled." He suggested that Pitt had encouraged Spain, since the rupture of the treaty of Amiens, to believe herself safe from attack, merely that we might begin hostilities at the moment least expected or most convenient for us. The attack certainly deserves to rank with the murder of the duc d'Enghien and the treacherous seizure of Tripoli by the Italians in our own time.

It was not till December 14 that King Charles could be persuaded to sign the declaration of war. Napoleon—who was now emperor—though he had at first preferred the financial to the military assistance of his ally, was delighted at the turn of events. He wanted the Spanish navy for his descent upon England. Ceballos, always inclined towards Great Britain, had to be spurred on to war by Beurnonville, now ambassador at Madrid for the second time. Godoy wanted no urging. He welcomed war as a relief from the crushing burden of the tribute. Perhaps, too, he remembered the snub he had received from our representative. He declared himself ready to mount his horse and ride to the camp at Boulogne or wherever a Spanish sword might serve the emperor. That potentate, no longer concerned for the conjugal honour of Charles IV., expressed the hope that the Prince of the Peace would be entrusted, instead of the ministers, with the negotiations with France relative to the prosecution of the war.

Admiral Gravina, who had settled the plan of

campaign at Paris with the French minister of marine, did in fact confer with Godoy on the eve of his departure to assume the command of the Spanish fleet at Cadiz. That plan, we know, was Napoleon's own. Godoy's task was to help in its execution. He worked like a Trojan and stirred up his colleagues. The navy-yards of Spain resounded to hammer-strokes, the arsenals hummed with activity. The war meant something more to the country than vengeance for the outrage of Cape Santa Maria. Spain stood enormously to gain by the humiliation of England. Had Napoleon's project been successful, he would no doubt have rewarded his ally not only with her former possessions of Gibraltar and Trinidad, but with many other West Indian colonies of Great Britain—perhaps also with a slice of Brazil.

Nelson and the wind decided otherwise.



## CHAPTER X

### TRAFALGAR

AMID the clash of arms factions were not silent in Spain. The country was sorely impoverished, though gold still coagulated in the coffers of the rich. Yellow fever decimated the southern provinces. The famine, foreseen by Charles IV., was averted only by the introduction of grain by a French company in exchange for the right of trading with the American possessions. As piety did not permit the Spaniards to reproach the Creator with these afflictions, and loyalty would not allow them to blame the king, a handy scapegoat was found in Godoy. The dormant hatred of the clergy was aroused by the rumour that he proposed to reform the monastic orders; the farmers and capitalists, who had hoped to profit by the shortage of crops, were enraged at his interference; to crown all, his humane instincts led him to obtain from the king a decree forbidding bull-fights in any part of the realm. He had given the people bread indeed, but he had denied them their favourite sport.

This measure alone, one would suppose, was enough to make him the best-hated man in Spain, though, strangely enough, he does not refer to it as one of the causes of his unpopularity. "Against the Government [he says], and me with it, were ranged all the

men in the country envious of power, all the unsatisfied office-seekers who swarmed at court, all who fattened on the abuses now threatened with abolition, all who lived in idleness in ecclesiastical establishments, all who feared loss of power or influence through the reform of the laws—in short, all the enemies of progress. Even among its friends, alas! I counted not a few opponents—men seeking the good of the country but unwilling to believe that I was furthering it.”

United in the first instance only by their hatred of the favourite, these various elements found a rallying-point at the very foot of the throne. In the king's heir they recognised the head of the opposition to the king's government; in the wife of the king's heir they might have found an enemy of the national flag.

Prince Ferdinand of Bourbon was a bad man and a tyrannical king; as a youth he is admitted, even by his few admirers, to have been dull, gloomy, and cold. Still, according to Lord Holland, “there was nothing at the period of his marriage in 1802 but a sinister countenance in the prince of Asturias to announce those odious qualities which have caused so much misery to his own subjects. He showed little inclination to study, and still less to sports and amusements. He seldom marked the slightest preference or affection to such as were admitted to his company. Some little aptitude to mathematics was observed in him, and he was said to take interest in the scientific part of fortification; but it was generally believed that he was weak both in character and intellect.”

These defects are ascribed by more friendly writers

to the circumstances of his upbringing. Yet Godoy and his predecessors in power had neglected no means to procure him a good education. Among his tutors was Father Scio, whom Spanish writers call celebrated, the worthy prelate, Francisco Cabrera, and the Marquis of Santa Cruz, whom Godoy calls an honour to the nobility. The favourite, as we know, had not much faith in the education received in the atmosphere of a court. He thought that the heir to the crown of Spain would have profited more by three or four years' travel and by a personal initiation into the life of the generality of mankind. It cannot be said that his notions have been adopted in regard to the princes of our own day.

Desired, notwithstanding, by the king to find a new tutor for his son, Godoy, in an evil hour for himself and Spain, selected Don Juan Escoiquiz, a native of Navarre, who had once been a page at court and had held a canonry at Zaragoza. This ecclesiastic frequented all the minister's levees, and had represented himself to Godoy as one of the friends of progress. He alleged that he was looked upon with disfavour on this account by his superiors. He appeared to combine the character of the scholar with that of the martyr; had translated—badly enough—the works of Young and Milton, written a tedious epic called "Mexico Conquistada," and composed a treatise on the duties of man for the use of schools. The minister's choice of this grave and learned person for the post of tutor to the heir-apparent was generally applauded.

Escoiquiz justified his appointment to some extent by the empire he secured over his pupil. He no



doubt felt that he had obtained his power by more legitimate means than his patron and benefactor, against whom he very soon began to poison the prince's mind. At the time of Godoy's first dismissal from office Ferdinand was fourteen years old—an age at which, as a Spaniard, he was fully capable of comprehending the relations existing, or suspected to exist, between his mother and the Prince of the Peace. That, by opening his charge's eyes, he was filling him with contempt for his mother did not occasion any remorse to his priestly tutor. On the contrary, it is to the reverend gentleman that we must attribute the prince's estrangement from his parents. They did not love their son in the beginning, say some. Yet Charles IV., if not a frantically devoted father, was at least capable of as much kindness to his children as royal persons in his day ever thought fit to display; and as Maria Luisa in after-life manifested passionate affection for other people's children, it is hardly likely that she denied it to her first-born son. The boy was by nature cold; and, to attach him more firmly to himself, the tutor probably told him that Godoy had robbed him of his parent's love.

The ambitious priest was not long in demonstrating his ingratitude. Upon his patron's retirement he presented their majesties with a memoir upon the interest of the State in the selection of ministers, in which able study he skilfully depicted Godoy under the disguise of the ideal bad minister and himself under the still more impenetrable disguise of the good. This composition he accompanied by some poetic effusions, extolling the virtues of the king and execrating his evil but unnamed advisers.

His reverence thought he had in him the makings of a Cisneros or an Alberoni; just as Godoy, in secret, believed himself the equal of Don John and Pombal.

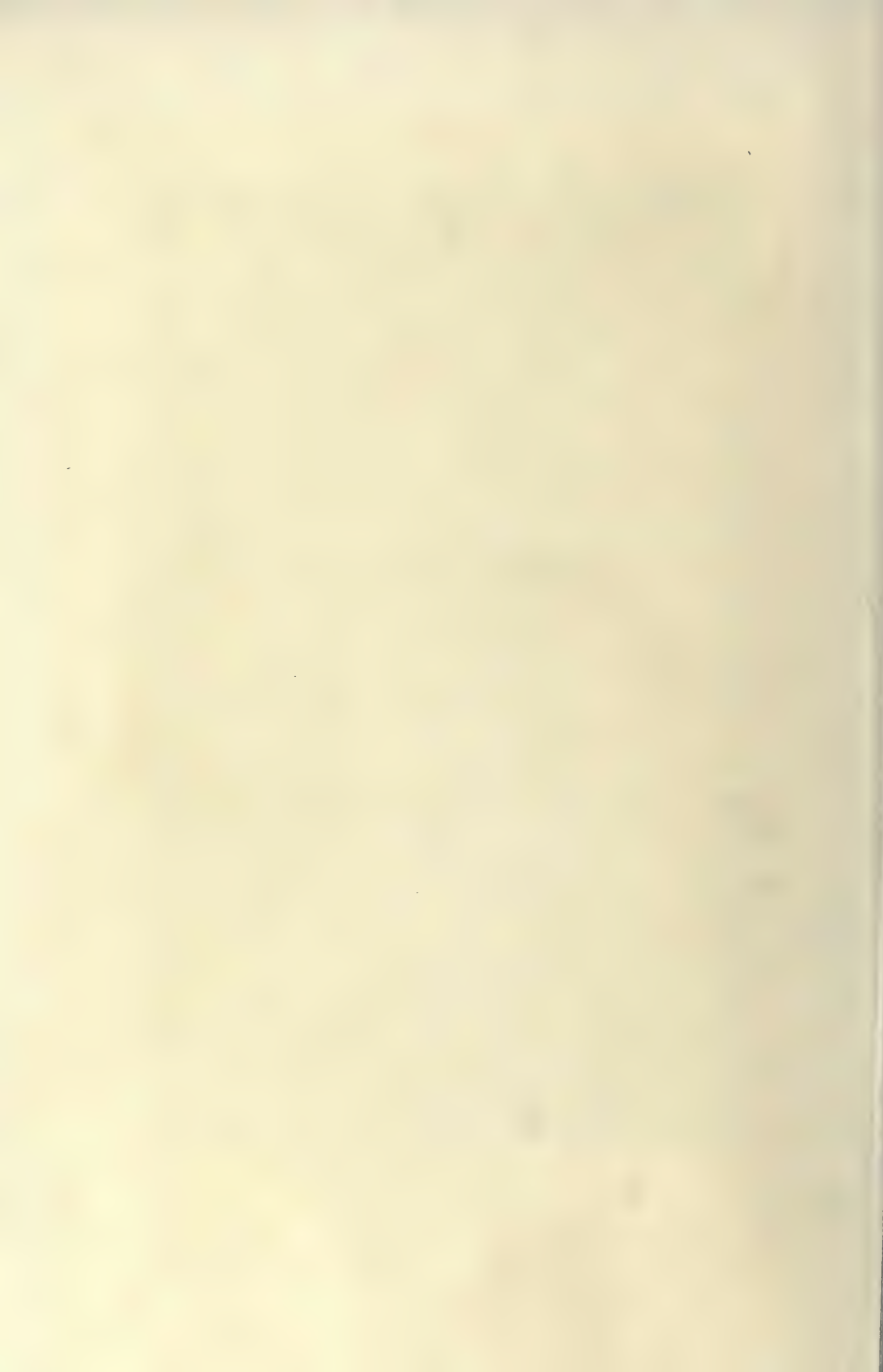
Emboldened by the continued retirement of the favourite, the canon informed his majesty that his son desired a seat at the council-table. This ambition, he considered, was a most promising trait in his pupil, proceeding from his zeal and his intelligence. The proposal by no means pleased Charles. He remembered how his own father had sternly forbidden him to take any part in state affairs; and, as a parent of the old-fashioned type, he naturally thought that the training which had had such good results with him must be equally beneficial to his son. Certainly if Charles III. excluded his son from the council because of his subjection to Godoy, as some allege, Charles IV. had as much reason to fear the influence of Escoiquiz. His majesty became suspicious of his son's tutor, and promptly disposed of him by presenting him with the archdeaconry of Alcaraz, to which was attached a vacant stall in the metropolitan church of Toledo. The religious calm of the cathedral city should have been favourable to the indulgence of the canon's literary tastes, but he found time to maintain a regular correspondence with his late pupil.

Not long after, Ferdinand became subjected to another influence probably more dangerous to his country. He was married, as we have seen, at the age of eighteen to his cousin, the princess Maria Antonia of Naples. Lord Holland speaks of the bride as "a pale, sickly, ugly young woman, with a gentle expression of countenance and great propriety



CHARLES IV. OF SPAIN.  
(Goya)





of manner." The duchesse d'Abrantes declares that she fell in love with her at first sight. "She was not tall, yet there was a nobility and grace in her carriage, proceeding probably from the pose of her head. Her fair hair betrayed her northern origin [her mother was an Austrian], and there was little about her to suggest that the Santa Lucia and Ponte Mole had heard her first accents. She had the Austrian mouth and lips and the Bourbon nose, though it was just aquiline and did not come down over her chin like her father-in-law's. There was a great freshness about her, and this freshness, or rather her overflowing health, was disagreeably manifested by the exuberance of her bust. There was no beauty about her arms and hands, nor her feet, which ought to have been smaller; but, on the whole, she looked very well. She was very much a princess. Her manner was majestic and a trifle severe, but, as soon as her glance was accompanied by a smile, then her whole countenance was illuminated. There was poetry in her expressive face, and, although always silent and reserved, her face conversed with you."

The duchesse d'Abrantes compares the simple costume of the princess with the elaborate toilette of her majesty. "The queen appeared to me still beautiful. She began, however, to be stout, and her double chin, like that of Catharine II., gave her a matronly air. Notwithstanding, she wore her hair in the Greek style, with pearls and diamonds stuck in her locks, or rather in her wig. Her neck and shoulders were very much uncovered. She wore a gown of yellow taffetas, with an overdress of very fine English lace. Her arms were bare except for bracelets of magnificent

pearls clasped by a single ruby—the finest jewels of the kind I have ever seen. The queen's arms, like her hands, were superb." Her eyes the duchess pronounced to be admirable, her conversation brilliant, and her manner gracious and affable.

Of Charles IV., then in his fifty-seventh year, the duchess draws a less flattering portrait. She found him extremely "original." He was tall, his hair was thin and white, his nose was of unusual length, and did not add beauty to a face undistinguished but for an expression of kindness. He wore a hunting costume—a faded blue coat with yellow buttons, leather breeches, blue stockings rolled above his knees, and gaiters. He hunted every day in all weathers, in all circumstances. When told that one of his children was dying, he started for the hills notwithstanding, with the remark, "Well, what can I do for him?" In these daily excursions he managed to employ no fewer than seven hundred men and five hundred horses.<sup>1</sup> On his return he joined the queen on the promenade. Tired out, he spent the evening at the card-table with two old lords who had been condemned to this tedious attendance for years past. Four or five other parties were arranged in the gallery. Presently all would fall asleep, the cards in their hands, to awake only when the *maître d'hôtel* entered to announce dinner. At eleven o'clock the court went to bed.

Next to shooting and carpentry, the king loved music. He would begin the day to the strains of the violin, and a concert always refreshed him on his return from the chase. "The king took his

<sup>1</sup> Alquier.



violin and took part in rendering some piece from Haydn, Boccherini, Viotti, or Jarnowick. In this way he inflicted acute suffering on some of the most eminent masters of the instrument, who were summoned to take part in this orchestra. One day it was perceived that some one was not keeping time. It was certainly not the fault of the professionals. They took counsel together, and Olivieri, who was the first violin at the Opera, ventured to tell the king that the fault was his, and that he must take three bars rest. The excellent prince was astonished at this admonition. He regarded the artist with stupefaction; then, readjusting his instrument under his chin, he said majestically in Italian, 'I re n'aspettano mai!' (Kings never wait). One may judge of the harmonious effects produced!"<sup>1</sup>

For a long time the musical monarch remained equally insensible to the discord in his own household. From her Austrian mother, Maria Carolina of Naples, the princess of Asturias had inherited a love of power, which soon asserted itself in a complete domination over her young husband. The daughter of Napoleon's deadliest enemy, the devoted friend of Nelson, she became, as Godoy had expected, a hostile critic of his policy and an eye-sore to the French Government. "When you are more intimate with the Prince of the Peace," wrote Napoleon to Junot, "let drop something about the future fate of Spain, and let him see how dangerous the influence of the daughter of the Austrian of Naples must be should Charles IV. die."

Godoy had no need to be reminded how fatal

<sup>1</sup> The duchesse d'Abrantes.

that influence would be to him; for, with the intuition natural to young ladies fresh from school, her royal highness at once suspected the relations of the favourite with her mother-in-law, and made it no secret that she regarded her majesty as an abandoned woman. In the prince, his wife, and Escoiquiz Godoy recognised a triumvirate which aimed at nothing less than his utter downfall.

Charles IV., unsuspecting of the enemy under his own roof, gave the requisite orders for the arming of his navy. To Junot Napoleon wrote in February: "I ask but one thing of the Prince of the Peace: that the Spanish fleets be got ready for the great expeditions which I meditate." On March 3 he wrote: "Tell the prince that I have thought out a great plan; let him second me and the results will be advantageous and will tend to confound our enemies." The French squadron, under Villeneuve, issuing from Toulon, was to unite with the fleet of Gravina at Cadiz and to proceed to the West Indies, where another French fleet under Missiessy was to meet them.

The primary object of the expedition was the reduction of the English colonies; that the fleet was then to return to Europe in order to facilitate the invasion of England Godoy probably suspected, and not impossibly was told. It was essential to the success of the scheme, even as far as he was positively acquainted with it, that Villeneuve should elude the vigilance of Nelson, then closely watching his fleet in the Mediterranean. The necessity for secrecy was absolute. To his father's favourite then came Prince Ferdinand, inquiring what might be the

destination of the allied squadrons. Godoy was embarrassed for a reply. To tell the prince would be to tell his wife, and the information would be Nelson's as soon as couriers and fast-sailing ships could carry it. Napoleon's plans, he replied, after some hesitation, were vast; the squadron of Rochefort was probably destined for the East Indies, Villeneuve was bound for Egypt, the other squadrons for the coast of Ireland. With this explanation the prince was content.

Was the information, as Godoy alleges, communicated by the princess of Asturias to her mother, and by her mother to Nelson? I believe so. The fleet of Villeneuve left Toulon in the evening of March 29, 1805, and steered towards Cartagena. The English admiral lay in the gulf of Palma. On April 1 he sailed across to the southern extremity of Sardinia. Hearing, three days later, that the enemy were at sea, he steered for the Sicilian coast. On February 14 he had written to the Admiralty expressing his belief that the destination of the French was Egypt or the Levant. "At this moment of sorrow," he adds, "I still feel that I have acted right."

At the beginning of April he was still of this opinion. For two days he cruised off Palermo; not till the 9th, having seen nothing of the enemy, did he rid his mind of the idea, and sail westward. He had given Villeneuve twelve days' start. The tenacity with which he held to his mistaken belief certainly gives colour to the allegation that it was based on information received from an authoritative source. Godoy, by deceiving the prince of Asturias, had in all pro-



bability saved Villeneuve and his ships—for a time at least. One of his Spanish commentators throws doubt on his story and quotes a letter of June 14, 1805, in which the emperor tells his minister of Marine that his plans are not known to the Prince of the Peace. But this was another plan altogether; and in any event Godoy must, at least, have known that the fleet was bound in the first instance for America.

Spain gained nothing by the expedition. Gravina wanted to recover Trinidad, or at least to undertake some serious enterprise against the enemy's possessions; but fear of Nelson was too strong in Villeneuve, and a false report of the English admiral's approach sent him scudding back with a press of sail across the Atlantic. Nelson's thoughts immediately turned to Egypt as his antagonist's destination and he made sail for the strait of Gibraltar. Two days after his arrival the fleet of Gravina and Villeneuve was driven back in an attempt to reach the Channel by Sir Robert Calder, off Cape Finisterre. The Spaniards bore the brunt of the fighting and lost two ships. The check put an end to all hope of invading England. The allied fleets put into Cadiz and remained there for another two months. Goaded by his master's taunts and threats, Villeneuve on October 18 announced his intention of offering battle. The Spaniards, convinced by this time of the incapacity of their commander and the inefficiency of their own crews, reluctantly followed him.

On October 19, 1805, the allied ships, thirty-four in number, one by one dropped round the point of Cadiz and entered the open sea. The British fleet,

of twenty-seven sail, Nelson in command, was awaiting them. As dawn broke over the stormy waters on October 22, six Spanish and four French ships reeled into the harbour. The battle of Trafalgar had been fought and lost. Gravina was dead, Churruca, and Galiano. Nelson, in the last hour of his life, had won for England her greatest victory on the waves.

Very different from his imperial ally, Charles IV. received the news of the destruction of his fleet with the composure of an oriental. The honour of the Spanish flag had not been tarnished. Gravina on his death-bed the king appointed Captain-General, to Admiral Alava was sent the grand-cross of the order of Charles III. Liberal provision was at once made for the widows and orphans of the slain. Almost at the same time arrived the tidings of the capitulation of the Austrian army at Ulm. Turning to Beurnonville in presence and hearing of the Austrian, Prussian, and Swedish ambassadors, the old king remarked generally, "Well, this is good, very good news, which will make for peace. Our fleets have been unfortunate, but they have fought well. I regret deeply the captains and admirals we have lost, but with time we shall be able to build other ships."

One is reminded of Mehemet Ali's sole comment on the destruction of the fleet on which he had founded such hopes : "To what end is a warship built but to perish in battle ?"

In Spain generally it cannot be said that the disaster of Trafalgar produced a very deep impression. The vessels had been manned, as one of the commanders remarked, by the overflow from the prisons—there were few homes that had to regret the loss of

a bread-winner. Moreover, the defeat was regarded as Napoleon's, not Spain's, and in the invasion of England Spaniards took but a lukewarm interest. Like their king, the nation seemed abundantly consoled by the valour of their seamen. While the poets sang of Trafalgar as of a victory, the party of the prince of Asturias welcomed it as a fresh reason for a reconciliation with England.

Nor could his royal highness forget or forgive the deception practised upon him as to the destination of the fleet. "Look here, Manuel," he said angrily to the generalissimo, "I will be frank with you. Either they have deceived you or you have deceived me. You told me that the squadron from Toulon was bound for Egypt." "But, sir," answered Godoy, "I also told you that these plans might be altered according to events." "No; that won't do. The squadron started at once for the ocean." "But your highness forgets," said Godoy, "that it had made an earlier start, but returned to port. The first time the fleet was probably bound for Egypt, but Nelson got wind of our intentions and we had to change them."

This explanation the prince could not directly rebut; he continued, "Very few of the things you have told me have turned out to be true. The fact is that in affairs of State I am not consulted at all, and that I am treated as a mere nobody. The heir-apparent is a reflection of his father and merits equal respect. Have you ever lied to my father?" "No," indignantly replied Godoy, "I do not lie to my king. You will be king some day, and I hope you will be as faithfully served as I have served your



father. You do not trust me. I wish you would obtain my dismissal from the king. I shall take it as a boon." "Hah!" ejaculated Ferdinand, "you would have me compromise myself!" and he turned his back on the generalissimo.

The prince's exasperation was presently fanned by news from Italy. Only two months after the battle of Trafalgar, Napoleon announced his determination to depose his inveterate foe, King Ferdinand of Naples. "The existence of the dynasty of Naples," he declared, "is incompatible with the peace of Europe and the honour of my crown." The doomed monarch was the brother of Charles IV., but there was little love lost between them. The Spanish court had done its utmost to detach Naples from the English alliance, but in vain; and Ceballos went so far as to dismiss the Neapolitan envoy from Madrid. But the forcible seizure of his brother's kingdom could not be regarded with indifference by the king of Spain; even though Godoy, sharply questioned by Beurnonville, assured him that his catholic majesty would not allow his natural feelings to stand in the way of the peace of the Continent. In February 1806 Ferdinand IV. fled to Sicily, and Napoleon set his brother Joseph on the vacant throne.

The princess of Asturias, naturally enough, bitterly resented this spoliation of her father. She was indignant at the apparent callousness of her uncle and father-in-law, whom she probably expected to rush into war with France on his brother's behalf. Without waiting for Godoy to avow his sympathy with her, she furiously attacked him in letters to her mother which his or Napoleon's spies intercepted. Some

of them were found to contain violent denunciations of the king and the queen, the favourite, and the emperor.

Some one—some say Godoy, some the French ambassador—reported the correspondence to Charles, who asked the queen to remonstrate with the princess. She did so, we are told, in the mildest manner, but her royal highness answered her in terms so disrespectful that even the uxorious Ferdinand felt called upon to protest. The intrigues of the queen of Naples, and perhaps the indiscretions of her daughter, were reported by Godoy to Napoleon. This appears a mean proceeding, but the letters may of course have contained matter of the highest political importance. In any case her royal highness was no sufferer by the revelation. "Nothing astonishes me on the part of the queen of Naples," wrote Napoleon, "yet I trembled merely on reading your letter. I am consoled to hear that their majesties are in good health. Never doubt the interest with which you inspire me and the desire I have to give you proofs of my protection, as well as of the esteem and friendship I bear the king."

The unhappy princess did not languish long in the shadow of her father-in-law's displeasure. It had been obvious, from the moment of her landing in Spain, that she who had been selected to give heirs to the kingdom was the victim of phthisis. I do not know if the progress of the dread disease can in reality be accelerated by mental anguish. It was supposed so, for the end came much sooner than any one had expected. The princess died in the arms of her husband at Aranjuez on May 21, 1806, in the

twenty-third year of her age and the fourth of her wifehood.

"The *choricero* has poisoned her!" wrote Escoiquiz to his former pupil. "No," replied the prince, "she died of the malady which I perceived in her when we were married." But the foul rumour, notwithstanding the husband's denial, was busily circulated by the favourite's innumerable foes. "It was her parents," said Godoy bitterly, "who sacrificed her by concealing from us her infirmity and sending her to a climate like that of Madrid," where the air, as we know, "will not blow out a candle but will snuff out a life." The humane prince who had interceded for his enemies and rescued the orphans on the streets was pointed at by Escoiquiz as a stupid and brutal murderer. So persistent was the calumny that, by order of the court, the physicians published a statement giving the most precise and even revolting details of the princess's malady and the post-mortem examination of her body. This report satisfied most people in Spain, but the story continued to spread through Europe and is still given currency by sensational historians.



## CHAPTER XI

### THE TREATY OF FONTAINEBLEAU

So far from having compassed the princess's death, Godoy had good reasons for wishing her to live. It might have been in her power to have reconciled him with her husband and to have united the court in opposition to the imperial tyrant. From the time of her death we find the Prince of the Peace forced to play a double game. He was placed between two fires. On the one hand, the prince of Asturias vowed him an implacable enmity and threatened to strip him of his wealth and power as soon as the sceptre had fallen into his hands ; on the other, the Emperor of the French affected to support him, in order, as it seemed, to buy his acquiescence in the humiliation of Spain.

Godoy remembered the peace of Amiens and the selfish sacrifice of the Spanish colonies. He had kept Spain out of the war as long as he could and had opposed the subvention tooth and nail. When war had been forced on Spain by England he had assisted Napoleon in the hope of recovering Trinidad and other lost possessions. His hopes had been blasted at Trafalgar ; all that Spain had got from her alliance with France was the kingdom of Etruria. And now, without any apology, his catholic majesty's ally seized his brother's kingdom. No one in Spain cared two

straws for the cruel Ferdinand of Naples, but his fate was only too plainly to be regarded as a precedent. All Napoleon's gifts were Greek gifts. He did not want allies, but vassals.

