

and Eugene led Austrian forces to the field still more powerful. The whole summer was spent in marches, countermarches and bloody battles on both sides of the Rhine. Winter came, and its storms and snows drove the exhausted, bleeding combatants from the bleak plains to shelter and the fireside. All Europe, through the winter months, resounded with preparations for another campaign. There was hardly a petty prince on the continent who was not drawn into the strife—to decide whether Philip of Bourbon or Charles of Hapsburg, was entitled by hereditary descent to the throne of Spain.

And now suddenly Charles XII. of Sweden burst in upon the scene, like a meteor amidst the stars of midnight. A more bloody apparition never emerged from the sulphureous canopy of war. Having perfect contempt for all enervating pleasures, with an iron frame and the abstemious habits of a Spartan, he rushed through a career which has excited the wonder of the world. He joined the Austrian party; struck down Denmark at a blow; penetrated Russia in mid-winter, driving the Russian troops before him as dogs scatter wolves; pressed on triumphantly to Poland, through an interminable series of battles; drove the king from the country, and placed a new sovereign of his own selection upon the throne; and then, proudly assuming to hold the balance between the rival powers of France and Austria, made demands of Joseph I., as if the emperor were but the vassal of the King of Sweden. France and Austria were alike anxious to gain the coöperation of this energetic arm.

Early in May, 1706, the armies of Austria and France, each about seventy thousand strong, met in the Netherlands. Marlborough led the allied Austrian troops; the Duke of Bavaria was in command of the French. The French were again routed, almost as disastrously as at Blenheim, losing thirteen thousand men and fifty pieces of artillery. On the Rhine and in Italy the French arms were also in disgrace. Throughout the summer battle succeeded battle, and siege followed siege.

When the snows of another winter whitened the plains of Europe, the armies again retired to winter quarters, the Austrian party having made very decided progress as the result of the campaign. Marlborough was in possession of most of the Netherlands, and was threatening France with invasion. Eugene had driven the French out of Italy, and had brought many of the Italian provinces under the dominion of Austria.

In Spain, also, the warfare was fiercely raging. Charles III., who had been crowned in Vienna King of Spain, and who, as we have mentioned, had been conveyed to Lisbon by a British fleet, joined by the King of Portugal, and at the head of an allied army, marched towards the frontiers of Spain. The Spaniards, though they disliked the French, hated virulently the English and the Dutch, both of whom they considered heretics. Their national pride was roused in seeing England, Holland and Portugal marching upon them to place over Spain an Austrian king. The populace rose, and after a few sanguinary conflicts drove the invaders from their borders. December's storms separated the two armies, compelling them to seek winter quarters, with only the frontier line between them. It was in one of the campaigns of this war, in 1704, that the English took the rock of Gibraltar, which they have held from that day till this.

The British people began to remonstrate bitterly against this boundless expenditure of blood and treasure merely to remove a Bourbon prince, and place a Hapsburg prince upon the throne of Spain. Both were alike despotic in character, and Europe had as much to fear from the aggressions of the house of Austria as from the ambition of the King of France. The Emperor Joseph was very apprehensive that the English court might be induced to withdraw from the alliance, and fearing that they might sacrifice, as the price of accommodation, his conquests in Italy, he privately concluded with France a treaty of neutrality for Italy. This secured to him what he

had already acquired there, and saved France and Spain from the danger of losing any more Italian States.

Though the allies were indignant, and remonstrated against this transaction, they did not see fit to abandon the war. Immense preparations were made to invade France from the Netherlands and from Piedmont, in the opening of the spring of 1707. Both efforts were only successful in spreading far and wide conflagration and blood. The invaders were driven from the kingdom with heavy loss. The campaign in Spain, this year, was also exceedingly disastrous to the Austrian arms. The heterogeneous army of Charles III., composed of Germans, English, Dutch, Portuguese, and a few Spanish refugees, were routed, and with the loss of thirteen thousand men were driven from the kingdom. Joseph, however, who stood in great dread of so terrible an enemy as Charles XII., succeeded in purchasing his neutrality, and this fiery warrior marched off with his battalions, forty-three thousand strong, to drive Peter I. from the throne of Russia.