Henceforward it became Godoy's policy to secure his future against the attacks of the prince of Asturias, if necessary, by the help of Napoleon; but to grant his interested protector nothing in return contrary to the welfare of Spain. The emperor would believe that he was paying a bribe while in reality he would be offering a free gift. The game was the easier to play since the Corsican would never suspect any man of preferring his country's interest to his own. Yet Godoy placed Spain first, while determined to make the best bargain he could for himself.

Since the outbreak of the war with England he had maintained a private agent in Paris. This was Don Eugenio Izquierdo, a man of science, whom the favourite had appointed director of the Cabinet of Natural History at Madrid. He is admitted by all to have been an astute and far-sighted diplomatist; the duchesse d'Abrantes found that his atrociously ugly countenance concealed a nimble mind; and he was, above all, a good patriot, though this, of course, his patron's detractors will not allow. He had been the intimate of Buffon and Lavoisier, and in their society had met Lacépède, the zoologist, now president of the Senate and chancellor of the Legion of Honour. With this personage the Spanish *savant* renewed his friendly relations. Through them a correspondence was carried on between Napoleon and Godoy, behind the backs of the Spanish ambassador in Paris and the French ambassador at

Madrid. Godoy had little confidence in the representative of his Government, the prince of Masserano, who had, like Azara, a marked partiality for France; the emperor spoke of Beurnonville as "a trumpet which can keep nothing secret." It was Izquierdo's rôle to represent his patron as Napoleon's man and to extract from him his intentions towards Spain.

He appeared, till towards the end of his mission, to succeed. Confident in his power to mollify the emperor, Godoy was bold enough to advise the king to refuse recognition to the new sovereign of Naples. Beurnonville waxed wroth. Recognition by Spain, he argued, would at once be followed by recognition by the other Powers; it was then necessary to France. Godoy replied that, by acquiescing tacitly in his brother's deposition, Charles IV. had done all that could in decency and honour be demanded of him. The ambassador proceeded to threats. Etruria, he reminded the Spaniard, was within the grasp of his imperial majesty. Finding that his pistol had missed fire, the Frenchman made the usual appeal to the favourite's self-interest. Suppose Charles IV. should die, he would stand in need of the emperor's protection then. To this appeal Godoy remained deaf. He knew how little Beurnonville could really promise on his master's behalf. Charles IV. definitely refused to recognise the new monarch, and merely caused an entry to be made in the official almanac that Joseph Bonaparte had on February 9 been proclaimed king of Naples.

Godoy was correct in his calculations. Napoleon was not in a position to resent the contumacy of his ally. He was again discussing terms of peace with



England through Lord Yarmouth and with Russia through M. d'Oubril. A rupture with Spain would have stiffened the backs of both these Powers. For the moment Etruria was spared. Moreover, Izquierdo adroitly represented his patron as seeking favours from the emperor, in return for which he no doubt hinted at recognition and all sorts of concessions to France.

Continually threatened by the French diplomatists with the fate in store for him under Ferdinand VII., the Prince of the Peace pretended to listen to projects "relating to the succession to the crown of Spain." But his highness expressed himself so vaguely and seemed so little anxious to supplant his enemy that Napoleon at last wrote (March 13, 1806): "The prince must say what he wants." To which the politic Izquierdo replied: "The prince, proud of having occupied for some moments the mind of your majesty—submits his destiny to your will and . . . demands . . . a sovereignty of his own between Spain and Portugal."

And that beyond question Godoy did want—a state of his own, such as Napoleon was everywhere creating for his marshals, where he might serve Spain during the life of Charles IV. and defy the malice of Ferdinand VII.; but, to gain it, he was not prepared to sacrifice the interests of his country. Since the end of 1804 Napoleon had been clamouring for the arrears of the subsidy guaranteed by Spain, which, counting from the signature of the treaty to King Charles's declaration of war against England, he estimated at seventy-two millions of francs. On May 10 Izquierdo succeeded in settling this claim

on the payment of twenty-four millions. This seems a good stroke of business for Spain, but Toreno, and other historians after him, talk of Godoy's having robbed his country of the sum thus paid and suggest that it was a bribe to Napoleon. Most debtors are glad enough to get let off with six and eightpence in the pound.

It looks more probable, on examination, that the concession was Napoleon's and that it was intended to humour Godoy. For the hint about a principality for the favourite seems to have proceeded from a suggestion of the emperor's own, involving an attack upon Portugal. In June Izquierdo was invited to meet Duroc at St. Cloud, and there he was handed a paper containing a remarkable scheme. Portugal was to be conquered by a mixed army of French and Spanish, and then to be divided into three parts: one of these was to be held by the king of Spain, another given to the Prince of the Peace, and the third to be allotted to the king of Etruria in exchange for Tuscany. The House of Bragança was to be sent to Brazil, and France was to receive a portion of the Spanish province of Biscay.

The advantage to France under this arrangement is so patent that there can be little doubt as to its authorship. Godoy's agent promptly replied that no Spaniard would ever consent to the alienation of any part of the national territory, and that he was not prepared to discuss the translation of the king of Etruria to northern Lusitania. He proposed, instead, that the emperor should compensate himself with the island of Madeira and the Portuguese colonies in Africa. To establish the expelled dynasty in Brazil



DON LUIS, KING OF ETRURIA.  
(Goya)





would, furthermore, be to set up a rival empire to Spain's in the New World. These objections and proposals were referred to Talleyrand, who was empowered only to waive the clause stipulating the cession of Spanish territory. Godoy could have the royal title if he liked, and King Charles could take that of emperor of Spain and the Indies. In conclusion, the minister desired an immediate answer.

He does not seem to have got it. Ready to take a principality for nothing, Godoy was not disposed to have it on the emperor's terms. The project was dropped for a time. Napoleon was busy with his peace negotiations. Naples was the chief stumbling-block. Neither England nor Russia would forsake the exiled king. Napoleon, always mindful of his allies, proposed to compensate him with the Balearic Islands, his brother's property. It was to gain Godoy's consent to such a transfer, I suppose, that he had offered him the Portuguese principality. The scheme fell through. D'Oubril, the Russian plenipotentiary, was disgraced by the Tsar, England withdrew from the conference, and in September Prussia and Saxony leagued themselves with these Powers in the war against France.

Godoy was not long left in ignorance of the emperor's readiness to purchase peace with a portion of his ally's dominions. It might have been the peace of Amiens over again! The favourite saw plainly through Napoleon's attempts to buy him, and probably doubted if he would ever have got the price of his treachery. He recalled the conqueror's lately uttered prophecy that his dynasty would soon be the oldest in Europe, his observation that, without the

south the roots of the empire could not be firmly fixed.

It seemed to Godoy that the time had come to change sides. "There was no salvation for us," he writes, "but to unite ourselves with Prussia and Russia, already resolved on war. My hardest task was to convince Charles IV. of the hard necessity imposed on Spain. He had no fear for himself, but he feared for his people. The thought that a reverse might bring down on them such a burden as had overwhelmed Austria troubled and oppressed his spirit; but he saw that this danger menaced sooner or later, and that it was his duty to conjure it. He decided then on war, but still doubted whether this resource was inevitable or premature, his will not being as firm and definite as was necessary in such circumstances to work resolutely. One of his strictest injunctions was to undertake no engagements or negotiations with any power that might compromise us with France in case the Tsar and the king of Prussia, as was not impossible, should compose their differences with the emperor."

Fortunately Godoy found a confidential intermediary close at hand in the Russian ambassador, Baron Gregory Aleksandrovich Stroganov. This diplomatist was in love with the countess of Ega, the wife of the Portuguese minister. "In her salon ardent sympathy was expressed for the nations which had fallen victims to the ambition of Napoleon, and the woes of the courts of Lisbon, Berlin, Vienna, and Palermo provoked a chivalrous impulse of resistance, which M. Stroganov had private reasons for making his own." Of the assistance of Portugal Godoy



was—through the Baron perhaps—able to make sure. The princess regent of that country held far more to the land of her birth than to that of her adoption, and cared more for her father than her husband.

Godoy tells us that he shrank from entering into any direct negotiation with Great Britain. He did not want the English to land troops in the peninsula ; if they took part in a continental war, he told Stroganov that it must be in Italy or Holland. He says that he has no recollection of having despatched any envoy to London. His memory was at fault ; Toreno proves it, beyond the possibility of dispute.

Towards the end of September 1806 Don Agustin Arguëlles (afterwards tutor of Isabella II.) was sent for by Don Manuel Espinosa, the director of the consolidated fund, who having declared that the war with England must be brought to a close or bankruptcy would infallibly result, said that he had advised the Prince of the Peace to send him on a secret mission to London to discuss terms unofficially. Don Agustin next saw Godoy himself, who entrusted him with the commission, and instructed him that Spain would impose no other conditions on England than an indemnity for the ships seized off Cape Santa Maria. The envoy proceeded by way of Lisbon and Falmouth to London ; but he achieved nothing, either because of the disinclination of the Foreign Office to treat in this way with Godoy or because affairs moved too rapidly. In denying all recollection of this incident in his old age, the fallen favourite cannot be suspected of any desire to falsify history, for there is nothing in the negotiation in the least discreditable to him. But, even according to

Arguëlles's version, he does not seem to have done more than approve a project which was really Espinosa's.

For a struggle with the greatest military power in Europe Spain was not altogether unprepared. Thanks to the much-abused Prince of the Peace, the standing army had been raised to 100,000 men. To these could be added some 40,000 provincial militia and forty battalions of marines and bluejackets. It was estimated that 60,000 volunteers could be raised to form a reserve. Adding an auxiliary force of 30,000 Portuguese, Spain could put into the field a force of well over 200,000 combatants, to take Napoleon in the rear. Meantime the armies of France were marching towards the Elbe, ever farther and farther from the Pyrenees.

Spain was stirring with warlike preparations. There were soldiers marching along the roads, great activity in the arsenals, much buying of horses and munitions of war. "A certain sentiment of mystery and chivalry becomes fashionable. At the *tertulias* of Madrid the gallants appear in uniform, take farewells, exchange solemn vows. At the Puerta the guitars are strummed to military airs, the *naranjeras* adorn their oranges with the national colours. Under the arcades of the Plaza Mayor citizens gravely discuss problems in strategy and tactics. At the Prado the ladies salute passing officers with their fans in eloquent sympathy. In the evening, on the Retiro, Castilian pride dreams under the stars of a triumphant fatherland and glory recovered."

So much Beurnonville would have noticed and have quickly sought the explanation. But Beurnon-

ville had been recalled by the master who despised him, and in his place sat Vandeul, a chargé d'affaires, young and strangely trustful. He was the easy dupe of Godoy. Against whom were these demonstrations directed? With his hand before his mouth, the prince whispered in his ear, "Portugal." Vandeul gave a smile of comprehension. Perhaps he had heard something about the favourite's intrigue for a principality. A fortnight later Godoy came to him again: "Tell not a soul! We are about to recover Gibraltar!" The Frenchman wished luck to the Spanish arms. But when Napoleon was on the march towards the Rhine, the Prince of the Peace assumed an injured air. "His imperial majesty knew of our preparations, yet he has left me in the dark as to the plan of campaign. What am I to do with our troops?" Vandeul was not surprised to hear, a week later, that after all Portugal would be the object of attack.

He was, therefore, not in the least perturbed by the strange proclamation which on October 6 the Prince of the Peace addressed to his countrymen. It ran: "In circumstances less dangerous than the present loyal vassals have helped their sovereign with gifts and supplies proportionate to his necessities. The generosity of the subject towards his lord is the best provision in anxiety. The kingdom of Andalusia, naturally prolific in troop-horses—the province of Estremadura, which aided Philip V.—will they see with patience the cavalry of the king of Spain reduced to impotence for want of horses? No, it is not to be believed. I hope that, as their ancestors served the ancestors of the king with men and horses, so



the children of our soil will assist with regiments and companies of skilled horsemen to serve and defend the country so long as the present dangers threaten, to return thereafter with glory and good fortune to the repose of the domestic hearth. Let each one dispute for the laurels of victory: let one, then, attribute to his own arm his salvation, another boast his chief, let all attribute to themselves with justice the safety of the country. Come then, my beloved countrymen; come to take oath beneath the banners of the most beneficent of sovereigns! Come, I will cover you with the mantle of gratitude, doing homage to you if the god of victories shall grant us a peace as long and happy as we pray for. Fear and perfidy will not restrain you—your bosoms never harboured those vices. Come: and, if we are not forced to cross swords with our enemies, you will not be suspected of want of patriotism and honour for having failed to respond to my call. But, if my voice cannot rouse in you the desire of glory, be yourselves the fathers and instructors of the people to whom I address myself; may the duty you owe to it make you remember what you owe yourselves to your honour and the religion you profess.—The Prince of the Peace!”

Godoy was assuredly no orator. He may not have dared to express himself clearly, but he might have veiled his real intentions under a better literary style. The people read this turgid appeal in complete bewilderment. It was apparently a call to arms, such as had been long expected, but against whom? Why, too, was it not signed by the king?

While they wondered, news came that Napoleon

had utterly crushed the Prussians at Jena and was marching on Berlin. Charles IV. had then good reason to bless the dissimulation of his favourite and the ambiguous terms of the proclamation. Godoy hurried to Vandeuil and congratulated him on his master's victory. "Before proceeding to Germany," he explained, "his imperial majesty made known to me his projects. The forces prepared for him by his loyal ally, Spain, are always at his disposal. To which quarter does his majesty wish they should be directed?"

The French agent was completely deceived by this adroit *volte-face*, even though Charles IV. wore a troubled look and refrained from any expressions of satisfaction at the battle of Jena. This reticence Vandeuil attributed to consideration for the feelings of the Russian and Prussian ambassadors. The true sentiments of the court, he wrote, were voiced by the Prince of the Peace. His highness testified unequivocally his joy at the emperor's successes and repeated his desire for his majesty's protection." This explanation was so friendly that the prince was able to speak of the difficulties placed "by the age of the king and certain of his prejudices in the way of fulfilling promises made to the emperor, especially as regarded the reorganisation of the army."

Did the wily Spaniard hoodwink the master as well as the man? It has been stated that Napoleon, on hearing of Godoy's proclamation at Berlin, vowed then and there the destruction of the Bourbon monarchy. But in his official correspondence he betrays no misgivings as to the good faith of Spain. To Cambacérès he wrote: "What made you think

that Spain had entered the coalition? We are on the best of terms. . . ." To Fouché he writes: "I don't know how you got the idea that Spain was against us. It is a wile of the English to disturb us." To Izquierdo, sent post-haste to offer Godoy's congratulations, he extended a cordial welcome. To General Pardo Figueroa, the Spanish envoy at Berlin, he was at pains to express his good-will towards King Charles and his country, going on, if Godoy's memory is to be trusted, to admit the value of her neighbour's friendship to France. He alluded, however (according to the same authority), to the suspicions aroused in some quarters by the recent preparations, and appeared satisfied with Figueroa's explanation of these as provoked by the arrival of a powerful English fleet in the Tagus. He concluded by hoping that Spain would force Portugal to enter into his new continental system of a boycott of all English goods.

This sudden change of front on the part of the Spanish Government, Godoy would have us believe was in every way repugnant to him. He saw no reason to retreat because of Jena. The Russians were still in the field, Austria was ready to throw her legions into the balance against the tyrant of Europe. It was, we are told, the king that lost courage, the partisans of the prince of Asturias that persuaded him to sheathe the half-drawn sword. That Charles was averse from a conflict can be easily credited, but if it was at his express command only that the generalissimo disguised his previous intentions from the French emperor we can only say that his highness played his part extremely well. The protestations of fidelity made to Vandeul have a ring of genuineness.



Godoy was, in fact, frightened by the overthrow of his schemes. He implored Charles to dismiss him from all his offices, and so to make a peace-offering to the offended Colossus.

He was undoubtedly bitterly disappointed as well as alarmed. He truly says that Spain missed the most favourable moment to strike a blow for her freedom. "From that hour I saw King Charles's crown tremble on his brow." The time for resistance having passed, it remained now to consider how France might be best placated and conciliated.

It was useless any longer to refuse recognition to the new king of Naples, to whom a chargé d'affaires was now accredited. And, whether or not Napoleon had referred to Portugal in his talk at Berlin, Godoy perceived in that unfortunate little kingdom a means of diverting his ambition and of securing some compensation for his own country's misfortunes. "Napoleon," he warned his master, "will crush the dynasty of your daughter's husband. Far better, as I have always said, that Portugal should have to deal with us as enemy than with France. Seize upon Portugal before the French have time to do so. Once in our grasp, that kingdom can be held as a hostage for the colonies we have lost to England. It will not be possible to ignore us at the next peace. The crown of the Braganças will be safer in your majesty's keeping than in Napoleon's. Strike, I say, while we have the time."

The counsel was wise, even if it was not wholly disinterested. A part of Portugal, as a semi-independent state for Godoy, might be a very bad thing for Portugal, but no bad thing for Spain. But

Charles was no more anxious to hawk at the sparrow than at the eagle. "Pooh!" he said, "you are too suspicious, Manuel. The emperor is a man of honour and wishes us well. We need anticipate no trouble." He signified his adhesion to the continental system on February 19, 1807, and assented to his ally's demand for military assistance. A corps of 16,000 men, commanded by the marquis de la Romana, was sent to serve with the eagles on the distant shores of the Baltic. Godoy says that he was able to secure a reduction of the number originally fixed by the emperor. He did not scruple to join with the king in offering the victor of Jena four superb chargers to replace the one killed on the field.

But, as he had foreseen, no concessions or peace-offerings were able to divert Napoleon's anger from Portugal. The peace of Tilsit was no sooner concluded than Charles was asked to co-operate with the French in an attack on England's staunchest ally should the prince-regent refuse to boycott English goods. Godoy very sensibly instructed the Spanish minister at Lisbon—a man devoted to him—to bring pressure to bear on the Portuguese Cabinet; meanwhile, Stroganov, for the sake of the fine eyes of the countess of Ega, did all he could to conciliate Beaucharnais, the new French ambassador at Madrid. It was vain. No half-promises could satisfy the emperor. He recalled his envoy from Lisbon, and declared war against Portugal because she would not declare war against England. An army of 30,000 men was stationed on the Gironde under the command of Junot. The ambassador of Charles IV. was interrogated as to his master's attitude.

Now was the wisdom of Godoy's plan abundantly manifested. Against a Portugal already conquered by Spain, France could have found no pretext for hostile action. She could have had no excuse for asking a passage for her troops through Spanish territory. Spain, too, would have been in a position to buy England's help by restoring their kingdom to the Braganças. All that could be done now was to sell Spain's assistance to France on the best possible terms.

At the brilliant court of Fontainebleau Izquierdo came and went. To him and not to the shallow, showy Prince of Masserano the defence of his country's interests was entrusted. The emperor's mind was made known to him through Duroc, who had married the daughter of the wealthy Spanish banker Hervás. Talleyrand advised his master to take the provinces between the Pyrenees and Ebro in exchange for Portugal; Napoleon, less exacting than his counsellor, demanded a strip of Biscay as far as San Sebastian and the kingdom of Etruria.

The ugly little Spaniard assured Duroc that the Prince of the Peace had ordered him to sign any treaty which might be agreeable to the emperor. This order, I imagine, was accompanied by private instructions of a very different tenor. With the utmost reluctance Izquierdo consented to part with Etruria, which, for that matter, was already occupied by French troops; but of Spanish soil he would not yield an inch. The famous treaty of Fontainebleau, when finally drafted, contained fourteen articles. Etruria was to be given to France in exchange for the two northernmost provinces of Portugal; Alem-



tejo and Algarve were to be constituted into a principality for Godoy ; both these States were to be under the suzerainty of Spain ; the two central provinces were to be disposed of at the conclusion of a general peace ; the Portuguese colonies were to be divided between France and Spain ; King Charles was free to take the title of Emperor of the Two Americas ; and France absolutely guaranteed to him the possession of his European dominions.

By a secret convention attached to the treaty a French army of twenty-eight thousand men was to be allowed a passage across Spain to Lisbon, where it was to be joined by a Spanish force of the same strength—this allied army was to be commanded by a French general, unless the king of Spain or the Prince of the Peace took the field in person ; the north and south of Portugal were to be simultaneously invaded by two Spanish armies ; and a second French army, forty thousand strong, was to be held in reserve at Bayonne, to enter the peninsula only in the event of an attack by England and at the request of Spain.

On the face of it, this treaty was a good one for Spain. The sister kingdom had always been a source of weakness to her. She was better able to protect a vassal prince on the Douro than under the Apennines. Whatever the title of Emperor of the Two Americas might be worth, there was no doubt about the value of a moiety of the vast Portuguese empire over-seas. The central provinces of the conquered kingdom might very well be repurchased by England for the Braganças with Trinidad or Gibraltar—there was certainly no fear, at the general peace, of their being confirmed in the possession of France.

The recent example of Poland had accustomed sovereigns to the violent dismemberment of their neighbours' kingdoms.

But the sting of the treaty lay in the secret articles. It flung open the door of Spain to seventy thousand French soldiers. True, a French army had traversed the country in the previous campaign against Portugal six years before, and had in due course been withdrawn in accordance with the convention. It is easy to be wise after the event. If the French had not been accorded a passage, they would have forced it; and the Spaniards granted it probably with no more misgivings than when they admitted the English armies to the peninsula twelve months later or a hundred years before.

## CHAPTER XII

### PRINCE AND AMBASSADOR

HOWEVER advantageous to Spain the treaty of Fontainebleau may on the surface have appeared, it is doubtful if the fear of Napoleon alone would have induced Godoy to approve it. Striving to keep the interests of his country in the foreground, he must have been constantly reminded, by the increasing opposition in the king's household, of the uncertainty of his own future. On the one hand was the mighty emperor, lavish of promises to him and to Spain, on the other the prince of Asturias, determined to ruin him, and by his supposed intrigues with England apparently endangering the independence of the country.

That Godoy would gladly have retired at this epoch I can readily believe. He was possessed of enormous wealth, he had attained rank second only to a king's. Abroad, too, he might be free of the detested wife forced on him by Charles, who hated him so much that, as she told the duchesse d'Abrantes, she loathed their only child because it was his. But his sovereign would not let him go, and Napoleon would have offered him no refuge had he forsaken his post. His only chance of salvation, then, lay in the loyal execution of the treaty, which was to secure Spain the



long-coveted Lusitanian shore and him an honourable asylum.

"It was precisely at this moment," remarks the favourite bitterly, "that I was supposed to be at the zenith of my power." Charles IV. revived in his favour the splendid dignity of grand admiral of Spain and the Indies, formerly held, under Ferdinand III., by Ramon Bonifaz, and under Charles V. and Philip IV. by the two Don Johns. The office was not without utility to the public service. The Navy could not have fared worse than under the decentralised administration of the last three reigns, and the man who, it is admitted by his enemies, had reformed the army might do something for the sister service. Despite the alleged universal unpopularity of Godoy, the occasion of this appointment was the signal for public demonstrations of satisfaction. The streets of the capital were illuminated, the theatres were opened free; regiments, corporations, and societies presented addresses to the new grand admiral. He was the object of a grand serenade in the courtyard of Aranjuez.

"The demonstration," he observes, "was rather addressed to their majesties than to me, for I was nothing but their creature. Nevertheless, the prince of Asturias took offence at it; it seemed to him that he was slighted. Almost within earshot of the king, he remarked to his brother, Carlos, 'Godoy, my subject, steals the affections of my people and robs me of their homage.' The younger prince answered, 'Never mind, the more they give him, the more presently you will be able to take from him.' Charles IV. and Maria Luisa heard nothing that passed

between their sons, but I did not fail to be informed of it."

It is impossible to refuse some measure of sympathy to this prince, who afterwards became the worst king that ever sat on a throne. Denied all share in the direction of the State which was one day to be his, raised by his dignity above all friendly intercourse with the grandees of the realm, his youth was passed in obscurity and inaction, in doing nothing or watching others do a little more than nothing. His days were regulated by strict routine. After mass he might receive visits. At half-past eleven he went to pay his respects to the king, with whom he stayed till dinner. This meal each prince took separately in his own apartments. In the afternoon the members of the royal family drove, each by himself, in the Paseo, escorted by a troop of guards. The official day concluded with another visit of respect to the monarch, after which the princes could entertain friends in their own apartments.

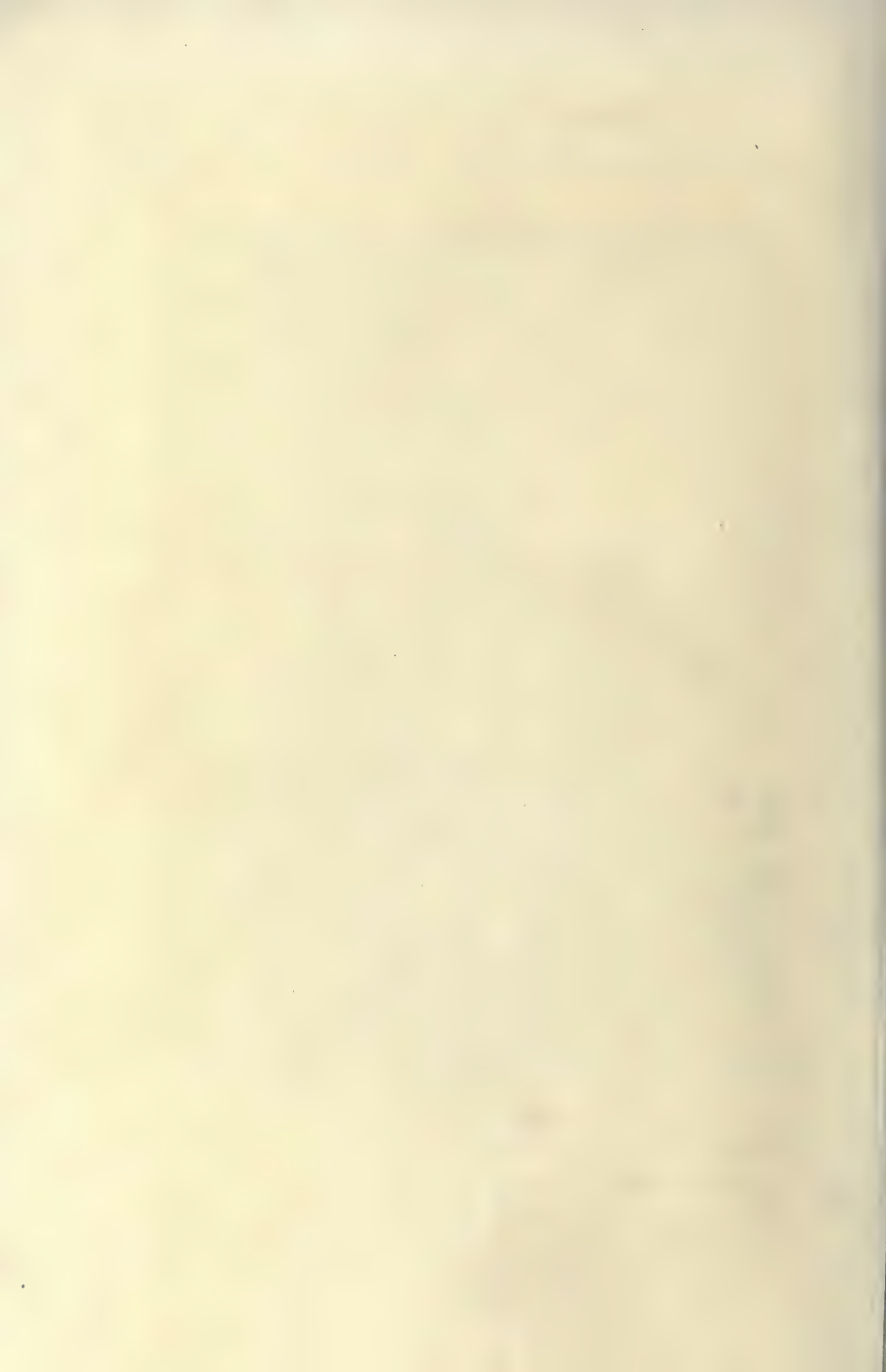
Like all the princes of his nation, he was forced to find relaxation in the company of his menial attendants, who, it may be imagined, never tired of pouring into his ears all the scandalous gossip of the backstairs and kitchen. That he should hate the suspected lover of his mother was natural enough; next, to believe him to be plotting against his rights was not difficult. It is, in fact, persistently asserted that there had been some talk of excluding the prince from the succession to the throne. Lord Holland heard that the Council of Castile was consulted as to the proposal in 1804, and delivered the reply that there was no known authority which could deprive



QUEEN MARIA LUISA.

(Goya)





of his right of succession a prince of Asturias "duly sworn, married, and honoured."

There were, at least, and have been since, many precedents for altering the succession. Charles III.'s first-born son, older by a year than the second, had at once been set aside as ineligible on the score of idiocy; and, immediately after his accession, Charles IV. had obtained, in a secret session of the Cortes, the revocation of the Pragmatic Sanction, or Salic Law of 1713, and so rendered his eldest daughter, the princess of Portugal, eligible to succeed in default of male heirs. It was of this act that Ferdinand availed himself in after-years to set aside his brother Carlos in favour of his daughter Isabella. It will thus be seen that Charles IV. was quite capable of conceiving the proposal said to have been submitted to the Council, without any inspiration from Godoy; nor is it easy to see what the favourite could have hoped to gain by it, as the next heir, the infante Carlos, was as much his enemy as Ferdinand.

The proposal, it is safe to say, never was made. During the brief but dangerous illness of King Charles in September 1801 Azara told Napoleon that his majesty had signed a will appointing his wife and Godoy regents till such time as his son appeared to be capable of managing affairs. The First Consul, at that time highly incensed against the favourite, announced that he would support the right of the prince of Asturias by force if necessary; and, three months later, ordered Beurnonville to frequent his highness's society and to assure him that France would recognise no other successor to the throne than he. Doubt has been cast even on this story.

Azara disliked Godoy, his correspondent at Aranjuez may have been deluded, Napoleon had at this time every motive for wishing to discredit Godoy in the eyes of his countrymen.

Of course it is possible that Charles, recognising the disagreeable qualities of his heir, might have thought fit to postpone his assumption of the government till an age much higher than that fixed by law. The wife of John IV. of Portugal acted as regent for her son, Affonso VI., till he was twenty-four years of age. The will may have designated the queen as regent, and Godoy's enemies would have jumped at once to the conclusion that this included him. This proposal, perhaps, was the one rejected by the Council of Castile. Napoleon, four years later, found it politic to revive these rumours, and announced himself ready to discuss the succession to the throne of Spain. Godoy, as we know, listened politely and finally demanded a principality for himself between Spain and Portugal.

Ferdinand, notwithstanding, professed to believe that the favourite aimed at nothing less than dis-inheriting him. Unable to convince him of his error, Godoy was thrown on the defensive. He watched his enemy narrowly. In 1806 lights were observed in the prince's chamber till a very late hour. This was disquieting, but the explanation was soon forthcoming. His royal highness, one day, presented his father with a handsomely bound volume. It was the "Roman Revolutions" of Vertot, translated from the French by the prince himself. Charles was by no means pleased at this display of literary activity on the part of his son. The word "revolu-



tion" sent a tremour through him; moreover, suspecting the translator of very indifferent skill, he feared the dissemination of the work might bring the royal family into contempt. Ferdinand was very unfairly censored, and the book withdrawn.

Presently this storm in an inkpot assumed more serious proportions. The slanderous report that he was responsible for the princess's death goaded the generalissimo into an armed reconnaissance into her husband's quarters. He found an instrument ready to his hand in one Martras, who, having been rebuffed by the daughter of one of the prince's former attendants, went about denouncing them all as conspirators. The princess had hardly been locked in her last resting-place at the Escorial before the exasperated Godoy acted upon these wild allegations and pounced down upon Moreno, assistant to his highness's barber. Moreno, who was soon joined by several of his fellow domestics, was interrogated by the police magistrate, Marquina Galindo, as to what he did during the long hours that he was closeted with his master. He replied that he was permitted to assist in his highness's studies and at his chemical experiments. Much of the time spent by the strangely assorted pair had been devoted to the vetoed translation. The examining magistrate was not satisfied with this account of the accused's occupation, and, by order of the minister Caballero, put him to the torture. Nothing seems to have been proved against the unfortunate lackeys, but in the end they were sentenced to deportation to their native places and in some cases to the colonies. As the English fleet held the seas, however, none of them was able to leave Spain.

The responsibility for this prosecution cannot be fastened exclusively on Godoy. It was not till twelve months later that the king, alarmed by the continuance of intrigues under his own roof, appointed him commandant and inspector of the royal household—a post more really powerful than that of Grand Admiral, or of president of the Council, to which he was at the same time elevated. The guards in the interior of the palace thus came under his orders. Doubting either their utility from his personal experience, or their attachment to him who had risen from their ranks, he reduced their strength by one-third. He put his friend, the duke del Parque, at the head of the Garde de Corps and his brother Diego in command of the Walloon guard.

From time to time the French ambassadors announced the dismissal or banishment of officials and *grandeės*: the duke of Villafranca, the countess of Montijo, the count of Miranda are said to have been put under the ban on account of their attachment to the late princess of Asturias; the marquis of Abadid and the duke of San Carlos were ordered to reside on their estates simply, we are to believe, because they were friends of the heir-apparent. It is to be supposed that the Prince of the Peace would have taken all measures to avert his threatened downfall, and the result proved that his royal highness's counsellors were capable of doing incalculable mischief to him and to Spain; but, if a rogue was laid by the heels for picking pockets, there were people ready to see in his punishment the malice of the favourite against his master's heir.

Standing in fear of his father's favourite, Ferdinand

looked round for a protector. Maria Antonia was no longer there to envenom his mind against France. But Escoiquiz came and went between Toledo and Madrid, meeting his former pupil in secret at the house of a person in the prince's confidence. The canon did not yield to Charles IV. in his admiration for the emperor of the French—to the ecclesiastical imagination the oppressor of the Papacy seemed the restorer of religion, the champion of order, a hero of antiquity come to chain the hydra of the revolution. The prince of Asturias, accustomed by his late wife to look on his father's ally as a monster, now began to see him in this more favourable light. Godoy, whispered Escoiquiz, held only by the favour of the emperor. The heir-apparent of Spain would be a more valuable ally to his majesty than this accursed upstart. How great a thing it would be to rob Godoy of his protector—to beat him with the sceptre to which he trusted! Let his royal highness think on it.

He did think on it, so much that he awaited the coming of the new ambassador from the Tuileries as that of a deliverer. Fortune served his turn. The new envoy was in a sense a member of the imperial family. "François de Beauharnais, son of the marquis de la Ferté Beauharnais, commodore and governor of Guadeloupe, was no one less than the brother-in-law of the Empress Josephine. Married a second time to the Baroness Cohausen, by his first union with his cousin, Marie de Beauharnais, he had a daughter whose conjugal devotion was one day to be renowned—the comtesse de Lavalette. Perhaps he had not troubled too much about his sister-in-law



during the dark days of the revolution and the gay times of the Directory, but amid the splendours of the Consulate he discovered himself as an excellent kinsman, and Josephine showed herself no less friendly to him than to the other members of her family.

"Obviously something had to be done, and something handsome, for this demi-semi-brother-in-law of the emperor. An embassy was clearly the thing: he was appointed plenipotentiary to the queen of Etruria. From the little Florentine court of the king of Spain's daughter he was summoned to become ambassador to the king of Spain himself. A brief stay at Paris—just time enough to receive the Legion of Honour and the Order of the Iron Crown—and he passed, delighted with his good fortune, from the banks of the Arno to those of the Manzanares. He reached Madrid on December 23, 1806."<sup>1</sup>

Inordinately proud of his connection with the mushroom dynasty of Bonaparte, this diplomatist was full of contempt for the parvenu Godoy. He mistrusted the Spaniard's exaggerated affability, he doubted his sincerity, he spoke of him as a man from whom more might be obtained by firmness than by persuasion or argument. Later on, we are told by M. de Grandmaison, this ambassador cannot bring himself to address the Prince of the Peace by the title of "highness" conferred on him long since.

"No one is freer than I," writes Godoy, "no one loves better that virtue of frankness to which every one lays claim. Nevertheless . . . in the course of our official correspondence I have noticed that your excellency disdains formality and is not concerned to

<sup>1</sup> Grandmaison : "L'Espagne et Napoléon."

grant me that title which my sovereign has accorded me, and which his imperial majesty himself uses in addressing me. If this were a friendly correspondence I should be charmed by the honour which your excellency does me in treating me thus familiarly; but, as it is official and must often be submitted to the sovereign, I think it would be better to adhere to the formalities of address." Beauharnais thought otherwise; Godoy dropped the "excellency" and addressed him as "my dear ambassador"; Talleyrand had to intervene and to remind the French representative that he must recognise the dignities conferred by the sovereign to whom he was accredited.

Smarting under this rebuke, Beauharnais listened readily to the overtures made by two gentlemen of Ferdinand's household, Don Juan Villena and Don Pedro Giraldo. By them he was introduced to Escoiquiz. His reverence drew the most affecting picture of the prince of Asturias, almost a prisoner in his father's palace, in danger of being stripped of his inheritance by the insolent favourite whom his excellency had so properly snubbed. These advances were as surprising as they were gratifying to the Frenchman, who had been given to understand at Paris that Ferdinand was the avowed enemy of France and the partisan of England. There were secret interviews between the ambassador and the canon under the trees in the Retiro. "Mind," said his reverence, "Ferdinand's the friend—not Godoy."

Beauharnais was fain to believe it; but how cement this friendship? Escoiquiz proposed a startling plan. There had been a scene at the palace. To secure his favourite's future, to put an end to



the schism in his household, the king had suggested that his son should take, as his second wife, the younger daughter of his uncle, Luis de Bourbon, the sister of Godoy's wife. "What!" cried Ferdinand, "why, I would rather remain a widower all the rest of my life—I would rather be a monk—than become the brother-in-law of Manuel Godoy!" Ambassador and ecclesiastic approved this manly outburst. Instead of the sister of the Princess of the Peace, the canon proposed that his royal highness should seek a bride in the family of his imperial majesty.

"Excellent!" cried Beauharnais; and, with what his countryman (Grandmaison) calls superb *aplomb*, he promptly suggested his cousin, and Josephine's, Mademoiselle Marie Rose Tascher de la Pagerie. She was a charming person, just nineteen years of age—an ideal match for his highness. Escoiquiz thought so too. As has been suggested, he was probably not well informed as to the imperial genealogy, and vaguely supposed that a cousin of the empress might be related to the emperor also. Beauharnais at once wrote to Paris, extolling the virtues of the prince of Asturias. "He solicits on his knees," he declared, "the protection of his majesty, and will accept a spouse only from his hand. The young prince has complete confidence in the hero who governs us: he will do absolutely whatever the emperor wishes. This I can assure you positively." Not satisfied with such emphatic assurances, the emperor's foreign minister demanded further particulars. Very diffidently the ambassador mentioned the name of Mademoiselle de la Pagerie.

Napoleon, deep in negotiations with Izquierdo, had no thought of imperilling his treaty by a rupture



with Godoy in order to advance the interests of his wife's relations. On October 7, 1801, he ordered Champagny to rebuke his indiscreet representative, whose "intrigues appeared to him unworthy of an ambassador and likely to betray him into dangerous snares."

His master, Beauharnais must have remembered, had not always been so nice. At any rate, it was not he, the ambassador, who had stumbled into a pitfall, but the prince of Asturias. Pressed most probably by his excellency, perhaps by Escoiquiz, Ferdinand had rashly committed his desires to writing.

"SIRE"—thus the prince addressed the emperor—"the fear of incommoding your majesty in the midst of the exploits and great affairs which occupy you without intermission has prevented me till now . . . expressing, at least, in writing the sentiments of respect, esteem, and attachment which I feel for a hero . . . sent by Providence to save Europe from a general upheaval, to steady shaken thrones, and to restore to nations peace and happiness.

"The position in which I have for some time past found myself, and which cannot have escaped the penetration of your majesty, has been till now a second obstacle . . . ; but, full of confidence in the protection of your majesty, I am determined . . . to throw myself into your bosom as into that of a tender father. It is indeed unfortunate that I should be obliged to conceal as a crime a step so just and praiseworthy, but such are the fatal consequences of the kindness of the best kings.

"Filled with respect and filial affection for the author of my being, I would dare to tell your ma-

jesty only what is already known to you—that these estimable qualities are often the means by which artful and wicked persons throw dust in the eyes of sovereigns like my respected father.

“ If these men let him know the character of your majesty as I know it, with what ardour would he not seek to tighten the bonds which unite our two houses ! And what more proper means than to demand of your majesty the honour of allying myself with a princess of your august family ? Such is the desire of all my father's subjects ; it will also be his, I do not doubt, in spite of the efforts of a few evil-minded persons, so soon as he knows the intentions of your majesty. It is all that my heart desires ; but it is not according to the calculations of the perfidious egotists that surround him, and they may at the first assault surprise him. These are the grounds of my fears.

“ It is only their respect for your majesty that can open the eyes of my good and well-beloved parents, make them happy, and secure the nation's happiness and mine. The whole world will admire the kindness of your majesty, who will always have in me a most grateful and devoted son.

“ With the utmost confidence I implore, then, your paternal protection, hoping that you will not only deign to accord me the honour of an alliance, but that you will remove all the difficulties in the way of the fulfilment of this wish. This act of kindness on the part of your majesty is the more necessary as I cannot, on my part, make the least effort, since it would be perhaps represented as an insult to paternal authority ; and I am reduced solely to refusing, as I shall refuse

with invincible constancy, to ally myself with any person, whatsoever she may be, without the consent and positive approbation of your majesty, from whom I await the selection of my bride.

“Written and signed with my own hand, under my own seal, at the Escorial, October 11, 1807.—  
FERDINAND.”

This letter inviting the intervention of a foreign power in the internal affairs of the father of the writer's kingdom, was received by M. de Beauharnais with unqualified satisfaction. Here was the answer to his master's reprimand; but the difficulty of finding an absolutely trustworthy messenger forced him to delay its transmission till the 19th or 20th of the month. It was not till the last days of October that Napoleon read it. The messenger had met the French columns traversing Castile on their way to attack Portugal, nine days before the execution of the treaty of Fontainebleau.



## CHAPTER XIII

### THE CONSPIRACY OF THE ESCURIAL

WHILE Godoy lay sick of a fever at Madrid and Junot's army was tramping along the dusty Spanish roads, Charles IV. and his family were assembled in that gloomy palace-mausoleum dedicated by Philip II. to the majesty of death. Something of the genius of the great fanatic king seems instinct in the vast pile, but little enough of it was communicated to these his degenerate successors. He who was to wear the crown of Philip, like him indeed, now burned the midnight oil and worked far into the night; penning, as we know, such appeals to a foreign and a parvenu prince as would have been disdained by the meanest of the Bourbons and Habsburgs, that lay piled in their coffins beneath the marble floors of the pantheon.

For all the vigilance which Godoy, as governor of the palace, might have exercised, there was no interruption of the correspondence secretly maintained between the archdeacon of Alcaraz at Toledo and his former pupil in the palace of the Escorial. But the lights burning so late into the night in his highness's chambers, the whispering and activity of his intimates, faintly stirred the curiosity of the courtiers. About what was the prince so busy? The answer was easy. He was diligently translating, at the suggestion of his royal sire, the works of Condillac, which had trained

his august mother in the practice of virtue. So eagerly did he pursue his edifying task that in those cold solitudes he worked on into the late grey October dawn.

This industry was marked by the marquesa de Perijaa, one of the queen's bed-chamber women. It may have been this observant lady who chose to arouse their majesties' suspicions; it may have been some obscurer enemy of the prince. It could hardly have been a member of the French ambassador's household in the pay of Godoy, as has been alleged, for such an agent might have warned his employer in time of the letter to the emperor and perhaps secured it. Probably we shall never know with certainty who scrawled the warning which Charles IV. found on the morning of October 27 on his dressing-table. "Haste, haste, post-haste," it ran. "Prince Ferdinand is organising a movement in the palace which endangers the crown, and Queen Maria Luisa runs a risk of being poisoned. To defeat these designs not an instant must be lost. The faithful vassal who writes these lines is not in a position to fulfil his duty in any other way."

Recovering from his first consternation, the king showed this letter to his wife and then quietly passed over to his son's apartments. He took with him, to serve as a pretext for his visit, some volumes of poetry celebrating the recent defeat of the English at Buenos Aires. "The king," says Godoy, "told me afterwards that he was so prejudiced in favour of his son that, if he had seen in his face the expression of innocence, he would there and then have abandoned all further inquiry; but the son betrayed himself by

his perturbation and embarrassment, and his glance immediately revealed the whereabouts of the documents which compromised him." By another account the king engaged Ferdinand in conversation, while the queen and her secretary, Ballesteros, ransacked his drawers. Sternly forbidding any one to enter or to leave his son's apartments, the offended father summoned Caballero, the minister of Justice, and proceeded to examine the papers collected by her majesty.

Among these was a memorandum in which the prince compared himself to Ermengild, the sainted Gothic prince, who felt constrained by conscience to rebel against his father, Leovigild, and is supposed to have been put to death at the instigation of his step-mother, Gosvinda, and her presumed favourite Sisbert. This incriminating document was inspected by Caballero, who pronounced the writer to be worthy of death. The queen shrieked with terror, and, snatching the paper from the minister's hands, hid it in her bosom. This is Godoy's account, which I see no reason to disbelieve. Because Maria Luisa had from time to time been physically unfaithful to her husband, I suppose we are not bound to assume that she had none of the natural feelings of a mother. That the well-known story of Ermengild should have occurred at this posture of his affairs to Ferdinand is most likely; that his writings contained some definite menace to his parents is to be inferred from the rage and despair of the king as expressed in the letter which he at once addressed to Napoleon.

"Sire, my brother," he wrote, "at the moment that I was occupied with the means of co-operating



with your majesty for the destruction of our enemies, when I imagined that all the plots of the ex-queen of Naples had been buried with her daughter, I found, with a horror that makes me shudder, that the most terrible spirit of intrigue has penetrated into the heart of my own palace. Alas! my heart bleeds to give you an account of so fearful an attempt. My beloved son, the heir of my throne, has formed a horrible plot to dethrone me, and has gone the length of attempting the life of his mother. A plan so terrible must be punished with the exemplary rigour of the law. The succession of the prince must be revoked, one of his brothers will be more worthy than he to fill his place in my heart and on my throne. I am now seeking his accomplices, to discover the whole of this disgraceful plot, and I do not lose a moment in informing your imperial majesty, whom I pray to aid me with your wisdom and advice."

The night of October 29 on which this was written, says Major Martin Hume, "the long, dusky corridors of the Escorial saw a sad procession which reminded the trembling witnesses of a similar event two and a half centuries before, when Philip II. himself arrested his only son, Don Carlos. First came a gentleman in waiting, the duke of Bejar, bearing candelabra to illuminate the darkness, then a platoon of the Spanish royal guard in their blue and red uniform, followed by a stout, well-built, fresh-coloured young man of twenty-three, of singularly sinister aspect. His forehead was white and well-shaped, and over his dark eyes lowered conspicuously heavy, smooth, jet-black eyebrows, glossy like leeches; but it was the lower part of the face which mainly

attracted attention. The point of the drooping Bourbon nose descended over a very short upper lip to the level of the straight-slit mouth; whilst the nether jaw, underhung like those of the princes of the house of Austria, stood clear out, so that the under-lip was on a level with the point of his nose.

"This was Fernando, prince of Asturias, who, in his own person, centred all the evil qualities of both his Bourbon and Habsburg ancestors without any of their virtues: a man of undoubted ability, beloved to frenzy by a generous, loyal people, who made greater sacrifices for him than a nation ever made for a ruler; but a prince who yet, through the whole of a long life, belied every promise, betrayed every friend, repaid every sacrifice by persecution, rewarded love and attachment by cruelty and injustice; and who thus early began by treason to an over-indulgent father an evil career which was to bring untold misery to his country and a heritage of war of which the end has not yet been reached.

"By the side of the prince walked his father, a stout, elderly, red-faced gentleman, immersed in grief, and followed by the ministers and other courtiers, who thus conveyed the heir-apparent a prisoner to his apartments after his examination on the charge of treason. The next day there appeared on the walls of the capital a pathetic address of the king to his people, telling them how his son had been seduced into a wicked conspiracy against the throne. But the Madrileños could believe no evil of their beloved Fernando, and once more they made a scapegoat of the Choricero, who, they said, had invented a false plot to ruin the heir to the crown."



FERDINAND VII.

(Goya)





The proclamation was, in fact, the composition of Caballero, who was undoubtedly responsible for the initiation of the prosecution. The news reached Godoy on his sick-bed, to which, with delightful inconsistency, his enemies allege at one time that he was not confined at all, and at another that he was there as the result of his debaucheries. With trembling, feverish hands, he scrawled an appeal to the king to hush up this scandal in the royal household and to interrogate the prince personally and in private. Only when the authority of a father had been tried ineffectually should the processes of law be resorted to. The counsel arrived too late. The royal culprit was in solitary confinement in his own room, and the minister of Justice was busily preparing the proofs for the prosecution.

Now that the queen had extracted the most incriminating of all, these consisted of four papers: a memorial denouncing the Prince of the Peace, a note in which Ferdinand exposed his reasons for not marrying the favourite's sister-in-law, a decree naming the duke del Infantado captain-general of New Castile, and a cipher code. The memorial, though in the prince's handwriting, was the composition of Escoiquiz. It painted Godoy as the most infamous of men and the most disloyal of subjects. He aimed, it was alleged, at dethroning the king and substituting himself for the rightful heir. He had acquired his power by the most shameful arts. His life was a scandal to all Spain. He was a married man when he espoused the daughter of the Infante Luis; his palace and his office had become an open market for prostitution, in which adultery was the

passport to office and to favour. The wealth he had accumulated was pointed to as palpable evidence of his corruptness and dishonesty.

Yet the prince did not advise his father to expose this enormous criminal to the vengeance of the law. No, in order to spare the feelings of his relatives, to save the face of the king who had so long trusted and honoured him, and because this evil man had so many friends in high places, it would be better simply to dismiss him from all his offices and leave his innumerable offences buried in oblivion. In conclusion, the prince desired his father to meet him at one of his hunting-lodges, when he would substantiate all these charges. Whether this advice were heeded or not, his majesty was implored to keep it secret if he did not wish to hasten his own death and the writer's.

His refusal to marry Godoy's sister-in-law Ferdinand justified in a singularly coarse and stupidly conceived document, supposed to embody the advice of a holy friar. More suspicious was the cipher used in correspondence with Escoiquiz ; and, most alarming to the king, the decree in which Ferdinand appointed the duke del Infantado captain-general of New Castile, to be used, as the writer averred, only in the event of his majesty's sudden death.

This explanation may very possibly have been true, and is accepted as such by all the historians hostile to the favourite. Thus, by one account, Godoy took precautions to secure his position at the king's death, and his brother Diego endeavoured to enlist the services of Don Luis de Viguri and Tomas de Jaurequi, colonel of the Pavia regiment. These officers revealed his proposal to the duke del Infantado, who



at once communicated it to Escoiquiz. The prince's friends then concerted a plan of operations to be put in action at the instant of Charles's death. The duke was to assume office as captain-general of the province in which Madrid is situated, the count of Montarco was to be appointed president of the Council of Castille, the duke of San Carlos master of the household, Floridablanca first secretary of State. The patents were drawn up, only the dates being left blank. Yes; but they would have been as readily available on the deposition as on the death of the actual sovereign.

The proclamation had been only freshly pasted on the walls of the capital when, in response to frantic entreaties from his master, Godoy rose from his bed and appeared, still in the grip of fever, in the bleak palace of Philip II. He found the king at once furious and exultant. Three days' solitary confinement had been sufficient to wear down the obstinacy of the prince whom the people of Spain regarded as a hero. Persistently harassed by Caballero, fearing perhaps the traditional fate of Philip's son, Ferdinand had blurted out the names of Escoiquiz as well as of Infantado, and threatened his enemies with the wrath of the great Napoleon, with whom he declared he was in correspondence. Godoy had suspected as much. His task now was to soothe the irate father and to divert his wrath from the prince to his accomplices. Orders were given to arrest the duke and the archdeacon. Meanwhile the favourite paced the dreary halls of the Escorial, his fever forgotten in his anxiety. French troops were pouring into Spain; he had never trusted the emperor . . .

and now, what mischief was hatching between him and this sinister Bourbon prince ?

With the connivance of the queen, the detested favourite paid Ferdinand a visit in his prison. The accused prince, he tells us, welcomed him as a deliverer and embraced him weeping. Such weakness is quite consistent with his royal highness's subsequent behaviour. Godoy also shed tears (they came readily to men's eyes a hundred years ago) and groaned over his enemy as a father over the prodigal son. Ferdinand bewailed his weakness in having been misled by designing men, and implored the intervention of his dear Manuel. Charles was not, however, easily bent, and was moved rather by appeals to his statecraft than to his clemency. It was clear, Godoy pointed out, that relations of some sort existed between the culprit and the emperor. The intercession of his imperial majesty could not be rejected, and it was wise, therefore, to forestall it. After nine days' confinement, Ferdinand was once more brought before his father. He admitted his participation in a disloyal intrigue, he named his accomplices, he sued abjectly for forgiveness.