Joseph I., with exhausted resources, and embarrassed by the claims of so wide-spread a war, was able to do but little for the subjugation of Hungary. As the campaign of 1708 opened, two immense armies, each about eighty thousand strong, were maneuvering near Brussels. After a long series of marches and combinations a general engagement ensued, in which the Austrian party, under Marlborough and Eugene, were decisively triumphant. The French were routed with the loss of fifteen thousand in killed, wounded and prisoners. During the whole summer the war raged throughout the Low Countries with unabated violence. In Spain, Austria was not able to make any progress against Philip and his forces.

Another winter came, and again the wearied combatants, all of whom had received about as many blows as they had given, sought repose. The winter was passed in fruitless negotiations, and as soon as the buds of another spring began to swell, the thunders of war were again pealing over

nearly all the hills and valleys of Europe. The Austrian party had resolved, by a gigantic effort, to send an army of one hundred thousand men to the gates of Paris, there to dictate terms to the French monarch. On the 11th of September, 1709, the Austrian force, eighty thousand strong, with eighty pieces of cannon, encountered the French, seventy thousand in number, with eighty pieces of cannon, on the field of Malplaquet. The bloodiest battle of the Spanish succession was then fought. The Austrian party, guided by Marlborough and Eugene, justly claimed the victory, as they held the field. But they lost twenty thousand in killed and wounded, and took neither prisoners nor guns. The loss of the French was but ten thousand. All this slaughter seemed to be accomplishing nothing. Philip still stood firm upon the Spanish throne, and Charles could scarcely gain the slightest foothold in the kingdom which he claimed. On the side of the Rhine and of Italy, though blood flowed like water, nothing was accomplished; the plan of invading France had totally failed, and again the combatants were compelled to retire to winter quarters.

For nine years this bloody war had now desolated Europe. It is not easy to defend the cause of Austria and her allies in this cruel conflict. The Spaniards undeniably preferred Philip as their king. Louis XIV. had repeatedly expressed his readiness to withdraw entirely from the conflict. But the Austrian allies demanded that he should either by force or persuasion remove Philip from Spain, and place the kingdom in the hands of the Austrian prince. But Philip was now an independent sovereign who for ten years had occupied the throne. He was resolved not to abdicate, and his subjects were resolved to support him. Louis XIV. said that he could not wage warfare against his own grandson. The wretched old monarch, now feeble, childless, and woe crushed, whose soul was already crimsoned with the blood of countless thousands, was so dispirited by defeat, and so weary of the war, that though he

still refused to send his armies against his grandson, he even offered to pay a monthly subsidy of two hundred thousand dollars (one million livres) to the allied Austrian party, to be employed in the expulsion of Philip, if they would cease to make war upon him. Even to these terms, after blood had been flowing in torrents for ten years, Austria, England and Holland would not accede. "If I must fight either Austria and her allies," said Louis XIV., "or the Spaniards, led by their king, my own grandson, I prefer to fight the Austrians."

The returning sun of the summer of 1710, found the hostile armies again in the field. The allies of Austria, early in April, hoping to surprise the French, assembled, ninety thousand in number, on the Flemish frontiers of France, trusting that by an unexpected attack they might break down the fortresses which had hitherto impeded their way. But the French were on the alert to resist them, and the whole summer was again expended in fruitless battles. These fierce conflicts so concentrated the energies of war in the Netherlands, that but little was attempted in the way of invading Spain. The Spanish nobles rallied around Philip, melted their plate to replenish his treasury, and led their vassals to fight his battles. The ecclesiastics, as a body, supported his cause. Philip was a zealous Catholic, and the priests considered him as the defender of the Church, while they had no confidence in Charles of Austria, whose cause was advocated by heretical England and Holland.