On November 5 the people's apprehensions for their unworthy favourite were relieved by the publication of a royal decree which, beginning with the words, "The voice of nature disarms vengeance," announced that the king had pardoned his son. Ferdinand's confession of guilt was published at the same time. To his father he wrote: "I have been guilty of offending against your majesty, against my father and my king. I repent of it, and I promise your majesty the most humble obedience. I ought

to do nothing without your consent, but I was surprised and taken advantage of by evil-minded persons. I have denounced these, and I beseech your majesty to forgive me and to permit your grateful son to kiss your feet."

Before Maria Luisa the prince was not less humble. "Madame, my mother, I deeply repent of the great fault I have committed against the king and against you, my father and mother. I therefore implore your pardon with the greatest submission, as well as for my obstinacy in denying the truth to you the other night. I therefore beseech your majesty, from the bottom of my heart, to deign to interpose your mediation with my father, that he will be pleased to permit me, his grateful son, to kiss his majesty's feet."

The prince grovelled at his parents' feet. If Godoy had craved revenge, here was a surfeit. He has been blamed for publishing these letters. Of course it was the king who did so, and it is hard to see how he could have done otherwise. To have pardoned his son without any stated motive for such clemency would have caused his subjects to suppose that he had no just grounds for complaint and would have made a prosecution of his highness's accomplices impossible. It is odd that the historians who blame Godoy for making the letters known all go to the trouble of reproducing them.

The prince would not have escaped, says Toreno, but through the fear into which the name of Napoleon plunged the court of the Escorial. Godoy admits that the introduction of the emperor into this obscure domestic intrigue filled him with dread. To what extent had the prince compromised himself with his



country's nominal ally and most dangerous neighbour? What measure of support had Beauharnais received from his own court?

For the ambassador, according to his own account, a snare was laid by the enemies of Ferdinand. At dead of night one of the royal carriages halted at the door of the embassy. A mysterious cloaked personage alighted. He had, he explained, a private message from the prince of Asturias which he could deliver only to the ambassador in person. Beauharnais, suspecting a trap, sent his secretary to inform the stranger that he was not authorised to enter into communication with his royal highness. Entreaties and arguments proving futile, the cloaked personage withdrew leaving a billet behind him. It was signed "Ferdinand," and contained an urgent request that his excellency would hand the bearer the letter he had addressed to the emperor, or the copy if this had already been despatched. After all, the request may very well have been made by Ferdinand himself, in the desire to appease his father's wrath.

At the instigation of Godoy the offended sovereign wrote, on November 3, a second letter to his imperial ally, asking if his son had really been in negotiation with him and complaining of the improper conduct of Beauharnais. To test the extent of the emperor's sympathy with the prince, there was no hint or promise of the pardon which on that day the writer had determined to grant. The letter was delivered by the prince of Masserano and produced a violent explosion of wrath. His imperial majesty considered himself insulted; he denied all knowledge of the prince's letter, which he had in his pocket,

but declared that henceforward he would take him under his protection. The insult, he knew, proceeded not from his excellent ally Charles, but from Godoy. Had Masserano received any message from that villain?—no, but Izquierdo had. The letter was shown to Duroc next day. It contained a very brief narrative of the events at the Escorial. The plot was stated to have been supported by Beauharnais. “Madrid,” continued Godoy, “is much excited; every one awaits the results; it is reported that the ambassador has said that the French troops will make Madrid their headquarters. I am at the royal residence. All my attention is required, with so many enemies; but the cannon will reduce them.”

Strangely enough, this letter, so much more threatening than that of the king’s, appeared to mollify the emperor. He had had time for reflection, and he had remembered that the treaty of Fontainebleau was not yet ratified. Junot’s small army of 23,000 men was just then at Salamanca, liable to be taken between the Portuguese in its front and the Spaniards in its rear. The all-devouring conqueror had not yet made up his mind with regard to Spain. He decided to temporise. Through Duroc he assured Izquierdo that he was entirely ignorant of the alleged intrigues of his ambassador; through Champagny he warned the Spaniard that he would regard any attempt to introduce his or his representative’s name into the prosecution as an unfriendly act and would avenge it accordingly.

To Charles he wrote: “I have received your majesty’s letters of October 29 and November 3. I have never received any letter from the prince of

Asturias. I have never heard him spoken of, directly or indirectly, so that it would be true to say that I do not even know that he exists. The treaty, which your majesty will have perused will show you that, while admitting that my troops might be commanded by you or the Prince of the Peace, I never entertained the idea of allowing them to be commanded by the prince of Asturias. However painful may be these domestic discords, they are incapable of affecting large issues of State. . . ."

They did not delay the execution of the treaty of Fontainebleau, which had been ratified before Napoleon wrote, on November 8, by Ceballos and Beauharnais. Moreover, to heal the breach created by his first letter, Charles IV. decided to put forward the very proposal which had been the cause of all the mischief. Without knowing, of course, the terms of his son's demand, which Napoleon was supposed never to have received, his catholic majesty now told his ally that such an alliance between the two courts would be regarded by him with profound satisfaction.

Napoleon, on his side, had not dismissed as altogether vain the project he had repudiated. He disposed of Mdlle de la Pagerie by marrying her to the duke of Aremburg, but he considered whether the hand of the prince of Asturias might not suit his niece Charlotte, the thirteen-year-old daughter of Lucien Bonaparte and Christine Boyer. At an interview with his brother at Mantua on December 13 he obtained the custody of the girl, who was then sent off to be educated by her grandmother. She gave so little promise of making a princess, however, that she was after a short time packed off to her



father's home in Italy. There remained no other daughter of the house of Bonaparte to mount the throne of Spain, but there were brothers of Napoleon who could fill it very well.

While assuring the emperor that no allusion to his august self or to his agents would be permitted at the trial, the Spanish Government had by no means neglected the prosecution of Ferdinand's accomplices. Escoiquiz, seized at Toledo, was confined in a cell under the roof of the Escorial. He was presently joined by the count of Orjas, and by the duke del Infantado. His grace was on his way to Bordeaux when he heard of the arrest of the prince. He at once retraced his steps, hearing, as he approached Madrid, that by order of the captain-general his house had been searched and his servants apprehended. He was informed that he must proceed to the Escorial on a charge of high treason. Says Lord Holland, somewhat rashly: "He would probably have been executed immediately had he been brought thither according to orders; but the muleteers purposely missed the turn to the Escorial, and conveyed him as far as San Ildefonso before they acknowledged their pretended mistake. They had, it is supposed, been bribed by agents of the French embassy to do so."

The other accused were the marquis of Ayerbe, Don José Gonzalez Manrique, Andrés Casaña, and Collado and Selgas, two of the prince's menial domestics. Ferdinand is said, by the way, to have succeeded, while under arrest, in conveying the first warnings to his friends by means of a fishing-line thrown from his window.

The judges were eleven in number. The tribunal

was composed, says Beauharnais, of the poorest of the occupants of the judicial bench in the hope that they would be more easily corrupted. "Their names alone," says another writer, "were a sufficient guarantee to the public." Their conduct certainly convicts Godoy of amazing stupidity if he had indeed had a hand in their selection. That task would, I imagine, fall to Caballero, the minister of Justice, the favourite's bitter foe. Don Arias Antonio Mon, acting governor of the Council of State, presided over the tribunal; his colleagues were Gonzalo de Vilches, Antonio Villanueva, Gonzalez Yebra, the marqués de Casagracia, Alvarez Caballero, Sebastian de Torres, Fernandez de Campomanes, Andrés Lasauca, Alvarez de Contreras, and Miguel Villagomez.

The crown prosecutor was Simon de Viegas, devoted, we are of course assured, to the Prince of the Peace. We learn that he attempted first to extort confessions from the accused, and was authorised to promise Escoiquiz a bishopric as the reward of his revelations. This does not indicate a very vindictive spirit on the part of the prosecution, especially as, the complicity of Napoleon, the prince of Asturias, and Beauharnais having been established, the canon's revelations could not have been of much value. However, his reverence stood firm, avowing himself to have been the counsellor, not the seducer, of his former pupil. The crown prosecutor then announced that he would demand the penalty of death against the canon, Infantado, and Ayerbe, though a remission of the sentence was promised. The accused were allowed a fortnight to prepare their defence. Eminent advocates volunteered their services on their behalf—



Davila for Escoiquiz, Joven de Salas for Infantado. The chapter of Toledo dismissed its regular legal adviser because he refused to defend the canon.

Public opinion is asserted to have been entirely on the side of the accused. "Hatred of the favourite caused every one to desire their acquittal . . . it seemed that the Escorial case, as it was called, must decide the honour of the nation. The judges did not suffer that patrimony to be tarnished in their hands."

So says M. de Grandmaison, who does not perceive that this effervescence of popular opinion may have been as unfavourable as the influence of the crown to an attitude of impartiality on the part of the judges. To the same writer, on the authority of Beauharnais, we are indebted for some picturesque details concerning the trial which I can nowhere find mentioned by Spanish historians.

When the court assembled in the early morning of January 25, 1808, at the Escorial, one of the judges was absent. This was Don Eugenio Caballero, possibly a relative of Godoy's enemy, the minister of Justice. He lay on his death-bed, and he implored his colleagues to give him the opportunity of pronouncing his judgment in so momentous a trial. The court immediately adjourned to his bedside. "They found Caballero sitting up in his bed wearing his robe and insignia of office. His emaciated countenance lit up, and, with a last effort, he saluted the court, the personification of justice. He craved leave to deliver his judgment first; but, observing the presence of Simon de Viegas, who had followed the tribunal, he pointed out that the prosecutor, having



made his plea, had lost the right to assist at the deliberations of the court. Andrés Lasauca agreed with this, adding that he would withdraw if the prosecutor did not. Viegas, pale with anger, bowed curtly and withdrew. Caballero spoke. His condition, the issue, the circumstances, all imparted to his accents a poignant emotion, shared by his colleagues. He congratulated the accused on their firmness and hoped the tribunal would establish their innocence."

This sounds, to English ears, a somewhat irregular utterance from a judge; and, we are told, "the magistrates, without pursuing a *superfluous discussion*, delivered judgment. They found, firstly, that the originals of the documents advanced as proofs had not been produced; secondly, that copies of these could not be admitted; thirdly, that the prince of Asturias must be heard, which could only be before the Cortes in public assembled; fourthly, that the court had not been informed by the Council of Castile of the name of the accuser. The charge against all the accused was dismissed. The judges affirmed their verdict on the crucifix and embraced each other.

"Night had fallen, some wax tapers lit up this death-chamber transformed into a court of justice. Around the bed of Caballero, who lay suffering in body but serene in soul, the light reflected itself on the long red robes, and the naked walls and the wooden chairs attested, without the apparatus of justice, the majesty of duty accomplished and the magnanimity of a true magistrate."

Without crediting the judges with any particular heroism in giving a decision acceptable to their future sovereign and the vast majority of the

nation, we must admit that no other finding was possible. Once the king had forbidden the names of the emperor and Beauharnais to be mentioned and his son to be cited as a witness, the whole case fell to the ground. Luckily for Infantado, Godoy, his military superior, had refused to try him by a court-martial, whereat more regard for facts and less for forms might have been shown. It is difficult to resist the conclusion, from what was not long after to follow, that all the accused were ready to counsel and abet the heir-apparent in resistance to his father's government.

The acquittal was received with immense satisfaction by the people. The advocates refused to take their fees. On the death of Caballero, two days later, his funeral was undertaken with great magnificence by a neighbouring community of monks and was attended by a vast concourse. Godoy's brother-in-law, the archbishop of Toledo, had offered to resign if his canon were convicted—it must not be forgotten that his sister was estranged from her husband.

The king was convulsed with anger when he was informed of the judgment. "And my honour!" he demanded, "is that to go for nothing?" Maria Luisa was insulted by the acquittal of the men who had defamed her. One is reminded of that famous trial at Venice, for ever commemorated by the black cloak painted over the portrait of the Doge who had also been refused reparation by his tribunals. Godoy had been opposed from the first to the procedure through the courts. He would have given Escoiquiz a bishopric in America, have found similar high offices far away for the prince's intimates, and persuaded the



king to associate his son with him more intimately in the government.

Charles indignantly refused to abide by the finding of the court. By royal decree he stripped the accused of all their offices and orders. Infantado was banished to Ecija, Orjas to Valencia, Ayerbe into Aragon, San Carlos to a distance of sixty leagues from any royal residence; Escoiquiz was sent to a monastery near Cordova, under orders to assist at all the religious offices of the community. The sentence was communicated to him by Caballero in harsh terms : " His majesty is filled with indignation at your attempts to corrupt the prince and to lure him from the paths of sound morality and the Gospel. More out of regard for your cloth than your person, he orders you to proceed to the monastery of El Perdon and forbids you to approach any royal residence, in the hope that you may learn to live and die as a good Christian and a clergyman."

These manifestations of the king's displeasure are often spoken of as monstrous abuses of authority. Charles, from our modern standpoint, can hardly be justified in incarcerating persons acquitted by his own judges, but he had certainly a right to expel from his court and to divest of their offices all those whom he believed to be hostile to his government. Godoy says that he had some difficulty in moderating his master's resentment, a task in which for once he was assisted by Caballero. The minister of Justice afterwards vaunted his activity on behalf of the accused and said that they owed their lives to him. The Prussian minister informed his Government that the favourite " manifested great satisfaction at having



inclined the king towards clemency"; M. de Beaugharnais represented him gnashing his teeth with baffled spite, while the Spanish nation looked wistfully towards "the hero governing France" as a liberator.

They had not long to wait for him.

## CHAPTER XIV

### THE INVASION

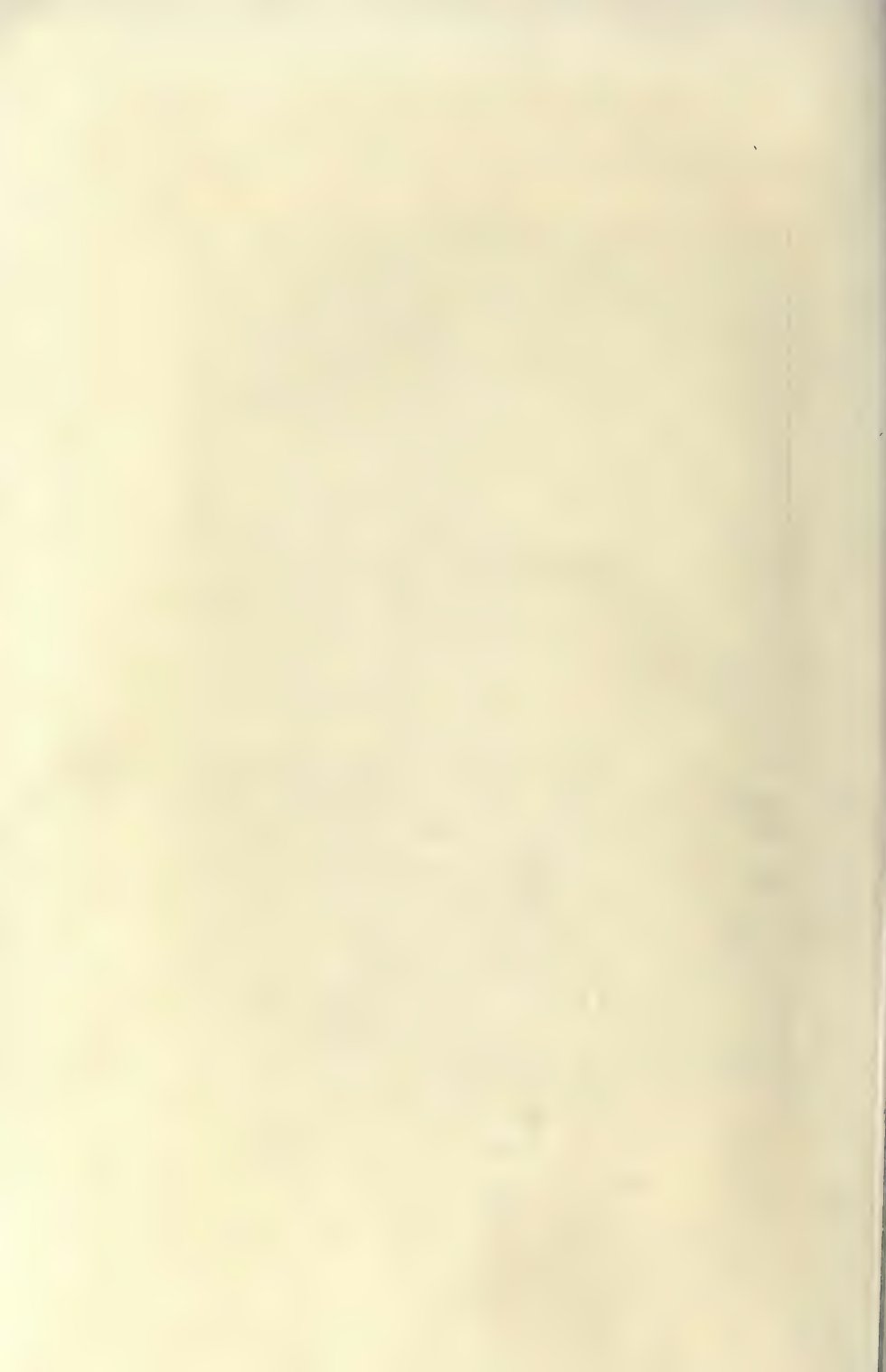
WHILE the eyes of all Spaniards were turned towards the Escorial, Napoleon was busily reaping the advantages secured to him by the treaty of Fontainebleau. Before the ratification had been exchanged, Junot had left the plains of Castile behind him. On November 12 he set out from Salamanca, following the difficult road through Alcantara. He reached Abrantes twelve days later, after a march the horrors of which can only be compared with those of the retreat from Moscow. Of the army of 23,000 men with which he entered Spain, he had now but four or five thousand capable of continuing the advance. With the intrepidity characteristic of Napoleon's lieutenants, Junot pushed on, and with only 1,500 grenadiers entered Lisbon without resistance on November 30. But the birds he sought had flown. Upon the news of his approach the whole royal family had embarked, and were now on their way to Brazil under the protection of the English fleet.

Meanwhile Spain had faithfully fulfilled her part of the compact. A small but well-disciplined corps under General Carafa co-operated with Junot; General Taranco, with 6,000 men, penetrated into the provinces allotted to the ex-king of Etruria and occupied Oporto. The Portuguese troops had been ordered



CABALLERO.  
(Goya)





by their Government not to offer armed resistance to the Spaniards, which goes far to prove that the Cabinet of Lisbon had faith in the benevolent attitude of the court of Madrid. The marquis of Solano, with an equal force, took possession of the southern provinces of Alemtejo and Algarve. This general had received orders to treat the inhabitants with especial lenity that they might be less unwilling to accept the yoke proposed for them in the treaty of partition.

Godoy displayed no eagerness to take possession of his promised principality. Yet according to his enemy, Beauharnais, he learnt the ratification of the treaty of Fontainebleau with infinite relief. In the midst of the mysterious intrigues and enmities of the Escorial, the prospect of such an asylum might well have been grateful. Godoy had not allowed the alliance forced upon him to interrupt his real married life with Pepita Tudó. To her house he went every night to refresh his weary, harassed soul in the love of his true wife and his two little sons. To Pepita he was indiscreet enough to reveal his interest in the partition of Portugal. She showed unbounded elation, which was soon visible in the manner of all the favourite's friends. To Napoleon Godoy felt bound to express deep gratitude; to Murat he wrote on Christmas Eve, 1801: "Now I begin to enjoy tranquillity since I have seen a treaty which places me under the protection of the emperor."

He expressed a confidence he was far from feeling. When Charles IV. asked leave to publish the treaty in order to take formal possession of the two principalities, he received no reply from Paris. But Napoleon had not waited for the occupation of

"Northern Lusitania" to seize the province allotted him in exchange for it. He was already in Italy. Charles IV., perturbed by the discovery of his son's perfidy, had forgotten to acquaint his daughter, the widowed queen of Etruria, with the disposition of her infant son's kingdom.

On November 23 the French envoy, M. d'Aubusson de la Feuillade, presented himself at one of her country seats, and, to her unspeakable astonishment, informed her that the kingdom of Etruria had now been annexed to France, and would immediately be occupied by French troops. Not listening to the explanations of the ambassador, the timid young queen remained for a time as if spell-bound. Rousing herself at last, she despatched a messenger to her father to seek further enlightenment, and set forth to meet Napoleon at Milan. The Tuscans witnessed her departure in absolute silence. Yet she begged the emperor to let her retain these dominions instead of those promised in Portugal. His majesty had the audacity to inform her that the proposal for the transfer had originated with the court of Madrid. Unable to obtain the restitution of Tuscany, the queen set out on her homeward journey and reached Aranjuez on February 19, 1808, to find her worst forebodings realised.

The dream of adding Spain to his ever-broadening empire had long haunted Napoleon. "My dynasty," he had said significantly, "will soon be the oldest in Europe." When Charles IV. refused to recognise the new king of Naples his comment was, "His successor will." We have seen how his schemes had been frustrated by some well-timed concession or



some threat of resistance on the part of Godoy. But now, as Napier remarks, the dispute between father and son placed the golden apples within his reach, and he resolved to gather the fruit if he had not planted the tree. The partisans of the prince of Asturias—and they included by far the greatest part of the nation—were ready to hail him as a deliverer and a protector. By a strange irony, the one Spaniard he had cause to fear was regarded by his countrymen as a tyrant and a traitor.

In spite of the contempt which Napoleon had for Beauharnais, he eagerly perused his highly coloured accounts of events at Madrid. To confirm them he sent his confidential messenger, M. de Tournon, into Spain to ascertain the sentiments of the people. I incline to think that this emissary, to save himself trouble, contented himself with what Beauharnais told him. His reports agree too closely with the ambassador's to have been the result of independent inquiries. Perhaps if M. de Tournon had used his own eyes and ears he might not have so far misled his master as to write: "The Prince of the Peace is the tool of the English. An army of 30,000 men would be more than enough to dictate to Spain."

The revelations of the Escorial, the activity of the French agents in Spain, the obvious reluctance of the emperor to publish the treaty, satisfied Godoy that foul mischief was brewing. A heavy concentration of troops was reported on the French side of the frontier. Masses of men were moving up towards Bayonne as if to take the place of that army of reserve which, by the terms of the convention, was to enter Spain only in the event of an English invasion. More

ominous still, an army was collecting around Perpignan so as to threaten Catalonia. That force was clearly not destined for Portugal.

Godoy was haggard with anxiety. "Anarchy," he writes, "prevailed in the seat of government and Charles IV. stood alone. In such an extremity I knew that my own ruin was practically certain, but if I had several times before begged for my dismissal, I looked on it as infamous to abandon the king when I saw him thus and when more than ever he needed my assistance. I looked, too, at my country, and saw how infatuated men were preparing its total ruin or at least its decay and ignominy. Even were it certain, I said to myself, that Bonaparte had resolved to place the prince of Asturias on the throne, he would not do it without reward; the integrity of Spain, so happily preserved amid all the transformations of Europe, would not long escape his claws. And what nations did this great man ever undertake to protect without in the end making them his tributaries and vassals? and what else were the princes who had accepted his protection but the mere prefects of his empire? Spain would become another recruiting-ground for the imperial armies, like Italy and Germany. Napoleon would attempt to embroil the country between two powerful and hostile factions, then offer his mediation, and finally dismember or sequester the kingdom.

"His designs I penetrated, but not the manner in which they were to be carried out. Sure of a great evil approaching rapidly, I lay awake devising schemes for counteracting the plans of this restless, daring, arrogant man. Persuaded that Spain could be saved

only by a union of hearts and objects, I would have urged on Charles IV. the heroic course of abdication had not his son already half sold himself to the French and laid himself under obligations which would have meant the total subjection of Spain. Bonaparte would have disposed of the country at his pleasure, leaving her sovereign the merest ghost of his dignity and making him a prisoner more surely than he ever was at Valençay.

“If Prince Ferdinand, so ambitious of the throne, had possessed the talents and the virtues necessary to save Spain and defend his house in that terrible crisis, I would have asked the king to place the crown on his head; and I say also that, if I had loved my country less, I would assuredly have adopted this means of transforming this prince’s sentiments towards me. I could, so much more easily than Ceballos, have procured his friendship and confidence without having had recourse to anything but my influence over his august father. I might then have retired in peace to my estates or have accompanied Charles IV., not as a poor pilgrim in foreign lands, but into the heart of my own country. That I did not do so and thus rejected the chance of saving myself, helpless as I stood, and exposed to lose my head, my country ought at least to remember and to count me among her loyal sons who have sacrificed to her their safety, their honour, and their existence.”

Godoy had, in fact, made a vain effort to escape this crushing burden of a dying nation. Having reconciled Ferdinand with his father, he proposed to withdraw from the court, that it might not be said that he was any longer a bar to their complete union.



Charles replied that his retirement would be universally attributed to the influence of the French emperor, and would thus bring the crown into contempt; moreover, he could replace him only by ministers definitely opposed or secretly favourable to France, both being equally fatal to the State.

Godoy then proposed to propitiate the prince's partisans by surrendering the command of the army. "And so sacrifice the opportunity afforded us under the treaty of Fontainebleau of having a Spaniard in command of the allied forces in Portugal?" queried the king. "No; you can give up the Admiralty if you like, if you think that will give pleasure to Ferdinand. Let us ask him." The prince was sent for and his father repeated to him Manuel's request and the motives which prompted it. His royal highness professed to be pained and shocked at the proposal. He owed to his dear Manuel his happy restoration to his father's favour, and he begged him, as a supreme favour, never to desert him. The prince may at the moment have been swayed by some rare impulse of gratitude or generosity. He could hardly have foreseen the fate to which he was dooming the unhappy friend of his father.

On December 24 the army of reserve commanded by General Dupont stationed at Bayonne crossed the Bidassoa without notice to the Spanish authorities or permission from the Spanish Government and advanced slowly towards Burgos. The treaty had specifically laid it down that this corps should not enter Spain except with the consent of both the contracting parties and in the event of an attack by England. But the articles of the treaty were secret, and the

people cheered the troops as they passed, some believing that they were on their way to reinforce Junot's army in Portugal, others hoping that they had come to rescue their idol Ferdinand from the clutches of the Choricero. Behind Dupont closed up another army under Moncey; Duhesme was approaching the Catalan frontier with rapid strides—and it could not be pretended that Catalonia lay on the road to Portugal.

"Before long," said Godoy to his king, "the plains which you see from the windows of the Escorial will be white with the tents of Napoleon's armies. The eagle has come to pluck your crown from your head." Aroused at last to a full sense of his danger, Charles convened his Council. Godoy recommended him to appeal to the sixth article of the secret convention and to insist that the French troops should at once suspend their march till the emperor had returned from Italy and an understanding could be arrived at between the two courts. It was absurd to pretend that these troops were needed for the occupation of Portugal; they were a menace to Spain, and to Spain only. "I spoke for more than an hour," says Godoy, "with the more heat since I saw in the passing moments the last hope of restraining Bonaparte or of thrusting him back by force of arms."

But he spoke in vain. "If the emperor insists on the entrance of his troops, what then?" asked the king. "Appeal to the nation and defend ourselves as best we can." "An heroic but desperate resolution!" exclaimed his majesty. The other councillors were of his opinion. The minister of Marine suggested that Napoleon probably distrusted certain

influences at work in his ally's court and therefore found it necessary to strengthen his hold on Spain. The shaft was, of course, directed at Godoy. "I am well aware," retorted the generalissimo, "that I am represented throughout the kingdom as the peculiar object of the emperor's animosity; but he does not violate treaties and set his armies in motion solely to attack me. And this I will say: that if our lord the king here present does not inspire him with confidence, neither will that other person of whom some are thinking. In the long run, of course, I shall be blamed for this invasion. I shall have no other defence, then, than the testimony of his majesty and of you gentlemen to what I have said this day."

Unable to avert his country's ruin, he again offered his resignation to the king. Junot, he tells us, had invited him to take possession of his principality of Algarve—possibly, as he suggests, to remove him from Madrid. "False, unstable, and vain," he wrote, "as was the position offered me by Junot, it was in truth less dangerous than that which I held at court, without any better security than the good-will of Charles IV. Had I gone to Alemtejo, at the first outrage committed by Bonaparte upon my sovereigns and my country, I should at least have been able to raise Portugal and two-thirds of Spain, to collect a large army, to open up communication with several cabinets, and in the last resort to open our ports to the English. The king would have had a safe place of refuge, and Spain would have seen in me a true friend. I showed Junot's letter to the king and gave him my views. 'If,' I added, 'as I do not expect,



the treaty is fulfilled and Bonaparte conducts himself honestly, I shall be able to renounce the principality in favour of one of your sons. Perhaps, too, my retirement to Portugal may remove Bonaparte's distrust of my influence on the affairs of Spain; perhaps, too, it will appease that faction which never tires of working against me.'

" 'No,' replied Charles IV., interrupting me, 'that faction pretends to work against you, but is in reality working against me. I have reason afresh to suspect Ferdinand; I fear that he is in more or less intimate relation with your foes and mine; I fear that Bonaparte is playing a double game and may attempt a scandalous division which would result in the last indignity to my crown and my person. Ferdinand is no longer frank with me. He is embarrassed when I converse with him, and always speaks of Bonaparte with great enthusiasm. In the ministers I notice a suspicious reserve; I remark a species of coldness and evasiveness in more than one person in my court; and now you wish to leave me, the only man on whom I can absolutely rely, whom neither Bonaparte nor my son could seduce! Remain beside me, let us seek some way out of our difficulties, and trust in God, who knows my intentions. If, in spite of all, misfortune overtakes us, let us go together and congratulate ourselves that at least we have not been the cause of it.' "

Then came ominous news from Portugal. On February 1 Junot, by order of the emperor, declared at Lisbon that the house of Bragança had ceased to reign. It was easy, then, to decree the extinction of an ancient dynasty. On the same day a messenger

from the Tuileries reached Madrid. He brought the long-expected answer to the king's letter of November 10. The emperor was not prepared to consider a matrimonial alliance between his house and his catholic majesty's till he knew whether or not the prince of Asturias had been absolved of the charges made against him and restored to his father's favour; as to the treaty, its publication must be delayed yet longer, and the ex-queen of Etruria and Godoy must wait in patience for the principalities promised them.

Within the last two months Charles IV., robust sportsman though he had been, had grown an old man. Nervous and haggard, he glanced over the letter and paled at its imperious tone. "These dreadful complications!" he groaned. "I will settle them, I will settle them! The emperor may be sure of me. My feelings towards him are unchanged—always, always. I will reply presently." And, eight days later, the messenger started on his homeward journey, bearing a mere acknowledgment of his master's despatch. On the road home he heard the Spaniards discussing the projected marriage of their future sovereign with the daughter of Lucien Bonaparte, and congratulating each other that the French had come to pull down his cruel enemy, Godoy.

They were thus less concerned to hear that the French had possessed themselves, by an adroit stratagem, of the fortress of Pampeluna, the key of the Pyrenean passes. General Darmagnac, having arrived with his brigade, took up his quarters in a house opposite the drawbridge of the citadel. In the early morning of February 16 a small party of his men

surprised the sentry and the guard, and, at a given signal, a hundred grenadiers concealed in their general's house rushed to their support. The bridge being secured, a whole battalion was admitted into the heart of the fortress, with profuse apologies to the governor, for what Darmagnac himself described as a dirty business. Two days before Godoy had addressed instructions to Vallesantoro, the viceroy of Navarre, blaming him for having allowed the French to encamp on the glacis of the fortress and bidding him to be on his guard. Now his warning had been disregarded, he could do no more than direct the viceroy to protest formally to Darmagnac's superior officer, Marshal Moncey. A protest was the only offensive weapon which Charles IV. would give him power to use.

Meantime Duhesme had marched his army along the coast of Catalonia to Barcelona. The captain-general, Santa Clara, consented to his passage on the understanding that he was bound for Cadiz by way of Valencia. On February 29 by a trick, similar to Darmagnac's, he gained possession of the citadel. To Alvarez Mariano, the governor of Montjuich, Godoy had sent express orders not to admit more than five Frenchmen at any one time into the stronghold. Mariano obeyed, and, on the approach of Duhesme, raised the drawbridge. The French general straightway told the captain-general that he would storm the fortress if it were not peaceably surrendered. The Spaniard weakly gave way, defending himself afterwards with the excuse that the foreign troops were absolutely in need of protection against the townsfolk.



Commanded by his king to avoid a conflict with the invaders at all hazards, Godoy could only gnash his teeth at the weakness of his subordinates and repeat the orders he had himself received: "Keep the French out if you can, but don't fight." Summoned to admit the French into San Sebastian, the viceroy of the Basque provinces applied to Madrid for instructions. He was told to surrender the place *amicably*. In this individual case resistance would, for that matter, have been useless. It would also have been specially impolitic, for the demand was made—and in the most courteous terms—by the dashing Murat, grand-duke of Berg, who now arrived in Spain as the lieutenant and representative of his imperial brother-in-law; and in him Godoy might have placed great hopes, based on a long friendly correspondence and exchange of presents.

But any doubt as to Napoleon's intentions was dispelled by the unexpected appearance at the court of Izquierdo. Seeking first Godoy, he told him that he was charged by the emperor with a message for the private ear of the king, but that it was of so grave a nature that his majesty would certainly require the help of his advisers. "If the king needs me, he will command my presence," replied the favourite; and presently he was sent for by his sovereign. Never before had Charles stood more in need of help. The wolf had framed his indictment against the lamb.

Napoleon, in a long conversation with Izquierdo, had raked together long-forgotten and imaginary grievances against his ally, which the envoy had noted and committed to writing under eighteen separate heads. This universal benefactor felt it to be his

duty to restore the blessings of peace to Europe at all hazards, by any means, "regular or irregular, violent or pacific, ordinary or extraordinary." Having established peace on a permanent basis in northern Europe, his majesty feared that the arch-enemy of mankind, England, would seek a field for her pestilent activity in the south. To defeat these abominable designs, he had concluded with his ally the beneficent treaty of Fontainebleau; and, being aware that an English party existed at the court of Madrid, he had even thought it necessary to guarantee the throne of Charles IV. But now, with indignation and dismay, he found that this malevolent party had stirred up bad blood between the two courts, even imputing iniquitous and treacherous designs to him and to his ambassador. These charges had not been investigated—(his imperial majesty, it will be remembered, had forbidden any inquiry to be made!)—and, to his profound mortification, the king of Spain had contented himself with passing these allegations over in silence at the recent state trial.

In fact, the emperor could not but observe, with regret and apprehension, the coldness of his royal ally. A Spanish squadron lay idle at Cartagena, though he had repeatedly asked that it might be united with his fleet at Toulon; the consuls reported that commerce with France was subjected to vexatious restrictions; English goods were smuggled into Spain with the tacit connivance of the authorities; and—most striking and inexplicable fact of all!—Spain now maintained an army nearly four times as great as the expeditionary force the emperor had sent into the country. (This was tantamount to saying that



Spain had nearly four hundred thousand men under arms !) In view of so unfriendly an attitude, France was bound in duty to her own troops, scattered among a foreign and hostile population, to occupy the fortresses which protected or menaced their rear, which, too, they needed for hospitals and magazines. To save his catholic majesty the unpleasant results of a refusal, the emperor had therefore given orders to his generals to occupy these strongholds as peaceably as possible.

If the prince of Asturias had in reality conspired against his august father, so far from admitting him to the honour of any alliance, his imperial majesty would hear with pleasure of his disinheritance. The conflict of parties at the Spanish court left the future so uncertain that France was now obliged to protect herself against a possible change of policy. The emperor therefore proposed to hand over the whole of Portugal to his ally in exchange for the Spanish provinces between the Pyrenees and the Ebro, or at least to erect these into a neutral buffer State.

The exchange presented advantages to Spain, relieving her for ever of any anxiety on her western border and of the necessity of guaranteeing France a right of way across her territory to Portugal. The emperor trusted that his catholic majesty would acquiesce in this exchange, as otherwise the time might come when France would be obliged to take the Ebro provinces without having anything to offer in their stead. In conclusion, it was proposed to re-establish the old family compact of the Bourbons, but even more strictly.

Here, then, was the explanation of the seizure of



the northern fortresses. Having virtually annexed the provinces north of the Ebro, the emperor intimated to their lawful sovereign that he could, if he liked, take Portugal in exchange. But was this the true and the complete design? Izquierdo thought so. He was convinced that Napoleon meant to have the provinces and so to drag Spain at his chariot's wheel, as he dragged the German and Italian States. Hervas, the brother-in-law of Duroc, did not believe that the emperor would attempt to seize the throne during the life of Charles IV., but he might find a pretext for setting aside his successor; and that, in the meantime, he would be ready to use the prince as an instrument against his father was not to be doubted.

It is to the honour of Charles IV. that he was not prepared to purchase his personal security by handing over a million of his subjects to a foreign yoke. The monarchs of Bavaria and Saxony had accepted Napoleon as their lord paramount and had been richly rewarded for their submission with an enhancement of dignity and substantial increment of territory. The proposed exchange, moreover, was not disadvantageous to Spain. The Catalans and Basques had proved subjects quite as troublesome as the Portuguese were during the sixty years of Spanish rule. Lisbon, the natural capital of the peninsula, and Oporto, with its vast wine trade, might well have compensated the king for the loss of Barcelona and Saragossa. And if Spain lost a strong frontier towards France, it was true, as Napoleon pointed out, that she would, under the new arrangement, have but that one frontier to defend. It is worth observing, also,

that not only Izquierdo, but Escoiquiz, Ceballos, and all the friends of the prince of Asturias, believed until the twelfth hour that such a concession would satisfy the enemy.

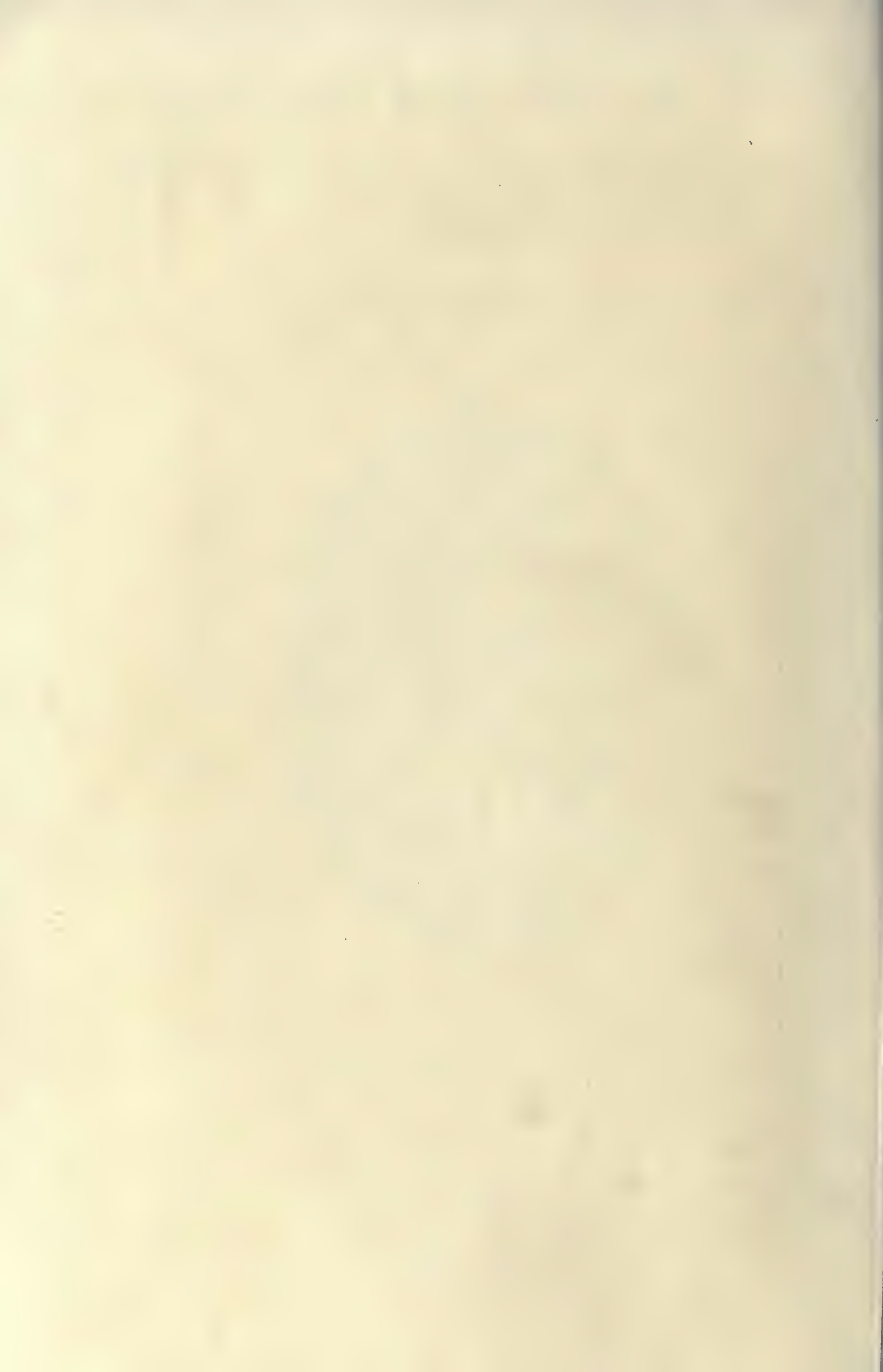
The old king had listened to the long indictment recited by Izquierdo, and with a firmness and dignity not perhaps to have been expected of him, replied categorically to each of the counts. The emperor not having addressed Charles directly, Izquierdo was charged to note this rejoinder and to communicate it to him by word of mouth. His catholic majesty pointed out that his confidence in his imperial majesty was sufficiently shown by his having suffered French troops to possess themselves of his fortresses without any previous notice. His son was fully restored to his favour, and nothing could be further from his thoughts than any alteration in the law of succession. He relied on the clause of the treaty by which his imperial majesty guaranteed to him the full possession and integrity of his dominions south of the Pyrenees. If the emperor saw the necessity for any further strengthening of the bonds between them, his catholic majesty must take steps to make it plain that he was not acting under compulsion or coerced by the presence of the French armies. This last clause, Godoy tells us, was added to explain or to excuse the retreat to Seville which the king now meditated. Napoleon himself might prefer his demands to be conceded by a sovereign nominally free than to be obviously extorted by force.

This defence, completely vindicating the king of Spain, inspired Godoy with very faint hopes. In this dolorous extremity, he informs us, he received



MARIA LUISA, QUEEN OF ETRURIA.





a suggestion from the queen of Etruria—the only member of the Spanish royal family who had ever seen or spoken with the emperor. Fully persuaded that he would take the northern provinces if they were not given to him, this princess proposed that they should be erected, with his consent, into a kingdom for her little son, Charles Louis, in exchange for Etruria. The scheme seemed practicable, and Godoy asked permission to submit it to Napoleon on his own responsibility, without compromising his sovereign in any way. To this the king was loath to consent, objecting that it would weaken the force of his own reply communicated by Izquierdo. In the end, however, he gave way.

Godoy proposed to the emperor that the Ebro provinces should be constituted a separate viceroyalty until the general peace, or else into a separate kingdom under the ex-king of Etruria or another Spanish prince of the blood. In conclusion, he offered to withdraw from Spain, since his continuance at the court appeared to stand in the way of a settlement. The letter was approved somewhat grudgingly by the king and handed to Izquierdo. A few hours later, however, the envoy came to Godoy at Madrid and told him that his majesty had, after mature reflection, entrusted him with a letter in his own hand to Napoleon, intended to soften the asperity of his official reply.

Izquierdo then sped on towards the north, in his haste to avert the ruin of a nation. Before he reached the Ebro he was overtaken by another messenger. Godoy, reflecting that his letter to the emperor might clash with the king's, or impair its effect, ordered his

agent to return it, remarking that, if it were now published, it might injure him too much in the estimation of the provinces concerned and of the kingdom. The suggestion it embodied might, however, be made use of by the envoy should the need arise.

It did arise. Izquierdo, on reaching Paris, found his protests against the aggressions of the French troops contemptuously disregarded, and his representations met with a curt ultimatum. The emperor was determined to annex the frontier provinces in exchange for Portugal, and demanded the opening up of America to French trade, and a defensive and offensive alliance. Moreover, he was resolved to settle, once for all, the succession to the throne of Charles IV. The envoy contested each condition, repeating Charles's assurance that all his difficulties with the heir-apparent were composed, and finally proposing that the provinces of the north should be allotted to a Spanish prince. His proposals and explanations were hardly listened to—Napoleon would not even suspend the march of his troops upon Madrid until a final reply was received from the court. "I presume that they will at least arrest their advance when the ultimatum is accepted," wrote Izquierdo on March 24; "I will never sign a treaty ceding my own country of Navarre," he added desperately. That sacrifice was not demanded of him—while he wrote, the masters that he served had no longer power to save or to alienate an acre of Spanish land.



## CHAPTER XV

### ARANJUEZ

CHARLES IV., unknown to his people, had determined upon flight. Most reluctant to leave the neighbourhood of Madrid, where for so many years he had hunted all day and dozed contentedly at eve, he had yielded at last to the entreaties of his wife and Godoy. The columns of Moncey and Dupont were converging on the capital; Murat was approaching to treat, not as the ambassador, but as the lieutenant of the emperor. A few days more and the king would find himself a prisoner in his own palace in the midst of foreign hosts. But beyond the Sierra, at Seville, he might make terms with the invader. There his troops might rally round him, there he could appeal to the loyalty of the people. The French ships locked up in the port of Cadiz since the morrow of Trafalgar, would fall an easy prey to the Spanish batteries. The way then lay open, should Seville no longer prove a safe retreat, to the Balearic Islands. The French, powerless at sea, could not attack the king there. At no time, we are assured by Godoy, did Charles meditate abandoning his people and following the Braganças to America.

The favourite, with a heavy heart, made his preparations as secretly as possible and went about as usual. He did not increase his guard, his house was

still open to all, his ante-chambers were as crowded as ever. Yet among the throng he noticed men who could be there only to spy on his movements. Some were agents of Ferdinand, some of Beauharnais. For a long time past, the ambassador reports, chests and coffers had been conveyed out of the generalissimo's house by night and transported on the backs of mules to some unknown destination. If so, it seems from the sequel that only a very small part of the treasure thus removed was recovered by the owner. Largesses were distributed among the generalissimo's guards.

Meantime, couriers were galloping along all the roads to Portugal, bidding the Spanish generals return at once, with all their forces, to defend their own sovereign. Junot, anticipating such an order, had broken up Carafa's corps and dispersed it in small detachments within a cordon of his own troops. Taranco and Solano were, however, able to withdraw their divisions to Galicia and Estremadura.

So far these movements had not aroused much curiosity in Madrid. The country was nominally at war with England and Portugal, there had of late been much marching to and fro the frontier. But the approach of the French set the city agog with wonder and excitement. Did they come as friends or foes? did they come to help the prince of Asturias or the Prince of the Peace? There were conflicting rumours. Meanwhile Beauharnais had noted the preparations for departure. His agents spread the report among the people. Alarm and distrust became general. While a few of the wiser sort looked upon Napoleon as the common foe, the multitude were early induced to believe that he was the true friend of Spain and

that the projected departure of the king was one of Godoy's devilish artifices to thwart his benevolent intentions and to avert his own downfall.

With these murmurs sounding ever louder in his ears, the favourite was summoned in hot haste to Aranjuez. The king had lately written to him, announcing that he had communicated the tenor of Napoleon's last message and of his reply to his son. The prince, indignant at the threat to exclude him from the throne, had professed himself convinced of the emperor's falseness and declared his readiness to follow his father wherever he went. But the satisfaction of the king was now changed to alarm. Another anonymous letter had reached him, adjuring him to place his trust in Napoleon, bidding him beware of Godoy and Izquierdo, and dissuading him from his intended flight. "This letter," cried his majesty, "proves that my son has divulged to some one the particulars of our conversation!"

He called in Caballero and asked him what was the prevailing sentiment of the people. The minister answered that the people had heard rumours that the court intended to leave the neighbourhood of the capital and were emphatically opposed to such a step. Questioned, he admitted that he thought also such a course a most unwise one and sure to bring on war. "Very well," said the king, "now go to my son and try to find out what he thinks." Caballero replied that he knew already: the prince was considerably affected by the feeling of the people, and, it was to be feared, might at the last moment swerve from the promises he had made his father. "Then you know what he promised?" demanded the king.



"Yes," said the minister, "he told me everything."  
"He does not, I suppose, believe what I told him?"  
"He thinks your majesty has been deceived." "Now I see that my son is in league with my enemies," cried the unhappy father, "and that this letter is his work. Caballero, I believe in you. Do not betray my trust."

It was plain to Godoy that, without the adhesion of the heir-apparent, all would be lost. At his recommendation, Charles sent for his son. He showed him the anonymous letter, and, motioning him to be silent, addressed him in a dignified and paternal tone. "You do not," he said, "approve of my policy. I make you, then, this offer. I will withdraw from the capital on the ground of ill-health; I will appoint you regent, with full powers to act and to treat in my name; if you extricate this country from its peril, I will associate you with me henceforward in the government till the day of my death, which cannot be far distant. If you fail, call on me and I will resume this heavy burden without reproaching you. Disunion between us means the ruin of this kingdom. Manuel, here present, concurs with me. He is ready now to lay down all his offices, to divest himself of the power which has made him the object of such unjust attacks. Reflect, my son, on what I have said, but take counsel from no one."

The king was silent. Ferdinand burst into tears and fell on his father's shoulders. He protested again that he had no will but his, that he was eager to follow in all things *so divine* a parent. He declared himself unworthy of the honour offered him; who was he, without years or experience, to impose respect

on Bonaparte? Then, turning to Godoy, the prince embraced him and called him his friend, bidding him save the nation, as he had saved it so often before.

"I am certain," says Godoy, "that the prince quitted his father with the firm intention of sharing his retreat, and that he announced his resolve to his partisans to silence their opposition." Instead, it spurred them on to fresh exertions. Among the seducers of the prince, Godoy names his uncle, the Infante Antonio, a stupid, insignificant old fellow, who had devoted his few energies almost entirely to shooting duck on an island in the Tagus. The stirring of the waters had brought a good many tadpoles to the surface, where they puffed themselves out to bursting-point. Within a few hours, the king's proposal to his son was known in the streets of the capital, and was looked upon as a device of the infernal generalissimo to stretch Ferdinand upon the cross instead of himself.

The departure of the garrison of Madrid, including the various corps of household troops, for Aranjuez, raised the excitement in the capital to fever-point. To calm the people, Godoy drew up a general order explaining that the movements of troops were in no way hostile to the king's good friend and ally, the emperor, but intended solely to avoid the inconvenience resulting from the too close association of large bodies of men, friendly but foreign to each other. This prudently conceived notice the Council of Castile refused to publish. That grave body selected this moment, when the French were within a few marches of Madrid, to veto the orders of the commander-in-chief, and, by their refusal, to prolong the tumult

among the king's subjects. The usually tranquil royal residence at Aranjuez was now in turmoil. Caballero, it is alleged,<sup>1</sup> had incited the peasantry of the adjoining country to oppose the king's departure by main force.

In vain Godoy urged his master to hasten away without further ado. Against the natural slowness of his countrymen and the cumbrous formality of the court, danger itself pleaded in vain. In the midst of the preparations came a letter from Beauharnais, intimating that the army of General Duhesme, on its way from the coast to Andalusia, might shortly be expected in the neighbourhood of Madrid. "We shall be taken between two fires," cried the king. "What can I do? I do not want to exasperate my subjects and fall into the hands of the French as well. I do not refuse to go, but at the moment it is impossible."

Without listening to Godoy's frantic entreaties to depart at once, his majesty sent for Ceballos and dictated to him a proclamation intended to calm the public. "In no act of his life," observes Godoy caustically, "was Charles IV. served more willingly or more readily." In a few hours the good people of Aranjuez were informed from every wall that the French armies were traversing the country only to protect it at threatened points and that his majesty, surrounded by the love and devotion of his subjects, had no thought of leaving the secure asylum in which he found himself.

The announcement provoked a salvo of applause.

<sup>1</sup> Lavauguyon to Murat: "Murat, Lieutenant de l'Empereur en Espagne."



The trim gardens of the royal abode were instantly invaded by cheering multitudes, to whom the king was obliged to bow his acknowledgments till his back ached. "A very frequent prelude," comments Godoy, "to revolutions."

Was the king altogether sincere? Godoy confesses that he does not know. He neither commanded nor countermanded the next preparations for the journey. An officer of the general staff was sent to greet Murat, who was now at Aranda, and to elicit his intentions. Meanwhile the people observed, with alarm and suspicion, that trains of mules laden with goods continued to issue from the palace, in spite of the king's assurances. Don Antonio asked his brother if it was true that the court was to start on the night of the 17th, adding that he was prepared to follow without question. "Do not worry," replied the king; "if I go, it will not be by night or stealthily, but by day and at the head of my troops." This answer was repeated to Ferdinand and to Beauharnais. Both were convinced that the idea of flight had not been abandoned. That any deliberate resistance was at that time meditated by the prince, Godoy does not believe.

On the morning of the 17th the people of Aranjuez were awakened by the tramping of marching battalions. The guards had arrived from Madrid, heralding the approach of 4,000 Swiss troops from Valdemoro and the Royal Carbineers from Ocaña. The soldiers were followed by a multitude of the townsfolk of Madrid. It was rumoured at first that the French had entered the capital; a fresh cause for anxiety was soon found in the assemblage of travelling carriages

noticed in the courtyard of the palace. An uneasy feeling was abroad; yet the day passed quietly. In the evening Godoy found the king, cheerful and confident, disposed to laugh at his forebodings. The favourite, half-persuaded that all was well, took leave of the royal family at ten o'clock and quitted the palace. It was for the last time.