Charles III. was now in Catalonia, on the Mediterranean coast of Spain. He had landed at Barcelona, with a strong force of English and Germans. He was a man of but little character, and his military operations were conducted entirely by the English general Stanhope and the German general Staremberg. The English general was haughty and domineering; the German proud and stubborn. They were in a continued quarrel contesting the preëminence. The two rival monarchs, with forces about equal, met in Catalonia a few miles from Sara-

gossa, on the 24th of July, 1710. Though the inefficient Charles was very reluctant to hazard a battle, the generals insisted upon it. The Spaniards were speedily and totally routed. Philip fled with a small body-guard to Lerida. His army was thoroughly dispersed. The conquerors pressed on toward Madrid, crossed the Ebro at Saragossa, where they again encountered, but a short distance from the city, an army strongly posted upon some heights. Philip was already there. The conflict was short but bloody, and the generals of Charles were again victorious. Philip, with a disheartened remnant of his troops, retreated to Madrid. The generals dragged the timid and reluctant Charles on to Madrid, where they arrived on the 28th of September. There was no force at the capital to oppose them. They were received, however, by the citizens of the metropolis as foreign conquerors. Charles rode through the deserted streets, meeting only with sullen silence. A few who were hired to shout, were pelted, by the populace, with mud, as traitors to their lawful king. None flocked to his standard. Nobles, clergy, populace, all alike stood aloof from him. Charles and his generals were embarrassed and perplexed. They could not compel the nation to receive the Austrian king.

Philip, in the meantime, who had much energy and popularity of character, was rapidly retrieving his losses, and troops were flocking to his camp from all parts of Spain. He established his court at Valladolid, about one hundred and fifty miles north-east from Madrid. His troops, dispersed by the two disastrous battles, were reassembled at Lerida. The peasants rose in large numbers and joined them, and cut off all communication between Charles at Madrid and his ships at Barcelona. The Spanish grandees sent urgent messages to France for succors. General Vendome, at the head of three thousand horse, swept through the defiles of the Pyrenees, and, with exultant music and waving banners, joined Philip at Valladolid. Universal enthusiasm was excited. Soon thirty

thousand infantry entered the camp, and then took positions on the Tagus, where they could cut off any reinforcements which might attempt to march from Portugal to aid the invaders.

Charles was apparently in a desperate situation. Famine and consequent sickness were in his camp. His army was daily dwindling away. He was emphatically in an enemy's country. Not a soldier could stray from the ranks without danger of assassination. He had taken Madrid, and Madrid was his prison.

CHAPTER XXII.

JOSEPH I. AND CHARLES VI.

FROM 1710 TO 1717.

PERPLEXITIES IN MADRID.—FLIGHT OF CHARLES.—RETREAT OF THE AUSTRIAN ARMY.—STANHOPE'S DIVISION CUT OFF.—CAPTURE OF STANHOPE.—STAREMBERG ASSAILED.—RETREAT TO BARCELONA.—ATTEMPT TO PACIFY HUNGARY.—THE HUNGARIAN DIET.—BARONIAL CROWNING OF RAGOTSKY.—RENEWAL OF THE HUNGARIAN WAR.—ENTERPRISE OF HERBEVILLE.—THE HUNGARIANS CRUSHED.—LENITY OF JOSEPH.—DEATH OF JOSEPH.—ACCESSION OF CHARLES VI.—HIS CAREER IN SPAIN.—CAPTURE OF BARCELONA.—THE SIEGE.—THE RESCUE.—CHARACTER OF CHARLES.—CLOISTERS OF MONTESERRAT.—INCREASED EFFORTS FOR THE SPANISH CROWN.—CHARLES CROWNED EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY.—BOHEMIA.—DEPLORABLE CONDITION OF LOUIS XIV.

GENERALS Stanhope and Staremberg, who managed the affairs of Charles, with but little respect for his judgment, and none for his administrative qualities, were in great perplexity respecting the course to be pursued. Some recommended the transference of the court from Madrid to Saragossa, where they would be nearer to their supplies. Others urged removal to Barcelona, where they would be under the protection of the British fleet. It was necessary to watch over Charles with the utmost care, as he was in constant danger of assassination. While in this state of uncertainty, tidings reached Madrid that the Duke of Noailles was on the march, with fifteen thousand men, to cut off the retreat of the Austrians, and at the same time Philip was advancing with a powerful army from Valladolid. This intelligence rendered instant action necessary. The Austrian party precipitately evacuated Madrid, followed by the execrations of the people. As soon as the last battalions had left the city, the ringing of bells, the firing of artillery, and the shouts of the people, an