The town was quiet. The streets were deserted, and everything was as usual. There seemed to be no cause for alarm. The door of Godoy's house was open. He supped contentedly with his brother, Diego, and Colonel Truyols, the commander of his regiment of hussars. At the stroke of midnight he retired. He had begun to undress when the profound silence of the night was broken by a pistol-shot. He stood motionless and listened. He heard his brother and the colonel rush to the door and alarm the guards. His strained hearing caught the sound of horses' hoofs and—yes—afar off, but coming nearer, the noise of an angry multitude. Throwing a cloak over his shoulders, Godoy rushed upstairs in search of a window that overlooked the park and the avenues leading to the palace. His valet, trembling, followed him. The window of the first room he entered looked on an inner court. He turned impatiently to seek another vantage-point, but found himself trapped. His servant, either half-witted through terror or in order to shield him, had locked him in, and thus saved his life.

He heard the mob break like an angry sea against the doors of his house. There were the sounds of a very brief struggle, of flying feet, a howl of triumph from a hundred throats, a crashing of doors, of glass, of furniture. He heard the people, thirsting for his

blood, swarm through the corridors, rush up the stairs, trample in the courtyard. His guards, hopelessly outnumbered, had fled. He heard the screams of his hated wife. They were soon hushed. Knowing that she was no friend to her husband, the mob showed her every mark of respect. Soldiers and civilians lifted her on their shoulders and escorted her, as if in triumph, to the palace of the king—to the palace, absurdly remarks Thiers, “which she should never have quitted,” and to which, in fact, she obtained the right of entry only when she became the wife of the luckless Godoy.

Upon her departure the rioters glutted their vengeance on the favourite's house. It was sacked from cellar to attic; all that could not be removed was smashed. With an almost superstitious regard for royalty, the orders which the king had so liberally bestowed on his beloved minister were neither stolen nor profaned, but carefully conveyed to the palace of the giver. By a miracle, the room in which the object of the mob's hatred lay concealed escaped their search. Some assert that it was entered and that the occupant eluded detection by hiding within a roll of matting. This is obviously the wildest conjecture, as, if it had been noticed where he was hidden, he could not have escaped. It is most probable that, not finding him on their first inrush, his enemies concluded that he had fled across the park at their first onset. His brother and his officers were seized and disarmed and imprisoned in the barracks.

Who fired the first shot will never be known. It was no doubt the signal preconcerted by the conspirators. The attack was premeditated. Its authors



were not far to seek. Beauharnais had taken the precaution to sleep at the scene of action instead of returning to Madrid. Prominent among the assailants were the servants of the Infante Antonio, who is said to have thrown his hat in the air with senile skittishness on hearing that the attack had succeeded. Caballero was probably in their counsels. Their instrument was an eccentric nobleman, the count of Montijo, who loved to fraternise with the mob under the sobriquet of Tio Pedro, and led them, disguised as a peasant, on this occasion.

By other accounts, the mine was fired by Ferdinand, who told one of the bodyguard that the departure was fixed for that night, but that he would not go. The guardsman hastened to impart the news to his comrades, who at once raised the alarm. The story that the anger of the populace was first enkindled by the departure of Pepita Tudó from Godoy's house is hardly credible. Her lover was at Aranjuez merely to pass the night, and she is not likely to have stayed under the same roof as his legal wife in the very eye of the court.

The noise of the tumult had reached the king and queen, who had not gone to bed. In an agony of apprehension, they awaited news of the one man on whose loyalty and affection they could rely. If the king gave any orders, they were not heeded. The ministers appear to have hidden themselves. Before the dawn the park was once more invaded by an exultant mob. They brought with them the terrified wife and daughter of their victim. "Death to Godoy! long live the king!" was the cry.

Charles sent for his son and told him to show himself

at the window in order to appease the people. Ferdinand replied that his appearance would be the signal for renewed firing. The people would be satisfied only with the instant dismissal of Godoy ; that, too, was the only means of saving the favourite's life, if he still lived. The king was ready to promise anything to save his best friend. Ferdinand then consented to address the people. He was not recognised until a servant threw the light of a candle on to his features. His announcement that the king had dismissed Godoy was received with frantic applause ; it was confirmed an hour later by a decree posted on the door of the palace, which ran : " Having determined to command my army and navy in person, I hereby relieve the Prince of the Peace of his functions as generalissimo and high admiral. He is free to retire to any place that may suit him.—I, THE KING. Aranjuez, March 18, 1808."

There was more cheering, encouraged by which the king and queen appeared on the balcony. They were greeted with an outburst of loyal enthusiasm. The mob, having had their way, were disposed to be generous. Cries of " Viva Napoleon ! " were raised when the French ambassador was seen approaching. His excellency found the king broken in spirit. " Tell the emperor," he said wearily, " that I am not going to leave the country unless it is to visit him. Well," the old man sighed, " Manuel is gone. I am sorry. He has served me twenty years. I hope no ill has befallen him."

While the king was speaking the object of his solicitude lay still imprisoned in the attic of his own house. He had heard the tumult die away and hoped



that the servant who had locked him in would presently return to set him free or would inform the king of his sore peril. But the servant had been imprisoned with other members of his household, and wisely left the liberation of his master to chance. The day wore on, and no one came. Godoy had had ample time in which to explore his prison. It was furnished with a bed, a table, three or four chairs, and a box, in which the captive found some bread and a jar of water. He ate as little as possible, prepared to endure a long siege.

At nightfall he heard footsteps. They stopped outside his door. "My husband has got the key," he heard a woman say, "and I can't find him—what am I to do?" "That's all right!" came the assurance in a man's voice, "we will do with this as with the others!" The speaker hurled himself against the door; the prisoner had but just time to withdraw into a dark corner when the lock gave way and the man entered. He gave a quick glance round the darkened room, looked under the bed, and went out without noticing the form flattened against the wall in the recess. He told the woman to hasten. She came in and hastily gathered together her belongings, including the jar of water. Godoy perceived that she was one of the under-servants. Presently, lamenting her master's hard fate, she joined her companion on the stairs, and their footsteps died away.

Godoy had heard enough to satisfy him that his overthrow had been completed and that the king himself was perhaps powerless to protect him. He must seek another asylum unless he was to perish in hunger and thirst. Before he could resolve on a



course of action, he was overcome by sleep. He dreamt, he tells us, that Bonaparte was dead and his country freed from all danger. He awoke to find the sun already high above the horizon. It is strange that he had not attempted to escape by night and that he should have selected broad daylight to emerge from his retreat. I suspect his long fast and captivity had made him light-headed. He crept down the stairs. At the foot was a sentry—an artilleryman, one of the corps he had always especially favoured. The fugitive laid his finger on his lips. "Listen," he whispered, "I shall not be ungrateful. . . ." The soldier's first impulse was favourable; the next moment, overcome by fear, he called his comrades. They came running up and beheld the fallen prince with mixed expressions. "Yes, it is I," said Godoy. "I will go with you, but respect one old enough to be your father." He begged an officer, who presently appeared, to conduct him into the presence of the king.

No violence was offered him, and it was, he believes, the intention of his captors to take him to the palace. Between an escort of his old comrades of the Guardia de Corps, he walked out of the house that had once been his. Unluckily a crowd of armed peasants and townsfolk were gathered about the door. Among them he distinguished men in the livery of Don Antonio. Upon seeing him they raised a howl of rage. The guards closed up to defend their prisoner. To keep pace with them, he held on to the manes of the horses on either side of him, while the riders gripped him by the collar. In this way escort and prisoner proceeded at the trot towards the guards' barracks,

the mob pursuing them all the way, striking at the running man with swords and sticks the best they were able, pelting him with missiles—all anxious to shed the blood of him who had not shed a drop during his twenty years of power. He reached the barracks at last, more dead than alive. His mouth and nostrils were streaming with blood, a knife had gashed his face, another his thigh ; a horse had stamped on his foot. It was as good as a bull-fight for the generous Spanish people !

Hearing that his friend had fallen into the hands of the mob, the king, wild with apprehension, was ready to rush in person to his relief. He was dissuaded, perhaps out of concern for his safety, by his ministers. He then ordered his son to go at once to the rescue of Godoy and bring him back to the palace. The prince walked over to the barracks, no doubt relishing his mission. He met the guards assisting their prisoner up the stairs of the barracks. Godoy, exhausted and bleeding, fell forward at the prince's feet, probably in an effort to salute him. Unless Ferdinand young was, by nature, very different from Ferdinand old, the sight of his prostrate rival must have consoled him for the humiliations of the Escorial. For a moment the two regarded each other in silence. "I grant you your life, Manuel," at length said his royal highness. "Are you, then, king?" stammered the fainting man. "No, but I soon shall be." "And their majesties——?" Without giving further heed to the wretched prisoner, the prince went out on to the balcony, and addressed the mob. "I will answer for this man," he assured them; "he will be tried and punished according to the gravity of his offences."



MURAT.





“My son,” wrote Maria Luisa to Murat, “gave orders as if he was king before he was so in fact and before he knew that he would be.” Her majesty misjudged her son: he knew very well, as he told Godoy, that he would be king very soon. He returned from the barracks to the palace. His parents were distracted with grief, and disappointed that he had not brought their favourite with him. Charles ordered his chief surgeon to attend the wounded man; Capdevila, the regimental surgeon of the guards, was at length sent instead. The old king was treated with contempt.

The ministers had slept in the palace on the preceding night, and were now consulting how they might most speedily effect a change of masters. They had not long to wait. Four hours after Ferdinand's return to the palace, a travelling coach was observed to take up position before the door of the barracks. Some one said that Godoy was about to be conveyed into safety at Granada. Determined that their prey should not escape them, the populace reassembled, threatened the barracks, and killed one of the mules harnessed to the carriage. That the vehicle had been deliberately used as a means of exciting the crowd still further can hardly be doubted. The prince flew to the spot and repeated his promise of the morning. But now, with Godoy, the name of the king was held up to execration and derision. Caballero called together the commanders of the troops and asked them if their men could be relied upon. They shrugged their shoulders and, as he perhaps expected, replied that the prince alone could command their loyalty.

Meantime, says Maria Luisa, the king was threatened

with another riot for that evening, to be directed this time against his life. Ferdinand promised to help his parents, but they would not trust him. The king and queen found themselves absolutely deserted. The friend and counsellor who had served them so faithfully during their whole reign was now a captive, in fear of death. Charles resolved to throw off the burden of government. Perhaps threats were used to hasten his resolution. He summoned his ministers and officers and announced his abdication. It does not appear that any one attempted to dissuade him. At half-past four in the afternoon the shouting and clamour abruptly ceased : every one was reading the notice fixed on the gates of the palace and of the public buildings. It was thus worded :

“ My infirmities no longer permitting me to sustain the burden of government, and requiring, for the restoration of my health, the tranquillity of a private life in a more temperate climate, I have determined, upon serious deliberation, to abdicate the crown in favour of my well-beloved son, the prince of Asturias. It is, therefore, my royal will that he shall be acknowledged and obeyed as king and natural lord of all my kingdoms and sovereignties. That this royal decree, of my free and spontaneous abdication, may be duly and punctually fulfilled, you will communicate it to the council and to all those whom it may concern.

“ To DON PEDRO CEBALLOS.—I, THE KING.

“ Done at ARANJUEZ,

“ *March 17, 1808.*”

“ Long live King Ferdinand VII. ! ” shouted the people. The crowd streamed towards the palace.



The new king appeared on the balcony, unaccompanied by any member of his family. He was deafened by the cheering. The abdication of Spain's mildest king and the accession of her worst threw the nation into transports of delight. After all, Ferdinand had much in common with the majority of his new subjects. He was ferocious, intolerant, contemptuous of the forces that make for civilisation. The true Spaniards had never cared for the Frenchified Bourbons, his predecessors, who were always bothering them with their new-fangled ideas of progress, education, and industry. The mob like the ruler that leaves them wallowing in the mire and throws them a coin now and then. No pig likes to be hauled out of his sty into a model dwelling—a truth of which the reactionary party in Western Europe is well aware.

The news of Ferdinand's accession and of Godoy's arrest was brought to Madrid at nightfall. The capital determined to give a good kick to the dog who was down, though he had never bitten one of them. Says Blanco White: "Night had scarcely come on when a furious mob invaded the house of Don Diego, the favourite's younger brother. The ample space which the magnificent Calle de Alcalá leaves at its opening into the Prado, of which that house forms a corner, afforded room not only for the operations of the rioters, but for a multitude of spectators, of whom I was one myself. The house having been broken into and found deserted, the whole of the rich furniture it contained was thrown out of the windows. Next came down the very doors and fixtures of all kinds, which, made into an enormous

pile, with tables, bedsteads, chests of drawers, and pianos, were soon in a blaze. Having enjoyed this costly and splendid bonfire, the mob ranged themselves in a kind of procession, bearing lint-torches, and directed their steps to the house of the Prince Branciforte, Godoy's brother-in-law.

"The magistrates, however, had by this time fixed a board on the doors both of that and Godoy's own house, giving notice that the property both of the favourite and his near relations had been confiscated by the new king. This was sufficient to turn away the mob from the remaining objects of their fury; and, without any further mischief, they were contented to spend the whole night in the streets, bearing about lighted torches and drinking at the expense of the wine-retailers. The riot did not cease with the morning. Crowds of men and women paraded the streets the whole day, with cries of 'Long live King Ferdinand! Death to Godoy!'

"The whole garrison of Madrid were allured out of their barracks by bands of women bearing pitchers of wine in their hands, and a procession was seen about the streets in the afternoon, where the soldiers, mixed with the people, bore in their firelocks the palm-branches which, as a protection against lightning, are commonly hung at the windows. Yet amidst this fearful disorder no insult was offered to the many individuals of the higher classes who ventured among the mob. Nothing, however, appeared to me so creditable to the populace of Madrid as their abstaining from pillage at the house of Diego Godoy—every article, however valuable, was faithfully committed to the flames."

At Salamanca the demonstrations were directed by the friars, even as they had directed the movement against Godoy from the first. At Sanlucar de Barrameda the mob delightedly rushed into a botanical garden which Godoy had planted for the acclimatation of rare and useful foreign plants and trampled the beautiful vegetation underfoot. The first touch of Ferdinand's sceptre had changed his people into swine. He had started them at full gallop down a steep slope, at the foot of which bristled the bayonets of France.



## CHAPTER XVI

### BAYONNE

THE vanguard of the French army was cresting the Guadarrama when Murat received the news of the downfall of Godoy and the abdication of Charles IV. Kept in ignorance of the ultimate designs of his master, the imperial lieutenant at once sped the tidings to Paris. "I foresee," he wrote, "that blood will flow, and all Europe will not fail to say that it is by France's order. I command your armies, I represent your majesty, and certainly no one will believe that I am at their head without knowing your projects. For the first time in my life I regret that I do not know how to serve your majesty properly in so critical a circumstance."

In perplexity even the ablest diplomatist may take a lead from his own sympathies. Two days later—March 21—the fiery Gascon reached El Molar, where a letter awaited him from the ex-queen of Etruria. She had met him once or twice at Florence—she and Godoy were the only members of the royal household with whom he had ever entertained any personal relations, though these were of the slightest. "I am in great danger," wrote the princess. "I need to speak with you of things concerning the lives of my dear parents. Come at once to Aranjuez. My

parents, who are about to depart, desire first to speak to you."

Such an appeal was never wasted on Murat. He wrote expressing his indignation at the events of Aranjuez, and entrusted the letter to his aide-de-camp, General de Monthyon. The messenger rode, booted and spurred, the same night into the courtyard of the palace. The partisans of the new king, never supposing that a French officer could be other than a friend to them, admitted him to the presence of Charles IV. and his wife. They hailed him as a deliverer. The king declared that his abdication had been extorted from him in the fear of death, he denounced his unnatural son, he implored Murat to rescue Godoy. The queen was wild with anger against Ferdinand, maddened by anxiety for her favourite. The emperor alone could save Spain—they implored him to intervene, and left their fate in his hands. A quiet retreat in which to pass the evening of their lives was all they asked for themselves and for Godoy.

Beauharnais might salute the rising sun of Ferdinand and work blindly at strengthening his throne; Murat at once perceived that his generous sympathy had led him into the path of true policy and that France had most to gain by playing one king off against the other. If Charles's abdication had been extorted by force it was void. But he was free to sign another. In the early morning of the 23rd Monthyon reappeared at Aranjuez and obtained from Charles a formal protest against his enforced abdication, which he declared null and void. This document was dated two days earlier. Before he had

received it, Murat, at the gates of Madrid, was notified by the duke del Parque of the accession of Ferdinand VII. He received the envoy with studied courtesy, but was careful not to acknowledge the sovereignty of the prince he represented.

The next morning (March 23) the French army, forty thousand strong, marched into Madrid. Murat, a fine, martial figure, captivated the Spanish imagination more readily than the boyish, travel-stained infantry of Moncey. The invaders were welcomed as the allies of the new king; yet Murat had to complain of the quarters assigned to him in the dismantled apartments of Pepita Tudó, and was finally lodged in the palace of the Admiralty, once tenanted by Godoy himself.

Twenty-four hours after Ferdinand made his entry into his capital. He was greeted with an enthusiasm which may have consoled him for the want of pomp and ceremony customary on such occasions, but not for the complete disregard of the imperial lieutenant. Occupied in reviewing his troops, Murat ignored the arrival of the new king, and blamed Beauharnais for having permitted him to leave Aranjuez. For the old king and queen he showed almost filial concern, offering them, if needs were, an asylum in the midst of his army, sending a brigade under General Vathier to protect them from all molestation. Ferdinand was puzzled and uneasy. Helped on to the throne by the French ambassador, he was now refused recognition by the emperor's brother-in-law and lieutenant. Beauharnais, repenting his former partnership, had the effrontery to censure him for having put on his father's crown too hastily. "I was forced to do so by the circumstances," was the meek reply.



Meanwhile, negotiations were openly proceeding between the queen of Etruria and the French commander. The new sovereign took counsel with all his old associates hurriedly recalled from exile—with Escoiquiz, Infantado, San Carlos, and Ceballos (eager to wash out the stain of his connection with Godoy). Their confidence in the French remained unabated. The sword of Francis I., taken at Pavia, was solemnly presented to Murat. He received it with more gratitude than his master afterwards expressed, but he regretted that he could not acknowledge the courtesy of the prince of Asturias by a visit. He could not recognise him as king without orders from the emperor; but his imperial majesty was on his way to Madrid, to settle the affairs of the kingdom on a permanent basis. His royal highness would be wise to go to meet him, if it were only within a few leagues of his destination. Recognition would be sure to follow.

Ferdinand's hesitation was put an end to by Savary, the duke of Rovigo, who appeared suddenly on April 7 as the forerunner of the emperor. The newly made king now burned to throw himself at the great man's feet. Three days later he was on his way to meet Napoleon, accompanied by his chosen admirers, all of whom believed confidently that recognition could be bought, at the worst, with the cession of Navarre or the other frontier provinces—a price which these patriots, apparently, were not unwilling to pay. In the king's absence the government was to be carried on by a junta presided over by that respectable nonentity, the Infante Antonio.

Murat was now aware that his master destined the

crown of Spain for a French prince—perhaps, he hoped, for him. It was his task to sweep all the royal family into the net spread for them. Ferdinand having gone, he turned his attention to his parents. They would remain as hostages in his hands till the prince was on French soil. By Napoleon's order, he moved the elderly couple from Aranjuez to the Escorial, where they remained, dull and lonely, under the protection of general Mouton's division. They welcomed the imperial lieutenant, when he visited them, with delight. They were eager to leave the ungrateful Spaniards, and were in haste to meet Napoleon before his ear should have been gained by their perfidious son. They would have started at once, had Murat permitted them, but for their anxiety for the Prince of the Peace, which tortured them night and day.

Murat, not unmindful of the regard Godoy had often expressed for him, had resolved from the first at the least to save his life. Hearing, the day before he entered Madrid, that it was intended to conduct the prisoner through the streets in order to expose him to the fury of the populace, he at once wrote to the captain-general, Negrete, sternly forbidding the outrage he meditated and warning him that he would hold him personally responsible in case of disobedience. The Spaniards sullenly gave way. Napoleon expressed his indignation, even more warmly than his lieutenant, at the barbarous treatment of the man who had so often checkmated him, and ordered Murat to deliver him from the hands of his would-be assassins.

Murat's generous instincts prompted immediate

compliance, but he perceived the wisdom of delay. "To deliver the prince would be easy," he wrote to the emperor, "but I have to consider the effect. This is a man who has been deliberately held up to the odium of the nation, and it is only by blackening his character and by promising his execution that the party which has overthrown him seeks to extend its power." To rescue Godoy by main force would, in short, exasperate the Spaniards to a dangerous degree and would for ever embitter them against the French.

For the moment Murat contented himself with intimating the emperor's interest in the prisoner and his will that his pretended arraignment should not be proceeded with. Beauharnais, ironically enough, was ordered to convey this message to Ferdinand. He did so with ill-concealed reluctance, and returned to announce sulkily that the new king would respect the emperor's wishes. It was time, according to Murat, for the queen of Etruria told him that the captive had already been subjected to interrogatories by a magistrate and had been loaded with chains.

Godoy, not knowing that he had been saved by Murat from the clutches of the Madrid populace, had been transported on March 23 from Aranjuez to Pinto, a village a few miles south of the capital, and thence to the castle of Villaviciosa, where he was placed in charge of the marquis of Castelar, a man once his friend but now eager to show himself his enemy. The fallen minister was guarded night and day by three of the Guardia de Corps, who never let him out of their sight for an instant. At Aranjuez he owed much to the kindness of Lieutenant de



Villena, an officer to whom he had been of service in the past ; and to him and to the grenadiers of Castile he attributes his escape from assassination at the hands of the people on his mournful passage through the streets of the royal residence.

At Villaviciosa he rejoiced to find himself lodged in a pleasant, airy apartment overlooking the moat. Here he was even able to overhear the talk of the guards at the main entrance, and was interested by the endeavours of some women of the neighbourhood to induce his gaolers to assassinate him on the grounds, among others, that he had intended to introduce the religion of Islam into Spain. He was presently moved, to his great disgust, into the oratory of the castle, a dark, damp chamber like a sepulchre. He was treated with inhuman severity. Not a book was allowed him, nor a change of linen, though his own was saturated with blood from his one-and-twenty wounds. The altar still remained in the chapel, but he was not allowed the consolation of assisting at mass or receiving the sacrament at Easter, as every Catholic is bound to do under pain of sin.

He does not speak of any judicial examination or of being fettered. The queen of Etruria may have been misinformed, or else have made false representations to Murat in order to stimulate him to fresh activity on the prisoner's behalf. Charles and Maria Luisa daily besieged the imperial lieutenant with entreaties for his immediate relief. San Miguel, one of the fallen minister's under-secretaries, was among the few who dared to show their fidelity to him in misfortune. He unceasingly urged the French general to interfere, alleging that his master was in

danger of assassination. Possibly this loyal servant was the author of an anonymous letter addressed to her majesty and supposed to come from one of the prisoner's guards. "Madame," it ran, "a faithful vassal, who remembers past benefits, warns you that, if the French attack Villaviciosa, the governor has orders to kill his prisoner. Let Murat invite the chiefs from the palace to his house and hold them as hostages."

Probably at Murat's suggestion, Savary at last extorted from Ferdinand (who was now as far north as Vittoria) an order to the Junta to deliver Godoy to the custody of his imperial majesty "on the understanding that the ordinary processes of law should not be interfered with." Murat smiled at the proviso, intended to legalise the forcible seizure of the prisoner's property, and presented the order to the Junta. The members of that body were extremely loath to obey; the revolution must have seemed to them to have been hardly worth the making if they were not to be glutted with the blood of the man of whom they had stood so long in awe. But the signature of the king, countersigned (let us hope, gladly) by Ceballos was not to be disputed. The order for Godoy's liberation was issued. Commandant Rosetti was sent to apprise their majesties at the Escorial of the good news. Charles wept and declared that he would not have been able to live much longer without Manuel. The queen broke into smiles and gave the commandant a handsome repeating watch "in memory of the queen of Spain." She also begged him to hand the captive a short message and to obtain for her speech of him as soon as possible.

That night—April 20—General Exelmans, accompanied by Rosetti and a squadron of chasseurs of the guard, rode out of Madrid on their errand of mercy. The general left the squadron at a short distance from the castle, and at two o'clock in the morning waited upon the commandant. Castelar, on learning their mission, was beside himself with anger and apprehension. He vowed that this was a snare to ruin him, and was with difficulty reassured by the explicit terms of the Junta's order. "It is certain," he admitted with a sigh, "that such an order would not have been issued except by command of the king."

By another account, the quarrel became so violent that the French officers demanded personal satisfaction. Castelar at length conducted them into a low-ceiled chamber adjoining Godoy's prison. He entered, leaving them outside the door. A few minutes later he reappeared and asked for a written receipt for the body of the captive. This was given to him, and without a word he threw open the door and pointed to Godoy, who stood within.

The prisoner, says Rosetti, impressed him by his fine proportions, but his appearance otherwise was pitiable. He had an old cloak over his shoulders and slippers on his feet. His linen was filthy; he was in the same blood-stained rags that he had worn on the dreadful day of Aranjuez; his beard was six inches long. He gazed bewildered at his new captors. Exelmans explained briefly that they were aides-de-camp of the grand-duke of Berg and that he must accompany them. The three men slipped out of a postern-gate into the darkness and stumbled across a ploughed field to a carriage which was in waiting. There



seems to have been no conversation between the officers and their charge. The chasseurs closed round the carriage and they set off at a brisk trot for the camp of Chamartin.

Rosetti says that Godoy crouched at the foot of the vehicle to escape the possible notice of some peasants who were passing. The commandant laughs at him for this, but few men's nerves would be at their command after so terrible an experience as that of Aranjuez, followed by a severe imprisonment; and a hostile demonstration, though without danger to him of actual violence, was an ordeal which the wretched man may well be pardoned for shirking.

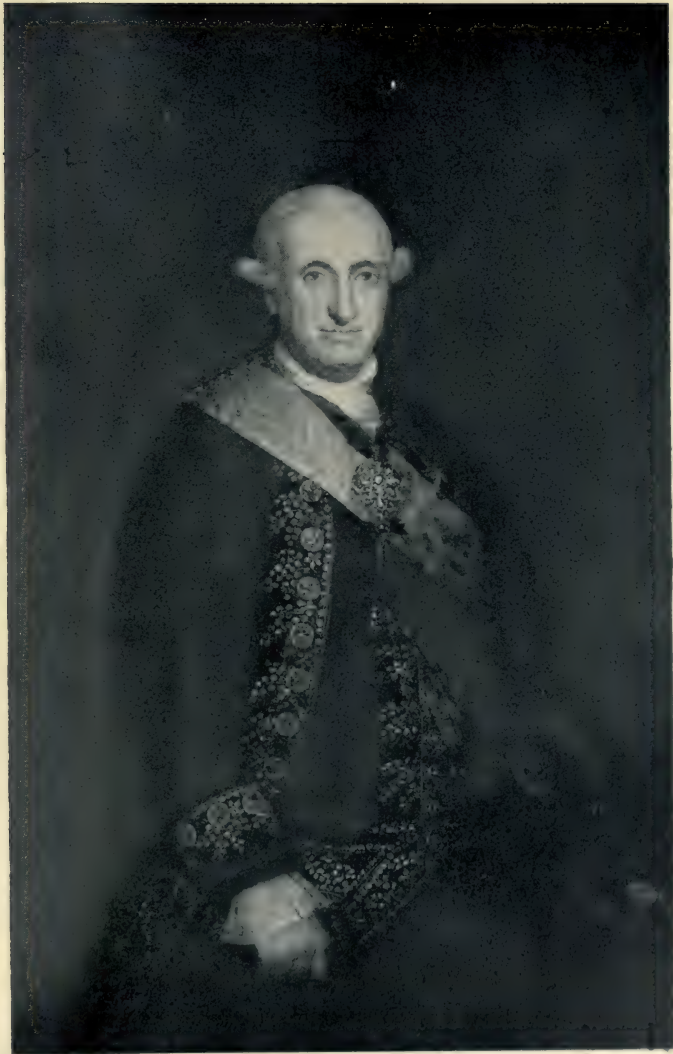
He was accommodated in a mere hut in the centre of the camp, surrounded by the soldiers of Napoleon. His first inquiry was, who was reigning? Some answered Charles IV., others Ferdinand VII., others, prophetically, Napoleon. Presently the faithful San Miguel arrived, bringing with him a thrice-welcome change of clothes. He was also able to present his old master with a sum of one thousand pounds, probably remitted by some banker or creditor ignorant of the order confiscating his property.

From San Miguel the liberated man heard of the departure of Ferdinand for the north, and a chronicle of the happenings since the fatal day. He saw Murat at a distance, and shortly after the message of Charles IV. was handed to him. "Incomparable Manuel," cried the old king, "how we have suffered at seeing you sacrificed for having been our only friend! To-morrow we start to meet the emperor, and we will intercede for you, so that we may live happily together. Always your friend.—CARLOS." It

was a letter which might well have drawn tears to the reader's eyes. A few hours after receiving it he was on his way to Bayonne under the escort of Colonel Manhès. On April 26 he crossed the Bidassoa, and, turning, fixed his eyes for the last time on the country of his birth.

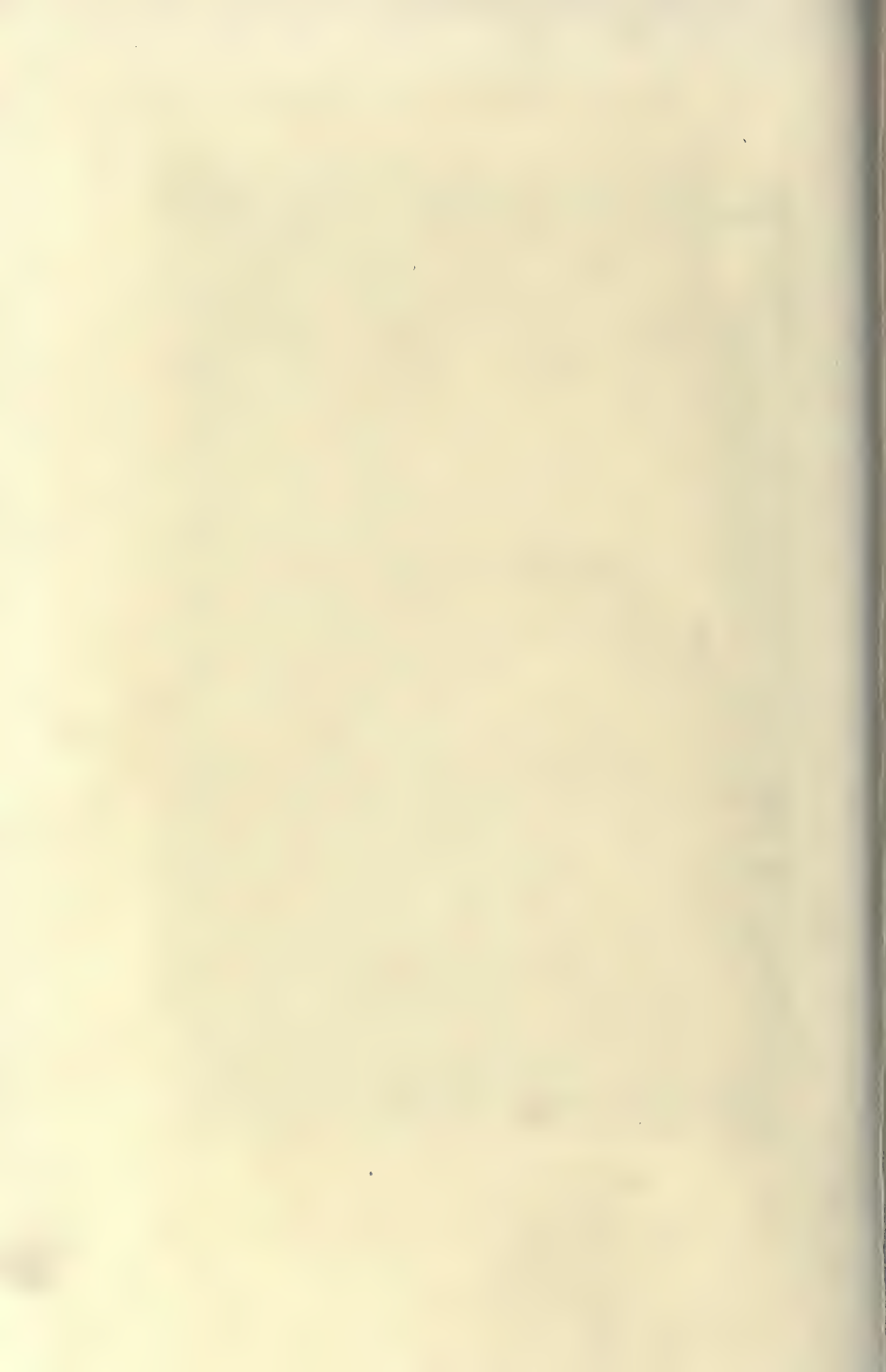
He was free, and the prince who had ruined him was a captive. Godoy had been overthrown because he had striven to put the royal family beyond the reach of Napoleon; Ferdinand had thwarted him, and was now at the mercy of the despot in whom he had professed to see a friend. Within twenty-four hours of his arrival at Bayonne his royal highness was informed that the emperor could recognise him only as prince of Asturias; that Charles IV. was alone king of Spain. "I am betrayed!" cried the prince in his despair. He was indeed: he found that he could not stir from the house assigned to him unless he was dogged by gendarmes. To Escoiquiz and Ceballos, those trusty councillors who had despised the statesmanship of Godoy, Napoleon made no secret of his intention to expel the house of Bourbon from the throne. Meantime he would await the coming of his good ally, Charles IV.

Godoy arrived five days before his old patron, a week after Ferdinand. He was lodged in a house adjacent to the emperor's seat of Marrac on the road to Biarritz. The day after his arrival, he was sent for by the man from whom he had tried to save Spain. He was kindly and courteously received. Napoleon, who thought he looked "like a bull, with something of the air of Daru," expressed his indignation at his treatment by the Spaniards and inquired



CHARLES IV. OF SPAIN.  
(Goya)





about his wounds. Godoy's face was still disfigured by a scar. After these courtesies the monarch referred to their past relations, and regretted that the ex-minister had so often misjudged him. He had meant to do so much for Spain—even at the last he had offered her the six provinces of Portugal against three petty provinces along the Ebro. Well, he did not reproach Godoy, who, he believed, had acted towards his master as he would have his own servants act towards him.

From the past the emperor abruptly turned the conversation to the present. He told Godoy that he held Charles's protest against his abdication and that he was determined that Ferdinand should never reign in Spain. A prince who had intrigued and rebelled against his father!—never, never! He would restore Charles IV. He presumed that Godoy had no fondness for the people who had caused his downfall. He promised him retribution. "As to that," replied the fallen man wearily, "my career is for ever at an end. I am interested now only in the fate of my king and my country." He held, like the emperor, that the old king's resignation, if extorted by force, must be considered void, but hazarded the suggestion that the regency of Ferdinand might be the most acceptable solution of the present problem. Napoleon reiterated his determination never to suffer that rebellious son to reign.

Finding that Godoy was not prepared to sacrifice his country either to his ambition or to his just resentment, he dismissed him. "They were a wretched lot," he said, speaking of the Spanish court, "but Godoy was the best man among them. His project of removing the royal family beyond the seas was

at least a sound conception." Years afterwards, at St. Helena, he paid his wary antagonist a less grudging tribute. "He was a man of genius," he said.

The old king and queen, on their arrival, were received with full royal honours. Bausset, Savary, Méneval, and Constant have left us minute accounts of their meeting with the emperor and of the momentous events that followed—the events which Godoy had so clearly foreseen and of which he could now be only the melancholy spectator. Yet the cordiality of the emperor towards his guests might well have persuaded him that the restoration of Charles IV. was a fixed point in the imperial policy. "Lean on me, I am strong," said Napoleon to the old Bourbon, assisting him up the palace stairs. And Charles, disgusted with his son and his people, had no other desire. "Where is Manuel?" was his first inquiry when he took his seat at the banquet prepared for him. Napoleon invited Godoy to join them. If the king now saw the favourite for the first time since Aranjuez, the meeting must have stirred the deepest emotions of both.

"Had I been made aware by the prince's party, upon my arrival, of the emperor's proposals and intentions," writes Godoy, "a common plan of resistance might have been concerted. But I was approached only by the duke of Frias, whose visit was merely one of courtesy and who did not refer by so much as a word to the political situation." It is possible that Ferdinand's hatred may have consummated, as it began, his own ruin; but it is unlikely that even his favourite's arguments could have prevailed with Charles IV. against the will of the emperor. In his



imperial majesty the old king saw his best friend and support. He executed his behests hurriedly, delightedly.

Ferdinand wrote offering to restore the crown, provided that the act of restitution should be done in Spain with the consent and in the presence of the Cortes. "My son," replied Charles, "Spain owes her critical situation to the perfidious counsellors who surround you; she can be saved only by Napoleon." Ferdinand offered to assume the regency; his father replied by a decree appointing the grand-duke of Berg lieutenant-general of his dominions. Escoiquiz, less tenacious of the prince's rights than Godoy, advised him to yield to the emperor's will.

In the afternoon of May 5 an orderly galloped furiously into the courtyard of Marrac. A few minutes later Napoleon learned that the people of Madrid had risen in mad revolt against the invaders whom they had persisted, but a month before, in hailing as deliverers. The supposed allies of Ferdinand had proved sterner taskmasters than the odious Godoy. Spain's eyes were at last opened; too late was she able to distinguish friend from foe. Furious, the emperor rushed in upon the startled king and queen. The streets of Madrid had been deluged in the blood of French soldiers and Spanish citizens—this was the upshot of the devilish intrigues of their son with the accursed English. A river of blood flowed for ever between Ferdinand and the throne of Spain.

The prince was summoned. Terrified, he denied all complicity in the rising of May 2. "The blood of my people is on your head!" cried the old king, "and that of the soldiers of Napoleon." He threat-

ened his son with his cane ; Maria Luisa launched at her first-born the bitterest imprecations. "Listen," thundered Napoleon, cutting short these recriminations. "If you have not recognised your father by midnight as lawful king of Spain and have not notified this to Madrid, you will be treated as a rebel!" Ferdinand, trembling, withdrew.

Godoy, sent for, found his master quivering with indignation and wrath. "This," cried the old king, "is the reward of twenty years' devotion to my people! Was I a Nero, a Caligula? Have I not refused again and again to shed a drop of my people's blood? Have I not humiliated myself to avert from them the scourge of war? Have I not cared for them, as a father for his children? And now my son conspires against me, my people hurl me from the throne with cries of delight. And now war is raging in their midst. I resign. My abdication is in the hands of the emperor!"

"But, sire," protested Godoy, "think what you are doing. . . . To abdicate the throne of your ancestors! Surely the proposal was not made by you?"

"By me? No. The emperor has offered to restore me to my throne by force of arms. He is ready to march an army on Madrid. I refused to trample on the bodies of my subjects. 'Very well,' he said, 'since you will not reign, your son never shall.' It is finished. Let the emperor take the crown. Perhaps the Spaniards will be happier under him than under me. You, as my only faithful servant, I charge with the execution of the treaty."

"Never!" answered the unhappy favourite. "Think again. . . ."

"Then you, too, desert me! Good. . . . I will attend to this myself!"

In vain Maria Luisa joined her entreaties to Godoy's. The weary old man was in haste to be rid of his crown of thorns. Who can blame him? His people had clamoured for the intervention of France, they had cast him down because he was prepared to resist the invader. While they disputed—king, queen, and ex-minister—Duroc brought the drafts of the treaty for signature. Godoy, upon his master's reiterated commands, turned with a heavy heart to the discussion of the conditions. Charles ceded the crown of his ancestors to the Emperor Napoleon, stipulating that the integrity of Spain and the Catholic religion should be maintained. In exchange, the emperor guaranteed to the ex-king seven and a half millions of francs a year, the use of the château of Chambord, and four hundred thousand francs a year to each of the infantes. Napoleon had bought the inheritance of Philip II. cheaply enough. On May 10 Ferdinand and the other princes, sent by Murat in haste from Madrid, renounced all rights of succession to the crown of Spain.

They moved more freely now that they were relieved of the burden they were so unfit to bear. They went frequently to pay their respects to the empress and were visibly gratified by the royal honours extended to them. It was not easy to forget, says the Comte de Senfft, their grand manner in contrast with the horror of their position, which they did not seem to realise. "King Charles IV., with the queen and their inseparable Don Manuel Godoy, went seldom to Marrac and only at the emperor's luncheon, of which the king made his dinner."



In after-years Godoy perhaps remembered only the anguish with which he found himself obliged to witness the deed assigning the crown of Spain to a foreigner. That he did so with mingled sentiments may also be believed. His body was still scarred with the wounds he had received from the people who resented his efforts to save them from this very doom. Spain had cast him out with loathing and blows; she had herself thwarted all his endeavours on her behalf for the sake of the prince who now abandoned her. It is to his credit that he troubled to protest at all against the abdication of Charles IV. That he refused actively to further the enemy's designs is proved by Napoleon's dismissal of him as "useless as an ally and negligible as an opponent."

Yet during the five days preceding the old king's coming to Bayonne, before Napoleon had realised the extent of the old man's weakness, the favourite might have sold his influence at a very high price! A principality the emperor might readily have granted for the support of the man who was said to have ruled Charles IV. and Maria Luisa for a score of years past. Godoy, beggared, cast out, and dishonoured, asked nothing, got nothing. Spain had rejected him—he could not help her, he would not profit by her ruin. For good or ill he was Charles's man, and his last act was to take upon himself some of the obloquy of a surrender which he had opposed.

The men who had overthrown him were of another sort. The prince's partisans stayed at Bayonne to greet the new king, Joseph. Ceballos, the time-server, took office under him; so did the "patriots" Jovellanos and Urquijo; O'Farrell, who had opposed Godoy's

liberation, accepted the portfolio of war. The duke of Infantado was among the deputation of grandees chosen to greet King Joseph. And these were the men who had denounced Godoy as a traitor to his country! They tried to make amends, it is true, by betraying their new master as they had betrayed the old.

They had a worthy master in Ferdinand VII. On May 13 he and his brother Carlos departed for the home assigned to them at Valençay, in the heart of France. There, while his countrymen were pouring out their blood in defence of his rights, he stooped to beg his conqueror to grant him the hand of a princess of his house—an act so mean that Napoleon refused to publish it, since it would not be believed. He returned at last to the throne that English bayonets rather than Spanish loyalty had won for him, and speedily reduced his country to a state in comparison with which the worst days of Godoy must have been remembered as the Golden Age. Verily, the Spaniards of Aranjuez and Bayonne got the monarch they deserved.

More fortunate than his life-long enemy, Godoy passed out of history, following his old master and mistress into exile. He owed to them his exaltation, he was true to them in their abasement. He sought no office under the Bonaparte king, he craved no favour of Napoleon. His coat had been bespattered with blood and mud in Charles's service, but at forty years of age he thought himself too old to change it. Besides, he had drunk to the full of the cup of greatness, for a mere sip of which Ceballos and Ferdinand sold their honour.

## CHAPTER XVII

### THE LAST LONG SCENE

FROM the fierce light that beats upon a throne the erstwhile grand admiral and generalissimo of Spain passed into a shadow which the searchlight of history has not yet altogether dispelled.<sup>1</sup> Godoy survived his fall forty-four years—more than thrice the duration of his political career. He outlived friends and foes, he outlived even men's memory of him. When he died the sons and grandsons of those who had courted his smile or conspired his downfall asked, in wonder, "Was he, then, still among the living?"

Yet this profound obscurity was sweetened for many years by the warmth of loving hearts and constancy in old friendships. Fitfully, too, it was penetrated by gleams of the old rancours. On June 18, after a brief stay at Fontainebleau, Charles IV. and his queen arrived in an old equipage drawn by mules at the noble palace of Compiègne. Their train was numerous. With them was the queen of Etruria and her little son, afterwards duke of Parma, and the Infante Francisco de Paula, a boy of fourteen years, the youngest of Charles's children; with them, too, were Godoy and all those whom Godoy loved.

<sup>1</sup> For our knowledge of Godoy's domestic life from this point onwards we are indebted almost exclusively to the researches of Señor Juan Pérez de Guzman of the Royal Academy of History of Madrid.



The wife who hated him had stayed among his enemies. She passed the rest of her days in the shadow of the cathedral of Toledo, under the protection of her brother, the cardinal. The daughter, Carlota, whom she disliked because she was Godoy's child, was brought to the Escorial by her father's kinsman, Villena. Maria Luisa embraced her god-child. "She remains with me," she told the mother; and the young marchioness of Boadilla del Monte, as the girl was called, remained with the exiled queen till the day of her death.

The tenderness which Maria Luisa lavished on Godoy's daughter was not denied to his two little sons, Manuel and Louis, the children of Pepita Tudó. The year before the downfall Charles IV. had bestowed on his favourite's mistress the title of countess of Castillofiel. As the beloved of Godoy, she was exposed to the full fury of his foes. On her way to Andalusia she was arrested at Almagro in La Mancha, and kept under rigorous police supervision. She was stripped of all the wealth she carried with her, assailed with contumely and derision. In her desperate plight she addressed a piteous appeal to Murat. That chivalrous soldier did not forget her. She was quickly released and sent under escort to France. Godoy, from the moment of his liberation, had not ceased to appeal to the imperial lieutenant on her behalf. At Bayonne she was reunited to him and her family. She, her mother, and her sisters, Magdalena and Socorro, were admitted by Maria Luisa to her household, and all shared the hospitality of Compiègne.

This was not very generous. Napoleon begrudged

even the meagre emoluments guaranteed to the ex-king by the treaty of Bayonne. The royal family, he directed, was to be lodged only in a wing of the palace, on the pretext that the state apartments had not yet been made ready for him. "The king will thus get used to the quarters provisionally assigned to him," he wrote, "and I shall not be deprived of the château and park in the hunting season." He was right : Charles asked for very little and amused himself well enough with his fiddling. But the northern air was too keen for this old man, born and bred in the south. He petitioned his imperial "protector" for a change of air. Napoleon gladly consented. In October Compiègne, with its superb domains, was exchanged for a gentleman's mansion at Marseilles.

There we lose sight for a time of these exiles, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." No English gentlemen of leisure were travelling in France in those days to gratify their curiosity by visits to this monarch retired from business. And the eyes of Spaniards were turned only towards the less worthy exile of Valençay. The queen of Etruria, at her own desire, had been separated from her parents ; but, instead of finding a home at Parma, her husband's ancient seat, as she had hoped, she was ordered to reside at Nice. An attempt to escape to England brought down on her the wrath of the emperor. Her son was taken from her and handed over to her parents, and she was rigidly confined, with her daughter, in a nunnery at Rome.

Charles does not seem to have protested with any vigour against this harsh treatment of his daughter.

He and his family obtained leave, however, to establish themselves in the Eternal City in the summer of 1812. They were permitted to see their daughter once a month till she was set at liberty by the Neapolitans, who, under the leadership of Murat, now in arms against Napoleon, occupied Rome in January 1814.

Ferdinand, too, was free and re-entered Spain amid the frantic applause of the people. Yet he was not easy in his mind as to the validity of his father's abdication, repudiated as it had been at Madrid and Bayonne. But all the old king's anger had evaporated. He was anxious, above all, to see his heir seated firmly on his throne. Questioned by Louis XVIII., as head of the house of Bourbon, he expressed his desire to leave the acts of Aranjuez in oblivion and to sign a new deed of abdication in his son's favour. He communicated this intention to all the great Powers. Of course the proposal pleased nobody in Spain, for its adoption would have made void all the acts of the Junta reigning in Ferdinand's name since 1808. The blame was at once thrown on to Godoy.

The Pope, at the entreaty of the Spanish court, very reluctantly ordered the favourite to leave his master and to establish himself at Pesaro in the Marches. The household of Maria Luisa was broken up, for with Godoy went his mistress, her boys, her mother, and her younger sister. Instead of avenging himself on his son for this mean thrust, Charles persisted in his abdication, which was finally drawn up in terms acceptable to Ferdinand and signed on October 1, 1814. Regarding his son now as his king, the old



man henceforward obeyed him almost with servility, even to the detriment of those dearest to him.

When Napoleon returned from Elba Murat again invaded the Papal territory, this time in his old master's interest. The royal exiles fled north and found an asylum at Verona, where Godoy joined them. He fell in with his old acquaintance, Lord Holland, and complained to him of his homeless condition. He even spoke of the likelihood of his settling in England.

The rumour that he thought, instead, of establishing himself at the Austrian court alarmed Vargas Laguna, the Spanish ambassador at Rome, soon after Napoleon's second overthrow. He therefore readily acquiesced in Charles's demand for the recall of Godoy to Rome, whither the royal family had returned. The Tudós, however, took up their residence at Genoa, continuing an assiduous and affectionate correspondence with the queen. Only two children were now left to solace her majesty's old age—her son, Francisco de Paula, and Godoy's daughter, Carlota. In 1817 there was some talk of marrying these young people—a project which Ferdinand VII. promptly nipped in the bud. The scheme disposes of the scandalous rumour that the young prince and the queen of Etruria were the favourite's children by Maria Luisa.

Vargas Laguna suggested that Carlota should be sent back to Spain, but Ferdinand would not allow this, fearing that she might demand a share of her father's forfeited wealth. For the same reason he vetoed repeated projects of marriage between her and various Roman princes. All the while the ambassador devilishly busied himself in trying to poison

the girl's mind, by means of her attendants, against her father, and to excite her jealousy against her half-brothers. At last, in the year 1820, she was married to a Roman noble, Count Camillo Ruspoli. Her grandchildren to-day still bear the ducal title of Alcudia which her father had ceded to her at her birth.

The malice of his old enemy did not cease to pursue Godoy during the life of the king and queen. Vargas Laguna obtained a complete ascendancy over the enfeebled mind of Charles IV., who consented to act as a spy on his own wife and most devoted friend without appearing to realise the injury he was doing them. The old man appears at times to have been inspired by a sort of senile roguishness. It seems to have pleased him to do spiteful turns to the two people who made sure of his devotion and affection. Vargas Laguna was thus able to rely upon a friend in the enemy's garrison when he heard, in 1817, that the favourite again meditated seeking the protection of the emperor of Austria. This design was warmly approved by Maria Luisa and seconded by prince Kaunitz, the imperial ambassador at Rome.

Godoy's statesmanship was better appreciated at foreign courts than in his own country, and a new career might have opened for him at Vienna. Pepita Tudó entered into the scheme with her usual energy and ardour. Hearing that Metternich was taking the waters at Lucca, she presented herself there to the all-powerful minister. Metternich was easily disposed in the beautiful lady's favour and readily granted her permission to send an agent, Don Juan Martinez, to Vienna to ask for passports for herself and Godoy. Martinez was in the pay of Vargas

Laguna, and the scheme was very soon communicated to the court of Madrid. Godoy at Vienna, perhaps at the ear of Francis II., was a possibility sufficient to appal Ferdinand VII. and to enkindle all his latent hate. He at once despatched an envoy to the emperor, selecting no other than Ceballos, who had already repaid Godoy's services to him in the past with so many injuries.

While this turncoat was on his way to Vienna, his colleague at Rome, with the connivance of the governor, Tiberio Pacca, occupied himself with intercepting Godoy's correspondence with Kaunitz and Pepita. He worked on Charles's fear of losing his favourite and displeasing his son and liege lord so far as to induce him to write personally to the emperor asking him to withdraw the invitation issued by Metternich. The letter was drafted by Vargas Laguna; otherwise it would be difficult to explain or to excuse the language in which the old king speaks of his most loyal friend: "Your majesty is not ignorant of the hatred of the Spanish nation for Godoy, nor of the measures which I, my son, and the Cortes have successively adopted against him. That he has continued about my person and that his prosecution has been abandoned must be attributed to my benevolent mediation and to the love and respect which my son entertains for me. Such kindness should have filled the heart of Godoy with gratitude. . . . Notwithstanding, he has permitted himself, without consulting me, to solicit from your majesty not only naturalisation as an Austrian subject, but the honours sovereigns are accustomed to reserve for their most faithful subjects."



The king wound up by asking the emperor not to grant any request that would trouble his beloved son, Ferdinand, and vowing that he would not tolerate Godoy near him if he succeeded in his desire. This letter was handed to Francis II. by Ceballos. On February 2, 1818, the emperor replied that he had ordered his ambassador in Rome to inform the Prince of the Peace that no Spanish subject could be admitted into his dominions without the consent of his natural lord.

The unworthy old dotard Charles had, in obedience to his unnatural son, ruined the last hopes of the man who had worked so much, suffered so much, and lost so much in his cause. He even lent himself to the persecution of Pepita Tudó and her children. Ferdinand professed to believe that Godoy or his mistress was possessed of some of the crown jewels missing ever since the French invasion. Charles disgraced himself by asking the grand-duke of Tuscany, who had taken the Tudó into his favour, to remove her from his dominions and to allow the Spanish minister to search her coffers; but he pleaded that his old favourite should not again be removed from Rome.

Pepita protested, with her customary vehemence, against these disgraceful aspersions. The death of her younger son, Luis, added to her grief and to the unhappy Godoy's. The positive declaration of Maria Luisa that the few jewels in the possession of her favourites were lawfully theirs and that much of the missing treasure had been sold by her to supply the needs of her family in exile at last caused Ferdinand and his agents to cease their malicious pursuit;

but so long as his old enemy lived Godoy and his mistress were subject to the persistent annoyance and supervision of his spies.

They were soon robbed of their steadfast protectress. In the last days of the year 1818 the queen fell ill. At a quarter past ten on the night of January 2 she died, in the sixty-seventh year of her age, her last glances wandering from her old lover and faithful friend to her two youngest daughters, who arrived only in time to close her eyes. Her husband was not present. He was on a visit to his brother at Naples. In his old age he seems to have contracted a dislike for all those he had formerly loved. He was not much troubled by his wife's death. Within eighteen days he followed her to the tomb.

Godoy mourned bitterly the loss of the mistress who had befriended him to the last and of the master who had betrayed him. By a will executed in 1815 the queen had bequeathed everything she possessed to Godoy, "to whom, in discharge of our conscience, we owe this indemnification for the many great losses he has suffered in obedience to our orders and to those of the king here present, and because we refused the permission he sought to vacate his offices and retire into private life." The will was respectfully transmitted by Godoy to Ferdinand VII. His catholic majesty ignored it, having been previously informed that his father had withdrawn his consent to this disposition of his wife's property. Regardless of their mother's wishes, the princes and princesses all greedily clamoured for their share in her estate.

Godoy, now approaching old age, was left penniless. For years past he had subsisted on the bounty of the

queen ; for to the last he had made his country the sole repository of his fortune. He was beggared now by the cowardly deference of Charles to his son's animosity ; yet he respected the ungrateful old man's wishes and resolved to attempt no defence of his career till Ferdinand also had passed away. His patience was rewarded. In 1833 his bitterest enemy died, leaving a legacy of civil war and fratricidal strife to his disillusioned subjects.

Godoy now found himself in Paris, old and almost destitute. His appeals to successive Spanish ministers were futile. No one heeded him ; he was forgotten by friend and foe alike. The recommendations of successive ambassadors to the cabinet of Madrid were ignored. In remembrance at last of his generosity to the French royalist exiles, Louis Philippe settled an annuity of £200 upon him. In 1836 he published his memoirs, said to have been written, at his dictation, by a Spanish clergyman exiled to Paris. His mild treatment of enemies, his readiness to impute good motives to most of his opponents, his touching loyalty to the old king who had at the last betrayed him, should have done much to restore him to the favour of his countrymen ; but a new generation had arisen who took no interest, friendly or hostile, in this venerable survivor of a bygone age.

Harder to bear than the neglect of his countrymen was his abandonment by those dearest to him. His daughter Carlota had gone back to Spain and been granted his estates in Valencia. On the death of his wife he married Pepita in order to legitimate their son ; but she, too, deserted him and returned, upon the death of Ferdinand, to Madrid. Who was there



to care for this penniless, exiled old man, approaching his seventieth year ?

In these last sad days we catch very few glimpses of the man who had once ruled over Spain and half the New World. Lord Holland, at least, had not forgotten him, and he refers with gratitude in his memoirs to his lordship as the only person who, since his fall, had shown any recollection of any service, great or small, received from him. He presently received a visit from the Whig nobleman, who, writing on September 19, 1838, says: "I saw the Prince of the Peace, much altered in appearance, but still the same character of countenance. Good-humoured, self-satisfied, somewhat jovial and hearty, in his bad French and chuckling voice, and an arch expression in his eyes, he complained much of the ingratitude of the world. He complained bitterly of the Tudó, to whom, he said, he had been attached from his youth, and for whom he had incurred the imputation of bigamy, and whom all the world knew he had actually married, after the death of his first wife, for the purpose of legitimating her son. He had settled on her all he had in the world out of Spain, and she had left him and taken the whole, so that he was reduced to absolute penury, and lived entirely on the small pension Louis Philippe allowed him.

"His estates . . . had been distributed in a strange way: his Soto de Roma had been bestowed on the Duke of Wellington, who had earned it; but he knew of no sentence or judgment of law depriving him of it. As to the Albufera and his *encomiendas*, these had been conferred on the Infante Don Francisco; so that whenever he claimed his lands he found some

one in the enjoyment of them whom he had little chance of dispossessing. He rather laughed at this and his own helplessness, but he spoke with more bitterness of the Tudó's ingratitude, and with some indignation of the Liberals depriving him of the title of captain-general. He had no great complaint of Napoleon . . . he had offered him fair terms of reconciliation, if he had thought it either honourable or possible to have accepted of them. . . . He spoke with less bitterness of Ferdinand and with more of Don Carlos than I expected.

"Soon after he left me I met, on the landing-place of the hotel stairs, a dark and somewhat stately lady carried by two or three servants on a footstool to a story above our apartment. . . . It was the duchess of Sueca, who is the daughter of the Prince of the Peace and possesses no inconsiderable portion of his landed property. But she neither allows him a sixpence out of them or keeps up any intercourse with him. She is married to a Roman prince. The Tudó is living in comparative splendour at Madrid, while her husband is training a miserable existence as a pensioner or almost beggar in Paris, surrounded by relations, acknowledged or unacknowledged children, grandchildren, and what not—infantes, princesses, duchesses, etc., not one of which condescends to take the least notice of him or show the slightest tenderness, regard, or interest about one to whom some owe their station and riches, and all more or less their very existence."

About the same time Godoy was consoled by a testimony of good-will from young Spain in the person of the brilliant writer, Ramon de Mesonero y Romanos,

who has left us his recollections of the old man in his last days :

“ Happening to be in Paris and on the most cordial terms with the venerable and affable Don Juan Antonio Melon, an old friend of my father's, I expressed to him my desire to pay my respects to that famous but fallen historical personage, the Prince of the Peace. We directed our steps, then, to the humble dwelling of the man still entitled Prince of Bassano, which was situated in a street behind the Passage de l'Opéra, on the fourth floor. The prince received us with the greatest courtesy, and, Melon having mentioned that I was a writer, he seemed pleased and spoke freely about his misfortunes and the injustice with which he had been treated by certain historians, especially the count of Toreno. He asked me, also, if I had read his memoirs and what opinion the new generation had formed of him.

“ I succeeded in convincing him that we had forgotten the passionate animosities and prejudices of our fathers, and that, having suffered under the rule of Ferdinand VII., with his Macanaces, Eguías, and Calomardes, we were rather disposed to envy those who had lived under governments more enlightened and tolerant. I spoke with approval of his beneficent endeavours to promote science and the culture of the nation ; of the protection he extended to the men of talent of his day ; of the travels of Rojas Clemente and Badía which he had initiated ; of the expedition of Balmis to America to disseminate vaccin,—all of which seemed to gratify him extremely. He thanked me in accents borrowed from the Italian language, which he had used habitually for thirty years past,



and repeated that his most ardent wish was to return to Spain and take a look round the Prado ; but that the Government and the courts, everlastingly postponing his rehabilitation, deprived him of that pleasure. He hoped, however, much from the justice of his cause and the talent of his defenders, Perez Hernandez and Pacheco. I replied that, being honoured with the friendship of both those eminent jurists, I would endeavour to reanimate their exertions on behalf of the prince, and promised to do my own humble best for his vindication."

Mesonero Romanos did not forget his promise, and did justice to Godoy's services to civilisation in a book he shortly afterwards published on Madrid ancient and modern. Nor were the efforts of the advocates unsuccessful in the end. On May 31, 1847, —thirty-nine years after the catastrophe of Aranjuez— Queen Isabella II. signed the decree restoring the Prince of the Peace to his rank and dignities and ordering the restoration of his property. But the actual possessors of his estates well knew how, by the tedious processes and circumlocutions of Spanish law, to postpone from month to month the fulfilment of this act of tardy justice. Against the arts of procrastination so well understood by his countrymen a man of fourscore cannot long contend. On October 4, 1851, the unjust possessors of his lands breathed freely—Godoy would never come back to Spain. He had ended his long exile in a foreign land.

He passed away unremarked and scarce remembered except by those who had good reasons to wish him gone. The notice of his death appeared in but one Spanish journal ; his epitaph was written by the

last Spaniard who had defended him during life. Mesonero Romanos wrote :

“ We have seen this Colossus who, in our fathers' time, directed the destinies of the monarchy and the treasures of the New World, reduced to a modest annuity of six thousand francs ; and, so resigned to his fate and the dark vicissitudes of life, that he would sit contentedly in the gardens of the Palais Royal or the Tuileries, playing with the children, recovering their hoops and tops, lending them his stick to ride on, and taking them tenderly on his knee. He was well known to the strolling players who haunted these spots, and who took him for a retired actor or a veteran devotee of the theatre. By them he was known only as Monsieur Manuel. None of them guessed that his noble brow had once borne a prince's crown ; that from his bowed shoulders had once hung a truly royal mantle ; that the ring on his finger had been placed there on his marriage with a descendant of Philip V. and Louis XIV. His pleasant smile of benevolence and interest over and over again procured the offer of a job as stage manager or prompter for him whom armies and fleets had obeyed, who had warred against the great republic, and who had negotiated treaties on equal terms with the emperor himself.

“ Truly the career of this man, as much as by his rapid and amazing elevation as by his abysmal fall and protracted agony, is most remarkable and perhaps without parallel in the annals of history. Don Alvaro de Luna and Calderon, dying on the scaffold, appropriately concluded their tragic history. Olivares and Lerma, the one banished to his estates, the other

covering himself with the purple of the cardinal, barely survived their disgrace ; Nithard, Valenzuela, Alberoni, Ripperda, the Princesse des Ursins, Squillace—all died far from the scene of their triumphs, but not completely forgotten or deprived of political importance.

“ Godoy alone has dragged on, through half a century, an obscure and miserable existence in presence of the great events of European history and without figuring in any of them. He has survived his own history ; he has heard the judgments of posterity ; he has assisted at his own obsequies and has remained indifferent to the indifference of three generations. His death alone, in the eighty-fifth year of his age and the forty-fourth of his exile, has recalled his name to men and reminded the French capital of his existence. Only a few Spaniards accompanied his corpse to the church of St. Roch, where it was deposited, awaiting removal to his fatherland. The memory of the Prince of the Peace has been thought worthy, in the whole Spanish press, only of these few lines ! ”

“ When I was last in Paris in 1865,” continues Mesonero Romanos, “ I visited, as my custom is, the cemetery of Père Lachaise and lingered at that space to the left of the chapel, known as the Spaniards’ Island. There, where are buried Moratin, Urquijo, Fernan-Nuñez, Garcia Suelto, and the tenor, Garcia, and not far from the sepulchre of General Ballesteros, is a small railed-in grave ; above it a tablet announces that there lie the ashes of Don Manuel Godoy, Prince of the Peace and Duke of Alcudia, the prodigy of fortune and saddest example of ill luck.”



The man who fell in a supreme effort to rid Spain of her enemies would prefer that the last words over his tomb should proceed from a Spanish heart, even if transcribed by an English pen.

## INDEX

*The names of Godoy (Manuel), Charles IV., Maria Luisa, and  
Napoleon I. are omitted*

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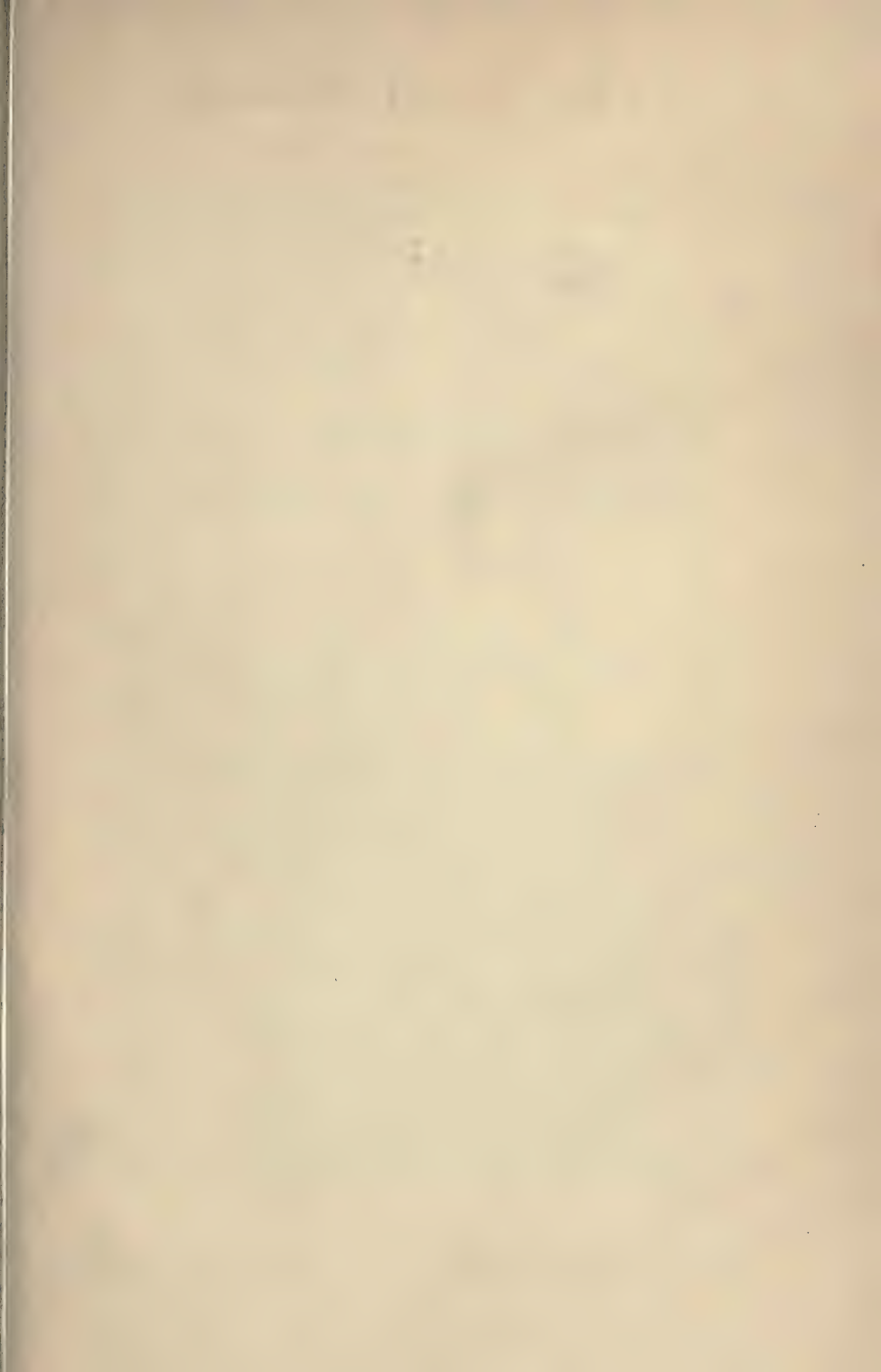
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The scenes of this story are enacted in the Malay Islands and Singapore. A British agent, after years of residence on the South Sea Islands, pines for civilization, and decides to quit. The appearance of a beautiful half-caste reconciles him to remaining. Complications with the natives arise, and flight becomes the only safety of the lovers. They fly by different routes, and the man arrives at Singapore, where the vessel carrying the woman is reported lost with all hands. The tie that bound him to the Malays thus broken, he seeks the solaces of civilisation by marrying a widow. Disillusioned, after two months he quarrels with the widow, and ships back to barbarism. Unexpectedly, he finds the Malay wife returned and awaiting him, and considers himself absolved from his recent unsuccessful marriage. The book is said to possess something of the glitter and colour of Conrad's tropical tales.

**When Satan took Flesh.**

A. J. ANDERSON

Author of "The Romance of Fra Filippo Lippi," etc.

In this story Satan takes flesh that he may plot a second Fall. By means of Clairvoyance he bargains for possession of a young man's body, and discovers in the doctrine of the limitation of the family a new and powerful temptation by which to wreck the human race. Mr. Anderson writes with sincerity of purpose and has a thorough knowledge of his subject, and his story is worthy of the careful attention of every thoughtful mind.

**The Children of Alsace.**

RENE' BAZIN

Author of "The Nun," "Redemption," etc.

A story of Alsace full of this famous Author's penetrative charm. It is of Alsace conquered, of those who remain loyal to France and those who compromise with the victors. Obeile is the name of a prominent Alsatian family, the head of which goes over to the winning side. Love complications arise among the younger members of the family, such as occurred in English History in the time of the Cavaliers and Roundheads. The atmosphere of Alsace under the new government is skilfully reproduced, and the conflict of racial feeling engendered admirably portrayed. The story is full of interest and excitement, and has the added charm of historical accuracy.



**Between Two Stools.**

RHODA BROUGHTON

Author of "Red as a Rose is She," "Cometh up as a Flower," etc.

This story deals with the situation of a man and woman—he single, she married, who have had a liaison of ten years' duration, while the woman's husband has been lying hopelessly crippled by an accident which happened before the opening of the narrative. The interest lies in the effect upon their characters, and in the emotions of hope, fear and remorse which agitate them. The situation is complicated by the apprehensions aroused by suspicion that the heroine's half-grown daughter divines something of the truth. The introduction of an unmarried girl to the hero entangles the knot still further—a knot which is untied only on the last page.

**Camilla Forgetting Herself.**

H. L. VAHEY

Author of "A Prisoner in Paradise."

Novels which 'lift one out of oneself,' which are not gloomy or sordid, and are not concerned with matrimonial failures, 'problems,' and the seamy side of marital life, are none too common; so that the refreshing and stimulating story of 'the incurably romantic' Camilla and her lover-husband will be hailed with delight by those who have not come to look upon marriage as a 'doubtful adventure characterized by the total surrender of freedom.' It is a humorous, 'lovey' and wholesome story, without a 'sugary flavour.' From the first page to the last line—in which Camilla tells her husband 'a great secret'—there is a spirit of Joy and Happiness pervading the book. To those of us who are still sufficiently old-fashioned to have matrimonial ideals, and a genuine belief in the existence of enduring, all-conquering love, Camilla will make a strong appeal. Though written in a light, bantering vein, the story contains an idea—a great idea, it may be—which is nothing more or less than a plea for *real* marriages; made in Heaven or otherwise, but founded, not upon legal forms, conventions and sacrifices, but upon a union of hearts. To those who found the psychology of Mr. Vahey's last book, 'A Prisoner in Paradise' (Stanley Paul) too strong, the present volume will come as a pleasant surprise.

**The Bride of Love.**

KATE HORN

Author of "Edward and I and Mrs. Honeybun," "Mulberries of Daphne," "The White Owl," "Lovelocks of Diana," "Ships of Desire," etc.

A love romance full of the charm which won for "Edward and I and Mrs. Honeybun" so many admirers. Psyche is a delightful heroine, whose face is her fortune. The story tells how Psyche and her little sister, Pomander, under trying circumstances battle their way to success, and will interest all who know what it is to cherish ideals which lie outside the sphere of their environment, and who ultimately win their own reward.

### **The Marriage of Lenore.**

ALICE M. DIEHL

Author of "A Mysterious Lover," etc.

Lenore has married more than once, and thereby hang numerous complications. Her first husband is an elderly roue, and the second, who is present at her first marriage, restores to her the bouquet which she drops, and in this act and its recognition eyes and souls meet. There is a rumour that the first husband was a bigamist. Thereupon Lenore marries her second, only to find that her first husband's *mésalliance* was no marriage and that she herself has committed bigamy. The old husband dies, and so matters are set right. The story flows on through troubles and distractions, raptures and pains, to its happy ending.

### **God Disposes.**

PELLEW HAWKER

A novel of quick changes, rapid movements, and striking dramatic situations, which opens with the description of a dead man sitting at his library table, his hand resting on his cheque book. The surreptitious visitor who makes the discovery secures the cheque book, forges the dead man's signature, and succeeds in cashing a cheque for a large amount. On the strength of the money he poses as a rich man, pushes himself into country society, and wins the heart of Lady Angela Dawson, who is affianced to Viscount Woolmer, the son and heir of Lord Bletchford, and the elder brother of the dead man. Later he claims to be the heir to the property, but in due course is discovered and exposed. The characterisation is good, the narrative interesting and the *dénouement* all that can be desired.

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For those born in the month of October, the opal is said to be a lucky stone, and this novel is based upon the assumption that it is so. It is a story of the times of the soothsayers and the witches, when people were all more or less trying to discover the philosopher's stone which turns everything to gold. The witch in this case is a young girl of great beauty, who narrowly escapes the stake.



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This novel deals with the mysterious disappearance of a child, who is heir to a property consisting of an old Manor House and a large marshland farm, which has been in the family for generations. Many people are concerned in the mystery, and suspicion falls first on one, then on the other, but the police fail to clear it up. The mystery is solved by a young squire who is in love with the sister of the missing child, but not until he has travelled half round the world in search of the solution.

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Colonel Andrew Haggard, so well known for his clever and amusing histories of French Court Life, is no less known as a novelist of distinction. In this story he introduces the reader to life in Vancouver Island, the scene opening in that gem of the Pacific, the beautiful city of Victoria. The heroine is a lovely young unbeliever, whose naturally generous and ardent temperament has become warped by the perusal of atheistic literature. The hero is a manly young Englishman, himself an agnostic but a seeker after the truth. They have some weird adventures in the realm of the occult. Then the scene changes to Europe, where we meet with a generous-minded and somewhat eccentric peer given to Christian Science, who has a great effect upon the subsequent development of the plot, and the many exciting incidents by land, sea and aeroplane with which this unusual romance is filled.

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Canon Oriel, an earnest worker in the East End, loved and respected, had, years before the story commences, while climbing with his friend Digby Cavan in Switzerland, found in the pocket of his friend's coat, which he had accidentally put on instead of his own, evidence that his friend had robbed his, the canon's, brother and been the cause of his committing suicide. Oriel in a struggle which took place between the two men hurled his friend from the precipice. Now the glacier gives up Cavan's rucksack, and any day it may yield up his body. To reveal subsequent developments would spoil the reader's enjoyment of a thrilling plot.

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Major Stevenson's new historical romance, long announced, and eagerly awaited by many readers who enjoyed "The Rose of Dauphiny," is at length in the printer's hands. It is a long novel, dealing with love, intrigue and adventure, and the abortive conspiracy of Mardi Gras, just before the death of Charles IX. of France.

Major Stevenson writes historical romances with a vigour, verve and enthusiasm which have led several critics to compare him with Dumas. *The Times* critic, writing of his last novel, "The Rose of Dauphiny," said: "Mr. Stevenson is winning an honourable place among the school of Mr. Stanley Weyman."

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### **A Modern Ahab.**

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Author of "Bess of Hardendale," "Moll o' the Toll-Bar," etc.

Readers of Miss Wilson's former novels will need no urging to make their acquaintance of a new work from her pen. "A Modern Ahab" deals with modern life in a Westmorland dale, and is a tale of keen local dispute, love, passion, hate and humour.

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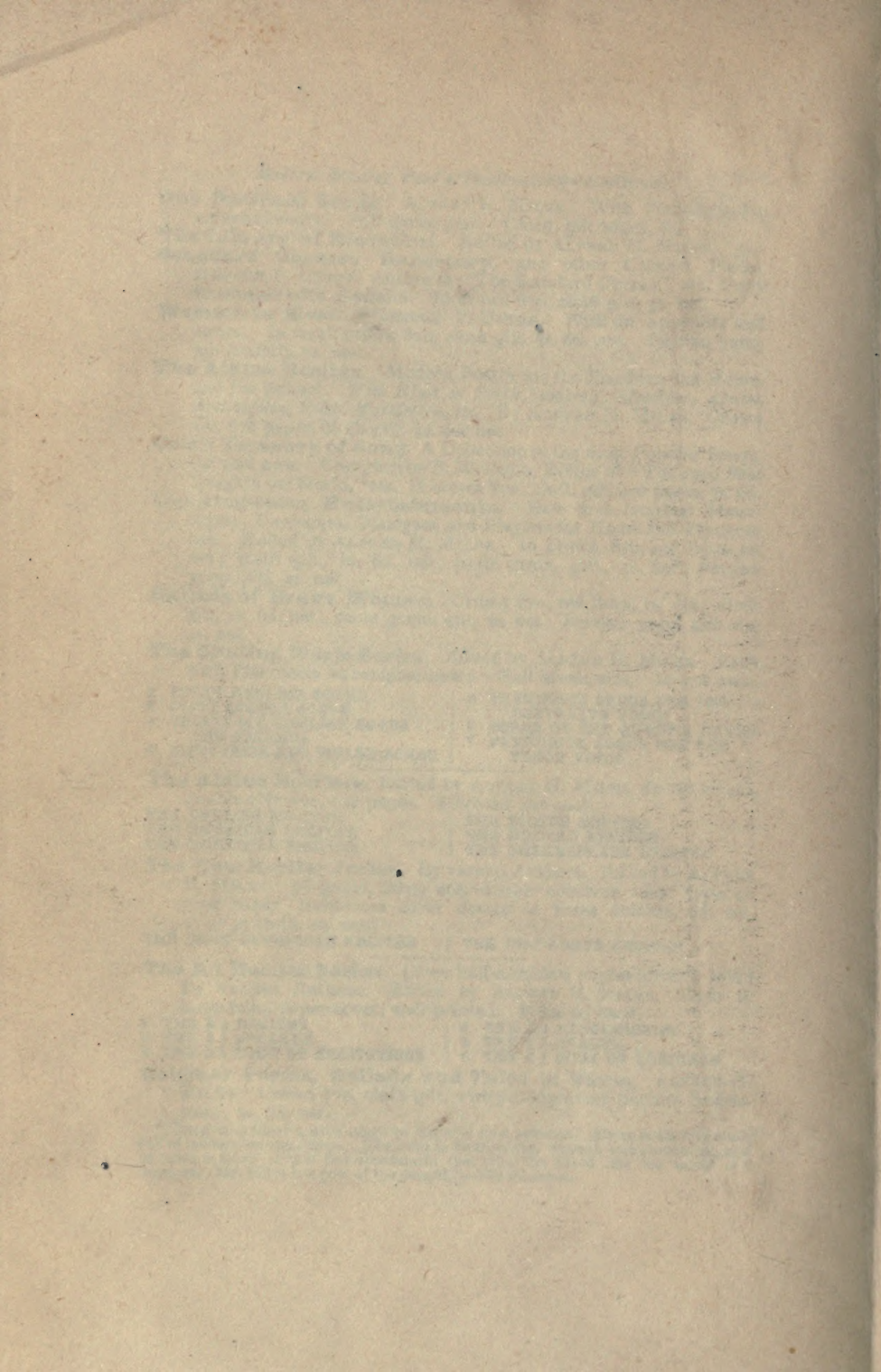
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